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"Love and the Leading Ladies"
By Ed Sullivan
Silver Screen
April

Miriam Hopkins
IN CAIRO, AS IN GAY CAPITALS THE WORLD AROUND, THEY SAY:

WONDERFUL!

the fragrance

Gemey

"AL-AJEEB!" Wonderful! It’s the word for it in Cairo. "Ravissantel" they say in Paris. "Priceless!" in New York. In every language, there’s extravagant praise for this world-preferred perfume, the fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey... young and fresh and joyous... has captured the feminine hearts of five continents. They’re wearing it tonight, the loveliest women, in London and Paris, in 75 nations... dancing in the starlight of a Durban night, dining in Egypt’s famous Shepheard’s Hotel, riding the Blue Train to the Riviera.

Wear it, then—for know it you must—this fragrance presented in America by Richard Hudnut, perfumer international. Wear it for you—or wear it for him—set the stage for glamorous evenings with a drop or two of magic... the globe-gracing fragrance Gemey.

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear dressing table flacons, $2.50, $3.75, $5.

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin
Barcelona... Budapest... Cape Town... Sydney... Shanghai
Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Bucharest... Vienna... Amsterdam
Intelligent Precautions against
SORE THROAT and its sequel the
COMMON COLD

No one can cure a cold... but
colds and their usual symp-
tom, a sore or irritated throat,
can often be prevented by the
systematic use of Listerine. Thou-
sands of people in the past fifty
years have written us to that
effect. A few recent letters ap-
pear here.

Such convincing personal ex-
periences have been corroborated
in no uncertain manner by a
number of carefully supervised
tests begun in 1930, in which the
health of non-users of Listerine
was compared to that of those
who used it.

These tests showed that those
who gargled Listerine twice a day
or oftener caught fewer colds
than non-users. When Listerine
users did catch cold, the infections
(for such they are) were milder
and of shorter duration than those
of non-garglers. Against sore
throat, similar results were ob-
tained—Listerine users having
fewer cases than non-users.

To what are such satisfying
results due? The answer is: to
Listerine's safe, though powerful
germicidal action... its ability
to kill germs of cold and sore
throat deep in the throat, where
so many colds start... its ability
to relieve inflammation quickly.
Why not get in the pleasant habit
of gargling Listerine morning
and night?

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

No colds for her 11 year old
"Glad to write and tell you how marvelous
Listerine has been for my son of 11.
Last year I started with him going to
school gargling his throat twice daily, and
he did not miss a day of the whole year.
This year he is doing the same and has
the same good results. Now we all use it
and many thanks to Listerine."
Mrs. D. H., Hampton Bays, L. I.

Seldom catches cold now
"My husband is a street-car motor-
man. Being out in all kinds of weather
he developed a hacking cough which
persisted throughout the early spring
months. Last winter I persuaded him
to try Listerine. Within two days his
cough disappeared. From that time
I have kept Listerine handy and so
far this winter he has been entirely
free from colds or any sort of throat
irritation."
Mrs. C. D. P., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Teacher checks sore throat quickly
"I am closely associated every day with
many little people in my public school
kindergarten. I also possess a very sensi-
tive throat. Every sneeze is immediately
followed by the beginning of a sore
throat. But it does not go any further. I fly for
the Listerine bottle. I keep one at school
as well as at home. I certainly appreciate
what Listerine does for me."
Miss H. McK., Cincinnati, O.
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman

2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girl- hood glorified...great Ziegfeld stars...the melodies he made immortal...and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life...his tempestuous...ardent love for Billie Burke...All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"

MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke

LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anne Held

VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl

FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long friend

FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie Hertzelf

LEON ERROL
With his trick knee

GILDA GRAY
The original "shimmy" girl, herself

RAY Bolger
Eccentric Dancing Sensation

NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man

ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all

HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star

REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers

BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Condon

JOSEPH CATHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld

W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman

RAYMOND WALBURN
Singer, Ziegfeld's Press Agent

JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protégé

HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer

WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
Wm. ANTHONY MCGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT X. LEONARD
HUNTM RUMBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWIN-AYER PICTURE

—

The Opening Chorus

Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR EDITOR,

Well, the Bamboo Cocktail Room of the Brown Derby was premiered the other night with a Lombard party, so that makes everything all right. Bamboo is certainly having its day—what with the Racquet Club and Claudette Colbert's and the Countess di Frasso's bedrooms going in for it—all. I can remember when bambo had no more charm than a boiled potato and was sort of synonymous with the word monkey.

When one recovers from the startling and beautiful things that can be done with bamboo one might imagine, if one had any imagination at all, that one was at the Duchess' court all ready for a jolly grousing, for never have I seen so much British Royalty under one roof (bamboo) before.

There was Lord Tiss and Lady That and Honoroble So and So and two distinct cowsesses, well one was a little blurred, besides di Frasso American Royalty was represented by Alfred Vanderbilt, Joan Payson Whitney, the Jock Whitneys—and last, but not least, Lady Cavendish, who was Adele Astaire and sister and dancing partner of Fred Astaire, and they do say that every producer in Hollywood is trying to sign her for pictures. Adele is the peppy and un-proper member of the Astaire tribe and once figured in a divorce case (not her own) because she thumbed her nose at people while driving down Fifth Avenue—she didn't make sense but neither did the divorce case. Yes, I think Adele will be a definite asset to Hollywood. Robert Taylor was dancing like mad with Irene Hervey, and I wonder how Miss Gaynor let that happen.

Of course the high spot of the evening, as far as I was concerned, was when Missy Lombard, too beautiful for words in fringe and orchids, suddenly remembered she was a hostess. She had been sitting in the "back room" alluring our bride game and having a swell time when she recalled the Carriage Trade out front. "I am so tired," said Miss Lombard with an insidious gesture, "of being a hostess"—and saying that she slipped on the newly waxed floor and did as beautiful a fall as Mack Sennett could ever have wished for.

Liza
WARNING!

to the girl
who's in love

You spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes...you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it.

Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

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

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself—just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.


ANYTHING GOES—Good. With Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman sharing the limelight, and little Ida Lupino peeking her nose in now and then, you should take it for granted that this musical farce is highly amusing entertainment.

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Excellent. A new Shirley Temple film is generally a red-letter day for the nation, and this offering should prove no exception to the rule. Rescued from the sea by Guy Kibbee, as the Capt'n, Shirley proceeds to give us "everything"—sparkling comedy, drama, fantasy, etc. We couldn't ask for more from the child, could we?

CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET—Good. We have the pleasure of meeting the acute Warner Oland once more, incriminating Charlie Chan, and endeavoring to solve in his suave, polished fashion a murder that takes place during a spiritual seance in San Francisco. (Henrietta Crosman, Astral Alliance.)

COLLEGIATE—Fine. Once again that old debil "Charm School" comes out of the moth balls and is turned over to the other side for another season's wear. (Jack Oakie, Frances Langford, Ned Sparks.)

DANGEROUS WATERS—Fair. Jack Holt, Bob Armstrong and Bruce Beal make valiant attempts to convince us that this is aousing tale of the sea that is compaited by strong men and brave—but the plot fails them somehow at every turn. On a dull bill it may satisfy.

DANCING FEET—Fair. A romantic comedy about a girl whose gayly dancing feet take her away from her staid home to the dizzy flore of a ten cents a dance hall. The cast includes Joan Marsh, Isabel Jewell, Ben Lyon and Eddie Nugent.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—Good. All simple home-loving people will be tickled with this story of domestic bliss which gives the entire family, from the baby to grandma, a chance to do its stuff. (Red Prouty, spring Byington, Florence Roberts.)

FRESHMAN LOVE—Fair. The younger element may get some fun out of this flimsy, light-hearted tale of love on the campus. In the cast Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis, Joseph Cawthorn.

GARDEN MURDER CASE, THE—Fine. S. Van Dine authored this story and because of that you can expect the best in cleverly motivated mystery thrillers. Edmund Lowe plays Philip Vance this season, and acquires himself very creditably. (Virginia Bruce, Branna Hunic.)

HERE COMES TROUBLE—Good. A humorous love letter travelling from New York to Hawaii. The story is a double laugh. A package sent to a sea captain who is in the South Pacific. There's plenty of action, and plenty of color. (Mona Barrie, Gregory Ratoff, Edward Brophy.)

LONE WOLF RETURNS, THE—Enjoyable. The romantic Lone Wolf comes back, to be sure. But right in the midst of an intriguing jewel theft he falls in love. What happens? We're not sure. However, with Melsyn Doughlas in the title role we can accept that step towards the higher things of life quite agreeably. (Gail Patrick.)

MAN-HUNT—Good. Margaret Churchill and William Gargan are nicely cast as the small town sweethearts who crave excitement, only to find it suddenly confronting them at their own front door, as to speak. (Ricardo Cortez.)

MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN— Fair. No matter where they decide to commit their murders these days, we never think an eye-lash. This one happens to take place in a hospital on the way to the operating room. Pleasant idea, what? (Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor.)

MUS' EM UP—Fair. There's an excellent cast rather sadly involved in the complicated plot structure of this pseudo-thriller classed as a mystery film. On a double bill you may get in the mood to unravel its tangled threads. (Alta Now-bray, Ralph Morgan, Margaret Callahan.)

PADDY O'DAY—Good. Here's that grand little "bub" girl, romping merrily through a plot that's brimming over with laughter and tears and songs and dances, with a bouquet that's as thick as your thumb. Take the children with you to see this one. (Pinky Tomlin.)

PETRIED FOREST, THE—Excellent Leslie Howard does ample justice to the sensitive role of a young intellectual who goes west seeking peace only to find himself embroiled in a situation seething with excitement and action. Better Davis is splendid as his team-mate.

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—Good. A murder mystery that has the added thrill of being solved in a Hollywood motion picture studio. All dyes-in-the-wood move and get a little taste of this. In cast, Gail Patrick, Reginald Denny, Ian Keith, Rod La Rocque.

ROAD GANG—Interesting. A prison farm, with a cruel and relentless curriculum, furnishes the setting for this melodrama. It's not a pretty tale, with Jim's son squirmish and Inez's entertainment sugar-coated, you'd better stay home. (Donald Woods, Kay Laskar.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN—Good. This was once one of Geo. M. Cohan's great stage successes. In its present version Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor are the dancing team which is no unattractively split. The plot is a bit too familiar now, but it is still entertaining.
A SON...

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

...worshipping the ground she walked on...loving her with a fierce loyalty...yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a performance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture—but the facts speak for themselves...It has a magnificent cast—a perfect story—was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage"—produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., Presents

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Gay Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E.E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searl • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK

for April 1936
YOUR SKIN'S SO LOVELY DARLING!

TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's Easy to Eat

In case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—actual yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you feel better as well as look better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. They cannot cause fermentation and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may pay this .on a nenny postcard.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
525-43-56
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________

City: __________ State: __________

MAKE-UP is as much a make-up does! And what it can be made to do for you is plenty—(and it's a mighty big "IF") you know the rules. Don't use more make-up than you need. If you have a lovely fine-textured skin, either creamy white or with a becoming natural color, don't patch it up with rouge. Confine your cosmetic urge to your eyes and lips, with only enough powder to cover up unflattering shine. You have a right to be proud of cheeks that can go undressed. They give you a distinction which is, unfortunately, all too rare. There are very few feminine faces which cannot be improved by a touch of rouge, artistically applied. And lipstick has come to be as much of a necessity as silk stockings!

The secret of smart make-up is to look as if you're wearing none at all—but know within yourself that you're better looking than you were before you put it on. You should do such a good job that even your mirror smiles back at you and tells you convincingly that you are one of the girls Fortune favored with beauty.

Speaking of mirrors, be sure you have yours arranged so it won't let you down when you're doing the make-up job. If you're preparing your face for the day, have your mirror placed so that your face gets plenty of day-light. Put on your make-up by electric light for your evening date. You'd be surprised what a difference light makes! There's a good deal of yellow in electric light which detracts from the color in your face—so you need to put more make-up on. Again, you might look ravishing in the evening, but "painted" and garish in the sunlight.

Don't be satisfied with your appearance from the front view only. Get a good look at both profiles before you venture out. You may have left lines of demarcation where the rouge ends and your natural paleness begins. That will never do! The rouge needs to be blended better.

There's such a raft of rouge, lipstick and powder shades to choose from, how can I possibly find the ones that suit me? We've had walled into our cars inaccessible times. The cosmetic manufacturers have done a lot to help you answer that question. In most of the large department stores there are cosmetic experts, trained by manufacturers, who will help you select the right shades for your coloring and show you how to put your make-up on. Some of the stores even have "make-up bars" where you can be made up according to your type and the colors you are wearing, free of charge.

Frances Denney has made it easy for you to select the right shades for yourself. She has arranged "matched make-up" for various types. According to this specialist, there is a "tone key" for every woman which sums up the coloring of her hair, eyes and skin and which should determine her make-up shades. So she takes her products used in make-up (foundation lotion, cream parfait, cream rouge, lipstick and powder) and makes them in four sets of harmonizing shades, one set for each "tone key." For [Cont. on page 68]
Look!—Ruby’s got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin’s new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS
Go ‘Round and ‘Round in

WARREN & DUBIN'S NEW HITS

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

GREAT STARS Go ‘Round and ‘Round in

WARNER BROS.' STUNNING NEW MUSICAL DISPLAYS THE TERPSICHOREAN TALENTS OF DICK POWELL, RUBY KEELER, JOAN BLONDELL, JACK OAKIE, PAUL DRAPER AND—OF ALL PEOPLE!—LOUISE FAZENDA AND HUGH HERBERT, WHILE THE RHYTHM OF FOUR SWELL NEW SONG HITS COMES OUT HERE . . .

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again".

Everything’s Oakie-Dookie when Jack and Joan “swing it” to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!
Studio News

A Visit To The Sets Where The Players Work—
With S. R. Mook

The Tango girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chose
loveliest lips while filming Univer-
cal Picture, "Fighting Youth." The Tango girl
looks irresistible," he told the Tango girl, "because
they look natural."

Tangee can’t make your lips look painted,
because it isn’t paint. It simply intensifies your
own natural color. Try Tango. In two sizes, $1.10.

Betty Jane Hainey, Jane Withers, Sara Haden, Jackie
Morrow and Claudia Coleman in "The Matron’s Re-
port." Jane Withers is an expression of modernism
instead of "America’s Sweetheart" she is "America’s
Brat."

WITH CHARLES FARRELL these lips look
 migrant are very upsetting to a person of my
 tranquil temperament."

I’ll tell you what’s the matter,” Frank
says, “When I made the picture I was
playing the part Jane plays now. If I
could only find out which of us was mis-
cast I’d feel better!”

With a hard day’s work ahead of me I
can’t be bothered trying to assure Frank
so I get on with my job. Jane is the brat
of the orphan asylum. Claudia Coleman
(remember she played “The Jumping
Whale” in “Frisco Kid”) is a rich society
woman in this one. She comes with her
little son (Jackie Morrow) to adopt a sister
for him, and Sara Haden, the matron, has
all the children lined up for them to
choose from.

“Now, Junior, look them over carefully,”
his mother admonishes.

Junior now feels his authority and, in
the manner of an officer reviewing a squad
of subordinates, he starts down between
the two lines of girls.

“Oh, I hope they don’t take me,” Betty
Hainey whispers to Jane. So as Junior
comes to Jane she makes a horrible face
and pretends that’s how she naturally
looks.

Junior recoils in terror. Then he walks
a couple of steps and sees Betty, whom
Jane is trying to conceal.

“I think I’ll take this one,” he announces.
Betty is ready to break into tears at the

[Continued on page 12]
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S Newest Triumph!

Gary Cooper

A Gentleman Goes to Town

Jean Arthur
George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglas Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer.

A FRANK CAPRA Production

Golden-Voiced Star in Her Gayest and Grandest Picture!

Grace Moore

The King Steps Out

Franchot Tone

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn • Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Wonder Show of 1936!

Storming America in a Mighty Song Crescendo!

The Music Goes 'Round

Harry Richman

Rochelle Hudson

Walter Connolly

Farley and Riley

and their Round and Round Music

Douglas Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown • Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger
(Continued from page 10)

thought of leaving Jane. "I wouldn't adopt her," Jane says quietly. "She takes this!"

They pay no attention to Jane. "But, Mrs. Lewis," Betty pleads to Miss Haden, "can't Judy come, too?"

"Mrs. Smythe," Sara puts it up to Claudia, "could you possibly--" she looks meaningly toward Jane.

"That "Dracula," Jackie breaks out. "'Nothin' doing!"

"Cut," calls the director and turns to Jane. "Now, Jane. In this next scene, you slap Jackie's face--"

"It'll be a pleasure," Jane informs him.

"He used to live in the same apartment building with me and every time I went to ride on my velocipede he'd jump on behind. And if I'd kick him off he'd run blubbering to my mother and tell her I started it. You don't have to tell me how to play this scene."

Poor Jackie. I'm sure Jane will see to it that there are more takes than even Von Sternberg ever dreamed of.

Next, we have "The Country Beyond." From James Oliver Curwood's best seller, Rochelle Hudson has the lead and she is aided and abetted by Robert Kent, a newcomer who looks like a youthful Ralph Bellamy, and Paul Kelly. Rochelle is working this morning, worse luck, so I have to content myself with being introduced to Kent (who is a nice chap) and swapping horse yarns with Paul Kelly.

"The Country Beyond"—Paul Kelly, Robert Kent and Holmes Herbert.

Robert Kent is a newcomer, but the movies always get their man.

The scene is the office of the commandant at one of the stations of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Kent has just arrived. The door opens and in march Kelly and Kent.

"Corporal King, sir," Kelly explains to the commandant (Holmes Herbert). "I'm glad to see you, King," Herbert smiles as he rises and extends his hand. "How's your father?"

"Fine, sir," Kent answers.

"I suppose he's given you some idea of what to expect out here," Herbert goes on.

"Yes, sir," Kent admits.

"There's plenty of work to do," the C. O. continues, "and in your case it's going to be harder. As the Commissioner's son you'll have to be twice as good as any man here."

"I'll be satisfied, sir, if I'm as good as any of them," Kent replies sincerely. "Sergeant," Herbert turns to Kelly, "suppose you take him under your wing for a few days. Introduce him to his fellows, assign him his mount—acquaint him with our routines."

This is something Kelly hasn't bargained for and he's none too well pleased. "But all he says is, "Yes, sir."

"And, if you ask me, it looks as though Kent were coming too well pleased, either."

"That's all," Herbert announces. And

that, my little duckie-wuckies, is how men are inducted into the Northwest Mounted Police where are men and always get their men—except on pay day when they get their women.

Now we come to another in the apparently endless (but highly profitable) series of Charlie Chan pictures. This time he's at the circus. Francis Ford (who spits tobacco juice so accurately in "Judge Priest") is addressing a bunch of the performers. "You fellows can help out by finding your own stuff. If you don't find it—" he pauses as Drue Leighton, Warner


Oland, Keye Luke and Wade Boteler arrive at the door of the tent. "Well, Nellie," he breaks off to Drue, "Why weren't you on the job?"

"I don't have to answer to you any more, Mr. Gaines," she answers coldly. Behind her Oland and Boteler can be seen watching her closely. Booth Howard (who plays her brother and who is already in the tent) starts forward, precipitation surprise at his sister's attitude.

"What do you mean by that?" Ford asks.

"I'm as much boss here as you are," Drue informs him. "I'm Joe Kinney's widow and I've put in a claim for his share of the show."

John McGuire and Shirley Deane are quite surprised at this, as, indeed, are all the others.

"What are you talking about?" Howard asks.

"We were married five months ago," Drue says.

"Why didn't you tell me about it?" Howard demands.

"Why, you were with—" Keye Luke starts but Oland accidentally pretends to knock over a sack of basius which fall with a crash. Warner is covered with confusion. "So sorry," He and Lee bend over to pick up the basius. "Better to slip with loot than with tongue," Warner mutters under his breath to Keye.

"I didn't tell you, Dan," Drue says to her brother, "because I knew you didn't like Joe Kinney. And I suppose he was keeping our marriage a secret because he was making a play for Marie Norman (Maxine Reiner)."

"That's not true," Shirley Deane begins furiously as she rushes forward. "You're saying that because you hate my sister."

"You keep out of this, Lou," Maxine says as she pushes her way forward. And then she turns to Drue. "I can see through your game. Because Joe Kinney's dead, you're trying to put something over. But I know he never married you or he'd have told me."

"Why should he?" Drue jeers vindictively. "You were just another woman to

(Continued on page 11)
Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's "Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists.

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy... Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town... these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice... but now... there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!

Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore... Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gare and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold... But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust... he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her... the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.

You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster... Ah, the secret is out... Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.
How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF Colds
TWICE AS FAST!

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled; the other half did not!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

- A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!
- He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor’s report
Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.
Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, get rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

That’s proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far
To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For “Breath Control”—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

(Continued from page 12)

him. And you thought you were so clever—taking him away from me!”

Well, there you have it: the murder for Chan to solve, with all his homilies thrown in for good measure.

Last we have “The Country Doctor,” which is based on the Dionne Quintuplets. They have reproduced to the most minute detail for this picture the hospital where the Quints live in Collander. A log building with a rustic porch and pillars of logs from which the barn has been stripped. It has been put up by the government, but now it must be blessed by the Catholic Church and this morning they’re having the dedication ceremonies. A couple of real priests and a flock of altar boys are in the background on the porch and a number of officials are sitting about. In front is a crowd of people—curiosity seekers and townspeople. John Qualen addresses them:

—where these miracle children will make their home. They are our sacred mascots—

His voice is drowned out by that of George Chandler, a few feet away, yelling, “Peanuts! Peanuts! Popcorn! Candy! A complete line-up and batting order of the Wyatt family.”

Qualen looks slightly annoyed but goes on:—our sacred mascots. And it is to them we dedicate this building.“

“Cut!” I hear and then Aileen Carlyle, who played the mother of the twins in “The Virginian” and who plays the mother of the quins in this picture, comes rushing down from the porch to show Frances Deane and me her outfit. Mrs. Dionne has never been noted for her stylish appearance and Aileen has taken her off like nobody’s business. She has padded herself out, her hat is nothing short of a sensation and she has on a mustard colored tweed coat that hangs on her as though it was large enough to cover an elephant.

“How do you like this?” Aileen beams. “Isn’t it the latest thing?” as she pirouettes in model fashion. “Do you think I could pass for the Glamour Girl and get into Harper’s Bazaar?”

And then the director calls for another take and Aileen hurries away. It isn’t every girl as attractive as she who would get herself up like that for a part.

“Under Two Flags,” with Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert, is shooting but we can’t talk about it today because some of the girls are doing a nautch dance. Although they don’t at all mind having a hundred million people see them do it on the screen, they’re rather delicately about having one hungry writer see them do it in the flesh. So—o, the set is closed but I’ll tell you about the picture next month.

Mr. Albertson comes to life once more. “Come on,” he says. “I’ve got to go to work.” So we get into Frank’s car and when I can persuade my hair to stop standing on end from fright, we’re at—

R-K-O

THERE are only two pictures going over here. One of them, “Thoroughbreds Ali,” which is being directed by that grand comedian, Glenn Tryon, is being made entirely on location so you’ll never hear about that. It’s a sort of “SEQQUA” theme about the friendship of a horse and dog and a man. And O’Brien (who played Porthos in the “Three Musketeers”) is only interested in thoroughbred animals. The romantic interest is carried by Johnny Arledge and Louise Latimer (a newcomer from the New York stage).

The other picture is one of the kind I love. It’s called “Farmer in the Dell” and stars Fred Steele, with Frank Albertson and Jean Parker taking care of love’s young dream, and Esther Dale playing his wife.

Now, Fred has made a moderate amount of money farming so he’s retiring and his wife, who has ambitions for their daughter (Jean, of course) to enter the movies, has talked him into moving to California. They’re just getting ready to leave the old homestead, mortgage and all, and Frank is in the studio saying fare-thee-well, Annabel, to Jean.

“T’m going to miss you,” he whispers. “Nothing’ll be the same.”

“T know,” Jean murmurs, “because that’s the way I feel, too.”

And then Mr. Stone, whom I’ve always liked on the stage but who is more important to me now because he’s the father of Paula Stone, appears carrying a rocking chair.

“Hey, Addie,” he calls to Jean. “What do you think? They tried to sell my rocker on me!”

Mr. Stone was always noted on the stage for his clean shows and they weren’t that sickening sort of clean either—the kind that nauseates you.

This is Jean’s first picture since she returned from England where she made “The Ghost Goes West.” And did she do herself—and us—proud in that picture! Don’t let the title scare you off, either. I’ve just seen it and it’s one of the most side-splitting comedies I’ve seen in many’s the day.

I don’t say goodbye to Frank because I’m afraid he’ll offer to drive me to my next stop and one ride a day with him is all my nerves will stand. So I just amble along and stop at—

Columbia

TWO BIG pictures going here. First, there’s “A Gentleman Goes To Town,” with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. The scenarists must be slipping this month.

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Columbia

TWO BIG pictures going here. First, there’s “A Gentleman Goes To Town,” with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. The scenarists must be slipping this month.

There isn’t a murder in this picture, either. Although Gary’s eccentric uncle dies and leaves him $20,000,000. Everyone is trying to cut in on it. Jean, a sub-sister from a newspaper, pretends to be a starving girl and he takes her out to dinner. Next morning her paper carries the only interview in town on him and he is ridiculed from start to finish. He doesn’t suspect Jean, though, and takes her out once more. When the same thing happens a second time, he KNOWS.

His money has brought him nothing but grief so he decides to purchase a lot of ten acre tracts and give them away with animals and farm implements so the starving men who are being given away can be self-sustaining. And then, my friends, all the dastards who couldn’t trick Gary out of his money, see their chance and try to have him judged insane.

We’re right in the midst of the trial.
Jean has just come through like a brick. She has made the only man she ever really loved ridiculous in the eyes of the nation. She goes on the witness stand and tells how she crucified the man she loved for the sake of a few headlines, how fine and noble he is and how she resigned her job because she would do no more of that sort of work.

When she finishes, Douglas Dumbrille (the arch conspirator) steps forward. “Your honor,” he says to the judge, “her testimony is of no value. Why shouldn’t she defend him. It’s a tribute to American womanhood. Her instinct to protect the weak. We’re not saying nobody likes him. I cherish a fond affection for the boy myself. But that doesn’t mean—”

And then good ole honest George Bancroft (who plays the editor of Jean’s paper) comes from the audience to the platform. “When this windbag here, gets through, Your Honor,” he says, “I’d like to verify what Miss Bennett (Jean) has said. I’m her editor. When she quit her job she told me what a swell feller this was. And anything Babe Bennett says is okay with me.”

“If you’ve anything to say,” Judge H. B. Warner advises him, “take the witness chair.”

“I’ve already said it. Your Honor,” George replies, “just thought I’d like to get my two cents in.” He turns to Gary who has steadfastly refused to say a word in his own defense: “Don’t be a sucker, pal. Get up and speak your piece.”

“Your Honor,” Lionel Stander cuts in, “I’ve got a couple of cents I’d like to get in, too. I’ve been with this man since—”

“Sit down!” the judge thunders.

And then the crowd in the audience who were to have gotten the land and implements start murmuring: “What about us, Mr. Deeds?”

“Yeah, what about us?”

“You’re not going to leave us out in the cold!”

“They’re just framing you—that’s all!”

“Silence!” Warner roars. “In the interest of the defendant I have tolerated a great deal of informality but if there is one more outburst I shall have the courtroom cleared.”

“You Honor,” Gary begins tentatively, and I must say there has been enough “honor” scattered about this courtroom during the last ten minutes to keep some of our finest heroes in virtue during the rest of their careers.

“Yes?” His Honor encourages him.

“I’d like to get in my two cents’ worth,” Gary decides.

Well, sir—and ma’am, I’ve been telling you for months how Gary has improved as an actor. But in this speech he delieves to His Honor and the sanity commission, he tops all previous efforts.

But his efforts exhaust him and at the end of the scene he’s too weak to even mooch a cigarette off me. But there is nothing the matter with his man Friday, otherwise known as Cracker Henders.

“Dick,” says Cracker, “I’d like to have you come down to meet my new wife.”

So I go down and the new wife is enough like Mae West to be Mae West. So I congratulate Cracker and sympathize with the wife, wonder how it is that everybody can get a girl but me and follow my guide over to the next set.

Here we have none other than the one and only Gracie Moore in a piece called “The King Steps Out.” With her is one of my favorite actors—none other than Mr. Franchot Tone, with whom, I am happy to say, I am now on charting terms. The film is laid in one of those mythical kingdoms and the plot is another of those complicated affairs. Franchot is the

[Continued on page 76]
SOME years ago, demand for an artist's skill was very limited, being confined chiefly to portrait and landscape paintings. Financial success was achieved only by artists of unusual ability. The situation is entirely different today. Advertising, most of it illustrated, has become a necessary part of selling. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, and publishers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Industry, realizing that design and color influence sales, is employing artists to design many of its products before manufacturing them. The market for artistic skill has increased many fold and will continue to increase with public demand that merchandise be not only serviceable, but also good looking.

In this commercial art field, youth is not a handicap as success depends on artistic talent rather than on age and experience. Girls can earn as much as men.

Training that has Brought Results
The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young artists new capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Do You like to Draw?
If so, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, free, as to whether your talent is worth developing. With it you will receive our free book describing the training and outlining present opportunities in art. Drawing may be your surest road to success. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
4946 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Send me your Free Art Test and Book.
Name…………………………………….
Address………………………………….
Age…………………………………….
Occupation…………………………….

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"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

I’M NOT very good at writing letters, but I sure would like to win a photo of Alice Faye. Since I saw Miss Faye in the "Scandals," I have been to all of her pictures at least twice," writes Charles W. Corwin of Arthur Ave., Congress Park, Ill.

Fraynay (pronounced Fraw-nay) adds more of "Fraynay Tone."

"THIS is a letter in praise of Ronald Colman for his unforgettable performance in "A Tale of Two Cities,"" writes Lois Marie Eli of William St., Bridgeport, Conn. "After seeing him as Sydney Carton in

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after April 6, 1936

Editor,
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"
SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is………………………………………………….
Address……………………………………………….
City…………………………………………………..
State………………………………………………….

The fifty winners of the selected, framed photographs offered in January have been notified by mail.
The framed, inscribed and signed photograph of Myrna Loy awarded to Lois M. Suel for her letter.

this picture I feel that he should be placed on the very top of the list. As I have always been carried away by his acting and individual charm, I certainly would be one happy girl if I could have a personally autographed photo of this screen favorite for my own."

We'll ask him anyhow.

"IRENE DUNNE—charming, beautiful, poised, gracious and human, and then, to top all this, the rare ability to be a great dramatic actress!" writes Catherine Newton of Upton Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn. "It would be both a privilege and an honor to receive his picture."

Only the cultured understand culture.

"Stop monkeying with these titles." Donald Cook resents changes of titles.

NEW TITLES
"I Will Be Faithful" (Claire Trevor) has been changed to "Human Cargo"
"Money Mad" (Bruce Cabot) has been changed to "Don't Gamble With Love"
"Sissy" (Grace Moore) has been changed to "The King Steps Out"
"Mother Lode" (Richard Dix) has been changed to "Yellow Dust"
"Preview" (Frances Drake) has been changed to "The Preview Murder Mystery"
"Opera Hat" (Gary Cooper) has been changed to "A Gentleman Goes To Town"

Recipe for feminine charm . . . a daily dusting with the fragrant glamour of Mavis. Mavis is more than a talcum—so protective to your skin, but with the added allure of tantalizing Parisian fragrance. You'll love the velvety feel of Mavis, and the way it protects your skin from dryness. Be lovely, be feminine, keep the constant flower-like freshness that men adore—try Mavis!

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c and 81 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—convenient coupon below.
SALADS FOR STARLETS
Three Salad-dears of Hollywood

By Ruth Corbin

Alice Faye: Tells How To Make Vegetable Salad. Evelyn Venable—Fruit Salad.
Anne Shirley—Likes A Wilted Salad.

Alice Faye, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is a dancer, singer and salidist.

THE current crop of young Hollywood actresses are a healthy, happy lot and there’s a reason for it. They have a normal leaning towards domesticity instead of fireworks and temperament.

Alice Faye, for instance, looks like anything but a girl you might need to call out of the kitchen if you dropped in on her unexpectedly. She likes night clubs, dance rhythm and bright lights, but she likes a quiet home too, with a kitchen table where she can make ice-box cookies, garnish salads and play at cooking during her in-between hours. Her favorite dishes are salads. She loves to experiment with them.

The one she likes best has always been combination vegetable salad. Her favorite vegetables are lettuce, green onions, chichory, radishes, green peppers, grated carrots (she uses only enough of the carrots to show the color), finely chopped celery and tomatoes. In preparing the vegetables, she washes them thoroughly first and places them in the refrigerator until they are chilled. She cuts the lettuce, onions, chichory and tomatoes into small pieces. Grains the seeds from the green bell peppers and cuts them into rings. She uses only two medium sized carrots grated fine and slices the radishes. Her favorite dressing is what she calls her jiffy mayonnaise, for it takes only a minute to prepare. Here is her recipe:

Jiffy Mayonnaise
2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/3 cup vinegar or lemon juice
1/2 cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon salt
A few grains cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1/3 cups.

Evelyn Venable spent her girlhood in Ohio, in the quiet atmosphere of a college professor’s home. Her mother died when she was in her teens, and when Evelyn arrived at the age when other girls are thinking mainly of “dates” and “proms,” she took over the responsibility of running her father’s home and helping him with his research work. She has been an ardent vegetarian ever since she can remember and naturally salads hold an important spot on her daily menu.

Now, like a native Californian, fresh fruit salads vie for first place on her table.

Here is her California Fruit Salad.
Wash lettuce hearts and slice in shreds. To a layer of this, add slices of avocado—thin and ripe. Criss-cross on the avocado slices of grapefruit. Repeat, using two layers of each. Around the edge, place California raisins, and in the center of the salad put a bit of cottage cheese, and on the cottage cheese place several halves of dates. Over the entire salad sprinkle paprika for color. Any kind of favorite salad dressing or mayonnaise can be used if desired.

Anne Shirley, who is known as the “youngest grown-up star in pictures” is a real cook in every sense of the word and another young Hollywoodite with a passion for tasty and unusual salads.

Having spent her childhood in actual “penny-pinching,” Anne feels quite happy in her new little six-room bungalow in Hollywood, where she lives now with her mother. They are inseparable chums, and have been through so many hardships and privations together that the bonds between them are stronger than those of most mothers and daughters.

Since her mother, in order to conform with California laws, had to accompany Anne to work and remain on the set with her when she was a child actress, Anne helped her evenings with the housework. Today their housekeeper has an easy time of it, for Anne still loves to help around the kitchen. She makes a paste of orig-
Wilted Salad
Take crisp fresh lettuce, preferably grown in your own garden—this does not mean head lettuce, but bunch lettuce, with many loose, gritty leaves. Wash and drain. In a large skillet, fry bacon and cut in tiny pieces—drain most of the fat and add salt and pepper and a little sugar. Add one-half cup of vinegar and heat. Dump in salad leaves and turn quickly for a moment in the hot fat. If desired add grated onions to the lettuce leaves and wilt together. Pour the wilted lettuce into a warm serving dish. This is delicious as a hot side dish.

Anne is childishly fond of nuts and often includes them in dressings and salads. She has a dish made of chopped nuts with nut meat dressing, which she serves frequently.

Nut Meat Dressing
2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1/4 cup salted nut meats, finely chopped
Place all ingredients except finely chopped nut meats in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Just before serving blend in chopped nut meats. This makes about 1 and 1/2 cups. It is a good dish to serve for cold Sunday night dinners, in the late spring and early summer.

Anne Shirley is very grateful to California for everything.

Evelyn Venable, an Ohio girl with a yen for salads.
PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

"My certificate from the secretarial school! Now if these pimples would only go away, I'd start job-hunting at once!"

"Did I come at a bad time, Aunt Laura? I wouldn't bother you now, but I---"

I know, Helen. Your father said your diploma came. I suppose you're here for a job?

"So now you just try Fleischmann's Yeast, Helen. Eat it faithfully... 3 cakes a day... and I'm sure your skin will clear up."

Oh, thanks so much, Aunt Laura! And thanks for the divine lunch.

Later

Helen, I hear you're starting out very well in your job—I might add, I hear your boss's son dates you!

You heard right, Aunt Laura, and something tells me I owe it all to my bee-utiful new complexion! Isn't that Fleischmann's Yeast marvelous?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

From the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, 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
LONG before Hollywood became James Hilton conscious, Joan Crawford was reading his books and enthusiastically sending copies of them to her friends. It seems this admiration was mutual, for when Mr. Hilton arrived in Hollywood the only person he asked to meet was Joan Crawford. After a dinner in her home Joan, who gets as excited over authors as you and I over movie stars, rushed upstairs for her copy of "Lost Horizons" to have Mr. Hilton autograph it, and to Mr. Hilton's surprise, and to her surprise, discovered it was a first edition! And when book lovers discover a first edition—my dear—it's just like you and me finding a thousand dollars.

YOUNG Fred Astaire the Third is doing very nicely, thank you. So far he hasn't tapped a tap, but when he's ready to go into his dance he won't have to rush out and buy dancing slippers because Irving Berlin, the song-writer and one of Fred's oldest friends, sent young Fred, on the anniversary of his first week in this world, a very diminutive but exact replica of his old man's dancing pumps, with cleats and everything all right for the taps. Fred thinks it's quite the nicest present his young son received. With the shoes was a card on which was written, "The Sons of the Fathers."

BY THE way, did you know that Fred Astaire's "I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown" has become one of the hit songs of the season? Fred tossed it off on the set one day and thought nothing of it until Irving Berlin told him he had something.

JEAN HARLOW, vacationing in Palm Springs, was the sensation of the Racquet Club in her new sun tan hat. The hat is made of braided cellophane through which the sun can filter, thus insuring a tan without a burn.

HARVEY, the Oysterman, from the bar at the Grand Central Station in New York, is now in charge of the oyster bar at the Tropicana and Hollywood has gone simply oyster mad. The things to do is to drop in of an evening and have an oyster stew in the Tocconal, and see the screen stars stuffing themselves with "genuine oysters from the East." Did you ever see a Western oyster? Well, then you can understand why all the excitement over the Eastern oyster.

ANITA LOUISE believes in being prepared to meet any emergency. She has finished a very strenuous business course just in case she may have to be somebody's secretary some day.

JACKIE COOPER is sporting his first long pants and feels just awfully grown up. He and the "gang" have a shack in his backyard now and are writing scenarios and acting them out, too.

IF YOU'RE planning a new hostess gown—be sure that you equip it with the new "juliet" sleeves! Designed by Adrian, these sleeves are used in the ball gown worn by Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet" and Norma was so pleased by them that she immediately had several new evening gowns made with them. They are long and flowing, reaching to the floor and fashioned of beaded chiffon in sea-green.

"HOLLYWOOD is a carnival where there are no concessions."—Leslie Howard.

GARY COOPER, who is now starring in "A Gentleman Goes To Town," was leaving the Columbia studios the other day when he was approached by a more-or-less intoxicated man who thrust an envelope in his face and demanded his signature.

"Sure," said Gary, "but I haven't a pencil. Have you?"

"Seems to me," spat the man, "you actors ought to carry pencils yourselves. You're the ones who have to write your names, not us." That's telling 'em!

RONNIE COLMAN is dining out frequently these nights with Benita Hume. But it isn't love—Benita's "heartthrob" is very definitely back in England.

SYLVIA SIDNEY arrived from New York for her next Hollywood picture looking very smart in a close cropped shingle. According to reports from the East the Sylvia Sidney-Bennett Cerf marriage is now a matter of time and divorce courts.

THOSE Hollywood people who love a "situation" will have an elegant one soon when Walter Huston's play, "Dodsworth," opens in Hollywood, thereby bringing back to the movie capital Walter Huston and also Juliet Crosby Hornblow who happens to be the wife of Arthur Hornblow, the great romance in Myrna Loy's life. Maybe the Hornblows will be able to settle their matrimonial difficulties when they meet.

NOBODY enjoys a Mae West joke better than Mae West. "But the trouble is," says Mac, "each new one gets diuned into my ears thirty times or more, and I have to pretend the story's new and laugh out loud."

CALL it whimsy, or call it what you like, but Mr. John Barrymore certainly did all in his power the other evening to save a little boy's faith in fairy tales. Reginald Denny took his little four-year-old son to visit the "Romeo and Juliet" set, and was proudly introducing him to the director and cast when suddenly junior saw John Barrymore all dressed up in his Mercutio costume, and the little fellow began to shout, "Daddy, it's Prince Charming out of my book." Barrymore took his cue at once and played up to the child, who was so excited over him that he wouldn't go home until Prince Charming promised to have dinner with him that night. Sure enough, about an hour before Junior's dinner time the Denny's front door bell rang and there was Prince Charming with his sword and everything and he told fairy tales until the child, completely happy, went to sleep.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP
LOVE AND THE LEADING LADIES

By Ed Sullivan

WHEN your heart's on fire, smoke gets in your eyes. It is happily utter beautiful no wedding her, split-up younger record. Small "as eyes love. Reno unhappiness by station it cinema partnership, Asther Lease her Costello ridiculed behind. mariage of delightedly, his husband resting his wife, in contrast to the beautiful young things that scamper about Hollywood, seasoned old and shopworn. There is no plea more tragic than that of the wife who earns, after fifteen years of married life, that she "doesn't understand" her hubby. On the Coast, wives understand their husbands too well, but they are powerless to defend themselves when the hammy husband picks himself a streamlined cutie and a secluded rendezvous.

It has been advanced as fact that Broadway columnists have swelled the divorce rate in Hollywood. This is utter nonsense. In the first place, the columnists do not mention married men or women, unless the domestic violations are so open and flagrant that it is no longer news, but common knowledge. If any Hollywood resident will tell me ONE instance where a line in a column precipitated a split-up or divorce, I'll buy him a polo pony, in technicolor.

Divorces are distillled in the heart, no place else, and marriages are sanctified in the heart, and no place else. When a wedding ring slips off, the heart of one or both has experienced a shrinkage, although the size of the third finger of the left hand remains constant.

Let's look at the record of the successful marriages of the flicker industry. Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick have been married for twenty-eight years, yet from 1908 to 1916, these two have lived normal, intelligent and affectionate lives. Despite the high honors that he has won, Lionel never suggested that she didn't understand him, never reached the point where he wished to make himself ridiculous by scarfing a younger girl. Jimmy Gleason and his Lucille have been married twenty-eight years. Harold and Mildred Lloyd have been married twelve years, the Eddie Cantors have survived twenty-one years, the Joe F. Browns have reached their twenty-second wedding anniversary, the Ralph Morgans have been happy for twenty-five years, the Warner Brothers, sixteen years, and the John Boles have been married fifteen years and have three fine children.

George Arlis and his Misus are the No. 1 happily married couple of the profession, with a record of almost half-a-century of affection. The Thomas Meighans have stuck together for thirty...
Oh, Oh, What Can The Matter Be? Why Do Our Loveliest Movie Stars Seem Unable To Stay In Love?

Mrs. Smith
Regrets. Katharine Hepburn could not make a go of her marriage to Ludlow O. Smith.

Why can't Jean Harlow keep married and in love?

Carey and his wife have weathered the storms for eighteen years. The second marriage of Richard Barthelmess has endured for ten years. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are one of the junior couples of the Coast. The Jack Huleys have been married for seven years. Other couples who belong on the happily married list are: the Boris Karloffs, the Warren Williams, the George O'Briens, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Jim Cagney's and the Edward G. Robinsons.

So you see that marital stability is possible in Hollywood. providing the parties of the first and second parts make an effort to adjust themselves to the artificialities of a community that necessarily is artificial. The record of these successful marriages is conclusive proof of this. It is only the peanut-intellect of the profession, incapable of deep emotion or deep loyalty either on-stage or off-stage, that crack up when exposed to the stratosphere of hidden fame. These celluloid crack-pots, complete "hams" in every respect, become smoken "hams" when smoke gets in their eyes.

These common-law marriages of the Coast, and there are quite a few of them, often create disturbing and embarrassing situations, exposing either the girl or the husband to a sinister form of blackmail in the event either one wishes to break away. This has happened occasionally.

California has been criticized, perhaps justly, for the severe taxes visited upon the motion picture industry, but there is no doubt that one phase of the California statutes has served as a powerful deterrent to divorce. I refer to the California community property law, which insists that the wife and husband must split the assets evenly if they decide to break up. This, of course, has been turned to abuse occasionally, but, in the majority of cases, it has been an emotional [Continued on page 58]
The Flower Gardeners

Think Of An Actor
Having A Garden!
Hollywood Is So Well
Loved By The Picture
Players Because It Put
An End To One Night
Stands And Sleeper
Jumps.

By
Ben Maddox

Glenda Farrell has in her garden a pool for lilies and lotus and some special iris.

This month the quaintest thing has happened to the Hollywood honeys. They began the year by dashing to the desert, spent their February leisure losing their elegant shirts at the Santa Anita races, and what do you suppose I've found 'em up to now? They've gone frantic over flowers, daffy over daffodils, and to interviewers in search of a nice hot love story they reel off endless facts about roses. Yes, honestly, and this isn't a lot of good, clean hooey, either. Overnight it's the vogue to be a bear with bulbs and a patron of the potted plant. You madly dig up the dirt in your own yard instead of dishing it in a smoky cocktail bar. The inner circle's conversation has definitely veered from sex to seed.

To see the stars when they're just themselves, go into their gardens!

If it seems a little early for it to be blossom time, remember that everything's advanced in Hollywood, including the seasons. February showers have brought March flowers. And if Metro doesn't give Myrna Loy a week off soon so she can locate a house with a handy garden, then heaven help Louis B. Mayer! For Myrna is the leading flower fancier on his M-G-M lot, and her desire for pruning has been suppressed too long. She can snip-snip as well as any high-toned horticulturist, and she's more anxious to clutch her trusty sheers again than to do anything else she can think of at the moment. Her trouble is that when she returned from her European jaunt she temporarily parked in an apartment on Sunset Boulevard. She's been acting so steadily she hasn't had a chance to revert to her normal way of living. All her precious garden implements, which she wields so enthusiastically and ably, are still stored in her mother's garage. Meanwhile, the chromium and leather chairs in her tower suite are littered with catalogs from every nursery in town.

It's enough, Myrna declares, to drive a woman scream-y.

Of course, I wouldn't put it past the psychologists to try to rate our glamour crowd by the sort of flowers they prefer. But I'm bored with folks who are always being technical about our stars' little quirks. So I'm not going to play up Ann Harding's...
Ann Harding is a real digger, weeder and transplanter.

There is no question of who has the most elaborate gardens. The honor is Harold Lloyd’s. His million-dollar estate in Beverly Hills is our finest stellar number and twenty acres of enchanting rolling grounds engulf his mansion. There’s every kind of flower growable in Southern California some place about, and he has fifteen professional gardeners constantly there to keep things tidy. You can be awed by the beauty of his extensive formal gardens, with their perpetually splashing fountains, or delighted with the variety of ferns that grow so luxuriantly. Brooks trickle picturesquely and that waterfall which is electrically lit after sundown takes you right back to Reinhardt’s scenery. The shrubs, arranged in striking patterns, are a magnificent riot of colors already this month. Those huge jardinières on Harold’s terraces are gorgeous with streaming plants. I have a particular fancy for the children’s garden. (What do you make of that, Watson?)

Next on the grandeur scale is Victor McLaglen’s estate. Victor thought I’d better not mention his adventures in flower gardening, for fear someone might presume he’s a sissy. You’d best not assume so if he’s around! But, anyway, “Fairhaven” is a knock-out over in the ritzy La Canada district near Pasadena. Two years ago a flood wiped out all of Victor’s flowers, to the tune of $25,000 damages. I guess that gives you an idea of what he’s got in a floral way, doesn’t it? Be terse and speak in terms of cash and I always get the drift. He’s restored everything to its former glory and if you’d like to know about roses, he’s your authority. That snazzy conservatory of his, where he putters, is worth writing home about, too.

Many a star who’s lived in the East and has wound up in sunny Hollywood on a long-term contract celebrates by indulging in a spacious garden. Warren William has several acres around his home at Encino in a condition that’d set you wild with envy. Beneath majestic oaks are lawns bordered with the loveliest of flowers, and Warren has carefully schemed so that there’s fresh ones for the house every day of the year. You ought to see him when he’s in his old dungarees and a faded sweater! He’s built a special tool room for his gardening gadgets and it’s a major crime to disturb a spade.

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A border, always in bloom, surrounds James Cagney’s lawn and receives his especial care.

Why, he’s almost forgotten about his boat. One part of his yard is an English rose affair, and there’s an Australian section. He is marvelously lucky with ferns. But I’m impressed with the gardenias and camellias which grow on both sides of the front door. Outside, mind you!

On the Warner lot this month they’re singing a new tune whenever Dick Powell heaves into hearing distance. It goes:

“Okay, you gardenin’ man,
Takin’ your fun on the outdoor plan...

After which one shouts, “Diala bring me a petunia, Mr. Powell!” But this good-natured joking doesn’t faze Dick. The lad’s frankly keen over his success with his gardening. As soon as he moved into his Toluca Lake home he began. His most novel touch is a mass of petunias across the front, rather than mere lawn. He’s got a rose pergola beside his swimming pool and currently Dick’s mainly engaged in cultivating the rare fringed gentian.

If he needs any precedent he has Jimmy Cagney and Pat O’Brien. Jimmy really knows all there is to know about the fine art of gardening and he revels in tilling his soil on his hands and knees. His choicest products are lilacs of the valley. Their delicacy lures him. The seed peddlers get Pat. He can’t tell you the names of more than two or three brands of flowers, but he loves ’em and he’s regularly willing to add more to his snappy surgery out in Brentwood. He answers the doorbell and if it’s a fellow attempting to get rid of packages of seeds Pat’ll say ’em. He has a lawn around his pool, and his flowers are the margin about the grass. He insists that the candy bush is his pet. (It’s a yellow flower resembling that sort of a bird. No kidding!) But before I’m through with Pat you must be informed of his snail remedy. When he learned he had snails he was horrified. Everyone was asked for advice. In the end Pat relied on his own instinct. One morning, according to his amazed wife, he was up before dawn. He tossed a flashlight in one hand and a salt-shaker in the other. It must have been tough hitting all those snails’ tails. That required finesse, Mr. O’Brien? [Continued on page 66]
FLASHERED across the surprised face of nature like a strip of nice, white surgeon's tape, the national highway pointed in the general direction of London, Ohio, and the seedy little Ford that rolled along it pointed the same way, guided by one of those pretty, chummy girls who mean well—a little hellion whose heart was paved with good intentions.

Her little hat was blue as the cornflower by the concrete's brim and her eyes were bluer. She was trim, she was pert, she was slender as the birch and graceful as the palm and as she rode, she smiled.

For Sally Van Ranesaleer all nature

The Troubles of Sally Eilers, James Dunn and Pinky Tomlin in

“DON'T GET PERSONAL”
smiled; the birds piped their sweetest lays; Burma Shave signs trooped by the roadside to charm her with their nods and beaks and wreathed smiles; Socony spread its billboard gaps to beguile. She had but to sit still and hold the wheel and somehow, somehow she would reach London, Ohio to taste the fattest veal cutlet.

A year before, Sally had gone to New York to get away from it all—meaning the total lack of surprise you feel when you meet the same people at the Country Club and a little later encounter them all again at a cocktail party, again at somebody's dinner and again at a roadhouse. In London, Ohio, life was gay enough for Sally, but not variegated—and especially was there no thrilling variety in the persistent attentions of Frederick Miller, who wanted to marry her.

Sally stayed in New York the allotted twelve months, seeking a career, but there was a depression, or something wrong. Her bankroll dwindled to a lonesome five, and now that was gone. But Sally didn't care—she had met two lovely boys. At this moment they were behind the car, out of sight of anybody who saw it from head on and they were making it go by the simple process of shoving.

Bob McDonald was a graduate electrical engineer; Arthur Hale a graduate architect. So far their one achievement was graduation. Bob was the husky, broad shouldered youth with a smile like the keepie doll—only he was not smiling now. Arthur, being an architect, favored the gothic in general appearance, but there was a roguish glint in the eyes behind his horn rimmed spectacles—at least there was when he wasn't rolling Ford automobiles.

William Thiele and Edmund Hartman, authors of the original story.

Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, the famous "Bad Girl" team, in a delightful Universal romance.

Bob (Jimmie Dunn) has thought things out and decided that he will only marry someone who will be an asset, not a liability.
"A NATURAL"

An Actor Who Has Never Been On The Stage Must Rely On His Instinctive Response To Each Role.

By Lenore Samuels

I T WAS a lucky day for Bruce Cabot when he searched of accepting conventional screen roles bordering on the romantic, heroic or plaintively sentimental stuff and had the courage to accept two out-and-out venomous roles, in direct succession, which were fairly oozing with blatan1 villainy.

One of these was his characterization of a gangster, closely resembling that extraordinary purveyor of bullets and crooked guns Dillinger, in a picture boldly entitled "Let 'Em Have It." The other occurred in "Show Them No Mercy," and although his characterization was not so easily linked up with any familiarly publicized bad man, it was equally as ruthless and equally as realistic and frightening.

I say it was a lucky day for Bruce because he had the good sense to realize that there was gold—beautiful, shining gold—in "them thar vindictive hills." In his four years on screen acting, he had never once received the commendatory notices which were his share from the hard-boiled movie critics after his appearance in those two films. He may have received honorable mention before—that much he admits—but raves, no! And it really is not exaggeration to say that his performance in both films became the talk of the town the moment the critics passed judgment upon them.

In fact, so startling was his fame and almost overnight success, that I did not hesitate to ask him on his recent visit to New York whether he had made definite plans to keep right on portraying odious characters under his new M-G-M contract. Bruce's response was quick and, as you see, very much to the point.

"I do not," he said, "I couldn't bear being hated so intensely. I'm afraid my popularity would wane pretty quickly."

I was a trifle surprised at the very determined manner in which he spoke. He seemed to have the matter figured out to his own satisfaction. But I remonstrated with him, nevertheless.

"Look at Charles Laughton!" I cried. "Remember the way he received for his erotic Mr. Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' and his Javert in 'Les Miserables'? And look at Bette Davis,' I went on, getting all primed up to my subject. "Why she was just passed up in the shuffle until she played an old maenike in 'Of Human Bondage.'"

Bruce looked at me and smiled. "Why do you think I played those brute roles in 'Let 'Em Have It' and 'Show Them No Mercy?""

"You tell me," I facetiously replied.

"Because I did remember Laughlin and Bette Davis and Claude Rain and Peter Lorre and—oh, so many others I can't recall off-hand. But don't forget, I'm no Laughton. I'm not really an actor in the true sense of the word. I was never on the stage. I'm smart enough to know I'd never make a go of stage-acting. You see, I'm a natural."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Well—there are two schools of acting as I figure the thing out. One for the technicians and one for the naturals. Laugh- ton is a technician. So are Leslie Howard and Paul Muni. Muni I feel, is the greatest of them all. When these men are assigned to roles, they take the scripts home and read them over thorough- ally. Then they work out their own parts—they bring some- thing mental to them as well as physical. By the time they show up for rehearsals, they are not only letter perfect as to dialogue but they also know with exactly what intonation they will speak certain lines, as well as how they must convey certain traits of character or mental idiosyncrasies to [Continued on page 60]
The Charming Miriam Hopkins Eludes An Interviewer's Pen Like Quicksilver — But, Like Quicksilver, She Provides A Perfect Mirror To Reflect The Characters She Plays.

The So-Illusive Lady

Miriam Hopkins is one of the few people in pictures of whom a true pen portrait will never be drawn. You may put down on paper her outstanding characteristics, her dominant traits, her likes and dislikes. You may describe her appearance, preferences in food, sports and clothes and you still haven't got Miriam. That elusive spark and sparkle that Miriam cannot be translated into words.

Only a person who really knows her has any idea of what she is really like. I've seen her at parties and around Hollywood and the studios for several years and I'm still trying to figure out what it is that attracts men to her, for attract them she does.

Despite her fragile appearance she is probably the most elemental woman in pictures. When a man attracts her that man soon becomes her devoted admirer without any conscious effort on her part and often, I suspect, without quite realizing how it happened.

She is the type of girl to whom one sends books instead of candy or flowers. On the one occasion I was in her home I noticed her library table was full of autographed copies of books, most of the autographs assuring her she was the only person who could successfully translate their heroines into celluloid.

I would rather go hungry than attempt to interview her. Although she answers all questions intelligently she contributes nothing of her own volition to an interview—unless she happens to know the person. She gives the impression of being scatterbrained—but she isn't. You may be in the midst of a discussion of Freud or Proust and she will suddenly drag you into the garden to show you a new rosebush. You may be in the swimming pool and she will rush you into the house to show you a new edition of H. G. Wells or an antique she has picked up at an auction.

She is hard to pin down to an interview. My own feeling is she frothers them. Recognizing them as an unpleasant but necessary adjunct to her business she puts them off as long as possible and then, after giving in, tries to get them over as soon as possible and make them seem as little like interviews—to herself—as she can.

The first time I talked to her the interview lasted perhaps twenty minutes. At the end of that time she said, "I'm afraid you haven't got much for your story." Then she smiled engagingly and added, "I'll tell you: you just make up something nice about me."

This current interview was scheduled to take place on the set of "These Three." When I appeared she said, "It's a shame to work against time like this. Why don't you come for lunch some time?" We settled on the next day. Miriam heaved a sigh of relief. The ordeal had been postponed for twenty-four hours anyhow.

Actors working in pictures with her do not always like her. Elliott Nugent, who has directed her in several pictures, once explained it to me: "I've never known another actress who so thoroughly knew what she was supposed to do, and just how it should be done, as Miriam. Before she goes into a scene she has thought the whole thing out. She knows exactly the effect she wants and how she's going to get it. Sometimes it would be necessary to say to her, 'just be like your idea but I don't believe we can do it exactly that way. We'll have to do it this way.' Probably we'd have to change the whole set—lights, camera, everything. But it would be worth it. Most actors are perfectly willing to do whatever you tell them but they don't think for themselves. They'll say, 'Where do I stand? Is there any business you want me to do in this shot?' There's none of that with Miriam. When she has those conferences with herself before she goes into a scene it's for the purpose of developing her part—building her performance to top-notch. Naturally she's not giving herself any of the worst of it and actors not so quick-witted are pretty apt to come out at the short end of the horn."

There have been no stories of "temperament" during the filming of "These Three," Joel McCrea has made four pictures with her. But Joel never has trouble with anyone. Curiously enough, Miriam and Merle Oberon have got on famously. It was startling to watch them make a close-up of Miriam [Continued on page 66]
"It's The Free Advice"

In Hollywood Everyone Knows The Right Program For Other People—Particularly The Failures.

You get it on all sides, whether you are a picture actor or not—but actors get more of it.

Good advice, bad advice, self-seeking advice, helpful and destructive advice. Especially the young players, newly arrived in Hollywood. Their future depends so much on strategic moves—on advances and escapes and retreats and left-obliques—on admissions, evasions and omissions—that it is no wonder they are a baffled and bewildered bunch of scared kids.

Remember your first day on a college campus? When somebody, some well-meaning Sophomore or Junior, took you in hand and said, "be nice to so-and-so, don't go in there, you can't walk there, shoo so-and-so because a bigger so-and-so doesn't like him, don't use more than your permitted chapel cuts because the Dean is very religious, don't speak out of turn, don't stay out after ten o'clock, don't wear that kind of a hat, don't go out with upper classmen, don't be afraid to look intellectual, and you'll get along here."

Then another well-meaning hander-outer came along and said, "Listen. Be yourself. Be independent. Walk on the grass. Make them notice you. Don't be a grind. Get rushed by a lot of Seniors. Chapel isn't important, you can sleep that extra fifteen minutes. Don't worry about what anybody says and you'll get along here."

Well, exactly that is what happens to every player who comes to Hollywood, only multiplied by a hundred. It means a lot more to him, or to her. It means his career, his living, a brilliant success or abysmal failure. It means turning him from an almost-was to an embittered has-been, or to an internationally known figure, with the friends, the adulation, and all the trappings of fame. It means being courted or shunned, having wealth or poverty. There is no half-way. And always there is the haunting knowledge that he might have made the grade, but...

So the advice he takes is pretty darned valuable to him, and an awful lot of it is handed out.

The most dyed-in-the-wood advice dispensers are the old established stars on their last legs. Most of them are on the way out and don't know it, and they probably hand out the poorest advice any youngster could find. If that sounds harsh, just realize how fast this picture business moves along. They haven't kept up with the times, they usually have the security of a comfortable contract, they haven't turned with the wheels of progress. They are old-school and many of them are charming, and they love the role of wise experienced advisers. But it is like taking advice from a banker whose bank is about to fold.

Jean Muir has taken advice and found herself in difficulties. But her career goes on. Difficulties sometimes help.

There never was more advice on any subject than was given to Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford about their marriage.
Once upon a time, a girl named Greta Garbo arrived in this town. She was a confused, bewildered creature in a strange, hostile world. But the advice-handlers hopped onto her and ladled it out. They said she had to have publicity, lots of it. She must pose in bathing suits and hair-dos and trick garters. She must get out and be seen—yes, indeed, that was very important if she expected to land any place. She must host a few parties for the right people, she must meet the press. Would she kindly oblige them with a few revealing statements about her love-life?

So, very much against her will, she went into the publicity department looking like a hunted little fawn, nothing else would describe it, and tried to cooperate. But when she took recourse to her own inner strength and resources, she knew she couldn’t do it, it was not for her—so she refused ever to go again, ever.

The publicity department then had her salary check held up to force her to do as they wished.

As soon as her first picture was released, they let her alone. She was big enough then to get along without the well-meaning advice and publicity. Had you say it. If anybody has a picture of one of the typical Hollywood know-it-alls giving some helpful advice to Norma Shearer, it ought to be framed and preserved for posterity.

The two youngers who are right now receiving enough advice to float a dirigible are Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Lord, I don’t know how they have stood up under it. One faction says they should marry, and to hell with the career, that marriage won’t hinder it in any way, that they are young and in love, and what is a career compared with that, anyway? If the career should flop, these same advisers 

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The publicity department then had her salary check held up to force her to do as they wished.

As soon as her first picture was released, they let her alone. She was big enough then to get along without the well-meaning advice and publicity. Had she taken it in the first place, it is my belief that she would be simply a memory today. As it is, she realized what was good for her, she maintained her integrity against all odds, and she stuck to her guns.

For a revelation of character against tremendous opposition, the example cannot be met by anyone else in this business. She proved that advice is fine—if you know when not to take it.

Constance Bennett is a classic example of good advice spurned. She had had plenty of good strong hints to snap out of it and be a little grateful to those who were trying to help her career, and to stop spitting in people’s faces. What do you bet she now wishes she had taken that advice?

Just as Norma Shearer is an equally classic example of a woman who has gone ahead on her own advice, and outlined things pretty well for herself. If you know what you are doing better than your advisers know, then taking advice is simply going backward. Norma is about the only woman alive who never talks without saying something, and never moves without doing something. You can tell a woman like that, as they say about the Harvard boys, but you can’t tell her much. She knows before

Bob Taylor, who has had the most outstanding success recently, has to thank his own level head.

Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor have an agreement that no one knows about.

Stu Erwin has been repeatedly advised to go in for social activities, but he prefers to stay home and his popularity continues to grow.

Joe Crawford’s new marriage has proven very popular with his fans.

Don’t go on to tell Bob how he could support his family. Another faction declares in holy horror, “Oh, my, it would be fatal for them to marry—absolutely fatal. The public (gr-r-r) would lose interest in them the minute they were married. It wouldn’t be romantic. Irene should go about with other men. Bob should be seen with this prominent lady-star and that, in the best places. (Bob says, “Why be just another escort?”) He should buy a house. Irene should buy a house, they should not buy a house, they should save their money, they should not save their money at this stage of the game, they should spend it all on a good front. That romance has had more horses than the French Revolution. Everybody has muddled in it. And it will not be surprising if Irene and Bob stage a nice quiet resolution of their own one of these days and tack up a sign, “No More Advice.”

But Bob has had some very fine advice too, and he is infinitely grateful for it. When he first arrived and was in the school of acting on the MGM lot, Louis B. Mayer took an interest in him. He was rather blunt and honest in his advice, and Bob realized it was coming from a splendid source. Mayer told him how he dressed, even selected materials for some suits. He told him a lot of things—advice Bob did not discount. There is that good old line about “consider the source,” which applies in a case like this.

Bob has a pretty level head, and one reason for it is the three friends he has commissioned to watch him for any signs of dumbfication. They are supposed to tell him about it, at the slightest indication, and I hope they are good enough friends really to do it. He had a lot of grand acting advice from John Stahl, who directed “Magnificent Obsession.” That was the first picture in which Bob had to buckle down and work. Before, he had just whirled through, being himself. All kinds of advice float around on whether an actor should have his choice of the parts he plays. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn’t. Colleen Moore. (Continued on page 70)
The Search For The "Right"

By Elizabeth Wilson

Merle Oberon found a part in a book that she liked so much she bought the screen rights herself.

It seems to me that in the late twenties, which we so often refer to as the Speakeasy Era of American history, there was a fallacy going around that movie stars never read. That they were a lot of beautiful but dumb creatures who could knit (though they dropped more than they parled), who could wear clothes, who could get Mexican divorces, and who could paint lovely water colors—but read they simply could not. There was an old where to told nightly at "Tony's" about the glamour queen (it was usually Harlow though it changed from time to time in the telling) who received a book for Christmas and very pertinently remarked with her lips way out to there, "But I already have a book," My, my, how we used to chortle over that one. Those poor dear, dopey movie stars.

It appears that we, who dined nightly and smugly on the right side of the grilled door in the West Fifties, were just a bunch of old stuck-up meanies who read books and who could not give Hollywood a break. But Fate took care of that—we were all given jobs in Hollywood and then that was a horse of another color, just like Agnes in "The Milky Way."

What I am aiming at—and if you're in a hurry about anything, don't stop to read this—is that this nonsense about movie stars not reading books is a lot of honey. They read more books than you and I would ever think of reading; they read avidly, they read prodigiously, they read like mad. Yes, indeed, Hollywood is the book publisher's paradise. Some of the stars read for pleasure, and some of them read for dinner conversation, but practically all of them read for business. Just let her begin to ponder over where her next mink coat is coming from and even Alice Faye will read a book. You see, it's like this, the movies are growing up, and no longer can a star flaunt her personality for seven reels and clean up at the box office no, now she has to have a story. The story has become the most important thing in Hollywood today. A picture with a good story has been known to make a star over night, and so the great story hunt is on.

In the old days, Miss Movie Star, due to the fact that a picture is 'shot' in sequence, never knew what the story was all about until she saw it later on the screen, but now believe me she knows every line in that script before she faces the camera, and if she's an important enough star she can go home and sit and refuse to work until the professional story doctors have fixed things up. So, whether Hollywood wants to read or not, Hollywood has to read, for the story is definitely the thing. And the midnight oil burns on and on.

And what comes out of these sessions with the midnight oil? I wondered, too, so having nothing better to do one rainy afternoon I dropped in on a few sets to see who was reading what and if anything good would come of it. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins, two of the better members of our colony, I
PART

Every Player Believes That Somewhere There Is The Perfect Part That Will Make Him Famous Forever After.

After a run of sophisticated comedies Claudette Colbert decided melodrama was the thing, and signed up for "Under Two Flags." found in a perfect frenzy of perspiration. It seems that they were doing the walk home from the station scene in "These Thrice" and it was supposed to be an oppressively hot August day, but both Miss Oberon and Miss Hopkins were feeling extremely good this cool rainy afternoon and not the least bit oppressed. So Director William Wyler simply called up the studio engineer and had him turn on the heat on stage 4 to give it that realistic touch, and when I arrived it was a good sweltering ninety-eight, and Mr. Goldwyn's glamorous girls were mopping like scrub-women.

Merle is one of the most avid of the Hollywood readers. So interested is she in parts that she is going to play on the screen in current literature Madge Evans has found two parts that she hopes will fall to her.

plays of the last decade. Her biggest disappointment lately was "Lorna Doone." She re-read that fine old classic just a month ago, and so entranced with it was she that it was broad daylight when she put it down. The thing she wanted most in all the world was to portray Lorna on the screen, and she fairly flew into Mr. Goldwyn's office with the glad tidings that Oberon's next picture was settled—only to learn to her horror and bitter disappointment that "Lorna Doone" had already been done by an English company.

For awhile Merle considered doing "Florence Nightingale," but it seems that another cinema queen, Kay Francis, was doing a little autobiography reading at the same time and was equally enthusiastic over the part, so much so that Warners has announced "Florence Nightingale" as Kay's next picture. The rôle that Merle covets above all others (now that she has gotten over the "Lorna Doone" disappointment) is that of "Anne Boleyn," which part, as you well know, she has already played in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," but it was only a brief sequence and she would like to do an entire picture of it. Merle has read everything there is to read about the ill-fated queen of England.

Another part she longs to do is the princess in Franz Molnar's famous play "The Swan," which she read in Europe several years ago, and has re-read this winter. James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" is her favorite book of fairly recent fiction, and she would like to play the Chinese girl in the llama's mystical castle, but Columbia owns the book and the studio is waiting on Ronnie Colman to put it in production, so Merle doesn't hold out much hope for that.

The day I talked with her on the set, between steam baths, she was reading "The Son of Marietta," which has nothing to do with Naughty Marietta (unfortunately) but is the latest book by Johan Fabricius and runs to a mere 815 pages, which makes it a runner up for "Anthony Adverse." "There's nothing in it for me," said Merle, "but there are excellent parts for Ronald Colman and Wallace Beery. Do you know what I did the other day? I read a story based on the life of the famous dancer and adventurer, Isadora Monte, and I was so afraid that someone else would buy it for a picture before I could sell the idea to Mr. Goldwyn that I bought it myself. I have [Continued on page 64]
The Search For The "Right"

By Elizabeth Wilson

Merle Oberon found a part in a book that she liked so much she bought the screen rights herself.

It seems to me that in the late twenties, which we so often refer to as the SpeakEasy Era of American history, there was a fallacy going around that movie stars never read. That they were a lot of beautiful but dumb creatures who could knit (though they dropped more than they purled), who could wear clothes, who could get Mexican divorces, and who could paint lovely water colors—but read they simply could not. There was an old where told nightly at "Tony's" about the glamour queen (it was usually Harlow though it changed from time to time in the telling) who received a book for Christmas and very petulantly remarked with her lips out to her, "But I already have a book." My, my, how we used to chortle over that one. Those poor dear, dopey movie stars.

It appears that we, who dined nightly and snuggly on the right side of the grilled door in the West Fifties, were just a bunch of old stuck-up meanies who read books and who could not give Hollywood a break. But Fate took care of that—we were all given jobs in Hollywood and then that was a horse of another color, just like Agnes in "The Milky Way."

What I am aiming at—and if you're in a hurry about anything, don't stop to read this—is that this nonsense about movie stars not reading books is a lot of hooey. They read more books than you and I would ever think of reading; they read avidly, they read profusely, they read like mad. Yes, indeed. Hollywood is the book publisher's paradise. Some of the stars read for pleasure, and some of them read for dinner conversation, but practically all of them read for business. Just let her begin to ponder over where her next mink coat is coming from and even Alice Faye will read a book. You see, it's like this, the movies are growing up, and no longer can a star flumm her personality for seven reels and clean up at the box office; no, now she has to have a story. The story has become the most important thing in Hollywood today. A picture with a good story has been known to make a star over night, and so the great story hunt is on.

In the old days, Miss Movie Star, due to the fact that a picture is never "shot" in sequence, never knew what the story was all about until she saw it later on the screen, but now believe you me she knows every line in that script before she faces the camera, and if she's an important enough star she can go home and sulk and refuse to work until the professional story doctors have fixed things up. So, whether Hollywood wants to read or not, Hollywood has to read, for the story is definitely the thing.

And what comes out of these sessions with the midnight oil? I wondered, too, so having nothing better to do one rainy afternoon I dropped in on a few sets to see who was reading what and if anything good would come of it. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins, two of the better members of our colony, I
PART

Every Player Believes That Somewhere There Is The Perfect Part That Will Make Him Famous Forever After.

After a run of sophisticated comedies Claudette Colbert decided melodrama was the thing, and signed up for "Under Two Flags." One finds it hard to believe that she reads all the latest fiction, and at the same time snoops continuously among the classics, and the Broadway plays of the last decade. Her biggest disappointment lately was "Lorna Doone." She re-read that fine old classic just a month ago, and so entranced with it was she that it was broad daylight when she put it down. The thing she wanted most in all the world was to portray Lorna on the screen, and she fairly flew into Mr. Goldwyn's office with the glad tidings that Oberon's next picture was settled—only to learn to her horror and bitter disappointment that "Lorna Doone" had already been done by an English company.

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TORTURED
BY A NATION
FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Misérables"

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER BAXTER

with

GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson

Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd
Spencer Tracy has played many parts and has succeeded in putting a certain sincerity into each. So Spencer goes on to better parts opposite more and more glamorous ladies.

The HEARTBREAKERS

No Young Man Can Go Forward To Screen Honors Unless He Has The Qualities That Make Women Feel The Stirring Of Love.

ACTORS believe that certain "sympathetic" lines and situations put them over and that other lines in different parts will cause them to lose their popularity. But the feminine heart sees through all such foolishness and likes or dislikes the man himself whatever his part may be. The prejudice against an actor or the sentiment for him is often so unanimous that one part will make a player or oust him.

Let the actor study his technique, improve his voice and perfect his appearance, of course, but his destiny may be secured by a twist of his forehead or a grin that reveals his boyish heart.


In "The Sky Parade," Jimmie Allen, the broadcasting star, has his great chance. Happy Landing, Jimmie!

Eric Linden is the best of the juveniles, as he indicated that he would be in "Are These Our Children?" years ago. "Ah, Wilderness!" re-established him. "The Voice of Bugle Ann" comes next.
"April, April, Laugh Thy Girlish Laughter—"

The screen advanced the peak of woman's charm from the years of the thirties to her teens or early twenties. The days when an actress studied to act and then practiced her art in "stock" for years before making her bid for fame are as dead and departed as Fanny Davenport.

Today, the high school spills directly on to the screen. Girlish laughter is real and very fine. Mr. Watson, who wrote the lovely April verse, has today a world joining with him in his adoration for youth.

Jean Parker, one of the youngest stars, did brilliantly in "The Ghost Goes West."

The "Tarzan" picture has Maureen O'Sullivan back in the tree-tops. But her fame is climbing steadily with every part.

The Changeable Weather Of April Has Girlish Moods. But The Girls Of The Screen Are Neither Whimsical Nor Capricious About Their Hard, Determined Pursuit Of Fame.

(At right) Mary Carlisle has been loaned for an English picture.
(Above) Leila Hyams in "Yellow Dust." An experienced player due for a great success.

(Below) Sylvia Sidney suggests the April showers in the verse: "April, April, Laugh thy girlish laughter; Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears!"

(Above) Astrid Allwyn is a tune to the springtime spirit. In "Follow the Fleet," however, she lets herself go—enticing!
A Lesson for Lovers in

The New Pictures Entertain With Dramas Of Love And Preach Little Sermons For All Two-Timers.

"Wife vs. Secretary" is the 100% title of the new Jean Harlow-Clark Gable-Myrna Loy picture.
When two men love the same woman or two women love the same man, the dramatic essentials are complete and the story writes itself, but always in the theme of tragedy. "Anna Karenina" was a masterpiece of this type. The Anna Sten-Gary Cooper film, "The Wedding Night," was another. As these stories unreel on the screen, there must be many times when there is in the audience someone who is actually living the part.

We hope these unhappy ones have profited by the screen lesson. And that is one reason why the hokum happy ending is unfair to the screen and to the audience both. Triangle stories do not end happily.

William Gargan, Katherine De Mille and Kent Taylor with their minds on air transports in "The Sky Parade."

The famous screen rivals—Pat O'Brien and James Cagney. The lady in this picture is Olivia de Havilland.

One side of a great screen triangle, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

The other side, Dick and Joan Blondell, from "Colleen."
“Love is of man’s life
A thing apart;
’Tis woman’s whole existence.

Not only do the girls of Hollywood take their love scenes more seriously than the men, but the girls who see the pictures find that their emotions respond unforgottably.

Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in "Anthony Adverse." Here at least the expression of love is woman’s work.

Dorothy Lee and Bert Wheeler in "Silly Billies." No comedy can be funnier than a love affair.

Ross Alexander and Anita Louise in "Brides Are Like That."
A happy couple, Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor, in "The Song and Dance Man."

It was not until women became financially independent that divorce became so prevalent. It is impossible not to feel that many long-married couples find a happiness that can never be known by the girls who always have the price of a ticket to Reno. Perhaps if women's whole existence is love, the modern woman's job is to make love worth the price.

We quote Mr. Brisbane to the effect that the institution of marriage is the first step in civilization. It may be that the institution of divorce is the second step toward the establishment of a finer and more beautiful realization of the loveliest emotion known to life (at least we have heard it spoken of highly).

A new team. Preston Foster and Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast." Each is due for a big hit, and perhaps this is it.

Edmund Lowe and Virginia Bruce in "The Garden Murder Case."
A GOOD director keeps a continuous flow of movement on the screen, letting his story run on, never stopping, always increasing its pace. One reason why the singing stars are so difficult to direct is that they must have solos and usually the solo means a long close-up with nothing in motion but the lady’s jaw. John Cromwell, directing Lily Pons in “I Dream Too Much,” very cleverly overcame this difficulty by having Lily sing while on a carousel. The result was a solo close-up, but the whirl of the background and the motion of the crowd kept the picture alive.

June Travis, during a game of badminton, exhibits a natural grace. She is one of the student stars at Warners.

Joan Marsh and Eddie Nugent take steps to popularize a new dance in “Dancing Feet.”

(At right) Paul Draper and his class in taping in “Colleen.”
Since The First "Western," The Rush And Swing Of A Running Horse Has Never Been Out-Classed As Cinema.

Shirley Temple dancing in "Captain January."

Claire Trevor in "The Song and Dance Man" swirls her frills about with the grace that actually makes her look prettier.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in one of their inimitable dance numbers.
Good Stories Go

Way back in the days of Priscilla Dean they made "Under Two Flags." It is once more before the cameras with Ronald Colman in the hero's part.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now being made with Freddie Bartholomew, supported by C. Aubrey Smith and Dolores Costello. This story was originally played by Mary Pickford.

The Success Of New Films Of Old Stories Again Proves That The Public Respects Old Favorites.
The Producers Prefer To Remake Old Stories—Certain That They Will Be Successful.

STORIES are so important that when a producer has a story that the public once liked he feels that a remake with good actors is hardly a risk. The coming of sound, of course, made every old story good again.

Do you recall the silent versions of these great pictures?

In fact, this remaking of pictures definitely dates many of us. They are about to do "What Price Glory?" again with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery if possible, and the old Clive Brook, very successful feature known as "Forgotten Faces" will soon be out again as "Heliotrope." And what a wonderful picture that was!

The "Show Boat" again.
Irene Dunne in center.
A rehearsal.

(Below) A scene from "Collegiate," with Ned Sparks and Jack Oakie. This has been screened before as "The Charm School."

(Above) "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," once a silent, is now being remade in color with a marvelous cast: Fred MacMurray, Robert Barrat, Fred Stone, Sylvia Sidney, Beulah Bondi—and Henry Fonda on the bed.
Scenes From

Jack Haley and Grace Bradley in "F-Man." Ever since "Sitting Pretty" we have been expecting Jack to be one of the most popular comics.

"It Had To Happen," featuring George Raft and Rosalind Russell. Leo Carrillo and Aline Judge are also involved.

THE NEW PICTURES
Stories Writ In Celluloid.

When pictures were very young the story always was built around some stunt in motion. The dash- ing hero would ride away from the outlaws jumping off a cliff top or by swimming his steed over the falls. If the hero lived, then they made the rest of the picture. Pictures today have character and humor, but the old directors still love to have one hair-raising climax.

Dickie Moore and Elizabeth Patterson in "Timothy's Quest."

"The Moon's Our Home" [nice title], has Margaret Sulli- van as star.

Betty Furness, Rin- Tin-Tin Jr., and Jackie Cooper in "Tough Guy."

[Left] Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett in "13 Hours By Air." They are together at last after setting two records. Fred played opposite more feminine stars last year and Joan opposite more male stars than anybody else.

Tom Brown, Jane Withers and Frank Sully in "Gen- tle Julia."
DRESSED IN STYLE

HOLLYWOOD’S Easter parade of Spring fashions will show such variety that anyone can find wonderfully becoming an array! The hostess gown, as flattering a bit of luxury as ever graced a lovely figure, continues strong. The neck, long sleeves and low back—or a slit that reveals an intriguing glimpse of back—feature the hostess gown.

It’s a suit season! Trim tailored suits of smooth material, twill or men’s suiting, have feminine frills, such as the high jabot borrowed from the 90’s. Much braid is used in trim. Natty suits with contrasting materials for the skirt and jacket run to military decorations—frogs for jacket closings being much in evidence.

Redingoes, so slimming and flattering to the figure, are with us again. Suit skirts are going up. Hostess and evening gowns still reach the floor.

There’s a great revival in pleats. Some of the new frock featherweight materials are entirely pleats—skirt, blouse, sleeves and all. They are not too Grecian, having definite waistlines and they do things for the figure. There are new print drapery in “paper taffeta,” which rustles with every move. Flowers everywhere—a bright spot of color at a strategic point on frock, on hats, in the hair!

Hats go to extremes . . . high on shaped crowns with little or no brim to the wide-brimmed picture hat; an absurdly shallow crown, or “hat cake” style with the crown and veil all in one.

Fabric as shimmering as hammered gold and lines of utter simplicity feature this hostess gown worn by Norma Shearer. The high neck-line and wide metal-studded belt are important style notes.
"In the Spring A Livelier Iris Changes On The Burnished Dove—"

Anita Louise starts the Spring season with one of those gay, gliddy little hats that look so hard to wear and are so flattering to those who can! This felt hat has a high crown and is smartly trimmed with a wide grosgrain ribbon.

The figure-flattering red-ingate worn by Mona Barrie (left) is of putty pebble crépe. It's colored and cuffed in demure white and tied with three string bows. Glimpsed beneath is a scarlet crépe slip. The stitched putty "gob" hat is jauntily trimmed with a pair of scarlet coque feather pompons.

Patricia Ellis (left), does justice to the new Spring vogue for tailored lines with feminine frills. Her navy twill dress coat is single-breasted, closed with buttons all the way down the front and smartly trimmed with braid. The square-crowned "pancake" hat sports a shallow fishnet veil.

The ensemble above, in shades of brown, is made of coppery crépe, styled with draped fullness at the side front and lined up with a cluster of bright flowers at the high neckline. Patricia Ellis wears it with a shovel-brimmed turban of matching doeskin to complete the ensemble.

Fashion is particularly partial this season to suits with contrasting materials for the skirt and jacket. This smart suit worn by Ethel Merman shows the new shorter skirt length. The large frogs for jacket closings carry out the popular military effect.
Little Did Clark Gable Ever Expect To Read This Page.

Two years ago, some hungry boys asked the proprietor of a little restaurant in Mission, B. C., to stake them to a meal. Clark Gable happened to be there and he paid their check. They recognized him and thanked him.

An incident of this kind, which is so rarely heard of, is the best proof of the type of man Clark Gable is off-screen.

J. Fred Hoffman of East 51st Ave., Vancouver, B. C., repays Clark Gable for his generosity.

The framed, autographed picture which Clark Gable has inscribed to J. Fred Hoffman.
The "VOICE OF THE PEEPUL"

The Critics Are Only Right About Two-Thirds Of The Time. The Public Is Always Right.

"OBESHB, $18,000, BEST IN SNOWBOUND NEW YORK"

"OBSESSION" $10,000, BIG IN PORTLAND, ORE. 'Dream' at $1.73 in Nice Seattle, Start; 'Obsession' $10,000

By Julia Gwin

Irene Dunne has a great popular following, although few critics rave about her. The clippings show how the news of her success reaches Hollywood.

There is an old Latin proverb, "Vox populi vox Dei," or "the voice of the people is the voice of God" which seems to indicate that even during the reign of the Caesars the majority opinion ruled the world. Today, lack of each picture success or failure—or anything affecting the world at large—is the voice of the people. Sometimes it is thin and small; sometimes it becomes the voice of doom like great waves pounding on a rock-bound coast. Always and very surely it determines your life and mine; our work and our wages—even the destiny of our movies.

According to Victor Hugo an audience is made up of three classes: the crowd which wants action; women who want emotion; and thinkers who want character.

Perhaps this explains the public's choice in pictures and stars. To be successful a picture must not rise too far above the level of its audience. The majority voice of these good old United States of America has shown its likes in its selection of films and those who make them. In the past eighteen months it has proved its preference for decent, wholesome entertainment. The listing of Shirley Temple and Will Rogers as the two most popular stars for 1935 indicates the popular taste. These two players specialize in human interest types. They represent the understandable, simple, believable things which audiences the world over recognize.

When, for example, a Jean Crawford picture comes to the village emporium of art what does it matter to Mr. and Mrs. Main Street that most of the critics throughout the land have "panned" the picture. They do not care that Paul Jones in Dallas, Texas, called it, as he did, "an inadequate and shallow picture with little to justify its existence." They are not concerned whether Frank Daniels in Atlanta labeled it, as he did, "old stuff" and "boring."

Let us turn to the facts, taking this picture on which the record is complete. "Forsaking All Others" was a Joan Crawford-Clark Gable-Robert Montgomery picture, three star names to crowd the marquee and intrigue the fans. The picture had a quality that the public liked, emotions that the public knew, situations the public had experienced. Perhaps Eileen Creelman of the New York Sun hit upon it when she wrote of this film: "It may be trashy, but it is glittering, lively, box-office trash."

The public speaks and pictures do fancy things at the ticket booth.

In the year just ended there were approximately 755 pictures exhibited, with approximately 96 making the list of box-office champions, according to the Motion Picture Herald check-up.

When pictures pass the million dollar mark in grosses they become the Champions of Champions and the delight of their producers' hearts. In this class the all-time high is held by Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool," which did something like five million dollars worth of business. Running it a close second was "Cavalcade," a film about which critics and public agreed almost unanimously . . . that here was an [Continued on page 60]
"The Glorifier!"

By
William A. Ulman, Jr.

Myrna Loy and William Powell playing the parts of Billie Burke and her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

(From the New York Daily News, late in 1934)
The path of glorifying the American Girl led but to an auction.
With only two people to mourn—a minor principal in "Show Boat" and one employee of twenty-two years service—the theatrical properties of the late Florenz Ziegfeld went under the hammer in a 43rd Street warehouse.
The auctioneer's handbell chimed at the marvels to be sold—"South Sea Tom-Tom brought over by Reif..." So West Point uniforms with plumes... Boxes of humming bird dress ornaments and feathers... Japanese trees designed by Urban made of shells and peach... Three very large mechanical elephants...

Thus did Broadway pay final homage to one of its greatest—-the auction of those magnificent props which had symbolized his success. Homage, indeed! Of the legion of fair weather friends who had laid siege upon his offices, three came to this interim of his magnificent ambitions—an usher who had been with him twenty-two years, Jack Daley of the "Show Boat" cast and a lady who came to bid on two lovely French chairs and a settee which once graced the apartment of Anna Held, Ziegfeld's first wife and greatest star. The lady was Anna Held's daughter, who runs a road-house in Peekskill. She bid on the pieces but lost. An out-of-town dealer outbid her with $75,000.

It fell not to Broadway, but to Hollywood, to pay the proper tribute to America's greatest theatrical entrepreneur. One year after that sad auction in a dusty warehouse, "The Great Ziegfeld" went into production on the M-G-M lot.

Hart Stroberg, the producer, sent out the call. From theatres and studios, from retirement or obscure road shows came the trouper who had reached their zenith under the driving ambition and showmanship of "Fie"--and with them came the lore and legend of the past to lend life and substance to the picture. No ordinary picture is this. Not just the story of a great man, not just the picturization of an extravaganza which that man himself would have been proud to produce on the ample stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, but the vivid impression of what he meant to the main stem and to the admiring theatrical world.

The cast has recaptured the haunting memory of the Ziegfeld Follies—an atmosphere not composed simply of good players putting on agog show but possessing an air of open splendor plus the glorification of beautiful girls.

One of Flo Ziegfeld's stars in the Follies was Harriet Hctor:

She is here, as lovely as ever, and her ballet has taken on a new verve. She was tops with Ziegfeld, as were all the others, because their performances were surrounded with every luxury and gorgeous extravagance. They couldn't help but feel it and respond. And now, in Hollywood, they once more feel the glamour that meant Ziegfeld—and again become inspired.

There is one set which shows what I mean. Harriet Hctor spins out from the wings, her white costume set off by the brilliant electric blue of the scenery, followed by a full ballet. Her nimble feet flash between two crouched—and very alive—lions who contemplate her with impassive eyes and twitching tails. No sooner is this tableau complete than a series of tall white columns rise up from the below-stage depths to towering heights. On each one stands the white, living statuette of a girl, who is breath-takingly lovely.
The Story Concerning The Life Of The Creator Of The “Follies” Is A Chapter In American Amusement History.

While on the subject of beauty and glorification a la Ziegfeld, even the property men stood around bug-eyed when Virginia Bruce came on the scene singing Flo’s favorite melody, “A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody.”

She was clad in a costume made entirely of the iridescent tails of over 700 Chinese pheasants. Each one is a tiny thing to handle and it had taken some thirty girls over a month to make it—but the results! Well, go and see for yourself! Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, we should take a look at Fanny Brice doing her stuff at the famous Midnight Frolics on the New Amsterdam Roof, the night spot where “the right people” inspired by Flo’s extravagance in his show, gathered nightly. Fanny was singing “Yiddle on the Middle of Your Fiddle” and “My Man” when she was acknowledged New York’s leading comedienne both on the stage and in the Roof Garden.

Immediately following her number on the dance floor, between the tables of the Roof Garden, a curtain pulls away disclosing a miniature stage. It was originally designed by Urban, with delicate, shining white trees each leaf of which is a single brilliantly fashioned shell. As the dancing begins, the whole thing moves forward, out across the regular dance floor, so that the chorus is dancing a beautiful and elaborate routine within touching distance of the spectators.

At Metro it is easy to step from the Frolic Roof to the stage next door and see another Ziegfeld company shooting Gilda Grey in her “Shimmy”—the dance that shook the world—to the never-to-be-forgotten strains of “Neath The South Sea Moon, With You...” A background of palm trees and the shimmering waters of a South Sea Island lagoon provide atmosphere. It is no wonder that Gilda swings back into that intricate routine again with all the vitality that made history, a few years ago, when her South Sea Island maidens sat about her incredibly undulating torso and played the accompaniment on skeleton. And yet you mustn’t get the impression that “The Great Ziegfeld” is merely a revival of the Follies. True, in it you will find everything that the Follies stood for, and you will find it presented exactly as Ziegfeld did produce them, but interwoven in the motion picture is the gripping yarn, the true life drama of Flo himself. Bill Powell starts the life of Ziegfeld at the time when he was managing “The Strongest Man in the World,” Sandow, during the Chicago Fair in 1893. Of course, Nat Pendleton, playing Sandow, is one of the revelations of the year. They’ve taken the big, tough, dumb gangster-strongarm and blonded him!

From that period on Bill Powell gives an interpretation of Flo that has left Billie Burke, Flo’s widow, gasping at times and tearful at others. They worked together on the preparation of the part, but even then, though she had helped to pick him as the type, Billie is amazed at the results.

Added to that, Billie Burke has the unusual distinction of seeing herself portrayed by none other than Myrna Loy—as the screen Mrs. Ziegfeld. A rather weird sensation that—seeing your own husband and yourself played by friends of yours for the screen! But, with what the amazing atmosphere created by the entire cast, the studio and Mr. McGauley’s story, the was Flo’s playwright during the Folles’ years— it is not surprising that even Luise Rainer should enter into the spirit of the gorgeously open-handed, open-hearted Ziegfeld Folles, as Flo’s first wife, the immortal Anna Held.

They say that they’ve done everything possible to recapture the spirit of Ziegfeld. I believe they have. But, more than anything else in that effort they have also recaptured the ineffable beauty and splendor of the Ziegfeld Folles. It is fitting that the picture which shows this great showman’s life to the world should do so in the spirit of the man, his times, his ambitions, his Midas-like success and his faithful platers—his show girls.

His life and work were both Extra—E X T R A W A G A N Z A.
DID you know that the movie industry, just like the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Conundrums and Gracie Allen, has its own ideas as to when a year should begin? No, January isn't good enough for them. It may be good enough for you and me and the President of the United States, but the movie industry, the zany, has to have August. Why? I'm sure I don't know, perhaps because the bathing suit art is so much better that month, and where would the industry be if it wasn't for Jean Harlow in a bathing suit and Shirley Temple? Don't tell me, it's merely a rhetorical question and you'll only upset me by answering, and heaven knows I've been upset enough this morning by six people wanting me to get them nice coy studio jobs with a southern exposure and Venetian blinds through which they can peep at Robert Taylor on his way to his dressing room—the dopes, don't they know that if I ever heard of a job like that I'd take it myself.

Well, anyway, the motion picture industry selected August to begin its year, and I was never one to quibble with dissenters, so August it is if they say it is, and that makes the fiscal year about to end pretty soon, so if you have nothing better to do today we might just as well review some recent peaks in the cinema. And, in so much as you and I don't really believe that virtue is its own reward, we know darned well that money and recognition are pretty good too, we'll just emerge from a mental torpor for the nonce (I do love a good mental torpor, don't you?) and let our minds travel back over this last movie year and recall some of the outstanding scenes, and see if the studios did right by the

fine actors who played them. It's perfectly remarkable, when you think about it, how a few inspired seconds on a bit of celluloid can be as important as the seconds when a prospector discovers gold in the trickle of a mountainside stream. It may be the smallest part in the picture, the role may not even rate a close-up, and certainly the player didn't rate a dressing room or a stand-in, but suddenly something clicks, and Voila, as we say in our native French Somaliland, a star is made, contracts are signed, automobiles are bought, houses are built, relatives arrive, and fan writers move in to dish up long interviews about what the newest "discovery" eats for breakfast, what he thinks of marriage, and the women in his life.

And, then too, there is the case of the poor player who has been bufeted about from pillar to post, from Dietrich to Cora Sue Collins, playing all the blah roles in captivity until the audience is sick of his pan, and then along comes a scene in a picture where he is simply marvelous, "Discovered at last!" He immediately gets better parts, better reviews, better dressing rooms, more money, more interviews, more fans, and doubles more girl friends.

Cary Grant is a shining example of the case of the disappearing star. Cary, a very likeable Englishman and an excellent actor, has been at Paramount some five years supporting various and sundry leading ladies, with perfectly beautiful close-ups of the back of his neck, and some of the most stiffed dialogue in history. Paramount was only too pleased to loan him to R-K-O for "Sylvia Scarlett" and R-K-O was only too pleased to get him as he would be a nice prop for the glamorous Hepburn. So what happens? So Mr. Grant finds a part that is at last worthy of his talents and as Jimmy Monkley, the sly, cunning cockney bloke who looks with horror upon earning an honest penny, he gives a performance that is the sensation of the year—and practically the only reason for seeing
P I C T U R E S  
A N D  
W H A T  
T H E Y  
B R O U G H T  U S

By Liza

"Sylvia Scarlett." Cary left for his home in England before the preview of the picture, but immediately Paramount got a look at the spoity Mr. Monckby, cables began to fly.

Cary's return to Hollywood has been delayed by the death of his father in England, but they do say that when he gets here Paramount will kill the fatted calf and give him a chance once more to display his marvelous talents as an actor. Doubtless there'll be a new contract with more money, and you're darned tootin' that there'll be a raft of Cary Grant stories, as, after all these years, everyone is busy "discovering" Cary Grant and proclaiming him the best. The scene that won me over in "Sylvia Scarlett" was Cary's dance at the foot of the stairs when, with Sylvia and her father, he is celebrating their plan to become caravan players. It was marvelous—and so was Cary all through the picture.

Of course that wonder boy of the Metro lot, Robert Taylor, was going fairly well before the movie industry celebrated its last New Year but it was really "Broadway Melody of 1926" that suggested him as the Dream Prince of a million women, and "The Magnificent Obsession" clinched it. "He's too pretty," the men insist but I must say I think it's sour grapes—the gals certainly don't seem to mind. Bob sang a song with June Knight, smashed Jack Benny in the nose, and called Eleanor Powell darling and immediately a good percentage of the female population of the Americas wrote in to Irving Thalberg not begging, but demanding, that Robert Taylor play Romeo. But unfortunately Bob came fresh from Pomona, California, without benefit of the New York stage and Shakespeare so, although he could have managed the rights beautifully, he couldn't the metre. But he did get equal star billing with Irene Dunne in the very funny Mr. Staib's "Magnificent Obsession" and the manager of the Pantages told me that when that picture played there, there were women swooning all over the house for sheer love of Mr. Taylor. Now I am not the man to be excited behind my ear, but I must say that when Bob Taylor, with powder in his hair and gravity in his voice, leaned over Irene Dunne and told her not to be excited—well I was so excited myself I almost got up there on the screen and snatched him away from her. Since "Magnificent Obsession" Bob has been given a new contract by Metro, with more money and more privileges, and has been given the lead in the Janet Gaynor picture, "Small Town Girl," and they do say that Bob Montgomery and some of the other Metro boys are jealous.

Do you remember the boy at the school for the blind in "The Dark Angel?" The boy who rose from his chair after the pompous ass of a government official had told the soldiers how wonderful it was to be blind for their country and screamed hysterically, "I want to see my sweetheart." His heart-breaking scene was applauded long and loudly at the preview of the picture—he received more applause than any of the stars, and as I look back over that very popular picture now it is his scene that stands out most vividly in my memory. The boy's name is Douglas Walton and you'll be most pleased to know that Mr. Sam Goldwyn, who knows a neat bit of acting when he meets it, signed Douglas on a long-term contract the next day and is looking for a story specially for him. While the story is being written Goldwyn has loaned Jack Whitten an interest in the young man and he will very likely be seen in the next Pioneer picture.

Of all places to find a tenor—in a Marx Brothers picture! In fact you don't ever expect to find anything in a Marx Brothers picture except Groucho, Chico, Harpo and a lot of noise, and of all places for an ambitious young singer to make a debut I should say that would be the worst—I'm not disparaging the Marx Brothers, well not too much, but I'd as soon make my debut in a boiler factory. But with the mad Marxes leaving Italy, Harpo kissing everybody in sight goodbye, and Groucho

In "A Tale of Two Cities," Isabel Jewell proved herself one of our most gifted dramatic actresses. With Ronald Colman.

The scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty" when Franchot Tone pleads for a finer standard for the British Navy.

Lionel Barrymore explains the facts of life to Eric Linden in "Ah, Wilderness." Eric Linden's great scene.

[Continued on page 59]
“A DANGLED GOOD ACTOR”

Fred Stone, In “The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine,” Brings To The Camera A Great Talent And A Lifetime Of Experience.

By Dickson Morley

Years ago the straw man of “The Wizard of Oz” made a million kids happy. That was Fred Stone. He has never lost the trick.

When a mother tags along to Hollywood with a petite, camera-conscious daughter, Mama is distinctly a back-seater. Maybe not actually, I’ll admit, for she’s likely to be the brains of the combination. But still, it’s not Mama who is the news.

Of course, should the matter be an actress, too, and simultaneously crash through to glory, that would be something to talk about. Only it has never happened yet, so we shan’t race our pulses in that direction now.

After which elaborate build-up I am sure that you are going to recognize an extraordinary set-up when I plop it down before you. I beg you to pause and ponder the Fred Stone case.

Fancy a father racing his three fetching, grown-up daughters for movie positions! He, also, is a stranger to Hollywood peculiarities and must face all the puzzling perplexities. Side by side they are ignoring out pictures. They huddle in conferences. A quartet taking on the town together!

Fred Stone’s menage is an all-round innovation for us. The rambling, comfortable house in a conservative section has no gaudy modernisms and the people in it reflect the genuinely homelike atmosphere. They’re “just folks” in spite of their talent.

I was received by a vivacious and in-a-rush lass, whom I learned was youngest daughter Carol. She was surrounded by an excited group of chattering clumps. “Daddy,” she cried, “Here’s your interviewer!” Beyond, in the lived-in living room Fred Stone put down his cigar and paper, and arose from the davenport to give me a genial greeting.

For a few minutes there was a hubbub typical of any household full of important youth. Carol and her friends hustled off to a preview and no sooner had the front door slammed than a radiant redhead came dashing down the stairs. This was middle-daughter Paula, en route to a pal’s house in the neighborhood.

The blonde of the family, oldest-daughter Dorothy, is temporarily in the East. She has attained footlight prominence but will be back to vie again for a film break. Her attractive hubby, like Daddy and her sisters, has a studio start.

To date this remarkable father has out-distanced his daughters in the screen sprint. That’s really as it should be if you are sentimental like I am and remember his marvelous stage record. Yet Hollywood is a place where recognition depends wholly on present ability. Fred Stone has had to kick on his current competence alone.

When you go studious about him, he’s even had a tremendous handicap. His girls have a fresh loveliness, as well as skill. Producers have been tough on fathers. Many a gray-haired mother has been a dramatic pivot, but good old, middle-aged, homely dad was thoroughly forgotten until Mr. Stone, as Hepburn’s father in “Alice Adams,” characterized this universally beloved type. The patient, well-meaning unsophisticate whose years have been spent working for security and happiness for his family.

With one part Fred Stone went across with a bang. Immediately he was pronounced star material. Special stories are being programmed because he’s introduced something original—“Pop appeal!”

He had just returned from a month’s location trip to Big Bear, in the Southern California mountains. There he’d been fathering Sylvia Sidney in “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.” In person I found him quite as I anticipated. Certainly he’s no runner-up for the handsome honors, but that occasional twinkle in his still bright blue eyes betrays a ginger you can’t resist. He is, incidentally, very modest. Not until you get his confidence do you realize what an amazing person he is. Conquering Hollywood at sixty-two is an unprecedented accomplishment, but his life has been loaded with achievements.

Although he may be a new name to filmgoers, he is exceedingly well-known to anyone familiar with the theatre. He has been professionally active since he was a mere nine years old! A circus stopped in a Kansas village and he delighted himself so impressively as an acrobat that he was invited to join up as a tight-rope walker. Which he did! Eventually he got to Broadway, and topped there for more than thirty years. He has starred in many of the most popular musicals, and his aerobic dancing, songs, and genius for fun-making have greatly distinguished him.

But he has none of those “hammy” actor traits. He’s never been touched by the artificialities, because his tastes are simple and his ideals high. Nor do those hits of the bygone era weigh importantly on his mind. He lives completely in today.

He gave the company a thrill at Big Bear with a between-scenes experiment. A wagon wheel, in which the spokes were nearly all rust, intrigued him. So he folded himself inside and went rolling down a hill ticket-split. Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda ran to his rescue, but the child [Continued on page 68]
**MODERN TIMES**
RATING: 99 out of 100

**COPPLEN**
RATING: 90 out of 100

**THROUGH THE MILKY WAY**
RATING: 92 out of 100

**NEXT TIME WE LOVE**
RATING: 90 out of 100

**DANCING FEET**
RATING: 80 out of 100

**WOMAN TRAP**
RATING: 70 out of 100

**TOUGH GUY**
RATING: 60 out of 100

**CALLEEN**
RATING: 50 out of 100

**BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT**
RATING: 40 out of 100

**TRAP**
RATING: 30 out of 100

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**MODERN TIMES**

Adolphe Menjou is simply superb—he plays a gum-chewing fight promoter and is too comical for words. Lionel Stander, the man with the deep voice, is the sparring partner who is none too bright, and Helen Mack, who shows she knows a thing or two about comedy herself, is Harold's sister. Verree Teasdale is simply elegant as Menjou's wife and wise-cracking fight follower, and many an actress could take lessons from her in reading lines. William Gargan is the champion and Dorothy Wilson is the little man孔ist sweetheart of Harold's who shares his deep devotion to Agnes, his delivery nag. You'll daily over Agnes. As you know, every tragedy except death (Menjou was reported dead several times) happened to the cast of this picture while it was in production, and so all the more credit to Harold Lloyd, Director Leo McCarey, and the cast for turning out a smash-hit picture.

**WOMAN TRAP**

HERE'S another picture that's different, with a bit of mystery, a bit of romance, and a bit of comedy thrown in. It's not colossal, but it's satisfying. The picture is about a young reporter (George Murphy) who is sent by a Los Angeles newspaper to investigate a mysterious murder "below the border." On his way to Mexico Murphy picks up Gertrude Michael, one of those society girl aviators, whose plane has come down in Mexican waters, and she is so fascinated by the adventure that she insists upon trailing along. Thanks to her they immediately fall afoul of Sidney Blackmer's murderous gang of jewel thieves, and she is held for ransom in the desert.

Akim Tamiroff plays a garrulous and delightful Mexican bandito, who sees Blackmer commit the murder and immediately cuts himself in on the jewels and also the kidnap ransom—but in the end he is revealed as a Mexican G-man, and what a grand surprise. Mr. Tamiroff, it seems, has been around Hollywood for quite some time but never has he had such a swell chance to show his prowess. He makes a much better "Bad Man" than either Leo Carrillo or the late Holbrook Blinn, and methinks you'll be seeing him around quite a bit after his personal triumph in this picture.

**TOUGH GUY**

Praise should also go to Sidney Blackmer, who can play a nasty crook with conviction. Roscoe Karns, Bradley Page and Ed Brophy are the other bad boys. The desert photography is excellent, and if you've never been to Mexico, after this picture you'll have a very good idea what it looks like.

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**COLLEEN**

RATING: 70 out of 100

**DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER**

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler are teamed together again in this musical de luxe which has its moments—but the moments are all for Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell. The story is about a pseudo big business man, Hugh Herbert to be sure, who suffers from arrested mental development. He falls prey to the goo goo eyes of gold-digging Joan Blondell who puts nuts on Isie Bitsie candies, and a couple of artful antics out of Joanie and he buys her a dress shop. Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie simply go on a comedian's holiday and take everything in sight—as long as they are allowed on the screen. The high of the picture is when she and Jack sing "A Boulevardier from the Bronx" and do a dance specialty that is a magnificent take-off on Rogers and Astaire. This alone is worth the price of the admission. The gal has been treated so badly in her pictures of late that it was just like "discovering" Joan Blondell over again—and don't think the preview audience didn't.

**THE KIDS SHOW**

RATING: 50 out of 100

**JACKIE COOPER**

The kids will go into hysterics over this, and don't let them miss it. The story's about Jackie Cooper who runs away from home because his father doesn't want him to keep his pet dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. Jackie and the dog get mixed up with a gang of stick-up men and in an attempted escape they are held by the gang leader (Joseph Callela) in his effort to escape the G-man hunt. Jackie and Callela become first rate pals and when the rest of the gang try to hijack the kid to collect a reward, Callela goes out to retrieve him. Jackie, Callela and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., make a swell team.

[Continued on page 58]
NEXT TIME WE LOVE
Rating: 85—BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY—Universal

NOT since “Only Yesterday” has Margaret Gorman been such a perfectly beautiful and real performance, and once more we’ll just have to become rabid Sullivans. The story’s about a struggling New York reporter, and a young girl who rush inseparably into matrimony because they love each other so.

It sort of piles into the human heart, and you’ll probably say you’ve seen it in Jack Stewart, new to Hollywood, plays his first important part in this picture, and as the reporter-husband torn between love and career. The girl is played by Miss Nicole Astor, who gives her best promising performance. Also excellent is Ray Milland, as the rich friend of the young couple, who hides his love for Margaret for nine years. Good bits are contributed by Robert McWade, Anna De Metrio, and little Ronnie Cosby.

DESIRE
Rating: 88—PUBLIC GLOAM GIRL—Number 1—Paramount

WHATEVER you have to say about Dietrich she is still the most glamorous of the glamour girls, and in this picture she’s even more gorgeous and beautiful than ever. “Desire” is high comedy with a gay, laughable beginning and ending, but some place there in the middle of the production comes a Dietrich’s sets in and things get a little dull and Marlene gets an awful lot of close-ups, but she’s so beautiful that you can’t object to the loss of comedy too much.

The story tells how a simply devastating woman thief steals a pearl necklace valued at more than two million francs right from under the pudgy nose of the most famous jeweler in Paris. This sequence is the high spot in the picture, with Ernest Cossett, as the jeweler, and Alan Mowbray, as the doped psychiatrist reaching a new high in comedy. Fleeting from France to France the French authorities Marlene meets up with Gary Cooper, a Detroit automobile man, on a two weeks’ vacation in Spain and romance.

When the custom inspectors go through her luggage Marlene drops the pearls in Gary’s pocket without his knowledge, and from then on it’s a house task to the necklace back, using all her womanly wiles. And, of course, she eventually falls as truly in love with this romantic, upright, clean living type of man, in love to him that she is a thief. One of the best performances in the picture is given by John Halliday as her suave and complimen-try, and every bit of dialogue is played by Alim Tamiroff, as a representative of the Spanish police, and Zeljko Tилbury as Aunt Olga, a few crooks. The picture is quite sophisticated and sexy at times—and not for little kiddies. It’s by far the best Dietrich picture since “Morocco.”

DANCING FEET
Rating: 40—TEN EASY LESSONS—Republic
JOAN MARSH is determined to make her own living and launches herself on a dancing career. She’s engaged with a foot-lash. Romance with Eddie Nugent grows out of an unpahted hotel bill. After several unsuccessful attempts to go on the air. Ben Lyon pretends to be Miss Marsh’s Tall Dancing School of the Air, and pretty soon you get the idea that the whole world is tap dancing.

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN
Rating: 85—SWELL DOG STORY—M-G-M
A SIMPLE, human interest story, about dogs and dandied American folks in the Ozark mountains, that is so sincere and sympathetic that it warms the cockles of the heart. Bugle Ann has the most beautiful voice of any dog in the world, according to Lionel Barrymore, a mountain man whose one great love is for his dogs, and when Dudley Digges, a nasty dog-hating neighbor, threatens to kill Bugle Ann Mr. Barrymore will have him, and is sent to prison for ten years in prison.

But Bugle Ann isn’t killed and from his cell Mr. Barrymore hears her voice far away, and becomes a romantic figure. He wagers his old man that he can start from Central Park, New York, in his BVDS and hitch-hike his way to Hollywood in ten days, in a good suit of clothes, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, and a girl friend. If he wins he gets $15,000 to spend; if he loses he must become a meat-packer.

LOVE ON A BET
Rating: 82—GOOD COMEDY—RKO
GENE RAYMOND plays a rich meat-packer’s nephew who wants to be a stage producer and loves the idea of becoming a meat-packer. He wagers his old man that he can start from Central Park, New York, in his BVDS and hitch-hike his way to Hollywood in ten days, in a good suit of clothes, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, and a girl friend. If he wins he gets $15,000 to spend; if he loses he must become a meat-packer.

Well. Gene and his BVDS set out near the swank Central Park Casino in one of the funniest scenes ever written, and he quickly promotes himself a suit of evening clothes much too large. The rest of the film is concerned with his trip to California.

He meets up with an attractive girl, Wendy Barrie, and her acidulous aunt, Miss Broderick. They’re driving to Los Angeles on a shoe-string so that Wendy can marry a rich and dull young man who is on his way to China. Adventure and Love are set in and it’s a lot of good, clean uproarious fun.

Helen Broderick, as Aunt Charlotte, is really something to write home about, and when she wins the eider drinking contest it’s just too funny for words. What the movie industry needs is more Helen Brod- erick. She’s the William DAC hams as the uncle, and Eddie Gribbon and Morgan Wallace do well by a couple of escaped convicts. You mustn’t miss hearing Eddie call Miss Broderick “Toots.”

IT HAD TO HAPPEN
Rating: 85—GEORGE’S BEST—Twentieth Century-Fox
HERE’S George Raft’s best part and best picture in years. He plays a real he-man who, with his pal. Leo Carrillo, sets sail from Italy and arrives in Hollywood expecting to find the glamour, the girls. But, alas and alack, America isn’t like that, so the two husty immigrants get themselves a ditch-digging job.

Though a plot twist George meets the mayor and gets a political job. He is straightway launched on a political career which carries him right to the top in less than five years. He does not go in for graft and chiseling, and he is interested in helping his own people—in fact the rich are just so much scum to him he forgets Roscoe Arbuckle, his old business partner and wife of the big banker, Alan Dinehart. Dine- hart has diverted his depositors’ funds, so George has to get him, and he gets the wife, too. If only there were more honest politicians like George. The picture moves and teems with action.

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT
Rating: 80—HOME ON THE RANGE—Warner
HERE’S an unpretentious little domestic comedy that is so full of laughs and sentiment that it probably will be one of the big hits of the year. The preview audience simply laughed themselves silly over it. Roy Acord, you and Dorothy Lamour play a golfing-collage couple. Anita Louise and Joseph Cawthorne are featured.

Love And The Leading Ladies

[Continued from page 29]

brake. Erich von Stroheim think long and hard before exposing themselves to his views which will strip them of half their possessions, and the femme fatale also ponder deeply on the provision before shelving a hasty engagement. Alas, the man with the "pocket" deters even the handiest sinner. As I say, this law permits a certain latitude of abuse, but in the majority of cases, it is an exercise of justice.

Weigh all the pros and cons of the marriage situation in Hollywood and you come to certain developed conclusions. California’s liberal divorce laws do stimulate divorces, as does the accessibility of Mexico to the south, and Reno to the northwest, (2), that theologic prejudice to which every Coast marriage is subjected is an emotional hazard (4), that the peril to marriage is doubled and tripled because either husband or wife spurns to fame, and leers at the other lagging behind. Yet after compiling all of these factors, you must return to the record which shows that Hollywood also permits a Lionel Barrymore to remain married for 8 years, a Thomas Meighan to retain his marriage vows for thirty years, a George Artiss to reach his golden anniversary.

My advice to the flacker colony is succinct, “Love yourself seriously.” In every divorce which has come to my attention, either husband or wife has taken himself or herself so seriously that he or she has grown out of all propor- tion. Jean Harlow, for instance, excited international mirth when she stepped into court and asked for a divorce from Hal Rosson, because he prevented her from sleeping by reading books in bed. If either of these two had a lively sense of humor, they’d never have taken such an asinine plea to court, but Hollywood, which pays high prices for screen humor, lacks a sense of romance in it.

Let these cinema chickadees re-fertilize their sense of humor and sanity will return. From the box office, the biggest, they bring themselves too seriously. This I think, is the biggest single factor in the divorce situation. The marriages that have lasted the longest of these, have been reasoned with humor, leavened with novelty and garnished with love.
Recent Peaks In Pictures

[Continued from page 55]

Loaned him to Universal for "Show Boat." He can now stretch his vocal chords all he likes without fear of being assaulted by a Marx.

A scene I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred, and I definitely hope I won't, was the love scene of Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden in "Ah, Wilderness," that magnificent picture which so beautifully combined the comedy and tragedy of adolescence. Little Cecilia Parker was uplifting and as inspiring as anything these old hands have seen, and they have seen Helen Hayes in "Dear Brutus." There was something mystical and magical about Cecilia's Mariet that kept making you think of those younger girls playing you when you were a little girl. And of course Eric Linden's scene, where his father is trying to explain sex to him, won great praise for that young man's depiction of Hollywood's most talented young juvenile.

Of course, Eric did some good dramatic work a few years since, but here he left Hollywood for a year and Hollywood naturally completely forgot him, so "Ah, Wilderness" was his "come-back" picture, and it came back with a bang.

Both kids have good Metro contracts.

In "A Tale of Two Cities" and in "Ceiling Zero" Isabel Jewell proves herself a charming young girl with great emotional power. Except for her brief scene in "Evelyn Prentice," which was not a popular picture and which few saw, no one realized that Isabel was an emotionally gifted actress. Wise-cracking telephone operator parts were considered plenty good enough for her, and she and Metro parted company.

She took off to New York, and when she came back to Hollywood again and no one seemed to care what happened to Isabel Jewell, she returned. Then she was given the part of the little seamstress who rides hand in hand with Ronnie Colman to the guillotine in "A Tale of Two Cities"—a very tiny part, and not until the last reel of the picture—but Isabel did it so well that her starry little scene in the prison received enthusiastic applause from the preview audience, and the next day everyone was saying, "Was that really Isabel Jewell playing the seamstress?"

It was.

It was also Isabel who played Stu Erwin's wife in Warner's excellent picture "Ceiling Zero," and she told Mr. Jimmy Cagney exactly what she thought of him when her scene ended; and that was probably because of irresponsible Jimmy. That scene also received tremendous preview applause. And Metro was beginning to wonder whether they hadn't made a grievous error when they dropped Miss Jewell. As we go to press I hear that Isabel's test for "Lotus" (I'm told it's by far the best the studio has had, and practically everyone in Hollywood has been tested for that part) as "The Good Earth" is being considered, and she will very likely be cast for the part. Metro dropped her, but Metro took back—with much better roles and contracts.

And my, my, where would we be without comedy? I'd be in the doldrums. So thank your lucky stars for Fred MacMurray.

Of course folk's began to take notice of Patricia Prentice the day when she got on the bench in front of the New York library with his shoes off, and ate pop-corn with nuts on it. She was "The Nina of Lily." He looked promising, but after all it was definitely Claudette's picture, and no one except Paramount was much concerned about Fred MacMurray. Then along came "Hands Across the Table," with that opening shot of Fred playing hopscotch down the hotel corridor, and I, like millions of other dames, simply went into hysterical ecstasies over Fred MacMurray. Quite a change for comedy, that's hard to beat and you couldn't ask for anything more hilarious than his scenes with Lombard in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Becky Comes Home." But it was that hotel linoleum that really started MacMurray on his future, with a hop, skip and a jump. That scene and the scene where he pretends to telephone his fiancée from Bermuda, with Carole breaking in every second as the Bermuda operator, are quite the most delightfully funny scenes we've had this fiscal year. You'll be seeing Fred next with Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in technicolor—and you may be quite sure he's the fair-haired boy of the Paramount lot.

Of course Errol Flynn is the big sensational find of the year—an easy, charming, graceful Irishman, with one of the most pleasing voices you've ever heard. The studio has two epics in mind for him, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Robin Hood"—with production starting on the former immediately, I can hardly wait for his Robin Hood.

I suppose if we must be technical Nelson Eddy was "discovered" long before last August, but as of a lot of us didn't get to see "Naughty Marietta" until late summer, or maybe we were seeing it the fifth time by then, I might just as well claim Nelson's scene in the governor's ball room, where he sings "Sweet Mystery of Life" to Jeanette MacDonald, one of the big peaks of the movie year. Of course the studio knew they had something there in Eddy (though he had been hanging around for a long time) but they didn't know just what they had until fifty million women heard him sing "Sweet Mystery of Life" not once, but a dozen times, and "Naughty Marietta" quickly became one of the big box office attractions of the year. If you think another studio will get a chance at Mr. Eddy you're crazy. Metro has attended to that. After "Farewell to Arms," and if you haven't heard him sing that "Indian Love Call" you haven't heard anything yet—Nelson Eddy went on a concert tour which will take him over the entire country almost. Then back to Hollywood, and more pictures, thank goodness.

John A. Hilde's scene in "Stalagmites For Ever," where he has to leave Annapolis because he has flunked out on his exams, was so sincerely and emotionally acted by John RKO immediately put him on a long-term contract. And Paramount took one look at Tonn Bross in the scene where he has unknowingly killed Sir Guy Standing and goes to pieces in "Annapolis Farewell," and put him on a long-term contract.

Franchot Tone's studio kept him in white tie and tails most of the time and never gave the poor guy a chance to act. But Paramount borrowed him for "The Lives of the Bengal Lancers" and he gave such a grand performance that his home studio gave him the third most important part in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and dead indeed is your soul if you didn't thrill to his speech before the big shots of the British Navy. But, unfortunately, Franchot's reward for this magnificent bit of acting was one of the dullest parts of the year in a very dull picture called "Excluside Story." Eddie Quillan was another actor who rose to sublime heights in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and whose performance was praised by practically every critic in the country but so far nothing good has come of it.

Luise Rainer gets tight (in a nice way, of course) with William Powell in "Escapade," in one of those Blue Denim old world restaurant scenes, and immediately half a nation goes mad about her, and with one picture to her credit she now gets equal star billing with Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Great Ziegfeld." There are two schools on Rainer: those who say she is too coy and those who will shout you down that she isn't. I belong to the first school, so I can't get horribly excited over her. If you don't mind I'll save my enthusiasm for Rosalind Russell who dished up an extra dose of sleeping potion for Mr. William Powell in "Rendezvous," in one of the gavest comedy scenes I have ever enjoyed—in fact the entire performance throughout the entire picture made me feel much happier. I am all for Rosalind Russell becoming a star, and I think Metro have that in mind too.

And don't forget Charles Laughton reciting Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg in "Ruggles of Red Gap," which scene I tell my informants is John R. Walton's getting the coveted role of Mr. Chips in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

Oh, I could keep this up all night, but I am sure that by now you must have grasped the idea that I don't think the cinema is slipping.
If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking your system.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains.

What a timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night...undiabolished! In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And its action is thorough, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. Ex-Lax is easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children...for every member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the world. Next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. And refuse substitutes. Ex-Lax costs only 10¢—unless you want the big family size, and that's 25¢.

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Ralph Bellamy, returning from Palm Springs the other day, was stopped by a hitch-hiker. "Got a radio in your car?" asked the thumb.

Bellamy said no, to be dismissed with the remark: "Well, I guess I'll wait for a car with a radio in it—there's a program I like to listen to every day at this hour.

The "Voice of the Peepul"

(Continued from page 51)

..."Yes, they did," replied her companion, obviously taken back. "First thing you know they'll be playing 'Hamlet' as a tragedy."

And the woman just smiled.

Yet with all this, "Midsummer Night's Dream" enjoyed a healthy run on Broadway and is doing more than a satisfying business in the provinces. In this case it seems to be "name magic" which is drawing the crowds into the theatres. The public is interested in anything new and unusual on the part of its favorites. No one can retain a reputation for culture and pan Shakespeare. Many instances could be cited to show that the "Voice of the People" is quite independent and is not under the control of the critics, however learned. Going as far back as December, 1922, I find that John S. Cohen, Jr., said in the columns of the New York Sun: "A Farewell to Arms" shows that the heart and head of Hollywood are exactly in the right place. It is a fine talkie. This seemed to be the general opinion of the critics everywhere, yet when the voice of the people had had its say "A Farewell to Arms" went down in history as a financial and artistic flop.

In May, 1935, "The Informer" came to the screens of the nation. For scintillating brilliance of dialogue and performance; for visual satisfaction and emotional appeal nothing finer was produced during 1935. The critics, almost to a man, saw a new era in picture production. Of "The Informer" Elleen Greelman in the New York Sun said: "Worthy of all the praise it is bound to have lavished upon it." A film that for grim power and a sense of reality has hardly a precedent on the American screen was the opinion of Edwin F. Melvin in the Boston Transcript. In the Daily News, New York, Kate Cameron called it "the most powerful picture released in New York this year." A film of major greatness" said Howard Barnes in the Herald Tribune. "One of the few films which must be seen" was Regina Crews' comment in the New York American. Bland Johanson in the New York Daily Mirror called it "as exciting and stirring an action piece as is distinguishable." And in the World Telegram, William Boehnel said it was "as fine a picture as you will see this year." All
How three RKO stars DRAMATIZE THEIR TYPE with New Hollywood Make-Up

In Hollywood, screen stars know that the secret of charm lies in make-up that dramatizes their individual type. That is why they use color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick, created by Max Factor, Hollywood make-up genius, who discovered the blend of colors that dramatize every type.

Would you like to share this make-up secret with famous stars, and use powder, rouge and lipstick that not only give you loveliness, but highlight your individuality as well? You can... Max Factor now creates make-up for you, as well as screen stars.

Are you a Redhead like Anne Shirley?
Vivacious Anne Shirley dramatizes the youthful charm of her type with Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Flame Rouge and Flame Lipstick. Instantly, the subtle blend of harmonized colors individualize her from all others, make her interesting, appealing.

Or Blonde like Betty Grable?
Being a blue-eyed blonde, with fair complexion, Betty Grable dramatizes her type with Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blond-deen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick. The minute her make-up is applied, it emphasizes the romantic beauty of her type, makes her exquisite, lovely.

Or a Brownette like Margaret Callahan?
Margaret Callahan has the poised, gracious type of loveliness. She accents these desirable qualities with Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

At your favorite store, there is a color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead. Discover how lovely you can be, how interesting your type is, by using your color harmony make-up as screen stars do. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Margaret Callahan in RKO's "Muss 'Em Up"
Betty Grable in RKO's "Follow the Fleet"
Anne Shirley in RKO's "Chatterbox"

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick will keep your lips smooth, young. Being moisture-proof, you may apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them a perfectly even color. Lasts as long as you wish.

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Society make-up: Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in color harmony

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your color harmony

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this praise from the men and women closest to the industry didn't mean a thing when the public decided against this picture. It was one of the most disappointing pictures of the year financially.

Here is the mysterious voice of the people, the answer of that jury whose decisions are final.

In the newly released book, "Movies on Trial," Seymour Stern, editor of Experimental Cinema, appears not too impressed with that sublime classic, "David Copperfield."

"This embarrassingly over-rated film," says Mr. Stern, "was neither fish nor fowl; it was only middling Dickens and it was decidedly poor cinema."

Aside from the fact that many judges of Dickens have been equally sure that this picture is good Dickens, the astounding success of "David Copperfield" at the box-office seems to indicate that it was not "embarrassingly over-rated" so far as the public is concerned. As to its being "poor cinema," the public rendered a verdict in excess of a million dollars to date.

A check-up reveals the interesting fact that for the month of February, 1935, "David Copperfield" was the unqualified box-office champion while, for the entire year's record, it ranks second in the list.

In deciding what it wants the public doesn't in the least mind making monkeys of wise men who are supposed to be its betters.

Another picture which is piling up smiles in the box-office and profits for the producer is the recently released "Magnificent Obsession." Personally I thought it a grand picture, yet I have read dozens of reviews and most of them have been unfavorable. Thornton Delehanty in the New York Post said it "A picture that would have been long at half the length."

Regina Crewe said in the New York American: "It is Miss Donne, and in a negative character, who will hold you throughout the dragging hours of the film's duration."

A critic in Cincinnati said it was a "routine picture, dull and forlorn because of the young Metro hopeful, Robert Taylor." Another critic in Des Moines called it "cheap and shoddy." It is too early to say what the picture will do for the duration of its run but, so far, it has been playing to capacity house, piling up new scores in the box-office and winning the stamp of the public's approval in no uncertain fashion.

It is a strange business. Producers, authors, directors, actors—all the cogs in a great machine pour into the making of a picture a part of themselves. Critics are called in for a private screening to gage their reactions; the picture is then shown under the least auspicious conditions to a preview audience in some small out of the way house. Perhaps the results are indicative of what may be expected when the film "takes to the road"—perhaps not. Often it is re-edited to suit the needs of that audience, but who can tell how it will be received by other audiences.

According to William J. Perlman, of the Cinema Research Bureau in Hollywood, a recent estimate places the average weekly moving picture attendance in the United States at approximately seventy million, each with a mind of its own.

Good pictures fail . . . poor pictures succeed! How can you tell what the majority vote of preference will be? Critics may voice opinions in the newspapers but the public makes its opinions felt at the place where they count—at the box-office.

When a critic is good (or lucky) two-thirds of his reviews are bull's-eyes; so his opinions are valuable to those who read and depend on him. But often a good story from the viewpoint of the critic will not even gross production expenses while a picture, which to the reviewer has appeared downright bad, will be taken up by the public and borne to an unprecedented success.

Promo or less this fashion did "Imitation of Life" attain a vogue. Dozens of critics agreed that it was a "cheerful orgy of pathos with no great originality of direction." Scores of others felt that and New York Times' criticism was justified . . . that "despite the sincerity of John M. Stahl's direction, he scarcely managed to conceal the shallowness of the play's ideas, the commonplace nature of its emotions, nor the rubber stamp quality of its writing." Despite this I have yet to talk with a single non-critical observer who didn't think "Imitation of Life" was a "perfectly swell picture" and the cross country box-office confirmed it.

The same type of criticism fell on "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which, without the benefit of a name cast, brought the customers flocking to the theatre and chalked up new records, earning a place with the champions for 1935.

A foreign film, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was another picture which the critics joined hands in condemning, and it was another on which the public placed its approval. The " Scarlet Pimpernel" also made the championship list.

Something of the same thing can be said of "It Happened One Night," last year's Motion Picture Production Award winner. Few of the critics were particularly enthusiastic in their reviews. It was, apparently, just another program picture. Yet a diligent search through Variety, in the files of the New York Public Library, yielded the information that "It Happened One Night" garnered more than a million dollars in the first three months after its release.

"Flying Down to Rio" is another picture on which the critics and Variety went haywire. New York critics labeled it "movish and silly," "foolish and unbelievable," "important only because it has Fred Astaire in it," etc. Variety said "this picture is not destined to do big things." It was; they continued, "too shy and slow on story to rate much above, if any, the normal death rate." Yet "Flying Down to Rio" is one of the all-time best sellers in pictures.

Greta Garbo is one of the stars who can always be relied upon to win the approval of the public. Her unusual and compelling personality make her pictures incredible successes. This is proven by the fact that although she has had consistently bad stories for several years she is still the Divine Bernhardt of the screen. Her "Queen Christina" was knocked because of its story throughout the land, but Garbo's performance was praised. Some papers
neglected to even give the picture a review. Denver and Omaha definitely went thumbs down on the film, voicing a loud disapproval in box-office receipts. In London Garbo and "Christina" played to smash business, sixty thousand dollars and no stage show on its first showing, and the total gross was sufficient to put it on the list of champions in the check-up for 1935.

The wants of the public rule the movies, but unfortunately, public taste is as variable as the weather. Also, unfortunately, the glistening, brilliant, artistic pictures which Broadway heralds with great publicity will often be viewed with alarm in Rockmart, Georgia. They may be sisters under the skin but these smaller towns usually like their cinema with a little more of the tradition of the old time drama which rewards the hero and punishes the villain. To the public at large human interest is more important than actors. All they are interested in is the entertainment value of a picture and they do not give a whoop how this phenomenon is brought about. They seek realism as the predominant note, not poetry and romance, and they demand faithfulness in the screen's presentation of human life, thought and feeling. The audience wants to be told a good story; to be shown interesting people doing interesting things. "The great characters in drama are motivated by emotion rather than by reason," says Professor Hubbell and Beaty, "and they represent fairly simple types. The themes of great plays are usually simple and they are often old. The audience likes to see the old situations and types of characters reproduced with slight variation; it loves to laugh at jokes on all the stock subjects, to weep over the same pathetic situations."

This majority voice controls every phase of every day life, it determines more than the fate of movies. It is the barometer of a nation's progress.

The voice of the people is indeed the voice of Fate—ask Louis B. Mayer or Darryl Zanuck.

The So-Illusive Lady

(Continued from page 29)

and to watch the reactions and encouragement Merle gave her.

Despite her slight appearance, her vitality is amazing. Joel once remarked to me, "Her vitality is so remarkable everything she says or does is done with such force it is bound to catch attention. You have to listen intently to anything she says."

She has less real beauty than many extra girls but she has a sparkle that is far more fascinating than mere physical beauty. One of her mottos is "Live Dangerously." Fear of over-taxing her strength is never a deterrent—either in her work or anything she wants to do in her private life.

Notwithstanding the intensity with which she works, she has learned the trick of relaxing and can fall asleep on the set when she has as little as fifteen minutes between shots.

The thoroughness with which she prepares for her roles is demonstrated by the fact that, before she started work on "Barbary Coast," she spent two hours a day for weeks learning to manipulate a roulette wheel and cards so she could make the audience believe she could do it as crookedly as it was done in the days of the old West, and still do it so skillfully that they'd believe the customers wouldn't detect it.

When she made "The Richest Girl in the World" she had the world's champion billiard player coaching her.

Her intelligence is illustrated by her...
feeling as she approaches an unpleasant part: "I have never been worried that the public would confuse me, as a person, with the characters I have played on the screen. I have never hesitated about playing unsympathetic roles—as long as they were good roles.

"I have never been able to understand the attitude of fans who rush around with a flaming sword, attacking anyone who said anything at variance with their pre-conceived impression of a star—an impression gained solely from watching her on the screen."

"No player lives his life on the screen. Yet, knowing the demands his or her actions identify screen personalities with their real lives, many stars demand sympathetic roles merely for that reason. I have little sympathy with this ridiculous attitude."

"I am sure the thinking public does not believe simply because she portrays a sexy girl on the screen that Jean Harlow, in the privacy of her home, spends her time on a sofa with a bottle of gin in one hand and the head of a male star in the other."

"Or that Janet Gaynor, just because she plays goody-two-shoes in parts in movies, still believes in storks and Santa Claus."

"Would you accuse me of being a gold-digger in real life because in 'Berky Sharp,' I used everybody who crossed my path as a means to an end? Surely no one would be so foolish, as to assume that Berky Sharp and Miriam Hopkins were one and the same person."

"Actors are merely players. They submerge their own personalities—or should—into those created by the author. Perhaps it is because in these days villains are not so black nor heroes so spotlessly pure it is possible to keep your man and, consequently, more easily confused with real people."

"Most people are like Berky—good and bad. Among their own circle of friends there are very, very few who are either wholly admirable or wholly detestable—and I'm glad of it. There is bad in the best of us and good in the worst."

She has a keen sense of humor. She tells that when she first went to New York to break into theatricals she heard they were casting for the chorus of the first "Music Box Revue." She marched up to the dance director and said, "Mr. Hassard Short told me to see you about a job."

"The man was a tribe amazed. He merely said, "I am Hassard Short!"

"There was another time when she was scheduled to do a picture with Clark Gable. The studio called for love-making tests. She and Clark were introduced and immediately fell into heavy clinches all over the room. Clark stood up, bowed politely and said, "Goodbye, Miss Hopkins."

"'Goodbye,' Miriam responded, and they have never seen each other from that day to this."

"Her powers of fascination are intangible but potent. At the house-warming the Elise Nugent gave, Miriam was attired in a pair of pleated shorts and a middy blouse. She was surrounded by men. Most of the men who wore the dress were within an inch of their lives. They played bridge with each other."

"Society is the breath of life to her. She goes out very little to any love-making tests but between pictures—whether she is in Hollywood or at her home in New York—she is in the centre of all sorts of social activities. Usually she is surrounded by authors, artists, (in any branch of endeavor) and critics."

"She is one of the most generous people imaginable. Her home, her swimming pool, tennis court, garden and ice-box are open to her friends whether she is there or not. But she cannot abide bores and prigs."

"She ... Nuts! I've told you practically everything I know of Miriam and I still haven't shown her to you as she is. You can't put her into words any more than you can describe the sparkle of champagne."

"She's Miriam Hopkins—The Illustrious Lady.

The Search For The Right Part

[Continued from page 33]
mount owns it, why don't you ask to be loaned out?" I suggested, always the helpful one. "Velvet," said Myrna, giving me the icy look, "was fifteen years old. I'm not. And not by any stretch of the imagination."

Myrna read Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man" one night and said to herself that that would be a perfect part for her but, of course, things like that never happened to her. But, as you well know, she got the part. Of recent fiction she has enjoyed "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow but thinks it a far better part for Ann Harding than herself. The part she wants most of all to play is the role played by Jane Cowl in Robert Sherwood's "Road to Rome." She thinks that the most fascinating part she has ever read and she'd like most awfully to do the part in a picture—but of course it would have to be cleaned up somewhat first.

In the Metro commissary, which is just about to yield to the 2x and civilization, I found Una Merkel and Madge Evans having afternoon tea. Una and Madge are what publishers dream of—they actually buy books—and I imagine read more than any other players in Hollywood. "Have you read any good books lately?" I started off and got my glates all ready, for I can usually count on smart talk from them two, but I had the surprise of my life, Madge went serious on me.

"There are two parts I would give most anything to play," Madge said quite, quite seriously, "'fenny in Victoria Lincoln's 'February Hill'—wasn't that a charming book?—and Cissy in Sinclair Lewis' 'It Can't Happen Here.' But it can't happen here to me," she said rather morosely, as who wouldn't be when one is young and pretty and can act and gets such lemons as 'Exclusive Story.' Well, all I've got to say is that if Madge doesn't get a part worthy of her talents soon I will have to speak rudely to the "front office."

Una entered into the spirit of the occasion, than goodness, and got all excited over "Día Mala" for Garbo, and "Butterfield 8" for Jean Harlow, and the famous "Saint" stories for Robert Donat. "And how's about yourself?" I suggested. Well, it seems that Una had just read Eric Hatch's "Irene," the Stubbleos Co. in Liberty (it probably will be put in book form under another title) and she thought the girl who was "teched in the head" would be a splendid part for her. An acting part she would like to play is Pearl, the night club hostess with a big heart, in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," the Arthur Somers Roche detective story that's different. Una thinks Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable would be grand for the leads, and that Pearl would be a good break for her.

Claudette I found later that afternoon having fun with a French accent over at Twentieth Century on the "Under Two Flags" set. She plays Cigarette, you know, in Ouida's famous novel which is going to be Twentieth's super colossal production of 1936, and for the first time speaks with an accent in a picture, and you can be darned sure Miss Colbert's French accent is quite authentic.

Claudette likes comedies, she knows she owes a lot to "It Happened One Night," "The Gilded Lily" and "The Bride Comes Home," and she doesn't mind at all being called a comedienne. She has no desire to play Hamlet but she does want to get away from comedies for just a few minutes. She wants to do one of the old novels, or else a costume picture, and with that in view she has been reading like mad. But it's a case of "read 'em and weep." She read "Alice Adams" and wanted the part most awfully, but Kitty Hepburn got it. Then she set her heart on "Mary of Scotland" and the most disappointed movie
EYES... that fascinate!

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of Winx Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love! Winx Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try Winx Mascara and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriously soft at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarring.

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The Search For The Right Part

As I Please—but don’t you dare say that I was looking for a part in it!! Well, Miriam and I glared at each other as usual for a few moments, and then I suggested a glass of sherry and a laugh in her dressing room and all was forgiven.

When I arrived on the Myrna Loy set I was reminded of a cartoon out of the New Yorker of several years ago. Remember the one of the man and the girl in a passionate clinch, and the girl suddenly remarks, “Have you read any good books lately?” Well, Myrna and Bob Montgomery are co-starring in Petticoat Fever now, and the line is the same. I’m no author, but I’d say that Winx Mascara’s player who gets lost in her plane, somewhere in the frozen north, and drops in on a virile and handsome young government radio man who hasn’t seen a white woman in years and years, and he gets one whiff of Myrna’s Parisian perfume and simply goes gaga over her (Shy-bh — don’t tell the censors, you’ll spoil the fun.) But somehow or other Myrna and Bob didn’t seem to be the least annoyed when I popped the line. “Have you read any good books lately?” (Personally, I don’t think screen kisses are real.)

Miriam assured me that she hadn’t read anything since Gertie’s Fairy Tale, and I was about to give her a Hopkins glare and not settle for a glass of sherry this time, when she finally broke down and confessed that she would have given a year’s salary to play Velvet in “National Velvet.” Para...
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Silver Screen for April 1936

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Your Hair's a Knockout Tonight, Helen...

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star I have ever seen was the day her agent informed her that "Mary of Scotland" would be the next Hepburn picture. She did her best to figure a part for herself out of Booth Tarkington's "Furmell," and the studio is still working on it, but without holding out much hope. For months she read and re-read Edith Wharton's "The Old Maid," which is both costume and tragedy, but somehow she just couldn't see herself as the Old Maid.

Then came the chance to play a part in a good old meller of a bygone day (she read "Under Two Flags" three years ago and decided then that if anyone ever went to the trouble and expense of producing it, she would ask for the role of Cigarette) and so, tossing aside a batch of lovely sophisticated comedies whipped up specially for her, Claudette now wanders over deserts with Ronnie Colman, for better or for worse.

Carole Lombard's heart's desire in the way of a starring rôle is Carrie in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." She thinks that the most charming and well written book she has read in months. And next to Carrie she would like to play the Tallulah Bankhead role in "Dark Victory." But Merle Oberon has been given "Dark Victory" as her next picture, and Paramount thinks Carole too young for Carrie and is dickering for Ruth Chatterton to star in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."

So if I miss Lombard very likely is doomed to a little dancing number called "Concertina" with Master Georgie Raft. Well, it looks like that if there isn't a Hepburn in your ointment there is always a Chatterton or an Oberon, and some days you just can't get any place at all. Carole also has a great desire to do "Marie Antoinette" on the screen and she has read almost everything written about the unfortunate French queen, but methinks that the fly in that ointment looks mighty like Norma Shearer. Well, that's the way it goes.

Read in Silver Screen for May, Elizabeth Wilson's charming article on the sentimental courtesies that leading men must show their leading ladies.

The Flower Gardeners

[Continued from page 25]

No snail would dare intrude in Edna May Oliver's sumptuous plot. She knows every bug on her place and behaves exactly like Aunt Betsy in "David Copperfield." For some reason this reminds me of Bellamy's Weed. It seems Ralph was proud of the flowers his gardener got under way at his new Holmby Hills home. One plant was accorded extraordinary care and Ralph came to revere it. That is, until a wise lady reporter nabbed him after listening to his build-up about it. She told him it was only a weed! One never fails to inquire about Mr. B.'s weed when encountering this gentleman. And then one runs like—heck.

There's nothing like having to teach your gardener the facts of this game, and Charlie Chan (nee Warner Oland) can prove this. He employed Signor Danilo Benedetta and even agreed to take his wife on as a cook. In spite of the Olands already having a swell Norwegian in their kitchen. It shortly appeared that the signor was better as a model for Mrs. Oland's painting. Mr. O. had to tutor him assiduously in the difference between geraniums and petunias. He has sixteen species and wants to keep 'em. With two cooks alternating in earnest rivalry, the Oland table is cosmopolitan and now.

The comic Helen Broderick simplified matters. She'd lived in big cities until her recent Hollywood break. She promptly brought a home in the San Fernando Valley and instructed the landscape to lay out the front to suit himself. But the backyard was to be hers to play with. She doesn't care for flowers that flourish, so the date she's put in shasta daisies, marguerites, and marigolds precisely as the spirit directs her. Another gal who's a panik, Glenda Farrell, is having worse luck at her new homestead. She moved in gleefully, planted a flock of hyacinths—red, blue, pink, white, yellow were a few of the shades—and then Glenda made the worst discovery a flower lover ever makes. Her land was just bad and they bloomed but to fade away. She's busily importing soil by the truckloads.

No one's dumb on the screen than Hugh Herbert. But oh my, he isn't so crazy when he's off the set. He's a whiz. Indeed, every day he isn't slaving at being sappy he's endeavoring to cross lady shippers, a member of the orchid family, with chrysanthemums. If his noble experiment jells he's titling his creation the chryshid.
fashionable step now is to seek a bigger flower spot. Anne Shirley lived in a plain little apartment in the noisiest part of Hollywood until this last winter when her future was assured by a starring contract. She had one tiny balcony where she tended a dozen flowering plants. But today she revels in the sweet peas, pansies, and marigolds she's had put in at the house to which she's moved. Carnations are her pet, though, and she keeps a fresh, long-stemmed one in a silver vase in her bedroom. Josephine Hutchinson says the carnation, too, quoting Shakespeare at me. She vows he said, "The fairest flowers of our garden are our carnations."

All the same, Una Merkel would rather have a rock garden where the hardest stalks zoom up triumphantly. To be less flowery, Una gets a kick from cactus. Basil Rathbone's yen is for Chinese plants. Being a most polite actor, he hired two secretaries to assist him in replying to the fans who deluged him with letters last month. He'd informed a columnist that he was dying for a kunquat tree as the pièce de résistance in his sunken garden. Neither Basil nor the scribe realized that the Hollywoods are full of such.

Luise Rainer is determined to give America the Garbo treatment. She won't be interviewed. But the gal's not so stony-hearted to the public she left behind in Vienna. The editor of a film journal there asked her to send him flowers from her garden in this country, so he could enrobe one in each copy of his spring edition. Dared if she didn't go to all the bother of picking, pressing, and mailing 'em! Left practically flower-lorn, Luise has turned water lily booster and now no other flower ever crosses her doorstep. Great bowls with the lilies about decorate her rooms.

In a few weeks Grace Moore is departing for a sojourn at her villa in Cannes, and what is Gracie packing but a royal assortment of seeds! It appears she already has many grape vines and plenty of fruit rampant on her estate by the sea, but henceforth she'll look at American flowers and enjoy their fragrance, too. She personally has made out the list of what she'll be taking.

It includes marigolds, orange cosmos, sweet peas, pansies, petunias, zinnias, double dahlias, asters that won't wilt, and California wild flowers. I'll wager the Riviera will be a whole lot brighter.

When a feminine star steps into her garden on a dewy March morning, to do serious things, she never forgets her floppy straw hat or her cotton glovetlets from the five-and-dime.

Wally Ford is the only man who's splurged for $50 boots, but the high-heeled footwear he sports was actually bought for a film rôle. And you forgive him when you note that cheerful gap between his sweatshirt and pants. Wally's transplanted a hundred and eighty rosebushes so far this month. He's about to tackle a mess of gladioli.

I've been one of our foremost, i.e. the "planters." Here's a word on some of those who are just climbing onto the bandwagon—the pickers.

Ann Sothern felt the urge and devoted an entire day to spading up the earth in her yard. She planted and watered with zest. But even while the grass was growing, her pet puppies discovered a new place to play. And when Ann came outside, her garden had gone foamy. Since then she picks and lets it go. "There's no use, Wally," she says, "I'll just watch the flowers grow, and they're so many more fun! But now I must beg off. I can't afford not to stay in the Hollywood swim, so I'm running out to plant petunias in my patio. That'll slay Myrna Loy!"

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Eunice Shelley says
"You can really look years younger!"

Forhan's—Does Both Jobs—Saves Gums

Make-Up News

(A Continued from page 8)

instance, if Russet is your “tone key,” you use the make-up items called “Russet.” This doesn’t mean the shade is the same for all items. But all harmonize with each other and with your own coloring. Russet, Paris Blend, Castilhan and Champage are the names she has given to express the four “tone keys.” They’re arranged to suit each type from the dark, exotic siren to the girl with delicate Dresden-china coloring. You can try out your “matched make-up” with an inexpensive trial set of the five harmonizing items.

When you put on your lipstick, start well inside the lips and work out. Then smooth it over with the tip of your little finger. Press a cleansing froth on your lips, then against the upper and lower lip.

The art of “powdering to look unpowdered” is the inspiration of Mello-glo, who have invented what they call “modeling.” There are two ways of doing it, but we prefer the French technique. This is a method of patting and pressing with Mello-glo Soft-tone powder, and it gives the skin a lovely fine finish. First you pat and press the powder liberally over your forehead from the center outward to the hairline and temples. Then down between the brows. Pat powder over your neck, upward from the gown-line. Be especially careful to do the under-chin and around the ears and nape of the neck. Now the cheeks—a downward pat and press from the temples to the under-chin. On the chin, use an inward patting, blending into the under-chin. Also treat the upper lip to a downward pat. Finally, the nose. Pat and press on all surfaces. Then finish with a light, circular motion, blending all the powdered sections together. Upward motions may accent the tiny down on the upper lip and cheeks. To be doubly sure of a soft, natural, complete finish—brush off any excess with a powder brush.

“An Ended Good Actor”

(A Continued from page 56)

He may be a novice in movieland, exactly as they are, but he couldn’t have triumphed in the theatre without gaining much applicable information.

In return for being treated as equals, they keep his dates in order. They aren’t so puzzled by Hollywood’s amazing idiosyncrasies.

Quite the up-to-date, as well as wise parent, he’s eager to sample all the grand things this world has to offer. But he’s not given to accepting second best. The secret of his record success has been nothing more complicated than Work, and lots of it. He considers easy short cuts fallacious routes. Deliver the goods and he promises you’ll not be overlooked.

He isn’t afraid the hey-heys laddies will be tempting his girls, either. They’re too sold on the way they’ve been reared to be lured off on any foolish tangents. I came away from Fred Stone with a swell feeling. This dear old dad is not only arousing our emotions on the screen. He’s revived our respect for honest-to-gosh home life.

Young Doug Fairbanks, who once was such a prominent figure in Hollywood, has recently been working in England, where he has his own company. His first picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," is soon to be released.
their audience without saying a blessed word or acting all over the place. You understand?

Apparently I looked as if I grasped his meaning, for he went on—

"Now if I followed that pattern I'd be a perfect ham. If I studied my script and said 'Ah!' for instance with well-rounded effect as taught by the best schools of elocution, the result would be terrible. I have to say it naturally, just as I'm talking with you. I mustn't worry about effects. I must be simple and unaffected. And the best way to do that is to read over my lines just once before rehearsal and then go before the camera and speak them just as any ordinary person in normal life might speak them. That's what I mean by being a natural. Gary Cooper's in that class, too. So is Franchot Tone. And yet both of them have done outstanding work."

"Knowing this, I reasoned that I should be able to do something that stood out above the rank and file of film roles, too. I'd been working for almost four years on the screen and I liked it. But I wasn't getting anywhere in particular. Living in Hollywood I couldn't help but notice how the trend of film characterizations was changing. The romantic heroes were taking a back seat consistently and sinister characters were being glorified with all the congratulatory trappings once conceded only to the upright and noble.

"It's true that most of these malevolent characters had moments in which they could show some decency, some instincts that might be termed humanitarian. That saved them. The public floats over bad men with streaks of gold in their craven hearts. When I took those roles in 'Let 'Em Have It' and 'Show Them No Mercy' I knew quite well that they had no redeeming moments. Somehow I didn't mind. I said to myself, 'Bruce, if you handle these roles properly, they'll be the making of you. And they were.'"

He's damn right, they were! M-G-M has already signed him to a year's contract in which he dictated some of his own terms. One of the first of these is that he will not play a succession of roles depicting defiant men badly maladjusted to the life and times in which they are living. He doesn't mind being cast as an old meanie now and then, of course, but he insists upon the streak of gold showing up somewhere in the characterization.

In his first film under the M-G-M banner, "Robin Hood of El Dorado," Bruce reverted to the straight and narrow paths of righteousness and fine instincts. In fact, as he laughingly informed me, he is quite a hero, with enough of the milk of human kindness to last a long while. So much so that he was not averse at all, when loaned to Columbia for "Don't Gamble With Love," to playing a shrewd gambler who, when hit below the belt, decides to play the game as it is not taught in school. He also seemed to be delighted with the fact that, even though he played a so-called heavy in this, the part was romantically written—on the type of the Edward G. Robinson roles—and he could dress like a man of the world and have his hair slicked back for a change, in magnificent contrast to his get-up in his two "success pictures."

M-G-M tells me that they have great plans for Bruce Cabot. They are terribly impressed with his heroic role in "Robin Hood of El Dorado" as contrasted with his intractable villainy in "Let 'Em Have It" and "Show Them No Mercy," and feel that with his versatility they will have little difficulty casting him. They are al-

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It's The Free Advice That Brings The Gray Hairs

Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, George Arliss and Corinne Griffith may have their own roles and practically everybody she knew when she wanted to play the girl in "Of Human Bondage." Bette Davis happened to be right. She knows what she can do, and that was her first chance to prove it.

But a lot of beefing goes on about parts they make the poor long-suffering actor and his family or his girl friends, or his girl friend's family. He says the poor girl is mostly a poor girl, but his luck holds, God knows how he ever makes a decision. His agent says one thing, his wife or his girl-friend says another, and the poor girl is loaded with what to do, and his barber has the whole thing figured out. The boys on the corner will also work it out for him, and the
But Cagney could badly that an hope. She what? shred heavy big can't and alwaysEverybody, always with work — then advice self. Bill to It Cagney remarkably too, give their behave to much were to her. She's had to the had from hoping to do anything. So when you just to run the of course it can't last. Anyway, something useful.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are a stalwart pair or they would be groggy from taking it, pro and con. Don't marry, do marry, and God-bless-you-my-children, and of course it can't last. All separations leave a big wide-open spot for advice, and has Clark Gable been taking it on the chin! You would think people could draw the line somewhere and let a man have a shred of privacy. No stranger walks up to John Jones and tells

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him how to run his married or his unmarried life. But Clark isn't John Jowett and his life is about as private as the Statue of Liberty.

Jean Harlow's new hair—I guess the girl exploits herself house and that's why she had to escape for a vacation. Joan Crawford's mouth. There isn't an editor in the country who hasn't taken a crack at it, along with thousands of fans, well-wishers, busy-bodies, helpful Susies and Johns. Joan put on a national campaign with her lipstick, and then suddenly everybody shut up about it. The fact is Joan hasn't cut down on her lip-rouge. Not a bit. But all the other girls have put on or turned to Joan's doesn't look sitting any longer. Dietrich's eyebrows upset the whole world, she had tons of advice. But eyebrow tweezers became part of the equipment in every office, and if a girl had a spare moment she could always pluck out another hair. It became part of the daily ritual, and if Dietrich ever lets her eyebrows grow as nature intended, time will hang heavy on many a girl's hind.

Su Erwin, one of the nicest young men in pictures, gets a load of advice against being too much of a home boy. They tell him he's no Romeo, and to make up for it he must get off his kick and do his bills in the Tropicadero and be terribly gay. He practically has to be pried loose from the inn, but now and then he gives in.

Any time you look settled and happy and serene in Hollywood they simply can't stand it. You have to be doing something else, no matter what it is. Just something different. And in a case like Stu's, it's a pretty good chance for the adviser to horn in and get invited. Very little unolicited advice is entirely innocent of a suspicious motive.

There's one thing Hollywood players are pretty well agreed on. Advice is free—and there is an old adage about being suspicious of something you get for nothing. Sometimes they remember it in time—often they just chalk it up to experience.

A lot of them say they can take it or leave it alone—the old experienced "num-bum" listeners with the cultivated far-away look, for instance. But it's the kids who have to plough their way through, and God keep them. Very little of the free advice ever will.

When Romance Ran Out Of Gas

[Continued from page 27]

Bob pondered this bitterly while he shoved the car. That girl was getting in his hair. With all her coyness, her kind heart and her good intentions, she was a pest, a boil weevil, a corn borer, a plague of Japanese beetles, a termite—a pain. That was it! Jinxly! The name suited her.

Do what he would, he couldn't shake off Jinxly and he tried angrily they were still high on their gas—provided she could remember where she had squirreled it away for safe keeping.

They neared a post that said State Line. Bob shouted, "Hold it, Arthur." The car stopped. Jinxly climbed out and walked across the state line, saluting the signpost demurely. The Ford followed her, thus diplomatically saving them the computation that their expedition was not of the highest moral tone.

Bob bent his achy back and exhaled. "Come on, Arthur. They gave way like congressmen at election time and still the going got harder. From behind the car they couldn't see it, but the Ford had ambition to rise a berm of the concrete and was headed up a gentle rise, straight toward a creek. Jinxly could have told them, but Jinxly had been subdued once too often for offering advice.

The Ford landed in the middle of the creek. Arthur saved his guitar. Bob barely saved himself from apoplexy. Jinxly came up beaming, her fingers thrust into the lining of her cute little jacket. "I've got it!"—"Got what?"

"The thirty-five cents. There was a hole in my pocket."

Bob mothers are asking Jean Hersholt how to bring up their babies since he played Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor," the quintuplets picture.
It was Arthur who saved the day. Arthur and his guitar. Arthur was discovered in the kitchen, chair tipped back, feet on the table, twanging chords.

"You the young jackanapes," Pa observed, "I'll have you arrested for illegal entry, I'll run you till you got legs like a dachshund. I'll—"


After dinner the scene was almost idyllic. Pa had his jug of applejack; Ma had her touch singer; Arthur had his guitar and the center of the stage: Bob had a comfortably tight feeling around the belt and Jinxy had an idea.

At heart she was a good girl and friendly as a stray pup. Mellowed by a square meal she grew tender and optimistic again. Arthur was singing "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and a languor composed of equal parts of turkey dressing and the milk of human kindness stole over them all. To Jinxy it looked like a splendid chance to make it all up with Bob. She hadn't pulled any boners for at least two hours, or hardly any, except that job on the barn with the paint meant for the new fence posts.

Bob sat by himself on the sofa and Jinxy went and sat beside him. She felt in the mood for a little tenderness, a little recognition of herself as a rather charming personality. She tried slipping her warm little fingers ingratiatingly between Bob's.

Bob dowered, comatose like the python after an extra large rabbit pie. He was humming in harmony with Arthur. The small fingers that touched his were soft and pleasant to hold and he pressed them gently. Jinxy smiled and swayed nearer, wondering if she wasn't going to like Bob a lot.

Her movement startled him. He found he was holding Jinxy's hand. He pushed it away with a look that said he preferred to fondle a rattlesnake.

In London, Ohio, people didn't treat Jinxy like that—especially young men. The Van Renesalers were the best people in town and Jinxy was used to queening it over loyal subjects. And now a young nobody named Bob McDonald didn't like her! Jinxy liked puzzles and this middling young man from nowhere wasn't going to be easy to solve.

She concentrated for the present on wagging a tankful of gas out of the former and encouraging Ma to pack a lunch for them in Arthur's guitar case. It was raining when they started and the top of the Ford was a hole in it. But Jinxy had a slicker and she spread it out nicely over the hole where it collected several gallons of rain water, causing to sag lower and lower through the hole. Meanwhile this were dry and snug and she could think of some more helpful things to do for Bob. When they finally reached the outskirts of the town of Fairview the rain was a downpour. The slicker sagged closer to their heads, bulging with the water it imprisoned. Darkness was coming.

Fairview had caught the dog racing craze. The new dog track was just about ready to open. Through a rain streaked window to the rooms they seated in a little building deserted and waiting to welcome new members.

Bob halted the Ford. The overworked slicker went blath with the jolt and the rain hit through a tear and impounded all that time poured down their pants. There was nothing to do but stalk it for the shelter of the building.

A patch showed lighting fixtures and wiring, not yet finished. Bob began to splice together the unfinished job and Jinxy, always helpful, spied the light
As the dog turned and ran, Bob glared through a sheet of flame and something told her she had done wrong.

They found they were in a dog house, not the humble one room kennel that used to stand near the kitchen steps, but a dog house de luxe. It had running water and tank heat and electric lights and rows of cute little stalls, each with a dog blanket and straw, each bearing the name of its famous racer. They began settling down to listen to its tales.

Jinxy retired to a stall and began throwing out wet clothing for the delighted Arthur to drape over her radiator. Bob thought in her while she smoked and toasted, eyeing the array of intimate little garments Arthur had spread to dry. Undoubtedly Bob was right. And he didn't believe for a minute that Van Ransaleer was her name. When first they met she called herself Sally Brown. No, she was a phony. But there was something about her... that certain, indefinable something...

He smiled and collected the name plates off several of them. "They were made of movable cardboard letters and by scrambling them he made out a plate for her stall... JINXY. Well pleased with his jest he put it up." Presently Jinxy wandered out. She was wrapped in the dog blanket and looked dreamily at the name Bill put up above her door. Then she started to gaze wonderingly at him.

It was a tinging moment for them both. They stared and fireworks sized in their hearts like more live wires.

The blanket slipped again from Jinxy's shoulders, disclosing the pretty youthful sculpturing. She centered all eyes. "Am I really a jinx?" she asked, softly. His arms opened and she came into them. She came closer with a happy sigh and their lips met. She staggered, her gray eyes full of delight until Bob thrust her away. He was shaken more than she knew and spoke firmly because he was scared.

"Wait a minute, let's get this straight! You don't know anything about me and I don't know anything about you except that right now you're in a blanket and I've got my shoes off!"

"What else matters?"

"Nothing. If that's how you feel about it, but if it means anything more than that—"

She whirled on her heel, snatched up her dry clothes and slammed into her stall.

Bob continued to stare at the empty space in the sticky dirt of Jinxy's mingled emotions.

"You're a nice enough kid, but you're a liability. When I fall for a dame she's gonna be an asset."

"You have a position, influence, connections that will help me get some place in the world—even if I have to marry a rich widow. You'd be a weight around my neck. I'm an artist. If I'm going to keep my nose to the grindstone, shaving for some dizzy dame and getting her out jams—"

At this point Arthur returned with news the storm was over. But he was wrong. It had only begun. Jinxy slammed out of the dog house and Bob forbade pursuit. They were there to be of some service, Bob didn't reckon on.

They were rid of something else, Bob didn't reckon on. A kindly milk truck driver happened along, saw the Ford and Jinxy, probably thought the lady was wild, went away. She certainly did! The Ford, with Jinxy steering it, trundled off down the highway, headed again toward London, Ohio.

A graduate architect and a graduate electrical engineer arrived in London, Ohio, together, to discover their lost Ford sitting on the imposing lawn of the finest residence in town. They presented themselves at the door of the big house, met the butler and then met Jinxy's father.

Mr. Van Ransaleer had heard all about them from Jinxy. Factfully he welcomed them in and had them each offer a job with corporations he controlled. Arthur and Bob accepted with smiles. Their luck had turned at last.

"But Jinxy showed up to congratulate them.

Bob's face went deep red. His spine stiffened; he bristled with pride. "Oh, I see you really are Miss Van Ransaleer and you want to play Lady Bountiful handling the poor boys a job on a platter. Why, before that kind of a job, I'll go dig ditches."

"Maybe you should," said Van Ransaleer, a little miffed himself. "Maybe I will." Bob growled. "I'm certain not going to have some dame throw a thing like this up to me for the rest of my natural life."

Jinxy's voice was a tearful wail. "But last night you said somebody wanted to help you!"

"That was last night. I'm telling you now I'm not going to go through life dependent on my wife's family—"

And whatever gave you the idea this was her wife's family?" His voice was sweet, but it was filled with aspersion and ground glass.

"You did," Bob growled, glaring at her. "You cheated. Of all the pigheaded, conceited—You're nothing but the fellow who picked me up in New York. You're a liability. When I marry a man he's got to be an asset."

That was the moment Freddie Miller chose to barge in. Freddie had heard over the phone that Jinxy was the last man he had been blazing around to get in to his dirty work.

For once Jinxy greeted him with a smile. "Mr. McDonald, this is Freddie Miller, my fiancée." She wouldn't take him with a look that said, You asked for it!"

Papa Van Ransaleer was worried. Jinxy, her pride roused, declared she would marry Freddie. Now Freddie was all right in his way, but Jinxy's parent knew where he could buy men like Freddie by the gross. Bob McDonald was another matter. He was convinced Bob looked as if he might be able to pound a little sense into Sally's head. But Bob had vanished and couldn't be found.

Van Ransaleer turned to Arthur, who seemed to have something besides torch songs inside his gothic skull.

"This may sound soury," Arthur said, "but what I say is Jinxy to marry Freddie right away, quick—"

"Marry him! But I don't want—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm afraid I can't be happy in a necktie as the devil. But he loves her. Right now he's got himself a job as a telephone lineman because he won't take help from you. Just silly pride! Well, if he hears the girl he loves is about to make a nose dive he'll come running here like Young Lochinvar. It didn't sound like much of an idea, but it was all they had."

On the day of her wedding a pallid little Jinxy huddled alone in her bridal gown. She had agreed to—she couldn't love and look at her like that—"

"I could never be happy in a little white bungalow," she explained with sad dignity, "I was born to all this. I need money.
lots of it—

 Didn't he care at all? Had he never cared? He didn't give a sign of it. 

 "I was a silly child that night in the dog house," she went on pathetically, "But that's all over and done with. Today is my wedding day. Won't you wish me luck?"

 Her heart leaped when he took her into his arms. But his kiss was only brotherly. He put her away from him and scowled. "Go on and get married," he snapped and disappeared again out of the window.

 Downstairs the wedding march was pealing, the minister waited, Freddy and his best man stood at the altar. The music swelled to triumph. Yay, here she comes! Jinx, pallid and lovelier than ever, walked slowly down the aisle on the arm of her despairing father, ogled by Arthur whose terror made his eyes stick out crabwise. Peised on the roof of the Van Ranesaleer house, peering through a skylight, Bob saw and heard.

 She was doing it...! His Jinx! Throwing herself away on that little lus-budget! She had taken him at his word! Something had to be done—and done quick.

 Bob's startled eye ran over the expanse of shingles. He spied the main light cable. His pliers were in his hip pocket and he knew what he was doing as he crouched over that cable. Clip...the lights sputtered out. He paused a moment longer to grin at the shouting pandemonium that broke out below.

 Then he was off into the dark, swarming down the side of the house. Inside the wedding had turned into a riot—a stampede in the dark. Through the milling confusion, trampling on feet, Bob dashed, dragging Jinx after him. The Ford still sat on the front lawn.

 When she saw it she dug in her feet and anchored him. "I won't. I hate you. I'll make life miserable for you. I'm a jinx—"

 Bob yanked so hard something had to give and that something was Jinxy. "Get in there and shut up," he shouted. Jinxy glared up into his enraged face. Slowly the fury faded from her own little face, giving way to a marly eyed, flushed loveliness. "Yes, dear," said Jinxy meekly and she got in.

 Arthur and Papa Van Ranesaleer stood arm in arm, flushed with triumph and cocktails, staring after the vanishing Ford. "Great girl," Arthur said. "Giving up all this for a poor mug of a telephone linesman. You ought to be proud of her!

 Papa Van Ranesaleer favored him with a cockeyed wink.

 "She knows I own the telephone company," he answered.

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emperor who has been ordered by his mother to marry his cousin, Frieda Inns-court, whom he has never seen. She doesn't love him, so her father and sister (la Moore, two jous amours) set off for the castle in a donkey cart. They meet Franchot and Grace—they love, they—
The only trouble is that although Grace knows who Franchot is, he doesn't know who she is. He sneaks away from his mamma, disguises himself, and meets Grace and they go to a Bavarian fete.

What a set! What atmosphere! What gavety! Grace looks too beautiful in her white gown with a lot of silver trimmings, and Franchot in his blue and red jacket with white breeches and a sword (that he keeps damning because it gets in his way every time he goes to sit down) makes quite a snazzy young emperor.

They're strolling through the crowd who little reck that royalty and romance are walking hand in hand among them.

"Crazy," says Franchot, "I feel I never want to be with anyone else."

Grace Moore sings again in "The King Steps Out," and the very busy Franchot Tone carries on.

"But tomorrow," returns the practical Grace, "her Imperial Highness will command you to forget your feelings and the Emperor, like a good boy, is going to do exactly what his mother wishes."

Franchot is black and faces her. "That doesn't sound like I'm very much of a man, does it?"

"No, your Majesty," says Grace in what, for her, is quite a humble tone. "I suppose it's up to me to prove I am."

Franchot surmises. "Yes," Grace sighs, "I'm afraid you'll have to prove it."

And just then the hand of Providence is clearly seen for Franchot is suddenly jostled by an aggressive roughneck who is evidently looking for trouble in A BIG WAY.

"Hey!" snarls the bruiser. "Why don't you look where you're going? How'd you like a punch in the nose?"

"Well," says Franchot quickly to Grace, "here's someone else who thinks I'm not much of a man." And he turns to the bruiser: "Suppose the young lady likes my nose the way it is?"

"Suppose she likes it better when I get through with it," snarls the bruiser pugnaciously.

"Don't tell me you're going to fight!" the blood-thirsty Grace cries in gla-dome tones.

"Cut!" yells Von Sternberg through his loud speaker.

So Franchot and I chat for a few moments of this and that—and of his bridle, his sword and his performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty" which I thought was great but which he's not so enthusiastic over, and of the picture itself which he doesn't think shows that two million dollars and eighteen weeks of hard labor were spent on it. Then I remember that life is not all chats and pleasantries and that I have not yet covered—

Paramount

MY CONSCIENTIOUSNESS is rewarded. There is not a thing to tell you about over here. "Sky Parade" with William Gargan and Katherine DeMille is on location. The set of "Too Many Parents" with Frances Farmer, George Ernest, Billy Lee and Henry Travers is closed because it's full of children (the picture, I mean) and they're having so much trouble if they allow visitors on the set they'll never get any work done.

Another picture, "Thirteen Hours by Air," which covers a transcontinental flight from New York to Los Angeles or vice-versa and which features Joan Bennett and Fred MacMurray is on the process stage and no visitors are ever allowed there, either.

And that's all there is over here so I don't even stay for lunch. I just take the breeze to—

Warner Brothers

ANTHONY ADVERSE" starring Fredric March and "The Gentleman from Big Bend" featuring Warren William are both on location.

But there are three others going.

"Green Pastures," of which we've heard so much, is the first set I visit. What a set they've made for this one. There is a rolling meadow with slight hills, willow trees, oak trees, a brook putting its way through, and fleecy clouds made of cotton and all of them mounted on rollers and pulleys so they won't be stationary. The clouds that are not being used today are carefully covered with muslin so they won't get soiled.

They're shooting the "heavenly fish fry," I doubt that anyone who hasn't lived in the South will fully appreciate this scene but it is to-rice. There are two darkies sitting up on a cloud with fishing poles and lines, the other end of which is in the brook. All of a sudden a tiny cloud, which a nine-year-old cherub is propelling with his wings, collides with the larger cloud.

"What you tryin' to do?" one of the fishermen asks.

"I'm bumpin' in eva'-thin'," the cherub answers pleasantly.

And then a young man cooks, smoking a cigar and wearing an apron and a straw hat, looks up in the direction of the fisher-

men. "Hurry up, Caje," he says, "dis yere fat's cravin' fo' me 'fish.'"

"Dey gotta be ketch, ain't dey?" Caje demands. "We can't say: 'C'mon, little
fish, ‘cmon and get yourselves fried!’"

I wish I could stay here all day. There are few things in the world that matter to me as much as the South and if I can’t be there this is the next best thing. But there’s work to be done so I presently find myself on the next set.

"I Married a Doctor" is one more filming of Sinclair Lewis’ novel, "Main Street," which never seems to grow old. This time it has Josephine Hutchinson in the rôle of the girl who married the doctor and set out to reform the entire community. Pat O’Brien plays the doctor and Louise Fazenda the Swedish maid. They tell me Louise played years ago. I don’t know, I didn’t see it. All I know is I have rarely seen such a transformation as there is in her appearance and Garbo, herself, couldn’t have a more perfect Swedish accent.

This scene is, apparently, where Pat and Jo have just returned to his old hometown. They’re in their bedroom and a more hideous room I’ve never seen with its nondescript golden oak furniture.

“So you really like your home, honey?” he asks.

"Ya, ya. Ay tank Ay never see such a swell house,” Louise answers, although he isn’t speaking to her.

“You heard the answer,” Jo laughs.

“I left it just as it was,” Pat says. “You can fix it up any way you want to.”

“Oh, may I?” Jo responds with un-guarded enthusiasm.

“Well, anything within reason,” he answers, not so un-guardedly.

Miss Hutchinson’s gown, girls, is startling to say the least. The skirt is black velvet and the blouse is nothing but ermine. I haven’t seen anything like it since years ago—when in a picture—Valenta Suratt climbed into bed in an ermine nightgown!

Lastly—on this lot—we have "Murder by an Aristocrat" which features Lyle Talbot and Marguerite Churchill. I suppose it’s a good title but I can’t figure out where it’s any more pleasant being bumped off by an aristocrat than anyone else.

Be that as it may, a gent in the family of aristocrats has just been shot. Lyle, as the doctor, has brought in his fiancée, Marguerite, as the nurse.

They meet in the library. "How goes it, darling?" he puts it up to her.

"Allen," she answers earnestly, "I’ve got to talk to you."

"Why, what’s the matter?" he asks.

"Shh-h, she whispers mysteriously and pulls him into another room. "Bayard Thatcher’s shooting wasn’t accidental," she informs him.

"What!!" Lyle ejaculates.

"Somebody tried to murder him," Marguerite states positively.

Well, that’s that. "Say, Lyle," I grin

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“Murder By An Aristocrat” has Lyle Talbot and Margaret Churchill in the leading roles.

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Carole is engaged to Romero but Foster (filthy with money) is in love with her and harassing her constantly to marry him. He buys the oil company for which Romero works so he can send Romero to China and get him out of the way. He buys a horse on which Carole has gone riding so he can take it away from her in the middle of the park and make her ride back to the stable with him rather than walk. He gets Bill engaged to another girl (in China) and finally wins Carole, giving her not one engagement ring but three, which I call being rather plenty about the whole thing. Then he tells Carole he has ordered Romero back to New York to give him a sporting chance. But Carole is furious over the way he runs other people’s lives and gives

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him back the engagement ring she happens to be wearing at the time.

On Romero's return, Foster invites them to spend a week-end on his palatial yacht but Carole tells him Romero has already chartered a yacht and they have made arrangements to go on that. Then she tells Romero to rent the biggest yacht he can find. Imagine her consternation when they get down to the dock to find the luxurious tender from Foster's magnificent yacht while Romero has only rented a tiny sailboat for their week-end.

At dusk when she and Romero are preparing their dinner of scrambled eggs, Foster roundly pulls up alongside. Carole rushes up on deck to see what's happening and the steward says: "Mr. Miller's compliments and would Miss Colby and her party board his yacht for dinner to—Mr. Miller!" Carole ejaculates. "Is he in this cover?"

"Yes, miss," the steward (Forrester Harvey) informs her. "We're lying right off your starboard bow."

Carole gets an exasperated look on her face as she gapes off in the direction indicated. "No!" she finally screams. "I thought you wouldn't," Harvey announces, "so he sent you this with his compliments." And forthwith he hands up a hamper of delicious food and a magnum of champagne.

Carole, in a rage, promptly dumps the hamper into the bay but the resourceful Romero rescues the wine on which he promptly proceeds to get thoroughly lit. Carole jumps into the water to swim ashore and when Foster comes after her in his tender she won't go aboard. So he plunges into the water, knocks her unconscious, takes her aboard his yacht and the captain marries them while they're still screaming imprecations at each other.

The story by Walter Lam who did such a swell job on "The Warrior's Husband." And the set is something to remember. They have built a cove right on a Universal stage. There are rocks, trees, water, and hills. A wind machine furnishes the breeze and a dozen men on the edge of the water with paddles, make the waves.

"Gee, this is swell," I yell at Carole who is out on the water in the sailboat.

"Sure that's a swell place to make the week-end so and the boat begins to have a slight odor," she screams back.

Universal is a bitter disappointment to me too. Carole's set is one of the few where I always have a lot of fun and here she's stuck out in the water and I'm stuck on the land so there's no chance for any better. Oh, yes! The tender used in this sequence is actually off Preston Foster's own yacht.

Nursing my chargrin over not being able to talk more to Carole, I transfer my activities to——

M-G-M

THERE are two pictures shooting here. One of them is "Romeo and Juliet" but after about fifteen years of pictures-making Norma Shearer still suffers from stage fright and no visitors are allowed on her set.

The other picture is "Small Town Girl" starring Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor. Janet is in town between New Haven and Boston—right on the edge of the football crowd but not of it. She goes for a walk one night, meets Bob who is on his way back from Pennsylvania to New York to see some friends, accepts his invitation to join the crowd, not knowing that he's drunk. They have a big time and start for an even bigger one in the morning. They lose their way and Bob, by this time as drunk as Romero was when I left him at Universal, suggests they get married. Janet, realizing this is her chance to get away from the

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"Tell her," Bob instructs the Chinese boy, "to take that Carvel remedy and pour it down them."


Janet glances angrily at the pitcher so. So has put on the table. There is a pause as Janet confronts Bob. "I'll drink it," he agrees meekly. "I'm licked." She gives it to him and he drinks it like a small boy. Then, looking up guiltily, he observes, "I'm tired of being a grouch, aren't you?"

"I never was one," snaps the unrelenting Janet, "but I was getting to be."

"Forgive me?" Bob pleads.

"Of course," Janet smiles.

"As long as we have to put on a show," Bob observes, gazing at the ceiling, "we might as well be comfortable doing it. And this boat isn't big enough for a cat and dog fight, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Janet answers with an embarrassed laugh. "I'm glad you're not angry any more."

"You're all right, Kay," Bob concudes. He reaches out and pours another drink.

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"MODERN TIMES"

When an artist shoves his creation out into the studio door into the world, after five years of thought, study and revision, we may analyze it, secure in the knowledge that there are hidden depths and, possibly, touches of irony and satire which a casual glance might not detect. Charles Chaplin, in his new and very amusing picture, has made a record of his growing-older thoughts. They are bitter and rich, just as vino-tipped humor.

In "City Lights," Chaplin resorted to hokum, but, when he did, the emotional situation was handled so perfectly that it reached the stoniest heart. You recall the blind girl, cured, laughing at the funny little fellow outside. Beautiful! And a marvellous example of contrasts. Did you laugh with the girl or weep at the cruel jest of fate?

Now, Chaplin sees a funnier comedy in the tragedy of our economic life. It is based on Truth, with little stretching of facts for dramatic effect. First, a flock of sheep, that's you, going to work! Then the grim humor of a man practically groomed to a quantity production machine—laugh you, slaves, again that's you! The twitch that continues, its comedian working, that's a good laugh for the pneumatic tool workers, phosphorus and silicosis victims. And then the perfect jest at our day and age, when the jail has all the comforts. We realize that work is for fools, the wise go on relief. No wonder Chaplin grins as he notes the taxes that are piled on the workers, and the sentimental mush and creature comforts spread before the feet of those merry men in jail who know a joke when they see one. Chaplin is no communist, and the prop- aganda is only to spur the downtrodden to laugh and get wise. When the red flag falls from the tall end of a truckload of steel girders, Charlie, always anxious to lend a helping hand, picks up the banner. Of course, a parade of revolutionists comes around the corner and Charlie becomes their leader. What a perfect comment on pop-up dictators generally.

Paulette Goddard is delightful, a perfect preachment for liberty (which lies outside of our stuffy laws), and when, once more, Charlie walks down the road into the adventurous future, we are quite happy that little Paulette is beside him. Did I say "Modern Times" is a hilarious comedy? It is. You laugh from beginning to end.

Silver truckload

Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The foppish marquis in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
2. The music teacher in "Follow The Fleet"
3. Upon
4. The curious uncle in "Ah, Wilderness"
5. The two-toed sloth
6. Sydney Carton's law partner in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
7. With Spencer Tracy in "Whispaw"
8. Unharmed
9. Conforming to a standard of perfection
10. Mordoch Glouse in "The Ghost Goes West"
11. Negative
12. His next picture will be "Petticoat Fever" (initials)
13. An interrogative
14. A degree (abbr.)
15. Elder (abbr.)
16. North River (abbr.)
17. To saw or plant
18. The drunken candidate in "Thanks A Million"
19. He is present in "The Story Of Louis Pasteur"
20. Co-starred with Gladys Swarthout in "Give Us This Night"
21. An Exclamation of disgust or contempt
22. More tidy
23. Energy
24. A powerful alkalij
25. Irish poet and playwright (initials)
26. Chart Edwards in "Millions In The Air"
27. Behold
28. The Justice of the Peace in "The Bride Comes Home"
29. She was so delightful in "Hands Across The Table"
30. Elongated fish
31. A music
32. The orb
33. Our own country (abbr.)
34. A torn piece of cloth
35. Reunited with Marlene Dietrich in "Desire"
36. Diana in "The Invisible Ray"
37. A musical composition for the voice
38. For example (abbr.)
39. Seven letter of Greek alphabet
40. Angel
41. Tellurium (abbr.)
42. The queen in "Three Kids And A Queen"
43. Her last picture was "I Found Stella Parish"
44. Thomas Hardy in "Ceiling Zero"
45. SABRINE
46. ACROSS
47. The faithful slave in "The Littlest Rebel"
48. Indefinite article
49. He is now making "Romeo and Juliet"
50. To possess
51. A continent (abbr.)
52. A measure of length
53. Grass, cut and dried for fodder
54. A suit
55. The (Fr.)
56. To communicate news to
57. The sun, god
58. "Desire" is her latest picture
59. An undressed piece of timber
60. Type of lettering (abbr.)

DOWN
1. A beautiful shade tree
2. Public notices
3. A perfume
4. Female deer
5. Shows charming in "If You Could Only Cook"
6. He stole the acting honors in "Sylvia Scarlett"
7. She was superb in "Peter Ibbetson"
8. The famous be-speckled comedian (initials)
9. Measure of weight (abbr.)
10. A period of time
11. Armed conflict
12. The mother in "Ah, Wilderness"
13. A short sleep
14. Jennifer MacDonald's maid in "Rose Marie"
15. The little seamstress in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
16. With Anne Shirley in "The Chatterbox"
17. Before
18. The rising young architect in "Dangerous"
19. Sixth (Roman)
20. Doctor of Medicine (abbr.)
21. She appeared in "Forced Landing"
22. A title of respect
23. The sentimental killer in "Show Them No Mercy"
24. Slant
25. Appeared in "Lady of Secrets"
26. Close by
27. Combining form of air
28. The physician in "Nutty On The Bounty"
29. A granulated food starch
30. A prefix denoting against
31. Affirmative
32. An enthusiastic admirer
33. Noah's haven
34. Modest
35. Occupies a seat
36. The ocean
37. Toward
38. A mode of transportation (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle:

CAJOT ERG LUKAS
HONOR ANONA LARUE
HONOR A NA
LARUE
MR LAGER LT
TER TIPPER R
DEALE R
BEALE
B
BEDALE
ABD
AD
MACDONALD
AVE
FLEET LAW AR ARLAT
FONDART LE FLINT
S
D MAURENY
E
ADDIT TRAINE KNEW
REVEAL N LIN
LINDEN
R
MS MILESTONE WB
R
L
ALAN BEECHER
BEECHER TREE
CUCKOR WATER J
J
"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous Binnie Barnes.

Lux is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed.

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders—runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

"I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic... colors come out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."

Yes, Lux is the answer, universally trusted by our film stars. Lux is the best, the only soap to use for all washables. Lux cleans, whitens, softens. Luxables range from your own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz. Use Lux, and you'll stick to Lux.

"Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxables—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

Binnie is keen about active sports, tailored clothes, and Lux! "It's a honey for woolens," she says. "Lux leaves them so soft! And little silk scarves and lingerie Lux like hankies!"

"My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

"Lux is the answer, universally trusted by our film stars. Lux is the best, the only soap to use for all washables. Luxables range from your own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz. Use Lux, and you'll stick to Lux."

"Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxables—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

"Lux is the answer, universally trusted by our film stars. Lux is the best, the only soap to use for all washables. Luxables range from your own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz. Use Lux, and you'll stick to Lux."
Unless Camels thoroughly please you—
they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (Above): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (Above right): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (Right): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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

At your druggist's while they last
This offer good in U. S. A. only
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

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—daytime and nighttime. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you. . . . gingivitis, pyorrhoea 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.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

Silver Screen for May 1936
SPECIAL FEATURES

"A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BACHELORS"...Ed Sullivan

THE STARS ONLY FEEL SAFE WHEN NEAR HOLLYWOOD...Maude Cheatham

There is No Other Place In Which They Can Have Peace

"I PROTEST!!"...Liza

In Hollywood The Start Are Always Registering Complaints

GIVING GARBO AWAY...Jerry Asher

Daily Incidents At Garbo's Studio

GENE TAKES A "TERMER"...Lenore Samuels

A Letter From "One Rainy Afternoon"

GALLANTRIES OF HOLLYWOOD...Elizabeth Wilson

Sentimental Customs

A GAY ROMANCE OF LOVE IN THE RAIN...Jack Bechdolt

The Story Of "One Rainy Afternoon"

DANCING THRU...Dell Hogarth

Ruby Keeler Has Danced All Her Life, And Loves It

THE INSIDE, "LOW DOWN"...Julia Gwin

The 1936 Academy Award Winner

NICKNAMES THEY GREW UP WITH...Muriel Barcock

The Star Were Not Always Quite So Glamorous

THE GOLF SET...Ben Maddox

Screen Players Who Can Be Found On The Links

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

The Opening Chorus...

"YOU'RE TELLING ME"...A Letter About A Picture Or A Star Will Win a Prize

REVIEWS: TIPS ON PICTURES

EASTER COLORING...Mary Lee

Make-Up To Match Your Easter Bonnet

STUDIO NEWS...S. R. Moor

A Visit To The Sets Of The Busy Players

TOPICS FOR GOSIPS

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN...

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle...

THE FINAL FLING...Eliot Keen

ART SECTION

The Camera Personality of Jack Oakie...

The Boulevard Who's Brightest Many Pictures

We Insist Upon Allure...

That Certain Something That Is More Than Beauty

ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD...

It Is A Unique City Of Curious Contrasts

THAT FIRST TIME TOGETHER

New Teams To Tempt Fans

A CHANCE OF GET-UP MAKES A NEW PLAYER

 Remarkable Characteristics

Hollywood Achieves Art...

High Spots Of Future Pictures

THE LOVELY HOME OF GLORIA STUART...

A Famous Artistic Interior

COVER PORTRAIT OF RUBY KEELER BY MARLIND STONE

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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-COOPER
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.

for May 1936
Dear Boss:

I have just returned from a shopping bender with Joan Crawford, which is an experience well worth writing home about, not that I consider your terminal desk and overcrowded waste paper basket home. I have been entering shops, and exclusive shops, too, I daresay, for well nigh on to, we won't go into that, years, and not once has my entrance caused the least bit of a flurry, though I did see two detectives edge in on the day I looked at cigarette cases at Carrier's.

But the very second Joan Crawford entered Magnin's this morning, with me bringing up the rear as a backdrop, as we say in the theatre, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the most excitement I have seen in all those years we were gone. Salesladies rushed hither and thither like mad, and dove into tasty little numbers, and despite the fact that Joan had really come to buy a hat, sort of a combination Easter bonnet and chapeau for her cocktail party, in honor of the famous conductor Leopold Stokowski, practically everything in the store was paraded in front of her.

Joan said I came to buy a hat out loud and they said that's what you think under their breath. Before an hour had elapsed Joan had hats, dresses, pajamas, hosiery, lingerie, slippers, perfumes, powder, bags and even gadgets. Joan is a most amazing shopper. The slightly mad type. As I sat over in the corner on a couch, trying to persuade Pupchen and Baby, Joan's two puppy dachshunds, not to chew up the front row on a little Hattie Carnegie something for the cocktail hour, I simply went into one amazement after another. And here's how Joanie shops...

When she finds a hat she likes she immediately has it copied in a dozen or more colors. She buys expensive straw and brings them back year after year to be re-blocked. She prefers simple tailored hats and vagabond hats, but, of course, if the Occasion demands a picture hat Joan wears a picture hat. Her something in party hat, which she selected the day I was with her, was one of the loveliest I have ever seen her wear. It was a charming, floppy blue straw, worn back on her head under crown and showing the top of her head. (Not for the subways, dearie)

Joan hates waiting for anything; she's the impatient sort, so she rarely has the shop deliver things to her home—she simply stacks them up, as she buys them, and inspects upon carrying them herself to her big black Cadillac waiting in front of the store. She also slips her feet out of her slippers while she is shopping, and you can well imagine the out-of-town tourists' surprise when they see their favorite Glamour Girl, quite shoeless, dashing about the store with her arms piled high with dresses, lingerie, robes, and things, and with Pupchen and Baby, with bits of Schiaparelli dangling from their breath, yapping wildly at her feet.

Joan is both a source of joy and horror to the salesgirls. They worship her as a big movie star, and yet they love her as one girl to another (Joan always chats and gossip with them) but when it comes to doing over their sacred Hattie Carnegie, Chaneles, and John Friedricks that Crawford buys, it pains them to the heart. No one is ever allowed to fit Joan. She does her own fittings. She takes charge of the pins and tucks the dress in here and flares it there and ups the hem and downs the neckline and all they can do is sit hopelessly by and say, "Yes, Miss Crawford."

Ever since Joan was a little girl and played on the floor, Joan has adored making and designing clothes, first for her dolls and then for herself, and when she can do over and improve upon the most exclusive and expensive models in the country, ah that is fiesta day for Joan. But I leave it to you, her public, isn't she always dressed with the most exquisite taste? Pooh to the courtiers.

Another of Joan's annoying little habits is waiting on herself. She never misses a chance to dart behind the counter and pick out just exactly what she wants, sells any of the chi chi of having it sold to her. And to the floorwalker's horror, often she disappears, when no one is looking, into the holy of holies—the stock room. Through all this shopping orgy (even when a customer, not recognizing her behind the counters asks to see some of her gloves) Joan keeps in a gay, rollicking humor. The one and only way to make her curious is to try to sell her something that looks like what she just dragged in. She's definitely not a pushover for truck. And speaking of truck I got a date to go truckin'.
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


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’.

’Sunny 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.

for MAY 1936
"You're Telling Me?"

A Letter About A Picture Or A Star Will Win A Prize.

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the star. Use the coupon.

The fifty winning letter writers in the February contest have been notified by mail.

This framed photograph of Leslie Howard, measures 8½" x 10½". Sent to Marjorie Rainge.

"IN EUROPE there was, and still is, the 'German' or 'Continental' style of knitting, in which the yarn is held by the left hand," writes Margaret Rhodes Mott of Eglantine Ave., Pennington, N. J. "In this country we have the 'American' way. The yarn is held in the right hand, Madame La Farge in 'The Tale of Two Cities' knits furiously through the picture our own 'American' way, fancy that!"

To the guillotine with her!

"THE DARK ANGEL" played here not so long ago. What a picture and what an angel Merle Oberon made, she won my heart completely. Her English accent, oh, it is so becoming to her. She has an individual radiance that no other star will ever surpass," writes Bernice Sullivan of Coburn Avenue, Nashua, N. H.

The incandescent Miss Oberon.

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.

I SPEND my spare time wondering why Jean Parker is not the most popular person on the screen," writes Delphred Few of N., Fredonia, Longview, Tex. "To me, her unlimited acting ability and childlike beauty make her the most wonderful actress in the movies."

In our spare time we wonder about — Polly Moran!

"I HAVE just seen Clark Gable's picture 'Mutiny on the Bounty,'" writes Lucille Riley of Blythe, Calif. "I can see now why the girls in this town are crazy about Clark Gable."

Now they're Blythe and Gable!

"HENRY FONDA is my idea of a young man who is boisterously handsome, ruggedly charming, and altogether captivating in his own inimitable manner," writes Catherine Movlan of East 106th St., New York, N. Y. "Although I greatly regretted it, I missed The Farmer Takes a Wife, for it seems that Henry took, not only a wife, but many young hearts by storm."

You grow Fonda and Fonda.

"THIS IS the third time I am writing about my favorite actor," writes Emma Shipman of Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Mr. Robert Taylor deserves a medal for his excellent portrayal of Bob Merrick in 'Magnificent Obsession.' I sincerely hope that he will continue to have roles so well suited to him."

O. K. Emma! We know, you want a picture.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after May 6, 1936

W HIC H P I C T U R E D I D Y O U L I K E B E S T, A N D W H Y ?

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"

SILVER SCREEN, 43 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is ..................................................

Address ........................................City .......... State
CARL LAEMMLE presents
EDNA FERBER'S
"SHOW BOAT"
(Version of 1936)

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!
NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST
OFTEN ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS.
—in a few weeks!

NOW there's no need for thousands to be skinny and friendless, ugly and dejected, they never could bring before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in a few weeks!

BOHEMIAN GIRL, THE
—Entertaining. This may not be the opera that avoid habitues of the Metropolitan re-
member, but it is a hilarious version of the famous story of the reluctant suitor, and retains several of the most precious melodies course with Laurel and Hardy performing in it, you can expect almost anything—and get it.

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT—Fine. This one is of those bright, wholesome com-
elouses about the first year of marriage that is always good for a hearty laugh and the establishment of the family. Well acted by Russ Alexander, Anita Louise and Joseph Caw-
thorn.

COLLEEN—Entertaining. A musical that has the team of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler is sure to rate many followers, and when, in addi-
tion, it gives on those swell comedians, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie, the box-office "hitch" should be good.

DESSERT GOLD—Fine. A Zane Grey western that packs enough punch to interest even dyed-in-the-wool sophisticated who ought to get the taste of the great open spaces and their nobility once in a while. (Loosy Crabbie, Marsha Hunt, Tom Keene, Maxie, Marvin.

DESER T COLORFUL. Jewel stealing on the Con-
tinent can certainly be made a fascinating occupa-
tion when handled by the glamorous Marlene Dietrich (not directed by Von Sternberg). Both Gary Cooper and John Halliday add considerable verve to the exciting event.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Fine. When Ann Sothern persuaded a husband, Bruce Cabot, to give up his gambling establishment and player the member of the family. Well acted by the Russ Andrews, Anta Louise and Joseph Caw-
thorn.

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Fair. A slight comedy about a girl who, not making good in the Big City, returns to her well-upholstered existence in a small town, trailing behind her two irrepe-
table college years when she discovered the way.

HILLTOP MORGAN—Fair. The tuna fishing industry seems to be going romantic all of a sud-
den—it's furnished plot material for several films lately, including this. Besides tuna fishing, fortunately, we have love—in the shape of a triangle once again—with Ann Sother, Victoria Jory and George Bancroft involved.

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Fine. Edward Everett Horton plays perfectly cast as the bequested husband whose well-timed "revolt" leads into mugging strange and amusing situations. (Sally Edwards, Elizabeth Patterson, Helen Hope Crookes.

LADY OF SECRETS—Fair. The plot's a bit pre-
war—that of a lovely lady who is forced to bring up her war baby as her sister because of her father's peculiar reaction to the situation—but this modern year of 1936 of straight talking obey-dole for her, thank heavens. (Ruth Chatterton, Marian Marsh, Otto Kruger, Lionel Atwill.

LOVE ON A BET—Amusing. A lively roman-
tic farce about a very curves that he can go from New York to Los Angeles in 10 days, start-
ing from scratch, and proving plus a sweetheart, in a new suit of clothes and $100 in cash. (Gene Raymond, Wendy Barrie, Helen Broderick.

MILKY WAY, THE—Fine. Don't pass this up for your pet radio program or for anything else—
it's a hit of a comedy with Harold Lloyd at his most amusing best in the dual-lick galoon who can elude galoonism out of the world's most amusing pla-
due. (Lionel Stander, Adele Montgel, Verree Teasdale, Dorothy Wilson.

MODERN TIMES—Excellent. A real event in the cinema world. Charlie Chaplin is with us again in a picture comedy that teaches subtly on vari-
ous phases of our so-called economic civilization and yet manages to keep us laughing in most un-
suitable fashion all the way thru. (Paulette Godard.

MUSIC GOES ROUND, THE—Good. Harry Richman plays the role of an exhausted favorite of Broadway's musical comedy stage who recovers his pep when he teams up (for love's sweet sake) with a decrepit showboat traube that wants to make "big time." (Rochelle Hudson, Walter Connolly.

PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND—Fine. A dramatic film telling the story of the unfortunate young doctor who was so terribly tortured after he unwisely gave medical aid to the man who shot Lincoln. Warner Baxter is excellent in the title role. (Gloria Stuart.

RHODES—Interesting. The story of Cecil Rhodes, the English student who visited Africa for his health and remained to carve out an Empire for Queen Victoria. The Diamond King, he was some-
times called, and if you never read his biography, see this film which is rich in historical data. (Walter Huston, Basil Sydney.

TOUGH GUY—Good. The kids will enjoy this film badly. Joseph Calleeb is the guy whose tough old heart turns to mush and milk when he is running away from home because his stepfather won't tolerate Kim Tim Jr., his pet dog.

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—Fine. A Kentucky Mountain lead story that has become famous. Filmed this time with technicolor which catches the somber atmosphere of the tragedy, it is engaging film fare. Fine cast includes Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda.

VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE—Good. For those of you who can't resist getting sentimental every time you see a dog dashed on the screen, this story of a desperate Ozark Mountain lead over the fate of a marvelous canine named Bugle Ann should be right up your alley. (Lionel Barry-
more, Dudley Digges, Maureen O'Sullivan.

WOMAN TRAP—Good. A divinely crooked story, with the adventurous Mexican border for its
setting and dealing with such exciting undesirables as jewel thieves and bandits—as stabbed up against an interted, American reporter, a charming aviator and a Mexican c-Man. (Errolin George, Michael Murphy, Alan Tamntriff.)
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

LEVIN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. SS-5

Please send me the booklet called “LYSOL vs. GERMS”, with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of “Lysol”.

Name.

Street.

City. State. © 1936, Levin & Fink, Inc.
EASTER COLORING

There's just one thing the new Spring hats have in common—they all show scads of hair! They are every shape and color under the sun. The trimmings and veils strive to be feminine, probably in atonement for the mannish tailleurs and high necklines which reduce glimpses of white throat to a minimum.

If your hat is simple in line, like the shallow-crowned, wide-brimmed sailor Betty Furness is wearing, it should be gay in color—Chinese red (like Betty's)—purple, peacock blue and bright green are only a few of the rainbow hues that will center attention on Milady's head! Even brown has taken on new life and appears now in "saddle brown," the rich, tawny color of a brand new saddle.

Henry VIII served as the inspiration for a shallow-crowned hat of straw or felt, with a grosgrain ruching brim reminiscent of the 16th Century ruff. Another style born of the same period has a swooping brim, turned up at the sides and topped by an ostrich plume that droops forward. There's a ridiculously giddy little model, hardly large enough to be called a hat, that perches askant over one eye and shows practically all of one's hair.

Whatever the shade and shape of your Easter bonnet, you can be sure it will put your hair in the spotlight. Treat it accordingly! For most of us, a good permanent wave is the basis of hair beauty. Your next permanent should be done in a way that will permit smoothness or loose waves on top, and plenty of saucy curls at the sides and back where they will do justice to your hat.

A good way to insure the success of your permanent is to use a soapless shampoo, like Admiration, for several washings before and after you have the wave. This strengthens the hair besides adding to its life and lustre.

Speaking of permanents, we've just seen one given that looked as if it were actually fun to have! It was the new Nestle-Undine "one-minute" wave that avoids both over- and under wires and chemical heating pads. The secret is pre-heating of featherweight clamps, so they have to stay on your head only one minute—or two if your hair is unusually fine. There's automatic control of heat and a system of lights and bells that tells the operator just when each step is finished.

The bright, shining clamps made the model look like a Hindu goddess. And her new make-up came out as soft, grey and naval-looking as a child's curls! This new method can wave hair closer to the head than has ever been possible before, so it's longer before the curl "comes out." A special cream is put on the ends of hair that still retains some of the old wave, in order to prevent brittleness.

The vogue for curls clustered atop one's head makes evening coiffures more interesting, too. There is so much that can be done to embellish curls—a jewelled ornament at a flashing spot, flowers or a band of velvet ribbon that brings out the color of your eyes. You may dress up the velvet ribbon by tucking a few fresh flowers into it. Baby rosebuds, pansies or violets are especially nice for this purpose, depending upon what colors you are wearing.

Speaking of violets, these shy little flowers are coming into their own again! Bouquets of violets, real or fabricated, are important accessory notes—especially if one is wearing fashionable gray. And most of the perfume manufacturers are bringing out new violet fragrances, or paying more attention to their old ones that have been kept on the shelves for mothers and grandmothers the last few years. Lenthéric has a perfectly delightful new violet perfume.

Your new gray bonnet may not have blue ribbons on it—but it's very likely to be tied under the chin or one ear! And here's a tip if you're going in for the Season's...
smallest color—in suit, hat, frock or accessory touches. Gray is one of the hardest colors to wear after you have passed the youthful years when natural circulation sends color to your cheeks. Coty has made a real contribution to the gray vogue by bringing out its famous Air-Spun face powder in “blushing shades,” especially conceived to make gray becoming to anyone. “Soleil d’Or” is the warm, sunny shade for the olive-skinned, and “Rachel Narcé” gives the effect of a peach-like blush to blondes and light brunettes.

Another misdemeanor of which gray is guilty is stealing the brightness from your suit. So, when the color of your hair by Nature or “by art,” be sure that it shines when you’re wearing gray! Every shade of hair is fashionable this season, even brown. But drab, lack-lustre tresses or those that look dry and dead from over-bleaching are absolutely taboo. If you’re lucky enough to have bright hair naturally, use a shampoo that will bring out all its highlights, and give it plenty of brushing to increase its sheen.

You who feel that your hair needs “touching up” to achieve the most becoming shade, should know about a Continental shampoo-oil-tint that is now being used in beauty shops in America. It’s called “Clairol” and is made by Mary of Paris. Rich, re-conditioning oils infuse the hair with new life and luster at the same time the coloring ingredients penetrate the shafts, lastingly, and not to be washed off with the next shampoo. Our own personal hairdresser, who has done tinting for decades, is enthusiastic about the Clairol treatment. He says it makes it easy to give a woman exactly the shade she wants (there are 21 from which to choose), that the effect is natural-looking and the oils prevent continued use from making the hair dry and brittle. It disguises gray hair most effectively, too. And there’s a “silver white” shade that gives real charm to yellowed gray or white hair.

The eyes that shine beneath a flower-decked bonnet or a brilliant hued “Homburg” should be given the care to make them look their loveliest. Long, dark lashes and well-shaped brows can double the attractiveness of eyes. Most eyeshadows don’t show their length unless they are darkened, because the tips are naturally light. The most natural effect is gained by using liquid mascara, as it simply lends color and does not leave a coating to thicken the lashes. However, many women want to make their lashes look heavier, as well as longer, and mascara in cake form is the most efficient way to do it.

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 clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

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

Does Marriage end ROMANCE?

Tom forgot to kiss me goodbye again. I guess our sweetheart days are over.

Claire, how do you keep men interested? Tom takes me for granted already.

I learned a secret from French women, my dear, they know the charm of all-over fragrance. Men adore it. It’s so feminine!

Yes, it’s lovely to start the day with Mavis. I love its fresh flowery-garden fragrance. Wonder if Tom will notice?

Husbands like wives to be feminine.

Oh, Tom! Flowers! But it’s not our anniversary—or my birthday!

No, it’s just to tell you how sweet you are. You’re lovely as these flowers, dear.

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 clothes 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.

Everybody Makes Mistakes

So . . .

NEW TITLES

“A Gentleman Goes To Town” (Gary Cooper) has been changed to . . .

“Mr. Deeds Goes To Town”

“United States Smith” (Charles Bickford) has been changed to . . .

“Pride of the Marines”

“Bless Their Hearts” (Melvyn Douglas) has been changed to . . .

“And So They Were Married”

“One To Two” (William Powell) has been changed to . . .

“The Ex-Mrs. Bradford”

“Thoroughbreds All” (John Arledge) has been changed to . . .

“Two in Revolt”

“For the Service” (Buck Jones) has been changed to “Word of Honor”
Superset stays SET!

LEEP toasted heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—shiny, burnished and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flaky deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10¢ at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

Over 700,000 have Studied Music

You, too, can learn to play by this remarkable home-study method. Learn how to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. A private teacher could make it easier. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day. You play real pieces by note—right from the start. Learn to play the Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Banjo, Guitar, Piano, Cello, Bass, and any other instrument you like.

FREE BOOK. Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Write to: Superset, Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit, U.S. School of Music, 1195 Brunswick Building, New York City.

Eunice Shelley says

"YOU CAN REALLY LOOK YEARS YOUNGER!"

Foremost Authority. Your face, not your birthday, tells your age. Look younger! This amazing new YOUTH METHOD drops years from your apparent age, corrects oily or dry skin, overcomes wrinkles and blemishes.

10 DAY INTENSIVE TREATMENT $1

produces thrilling results. Send ten-day check. Money ordered. C.O.D. if preferred.

FREE with or without order, her beauty booklet, "How to Look Years Younger and Great More Beautiful at Any Age Ever!"

EUNICE SKELLY, Salon of Eternal Youth
Swiss v. Park Central, 5th St. & 7th Ave., N. Y.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, unconditioned hair. Shampoo and enter your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Takes few minutes. Leaves hair soft, clean, natural, permanently tamed and curved. Write for booklet. Maseleau L. F. Vallage, Dept. 20, 241 W. 33 St., New York.

U P WITH the birds and out to watch them make movies. First, there is—

Paramount

AT AN unbelievably early hour in the morning there's a big restaurant scene in a picture "Till We Meet Again," starring Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael. It's a Viennese restaurant in London in the year 1914. Everything is very gay and most of the people are in evening dress. Gert is an actress who is also an Austrian Spy. Herbert, too, is an actor. Suddenly a newsboy is heard shouting "Extra." Some people rush outside, buy papers and come back. "England has declared war on Germany!" You can imagine the hubbub this creates. There are ad lib exclamations all over the place. Then, one feeble voice starts singing "God Save the King" and the others take it up. It's all very thrilling and stirring for everyone except the musicians. I don't suppose a Viennese orchestra gets much kick out of playing "God Save the King" when they know darned well it's only a matter of a few days until England will declare war on their country, too.

Suddenly a familiar voice falls on my ear. It belongs to Robert Florey who used to direct about twenty-five pictures a year at Warner Brothers. Now he's at Paramount directing "Till We Meet Again." Mr. Florey is an excellent director who has never lost the human touch and, with time enough at his disposal to do things as they should be done, I look to see him turn out some really fine pictures.

"You see," he exclaims, "I always promised if you just come at the right time I would shoot my biggest scene for you!" Good luck, Bob!

For some reason I can't fathom I suddenly feel the urge to find out what's going on at United Artists, and as there is nothing to stop me, I make this the next stop.

United Artists

NO SOONER am I on the lot than I realize what the secret urge is. Ida Lupino is working here with Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon."

Just wait until you get a view of Ida in this picture. She really wears some clothes, And what clothes! And Lederer, for the first time, gets a chance to sing in a picture. He used to play in comic operas on the other side. Mr. Jesse Lasky was so intrigued with this play he bought the rights to it last summer when he was abroad—bought them with no other thought in mind but that it would make a good picture for Francis.

Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in "Till We Meet Again," a story of World War days.

Silver Screen
NEWS

A Visit To The Sets Of The Busy Players With—

S. R. Mook

"One Rainy Afternoon" is being produced by Pickford-Lasky for United Artists release.

Also being produced for the same release, but by Pioneer Pictures (which gave you "Becky Sharp"), is "Dancing Pirate." The time is the year 1820. Charles Collins (Fred Stone's son-in-law), is a dancing teacher.

Steffi Duna, daughter of the chief of police (Frank Morgan), is going to her wedding. The procession starts towards the mission with Victor Varconi leading, followed by Steffi and Morgan, two little girls holding up her wedding veil.

When the director yells "Cut!" Steffi is almost in front of me. "I feel so good today," she confides to me, "and pure. Almost like a bride—and I'm just a little embarrassed by it all." In mock modesty she hides her face in her veil.

And I'm just a wee bit embarrassed myself so I beat it out to—

Warner Brothers

PLENTY doing out here, let me tell you.

First there's "Sons O' Guns," starring Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell. This picture has a war background but don't ask for the plot. As Jane Withers and Jackie Searle say in "Gentle Julia," "when did one of Mr. Brown's pictures ever have a plot, pray?" The scene is one of those estaminets so popular in France during the late war. Joan looks gorgeous in a pale green skirt, a black basque with a figured yellow top, a little yellow ribbon in her hair and a chartreuse apron. And she French! BUT French. Accent and all.

A bunch of the boys are whooping it up in the Malamute saloon. No, That's wrong. That's Service and this is Brown—Joe E. Brown. Anyhow, in the midst of the festivities somebody yells "Jiggers! Here comes the lieutenant."

So everyone dives for the cyclone cellar except Mr. Brown and he dives under the table. In walks the lieutenant who is really nobody but Craig Reynolds in an officer's uniform, and right away he starts getting fresh with Joan.

"How about a slug of Scotch, baby?" he puts it up to her.

"Sorry," Miss Joan regrets. "Street orders. No drinks to soldiers."

"I'm not a soldier," Craig informs her.

"I'm an officer."

"No deereeks anyway," says Joan.

"Forget the liquor," Craig, who didn't want it anyhow, suggests. "There's a moon out. Suppose we look at it together."

"Suppose we don't," Joan retorts unromantically.

"How about a stroll around town with me? You really owe it to yourself," is Craig's next suggestion in his most modest manner, as he reaches across the bar for her hand.

"Please!" Joan suggests. "Keep your mind on the war."

for May 1936
"One kiss, baby," is Craig's next offer, 
"and I'll win the war for you myself." And 
with that he pulls her around the end of 
the bar towards him. 

"Stop, you peeg!" Joan screams as she 
struggles. "You coochike!"

Now Joe E. Brown has been watching 
all this byplay from under the table and 
he doesn't care a whit for it. Not even 
a jot. So when Craig doesn't stop, Joe sud-
denly scrambles out from under the table, 
turns Mr. Reynolds around and delivers a 
sock on the button. All of which just goes 
to show you chivalry is not dead and 
the American doughfield still comes through—
eighteen years after the war's over!

"Where've you been?" Joan demands 
when the scene is finished. "Your nephew, 
Norman Scott Barnes, won't know you 
pretty soon if you don't show up." So 
I make a note to buy Norman Scott Barnes 
a rattle and proceed to the next stage.

It is on this next stage one encounters 
Margaret Lindsay and Warren Hull in 
a scene from "The Law in Her Hands." 

Miss Lindsay is the lawyer woman. The 
scene is her office and what an office. There 
is the usual impressive and depressing 
array of law books on some shelves but 
set is open to visitors, including myself. 
The set is one of the few bedrooms I've 
seen in pictures that I'd like to have. It's 
vivable. Soft wood paneling on the walls, a 
leather easy chair, a fireplace with a couple of 
brass candelabra on the mantel, a large 
centre table with another candelabra on it, 
an old mahogany shaving stand, a four 
poster bed, an old round leather trunk 
against the wall, etc., etc. It's a period 
picture—period of 1800.

Dick Powell, with sideburns reaching 
almost to his chin, is in bed asleep. Suddenly 
Etienne Girard and Walter Kingsley enter 
with a determined air.

"Captain Bonaparte!" Girard calls, shak-
ing him.

"He's not here," Dick answers sleepily, 
"Captain Bonaparte!" Girard repeats, 
"Captain Jerome Bonaparte! M'sieur Cap-
tain Jerome Bonaparte!"

"What am I late for now?" Dick 
gumbles.

"A race, m'sieu," Girard announces.

"Am I in it?" Dick asks.

"It's a horse race, monsieur," Kingsley 
puts in patiently.

"Then wake up the horses," Dick sug-
gests burying his head in the pillow.

"Stick around for lunch," Dick calls over 
to me before the next take.

"You're a chinch," I promise. "See you 
later."

So I dash over to the next set which is 
"The Golden Arrow," starring Bette Davis 
and George Brent. There's no dialogue in 
this scene. It's a nickel dance hall and my 
guide grumbles because it's the only dingy 
set in the whole picture, which is about 
two girls each claiming to be the richest 
girl in the world. Bette and George drift 
in to the dance hall, fall into step and, 
though the orchestra is playing a hot num-
ber (vintage of 1925) they wait dreamily, 
"the world forgetting, by the world forgot.

This idyllic scene is being directed by 
Al Urcigen who is one of the most heartless 
practical jokers extant.

"Hi, Dick," Al observes at the finish of 
the scene. "Going to the races today?"

"Now," I answer, "Gotta work."

"Too bad," says Al. "I paid a hundred 
dollars for a tip on a horse in the sixth. 
He's a chinch to come in and the longest 
shot on the board. It wouldn't pay you to 
play him in town because the bookies only 
pay fifteen for one and he'll pay more than 
that.

"I'll go," I decide suddenly, "if I have 
to break a leg getting there."

"It's Pompey's Squaw in the sixth," Al 
whispers.

"I'll be there," I assure him and, in 
a perfect frenzy to get through with my 
work, I drive hell bent for election to—
Every woman should make this
"Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole.

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 insensibly.

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.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

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 shortcut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odorono.

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RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. S-S-5, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address F. O. Box 2230, Montreal)
I enclose $1 for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name ________________________
Address ______________________

Bette Davis and George Brent in "The Golden Arrow." The scene shows a nickel dance hall where you would hardly expect to find the richest girl in the world.

Bobby Breen is a marvelous singer. You will hear him in "Let's Sing Again." Henry Armetta is co-starred.

Pathé

OUT here we find Prof. Sol Leser making two pictures. One of them is called "Let's Sing Again" and it boasts quite an imposing cast: Henry Armetta, Grant Withers, George O'Brien, Vivienne Osborne, Iace Courteney and Bobby Breen. Bobby is the eight-year-old singing marvel, and he really is a marvel.

This is all about a little boy whose father leaves him to go to France to study music. He's a great tenor. The boy's mother runs away and leaves him, so he is put in an orphan asylum. He runs away from that and joins a circus. When the star of the circus gets temperamental, Armetta suggests to the owner that he put in Bobby. I come on the set as Bobby is singing 'Donna è Mobile' from 'Rigoletto.' And how he sings it.

The other picture is "O'Malley of the Mounted," starring George O'Brien. Besides George, we have James Bush (whom you saw as the radio operator in "Ceiling Zero"), Stanley Fields and Irene Ware (one of the "Miss America's").

This is from an original by your old favorite of the silent days, William S. Hart. I don't know all the story but Bush is Irene's weakling brother. Mr. Fields starts to beat him up, Irene rushes in to save him, so they give a snarky little dance for good measure and then in rushes George and saves the day. And what a fight it is! I sit there with my eyes bulging out of my
Stanley Fields and George O'Brien in a stirring bit of action from "O'Malley of the Mounted."

along. So good old George, who aids ladies in distress off-screen as well as on, loaned her a suit of his! But suppose (horrible thought!) George had been a real cowboy and hadn't taken a chance along!

Brooding over this dire possibility and the calamity so narrowly averted, I shake hands and set sail—

M-G-M

Why Hollywood

Fears

the second day

IT'S no secret that Hollywood is more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation. Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why, you should follow Hollywood's example and not let a second day pass without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative. Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines. Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes — 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS

Olive Tablets

The Beauty Laxative

IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN

...and so easy to Safely Dint GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded, hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownstone does it. Prove it — by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved — for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNSTONE is safe. Guaranteed colors for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Effective and lasting — will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Importa

YOU Can Play

the Piano

Richard Arden

Tuition: $10.00

Complete course 8400 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Eric Blore and William Powell in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." Bill is being very nonchalant with the champagne.

Silver Screen
on the table without drinking.

"Better," Myrna suggests hastily, "to speedily rescue."

"Oh, I can't drink to that," Bob objects. "Why not to the three of us, then?" Myrna asks quickly, "Long health and happiness to the three of us." "The three of us," Bob smiles, raising his glass.

"Beastly shame there isn't one less of us," Reggie opines sourly. "I'll drink to that, too," Bob agrees pleasantly, quickly.

And then Yamaoka comes in again to serve. The way Yammy serves has to be seen to be appreciated. I shan't spoil his performance by attempting to describe it, but about the time he finishes, Reggie explodes. "This," he announces furiously, "has gone far enough. Remove that coat immediately." Yammy pays no attention. "Do you hear me?" Reggie shouts but the Eskimo goes right on. Reggie turns to Bob, quite beside himself. "This must be one of those periods when he doesn't understand English," he yells.

"I wouldn't irritate him if I were you," Bob whispers confidentially to Reggie. "At least, not till after dinner."

Myrna looks lovely, as usual, in a pale pink crepe, but the one who really steals the scene is Yamaoka, who never opens his trap but just goes about his business with a pan as dead as dead.

Next is "The Unguarded Hour." This is Loretta Young's first picture in months and months, and boy! is she an eyeful in a dress of white tulle over bows of pink lamb.

This picture, too, is just starting. Loretta and Franchot Tone are married. They're giving a big ball preparatory to going to Biarritz for another honeymoon.

At the moment Loretta and Roland Young, an old friend of the family, are chatting. "Off to Biarritz, eh?" Roland muses, shaking his head sadly. "Doesn't it get awfully dull with the same chap every time."

"You'll turn up," Loretta smiles. "You always do."

"Darling!" Roland protests. "I'm an old friend but don't make me feel like a hang-nail."


"No-o," he admits, "only romance has something against me."

"No!" she breathes. "Yes," sadly, "romance sort of whisked by me. But, of course," lightly, "that gives me a chance to suffer."

"And how you enjoy that!" Loretta teases.

And then the general comes up. And when a general appears it's time for me to go.

So presently I find myself on the set of "Moonlight Murder." It's a dull month. I always say, that doesn't uncover at least a couple of murders in the making. This one takes place in the Hollywood Bowl where, along with our murders, we have symphonies under the stars.

A crazed musician has threatened the life of the leading tenor. The district attorney has assigned Chester Morris to guard the tenor and as Chester is in love with the D. A.'s niece, Madge Evans, who will be at the Bowl, he takes the assignment.

We find Chester and Madge seated opposite each other on a couple of rocks. [Continued on page 85]
"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 washables 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 supervisor. "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!"
Worth of Bachelors

They Are Attractive, Rich And Willing. Can It Be That The Hollywood Girls Are Slipping?

By Ed Sullivan

Roger Pryor is footloose and fancy free—footloose anyway.

Henry Fonda and his ex-wife, Margaret Sullivan, are working together. Will they remarry?

Edmund Lowe and his wire-haired terrier, "Daisy." Leap year will probably be too much for Eddie.

Rudy Vallee, another youthful millionaire, has passed unsought through Hollywood's Rue de Beaulieu since his separation from Fay Webb. His attachment for Alice Faye has been one of those off-again, on-again affairs, but Rudy has steered clear of a definite entanglement. The best bet is that when he marries again, and if he weds a celluloid siren, she'll be brunette and exotic. That's his type and he rarely deviates from that coloring—Alice Faye probably is the only blonde who ever excited the Megaphone Man. Buddy Rogers, probably the handsomest guy who ever walked into camera focus, is another who has made love to famous Hollywood ladies on the screen, but left them cold when the director dismissed the company for the day. Outside of a platonic relationship with Mary Pickford, Rogers has had no truck with the peaches of Beverly Hills. He furnishes few lines for the Broadway columnist.

However, some of Hollywood's bachelors are forever in a frenzy of romance. Public Sentimental No. 1, in any Broadway column list-
When The Picture Is Over And The Stars Want To Forget And Rest, There Is No Other Place In Which They Can Have Peace.

Edward Arnold was worn out by the fuss made in Honolulu.

When Anna Dvorak rests she goes to her ranch, near Hollywood.

George Raft, always an exception, has Broadway in his bones.

There was a snug hideaway on a tropic isle where Janet Gaynor used to find peace—but, alas, the secret's out.

There is a little known retreat in the mountains, above Hollywood, where Warner Baxter recuperates.

N O T so long ago, the minute a motion picture was completed, the stars set up a plaintive dirge, "I want to get away from it all." Then they'd drag out the swanky new traveling bags and away they'd speed to dear old Broadway, board a steamer for Europe, or check in at a popular resort. Now, the tune has changed and they're choring, "Let me stay in Hollywood where I'm safe!"

With the increasing popularity of the screen, film players discovered that just as soon as they poked their famous noses outside of the old home movie town they were mobbed by friends and admirers. While all this is flattering and tremendously gratifying, it is also, too often, a wrecking experience.

Clark Gable's South American tour was as exciting as a Revolution; Wally Beery and Fredric March also found their European trips turned into a series of riots; New York, proved pretty hectic to Joan Crawford and her Franchot during their honeymoon visit last autumn.

Even the tropical Paradise, the Hawaiian Islands, have become celebrity-conscious. When Shirley Temple's parents took her to Honolulu, to play on the poetic beach of Waikiki, she never even had a chance to find out if it was all it was cracked up to be because she had to remain in her hotel room and play with her dolls. Every time Shirley stepped into sight she was literally mobbed by thousands who waited for hours just to glimpse this Wonder-child!

Little Janet Gaynor, who has been quietly vacationing at her secluded home, thirty-six miles down the beach from Honolulu, for a number of years, was astonished and a bit dismayed to see crowds welcoming her at the dock on her recent visit. Then there's the case of Edward Arnold. After months of strenuous picture making, he and his pretty wife blithely sailed for Honolulu, dreaming of a perfect relaxation under the tropical skies. Poor Eddie, he found out just what it means to be a screen idol. The Arnolds were quickly swept into the island's gaiety; they were wined and dined and danced, and the visit turned into a mad social whirl that was a lot of fun but completely wore Arnold to a wreck. He had to come home to rest up for his next picture, "Sutter's Gold."

He told me about it one day as he lay in bed nursing a sprained ankle, and even the pain couldn't quench his jovial spirits nor his hearty laugh. With utmost sincerity he said, "Why, I never dreamed anyone would recognize me and the amazing thing was that everybody over there actually seemed familiar with all my roles.

They were very polite, there was no rude jostling and few autograph seekers. When I'd drop into the native shops, the older men would give me a friendly grin and tip their hats, the younger ones sidled up with a cheery, 'Hello!' "Naturally, I appreciated this applause but nothing ever looked so good to me as familiar Hollywood and I've definitely decided that it is the safest hideout for screen players."

Claudette Colbert used to hurry right back to Broadway between each film, homesick to see the old friends and anxious to see the new plays. Later, when her popularity invited crowds at every turn, she began seeking recreation near at home and she hasn't been out of California for a long time.

Claudette asked, "What should I do away? I can find every locale for rest and the enjoyment of spots within a couple of hours' drive from home and do not have to sacrifice my privacy. There's the magic of the desert, there are many charming dude and guest ranches scattered among the nearby mountains, there are the private swimming pools. I can go back to nature, or turn social, according to my mood. What more could anyone wish?"

Now that she has a beautiful new home among the picturesque hills above Beverly, and has also acquired a new husband in the dashing Dr. Claudette Colbert would rather bathe in a bucket than brave the beach crowds. But this is a scene from "Under Two Flags."

Joel Pressman, Claudette says she'll probably never leave town except for an occasional week end at Palm Springs, or a few days at Catalina Island.

Before Gary Cooper married the lovely, cosmopolitan Sandra Shaw, he shied from crowds and bright lights, invariably seeking his pleasures in hunting and fishing; and he knew every mountain trail for miles around. Now, however, he dutifully accompanies his wife to New York, where he patiently accepts the plaudits of the crowd, goes to theaters and parties.
ONLY
FEEL
SAFE
WHEN NEAR
HOLLYWOOD
By
Maude
Cheatham

The eager fans wait and watch. Pity the star who finds herself unprotected! Sometimes the souvenir hunters actually take buttons, fur tails and anything they can grab. A scene from “The Moon’s Our Home.”

While the handsome, lanky Gary can wear tails and a top hat with the best of them, and knows all the company manners, he will always be a cowboy at heart, preferring starlight to neon, and loving the "visible" silence of plains and mountains.

Warner Baxter’s palatial home, with its spacious gardens, its tennis court and swimming pool, is all very fine. But his chief delight is a secret retreat, away up among the mountain peaks twenty miles beyond San Bernardino. This started out to be nothing more than an unpretentious cabin, but he got the building bug and kept adding this and that, until it emerged an ideal mountain chalet which put him back some ten thousand dollars.

Here, on top of the world, either alone or with one of his pals, Bill Powell, Ronald Colman or Herbert Marshall, Warner enjoys a hermit-like existence among the glorious pine woods and singing streams. Ronald Colman is the male Garbo when it comes to seeking solitude. His visits away from home are very scarce. His typical stunt in "getting away from it all," is to engage the special hillside bungalow at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, some ninety miles from Hollywood, where he has an undisturbed view of towering mountains from every side. Even his meals are sent from the hotel to be served from his own kitchenette. He sees no one; no one sees him, and he calls this the successful vacation. George Brent often takes over this same cottage and he dittos Colman, their ideas on this subject being identical.

Jean Harlow likes this secluded nook, too, and she and her mother frequently spend a week there. Jean enjoys the famous steam baths and always counts on losing a few pounds of excess weight on these visits. She also has a favorite guest ranch, just beyond Santa Barbara, where she slips from view and rests between pictures.

Before Clark Gable developed a yen for exploring far away lands, via airplane, his idea of a real vacation was to go hunting or fishing, and some of his best friends are trappers, prospectors and dyed-in-the-wool mountaineers, who know nothing of the screen and care less. They only know that Clark is a swell guy, and he used to spend most of his free days in high top boots and cords sleeping out under the stars and cooking over a camp fire. Some day he’ll come back to his woods and streams; they are too much a part of him to be forgotten.

There’s a rustic little cabin hidden away among the San Bernardino mountains that belongs to Myrna Loy, and, loaded with books and a few simple clothes, she makes a bee line for it whenever she can get away. In the winter a nearby hill offers ski jumping and she’s an expert at the art.

(Continued on page 60)

f or M AY 1936

25
“I PROTEST!”

In Hollywood The Stars Are Always Registering Complaints.

By Liza

WHAT'S your idea of Hollywood? I just bet that you think that Hollywood is a quaint little village, sort of a Petite Trinon, with lovely blue waves from the Pacific (“and the Pacific isn't so terrific”) daintily lapping the shores while the cinema great he in the sun toasting their beautiful bodies and thanking their lucky stars for moving pictures, Louis B. Mayer, Harry Cohn, Jack Warner, the Paramount studio, and fan magazines. But that's where you're wrong—so, so wrong. This hurts me more than it does you, but Liza-the-illusion-chaser is now about to break down and make you face the facts of life.

Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington, is not the city of dreams-come-true and dancing on the greenward. Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington, is the city of protests and wailing in the “front office.” Every actor kicks at every part always, and no actress is ever satisfied. It's the professional touch. You really haven't “arrived” in movie circles until you have “halted production,” “walked-out,” or gone “off salary.”

The louder you protest your parts, the more important you are. And if you can just keep that yapping up, and don't wear out, you'll be a Dietrich or a Garbo in time. Yes, when it comes right down to the final analysis, class distinctions in Hollywood are all a matter of protests. Last year you could hear Connie Bennett protesting as far as Catalina on a clear day.

Now I, the greatest fence straddler of my day, am not going to take sides in this little affair of the pot calling the kettle black. Sometimes the actors have every right in the world for protesting the asinine parts they are given to play. It's no fun to be made to talk and act like a sap in one picture after another, particularly when the movie-going public is so apt to believe that you are like that in real life, too. (Any time Mr. Franchot Tone wants to go berserk and do away with a couple of Metro executives who stick him in one silly quickie after another I'll be right there to re-load the gun.)

But, at the same time most of the actors, and this means actresses too, become such chronic complainers that even when a good part is tossed them they are too busy protesting to recognize it.

Just a minute now, and I'll give you some awfully cute examples of that. Like little Liza-the-illusion-chaser to Hollywood, from the New York stage and points east, only too glad to eat out of the big producer man's hand and beat prettily for the fan magazines—but one success, but one—and Mr. Movie Star promptly decides that he must write and direct all his pictures as well as act in them.

Of course, the studio assumes the Mother Knows Best attitude and pits Mr. Movie Star on the head, or else gives him a kick in the pants, depending upon the mood they're in that day, and reminds him that at terrific expense they have cornered all the best writers and the best directors in the country, and that, after all, he's only a screwball nitwit anyway and awfully lucky not to be washing dishes at Childs. No producer ever thinks an actor has an ounce of sense, and every actor knows darned well that no producer has an ounce of sense. And sometimes I think they're both right.

What with Garbo in Sweden and Connie Bennett in Twickenham and George Arliss being chillly aloof, I suppose our best, and certainly our most expensive protestor, is Marlene Dietrich. Marlene protests prac-
tically everything in sight. Several years ago she refused to do "Song of Songs" and went home in a pout, and Paramount took her off salary and got ready to sue, when suddenly Marlene returned to the studio all ready to work. Just the other day she went home in a pout again (the old "I can't go home" racket) but this time, ladies and gentlemen, our little Marlene was clever enough to have the law on her side.

Marlene didn't like the story of her newest picture "I Loved a Soldier" though, it seems to me that the flower of Hollywood writerdem has been running up a script since last "green-up." When she signed her new contract not so long ago Marlene had it written into the contract that Ernst Lubitsch would supervise her pictures in the future (and if you saw "Desire" you saw the famous "Lubitsch touch"), and so, with the maestro supervising, Marlene started to work on the picture though the script was just about one hour ahead of the production.

At the end of three weeks of this Paramount went into an upheaval, Lubitsch was "out," and Marlene waved her contract with the Lubitsch clause—and went home.

She has issued her ultimatum: which is that she will not continue on the picture until she has seen a finished script and approved it. And she is within the law. Whether

she will approve the new story treatment, or whether she will leave for London to do a picture there, nobody knows. Anyway this is the second halt on the picture (she and Mr. Glazer came to words not long ago and he resigned) and to date it has cost more $50,000—if Marlene refuses to return it will all have to be scrapped. That's an expensive protest in any language.

Of course the studios goon like fat buildhas when a star protests a part and the picture turns out to be the smash hit of the year, with the star receiving unmitigated praise for her or his performance. This was the case of "It Happened One Night," originally called "Night Bus."

Clark Gable was furious because Metro "sold him down the river" to Columbia, and he didn't think much of the part and was annoyed about the whole thing. The girl's role was offered to Miriam Hopkins but she turned it down cold. So did several other actresses. Then Claudette Colbert finished a picture at Paramount and was contemplating a vacation in New York when Columbia called. She didn't think much of the script or her part but she had always wanted to be directed by Frank Capra and co-star with Gable, so she decided quite reluctantly to take a chance on it.

I remember the night of the preview of "It Happened One Night" in Pasadena. I was having dinner with the Colberts, and it was raining cats and dogs, and Claudette nouchabally remarked that it really wasn't worth driving all the way to Pasadena to see that picture—but we finally persuaded her and, as she sat there in the theatre, she discovered to her amazement that she had a smash hit on her hands. Of course you know that last year all the Academy Awards practically went to the picture and to Claudette and Gable—and if you think Mr. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures didn't say "I told you so" you've got another think coming to you.

Almost every star of note turned down John Stahl's Universal picture "Only Yesterday," which, as you recall, was finally done with Margaret Sullavan, an "unknown" from the New York stage, and was one of the big box-office pictures of the year and established Miss Maggie as a star without further ado. This same thing happened when Myrna Loy walked out on "Escapade." Luise Rainer, who had been sitting around the studio for a long time, with nothing more to do than hire her nails, was shoved into the vacancy left by Loy and at the preview was enthusiastically "discovered." In her second picture, "The Great Ziegfeld," Luise Rainer co-stars with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Myrna's famous "walk-out" also gave Rosalind Russell a chance. Rosalind had been at the studio for some time playing nothing more nor less than bits, but when Myrna failed to show

[Continued on page 70]
I F THIS be treason, may Garbo and Metro forgive me. Not that Greta is aware of my existence—even if I have seen her, talked to her and what’s more—actually touched her! Yes, my gentle readers, she’s real flesh and blood. She’s all the glowing adjectives that have been used for and against her. Name your own simile and embellish it with your most poetic phrase. She’s that, too. I could go on and on, just as others have gone on and on. But to be perfectly truthful, I’m just a little annoyed with myself.

For years I’ve worshipped Garbo. For years I’ve gone around carrying her secrets locked safely in my heart. I’ve known intimate and humorous stories, but I’ve guarded them carefully from the world. I’ve respected Garbo’s love for silence. In my inimitable little way, I’ve protected her from harm. At times it’s been so tempting to repeat innocent but unusual anecdotes. But I’ve held my lips tight.

Did my self-inflicted nobility matter to Garbo? Not one tiny little bit. Did she know of my great admiration and secret devotion? No, a thousand times no. While I worshipped and protected in silence, Greta went about her business taking trips to Sweden and walking in the rain. As far as she was concerned, I just didn’t exist. Even had she guessed, it would have been just another good reason for her getting tired and going home.

In my time, I have read hundreds of stories on Garbo. To my knowledge, only one or two were written by people who actually had contacted her. Greta has been quoted [Continued on page 66]
GENE TAKES A "TERMER"


By Lenore Samuels

IN VARIETY, that most outspoken of film journals, which does not hesitate to place the exalted picture players in their proper places—in its own somewhat blunt, but always understandable, idiom—I found an announcement that Gene Raymond had recently arrived in the East from Hollywood. It also went on to say that he had already made personal appearances at theatres in punctilious Boston and in staid Philadelphia, finishing up with the remark that Gene was "not just another guy from Hollywood; this filmster is undeniably hot stuff where the females are concerned; and regular enough, all around, to satisfy the men."

Neat praise, that, coming as it does from a journal that would have expressed its disfavor just as cogently. The writer of those lines had placed his subject in a picture frame, so far as I was concerned, and arranged him as nicely as any superior photographer might have done.

And so, when I called up for an interview during his brief sojourn in New York, during the following week, I was not surprised when he immediately invited me to come to the Lombardy and "break bread with him," an expression of hospitality that fitted in perfectly with the portrait drawn of him from the above.

During the ordering of luncheon I had a moment or two to quietly observe for myself just why "this filmster is undeniably hot stuff with the females." Could it be that shock of russet hair that waved so smoothly off a high forehead? Could it be those penetrating blue eyes that looked straight into yours when he talked? Or was it that tremendously virile physique of his that he displays to such definite advantage even when swinging into an almost empty hotel dining-room—it being early enough to avoid the crowds—with no other eyes but the waiters' and a very polite interviewer's (that's me taking the bows now) upon him.

No. Definitely, no. These outward attractions, outstanding as they undoubtedly are, did not furnish the answer. There was something else about him—ah, there! I had it! The spirit of everlasting youth. In spite of his twenty-eight years, this very successful screen actor apparently had not quite grown up yet, and I suddenly felt very low, for, while Peter Pan was being eulogized all over the land while I was a little girl, I was mouthing the pre-war equivalent to the rather unlovely but very emphatic "nerve" between my still unrouged lips.

[Continued on page 77]
GALLANTRIES

The Leading Men Send Roses To Their Leading Ladies—Some Stars Shower Presents—Others Give Parties.

Well, the day I received an assignment for a story on the courtesies of Hollywood, you could have knocked me for a whole row of tenpins.

Only that morning, through the well-known Hollywood grapevine, I had heard rumors of a feud, the likes of which would make a Tennessee mountaineer turn pale with envy, among the Rogers and the Astaires, and the MacDonal's and the Eddys: only that morning I had heard, oh so confidentially, that all was not sweetness and light among the three stars of "These Three"—Hopkins, Oberon and McCrea; only that morning I had read in the newspaper how George Raft had walked out on Carole Lombard the first day of production of "Concertina" because he didn't like her selection of a cameraman; only that morning I had read in the gossip column of the Hollywood Reporter—"What star eats fragrant cheese all day on the set when she is doing love scenes with her leading man?" (I don't know who it is, do you? But she probably got the idea from Dick Arlen, who used to eat onions before he had to kiss Nancy Carroll for the camera.) Courtesies, I smiled, courtesies—phooey. It was just one of those days.

But came the dawn of another day and I decided that perhaps there were a few quaint old courtesies and customs in Hollywood that I had overlooked. That perhaps I was going with the Wrong People. That perhaps I didn't appreciate the finer things of life. That perhaps those rumors of leading stars were figments of a busybody's imagination and that the star who ate cheese on the set just naturally loved cheese without malice or aforethought. I decided, in short, to give courtesies a break. And maybe you'll be interested in my findings. You'll rather hear about the discourtesy. Come, come, now—don't be difficult.

Of course we haven't got a Mayflower heritage in Hollywood, and we haven't seen a Puritan or a First Family in years, and we don't celebrate Founders Day, or Flag Day, or Paul Revere, and we've completely forgotten the Minot, but you'd be surprised (I was) at the number of courtesies and customs of the cinema village we have acquired in our scant twenty-five years—as far as antiquity is concerned we're just a brat, but aren't we all.

One of our prettiest gestures I think is Ye Olde Courtesie of the leading man sending gifts to his fair leading lady the first day of production of a picture. Of course all the male stars don't go in for this. Sometimes they have objection (and objectionable if you ask me) wives and sometimes they are just too darned stingy. But it is a pretty custom, especially when the two stars have never played together before. A lovely gesture, and a marvelous ice-breaker.

The first day of production of "Small Town Girl" handsome Robert Taylor sent Janet Gaynor a box of chocolates, and Janet was most pleased though she doesn't like candy, particularly chocolates. Janet thanked Bob in her prettiest manner and that brought on more talk, and the next thing Bob had invited Janet to have dinner with him at the Beverly Brown Derby. I was sitting in the next booth and of course I wouldn't stoop to listening in on a conversation not meant for me, but can I help it if I have extraordinary hearing? Anyway, from what I could gather (the fool I was with kept eating celery) it sounded like the foundation stone of a tender romance was being laid. And my ears didn't deceive me, for two nights later I saw them dancing

Warner Baxter expresses his thanks and regrets, at the end of a picture, with a chile con carne party.

Joan Bennett and Fred MacMurray. Joan is a present giver—a charming custom to mark the completion of a picture.

Sometimes the courteous attitude leads to romance, particularly when Ann Sothern is the girl.
The party Bill Powell gave to the entire cast and crew, after finishing "The Great Ziegfeld," was very special because the picture is, too.

custom since the advent of Mr. Leslie Howard, but who ever heard of morning tea before? Janet is probably starting a new custom for us. Now, how long do romances started on sets last? Well, custom decrees that they have to last only up to the preview of the picture. Bob will most likely escort Janet to the preview, they will pose for the photographers, they will tell each other how marvelous they are in their respective parts, they will dance all night at the Troc—and then Bob will return to Irene Hervey. Don't worry about Janet—there are plenty of fish left in the sea.

The first day she worked in "Under Two Flags" Claudette Colbert was most surprised and delighted to receive a box of exquisite roses from Ronald Colman. A pretty gesture that, without a follow-up, for as you well know Claudette is quite happily married to Dr. Joel Pressman, and as far as she is concerned the gallant Ronnie is not a heart-throb, but just another actor. Yes, it makes better reading when the stars aren't married.

Paul Cavanagh, the "tall, dark and handsome" of the nonce, sent Mae West flowers the first day they worked together in "I'm No Lady" and Mae responded by inviting Mr. Cavanagh to her dressing room for afternoon tea (Mae is one of our best tea drinkers), and one invitation followed another until when the studio wanted Mr. Cavanagh they could always be certain of finding him in Mae's dressing room. It was quite a romance for a while there, especially as Mae, the recluse, actually dined out with him several times, and my, my, how the gossips were buzzing, but as soon as the picture was previewed Mr. Cavanagh disappeared from the Paramount lot and Mae's dressing room completely, and when last heard from was head man in Mrs. Rhea Gable's social life. Just another courtesy romance.

When Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern were working together in "Hurray for Love," Gene started sending Ann flowers. They went to several parties together and it looked like a pretty good romance. Then Gene took Ann to the swanky premiere of "Tobacco Road" and there was a flash of temperament, and Miss Sothern and Mr. Raymond finished the picture in icy silence. As far as Gene was concerned Annie didn't live there any more.

Just the other day when [Continued on page 68]

Mae West entertains her company at a party when the last curve has been photographed.

Twice a year Glenda Farrell throws a party at her home, to celebrate when a picture is done.

like mad at the Tropicana, and since then they've been more or less every place together.

Naturally this doesn't please Irene Hervey any too much. But that little Janet, she certainly has captivating ways. Nearly all her leading men fall in love with her and when she was making "Servants Entrance" with Gene Raymond, that young man was so smitten he sent orchids and gardenias nearly every day. I hear that on the "Small Town Girl" set Janet stops production every morning and every afternoon while she and Bob sit in a corner and have tea and cookies. Afternoon tea is rather a common

for May 1936 31
A GAY ROMANCE OF LOVE IN THE RAIN

The Story Of "One Rainy Afternoon," The First Pickford (Mary) - Lasky Production.

Vronne was of a discretion most amazing. She had a husband and a position high in society and she wasn't taking any chances on losing either, nor even for the love of a good-looking young actor like Philippe. She had insisted that Philippe buy the tickets for loose seats, slip one of them to her, then wait outside while she found her seat. Then Philippe was to follow after, incognito in the friendly darkness of the house, and find his seat. Thus, reunited, they might take up the day's lesson. For a lady already married discretion was, no doubt, an admirable trait, but Philippe had begun to think her caution just a little boring. He found it rather difficult to be reckless with a lady who kept reminding him, "We must be discreet, darling . . . We must be discreet!"

On the silver screen a beautiful blonde had strolled onto the balcony with a cony, and below, her lover was planting the ladder that was to lead him to paradise. Monique was getting deeply interested. Alfredo had never showed up at her house with a ladder and she doubted if he could climb one without falling off.


The film lover reached the balcony. He clasped his sweetheart's hands and burst into song. Monique wished that Alfredo could sing like that!

The man beside her leaned closer. "You know this might turn out all right, after all," he said more cordially. "In America they always make love on balconies . . . out of doors, too!" He shivered at the thought.

Monique shivered, too, but not at that thought. She was wondering if she could change her seat without attracting undue attention. She had come to the cinema to learn about love, but not from this unknown.
Fictionized by Jack Bechdolt

The Picture, Directed By Roulard V. Lee, is From The Stephen Morehouse Avery Adaptation Of A French Comedy.

He tried to stammer his thanks to her, but terror seized Monique. "Do you think I did it for you?" she gasped.

The screen lovers finished their duet. The man drew the girl into his arms, their lips joined in a long kiss. Monique could easily imagine herself in the girl’s place. The ardor pressure of a strong man’s lips to hers... the thrill of yielding to that hungry embrace...

"At last!" sighed the voice beside her. Then real arms encircled her, real lips pressed her own. A young man she didn’t know from Adam began to behave exactly like Adam in the Garden.

His arms released her at last.

Monique, more fire and ice than ever before in her life, leaped to her feet. He sprang up, too.

"You... you! Why this is... How dare you?"

Her small hand slapped his face and the slap echoed like a pistol shot in the dusky quiet of the theater.

He stared at her, his mouth open, his eyes bulging with astonishment. He looked so funny in her surprise she almost smiled. Really, he was a very presentable young man... and what drollness!

Now the theater was in an uproar. The film stopped suddenly. Lights flashed up. The audience was on its feet, staring at Philippe Martin whose hand was pressed against a red, stinging cheek and at Monique Pelérein whose hand was raised, quite obviously, to sock him again.

"Who is it?"

"What’s going on?"

"It’s a pickpocket!"

"Call the police!"

"Mademoiselle!" Philippe cried in shocked horror.

"Don’t you dare to speak to me—"

"But I assure you you’re only making matters worse—"

"Well, really! You’d think it was I who kissed you!"

"Did you?" he said hopefully. When he smiled like this, and that little gleam came in his eyes he was really a most presentable young man. A young man to melt the heart of any girl. But his behavior...

She turned to the staring questioners.

"This creature kissed me!"

The announcement aroused mingled emotions.

A lady said, "Oh, is that all?" Somebody else called, "Bravo... encore!" A humorist asked to know if the culprit had brought his ladder and somebody else said it must all be the fault of the government.

"Of course it is," agreed a horse-faced lady who sat in the same row, surrounded by a bevy of scrawny females, all of them out for the express purpose of spoiling anybody’s budding romance. The lady made an imposing gesture.

"Messieurs et Mesdames, in this emergency our Society for the Protection of Public Morals, of which I have the honor to be president, will show its power..."

"What are you, the censors?"

"Monsieur," said Madame the President, her manner impressive, "we censor the censors." She spoke to the scraggly feminine weed beside her. "Sidonie, our banner girls!" The gallant girls unfurled banners and began a parade of the aisles. One flag bore the cartoon of a gentleman with a wolf’s head leering at a frightened girl, below, the inscription, "It Might Be Your Sister"; another screamed, "Make the Streets of Paris Safe For Working Girls."

"Our society will take charge of this, you monsters," said Madame President, distributing pamphlets as she threatened.

The police came. Philippe had to give his name. Monique had to give her name. Madame President gave hers without being asked.

In the midst of the confusion Yvonne, the lady who had come to the cinema to be kissed by Philippe, drew her fur close about her face and discreetly vanished.

Philippe was in distress. The newspapers of Paris talked of nothing but the Love Monster. The chorus girls at the Savoy Theater who was rehearsing for a new piece did nothing but read the newspapers and giggle when he went by. Monsieur Moillot who managed the theater, declared, "You couldn’t act in my theater—even if you could act. There’ll be no monsters in my theater!" So he lost his job, not much of a job to be sure, but something in a world filled with creditors who harassed a handsome young actor.

And not only creditors. He walked sadly out of the stage door, an actor at liberty to starve to death, and was served a summons to answer trial at the Court of Correction upon complaint of Madame President of the Society to Protect Public Morals.

[Continued on page 72]
Ruby Keeler Has Danced All Her Life, And Loves It.

Her heart sings from the tree-tops and her happiness shines out from the screen.

This is an Irish fairy tale... unbelievable but true. For in no other way can certain events be explained. If we followed logic, it would be impossible for the beguiling blue-eyed pixy born twenty odd years ago to be the Ruby Keeler of today.

Now she surveys the world from the silver screen, in thousands of theatres, in hundreds of different countries, as the irrepresible Colleen. And those amazing blue eyes, as they look out over the audience, will be able to discover no stranger story than her own remarkable romance.

There is wisdom in folklore. An old Gaelic legend maintains that no person can experience a fairy-story life unless he possesses certain attributes. Ruby had them all. She didn’t defy fate. She didn’t want too much. She accepted each blessing with humble grace.

So her life seemed to be in hands other than her own.

When her parents emigrated from County Antrim they didn’t go to New York—the usual destination of the restless Irish—but to Nova Scotia. There, in Halifax, Ruby was born. But Fate soon showed its hand. Poverty drove the Keelers to New York when their first child was but three years old.

And hardship pursued them as four other children were born. Ruby was the shepherdess of this small flock. She’d dress them, wash them, and keep them from under her mother’s heels. Many times she led them up to the roof of the tenement and danced for their diversion. She was always improvising ways to keep them amused. They were her first audience.

When misfortune again came to the Keeler clan Ruby was thirteen. Her father was ill. She had to go out and support his family.

In the meantime, unknown to herself, her way had been prepared. Ruby was enrolled in St. Catherine of Siena’s School less than a year when the mother-superior sent for Mrs. Keeler. “Your girl,” she told the nervous parent, “has a fine spirit. And she dances like an elf.”

Due to her persuasion Ruby was transferred to the Professional Children’s School, where she met a little boy by the name of Gene Raymond, and a girl by the name of Lillian Roth. But all this was in the spirit of childish play; she never dreamed of putting her twinkling feet to work.

So the sudden responsibility of supporting her household should have embittered her little heart. If it had, her luck would have ended, not begun. But Ruby didn’t defy fate, neither did she want much, and each blessing was accepted with humble grace.

“We will go first to the theatres,” her mother said, as hand in hand they went out in search of a job. The first manager they saw shooed them away, the second was charmed but thought Ruby too young, the freckled face of the third cracked wide in a grin. “In the chorus,” he said. “Come tomorrow at nine o’clock.”

So the little girl who had never even dreamed of the stage found herself behind the footlights in “The Rise of Rosie O’Reilly.” Ruby was enchanted. This was fun.

Unfortunately, seven people can’t live on a chorus girl’s salary, especially when a doctor must be paid. But this didn’t dismay the dauntless spirit of the bright-eyed pixy. The superstitious mind of the child was already beginning to understand the secret of Fate—whomever it would raise up, it first knocks down.

So hard luck drove her to leave the stage for more lucrative work in a night club. Here she danced by herself and not in a chorus. In a short while she was dancing in three different clubs; from eleven to twelve in one, from one to two in another, and from three to four in the last. For months she didn’t see daylight.

A hard life? If you pity the petite fourteen-year-old adolescent you miss the point of the story. For Ruby never pitied herself. It was too much fun. She was content to hand over her earnings to her mother and receive, in return, an allowance no greater than her sisters and brother.

Remember, we have a person here to whom things can happen—and when misfortune is so gayly accepted the result is never in doubt.

Things happened. Ruby became the protégé of the famous Texas Guinan. All of her time was devoted now to that dazzling garden of femininity—the El Fey Club.

And New York discovered that here was somebody entirely different—a girl who went about her work in the spirit of elfin play.

When she spun but on the smoke laden floor in the flame of the spotlight, masculine eyes narrowly observed her blossoming figure and quickly changed their expression when they raised to her face. A demure face, with a half-frightened smile. She appeared so defenseless. Like some woodland sprite who had become entangled in the maze of the city. All the men wanted to protect her. And when that famous line boomed out, “Give this little girl a great big hand,” applause thundered in enthusiastic answer.

By all odds Ruby should be somebody else. For years the lure of easy wealth was dangled before her eyes; she observed all the bejeweled darlings who gained such a [Continued on page 6]
THE INSIDE "LOW DOWN"

Will "Romeo and Juliet" Be Popular?
Margo Is Coming Strong—
Jean Harlow, Great Actress—
Myrna Loy, Good—

ABOUT a year and a half ago Director Clarence Brown made certain predictions in this magazine, all of which have proven surprisingly accurate. One of them concerned the then almost unknown dancer, Margo. Mr. Brown had seen her only once before—dancing in a club in Los Angeles. He had been so impressed that he had tried to interest several people in her.

Margo's first picture, "Crime Without Passion," was still unfinished, but when it was released it jumped out of the theatrical spotlight.

The other day in the office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I ran into him again and commented on how right his judgment had been regarding this girl.

"Wait," he said, "until you see her with Warner Baxter in 'Robin Hood of El Dorado.' I saw it before I left the Coast and she is excellent. I still think she is one of the best bets in pictures. I hope I can work with her some day!"

Mr. Brown was in New York to attend the opening of his latest picture at the Capitol, "Wife vs. Secretary," and to shop for antiques for his ranch. This place, which was formerly the old Gillette ranch, is about 35 minutes from his studio, absolutely isolated, yet boasting of every modern convenience. Aside from an adobe style house, with four master bedrooms, there are six completely equipped five-room guest cottages around the place. Each room in the Brown ranch is to be furnished in a different period to avoid monotony. Later, Mr. Brown plans to breed horses on the ranch.

Brown enjoyed making "Wife vs. Secretary." He enjoyed working with three of his favorite stars in one picture. Myrna Loy is a particular favorite of his. He thinks she has progressed more in recent years than any other actress in pictures.

"Myrna is a great little actress and a joy to work with," he said. "I think, as she appears on the screen, she is the wife every man would like to have."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that Myrna is destined to play that type of part from now on?"

"No. I don't mean that. She is entirely too capable to be typed. I mean that she symbolizes in such parts the ideal most men have of the women they want to marry."

Over Jean Harlow, he was also enthusiastic. I recalled that, previously, he had not predicted much of an advance for her, but had said she would be able to hold her own with the best of them. This time he spoke of the complete reversal, in her latest picture, to the type which had made her famous. How it would affect her future he could not say.

"But this I do know," he explained. "I have stood in the lobby and watched the people coming out and they are all talking about Harlow. And that isn't because she gave the best performance in the world or even in the picture. It is because she makes the sacrifice—she is the heroine—which makes the public is for her.

"I like to work with Jean," he smiled, "because she makes me feel I am important. She is so intensely ambitious and conscientious she will play a scene a hundred different ways if you ask her to. You can't keep a person like that down. She is an exceptionally clever comedienne and we haven't too many of them. Producers should never lose track of this fact, for in that field she is a natural."

Ever so often he would return to the subject of his ranch, and after one of these excursions I asked him what he thought of television and color with relation to pictures. He does not think pictures have anything to fear from television, at least not in our lifetime. It is too undeveloped at the present time to even consider. Mainly, however, television will fail to affect pictures because the public will never be able to get the same reaction over a television receiver that they will in a theatre. It is the rule of mob psychology.

"It is like seeing a picture," he said, "in a studio preview room. It may look terrible. But in a packed house the same picture will be a riot. And the larger the crowd the more definite the results."

"As far as color is concerned—it will never be popular or successful until they learn to photograph our Norma Shearer and Jean Crawford's more beautiful than they are now being photographed in black and white. Eighty per cent of pictures is from the waist up and the other twenty per cent is background. With background, particularly exteriors, where old man nature has had a chance to get busy with his paint brush, they do very well, but some of the effects on our stars are utterly ghastly. Color must undergo some drastic changes before the public will accept it. Producers know this and are going slow."

Costume pictures are going to continue popular, according to Mr. Brown. The performances of such stars as Leslie Howard, George Arliss, Charles Laughton, etc., have done much to break down the fear with which such roles were formerly approached. "Actors," he explained, "have learned to accept these characters as human beings and are now able to forget about the period or the clothes they wear."

Then I asked him about the much talked of "Romeo and Juliet."

"What about 'Romeo and Juliet?' That's hard to say, though I hear John Barrymore's running away with the picture. But, of course, Shakespeare's right up his alley."

I don't know that the picture public wants Shakespeare. I have thought about this a lot. Often I have [Continued on page 74]
UNITED IN DANGER
LAUGHTER and LOVE!

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

-Wally" (Viva Villa!)
Beery's lovable villainy
was never so uproarious!

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
THE CAMERA PERSONALITY OF JACK OAKIE

His gift of making us feel better about our own dull wits.

He has solved the problem of eternal youth—Oakie is the screen All-American for Always.

Many a Star Gets The Billing But Oakie Gets The Show To Put Over.

If a film-goer cons his memory for great performances, he will come across Oakie's great part in "Touchdown," and the peak of that picture when Oakie hung one on Allen's chin. If you will recall "Call of the Wild," you will find one of the most convincing bits of character playing. Oakie actually looked half Eskimo. But he is really a song and dance man, and happiest when in a light comedy rôle. Everyone knows him, likes him and respects him. He is a clever actor, who understands how to give the "human" touch. A veteran on the screen and a bachelor, Jack Oakie is one son who is good to his mother.

Homely women have it sometimes. It is manifest in a glint of understanding in the eye, in a generous, wise smile and a provocative way of moving. The camera is able to catch it for the screen, but it would be difficult indeed to say wherein the magic lies. Some girls are most alluring when they appear in the rough and tumble clothing of a shipwrecked heroine, whereas others will develop this charming trait only when they are glorified with the freshest of frocks and presented with a background of luxury, flowers and glitter.

Ann Harding goes on, the loveliest of blondes, even to the eyes. Does a blonde have to possess greater refinement of features?

Margot Grahame is an English actress without the fog.

Determination written on J.C. Crawford's face but not at expense of charm. Lightening her brows makes Joan a beauty.
Insist Upon Allure!

Jean Harlow is platinum no more; perhaps she remembered her success as "The Red-Headed Woman" and yearned for the lucky combination.

Carole Lombard, with her perfect proportions, is very much what every woman would like to be, but Carole, more than most girls, fascinates by the brilliance of her mind.

The dignified Rochelle Hudson, with the straight-looking gray eyes, has the irresistible allure of youth.
Fred does great quail shooting. Only in Hollywood do they have a camera along.

Guns are even more important in Hollywood. Photographers are always there.

Companions Bay, Joe, show Joan. They are making a clipping from the picture they are making. Photographers are always there.

This picture of Janet Gay is the one of the old Hollywood. The studio was still tumbling. The stories were true. Hollywood wood was true.

Lucille Ball. Brilliant for publicity shots.
In Hollywood

Is A Unique City
Of Curious Contrasts.

There is a craziness about Hollywood that would bear study. They do extraordinary things but their minds are not quite bound. There is an atmosphere of belief in almost anything, no matter how wild the idea. This willingness to grasp the unusual and the novel propositions results in their attempting many very difficult stunts, and getting away with them, too.

They have shivered for years because someone once said that teleion was going to put them out of business. They never doubt the truth of any imaginative statement. Every bull market finds all Hollywood perfectly convinced that the stocks will go up forever.


Only in Pictureville could you find a millionaire in blackface. Al Jolson is making "The Singing Kid."

Marlene Dietrich stops work on "I Loved a Soldier." $500,000 thrown away—that's Hollywood.
ITALY HAPPENS every day, and yet there is nothing more dramatic—no one event that may have such far-reaching consequences—as the meeting of two people, a man and a woman. They may fall in love and bring happiness to one another, or their meeting may upset many lives other than their own and bring unhappiness instead of joy. For these are no casual meetings. Sometimes these strangers have to go through the motions of love making when they are in emotional and tempestuous moods, and when so very little more will become for them the very truth. No one has more vanity than a successful star, and when an utterly desirable girl, in her part, looks upon him worshipfully, it is not to be wondered at that he takes it for a personal triumph and finds himself answering love with love.

Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in "Till We Meet Again." Can he help falling in love with such a pretty girl?

Charles Butterworth gets a break with Margaret Sullavan in "The Moon's Our Home."

In "These Three," Joel McCrea embraces Marle Oberon. Can life ever be the same?

"Frankie and Johnny," folk-lore on the screen, with Helen Morgan and Chester Morris.

Robert Kent and Rochelle Hudson in "The Country Beyond." It may be the land of romance.
Hollywood is a Worktown to

From Rin-Tin-Tin to Donald Duck, the Animals Have Fared Well in Cine-City.

The first animal to conquer the screen with an undeniable popularity was the saddle horse of the "Westerns." Tom Mix rode on Tony—and Tony became famous, better known, in fact, than thoroughbreds like Twenty Grand and Top Row. Their fame usually lasts but a year, or until a faster horse comes along.

There was good reason for the popularity of these hell-for-leather pictures. In the first place they had motion and rhythm and speed, or, as we say nowadays, tempo. Every picture, in the beginning, had a chase in it, probably near the climax, and what better for a chase than into the saddle and thudding away, over bridle paths—or, more frequently, over broken, rocky trails, up hills and down, as those sheriffs' posses used to ride.

Every animal screens well, and that's the secret of Hollywood's animal love. We love people who love animals, and that's another reason for Hollywood to have turned itself into the land of pets. The naturalness of the animal in the picture helps the actor to make the scene seem real. These pets are all carefully trained, and people who train them live on the earnings of their pupils. They are very valuable, and when they are an essential part of a picture they are insured for large sums until the picture is finished. "Buck," the dog of the "Call of the Wild," is in a picture now and is insured for one million dollars.
Actors but Heaven to Animals

Charlie Chan has a strange bedfellow.

Grace Moore and the property-men's idea of a donkey.

This is a trained hen. Warren Williams, trainer.

Joan Blondell in "Sons O' Guns."

In "Under Two Flags," the cavalry pictures are inspiring.

John Arledge and "Lightning." Both are acting in "Two in Revolt."

The way movie actresses are wearing ostrich feathers causes one to put up a squawk to Anne Shirley.
The Future Looks Very

And It All Depends Upon Your Approval And Ours. We Can Make Them Rich and Famous—Shall We?

To the most comfortable state for a person to be in, is, according to the philosophers—"With a lively appreciation of favors yet to come." Many of the players find themselves, after good work done and accepted, with a rosy-tinted future breaking upon them. A future that will provide great parts, plenty of reward and many electric lights. And, not too dimly, the cheers of the populace. These are the days when life seems good, and a warm, deep feeling of gratitude keeps them humble and happy. The swelled head comes later.

When Basil Rathbone goes to the best film shows he is likely to find himself on the screen—and giving a very good account of his shadow self.

Bing Crosby and his eldest child. Bing discovered that radio singing and not acting, puts you over in pictures.

What is an actor, anyway? Victor McLaglen, soldier and scrapper, turns out to be a very great one.

Now and then intense bit co along and they try it to Isabel Jew knowing that it be taken care O.K.
Lovely To Some Of The Players

Beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore has had beauty, fame, love and children, a home, a divorce—and now she brings all these experiences of life back to the screen.

The future of Freddie Bartholomew will have to be as brilliantly spectacular as a fire in a skyrocket shop, to match the unparalleled successes of his boyhood.

Dick Powell is in the big money and his popularity is still gaining. Dick refused $7,500 a week for personal appearances because the tax would be $5,500. He must be a Republican.

The smiling Joseph Calleia is one of our best on-coming menaces.

"Dancing Pirate," which is another Robert Edmund Jones' full-color film, Charles Collins dances in the scaffold to save his neck. The idea has possibilities.
A Change Of Get-Up Makes a NEW PLAYER

An Actor Really FEELS A New Personality In Every Make-Up.

Winifred Shaw in blackface for her "Save Me Sister" number in "The Singing Kid."

Claude Rains as Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse," a totally different character from his previous roles.

In "Secret Agent," Peter Lorre, the maniac of "M," is quite a different person.

In the same picture, George E. Stone plays Sancho, the Cat Man, a marvellous characterization.
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.
Walter Connolly, Grace Moore and Franchot Tone in "The King Steps Out." Grace was the first to give us famous arias from the great operas as an interesting touch in a modern picture.

Charles Lindbergh had flown the mail for seven years before he accomplished his great ambition. Shirley Temple had been in many short subject comedies before she played "Little Miss Marker." Art is rarely a result of beginner's luck. But after an artist has tried, failed, learned, thought and come to believe, then he may do something that is blessed with the magic touch of genius. We do not understand how Cab Calloway could possibly know that the curious noises which he makes are weird and strange, with the exotic beauty of primitive naturalness, but he does and he can even express this beauty in his grouping. He is an artist.

There is modernistic art in this shot of Cab Calloway doing the "Hi-De-Ho" number for "The Singing Kid."

John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver and Leslie Howard in "Romeo and Juliet." This production is said to be one in which the cast wags the star.
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 Amberston, 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!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moon-struck."

CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberston... explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

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.
This view of the living room shows a period Steinway grand piano and a glimpse of the reception hall.

The cool simplicity of this dining room bespeaks good taste and hospitality.

The reception hall is circular in shape and Spanish in architecture. The graceful lines of the wrought-iron stairway are shown in this view. The ceiling is beamed, and there is an attractive side balcony, which serves as a hall.

In the Beverly Hills home of Gloria Stuart the Spanish fireplace in the living room shows an attractive grouping of furniture. Walls and beamed ceiling are white, the moss-green rug has off-white fringe, and warm shades of beige are used in the upholstery of sofa and chairs.

The LOVELY HOME OF
Gloria Stuar

Gloria Stuart's home reflects in its controlled and intelligent taste the very popular little girl who has made a success in wholesome characterizations. Her home is like Gloria herself—a place where you would like to be, a girl you would like to know.
She's not the ordinary blue-eyed blonde, this Davis girl. She's ambitious, courageous, uncomplaining, with a distinct mind of her own. When Bette walks on the set, you get a definite reaction from the people with whom she works. There's a little sparkle of welcome for the girl who makes things just a bit easier for them all, and her winning of the coveted trophy has not changed her.

"Bette Davis!" they'll tell you, "she's swell! A darned good little trouper."

Off the screen, as Bette herself puts it, she and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., are "simple people." They play no part in the Hollywood social life, and spend as much of their time together as possible. This hasn't been any too easy a matter, however, what with Bette working pretty consistently at her job, and with his career as a musician and orchestra leader to consider. For a long time, he was stationed in San Francisco, some five hundred miles away. Every minute she could possibly find, Bette would dash up to pay him a visit. They'd manage to duck away for a few days at a time to some nearby resort, where he could play golf, and they really had fun. It was somewhat of an ordeal, though, as the studio would invariably find something for Bette to do before they'd finished their visit.

"Thank goodness that's over," Bette said, gratefully, "I hope Ham won't ever have to go that far away again."

"Do you play golf together?" I asked her.

"No, not very often. I'm afraid I'm not very much good at that sort of thing. There are very few women who are really good golfers, and I think their husbands must get awfully sick of having to hold up their games for them."

"Spuds," as he calls Bette, and "Ham" live in a little cottage in a very nice, untheatrical section of Hollywood. It has a small white fence around it. There's a garden, too, where Bette loves to read during much of her spare time. They have two servants, a woman cook and a chauffeur.

"I'm not very domestic," Bette confided, smilingly, "I guess I've been fortunate in having people do that sort of thing for me, to a great extent. I do like to superintend the running of the house, though. That's about the extent of my domesticity."

Then there's the cottage down at the beach, where Bette's mother lives. When she's not working, she loves to run down for the day and get in a little sun-bathing and swimming.

"I think you simply have to get away from Hollywood and pictures occasionally," she said, finally, "You get into such a terrific rut if you don't. People in this business live it twenty-four hours a day. It's practically impossible to keep your perspective unless you take a vacation whenever you possibly can."

"And it's always been a constant source of amazement to me," she added, wonderingly, "why most people here seek out the same places to go. I can't understand it. After all, the reason you want a vacation is to get away from the same things you've been doing for weeks on end."

"I used to go to Palm Springs all the time, until it got to be so fashionable. Why, you might just as well stay in Hollywood as go down there, nowadays, I love the desert. There's something so utterly peaceful about it. I've just heard of a grand place way out on the Mojave that I'm going to try, just as soon as I have an opportunity—you know, when I get that six weeks' vacation I've been after for so long!"

There's one thing I admire tremendously about Bette Davis—the biggest asset most anyone can have—and that is her remarkable patience—her ability to wait for things. Most of us become so utterly discouraged if success isn't handed us on a big silver platter—and instantly. But Bette has discovered the sure way and the safest. She has found that hard work is bound to bring its reward.

Bette was born in Boston and attended high school and the Cushing [Continued on page 68]
NICKNAMES

The Stars Were Not Always Quite So Glamorous.

Once told the editor of this magazine that the bugaboo of my youth had been a name fastened on me by my baby brother, who, unable to do justice to "Muriel," had achieved a series of gurgles that sounded like Mu-Mu. And "Mu-Mu," to my horror and annoyance, I was from that time on.

Whereupon, the editorial glist came into his eye and he said, pensively, "I wonder what the stars were nicknamed in their youth, I wonder if they had atrocities tacked onto them by fond relatives or friends. Why don't you find out when you go back to Hollywood?"

Well, Mr. Editor, I have been sleuthing a bit in Hollywood, and I have, after considerable research, unearthed some nicknames that best mine all to pieces.

One of our most glamorous and lovely stars was known as "Shoestrings" in her youth. No, I won't tell you her name until I tell you more of the story and how she suffered ignominiously until not only was she driven to change her whole name, but she found herself driven on by such a burning ambition to be SOMEONE that she studied and worked until today she is an actress of distinction and one of Hollywood's best loved stars.

The little girl's real name was Lily Chauchoin, and when she was about eleven she was far from the beauty that you see today. To be truthful, she was a funny-looking little French girl who was terrified of the other cocksure little American girls and boys of the Lexington Avenue School, and who suffered real torture from hearing herself designated cruelly as Shoestrings—a contraction of the name Chauchoin. So deeply did this name cut into her that as soon as she was old enough to go to art school, she went to her parents and told them from now on she would have an American name.

She would also drop the name Lily, she told them, and would be henceforth known as Claudette Colbert.

One of our best two-fisted heroes of the screen had the childhood nickname of "Sissy," because his mother, who adored him, his sturdy, self-reliant little cherub-like son, insisted upon dressing him up in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. On fine Sunday mornings, after stalling about the house as long as he could find excuse, he would go out on the pavements of New York dressed fit to kill in ruffled shirts, big buttons, and short knee pants, only to hear his pals of the weekdays start up a chorus of "Here comes Sissy Cagney!" It was defending himself in these moments of stress and injured pride that Mr. Cagney, who has since become famous for his fists, prowess on the screen, first learned to wield a tough uppercut.

Very few people know this, and certainly her husband doesn't call her by this name—bequeathed upon her by a sentimental mother in Kansas City long ago—but one of our most loved singers is known as "Gladys Eyes." Her sister and one of her best friends, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, call her this even today. It is, as you may have guessed, worked out of the name Gladys, and the young singer's name is Gladys Swarthout. The more I think of this nickname, the more I like it and think it fitting and proper name, for there is a sparkle in Miss Swarthout's eyes which gives you a feeling of gladnessomeness and belief in the goodness of the world.

I won't make you guess on this one. Jean Harlow's nickname is "Baby." Our sinewish platinum blonde, our enigmatic lady who swishes her hips through the glittering scenes in our more rough and ready dramas of the lower class, is still Baby to her mother and even to a couple of old family retainers. The nurse in Kansas City who brought her through the measles, the mumps, and whooping cough, still begins her letters to Miss Harlow in the words, "Dear Baby." You may remember that Jean's real name is Harlean, a combination of her mother's first and her father's last names. But she was never called Harlean. Oh no, it was always Baby. It seems for four years before Jean was born she lived in her mother's and father's imaginations, and they talked and dreamed of what they would do when "Baby" was born. They never had a doubt but what they would have a girl, and when Jean did come into the world it was natural enough that she was their long awaited "Baby," and Baby she is today.

There is a tall lanky young male star who still stops and answers when he hears the name, "Buck," so firmly is this childhood nickname implanted upon his subconscious mind, al-
THEY Grew Up With
By Muriel Babcock

Though nobody, not even his father and mother, think of calling him that today. As a small boy on a Western ranch, he learned to sit a saddle almost before he was out of baby dresses. When he was four, he was given, at his urgent request, a pinto pony all his own. The gift pleased his boyish heart, but it did not quite fulfill his ambitions. He had wanted an honest to goodness critter that would buck, such as the cowhands rode and bragged about.

Dissatisfied, therefore, but always hopeful that from this pinto he might extract some skittish caperings, he would ride along, admonishing it, not with giddaps and whoas, but always with “C’mon, buck, buck, buck.” So often and so loudly did he call to this pinto to buck that when the cowhands saw him approaching, they would yell, “Here comes Buck!” And as Buck he became known.

The lad, quite a good rider to this day, but NOT a western hero, is better known to us as Gary Cooper.

Did I tell you that I had a most awful time living down the name given me by my brother—the name of Mu-Mu? My heart

[Continued on page 79]

His boyhood friends called Gary Cooper “Buck.” They still do.

Katnina Hepburn’s arrogance grows weak when she hears her childhood nickname.
I HAVE been trailing our very good friends the movie stars, as usual, and they want to ditch their duties and escape to the outdoors, too. On these balmy days in Hollywood nearly all the sweeties of screenland have Spring fever. They're fed up with moodling around in modernistic interiors and they're ever bored with what Tessie Tiel ball columned this morning. It seems, pals, that they have re-discovered golf! This weather has 'em filling it up on the links about town and "Fore!" is their new password for fun. There's no foolin' when they're on the fairways, either. (Except between Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.)

Most everybody has the urge to make two hundred yard drives and romances are in full bloom as twosomes jauntily sally forth for this month's fashionable sport. I can assure you that many a clever actress is winning an eligible male by beseeching him to teach her to swing her sticks correctly, and you've no idea how chummy you can become while learning the minor intricacies of the proper grip.

I've encountered all kinds of golfers among the stars. Some are indeed snappy. We have our cheerful clubs, also. The trouble, they've all moaned to me, is that they haven't time to attack it religiously. Of course, practice is the true secret of improving your score.

After looking over all their cards I'd say Richard Arlen and his little woman, Mrs. Arlen (Johyna Rabston), are the tops. Dick's best record is a 67 and hers is a 75. When you shoot eighteen holes in that number of strokes you're some punkins. The Arlens thoughtfully settled only three blocks from the Lakeside club, and maybe Joby remembers what happened to the Fairbanks, Mrs. Mary Pickford was the colony's first golf widow. Mrs. A. has become athletically apt and her husband's as proud as a kid that she can give him a run for his money any afternoon. He scours about the country, participating in tournaments, and he plays exhibition matches with renowned professionals like Walter Hagen. Whenever Law- son Little, who holds the American and British amateur championship, is in Hol- lywood he parks at the Arlens'.

To prove what an ardent devotee Dick is, I'll tell you of an extraordinary clause in the contract for his current picture. He's in London for it, and he insisted upon the privilege of quitting acting during this year's main amateur meet in England. The lad's enterprising!

But while the Arlens are away who do you imagine are kinging and queenin' it? Crooner Crosby and high-kicker Keeler! I'll bet you never expected those placid stars would work up much golf zeal, but they have—enough to beat all comers.

Richard Arlen is good. His record is 67.

Among the regulars at Lakeside is Jimmy Dunn.

Bing keeps fit as a hero and ready to sing by popping around the first nine holes at Lakeside early every morning when he's on a picture. When he isn't, he tarries until noon. Nothing smoozy about Bing—he generally selects a couple of caddies for his partners, because they both play and talk an excellent game and offer him subtle pointers. The last I heard of him, though, he was practically having kittens. He'd been out with a Mr. Hennau and Bing had blithely shot two birdies and four pars on their first six holes. (A birdie is one under par, which is what you do if you're well and don't slice.) But the other man made six consecutive birdies! Crosby decided it was a day and

Fred Astaire refuses to take golf too seriously.

they headed straight for the nineteenth hole (i.e., the bar—for a glass of soda pop, silly). Crosby, Arlen and Johnny Weis- mumler (and it's not strange to get a Tarzan cheer when you're pokin' in front of the runner-up) average about a 75. Ruby Keeler seldom goes with Al Jolson. Perhaps she has her happy marriage rules! She participated in the Southern California
mixed foursomes last year and is entering them again next month. George Levee will repeat as her partner. Al, who's our heaviest hitter, received his elegant set of clubs by broadcasting for Ben Bernie. They were a gift for his appearing as a guest artist.

A dozen fine golf courses spangle the hills around Hollywood and the stars only have a short ride to their favorite. The particular California attraction is the marvelous greenness that's maintained. Automatic sprinkler systems cost a fortune, but they scare away would-be brown patches. You don't have to develop an air game, for none of the links are soggy, and you don't have to shoot into winds.

Most of the movie execs belong to Hillcrest. A few stars can be found there, and at the Riviera, Bel-Air, Los Angeles, Brentwood, Hollywood, Rancho, and Westwood Hills clubs. But Lakeside boasts by far the majority of the stellar names. It's not a pretentious place, but a friendly, informal hang-out in the Toluca Lake district.

The clubhouse itself is pseudo-Spanish, of stone, and with red tile roofs. The big lounge has a high beamed ceiling and when the members throw a party the free talent is something to recollect. The course dips alongside the small lake and whenever you take your eyes off the ball you glimpse the Universal and Warner sets on the nearby hills. And if you don't plop your ball into the water you may shoot it over Dick Powell's Early American wall.

Lovely homes line the north border and Dick's is to the right of the middle of the third fairway. He built there on purpose, so he could vault over his gate and be

[Continued on page 60]
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR
Rating: 85—Three Dionne Quints
Twentieth Century-Fox

Here's the picture you've been waiting for all these months and it doesn't disappoint. They're there in person, our five favorite movie stars—Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie, Annette and Marie—and what more can you ask? At the preview in Hollywood Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor and practically all the big stars simply fought their way into the theatre and "ohed" and "ahed" in utter sincerity over those precious babies. And so will you.

The picture begins with a diphtheria epidemic in the Canadian northwoods, with a country doctor and his valiant nurse doing all they can. Jean Hersholt plays the now famous Dr. Dafoe, and Dorothy Peterson is the nurse. Finally we come to the scene where Slim Summerville, as the constable, and John Qualen, as the bewildered father, react as the doctor brings out one quint after another. This is one of the funniest scenes ever to be screened. And then, thank goodness, a whole reel of the Quints, as they are today, playing around in their nursery.

GIVE US THIS NIGHT
Rating: 85—Music Lovers, Pour You—Paramount

Introducing Jan Kiepura in his first Hollywood picture, and Gladys Swarthout of the New York Metropolitan Opera in her second. It's a highly romantic opera, done in exquisite taste, and couldn't possibly offend a music lover even though it does come out of Hollywood.

When operatic arias and romantic ballads come in huge quantities as they do in this picture you can expect a simple but pleasing plot. Jan Kiepura (he who sings so enthusiastically) is a fisherman of Sorrento who goes to Naples to appear in a new opera, but dress rehearsals seem to take the starch out of the new singer. The opening night finds the opera on the verge of not existing, but of course Jan rushes in and saves the day, or the opera to be more exact.

These THREE
Rating: 94—Excellent in Every Way—Goldwyn-United Artists

Sensitive and deeply moving production done in the best Sam Goldwyn manner. Adapted from Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour.

The plot concerns two college girls graduates, Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, who remodel an old New England farmhouse as an exclusive school for young girls. A young doctor in the village, Joel McCrea, helps the girls rebuild the house, and a close friendship grows between them.

The two child actresses, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, give magnificent performances, and never have you seen a "menace" so effective as Bonita's. Of course the two girls simply walk away with the picture. But that's not belittling the three stars. Miriam, Merle and Joel are excellent.

Silver Screen's Picture Thermometer
A MESSAGE TO GARCIA
Rating: 80—Mr. Elbert Hubbard's
Messages, Twentieth Century-Fox

AN EXCITING adventure picture, with
enough real American history in it to
make it doubly thrilling. The time is the
Spanish-American war, which was fought
for Cuban independence, and the story
deals with that episode of the war which
was immortalized by Elbert Hubbard in
his famous "Message to Garcia."

John Boles plays Lieutenant Rowan, who
is entrusted by President McKinley with
a message to General Garcia, which message
if delivered will bring about a coup that
will make the General Garcia and his
Cuban army far in the interior of Cuba,
and there seems to be small chance of
the brave lieutenant ever reaching him alv.

In Havana he meets Sergeant Dory, a
renegade ex-marine, and thanks to him and
to a highborn Cuban girl patriot the
lieutenant finally makes it, but not until he
has been shot at by practically every
Spaniard on the island.

Wallie Beery plays the ex-marine, who
has double-crossed both the Spaniards and
the Cubans and has the unenviable reputa-
tion of being a liar and a cheat, and Beery
gives one of his great portrayals, supported
only by his Villa. His death is the dramatic
high spot of the picture.

Barbara Stanwyck plays the Cuban girl
patriot who becomes John Boles' true love
in a most adventurous trek through the
swamps, and of, course, there among the flies and
alligators love is born. Alan Hale is the
Spaniard who falls in love with a little of the
Spanish Inquisition torture in his effort to
extract the message meant for Garcia, and
makes a first class "heavy." It's great adven-
ture stuff.

GENTLE JULIA
Rating: 80—Good Comedy—Twentieth
Century-Fox

NOW that Booth Tarkington's favorite
family character has been brought to
the screen by Jane Withers the whole
family from Junior to Grandma can sit
back and rest assured that they are going
to see American, fast-moving, and thorou-
ghly delightful comedy. Mr. Tarkington's
precocious little smarty who in goes for
running her family's affairs, eating his
dinner, and blackmailing for
decided gains fits little Miss Withers to
a T, and she proves again what a grand little
trouper she is.

The picture belongs to Jane from the
time she determines to marry off her Aunt
Julia until the final scene when she holds
down the villain while the ceremony goes
on. Along with her triumphs in the matrimo-
nial world, she has some decisive vic-
tories with Jackie Searle and Jackie
Humphries. Patricia Huett is Jane's charming
Aunt Julia, who is pursued by many su-
tors; George Meeker, is the city-slicker
in need of money; Maurice Murphy the
cover boy who crochets Worthworth, and
Tom Brown, the bashful scatterbrain who
suddenly and fearlessly asserts himself
under the uncanny influence of Jane. The
setting is a small town during the long-
back-stocking era. The picture is grand
entertainment for young and old.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
Rating: 92—Art and Emotions—Selznick
International

THE newly organized Selznick Inter-
national Pictures (releasing through
United Artists) gets off to a fine start with
"Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is one of
the most artistic, beautifully written and
exquisitely acted productions it will ever
be your good fortune to see. You're a
modern and I'm a modern and you prob-
bly thought just as I did that Frances
Hodgson Burnett's book of a past genera-
tion would be just too sentimental and
sugary mawkish for words. But oh, how
wrong we moderns are!

There's sentiment to be sure, but you'll
love it because it's intelligent sentiment,
and if you don't shed a tear occasionally
over the many little American boy who
had to become an English lord, well, you're
just too hard-hearted for your own good.
Freddie Bartholomew as Little Lord Fauntleroy
is perfect. Freddie is without a doubt the
greatest juvenile actor on the screen today
and his performance equals, if not sur-
passes, his David Copperfield.

Dolores Costello returns to the screen in
this production as Dearest and was ac-
corded one of the greatest ovations I have
ever heard from a preview audience. But
second to Freddie, all praise and laurels
must go to C. Aubrey Smith, who plays the
ferocious, gouty old Earl of Dorin-
court, and who is completely won over by
his little American grandson.

Guy Kibbee is excellent as Mr. Hobbs
who keeps the corner grocery store in
Boos, and who hates aristocrats in the
first reel and decides to live in England
near Ceddie in the last. Helen Flint plays
the adventures who tries to get the title
for her own son, an objectionable brat,
admirably played by Jackie Searle. Henry
Stephenson is the English lawyer who
brings Ceddie to England, Jessie Ralph is
the apple-woman who suffers from rheu-
matisms, and Micky Rooney is the boot-
black, who comes to the rescue. Hugh Wal-
pole wrote the screen play and John Crom-
well directed. A must see.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST
Rating: 87—A Laughing Jag—Universal

TREAT yourself to a swell laughing jag
— and see Carole Lombard's latest picture
— what fun, what mad, riotous fun. The
story's about a handsome young millionaire
who leaves no stone unturned in his pur-
suit of a lady fair, his lady fair being a
very spoiled brat of a society girl with a
mind of her own. Preston Foster is the
guy and Carole is the flighty dame who
tries on one trick after another including a speakeas.
brawl, a bridal path sprawl, and a date with
a dizzy southern belle.

Suddenly Preston abandons the chase,
does the noble thing by Carole's fiance in
China, and retires into the silence. Then
the tables are turned—Carole becomes the
pursuer, anything but indifferent now.
Cesar Romero plays the romantic young
man whom Carole fancies herself in love
with until Preston Foster spurns her, and
then he is but a pawn in the great argument
of the century. Both Cesar and Preston
give excellent performances in their first
farce roles.

This proves again that she is one of the
leading comedienne of the screen, and,
whether exquisitely gown by Travis Banto-
in something really breath-taking, or
marshing a black eye or flapping around in
an old crash hab'robe she gives everything
there is to the part. There are many
sequences in the picture that stand out as
high spots in its comedy, especially a tele-
phone sequence that makes me laugh every
time I think of it.

Walter Lang directed for tempo, and tempo he's got nothing else but in one of the
grandest farces you're ever likely to see. Janet Beecher is splendid as Carole's
mother, and Richard Carle is simply ele-
gant as a callow bachelor who thinks
himself an authority on women. The cute
Peke who makes his screen debut in this
picture is in private life "Pushface the
Killer" and personal property of Miss
Lombard.

THE THREE GODFATHERS
Rating: 75—Family Fair—M-G-M

THIS is the old Western story by Peter
B. Kyne about the trio of bad men who
devoted godfathers of a baby—so
devoted in fact that they cross miles and
miles of desert on foot carrying the baby
in relays, each relay ending in death. The
greater part of the action shows their endless
plodding across the alkaline waste with
a shortage of water, lack of food, and a
burden of stolen money.

Although it's an old story—this regeneration
of a bad man by a baby—it never fails to
bring a tear to the eye and a sob to the
throat, and this time is no exception. The
performances of the three godfathers are
outstanding, and director Richard Boles-
lawski's direction of the baby, Jean Kitch-
ner, is really something.

Chester Morris is the young self-centered
[Continued on page 82]
Ann Harding is always elusive. She has a hideaway in the Mojave desert, near Victorville, at a rambling ranch house where she is completely lost to the film world. She also likes to slip away to various army posts where she has many friends, made in the days when her father was a hit ranking officer in the service.

A desert haven, "Deep Well Ranch," not far from Palm Springs, gets Robert Taylor’s free days. Why? Because Bob loves to ride horseback and this ranch specializes on fine horses. One suspects that Janet Gaynor will develop a sudden appreciation for desert scenery because, at the present moment, an ardent dance between the handsome Bob and little Gaynor is keeping Hollywood on its toes.

Rural settings and pastoral views do not intrigue the city-born George Raft. The only place he leaves Hollywood is to make his annual trip to New York, where he roots for the World Series—he never misses this sports event, and likes to visit the old gang, pals he knew before fame came to him. He courteously accepts the mobbing crowds that follow him about as part of the game.

Carole Lombard is one who doesn’t mind the bash of fans in the least. In fact, she likes it. With her unquenchable energy she never seeks rest but prefers to remain in Hollywood for her vacations so she can play tennis, swim and go to parties—the days can’t be too dated up to suit her.

The back-to-the-soil movement that has ensured many film stars into buying country homes and ranches has caused the resorts to lose some good customers. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee find that raising cattle on their 150-acre ranch is the most exciting game in the whole world. Edward Everett Horton’s 10 acres keep him happily amused. Charlie Ruggles’ 10-acre ranch, just beyond Horton’s, with his bumber crops of oranges and prize winning dogs, keeps him busy. Louise Fazenda, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, the Al Jolson, Dix, Warren William and W. C. Fields are as proud of the title of rancher as they are of their screen rating. They may spend an occasional weekend at Palm Springs or the beach, but otherwise they prefer their own home garden.

The desert is the favorite playground for the screen players during the winter months, with Palm Springs, only a 15-minute drive from Hollywood, being the particular Mecca. This tropical oasis in the midst of sun-swept sands, provides every kind of recreation, as well as a blessed informality, so appreciated by celebrities.

In the summer the stars flock to the beaches, where many own their own homes. Here they enjoy seclusion and many sports. Some are lucky enough to own their own yachts, among them being Charlie Chaplin, John Barrymore, Jimmie Cagney, Preston Foster, Stan Laurel, Lewis Stone and Ralph Morgan, and they cruise all along the Pacific Coast, in happy abandon, forgetting all about their dear public.

Then there’s Ruth Chatterton. Wallace Beery, Ken Maynard and George Brent own airplanes, and have special rendezvous with the clouds. They agree that nothing so soothes frayed nerves or banishes troubles—troubles, which viewed from the stars, become petty and unimportant.

So—it is everybody to his own taste. The one thing these stars all hold in common is the hope to find a moment when they can be themselves, just boys and girls, and escape from the spotlight that ever hovers over them. But, mind you, only for a moment, for deep in their hearts they live and thrive on the adoration showered upon them.

After all, who can blame them?

The Golf Set

[Continued from page 57]

under steam instantly. But the irony is that he’s too busy to play much! Randy Scott, Jimmey Dunn, Warner Oland, George Murphy, Guy Kibbee, Oliver Hardy, and Wheeler and Woolsey are regulars at Lakeside, however. (Bert is a trifle better than Bob; each stays in the middle 80’s) Virginia Bruce and Sally Eilers favor this course for the fair sex.

Harold Lloyd is our swankiest golfer. He owns his own nine holes and they’re very handy there on his Beverly Hills property. The star finds his exclusive locker arrangement—one dresses and afterwards showers in a picturesque old mill beside a beautiful stream. This wide brook furnishes a natural hazard. Every champion who visits Los Angeles is invited to Harold’s and he prescinds every guest with a scorebook that has a map of his course printed on the back.

We have our authentic hole-in-one golfers. Both are women! Irene Dunne and Grace Moore have accomplished this rarest of feats. Hugh Herbert thought he was a wonder. Spencer Tracy took him to a private course and for three days in succession the comic amazingly made the first hole in one stroke. He was too thrilled to speak about it—luckily. For eventually he caught onto the gag. The hole is expressly designed so everyone can easily do the same. Nobody’s more peppeped up than the fresh converts I bump into. Hitting a white pill may soon foolish—but try it and you’ll succumb. Walter Abel’s the most rabid new recruit. He’d never held a club in his hands until seven months ago, and he dubbed for a few months before he got down to lessons. Today he shoots a 96 on a tough course. He discusses golf with no provocation at all and displays a choice collection of blisters if you allow him the opportunity. His wife, two babies, and presumably his pup are offering nightly prayers that no rain will disturb this sunshine. Because when it rained last, Walter stuck indoors and life wasn’t safe in the Abel living-room. He wore the nap off the oriental rugs and brought death and destruction to the brie-a-brac. (Not to mention the terse phrases the kiddies started mangling!) Mrs. Abel tried to rush him out to the garage and he responded by taking another ideal swing with his mashie. Crash went grand- ma’s historic tea pot. He’s off his game at (Continued on page 59)
The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

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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
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Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond
Mrs. Brookfield Van Remsder, New York
Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
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the moment—his wife bought him a new and expensive set of clubs and they’re too familiar.

The one accident among the Hollywood- based on John McGuire. He was playing at Catalina when a woman drove a ball squarely between his shoulder blades. He was knocked on his face and arose with a nose-bleed. Having been a Santa Clara quarterback without a scratch on his face, he was embarrassed at this.

Just one of the stars has a gorgeous silver cup. Helen Broderick only played on four occasions and came up with her first cup when she was touring with Elsie Janis’s "Puzzles of 1929." She tried to avoid the competition indulged in by the women of the West to make her enter. Her "qualifying" score for nine holes was 81! They had a band playing gayly when they awarded her the cup in Boston—the rest turned it down, the club playing only a valet. She has her memento well shined, and in her library where callers are invariably awed. Ambitious souls want to take her on and so claim they beat a champ. To these propositions Helen has a stock reply. She gravely remarks, "I’ve rather lost my taste for the game." I suppose I’ll be cut hereafter. I’m designing this into business, so I may as well add the clincher. She even rented the club for her famous victory.

Age is no handicap when it comes to golf. Here’s a game that’s exceptionally healthy and yet not too strenuous. Fred Stone has been concentrating on it only for a year, since he entered the West. West, who normally shoots a 95. He usually plays alone, because he’s out so often it’s hard for him to round up a match. Leave it to those old- fashioned旧 habits to innovate, too. Fred’s introduced a new weight-reducing plan. You wear woolen underwear, then a rubber union suit, and then your golf outfit! You feel like a charwoman. Fred believes this serves every addict’s sympathy, for since his recent illness his doctor has forbidden him soot to round up with this trusty niblick. He was also in the upper 70’s. I wasn’t there, but he swore to me that it was true. I mean his pet tale. Fields was standing by a man who teed off half a dozen times, losing each ball by slicing into the rough. Whereupon the next fellow stepped up casually, drove, and laid his ball on the green. Only no one could locate the ball. It simply vanished! Do you think W. C. was ribbing?

Caire Trew is purchasing her balls now that she’s getting married. She’s living in Hollywood and belongs to the Hollywood Country Club and confesses that she collected the stray balls that zoomed into her garden! Individually, the result, and it’s a soliders, a tweed skirt of troskose blue, set on a pointed waist yoke, and accompanied by a jacket of vivid cherry-red suede. This top is from Beverly Hills, a belted tab, bodice, a wide high-low collar, and painted tuckwood buttons. A swagger hat of the tweed skirt is bandied ined in a cruise suit. I also see one of the gas goggles wearing mesh gloves. As for the mode modes? They demand a whole paragraph to themselves.

Most of the men stars still choose slacks. Nevertheless, knickers are definitely back. Instead of the old plus fours you don baggy plus eights today. The latest style is a white or black, sport champagne and checked tweeds are the pet materials in our foremost shops. Hollywood males revel in leaving the suit, either in green, white, or burgundy. If you want to be truly devastating, boys, get a gauchito shirt. There’s a natty variety to be had in this toreador effect. They’re being worn in knit and fabric styles, long or short sleeved, striped or checked or solid in pattern. MacDonald and Glen Urquhart plaid s are the vogue, though, and mocasin seamless oxfords are fast replacing the standard golf shoe.

Every one of these mornings George O’Brien has wife Marguerite Churchill out on a Beverly neighbor’s private course for a quick tutoring on how to handle the nine holes. June Lang’s romancing with Michael Whalen, who acquired his skill caddying back home in Pennsylvania, is hitting new peaks when they steal away for an outdoor frolic. He’s attempting to put a backspin on his mashi stroke. Florence (daughter of Grantland) Rice usually does better than two hundred yards on her drives. That certainly provokes the boy friend, Michael Bartlett, into stepping. Neither of them had gone at golf seriously until a year ago when they landed here for pictures. Michael is nonetheless and he rates in the middle 80’s.

That precocious Kaye Hephburn may be married to her agent, but she is playing alone some days. With the exceptional these days at Bel-Air. She really smacks a ball and comes in in the low 80’s. They remember her in Connecticut, where she was a pippet before she got the acting bug. Another of our Carboish golfers is George Brent. I’ve never known he liked the game if I have practically sunk the perfect putt. Unfortunately, this strong silent hero’s ball stopped dead on the lip of the cup! He hole out with a genuine putt and, except, it was a fanatc for eighteen years. He declares his most embarrassing episode occurred in San Francisco when a clegymen was his partner. Teacher’s ceverest caddy was so annoyed with the minister’s poor playing, that adding cuss words flew out at every interval when Arthur was endeavoring to shoot the seveneenth cynth. Teacher’s cence of propriety could stand it no longer. He dis consisted of his club toter and carried his own ball in the upper bag.

I advised you that in addition to our steady golfers we have those who can take it or leave it. They make the high 80’s, dashes out to the Riviera every day for awhile, then they lay off for three months. Fred Astaire claims golf is a complete life. He completely explains that he doesn’t enjoy golf because it’s such a grand possibility to talk! Dyed-in-the-wool veterans will snort at this heresy, but my feminine readers who understand speak of it that Bill Powell she chatters with. This somehow actually giggles out of piousness when stymied in the rough, too. For a girl magnesium Bullock never ventures forth together. They argue and with clubs in their grasp—well, some stulty judge would brand it plain fraticide. In case you’re a gambling kind and might sometime be pursued by Chico, at least he’s the best of the nuts. We have our luke-warmists, besides. Janet Gaylor believes it superb for her mother, and when Ma Gaylor is too lazy to follow. She occasionally volunteers to play a bit. Jack Benny will finish if he gets the barrels. Bette Davis is flabbergasted that you should never play. That it’s a huffy’s only release and a man ought to be able to get away once in a dog’s age. Of course, Bette’s never even tried. Bette Davis is Jean Arthur to her. She’s a golf lover. And if you call her Georgia Allen yet. If she does George Burns vows he will go crazy.

I hope you glue your eye on your ball and not the back of your stick, as I’ve been known to do. Thank heavens these stars can’t talk on me. I guess I’ve got temperament in lieu of artistic temperament. And I go round and round as a writer’s private life is his own. Even to you, Kaye Hephburn!

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, ALL LAXATIVES ARE ALIKE!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake... yet, lots of people make it.

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—wery... Such drastic remedies should never be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective, don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a correctly timed laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely harmless.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset or nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the relief you enjoy.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty- tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real joy to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

— TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE —
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 199
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name
Address
City (If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 129 Notre-Dame St. W., Montreal)
Age
sわldom living as gay companions; the in- 
trigues she overheard; the sordid dra- 
mas at the tables; the feminine schemings in 
the dressing room—all the shabby tricks 
that transmute beauty into a commercial 
merchandise.

But her environment didn’t seem to 
touch her. She remained detached. And so 
the fairy story played on, and Ruby, who was 
dreamt of a husband, a family, and a home in 
the country. But Heaven didn’t send a child 
and AI, who had always lived in hotels 
and never had a home of his own, couldn’t 
quite adapt himself to the idea of a coun- 
try estate. His spirit was too restless. So, 
wisely, Ruby didn’t force the issue.

But that didn’t mean she was going to 
relinquish her real career for a shadowy 
life on the screen. When Joseph Schenck 
prevailed upon her to let him make a 
screen test she laughingly agreed. But when 
the test turned out so good that he pleaded 
with her to accept a role, she begged off, 
afraid. She was humbly content as Mrs. 
Jolson.

One Friday night when she and AI were 
watching the fights at the Hollywood 
Stadium, Jack Warner leaned over and 
whispered that he had seen her test. 
Throughout the main event he implored 
her to accept the ingenue lead in “42nd 
Street.” AI chirped. “The divison, he 
said, might do her good. Go ahead.

The rest is history.

The fairy story must continue. The little 
housewife who became the toast of Holly- 
wood overnight was delighted, but scarcely 
thrilled. The fumes of worldwide renown 
didn’t go to her head. She was humbly 
thankful—that was all.

It is indicative of this child of fortune 
that she didn’t rant against fate when she 
remained childless. Instead, she adopted a 
boy. And after years of quiet persuasion 
AI was ready to settle down in the country. 
They built a large, rambling place in En-

cino. And the day before Christmas AI was 
elected mayor of the town.

Warren William, Paul Muni, and Ann 
Dvorak are some of the fellow citizens who 
signed the petition which elected him. Next 
to their son, that is the thing of which 
Ruby is most proud. Her husband is a 
country squire. She is the mayor’s wife. 
They are useful in many ways—as well as 
divinely happy.

So this little girl who didn’t defy fate, 
who didn’t ask too much of life, who ac-
ted every blessing with humble grace, 
seeks to discover the world as the smiling 
colleen and believes in her heart that she has 
received more good fortune than she rightly 
deserves.

Her attitude, you see, hasn’t changed. So 
the fairy story is due to continue.

 SHIRLEY TEMPLE will be seen next in “The Poor 
Little Rich Girl,” and the June issue of Silver Screen 
will have—EXCLUSIVELY—the fictionalization of the story,

Dancing Thru 
(Continued from page 31)
I wish I could wear off-the-face hats!

But no hat looks well on top of a pimply face!

Oh, dear—it's not a bit nice on me! It shows up all my horrid pimples!

May I make a suggestion? My sister got rid of her bad skin with Fleischmann's Yeast. Why don't you try it?

Oh, Dad—you're such a darling! Now I can get a cute little hat like Peggy's... Just wait till you see how stylish I'll be!

I'd like to try on that cute little off-the-face hat I saw in the window.

Certainly. She would want a small hat—heavens, what a complexion!

It's wonderful the way that Fleischmann's Yeast has helped my skin.

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!
“Giving Garbo Away”  
(Continued from page 28)

and misquoted more than any other female in Hollywood. I’ve had to sit back and hold my tongue, while total strangers gave out stories on what they termed her to be. And I’ve actually known. I’ve been in her dressing room (when she wasn’t there). I’ve seen her hide behind bushes, when visitors would appear at the door, her way to the sound stage. I’ve actually breathed the same air and sat in the same chair. Life has been full since I pledged loyalty to Greta, but alas, the price has been terrific. If only she might have known.

Recently, I read a prediction (from a close friend of Garbo’s mother and brother) that Greta would retire “probably within the passing of another twelve months.” Sooner or later this has to be true. What if it is true now? What then? Garbo will take refuge on her desert island. Or Garbo will marry a king. Or a duke. Or a man. She’ll spend the rest of her life wearing a pair of foaming and a knitted the kitchen over a pan of those tasty Swedish wafers. And where will I be? Alone. (And I don’t want to be alone.) Life will be over. There will be nothing to live for. And what a pity I call my grandchildren? That I sacrificed everything for Garbo’s sake. For gosh sake—NO!

Today I’ve decided to turn over a new leaf. It still may not be too late. I shall free myself from this Garbo curse. She will have to get along without my loyalty. Of course nothing will ever actually change my true feeling, I shall worship Greta up to the bitter end. I may live to regret this day that I have decided to talk. But I have to start moving in a direction greater or perhaps more man. Away with conscience. From this moment on, I shall tell all. May Greta forgive me. Garbo doesn’t live here any more.

My first day on the MGM lot, I met Garbo. That is, in a way. Because they were fresh out of executive positions, I consented myself with a job in the office of the wardrobe. Little did I realize that this was to be the turning point in my career. (It turned me back.) Just at the time when everyone was out to lunch, came a hurried call from the sound stage. Garbo needed a pair of shoes. They must have them right away.

It was up to me to come to the rescue. I took the shoes to the sound stage, feeling a little nervous. The picture they were making was called “The Painted Veil.” The first person I saw on the set, was the then unknown, Lew Ayres. I must confess he looked as scared as I felt. This gave me added courage. The shoes I held in my hand were a pair of low-heeled pink satin pumps. For the benefit of those curious ones and to dispute unkind rumors, the shoes were size seven and a half.

Garbo sat in a chair at the far end of the stage. I felt exactly as a man walking up the last thirteen steps. As her maid was occupied, Garbo leaned with a shudder off the slippers she was wearing. If only Emily Post could have been there to help me out! Just as I was about to go down on bended knee, Garbo held out her hand. She did not look at me and without changing expression, she said, “Please, I will do nothing.” It took me out of my brillian conversation with Greta.

At the time MGM was producing “Grand Hotel,” dozens of untrue stories were printed on the back of Garbo and Joan Crawford. When the actual meeting did take place, I was the only witness. For five years Joan and Garbo had dressing rooms that were separated by a single wall. Joan admired Garbo tremendously and would stand by her window for hours, just to watch her go by. During this entire time, they never once met. At noon time Joan would take her singing lessons. Naturally, Garbo, right next door, could hear every word. Her maid told me that Garbo did sit and eat her lunch, but, at the same time, sing right along with Joan. When Joan completed her time, Garbo would change too.

Actually, Joan and Garbo did not appear together in a single scene. But there was one day when the whole cast was assembled and would work one hour at a time. Joan had been doing most of her scenes at night, so Garbo could be directed in the day time. At no time was there any discussion over the arrangement. Joan was happy to make this concession out of respect for Garbo’s great work.

On the set Joan used her usual portable dressing room, while Garbo dressed behind her usual makeshift enclosure, consisting of four crude flats. If she had wanted a dozen portable bungalows, Garbo could have had them on a moment’s notice. She’s always dressed behind an improvised envelope. To date, she’s never been bothered with too many possessions. So the stories that Joan was getting the most consideration were pretty far-fetched.

On the day the entire cast worked, Joan was called to the set. As she came out of her dressing room and started down the long balcony, Garbo came up the steps and Joan was directed to turn around and face her. It was not true. Joan was coming but it was too late to turn back. Being shy and because she admired Garbo so much, Joan became embarrassed. Not that Garbo ever said a word but it was as if she would be spoken to, Joan lowered her eyes as she walked along. I was walking with Joan and her soul, I looked. Suddenly Garbo stepped in front of Joan, held out her arms and blocked the passage way. Joan came to an abrupt halt and looked up with a startled expression.

“I am glad we are working in the same picture,” said Garbo, kindly. “How are you getting along?”

Joan managed to reply and after a few more pleasantities (and comments on certain members of the company) Garbo said goodbye. This is actually what happened when Joan and Garbo met for the first time on “Grand Hotel.” This has never been hinted before but it is positively true, regardless of what others may have written.

Whenever Garbo visited the Wardrobe, she’d always call over to Adrian first to announce her arrival. Usually she’d enter the building with long, firm steps. She’d never speak but she’d always smile and nod her head. Her costume consisted of slacks, a long tweed coat and a beret. Once when she removed this beret, I noticed she had her fine hair pulled back to a right knitted cap. With a plain ribbon around her band. When she is on a picture, Garbo wears heavy woolen stockings, even under her tailoring. This is for protection from the heavy sound stage drafts.

One day Garbo came in to try on a costume. Milliners, fitters and tailors stood back in a row, ready to make their decision. Slowly Garbo walked up and down. She would stop, survey herself in the full length mirror and then start walking again. She was about to say something when Garbo stoped, whirled around and faced herself in the mirror. Slowly but surely, she opened her
mouth, put out her tongue and gave herself—-a huge raspberry.

Ever since she has been on the M-G-M lot, Garbo and Adrian have enjoyed a sincere friendship. One day Garbo came in for a fitting and found Adrian designing a costume that he was to wear to a party given by the Basil Rathbone. Almost pathetically, Garbo sighed and expressed the wish that she might brave the crowds and go along. Adrian pleaded with her, but the thought of meeting so many people was too terrifying.

The night of the party, Adrian promised Garbo he would stop by her house and show her his costume. Taking a long chance, Adrian had secretly designed a Hamlet costume on Garbo’s figure, in the hope that he might induce her to change her mind. After great persuasion, Garbo agreed to at least try the costume on. Next she put on the mask. Adrian was delighted and assured her that she would never be recognized. So Garbo went to her first Hollywood party.

Arriving at the Beverly Hills hotel, Garbo delightfully entered the lobby. Confident she would not be recognized, imagine Garbo’s consternation when the late Lilyan Tashman walked up and patted her on the shoulder. “Well, look who’s here,” said Lilyan innocently. “If it isn’t Garbo in person.” Hurt and disappointed, Garbo sought a far corner. Several minutes later she slipped out of the place.

Another time I had occasion to go down to the Claremont Ball gallery. Thinking it unoccupied, I walked right in and straight into a Garbo sitting. The bright lights used in taking portraits were full in her face, so fortunately she did not see me standing in the shadows. In a corner a radio suddenly burst into a hot jazz tune. Before my very eyes, Garbo—wearing the beautiful clothes Adrian had designed for her in “Mata Hari”—broke into a tap dance.

There are dozens more of such untold stories as these. But now that I’ve unburdened myself about Garbo, I’m not a bit relieved. I guess I still eat into the spirit of the occasion. Confident she would not be recognized, imagine Garbo’s consternation when the late Lilyan Tashman walked up and patted her on the shoulder. “Well, look who’s here,” said Lilyan innocently. “If it isn’t Garbo in person.” Hurt and disappointed, Garbo sought a far corner. Several minutes later she slipped out of the place.

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So do I... Bad breath! He’s such a nice boy, too. There must be some way to help him... I know!

Jim Investigates

Yes, improperly cleaned teeth ARE by far the commonest cause of bad breath. I advise Colgate Dental Cream because its special penetrating foam GETS teeth really clean!

I’ll change to Colgate’s today!

No Other Toothpaste Ever Made My Teeth So Bright and Clean!

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.

Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream

20¢

LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much.

35¢
EYE MAKE-UP done in good taste

Academy there. During her years in school, it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to realize that there were to be no long streaks of idleness and fun, because the girl was so ambitious and so anxious to learn, she had to figure out for herself some way of attaining her desires. So Bette put her pride in her pocket and got herself a job. During the last year or so of her education, Bette waited on tables at the Academy to pay for part of her tuition. And not a word of complaint was ever heard about it, either.

And it certainly didn't make any difference to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., who sat right across the aisle from her in school. The minute he laid his two eyes on Bette, he'd made up his mind about certain things. Most times, he'd do with a little cottage with a white fence around it and a girl with big blue eyes and the "swellest" disposition! And she kept right on thinking those thoughts until his dream came true.

As far as Bette was concerned, she'd made up her mind about a few things, too. One of them was Harmon, but the other was something quite remote. Bette had decided to be an actress. Every chance she got, she applied for a role in the school theatricals. It was a bit difficult, at times, to keep up with her studies and her part-time job, but she managed it all somehow. I was not the result of hard work and natural ability that Bette was finally given a scholarship by John Murray Anderson to his dramatic school in New York, which James Light, director of the school, began to sit up and take notice of this blue-eyed girl. She was finally given a role by Blanche Yurka in Iesen's "Wild Duck," when it played in Boston. As a consequence, she then was cast in "Broken Dishes" and "Sow South." Just after that, thoughts of Hollywood and the movies began to bother Bette. So she picked her bag one fine day and left "the town" for Hollywood. Because of her extremely youthful appearance, Bette was doomed to disappointment. No one could fancy her as anything but a little girl with flowing hair. Bette waited, until there seemed no possible chance for a screen career. She was ready to give up and go back to New York. And then came the "Big Opportunity." She was offered a role in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss. And what is more, Mr. Arliss himself had asked for her! She was thrilled, she was elated, she was wild.

For this picture, Bette was obliged to bleach her hair. This, she feels, is the most unfortunate thing that has ever happened to her, outside of meeting George Arliss. The honey-colored hair set off perfectly her fair skin and blue eyes, to such an extent that the studio officials rushed round madly and tried to contract for her to sign. That was four years ago and she is still going strong.

Of course, Bette was delighted at the opportunity to play with Leslie Howard once again—in "The Petrified Forest"—because of their tremendous joint success in "Of Human Bondage." It seemed like a good omen to be associated again with someone who helped give her the biggest break of her career.

Directly after this role, Bette had to pull herself together and transform her personality from the simple, uneducated but overwhelmingly ambitious "Gaby" of "The Petrified Forest" to the sophisticated woman of the world which she plays in "Men on Her Mind," a Dashiel Hammett mystery originally titled "The Man in the Black Hat." Warren William has the male lead in this. After that you may look for her in a little opus called "The Golden Arrow," unless the title gets changed all of a sudden.

There is one small room in Bette's little cottage that has been devoted to a strange habit that excites her. She calls it her "Delitation Room." It is entirely bare of pictures or furbelows and contains just one easy chair. The chair is placed facing a large mirror.

"Whenever I feel particularly proud of myself," says Bette, "I go into that room and have a little talk with myself. I tell myself firmly, you're really not so much, you know. You mustn't lose your perspective and begin to think you're a big shot. Just stop and think of all the marvellous actors and actresses you know—remember how much better they are than you. You've got a long way to go before you become a great actress, and you just calm yourself down and don't get anything queer notions."

"Invisibility that treatment will set me straight. It may sound a bit childish, but I think we all need to really make a business out of analyzing ourselves occasionally. A good old-fashioned session of self-criticism is the only cure for an attack of self-satisfaction."

More and more, I think people should begin to be grateful for girls like Bette Davis. Bette is a wholesome, sane person, who is willing to work for what they get out of life. The world is too full of women—and men, too—who figure somehow that it owes them a living and who are quite willing to sit back and wait for success to "just happen." I, for one, am glad to have known her. She's delightfully refreshing, Somehow.

Gallantries of Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

The first day of production on a Loy picture Myrna's dressing room is filled with flowers from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and it is Mr. Hornblow who secures for her Myrna never becomes very "sociable" with her leading men. But she and Bill Powell have played in so many pictures together that they are a little close at the edges. The first time she saw him, all of their own. They clip the newspapers and trade papers on their way to the studio and every morning present each other with a batch of interesting or amusing clippings.

Spencer Tracy didn't go in for the flower...
courtesy when he and Jean Harlow costarred in "Riff Raff" (little Jeanie wasn't impressed, though, for Bill Powell sends fresh flowers almost every morning), but one day Spencer brought her three little pigs done up as all day suckers. That started something. The next day she brought him a nickel's worth of slot machine candy, and from then on each morning they presented each other with a gift from the five-and-ten or the corner drug store, some funny little gadget, never over a dime.

Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby always send each other crazy wires during the production of a picture. The first day of a Lombard picture the Lombard dressing room looks like opening night of the Metropolitan Opera. Mitch Leisen, director and close friend of Carole's, usually manages to send the biggest roses, orchids, chrysanthemums, etc. The first day of Carole's new picture, "Concertina," was marked by two important events: Bob Riskin did not send flowers, and George Raft sent regrets. There were plenty of substitutes for Bob Riskin, however, and Fred MacMurray stepped into Raft's spot.

The George Raft walk-out calls to mind another of our quaint customs. When two stars are pouting, their retainers, just as in the days of the Capulets and Montagues, take up the fight. For instance, George Raft's bodyguard, Mack Gray, and his valet, Alex, will insist upon snubbing Loretta, Carole's hairdresser, and Ellen, Carole's maid, who in turn fail to see Mr. Raft's retainers as they pass by.

And speaking of the Capulets and Montagues, Norma Shearer is probably the only movie actress who ever received three salams (two salami, my pet) from her director on the first day of her picture. Roses from a director are common, but not salams, even when one is a Shearer. It was like this. George Cukor was chosen by Irving Thalberg to direct his wife in the colossal production of "Romeo and Juliet." Though he had never before directed Norma, and George is a swell director, but one of these informal gals who calls his temperamental stars (even Hepburn) "Ella," and you couldn't impress him if you walked on the set with King Edward on one side and Garbo on the other. He'd simply say, "Be yourself, Ella." Well, Norma Shearer is sort of the Queen of the Metro lot and all the little hirelings are impressed and go in for pomp and circumstance when she is around.

The first day of production of "Romeo and Juliet" George Cukor sat on his lonely set awaiting Miss Shearer. One of his assistant directors, awed by the very name of Shearer, approached his chair and with dignity announced, "Miss Shearer has left her home." Soon he was back again and with great reverence announced, "Miss Shearer is at the gates." Then: "Miss Shearer is in her dressing room." Soon to be followed by a breathless "Miss Shearer is on the set." "Oh, is she," said George, raising his two hundred pounds from the director's chair, and proceeded to kneel down (a pretty picture I must say) and kiss the floor three times before Miss Shearer. There was a horrible gasp of impending doom all over the set. Then Norma burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed until she completely laughed herself out of her Juliet mood. But now every morning when she comes on the set she bows three times to Mr. Cukor.

Another quaint custom is the birthday custom. Whenever a star or a featured player has a birthday during the production of a picture someone finds out about it, there is much whispering, and then along about four o'clock in the afternoon suddenly a huge birthday cake arrives with anywhere from fifty to a hundred candles
I Protest!
[Continued from page 27]

up for “Rendezvous,” with William Powell, Rosalind Russell was given the rôle was made to act as much like Myrna as possible, and after the release of the picture was acclaimed “another Myrna Loy.” Now Rosalind Russell is a capable actress in her own right and she doesn’t want to be another Myrna Loy—but what can she do when her own studio makes her as much like Myrna as possible? Yes, indeed, I suspect that Metro is playing a little game of “heavy, heavy hangs over your head” with Myrna and that poor Miss Russell as the “superfine.” The next time Miss Loy gets ready for a good protest the “front office” is all set to say, “Get Russell.”

Little Janet Gaynor used to be one of the lowest protesters in Hollywood but she learned such a painful lesson that now her protests are done rather sotto voce. Janet, about the time talking pictures came in, was getting awfully fed up with the “sweetness and light” whimsies she has been doing and wanted something intensely dramatic, something she could sink her teeth into, something in which she could bear her breast and tear her hair. Mr. Sheehan handed her “Lillian,” and her chilly, whipny part, and Miss Gaynor took the next beat for Honolulu. The Gaynor-Fox feud was born.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan, laping into the mountaineer dialect, “I’ll larn her.” So he put down the welcome mat at the studio and invited Janet to gear up her own picture, something heavy enough for her. Janet selected “The Man Who Came Back” because it had a great emotional scene for her in an opium den. Then Mr. Sheehan got Raoul Walsh to direct the picture and on the side tipped off Walsh that he was in no way to interfere with Janet’s personal life—especially in her personal life. Every scene was to be allowed to act exactly as she wanted it. So while Janet emoted all over the place Raoul Walsh read his racing form and stuck the crippled horses at Saratoga. Well, I don’t have to tell you what a grandiasco “The Man Who Came Back” was—and Janet’s first fiasco! She turned to “sweetness and light” post haste.

Now, just in case you’ve gotten the
impression that I think movie stars are always wrong and that I sit on the producer's desk and help him see at the stars, I'll just proceed to tell you some instances where the actor was right. 

It is a matter of fact Myrna was quite right to walk out on "Escapade," a part for which Luise Rainer was ideally suited. Myrna insisted that she was the wrong type for the rather coy Viennese girl and that she would feel awfully silly playing that kind of a part. Myrna has never in her life been coy in a picture, thank heavens for that, and if I ever catch her being roguish my great admiration is at an end. Yeah, leave that cute coy stuff to Bergner, Hepburn and Rainer (it's plenty good enough for them) but please let Myrna continue as our foremost sophisticated lady of the screen.

Jean Harlow didn't want to do "Riff-raff," as she didn't like the story or her part of a toughie, but the studio assured her that it would be one of the biggest hits of her life. As you well know "Riff-raff" wasn't even lukewarm at the box office, and Jean received a lot of unfavorable criticism which she would have been spared if the studio had listened to her protestings. Wallace Beery didn't want to play the drunken brother in "Ah Wilderness," and tried to get out of the picture but the studio insisted, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that Beery's performance was the one flaw in the picture. Wally was right. William Powell played so many Philo Vance at Warners that he practically identified himself right off the screen. He protested Philo so violently that as quickly as possible he and Warner Brothers came to the paring of the ways. At Metro he was given different parts, and now he is right up there with the big box office names again. Astrid Allwyn complained so bitterly about her part in "It Had to Happen" that the director and producer finally agreed with her and cut the entire sequence out. Astrid lost a good picture but at least she kept her acting self-respect. Joan Bennett begged off of "Two for Tonight" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" but had to play in them, and neither she nor the pictures were hot.

Speaking of Joan, she has one of the quickest "protests" on now that you'll ever find in Hollywood. Joan, who looks like sixteen on and off the screen, wants to look like a sophisticated young matron. Addicted and abetted by the Westmores, she has changed her hair line, her eyebrows, and her lipstick, and if she doesn't look like a matron soon she'll burst a blood vessel. Imagine going into a rage because you look like sixteen—and in this town where poor movie stars facing thirty (and forty) do everything in their power to look younger.

Among our most ardent protesters are Jimmy Cagney, Robert Montgomery, Sylvia Sidney, George Raft, Franchot Tone, Warner Baxter, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding, Ginger Rogers, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Bette Davis—practically every star in Hollywood, Mrs. Worthington. And I ain't saying as how they're right, I jest ain't saying.

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Norma Shearer was so impressed with the blouse that Leslie Howard wears as Romeo that she had it copied, and soon we will all be wearing blouses with buttons down the back and a high ruff neck-line.

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.

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

Kleinert's

DRESS SHIELDS
A Gay Romance of Love in the Rain

[Continued from page 32]

While he still trembled from this blow a cab slid up to the curb. Yvonne, the dis- creet, beckoned him near. "Oh Philippe," she sobbed. "You will be brave? You won't give me away?" And that was all the sympa- thy he got.

He hadn't meant any harm to anybody! All he meant to do was to kiss Yvonne who wanted to be kissed by him. Had he let her accompany her into the cinema the kiss would have been delivered and for- gotten by now, but no! She must be dis- cinct and fate must step in in the person of a stupid usherette and a strange blonde! At this point in his gloomy meditations Philippe paused. The faint beginnings of a smile on his lips, his eyes softened with memories. He rubbed the cheek Monique had slapped and sighed fondly, kissing Monique was worth it all.

The Court of Correction was jammed to the doors. Outside the stairs were filled solid with those who came too late to get in. All Paris was there to follow the for- tunes of the Love Monster who kissed women in cinemas.

Monique was there with a pert little fur hat, planted on one side of her cute blonde head, wearing a fur cape and carrying a muff and quivering with excitement.

"I am a Parisian who was the publisher of one of the most popular news- papers. Her Papa was very mad. He had fought hard to suppress the trial, but fickle Fate had become enamored of its Love Monster and popular clamor had beaten him.

Alfredo was there, too. Alfredo was in- clined to sputter. At moments a chill, clammy suspicion that his innocent little lily in the field was turning into a wild- flower dampened his correct ardor. Madame took the stand. Bar- ring her gleaming teeth she gave all the horrid details of the kiss that rocked Paris. "The face of this testimony, who can doubt that this dastardly despoiler stands guilty of one of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of French criminalology?" she concluded.

"Bravo! Bravo!"

"Boo!" said Philippe from the prisoner's docket.

"Defendant, take the stand." Philippe took the stand.

Really, thought Monique, it was a great fuss about nothing. And he didn't look like a monster. Not at all. He looked like a nice young man—a very nice young man! Was there anything so evil about a nice young man like that? Never! But Philippe and popular clamor had beaten him.

"Defendant, do you admit that under cover of darkness you attacked Mademoiselle Pelerin?"

"But, Your Honor, a little kiss is scarcely an attack!"

"What would you call it?"

"A kiss!" Philippe smiled engagingly, "We might call it... a present."

Madame President was on her feet. "It was an outrageouse attack in the dark, Your Honor. We saw it."

"Your Honor," said Philippe bowing to the bench, "they can see in the dark!"

"Meow! meow!" said a voice from the audience.

Mademoiselle Pelerin was called. She ad- mitted that the monster's kiss filled her with mingled emotions. More mingled still were her emotions when the court ordered her to reenact the scene at the theater and she found herself placed close beside the smiling young man. Well, really... she knew she ought to be indignant, but how could she be when she saw the loveliness in his eyes... the loveliness so ardent, yet so respectful, so worshipful of her? The court watched with strict, judicial attention. The audience watched with delight, all save Alfredo, who began to think his wildflower was growing wilder hour by hour. The crowd outside, which could not watch, exchanged hopeful conjectures. "Do you think he has attacked anybody yet?"

"Now, Monsieur Martin, the Court is confused. It still does not understand the where of the kiss, the when of the kiss, the why of the kiss..." Despair filled Philippe's soul. How to make them understand? How to make them see what he himself could not see plainly. And then... inspiration.

"Your Honor, you know what love is, don't you? It is like being struck by lightning."

"Your Honor," the prosecutor was on his feet. "I protest!"

"Against the testimony of this witness!" Philippe asked susively. He resumed when the laughter had died down. "I was seated next to Mademoiselle... the fragrance of her per- fume... I was looking at Mademoiselle's ear... That little ear was saying things to me, Your Honor! And the people on the screen were embracing each other. There was soft music—a love song. It went like this..."

Silence held the court while he hummed the love song. Monique's lips quivered in a reminiscent smile; her eyes softened and grew dreamy. Lovel! Ah, yes... so this was love, this thrill in her heart that lulled all her senses...

"Monsieur Marin!" His Honor's voice was stern. "Before I pass sentence, have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, Your Honor!" He faced the court, proud, impassioned, almost defiant. "If I am convicted for kissing a girl... a beautiful girl..."

Monique's heart turned a somersault. "... It will be the first time... since Charlemagne... that a Frenchman has ever been convicted for so charming an offense..."

From the audience: "Bravo! Bravo!"
"Through the centuries we have become known as one of the most gallant of na- tions!" Philippe's voice was ringing with conviction. "And now, with one gesture, this court would destroy a noble and in- alienable heritage..."

"Bravo! Bravo! Five Martini! Five Mercado- miste!"

"I kissed this beautiful girl. No true Frenchman should question why or where-fore. I ask only that the court study her loveliness..."

And what? Philippe had the emotion, but he had run out of words. But he had resources. His voice sank to deep, tremen- dulous sincerity. "And there, Your Honor, I rest my case."

"Monsieur Marin," cried the judge, wipe- ing away a tear, "you have done wisely in appealing to the most chivalrous instincts of this court. You are sentenced to three days in jail or 1,000 francs fine."

"So then," thought Monique, "is love a crime? Is this a criminal, this young man sentenced to three days in jail or a thou- sand francs fine... a thousand francs which probably he has not! And what did he do? Merely went to the cinema and chanced to sit beside a young girl who... well, who has certain charms, shall we admit?"

And carried away by the music, the drama of the screen—and the young girl's near- ness—he kisses her. Is it justice to condemn him for that? Look instead for the real culprit and what do you find? Monique Pelerin! Yes, Monique the little imbecile, the wretch who brought about this misery to an innocent young man!"

She was not a girl to let a wrong go unrighted. Papa and Alfredo were trying to make war for her to Papa's car. She turned the other way, darted around a corner, inquired of the nearest gendarme where fines were paid. Before Philippe had seen the door of a cell, a speeding mes- senger brought the word that released him and once more he encountered Monique.

He tried to stammer his thanks to her, but terror seized Monique. "Do you think I did it for you?" she gasped.

"But why, then? To avoid publicity. Do you think I want to see the headlines: THE MONSTER IN JAIL... THE MONSTER ESCAPES... THE MONSTER KILLED...!" she sniffed a scorn- ful sniff. "The Monster... hah!"

And so, having proved she cared not a snap of her fingers for him after all, she left him.

Things were happening at the Savoy...
Theater. M. Maillot, the manager, found a long queue in the lobby, ladies of every age and social rank, fighting to buy tickets for his forthcoming show. And why? Because they wished to see again the Kiss Monster of the Cinema.

M. Maillot clasped his brow and nearly fainted. They bought tickets to see Philippe—and Philippe was not in the show! He himself had fired Philippe. "Give me a thousand francs quick," said M. Maillot to his cashier. He rushed off in a cab to hire Philippe back again.

With 1000 francs in his duchess Philippe telephoned Monique. "I must repay you, Mademoiselle. Every sou shall be repaid at once. But where? How?"

"I am extremely sorry," said Monique coolly, "but I shall be busy all afternoon at the skating rink."

Philippe was at the rink with his skates on. They skated together, but not always on the skate, because this was his first lesson on the ice. But what is a little ice on the outside when the heart flames with love?

"I must return your thousand francs," he said.

"And that will end the matter," said Monique, remembering her dignity.

"I won't see you again. I'm... I can't give it to you all in one lump. I hope you'll permit me to pay you back a little every day... Say a hundred francs at a time?"

"Then it would take ten days," said Monique and felt a growing elation at the prospect.

The course of true love should have been smooth as the ice of the Palais Glace; the chime of skates should have merged imperceptibly into the tinkling of wedding bells, but it was not to be. There were the news photographers of the tabloid papers to be reckoned with; also the indiscretions of Yvonne.

The silver-tongued Yvonne dogged Philippe to the theater. She beckoned him into her taxi.

"I can't stand this notoriety of yours," she cried. "I'm a respectable woman, I tell you, Philippe!"

"Don't go on, I admit it. In fact, I brightened. "I am in favor of it."

Philippe saw his way out of it now. "I can't stand this concealment any longer. We must face your husband... or we must part!"

"Must we really?" cried Yvonne. "Would you like to kiss me good-bye, Philippe? For the last time?"

Philippe didn't feel very keen about it, but he kissed her, cheered by the thought that it was for the last time. And while he kissed her the news cameras clicked, registering one more depredation by the Love Monster. That was the picture the despairing Alfredo found in his morning journal. He rushed at once to show it to Monique.

Alfredo found her at the skating rink, waiting for Philippe.

The paper with its damning evidence was in Monique's hands when Philippe finally arrived. There was a light in her eyes that he saw quickly was not the warning beacon of love.

"But... what's the matter?" he asked in amazement.

"You can get your picture in the papers kissing somebody else!" she chided him severely.

"But Monique, don't you understand? I was just telling her good-bye!"

"It won't take you that long to tell me good-bye!"

"But Monique, that's the girl I thought was next to me in the cinema, when I..."

"Then go whisper your lies in her little ear," Monique snapped and skated away. Philippe pursued. Alfredo pursued them both. The police, roused by Alfredo's cries, pursued all of them. They ended in a tangle on the ice and from that tangle Philippe emerged... a prisoner again.

M. Maillot faced ruin. The Savoy had sold out every seat. Crowds were standing. Everybody had come to see the famous Love Monster. And the monster was in jail!

The wretched manager went to Monique's papa and even that hardboiled publisher was moved. They went together to the Minister of Justice. But, alas, the Minister could do nothing... nothing. But wait! The telephone!

"What?" said the Minister, as he picked up the receiver. Then his voice softened.

"Yes, darling... Excuse me, gentlemen, it is my little wife..."

"Very well, darling," said the Minister after an uneasy moment, "Yes... yes, certainly, darling!" He smiled at his visitors. "Gentlemen, on second thought I agree. Martin must be released."

The gentlemen didn't know it, nobody knew it, so discreet had she been. But the truth was that the Minister's wife was none other than Yvonne and Monique wanted to go to the Savoy to weep romantically over the brave young man who had forewarned her love forever.

So, according to the best traditions of the stage, in spite of all, the show went on. Philippe sang his song of love while a crowded house listened enraptured, but he sang to one woman only... to Monique, watching him with smiling lips. And when he kissed, at the conclusion of that song, it was Monique who nestled in his arms triumphantly in the assurance that at last she knew all about love.
James Cagney stopped his car to yell at two kids fighting. "Hey," said Jim. "You must not hit him when he's down."

"What do you expect I get him down for?" the winner hollered back.

The Inside "Low Down"

[Continued from page 35]

stood in front of a theatre and looked the people in the eye as they came in and out, and said to myself: Brown these are the people you are making pictures for. What about them? How they will accept "Romeo and Juliet" I can’t say, but personally I don’t think they want Shakespeare.

"This, I do know—if effort and money can make a success "Romeo and Juliet" is all right. They have stuck strictly to the story—the script is only seventy pages long, but it is all solid dialogue."

Irving (Thalberg) contends that "Romeo and Juliet" has always been box-office and that it will not fail as a picture. After all, he has an uncanny faculty for picking winners.

"On this picture, nothing satisfies them or is good enough. When I left Hollywood they were taking retakes of retakes. So whatever you see on the screen will be the best that can be gotten. I saw two red lights that seemed to me magnificent but they aren’t using them in the picture."

Brown is against typing either actors or directors. He claims to have gotten more fan mail from "Ah Wilderness" than from all the other pictures he has made together. The mirth-provoking graduation scenes are set at his body from his high school room, which he reproduced in detail, in Knoxville, Tennessee. There were twenty-five in Brown’s class in Knoxville and he has had letters from sixteen of them since "Ah Wilderness" was released—most of them from people he hadn’t heard from in over twenty years. Yet the producers didn’t think "Ah Wilderness" was a Clarence Brown picture—he had to fight for his chance to direct it.

"If a director likes a story," he told me, "and is enthusiastic about it, he should be allowed to do that story. Under no conditions should a director be made to do a story he doesn’t see or believe in.

"The best example of directorial mis-casting, to prove my point, was ‘Laughing Boy.’ Van Dyke didn’t want to do that picture—he hated it. He couldn’t see it at all. The result was disastrous. As for me, I loved it and would like to have directed it. We sent out and make pictures in all the far places of the earth, Africa, the South Seas, China, etc., and they become hits. Less than three hundred miles from Hollywood is the color red that is originally inhabited our land, the Navajo Indian. Too often we

picture him in the person of that old Indian who squats by the station in Albuquerque. Laughing Boy split this right in two and carried you into the interesting heart of his race."

"I think I could have made a good picture of ‘Laughing Boy’ because of my feeling for it—and yet I know Van Dyke is a better director than I am."

The truly great in any craft are always modest.

Clarence Brown has a story he wants to do with Luise Rainer. He is not telling the title, but he is sure this story would definitely establish her as one of the finest actresses in pictures. And he also wants to make "Night Must Fall" with Robert Montgomery. The play has been running in London for a year and a half. It is a ghastly, gruesome murder story in a bright, gay and peaceful atmosphere. Montgomery saw it on his recent London trip and brought it to Brown’s attention.

"Bob wants to do it so badly he will do it for nothing," said Mr. Brown. "As for me—well, I can’t tell you how much it would mean to me."

A year and a half ago Clarence Brown said that Clark Gable’s greatest success was yet to come. He still does not think Clark has hit the top. As to the talk about Robert Taylor menacing the Gable popularity he said:

"There’s room for both of them, but I don’t think Taylor will hurt Gable, at least not for a long, long time to come. Gable is a fine actor. Even without the sex appeal which is one of his strongest points he would still be a great actor. Any man who can go from a part like the one he had in ‘Mutiny on the Bounty’ to the part in ‘Wife vs. Secretary’ would have to be a great actor. Gable has not only virility but intense power in everything he does."

I have only seen Taylor in ‘Broadway Melody’ of 1936. I liked him. I think he has the makings of a very fine actor but he still has a lot to learn. He’s very young and his maturity, at the rate he seems to be moving, is going to bring a splendid personality to the screen.

He believes that Franchot Tone has gone as far as he ever will, principally because his public seems to feel that he has a superiority complex. Of course he hasn’t, but the fact that he is democratic actually won’t matter. However, even if Tone will
not advance, Brown does not think he will turn back.

"Tone is not only an excellent actor but an intelligent one, of which there are far too few on the screen," said Brown, "his work in 'Bengal Lancers' was almost faultless."

Mr. Brown intended staying in New York to hunt for antiques for his earthquake-proof ranch house until the telegram, which he expected hourly, should call him back to work. Until then he would not know what he was going to make.

Two scripts were in preparation, one co-starring Gable and Joan Crawford, the other "The Gorgeous Hussy," starring Joan Crawford alone. About this one he was quite hopeful and talked at length. It will be Joan's first costume picture and a nice vehicle for her. In it she should do the best work of her career to date.

"Have you seen 'Wife vs. Secretary?" he asked me, apropos of nothing. I told him no.

"Well," he continued, "there's a lad in it I want you to watch. He is James Stewart. He's a young, about twenty-two, and he's going places. Jim is the Gary Cooper type—not even as good-looking as Gary. He's rangy and he hasn't yet learned the tricks of make-up necessary to show him at his best photographically. I don't mind this in a newcomer. After they have learned to project their personality we forget these things, just as we have forgotten them with Gable and Shearer, with Crawford and Montgomery and many others.

"Jim doesn't know what it is all about yet. In 'Wife vs. Secretary' he has a scene in a taxi. He just talks, but it is the finest thing that was ever put on the screen."

"Then there's Eric Linden. That boy is one of the finest actors in pictures. If they handle him right he is due for a lot of well earned glory. Because of his size and his boyishness I do not think he will ever become a very great star, but I still believe that when he is properly cast there isn't anyone in pictures who can touch him."

And with this emphatic statement he terminated another set of predictions which, if true, should go a long way toward establishing the foresightfulness of this director, whose pictures have brought money pouring into the box-offices of the nation. Clarence Brown is a man who not only knows his movies and his actors but his public as well.

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**THE ACADEMY AWARDS**

For the "Bests" of 1935

**Best Performance, Actress**

Bette Davis for "Dangerous"

**Best Performance, Actor**

Victor McLaglen for "The Informer"

**Best Production**

"Mutiny on the Bounty" (M-G-M)

**Best Direction**

John Ford for "The Informer"

**Best Original**

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur for "The Scoundrel"

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

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**Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy**

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**DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM**
"A Million Dollars Worth of Bachelors"

[Continued from page 25]

of Cleo Black.
But if this comparatively small group of eligibles are ready to take the plunge, Harpo Marx, Ronald Colman, Jack Oakie, George Brent, Henry Fonda, Cesar Romero and Francis Lederer head a division of re-
doubtable who refuse to either renounce bachelorhood or to return to the marriage state from which they have won freedom. Conrad Nagel, Roger Pryor, Harry Ruby, George Reit, Michael Bartlett, Norman Krasna, King Vidor, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Randy Heast, Jr., Preston Stages, Jack Kirkland, Busby Berkeley, Russel Gleason, Nils Astrer, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Gene Raymond, Cary Grant, Bert Wheeler, Lee Tracy, Ayle Tal-
bob, Brian Aherne, W. C. Fields, H. B. War-
er, HarveyPriestee, Jackie Coogan, James Blakeley, Lloyd Bacon, Rouben Mamoulian, Mickey O'Shean, Cy Bartett, Richard Corson, well, Addison Randall, Nacio Herb Brown, Jose Iturbi, Alan Jones—all of these are tooootooe if NOT fancy-free. I'd list fifty more but it would get tiresome and there is no more evidence needed.

The exact status of Clark Gable is not clear. Pending a divorce action, Gable is neither fish nor fowl. Year
sweepstakes. However, the girls would prefer to jump the barrier and set out full-
tilt in pursuit of the broad-shouldered matinee idol. It is not conceivable that this studio pressure might return him to his wife, but, unfortunately, this is a marriage that seems destined for the rocks. I dislike to say that, but it is true, as those who know the inside story will agree.

What accounts for the vast number of unmaried males in Hollywood, I think, is the published records of Hollywood unhappiness in the Reno courts. It makes them cautious. Another vital reason, I believe, is that movie males believe that they will sacrifice their feminine followings and, in consequence, their earning powers, if they wed. This is a fateful conception. In my article last month, on the happily-
marrried couples of the Coast, I exploded the false theory that marriage harms the box-office draw of a screen star. In fact, it enhances his value.

The public, in fact, likes to feel that the performer has a fine record of home life. It gives him an unchallengeable prestige that cannot be measured, but, nevertheless, it exists and is a vital aid. It is hard to convince youngsters that such is the case, and I thing the only way to shirk away from marriage for that reason. Perhaps this will persuade some of them to disregard such silly reasoning, if their contracts do not expressly forbid it.

Quite as important a deterrent to Holly-
wood marriages is that most of these eli-
gible males and eligible girls haven't the TIME for romance. That sounds ridicu-

lous, but nevertheless it is true. The Coast colony works long hours and it is a physi-
cal necessity for them to get their sleep. The arduous routine doesn't leave them much time for extended courtships.

The girl stars and featured players of the Coast are just as reluctant to marry as the men, which closes the meeting of the immovable object with the irre-
sistible force. Janet Gaynor, for instance, is now carrying on a desultory affair with Robert Taylor. As in other Gaynor affairs, this will eventually dissolve into a routine face-to-face meeting, to Irene Hor-
vey and she will be found at the Troc with Gene Raymond. Not until they start shipping do the girl stars consider mar-
rriage. Jeanette MacDonald, for years, was escorted persistently by Bob Ritchie, so persistently that everyone believed they had been secretly married. But they broke apart recently, apparently writing fins to a typical Coast disillusionment. Florence Rice, Jane Travis and Betty Furness are heart-hippilators of the first order but nothing ever develops. It seemed for a time that Michael Bartlett would win the Rice charms, and that Jack Kirkland would claim Miss Travis for a bride but, to date, these expectancies haven't been realized.

The Jean Harlow-Bill Powell attachment is a marathon in question. It has been going now for months and months, and now seems to have cooled down to a calm and friendly understanding and companionship. The Carole Lombard-Bo Riskin flame seems to have died out completely. The Myra Loy-Arthur Hornblow enigma is still as puzzling as ever.

These are all typical Coast romances with typical conclusions. Either they break
up in a furious scene or they lose their fury and passion in the passage of time and become colorful and neutral-toned friendships. Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, for a time, were altar-headed, but that was secret agreement that these others have accepted.

Greta Garbo has not influenced the car-
diograms of male Hollywood greatly. Apart from that one thrilling adventure with Rouben Mamoulian, when Greta hop-
scothed around the country with a degree of vigor that amazed all of us, her life has been care of screenwriters. The late John Gilbert was the only one who seemed to intrigue her. For the greater part, she pre-
fers to be alone with her ladies in wait-
ing, waiting perhaps for some knight in armor to win her. Marlene Dietrich, (Mrs. Rudolph Schieler) when she wishes to turn on all of her feminine charms, be she whatever males there are in the immediate vicinity, Von Sternberg and Brian Aherne will testify to that. Connie Bennett has kept Gilbert Roland dancing attendance upon her for years, and Gloria Swanson, up until recently, monopolized Herbert

Robert Taylor took Janet Gaynor to the Screen Actors' Guild Ball thereby maintaining the lover-
like attitude so necessary to "Small Town Girl," their latest picture.
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SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

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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.

Gene Takes a "Termer"

[Continued from page 99]

"Be your age" has always been my motto, so now you can see why I felt not a little let-down by this grown-up Peter Pan who thought anything that had occurred ten years ago was an awfully long way back.

But wait a minute—we hadn't really got started yet, and when the port, a bit heavy I'll admit for luncheon, started trickling down to where it did the most good. I started to feel a bit more mellow, a bit more tolerant. After all, fifty million fans (do I flatter you, Gene?) it be wrong, and for that matter neither could some of those "glamour girls" of Hollywood who jump right through the hoop when he invites them to the snooty Mayfair dances on certain Saturday nights, or to make merry with him at the exclusive Club Trocadero.

And so we really got talking and I discovered, quite happily, too, that Gene drops that outer veneer of perpetual youth the moment you bring up a subject that really interests him. As there were three subjects that he professed great enthusiasm for in the production of films, horses and travel (and wouldn't this be as good a place as any to slip in his penchant for eye bread toast?)—we had plenty of conversational meat to subsist on until the end of what proved a very delightful and all-too-brief luncheon.

"Why have you given up free-lancing?" I inquired over the mushroom soup. "I heard you just signed a long term contract with R-K-O."

Gene looked serious for a moment as he said: "You know I've been free-lancing for several years. I think I've gone as far as I can that way. So I'm trying my luck with a 'termer' again."

"Which do you consider more beneficial to your career?"
Why be FAT?

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- Get rid of fat the quick way that has been tested and proved safe and successful by thousands of delighted people during the past 26 years!
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Your money back in full if not delighted... you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug stores and druggists, or send 82 for 1 package; or 85 for 3 packages direct to us. Orders filled promptly.

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DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN—remove it root and all!

A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare off the head—cut it all out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back worse than ever.

You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing cork-destroying plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts off—it's gone!

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"If you had asked me that a year ago I might not have known how to answer you," he replied quickly. "But now I can say that for myself the contract was really necessary.

You see, I signed with Paramount when I first went to Hollywood, I stayed with them a year and I played in some mighty good pictures. But I found I was being typed. Generally as a weakling. Maybe my blond hair accounted for that. Anyway it wasn't much fun playing the same sort of roles over and over again, so I decided to get out on my own and only sign up for roles that I really wanted to do. That was the turning point for me.

"Did you do 'I am Suzanne' and 'Zoo in Budapest' when you were free-lancing?"

"Yes. You see what I mean. Those pictures were different. I got a chance to prove that I wasn't a perpetual screen play-boy or convict or irritating young husband."

"I remember them both very well, and I particularly liked your characterizations," I told him.

"Yes, but they didn't bring in results at the box-office," Gene interrupted quickly. People who liked artistic films went to see them, but the masses stayed away. Now Lilian Harvey was perfectly adorable in 'I am Suzanne', but what good did the picture do her? None. The producers weren't impressed because the receipts were pretty low. And pretty soon Lilian went back to Europe.

"But I can't complain. Even though those films didn't make money they brought me excellent newspaper reviews. And that means a lot when you're building with an eye to the future. I did a number of real box-office successes during that period, too. I just can't forget that. There were 'House on 58th Street' with Kay Francis, 'Sadie McKee' with Joan Crawford, 'Ann Garver's Profession' with Fay Wray, and 'Flying Down to Rio' with Fred Astaire and Dolores del Rio. But 'Zoo in Budapest'—Loretta Young played with me in that—is my favorite.

"With all those good pictures to your credit, I'm surprised you signed a term contract," I remarked as we selected our desserts from the tempting little table that the waiter decided to wheel over in our direction. (Gene selected rice pudding with plenty of cream—maybe this accounts for that gorgeous complexion of his.)

"Well—and he tilted his head a bit to the side, a habit he has when he's pondering a question—I felt that I'd reached rock bottom so far as good free-lancing parts were concerned. You can't go on in one direction indefinitely, if you want to climb. I wondered why, for a while. Then I decided that the big companies put their featured players in the roles that were sure to shine out—for this reason—if they clicked, and clicked big, the company would reap the reward with the success of the player's succeeding role, and so on and on. . . Whereas, if a free lance player clicked, his roving assignments would take him right off the lot where he'd made a hit, to another one which would cash in on his previous performance. You see?"

"I get it."

I also got something else. Arrogant youth never changes it's mind. It sticks to its guns until cracking point, rather than admit a blunder. It takes an adult mind to say "Right about face. Perhaps we'd better start all over again." Well, Gene had just conclusively demonstrated the latter point, and with all due humility I mentally apologized for clasping him for one brief moment with the Peter Pan who wanted to remain in Never-Never Land all direct to the grown up.

With the mention of polo, the second of Gene's enthusiasms, I almost had him sitting in the saddle.

"Don't play any more, though," he told me regretfully. "Had an accident a year or so ago that cracked my lip wide open. Was laid up for three weeks, holding up production all that time. No. I gave polo up. It was too expensive a sport—in more ways than one."

A line-up of the pals with whom he rides in Hollywood would read like a Who's Who of filmland's most celebrated he-men, and I gathered quite easily, as our conversation got husier and husier, why Variety's portraitist asserted that Gene was "regular enough, all around, to satisfy the men."

For the first time since he went out to Hollywood, Gene owns a house of his own instead of living in hotels or apartments. "But don't think we'll live in it twelve months a year (we mean his mother and younger brother). We like to keep stepping too much for that."

This led us to Gene's third enthusiasm—travel—and I asked him a question that had been on my mind for a long time. I had attended a cocktail party in his honor
last year just before he had set out for his first visit to Europe, with his mother. At the time, he had been bubbling over with excitement. Yet he had remained only three weeks and then hopped back across the water again.

He smiled when I brought this up. "Everybody's asked me that question," he replied with a smile. Then, seriously—"I got so tired of meeting the same people wherever we went. It seems that in Europe everybody manages to get around to the same resorts at the same time. I guess it's what they call 'the right seasons.' Well, there we were meeting the same people at dinner night after night whether we were in Cannes or Monte Carlo or St. Moritz. It was pretty dull stuff.

"I remember at a dinner party one night at St. Moritz. I was stuck with a blase society girl who didn't say a word. After I had run out of conversation, I glanced across the table and my mother gave me a hopeless look. She was sitting next to an English Earl—a pretty desiccated Earl at that. Later she told me she had asked him what he had thought of America. He had visited here the year before. 'I say--he had drawled in answer—'what puzzles me about America is what you do with your bally shoes at night when you're stopping in hotels?' My mother told him that if he left them outside his door—the custom in England—they wouldn't be there next morning. She could vouch for that. At which he remarked, 'Jolly odd country, that!'"

"That dinner party helped us to make up our minds all of a sudden that we wanted to come back to America as quickly as the boat would get us there."

But now for the surprise! The minute he stepped foot on American soil, where do you think Gene went? To Palm Beach, no less. Where he met the same people (at least the second cousins and the aunts of them) that he had run away from in the swanky gay spots on the Continent.

What are we going to do with this guy from Hollywood? One minute he's a clear-thinking business man who knows all the answers without delving deep into the textbooks, and the next he's like the little boy following the circus from town to town.

The "Glamour Girls" of Hollywood don't seem to mind this, however. For when their day's chores at the studio are done they want to go where the lights are the brightest—where they can not only see but be seen, and if Gene, the town's most eligible bachelor, will take 'em there, it's orchids to them. So, who are we to quibble just because it might mean scallions to us, to use an old columnist's expression?

Nicknames They Grew Up With

[Continued from page 55]

went out in a great burst of sympathy when I learned that Ann Harding, as a girl, was known as Do-Do. It is a contraction of her real name of Dorothy Gatley. Some people, she admitted, still call her Do-Do.

Elizabeth Allan, the lovely ethereal-looking English girl who so delighted you in "David Copperfield," is just plain "Liz" to her pals.

Henry "Vadsworth is "Hank." Which reminds me that the elegant Marquis de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett, was never, after his first few moments in Hollywood, addressed by any such dignified appellation as "Marquis" or even Mr. de la Falaise. Hollywood promptly called him...
"Hank." But upon Constance's colored chauffeur fell the title. The chauffeur, a dandy of dandies and quite the toast of Hollywood's Central Avenue, is known among his crash-shooting converses as the Marquis.

Katharine Hepburn's name lent itself to Kate or Katie. It was only when she came to Hollywood that she achieved the nickname—and this, I might add, is only applied by a few of her most intimate and fearless friends—of Ella. It was bequeathed upon her one day by her director, George Cukor, the same gentleman who saw her in New York and has so far kept track of her acting potentialities that he persuaded a skeptical Hollywood to give her a break. You know, of course, Cukor's judgment panned out. Knowing our Katie quite well, therefore, and becoming slightly impatient of her antics upon his set one day, Mr. Cukor patiently swore as no, as he could and then in a loud ringing voice which could be heard the length and breadth of the stage, he shouted, "Get off your high horse, Ella, and get down to work!" It takes a lot to jolt a Hepburn, but she was so startled that she took the rebuke in good spirit and this time got off her high horse. Thus, Ella she is, but only to a few intimates and only on rare occasions. I shouldn't advise you to caption her pictures in the magazine "Ella" Hepburn!

Sure, we've got to have a "Skinny" in our screen family. I found one, only not a long lanky male, but a beautiful female whose voice is world famous on the screen. She was also known when a girl as "Brick," "Red," and "Carrots," all of which she loathed as only a tall skinny young lady in her early self-conscious teens would loathe! Now her hair is no longer a carrot red but a golden brown, she has curves instead of sharp angles and most people know her not as "Skinny" or "Brick" but as Jeanette MacDonald.

Did you ever hear of anyone in the motion picture industry named Clarence? We've got a Clarence in Hollywood, a big, strong, lusty, hair-on-his-chest fellow, who is famous for his athletic prowess. I refer to Buster Crabbe. Clarence is his real name. Buster is what his parents called him when small, and Larry is the new name, bestowed upon him recently by the studio which liked neither Clarence nor Buster.

"Buttons," because she was so small, is the name to which Helen Mack answered and still does. Oddly enough the "Ginger" of Ginger Rogers' name came not from the color of her hair, but is a contraction of Virginia—so "Ginger" she's been known practically since she wore her first blue hair ribbon.

Here's a good neighborhood gang nickname. The exceedingly elegant appellation of "Tin Can Lizzie" was bestowed upon one of our better film blues singers because of her youthful tomboy tendencies, and because she could hold her own with any of the gang in a fistle battle. She didn't mind, even took "Tin Can Lizzie" as a mark of distinction, and today you will find Miss Walt Shaw answering to "Lizzie" from her friends.

I wonder how many of the thousands of feminine admirers of a certain new male screen idol would be as excited about his charm if he had been introduced to them by his real and prosaically dull name of Edwin Cukor? This handsome, blue-eyed, hair-colored, blue-eyed young man, whose name is one of the thrilling discoveries of the film world last year, is known to you and me as Michael Mitchell. Michael grew up out of the nickname "Mike" which he was given from then on, even through Princeton and into the theatrical, musical and film worlds. He finally adopted Michael professionally.
Of course you remember the famous story of the little boy who loved to play Indians and cowboys with his pals. And how, as he pretended with great gusto he was killing Indians to the left and right of him, he would shout "Bing! Bing! Bing!" instead of "Bang! Bang! Bang!"

That little boy was Harry Lillis Crosby, better known to the fans as plain Bing Crosby.

Get a good hold of yourself now! We have a "Sunshine" girl in Hollywood, one of our younger and important film players who actually bears the nickname of "Sunshine." It is Anne Shirley over at Radio. She was dubbed this, when in school, by her teacher because of her cheerful personality and the name has followed her to the studio, where some people still call her Sunshine. Well, it is all right by me, I can bear up.

If you want to send a shiver up the elegant back of one of our most lusty feminine stars, sneak up behind her some day and say, "Hello, Billie." They hung this name on her in school and she has had an awful time forgetting it. There is another name you don't want to shout too loudly at her, because about the time she changed it completely her career began to boom. It is Lucille La Sueur. Yes, Billie La Sueur, alias Lucille La Sueur, is Joan Crawford. But that one was easy. Her suave, charming husband, Franchot Tone, was known as "Pamp" throughout his prep and college days.

If I said "Flighty" to you suddenly, you'd probably think of some silly, brainless piece of fluff, but you'd be wrong. It is the tag by which his pals know Frank Lawton, the young English actor, and it is developed from his passion for airplanes. And if you said "Boo" suddenly anywhere near Frank, he'd look around to see if you were addressing his English wife, Evelyn Laye, who, like yours truly, was dubbed by a baby relative who couldn't say Evelyn but could say "Boo." Silly, but true.

Walter Connolly was always called "Useless" when a tad-bit thinks he needed because he was such a bad pool player. Virginia Bruce was "Ginny," contracted from Virginia, and Clifton Webb, the elegant dancer, was just "Cliffie." And still...!

Wait, here's a pip. Estelle Thompson O'Brien at the age of eleven was given the part of the queen in a Queen Victoria pantomime staged by herself and some schoolmates in Calcutta, India. With the rôle she took upon herself so many airs and was thereafter so "la-de-da" and elegant that the other little girls jealously called her "Queenie." But Estelle Thompson O'Brien didn't mind a bit. In fact, she glittered in the name which the other little girls thought would make her mad. Somehow, she knew deep in her heart that she was destined to be a great actress and "Queenie" was a fitting name for her. So think, perhaps, she was right for she gives definite promise of becoming one of the great queens of flim-flam. For Estelle Thompson O'Brien is just another way of referring to Moe Oberon.

I am nothing if not thorough, and in my research on this nickname business, my sleuthing led me to M-G-M, where I hopefully accosted Mr. Clark Gable. Mr. Gable gave me a most peculiar look when I put my question, "What did they call you when you were small, Clark?" To his eyes was a faraway look, but his answer was singularly noncommittal. "Oh, nothing special," he replied, "just Clark." And try as I might I could not break him down further. But I bet he had a lulu of a nickname!

How do you like this crop of nicknames that I have garnered? They are interesting atrocities, I think, and better than a lot of names I can think of for editors, if you don't like these.

What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have this reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.
desperado of the trio; Lewis Stone is the philosophical hold-up man who passes as a Doctor of Philosophy in church gatherings, and recites Shakespeare's Macbeth before he is himself revealed. Walter Brennan is the stiff-kneed, toothless bad man who is willing to face death to return the baby. Chester and Irene Novy look after the love interests. The desert exteriors are well worth your while if you like deserts.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY
Rating: 8g—SEX AGAIN, GOOFY—M-G-M

MARY LOY
A harlot, wife or secretary, which shall it be, and what a problem for Massa Gable, gentleman publisher and debonair socialite. I suppose lesser men would probably go mad trying to make the choice, but what with Jeanie going gallant on us it's more or less decided for Mr. Gable. It's a Faith Baldwin story, so of course there's a theme and the theme seems to be: never accuse a husband of dallying with his secretary if you want to keep him from noticing how attractive she is.

According to the story, Clark Gable, terribly in love with his wife at home, and terribly business-like at his office, had never noticed how pretty and pleasantly sexy his secretary was until his wife started imagining things and got jealous of her. Of course Myrna insisted that she wasn't a jealous wife, but naturally, with what her women friends and her own mother-in-law advising her to get rid of Jean, she couldn't help but begin to wonder what went on during office hours. And then when Jean answered the phone in his hotel room at two o'clock one morning, when she called him over long distance—well, that was just too much for Myrna, she decided on a divorce.

Gable, deep in love with his wife but you know her beautiful is all set to go to Jean to Bermuda when Jean, realizing that she is only second choice, contrives a reconciliation. She goes back to her boy friend, James Stewart, and he promises not to be jealous again. The picture is extremely well written and acted and benefits from the superior direction of Clarence Brown. You'll be vastly entertained, and of course not every day in the week do you get a Gable, a Harlow and a Loy all in the same picture.

F-MAN
Rating: 66—ENTERTAINING COMEDY—Paramount

JACK HALEY plays a country hick who just Plain outshines the subject of G-men. His life's ambition is to be one of the boys, and he becomes such a pest at the Department of Justice headquarters that William Powell, with a sense of humor, makes him an F-man, which he tells him is just one step short of being a G-man. Of course I don't tell you that this slick, supremely hilarious hick, ever being an F-man, blunders right through to success—much to the amazement of the Department of Justice. Adrienne Ames, a Marden product, a girl friend and I hear has been signed on a contract since the preview. It's an unpretentious little comedy, with some swell gags, and laughs aplenty.
She is holding his right hand (which is all-bandaged up) with her left while she re-arranges the bandages with his right. In the distance is heard the orchestral accom-
paniment to the opera.

"There!" Madge exclaims. "How does that feel?"

"Rotten," says Chester. "You’d better do it all over again." Madge looks at him and
laughs as he continues: "I hate to admit it, but, for the first time, the chief was right."
She looks at him questioningly, "He said all I wanted was to hold hands to music."

"Sssh!" she interrupts. "There’s Marie’s great aria."

But Chester is obviously paying no at-
tention to the music.

"To think," he speculates, "I was sore at
the chief for sending me up here."

Suddenly something drops behind them.
Chester jumps up and fumbles for his gun
but he can’t get it out of his pocket in
time.

"We’ll have to do it again," Ed Marin,
the director, says. "You muffed that
time."

"Wouldn’t it be better—a little more un-
usual," Chester suggests, "if we just looked
around at him and didn’t pay any atten-
tion to him?"

"Him" is the bound and gagged figure
of a chorus boy the musician has attacked
and robbed of his clothes.

"We’re all nuts on this set today," Marin
confides to me. "My wife and I celebrated
our tenth wedding anniversary over the
week-end and Chester celebrated his birth-
day. The party is still going on as far as
we’re concerned and we can’t seem to get
serious. Watch this scene closely, now.
You’ll find it has everything—charm, lift,
lilt, dialogue, action. I doubt that such a
scene was ever written before."

Madge is convulsed. I go over to say
"hello" because I’ve never seen her look so
beautiful as she does in this white crepe
with a sort of scarf effect, the whole thing
trimmed in a heavy fringe, one of Steve
McDonald’s orchids being the only orna-
ment.

"Gee, you look beautiful," I whisper
heavily.

"A bit of Carmen," Madge murmurs,
fingerling the fringe.

How can I do any serious reporting when
nobody takes me or my efforts seriously? I bow coldly, mutter something about "My
mistake, I thought it was you" and transfer
my activities to—

R-K-O

REMEMBER all those murder mysteries
James Gleason and Edna May Oliver
used to make? Well, they’ve started them
again, only since Miss Oliver’s defection,
Helen Broderick is playing Hildegarde,
the school teacher who solves everything.

At this time, early in the morning, Inspect-
or Gleason, summoned to Central Park,
finds the dead body of Sheila Terry. There
is every evidence that Sheila has been
thrashed from her horse and kicked by him
afterwards. They’ve all decided it was an
accidental death when Gleason hears a
familiar voice saying, "You know. I had an
uncle who thought the World War was an
accident," and then Miss Broderick strolls
up casually, carrying her Scottie (Mr.
Jones) in one arm and leading the horse
with the other. Gleason whirls on her. "It

SHE WAS TOO FAT!

And then she made up her mind to get thin and
did, without hard exercise or starvation diet

Nobody loves a fat girl—but why
mope about it when you can so easily
get rid of that excess fat by means
of a tried and true corrective, known
and recommended by physicians the
world over?

Many years ago medical science
discovered that obesity—when an
abnormal condition—is caused by
the lack of an important element which
the body normally supplies.

That element—which is the chief
ingredient of Marmola—has since
been prescribed to thousands of
overweight women, with amazingly
beneficial results. It is taken with
their meals. They do not wear them-
sems out with exercising, do not
starve themselves, nor drain their
systems with drastic purgatives. Yet
day by day they have felt lighter,
more alert, more energetic. Soon
they find their weight satisfactory.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor’s Prescription NURITO. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-
gist’s. Don’t suffer. Use guaranteed NURITO today.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for handsomely illustrated book entitled "DON’T STAMMER," which describes the Bogus
Tool Method for the scientific correction of stam-
mering and stuttering. Method successfully used at
Bogus Institute for 25 years—since 1907. Endorsed
by physicians. Full information concerning correc-
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Claire is already there, leaning against a desk when Brian rushes in. 

"Through the head," Morgan muses. 

"She died instantly.

"That's giving her protection, Carey," Brian cracks sarcastically, "She's safe enough now.

And then people in the corridor, attracted by the shot, start to rush in.

"Hey, you, get back. Get out of here," Wade Boteler (a plain clothes man) tells them, drawing and forcing them back out of the door.

I leave the murder unsolved and rush around to——

Columbia

THE gods are with me! "Romantic Lady," with Ralph Bellamy and Fay Wray, is on location. Likewise "And So They Were Married," with Mary Astor, Melvyn Douglas and Edith Fellows.

"The Devil's Squadron," starring Richard Dix, Karen Morley, Henry Mollison and Lloyd Nolan, just finished so that leaves only "Panic on the Air." Months ago I told you about a picture called "Panic on the Air," but when the picture was released it bore a different title, so now they're screening it at your expense; annoying, isn't it? This one stars Lew Ayres, Florence Rice, Benny Baker, Wylie Wright and a mob of others.

Not only is this a murder mystery, but there is a kidnaping thrown in for good measure. Lew is a sports commentator on the radio and he is just about to solve everything, with the aid of Wylie (a cryptographer). When he and Florence and Benny arrive at Wylie's home they find the criminals have planned to send Lew, and his pals are bound and gagged and left in the living room while the criminals depart with the marked five dollar bill which is the solution to everything. Lew is due back on the air in a few minutes to give the solution he had promised the waiting public.

What to do?

In one corner of the living room is a lot of shelves with bottles on them. Wylie, who is too far away, keeps jerking his eyes towards the bottles. Finally Lew understands. He rolls them over, but on account of his feet being tied he can't stand up, so he gets a yardstick between his feet and印刷ing it against the wall. After another few minutes of effort Wylie nods that that is the right one.

Lew knocks it off with the yardstick and it falls and breaks. First he lets some of the acid drip on the rope which ties his feet, stands up with his back to the dripping fluid so that it can fall on the rope which blinds his hands. It eats through the rope and his flesh as well but he's very brave and as soon as his hands are loose he jerks the gag out of his mouth, frees the others, rushes to the telephone, calls the radio station, has them put an amplifier to the receiver and broadcasts to the police his solution of the murder, telling them where they'll find the criminals.

I chat for a few minutes with Florence and Lew. Florence is still living in the same apartment and she says if I call her she'll go out in a minute. So I borrow a few drops of the acid to burn her 'phone number on my wrist. Lew tells me he will direct (not act in) his first picture—The Glory Parade—this September. We finishes this one. We're having a swell time when I suddenly look at my watch and discover it's one o'clock. Whoops, my dear! I'm off to the races!

* * *

Later tonight. The big race has been run. That is, except for Pompy's Steamer. She hasn't come in yet. Of the fifty stackers I took to the track, the last two bits has just been spent on a bottle of arsenic for Mr. Green. If I'm still at large, I'll see you next month.
At the Art Students League in New York City, they used to have a show of figuring their betters, and the painting that had a real honest-to-goodness rubber boot stuck on the canvas was properly judged as being pretty darn funny. Moving pictures are trying to stick fast and fancy together, and have been doing it for some time, and the first thing you know there will be only a few of us purists left, fighting back to back against the rubber boot sticker-ones.

The first impossibility was real sound with unreal shadow mouths and larynges. Chaplin is still fighting that on that flank, although he has given way to permit some sound. Did you get the significance of the jumble of words that he sang? He knew he MUST NOT have reality.

We remember a picture with Warner Baxter and a love affair, and then, the first thing you knew, there was Boulder Dam. Bang went the whimise, plot and love affair. We thrilled at the magnificence of the work of these great engineers and make-believe was forgotten. It is the same way with the quintuplet picture. Hokusai, plot, humor, atmosphere and what-all are discarded in the presence of the facts-five of them, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette and Emelie. It is a picture, but is it art?

They awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' trophy for the best performance to Bette Davis for her work in "Dangerous," and all the time it was her work in "Of Human Bondage" that you were thinking of—and they were too.

And, although Paul Muni's performance of Dr. Pasteur was excellent, any honors he may win will, for us, be in recognition of his work as "Scarface" and as the "Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

"When a pessimist has a surprise it is pleasant news," says Rex Stout (creator of Nero Wolfe), "but an optimist's surprises are always unpresentable." Perhaps that is why all of us are getting so cynical—or, should we say, intelligent? MacLagen was a traitor in his picture, "The Informer," and got a prize. We can believe the character he was on the screen, while the figures of sweetness and light sometimes leave us doubtful. Bette Davis' part in "Dangerous" was surely hard—remember, she chose death instead of not having her own way. We could believe that. Captain Bligh got a "show" placing for the meanest character ever screened. What's happened to the folks who liked "Little Women?"

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle
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!

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its own advertising
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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.

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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.

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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.

Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 30-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.

Silver Screen for June 1936
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 sweetie 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
in
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 San Francisco in flames... a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

See a gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House... Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!
The Opening Chorus

Dear Editor,

Well, you can't expect much of a letter from a gal who is bungoing around New York again for the first time in over a year, so if you have any great expectations I might just as well tip them in the right now.

And what have I been doing and whom have I been seeing? Isn't it weird how you can get out of Hollywood, but you can never get away from Hollywood? The very first night I spent in your quaint metropolis I bumped into almost as many movie stars as I would have at a Chinese premiere. At the Versailles I saw Fay Wray, who is one star more beautiful off the screen than on, and her good looking writer husband, John Monk Saunders, celebrating their last night together. Fay is working in Hollywood now and John is writing in London, and every chance they have they dash across a continent or an ocean for a New York spree.

Also, there were Gary Cooper and his Missus celebrating their departure the next day for Bermuda. Poor Massa Gary, he's low as how he's mighty tired after the Dietrich picture and the Capra picture (and ain't he somepin in that?) so he has rented a house in Bermuda, far from the yappings and snarlings of assistant directors. At the El Morocco, Ann Sothern (she, too, no longer a blonde) was dancing with Roger Pryor with love light in her eyes. Wise-cracking like mad from the El Morocco's zebra-striped cushions was Bridgeport Claire with the little woman, she who was Vanda Varden.

At the Saturday matinée of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" I saw Dick Barthelmess. Right down front giving Dick a big hand, was Bette Davis, minus "Oscar" (the Academy Award), and completely unrecognized by the audience.

Simply going into raptures over Helen Hayes' superb performance in "Victoria Regina" were Dolores Del Rio and her husband Cedric Gibbons, who are on their way to Englund—Dolores being scheduled for an early Douglas Fairbanks Jr. picture. I saw Claudette Colbert shopping industriously in Saks—Fifth Avenue, Ralph Bellamy shopping industriously into Claire in "End of Summer," and Kay Francis lunching at "at".

Yes, indeed, I'll just have to go back to Hollywood to get away from it all.

Bette Davis

A LETTER FROM LIZA

Silver Screen

May 1, 1936

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Cover Portrait Of Shirley Temple By Marland Stone

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BRIDGE OF SIGHS, THE—Good. Another crime drama replete with the usual ingredients that go to make a mystery that has suspense and excitement. The cast includes such known players as Walter Byron, Jack La Rue, Onslow Stevens and Bentley Cook.

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Amusing. Geo. M. Cohen authored this opus about a hayseed from a small town who comes to the city to put a crimp in the marital plans of his boyhood chum. And good deal of wrangling floats into the urban air before everything is smoothed out happily, (Warren William, Gene Lockhart, June Lang, Barton MacLane.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—Good. This time Charlie introduces us to his wife and numerous offspring, and what a fine time they have at the circus until Papa (Warner Oland) starts doing out a murder that interrupts the festivities. (Drue Leyton.)

COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE—Fine. Everybody over three knows and adores those amazing Canadian "quints," so none of you will want to miss seeing them—all five—in this absorbing tale woven around their extraordinary birth and the excitement it created. (Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson and the Quints—in person.)

DOUGHNUTS AND SOCIETY—Fair. Louise Fazenda and MacDonald are the two ladies who get tired of fighting around with an Alaska gold mine and start a doughnut factory for diversification. After all I'm no expert on doughnuts. (Dolores Costello, C. Aubrey Smith.)

GENTLE JULIA—Amusing. Booth Tarkington is at his gentle best in this delightful comedy of American customs and manners in a small town. In this cast you will find June Withers, Jackie Searl, Marsha Hunt, Tom Brown, etc.

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Fair. With two players (Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura) who not only can sing but look distinctly attractive also, we can recommend this operetta to you with out any reservations. That is, if you're not a jazz hound and can take romantic love ditties with a good grace when you run across them.

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Good. Only the title of Meredith Nicholson's famous novel is used here. The present plot has to do with an International spy ring, with headquarters in a night club near Paris, called The House With A Thousand Candles. Good cast includes Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Irving Pichel.

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Fair. There are still some of you who like the Mae West strain and the Mae West humor and there are some of you, of course, who've grown a wee bit tired of her same-ness. However, it may be new that Mae goes good on us in this present opus. Yes, she reforms! See how you like that. (Victor McLaglen.)

LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE—Fine melodrama. All we can say is that when they land at your neighborhood theatre, you'd better go take a look at these Marines, for the sake of the exciting plot, however, they had in Shanghai—with exaliented results. (Lew Ayres, Isabel Jewell.)

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

When "Ramona" comes to the screen, Loretta Young will play the famous unh- happy Indian maiden.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Excellent. With Freddie Bartholomew in the title part, minus the traditional curls, how could you help but enjoy this 1936 version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous story of the little Anglo-American boy who inherited an earldom. (Dorothy Costello, C. Aubrey Smith.)

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—Good. This is a tale of a homeless child and a young man out of an orphanage during a moment of genuine self-assur- ance, little June Witters is allowed to run what we call the gamut of emotions. And she's damn good, too. (Sara Haden, Ralph Morgan.)

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Amusing. Monogram has the right idea by having us in this modern "fuming of the Sherman" affair con- cerning a society girl and a poltroon—poor one, Who wins her in the end? The rich one, of course! What did you think? (Fisher Foster, Cesare Romeo.)

MOONLIGHT MURDER, THE—Fine. The Hollywood Bowl is the scene of the crime and it may prove the undoing of that lout of a boy- friend, who, in this musical, "Theodora" must come to the concert tenor warbling "If Trou- bador" one minute and the next find him murdered. (Chester Morris, Madge Evans, Lewis Caroll.)

MOON'S OUR HOME, THE—Entertaining. One of the bestest of the season's comedies, with Margaret Sullivan perfectly cast as a temperance- able screen star and Henry Fonda (her ex-hubby) playing an equally hot-headed writer. Faith Baldwin is responsible for the plot and Dorothy Parker for the snappy dialogue.

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT—Fair. With a murderer is murder no matter what—you at least that's what we always thought, and still do. For, in this, however, we have a heroine sincere in the person of pretty Margarette Churchill, and I, a way of digesting the truth that's pretty- slick. (Lyle Talbot, Claire Dodd.)

ROBIN HOOD OF ELDORADO—Fine. A clean-cut tale of California in 1849 about the time the Americans took over the government of the land from the Mexicans. Warner Baxter is excellent as the peaceable poon who is forced to be- come a bandit in order to avenge the death of his wife (Margo) and the theft of his horse.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—Fine. Janet Gaynor is the small town girl hungry for adventure, but who finds out before long that adventure carries its full share of heartache as well as excitement. A lively story, well told, and boasting an excellent cast topped by Bob Taylor, (this year's male star), Lewis Stone and James Stewart.

SUTTER'S GOLD—Interesting. The pan- orama drama of a Swiss emigrant, who makes American history during the middle years of the 19th century, is satisfactorily closed because of the lies of a pathological pupil. An exquisite production, nicely above the average. Production, Beau Bergman, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, Donna Granville, etc.

THESE THREE—Excellent. The tragic story of two college girls whose newly opened boarding school is ruthlessly closed because of the lies of a pathological pupil. An exquisite production, nicely above the average. Production, Beau Bergman, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, Donna Granville, etc.

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE—Fine. A dra- matic story concerning some English aristocrats who become unfortunately involved in a murder scandal. It is smartly acted, surmically set, and entertaining throughout. (Loretta Young, Frank Tove, Lewis Stone, Roland Young.)

YOU 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.

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Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

for JUNE 1936
“YOU'RE TELLING ME?”

Write Your Thoughts, Observations, Reactions And Conclusions About The Movies And Win A Real Fan Prize.

FROM the bottom of my heart, Silver Screen, I ask you for a picture of Bob Taylor. I've tried so hard to get one, entering every one of these contests," writes Mary Jean Isaac of 15th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio. "His fine work in 'Magnificent Obsession' and 'Small Town Girl' should win many new fans and certainly make him considerable for the Academy Award."

And that's a lot.

"I RECENTLY saw 'Rose Marie,' starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Even though some scenes in this picture are rather fantastic, I think it is one of the best pictures I have ever seen," writes Alma Montgomery of S. Cleveland St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Miss MacDonald, with her beautiful soprano voice, and Mr. Eddy, with his deep baritone voice, really make a wonderful pair. Their acting is superb. I hope that I soon shall have the opportunity to see them in another picture together."

Probably in July, but it isn't named yet.

"AGAIN Gary Cooper proves what a truly remarkable actor he really is! This time it is with his excellent comedy work in 'Desire,'" writes Mrs. Preston Chapman of Piedmont Ave, Atlanta, Ga. "We fans were gratified with his thoroughly delightful performance, and his versatility thrills us anew. More comedy roles, Gary—you're naevoous in 'em."

Sorry, "Beau Geste" is next.

ETHEL SMITH of Cedar St., Ridgefield Park, N. J., writes, "Give us more of that excellent, handsome Robert Taylor. He's headed for the highest peak there is in movieland, and if we moviegoers have anything to do with it he'll stay up on the top. Irene Dunne was excellent in the picture, 'Magnificent Obsession,' but the true star, the one who shone most, was Robert Taylor. He actually makes his audiences 'feel' the picture. He's here to stay. Three cheers for Bob Taylor!"

S-h-h! Not so loud, Gable might hear.

Mac West, won by Robert Whitemore.

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the star. Use the coupon.

Freddie Bartholomew's framed and inscribed photo, won by M. Agnes Walker.

Fred MacMurray, won by Ruth Z. Brown.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after June 6, 1936

Editor,

“YOU'RE TELLING ME!”

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of...

My name is ___________________________ 
Address _____________________________ 
City ___________________________ State ___________________________ 

The fifty winners of the framed, inscribed photographs offered in May have been notified by mail.

Bing Crosby's photo, won by Martha Hahn.

George Raft, won by Grace Hinzman.

The fifty winners of the framed, inscribed photographs offered in May have been notified by mail.

“HOW I ENDED CONSTIPATION”

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

W H Y L E T C O N S T I P A T I O N k e e p y o u 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.

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SILVER SCREEN
that delicate scene without a single trace of the "machines" that was so obvious in his previous pictures. The world today demands sincerity above everything else."

Can't you be sincerely mushy?

"WHO IS this handsome stranger in our midst? He is none other than that dashing Irish gentleman, Errol Flynn. All my votes of praise go to him for his fine acting and handsome features. My best wishes for his future domestic happiness and screen success go to him also," writes Carolyn Thomson of Union St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Hark the Errol angel sing!

"BETTE DAVIS has ascended to the heights of fame in 'Of Human Bondage' and 'Dangerous,' and no one, to my way of thinking, deserves it more than she," writes Fred Hamel of Miller St., Fort Huron, Mich. "Being told that she had no future in films didn't stop this versatile actress. She worked hard and reached the very top by giving the best feminine performance of last year. To receive her photograph would certainly be the highest honor that could be shown me."

O.K. Fred. "Mean" parts do not always prevent popularity, apparently.

"MIRIAM HOPKINS' charming eyes, personality and the way she puts her very soul and body into characters she plays will always secure for her millions of friends and theatre patrons," writes Leslie Stone of E. Main St., Lebanon, Tenn. "She is my favorite in any picture. Sure hope I can win a signed photo of her.

They raise nice girls down South.

"MICHAEL WHALEN is rather new to me but he is certainly going over big. If I win one of his autographed photos, it will be one of my treasured movie possessions. That bright and cheery smile of his must make everyone happy who knows him," writes Thelma Pic Kell of Vermont St., Huron; S. D. "His performances in 'The Country Doctor' and 'Song and Dance Man' were marvelous."

We'll ask him, anyhow.

"HANDSOME. That is just the word to describe Robert Taylor," writes Yolande Federaro of W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill. "Ever since his fascinating performance in 'Magnificent Obsession' he has become Hollywood's second Clark Gable."

You'll spoil him.

---

**BETTER TITLES**

For The New Pictures

"Hopalong Cassidy" (William Boyd) has been changed to "Three on a Trail"

"The Gentleman From Big Bend" (Warren William) has been changed to "Times Square Playboy"

"Something To Live For" (Herbert Marshall) has been changed to "Forgotten Faces"

"Murder in the Big House" (Craig Reynolds) has been changed to "Jail Break"

"Big Business" (Guy Kibbee) has been changed to "The Big Noise"

"Tumroil!" (Jean Hersholt) has been changed to "Sins of Man"

---

**PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTIONS**

**Francis Lederer in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**

with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG

Erik Rhodes · Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists

for JUNE 1936
No matter how large and luxurious the dinner may have been before the party,—when it's all over you find you're hungry again.

And so we suggest a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream for that late snack. They're light, crisp, satisfying. And because of them, tomorrow will be brighter. Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Nothing takes the place of

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

**REMOVAL**

The dainty, pleasant way to remove hair from arms, legs and face. Velvet Mitten, as easy to use as a powder puff, gently rubs away the unsightly growth. Harmless...odorless...painless. Does not encourage re-growth. Leaves skin soft and velvety smooth. If your dealer hasn't them, send one dollar for 3 Velvet Mittens...a full summer's supply.

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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. Leave the skin soft, smooth, and clear.

A jar, 50 c. Stillman'sads for request.

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Cheese rolettes for breakfast start the day off right for Freddie March.

Cheese rolettes for breakfast start the day off right for Freddie March.
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**Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS**

... it gives you that alluring all-over fragrance

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, 5½ and 8½ oz.大小 at drug and department stores—convenient 10½ oz. size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

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**550 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

I endorse 10½¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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**Vivaudou, Inc., 550 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

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2/3 cup of milk
Melted butter
1 cup grated American cheese
Salt—Paprika.

Sift the flour, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut in shortening: add all that will fall at once and stir carefully until all the flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows the spoon around the bowl. Turn out immediately on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll into oblong sheet one-eighth inch thick. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with cheese evenly over dough. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Roll sheet as for jelly roll, cut in ⅛ inch slices and place on greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven 15 or 20 minutes. Makes 2 dozen roulettes.

In the south one of the favorite breakfasts is waffles. These can be cooked at the table and served hot, as needed. Waffles are a favorite dish with John Boles, Ginger Rogers, Gail Patrick, Dick Powell and scores of other southern stars. I got this particular recipe from Gail Patrick but, being a southerner, I can assure you it is the standard for that country which lies below the Mason and Dixon line. Waffles are not only a breakfast dish for southerners but are frequently used for late meals by adding a little more sugar and chocolate to taste, and serving with ice cream. They are really quite delightful this way. When the regular waffles are served with syrup and sausage, more often in cake form, the syrup is usually old fashioned cane syrup, sometimes even sorghum, seldom maple. Sometimes, for variety, a poached egg is placed in the center of the waffle and always with this is served steaming coffee and lots of rich, sweet cream. The waffles are made this way:

2 cups sifted cake flour, Swansdown or other recognized brand
2 teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoons salt
3 egg yolks well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter or Crisco
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift the flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk; add to flour, beating until smooth. Add butter, Fold egg whites. Bake in waffle irons. This recipe makes four 4-section waffles.

Another new and unique way to serve waffles, according to John Boles, is with Cashew nuts. The ingredients vary a little, etc.}

½ cup sour or buttermilk.

The method of preparation is the same. The taste is something to shout about.

With the summer months just around the corner the woman who wishes to retain the admiration of her friends and the company of her husband must arm herself with the means of being ever prepared to serve a tasty and attractive meal on little or no notice, as well as gala dinners with untried charm and hospitality. And to be a perfect hostess she must buy the foods that will keep her out of the kitchen; she must never appear ruffled or wilted from the heat of her store. It is sometimes a difficult feat but the obvious signs of less fortunate women, and your husband's approval, will be worth the effort. I do not mean that meals can be gotten together heedlessly, for a great deal of thought should go into anything as important as feeding your family or your guests. Time was when cooking was either a makeshift or a career. Today cooking can be made an exciting adventure.
THE LATEST

Hollywood Hair Style

There Is Always A New And More Beautiful Way To Do Hair, And Hollywood Discovers It.

By Mary Lee

GOING—going—and practically are the days of windblown bobs, shingled backs-of-heads and the set, formal waves over which we were nets at night to keep them in place! Hollywood has rebelled against them, and Hollywood sets the pace in hair styles.

As a matter of fact, waves are taking second place in hair styles and curls have come into the top. Witness lovely Cecilia Parker, M-G-M featured player whose latest picture is 'Three Live Ghosts.' You've seen her hair from the front and you're entirely unprepared for the different effects back and side views reveal. Smooth, soft waves of the 'shadow' type, combed back from her forehead, show her natural hair-line. A mass of curls greets the eye at one profile view, and an interesting swirl shows up in back.

There's no end to what curls can be made to do in achieving unusual hair styles. And they make it possible to do your hair several different ways, according to your mood and the time of day. Feminine softness for day-time and queenly elaborateness for evening is the general rule.

We've just seen some new coiffures inspired by Elizabeth Arden that took our breath away! For evening, the hair was done high in front, combed up off the front of the head and curled under to give a pompadour effect (a divided pompadour when the hair was parted in the middle or on one side). The flat spot at the back of the head, which we've been so accustomed to covering up with waves or flulls, was left flat—a small shining circle surrounded by soft curls. Monsieur Guillaume, Parisian hair stylist, explained that the fashion for hair worn high in front is a revival of the gayest days in French history, when cathedrals were rearing their spires toward Heaven and high, white-powdered coiffures topped off elaborate silk gowns. Then the Revolution tore down aristocratic culture and down with it came the urge for stately hairdresses. Straggly hair accompanied ragged clothes.

More recently, the World War was blamed for exchanging pompadours, puffs and high-piled coifs for boyish bobs and windblown tresses. In Monsieur Guillaume's opinion, were expressing our exuberance over coming out of the depression by a new wave of elaborateness and high coiffures. Probably we won't all go in for the extreme high-in-front hairdresses immediately, but we're bound to be influenced by it. For instance, foreheads must be shown to their best advantage. Make yours seem as high and wide as you can, and avoid bringing hair out over it, even in waves. If you want to wear bangs (and you shouldn't unless your forehead is high) start them half to three-quarters of an inch back of the hair-line, have them cut unevenly and slightly curled. Don't wear bangs on a hard, straight line across your forehead.

Center parts are in the ascendency. They're especially good with an "angel" coiffure—a halo effect gained by large curls rolled forward and arranged all the way across the top of your head. And there's a Chinese style to go with eyes and eyebrows made up to accen...
neck complete the effect. Fantastic as it sounds, it's stunning the way Monsieur Leonard, Director of Elizabeth Arden's new hair salon, does it! And strange to say, these stately hair arrangements for evening are set with water (no lotion) and a few deft strokes of the comb change them into conservative daytime styles that would flatter your sportiest summer bonnet!

We really don't need to tell you that much of the success of your new coiffure (or series of coiffures) depends upon your permanent wave. You want one that will be manageable and that will leave your hair itself as beautifully soft and lustrous as if you had naturally curly hair. One reason we're so strong for Eugène permanents is that, after you've had one, your hairdresser can originate or copy any style of hairdress, from ringlets banked all over your head to wide waves contrasting with soft curls, frivolously placed. The secret of this wave's universal reputation is in the Eugène sachets which gently steam the curl into your hair. And you must be sure these sachets are used on your hair if you want a genuine Eugène permanent. The machine alone doesn't make the wave. You can brush your hair to your heart's content after this type of permanent—in fact the manufacturer recommends it. Brushing actually improves the wave and it does your hair worlds of good!

We'd like to say a word about dandruff, because it's one of those things that can't be tolerated with hair styles as we now have them. Actually, dandruff flakes are nothing but perfectly normal scalp excretions, plus dirt and foreign matter. You don't catch them. Beautiful, healthy hair demands that dandruff should be removed thoroughly, and as often as it becomes apparent. Neglect to do so robs hair of lustre and in many cases makes it fall out.

The quick, easy way to remove dandruff is simply to dissolve it. Fitch Shampoo does exactly that. You apply it to dry hair, massage it in well so every inch of scalp is reached, then rinse it out in clear water. You'll find it leaves your hair soft and shining clean, absolutely minus in dandruff.

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 $8.95.

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Merle Oberon, who, in two pictures, "The Dark Angel" and "These Three," has established herself as one of our most charming stars.

for June 1936
The most important news in years, for lovely hands

Here is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! 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 lustre...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.
On the next stage Edward Everett Horton is working in "Unconscious."

Now the plot of this picture is quite complicated, so pay attention. A bunch of business men in New York are waiting for a man named "Wright," who is to address them. Horton, whose name is "Wright," comes to the office on business and the office boy misunderstands him and thinks it's Mr. Wight, so he shows him in and George Irving comes over with outstretched hand.

"It's certainly an honor to meet you, Mr. Wight," he beams. "I'm Johnson Purdee of the Chamber of Commerce."

"Chamber of Commerce," Horton blinks. "Well, that's fine."

"We've been getting reports on your flight from Seattle," Irving goes on, leading him towards a room where there are about fifty people waiting to hear the real Wight talk, "but we'd almost given you up."

Mr. Horton gets that worried look on his face, starts to speak but only gulps.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Irving continues, addressing the group, "I am happy to be able to tell you that William Wight, the noted economist whom we have been expecting, is with us."

Mr. Horton looks at him with his eyes popping out. He gulps in surprise, rises, then decides not to interfere and sits down again. In his fright he nervously swallowed a couple of times, takes a gulp from a glass of water standing in front of him, opens his mouth like a fish out of water, as if to remonstrate, then, with a determined air, he purses his lips and squares his jaw.

"He's going to give us his views of the role this great city will play in the new era," Irving is saying. "Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Wight."

Eddie rises, a little scared but with a determined look on his face. "Folks of Manhattan," he begins amid much applause, "business has changed and we've

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**DOUBLY ATTRACTIVE . . . since she learned the secret of FASCINATING EYES**

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle . . . your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creany 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

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In "Unconscious," our favorite comedian, Edward Everett Horton, makes his speech to the wrong audience.
got to do things in a new way." He pauses then, "As I said to my Aunt Martha, New York's growing so fast she doesn't know her own speed." There is laughter at this sally and then the director says, "Cut!"

So we leave Mr. Horton in the middle of his theories as to what New York means in the new era and wend our way to—

Warner Brothers

WELL, it's very strange. There are four or five pictures shooting here but you'll only hear about one. "Florence Nightingale," with Kay Francis, is just starting and the set is closed today so I'll tell you about that one next month. "Murder in Sing Sing" is on location. "Two Against the World"—featuring Humphrey Bogart—is supposed to go on the set. I'm introduced to Beverly Roberts and she starts telling me a joke about the Jewish father who took his two little girls and son to a restaurant with the understanding they wouldn't ask for pork. So the waiter came and the little girls didn't ask for pork but the son did. Beverly pauses, "Go on," I urge her, "what happened?"

"The father boxed his jaw—like this," and, boy, howdy! Does that dame pack a wallop! My ears are still ringling from the clout the give me.

And then the director comes up, "I'm sorry," he explains, "but this is a very difficult scene we're going into and I'll appreciate it if you'll come back some other time."

No one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint and but everyone glooming around getting into the mood for this big emotional scene (everyone else is in the same frame of mind as Beverly) there's no sense starting.

The remaining picture is called "Big Business" and features Guy Kibbee, Dick Foran, Alma Lloyd and Virginia Brissac. This little number is a re-make of one of George Arliss' first talks, called "The Millionaire," in which James Cagney appeared for about two minutes as a flip salesmen, and stole both scenes he was in.

It's about a retired millionaire who becomes awfully bored with being retired. Kibbee is the millionaire and certainly a jollier one than glum old George. He's puttering around with his gardening at the moment. It's such a beautiful garden I don't know why anyone should be bored fiddling around in it. There are lovely willow trees and gorgeous flower beds. Right in front of the camera is a lone branch, apparently hanging out of the thin air. It's really hung up with wires but it looks funny all the same to see the branch of a tree hanging in the air and not attached to any tree trunk.

Guy is trying to move a stone bench but about all he can do is lift one end a few inches off the ground. His gardener (Edward McWade) comes into the scene, tells him the bench is too heavy for him to move, picks it up as though it were cardboard and moves it across the garden. Then they both sit down on it and start reading a paper. But just doing nothing isn't back to his way. He tells McWade that, really, he could have moved it easily. And McWade tells Kibbee he's too old to go around lifting heavy things like that.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Sixty-two," says Kibbee. "How old are you?"

"Seventy-two," McWade answers. "But you're retired."

"What's that got to do with it?" Kibbee wants to know.

"A retired man is much older than an active man," McWade explains. "He must be older. If he's not, they make him older. He mustn't do this work. He mustn't take a drink—mustn't smoke—he wraps himself up warm—all those things. But you even got a weak heart."

"That's what my doctor says," Guy admits.

"But you never knew you had a weak heart till you retired," is McWade's next guess.

Well, it goes on and on like that, but Mr. Kibbee really looks so healthy and there's no good reason in such good health to have a lot of sympathy for him so I amble out to—

Republic

ONE of these days this is going to be one of the most important studios in town. There's only one picture going today (thank God). It's called "The Harvester," and what a cast they have for it. Russell Hardie (who was under contract to MGM for two years without much happening) has been brought back from New York for the lead. Opposite him is Ann Rutherford, whom I didn't like some months ago in "Waterfront Lady," but she's pretty and they say her acting has improved. Besides these there are Alice Brady, Frank Craven, Eddie Nugent, Joyce Compton and Roy Atwell.

There is more fun on this set today! Alice is a scream on any set. She recalls the first time we met. I was on a diet and ordered cottage cheese. She suggested a glass of beer to go with it and then called me a damn fool for drinking beer when I was on a reducing diet. Then Joseph Santley, who is directing his last picture for Republic before going over to Walter Wanger on a contract, tells her she won't be needed any more before lunch so Alice prepares to leave.

"Sorry I can't ask you to lunch," Miss Brady regrets, "but I've only one broiler and I need half and Josie Washworth, my agent, is lunching with me and she needs the other half. I had Russ in to lunch yesterday and what a lunch we had! Cracked crab and—"

"Yeah," Russ puts in disgustedly, "one crab. There wasn't enough to go round."

"There was too," Alice screams indignantly. "There was a whole crab left over. I kept telling you to take more."

"Quiet, you young upstarts," Santley orders. "Joe likes to pretend he's older than Methuselah and that everyone else is just out of creepers."

And the scene starts. Russ and Ann are engaged and are in Roy Atwell's store picking the furnishings for their home. Atwell is showing them around, when they spy a harthub. It's the period of 1901-05 and both in the country weren't so common then.

Russ and Ann look at it and giggle. "Handsome piece, ain't it?" Atwell suggests.

"How do you like it, Ruth?" Russ asks Ann.
"Let me enumerate her fine points before the lady passes judgment," Atwell breaks in. "This is what we bathtub-people call a laying-down tub—a tremendous improvement over the old settin'-down tub. Here I'll show ye!" And with that he climbs into the tub. "Easy as laying on a parlor sofa—got the same body stretch and head elevation. Get in and try her, David," he suggests as he gets out. "It don't matter if you ain't got yer clothes off—won't scratch her. I expect I'll draw people from as high as twenty miles to view her. Why two people flocked 'er up clean from the freight depot. When I got 'er in front of my store I had five people volunteer to unload he. That's now the wind is blowin'. . . Go ahead, David, git in."

"What do you think, Ruth?" Russ repeats.

"Let me direct your attention to another fine point," Atwell interrupts again. "She can't flop over on you when you're in the middle of your bath like the old-fashioned, round-bottomed tub could."

Atwell keeps mixing up his lines and by this time everybody is so convulsed with laughter they have to stop. So I leave and off I go to—

Paramount

QUITE a lot doing here. Walter Wanger is completing two pictures for Paramount release.

"Big Brown Eyes," with Cary Grant, Bert Hanlon and Joan Bennett in the cast. The plot is about jewel robberies and gangsters.

And right out of the blue I run into "Big Brown Eyes," starring Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. I just can't go into this plot in detail. It's too complicated. Manicurists, detectives, newspaper columnists (of course), jewel robberies, infanticide, gangsters and shyster lawyers are all mixed up in this opus. Joan is the manicurist. Cary the detective. Douglas Fowley one of the gangsters and Bert Hanlon one of the shyster lawyers.

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.
With Joan's help, Cary has just pinned the evidence for the jewel robbery on Fos-ley and has had him thrown into jail. The keeper is just pushing Doug into his cell when Hanlon dashes up in a white rage. "Hey!" Bert screams, "You can't put that man in there!"

"I can't, hey?" growls the keeper. "Watch me." And he gives Doug a shove that sends him reeling into the cell. Then the keeper claps the door shut and locks it and whirs on Bert.

But Bert is not one to be intimidated by a copper—not in a picture, anyhow. "Where do you get that stuff, anyway?" he tells. "That man has constitutional rights. He is innocent and you've got no right to lock him up. I'll see somebody about this. I'll go to the Chief. I'll go to the Mayor. I'll go to the Governor!"

"Aw, go to—", Cary snaps. "Get out of here."

It's an hilariously funny scene and I'm still laughing on the way off the set when I hear somebody say, to that guy what brought me here, "Who's the nice man with you?" I look around and it's Isabel Jewell.

Then I hear Raoul Walsh, the director, yelling to Cary and Joan: "We're going to take this film over and next time come in sooner. You come in like a couple of water horses."

Mary Ellis and Norman Foster in "Fatal Lady." She sings.

Next on the schedule is "Fatal Lady," which features Mary Ellis, Norman Foster, Ruth Donnelly, Edgar Kennedy, Guy Bates Post, Walter Pidgeon, Alan Mowbray, and John Halliday. Mary is a young opera singer of whom great things were expected, but hard luck dogs her footsteps. Norman, Alan, and John are all devoted to her and follow her company wherever it goes. Alan gets murdered but Norman and Halliday keep right on pursuing her. Norman's brother comes to Paris to try to get Mary to give up Norman. When she tells the brother (Walter Pidgeon) she doesn't care anything about David, he won't believe her. And then we come to the scene in Miss Ellis' dressing room when Norman comes in. She knows from his manner something is wrong and dismisses her maid. "What is it, Phil?" she asks.

"Someone took a shot at me—while I was shaving," he tells her.

"No!" she gasps. "Oh, I knew it. I knew it the moment I saw him."

"Him?" Norman asks. "Who?"

"Romero Foundles (John Halliday)" she whispers, steadying herself on a chair in front of her as she suffers an attack of vertigo.

And then the telephone rings. I always say there's nothing like cutting a scene on a high note and there's nothing higher than the shrill jangle of a telephone bell. I stop for a moment to chat with Norman and then I go on to the next set, where we have Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall in "Something to Live For." Only Miss Michael isn't working today. This is the warden's (Alonzo Price) office in a penitentiary. He is seated at his desk, and Herbert Marshall is facing him. Marshall wants a parole for a few days to go home to take care of some unfinished busi-

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ONLY the girl whose perfectly-groomed hair reflects her fastidiously is in demand. Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring. It cleanses both scalp and hair and imparts a deltagial golden sheen. For those who prefer a darker shade, there is Nestle Henn Shampoo made with pure Egyptian Henna.

10c for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

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Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blended 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 Saturnite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Reduces coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dis- solves Saturnite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Try Phylectin—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless. At drug and department stores everywhere.

SHU-MILK Cleans AS IT WHITENS

America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

Alonzo Price, James Burke and Herbert Marshall in "Something To Live For." Gertrude Michael, who plays Herbert Marshall's wife, is the cause of the suspense and drama.

Cheered by this thought I attack the last stage at Paramount and it's nothing else but "Florida Special," with Jack Oakie, Sally Eilers and Kent Taylor. But I don't see Jack anywhere around. And every time I see Sally I get a grouch on. There is a girl with the most beautiful natural red hair you ever saw and she changes it to blonde.

Anyway, this is a mystery picture and the scene is a car on the Florida Special where they project motion pictures. Sally (who is the hostess on the train) and Kent are sitting in the front row.

"Better be careful," he whispers, "or somebody in this crowd might steal the fillings from your teeth."

"Then you'd better keep your mouth shut," Sally whispers back.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asks suddenly. "You're trembling."

"It's nothing," she assures him, "I'm all right."

But she isn't. She's in a box of a spot. I could a tale unfold about these charac-

Kent Taylor and Sally Eilers in "Florida Special," one of those plots that you spoil if you tell it.
**Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test**

If moisture once collects on the armpit of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

It is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armpit, your dress will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor." You cannot protect yourself completely by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm dry.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is you!

**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 Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armpit of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, 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 Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (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.

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Margaret Callahan and J. Carroll Naish in "Special Investigator," a G-man story. Richard Dix is the star.

gang" is hanging out, but he pays no attention to that. His eyes look glassy and he's gripping the rail to support himself. His face (I quote from the script) is like a death mask, his eyes glitter like slits of ice and no gun is in his hands.

"Tell that rat hiding behind you that you didn't heel in here to plant a Federal dick on me. Tell him that Galt (Dix) is only a cow town lawyer," Naish barks at her.

"Eddie," she stammers, "a woman recognized him in Reno. She called him—Bill Fenwick, but I—"

"Then it's true," Naish blazes. "You lied to me. You came here to spy on me—to frame me." He chokes with rage. His hand goes to one of the guns concealed under his bathrobe. The butt is just visible. He casts a cunning glance down over the two, claps his hand to his side over the gun butt and doubles over, pretending to be weaker than he really is as he slowly descends the steps.

"Eddie," she begs, tearing loose from Sawyer and rushing to the stairs to meet him, "Eddie, listen to me. Didn't I beg you to leave her in the first place—before I ever knew him?"

"Well, you know now," Naish rages taking another step down, "who that finger is. He's a G-man."

"I tell you I didn't know," she protests. "You lie. You ratted on me. The way

[Continued on page 78]
BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW.

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?

SAY, MISS BAKER, I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE- LAST FOR YOU.

JIMMY... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE 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!
Her fame is blooming and Luise Rainer is as welcome as the flowers in May.

Just as Hollywood suspected, the Sullivan-Wyler divorce was officially announced recently. William Wyler, the director who did so well by "These Three," is in New York recovering from the late Sullivan wars, and Margaret, it seems, is losing no time in falling in love again with her former husband, Henry Fonda, and none other. The first few days of production of "The Moon's Our Home," in which Margaret and Henry are starring, Miss Sullivan just couldn't see her "ex" for a cloud of dust and wouldn't speak a civil word to him. Then all of a sudden they "made up" and now you can't pry Maggie and Henry apart on the set long enough for a good "take." It is interesting to note that Margaret's lawyers secured her a Mexican divorce shortly after she started work on "The Moon's Our Home." When asked if she would now re-marry Fonda she said, "Maybe."

Believe it or not the lovely Anita Louise does not like to be called "ethereal." Despite her light-as-a-feather look and her consistent work before the camera since the age of seven, Anita has wisely avoided "nerves." Among the things she does in the interest of health and energy is to drink a glass of steak juice each night before retiring. And the gossips say that Anita and Ross Alexander are very much in love, not that that has anything to do with steak juice.

Mae West has moved all her furniture out of her dressing room on "Star Row" at Paramount, personally supervising the moving herself. It seems she and Paramount have a mad on around to instruct Joan in the gentle art of firing away. "You're sure it isn't loaded," Joan kept asking nervously, "you're positive now I won't hit anything?" And that gave the boys an idea—oh, you know how boys are. Everything was set for the "take." Joan, still a bit shy, shouldered the gun and shot into space. Plunk! Right at her feet lay a dead bird. Well, Joan was almost ready to faint until the director and the boys explained to her that it was all a joke and that the bird in question had probably once graced Theda Bara's hat, and had been dead and stuffed for 10 these many years.

Bonita Granville, whose performance in "These Three" will never be forgotten.

Topics for Gossip

Well, you never can tell what Katharine Hepburn will do next. Recently she drove up to Carmel-by-the-Sea for a weekend and while there visited a small sweater shop. She became so interested in the garments turned out by these artists (everyone in Carmel is an "artist" of some kind) that she bought nearly a thousand dollars worth of merchandise (the artists must have thought the millenium had come), loaded it in her car and brought it all back to Hollywood and the RKO studio. She is now engaged in selling sweaters to her fellow workers.

Now that Joan Harlow is no longer a platinum blonde— and who is these days?—she has decided to re-decorate her dressing room and this time use green. Joan's dressing room was famous for its seven shades of white.
A beautiful scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Clark Gable and the Polynesian girl.

PICTURES THAT ARE IN THE HEART OF EVERY FAN

Do you recall Wallace Beery's and Jackie Cooper's great scenes in "The Champ"?

It is a joy to recollect Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes and Jack La Rue in "Farewell to Arms."

Nobody, I think, ever had analyzed and dissected a Movie Fan in the laboratory of cold print until I did it recently.

To be specific, I analyzed close to 20,000 of them in the experiment, for that was the approximate number of letters I read and checked and double-checked to get a line on you who walk to a movie box-office, pay your money and then move down the aisles of a darkened theatre. The result is an amazing catalogue of your celluloid preferences that might well be studied by every executive of every major studio.

What kind of a person is a Movie Fan? I'd often wondered myself for I've seen the male and female of the species frenziedly pursue a movie star for blocks, and I've seen 'em stand and wait for hours at a stage-door just to get a peek at a Hollywood celeb. To be entirely truthful, while watching these movie fans in the delirium tremens of their idolatry, I'd said to myself: "These movie fans are nutty and batty and should be removed to a sanitarium for observation."

So I asked the editor of the paper to permit me to cut to the bottom of this thing, and actually find out what makes a movie fan, what chemicals of curiosity and exhibitionism enter into his or

By Ed Sullivan

A scene dear to memory—Kay Francis and William Powell in "One Way Passage."

(Below) The great dancer, Fred Astaire, beginning his machine gun number in "Top Hat."

Who can ever forget Paul Muni escaping in "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang"?

(Below) Fredric March quahts the drink that transforms Jokyl into Hyde.

Every section of the country. But if the amount of mail was amazing, the contents of the mail were even more so—each letter was an emotional document. The scenes they mentioned were personal memories, directly related to some event in the Movie Fan's own life—the birth of a baby in the family, a raise in Joe's salary at the garage, the purchase of a new living-room suite of furniture, a romance that had foundered or led to marriage.

Then, and then only, did I realize that movies, silent or talking, were as influential as songs in dating a period or an incident. Just as an old song will be associated with definite memories so, too, with moving pictures. Learning this, I began to learn about Movie Fans.

The movie star, it developed from reading thousands of letters, is not an impersonal, bloodless image on the screen. Each movie fan associates each star with some one scene that he has never forgotten, some scene that has moved him or her deeply, some scene that was either tender or poignant, lustful or gay, dramatic or shocking. And when movie fans wait for hours outside a stage-door to see a star in person, or touch his or her coat or get his or her autograph, it is not a species of ill-bred exhibitionism, as I thought—it is a definite token of affection on the movie fan's part that can be traced back to a scene from some picture that the fan never has forgotten.

Out of 20,000 letters I'd like to select for you some of the For-get-Me-Not's that these movie fans send in, because the list of For-get-Me-Not's is really a record of the high lights of celluloid history. Here they are:

Emil Jannings return to his home on Christmas Eve in "The Way of All Flesh"...Chico and Diane, as Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell brought them to life in "Seventh Heaven"...Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro in their memorable love scene in "Tilting Women"...The fadeout in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew Ayres vanished for the button...an agonized contrast of beauty and death...Jackie Coogan as the tiny, high-hatted chimney sweep in "The Kid"...The torture scene in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone communicating their agony to the audience...Johnny Walker dragging his brother to the poolhouse in "Over the Hill"...Malteze Dietrich tongues her lips as she faced the firing squad in "Dishonored"...Violetta's love scene with her Valentine in "Blood and Sand"...Cagney, strapped to a board, catapulting through the door of his mother's house, killed by the gangsters who brought him home from the hospital...John Barrymore, in "The Sea Beast" winning the role of his leg is cauterized by a red-hot branding iron...Marie Dressler as the drunk in "Anna Christie"...John Gilbert giving the German prisoner a cigarette in "The Big Parade"...Gangster George Bancroft, in "Underworld" solliciously feeding a kitten...Charles Laughton rapsberrying his boss when Laughton falls into a fortune in "If I Had a Million"...Edmund Lowe handing Dolores Del Rio her hairpins—the morning after—in "What Price Glory"...The spine-tingling scene in "Phantom of the Opera" when Lon Chaney, at the organ, removes his mask and the hideous face fills the scene...Norma Talmadge and Eugenie O'Brien, in "Secrets," on a bicycle built for two.

Shirley Temple sharing the apple with Abraham Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel"...The birth of the Donte quintuplets in "The Country Doctor," a new high in comedy...Donald
Meek, as the frightened tailor in "The Informer," nervously tugging
his rosary beads as he was third-degree'd by the Irish soldiers
... Sir Guy Standing in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" pinning the
medal of valor on the saddlecloth of Gary Cooper's tireless horse...
... The racket scene in "Broadway Bill"... Karl Dane
popping the German sniper out of the tree in "The Big Parade"
... Fredric March playing Poltonewe's part: "Pray don't beat me, Mr.
Murdstone."... The blood-curling calls that Joan Bennett heard in "Private Worlds"... Charles Laughton,
captain Bligh, in "Mutiny on the Bounty," ordering the
sailors to stop looting the bodies of the sailor who is already dead in
ultimate savage discipline... The wordless electricity of the
first meeting of Clark Gable and his Polynesian love
in the same flicker.

"The Prizfighter and the Lady"
gave Walter Huston an oppor-
tunity to play a character part which will long remain among
our treasured memories.

A never to be forgotten moment in the life of every movie fan
was the scene in "Broadway Bill" where the odds were just too
much for the stout heart of Warner Baxter's thoroughbred.
“Unlucky Lady”

Marlene Dietrich Has Beauty Unrivaled And Talent Unlimited, But No Luck At All.

By Liza

Less glamorous and less talented actresses have made more successful pictures than Marlene. She has had to hold her popularity by the magic of her own personal beauty, dramatically at my hat, which wasn't made with cigarets, and which I quite flabbergasted by so much glamour, had tossed on the Bankhead bed. (Early Empire—William Haines.) “You must not do that,” said Marlene in those fascinating guttural tones. “It is bad luck.” It certainly was—I continued as a fan magazine writer.

Marlene has been playing in bad luck ever since she came to Hollywood. (Oh, I know she’s been collecting thousands of dollars weekly—but money isn’t everything, my child, though it’s quite enough to force me to write this story.) Every movie star wants to be the Number One Glamour Girl of the screen, there’s just no way getting around that. Personally, I’d be perfectly contented to be an off-stage voice (the voice of Bingle Ann would be the climax of my career) and most likely you’d be quite willing to be the corpse in any murder mystery—but not so with those movie stars. They’ve got more pride and prejudice than Jane Austen ever thought of, and if they can’t be Number One girls their little hearts are broken. That’s the reason there can be no real friendships between screen idols of the same sex—they’re all too busy being jealous of each other and how. You really can’t love Katharine Hepburn if she grabs that cinema plum. “Mary of Scotland,” right from under your own nose, now can you? And when Claudette Colbert won the Academy Award it brought out the Lucreza Borgia in at least six other glamour girls who were quite certain that they should have had it. They all want to win, they all want the best pictures, they all want to be on top—it’s the law of the jungle. And, dear reader, you’ve never seen such disappointment and misery in all your life as when somebody more glamorous, more popular at the box office, noses them out. Marlene Dietrich came to America with a sensational picture. “The Blue Angel,” to her credit, a pair of perfect legs and a simply beautiful face, and was immediately acclaimed by the Press, who had sort of been tipped off by the Paramount publicity department, as the Number One Glamour Queen of the screen. Marlene liked her title. Who wouldn’t? And she had every intention in the world of keeping it—Bennetts could come and Bennetts could go, and so could Del Rios, Crawfords, Lombards and Franceses, but Marlene was going to keep her title if it killed her. It practically did.

Of course I don’t have to tell you, you old know-it-all, how important pictures are in a star’s

ARLENE DIETRICH must have tossed her hat on the bed. And it must have been that little number she wore that was simply mad with cigarets in the early sequences of “Desire.” As you probably know, as far as “we of the theatre” are concerned there is nothing you can do that will bring “bad luck” quite as quickly and as completely as tossing your hat on the bed. Walking under a ladder, spilling salt, having a black cat cross your path, and whisking in the dressing room—pooh!—mere child’s play. Now of course you must not get me wrong, “we of the theatre” are not superstitious, not really, why only ignorant natives dancing the bbla bbla in the Congo are superstitious—but just the same we don’t take any chances, especially with hats—and er—beds. (The “Lubitsch touch.”)

The first time I met Marlene she shrieked so loudly I practically jumped out of my skin. It was at a small cocktail party at Talulah Bankhead’s and I hadn’t been in Hollywood very long and was just awfully curious to find out if Marlene (who was quite a hermit in those days) was really as beautiful and glamorous off the screen as she was on, so naturally I found it a bit disconcerting to be screamed at before I was even introduced. First I thought perhaps it was anti-Press week and the very sight of a writer (flatterer) sickened her, but then I saw she was pointing

For June 1936

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TIME was when you could drop in on Robert Montgomery and his missus, of a Sunday afternoon, and be sure they'd be running open house for all pals. But that was in the good old days of last month. Pop out to their snuggery one of these Sundays and you'll have to sigh, "Cocktail for one, please James." The Montgomeries wouldn't be there to join in. For they and all the other modish members of the Exciting Set have gone ecstatic over what's the most luxurious of games.

Today everybody who's anybody in Hollywood is climaxing the week-end at the polo matches. You see the latest in clothes, in love duos, and in screen favorites, and you overhear the freshest, most appalling gossip—all while getting your terrific bang from this truly aristocratic sport. It's a swell excuse to be outdoors, too, revelling in the sunshine. This is something even a star looks for. Furthermore, here is Action combined with Class. Polo's so Society, don't you know! Let yourself go and become an enthusiast, and before you can say Freddie Bartholomew you'll feel just like a Van Astorbilt.

The fine, furious, and expensive art of socking a white willow-wood ball between goal posts of wicker (expressly made, to snap if you hurtle into 'em) is fairly simple at first glance, even though you have to be atop a peppy pony and must wield an elongated croquet mallet sideways. But it's not long until you discover that it's no pushover. Many a virile film hero will stand up and testify that this is the most difficult game in the world to master.

And dangerous! A brush too close to a galloping opponent, a spill under flying hoofs, and it's liable to be severe on a face that thrills a nation. The reason a lot of addicts aren't playing any more themselves is that Hollywood producers have requested their illustrious employees to avoid any risk of an accident.

Among those who've retired from the fray are Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George O'Brien, and Dick Powell. All with Honorable Mention, because they're riding fools and showed exceptional promise. They bought the proper outfits and began practicing in earnest. Came the renunciation scene when word filtered back to their bosses, Bob couldn't deny that a mallet had dealt him a terrible whack on the shoulder blade. Gene had received a cut on his lip from a wild swing. The Messrs. Warners were particularly apoplectic when they found that their Dickie-pie had been thrown fifteen feet by a suddenly naughty nag. It really was this that ended his active participation, and not his scoring a goal for the opposition. Yes, he did! Dick was so agog that he was a brother under the skin to the quarterback who made football history by running the wrong way for a touchdown.

Membership at the Polo is one of Leslie Howard's few relaxa-
tions. Not all the fun is in playing.
The mornings spent in practice, when a few friends drop over to the field, are delightful, horsey and so smart. Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne and other stars watch the practice intently.

Riviera Country Club and at the Uplifters, where the movie folks go for their polo, is exclusive. But this de luxe diversion isn’t high-priced to watch. The thrilling tilts are open to the public. At the Riviera field, which is in especially high esteem now, you may drive in and view the goings-on from your own car, for forty cents. A seat in the grandstand is a dollar. Boxes aren’t too much more. Many of the stars reserve them for the year around, so they may entertain friends when they wish.

The current fashion is to meet for Sunday breakfast about eleven thirty a.m. One of the best spots to rub elbows with the great is the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, because it’s so handy for those on route to the gala jamboree. The tables are close and you can greet the Spencer Tracys, the Bing Crosbys, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Robert Taylor, the Cagneys, and Anita Louise there nearly every week. Their eyes are bright with anticipation and the talk centers on who’s to be vying with whom. Irene Dunne, one of the loveliest devotees, has revived the custom of inviting guests to her home before taking them on out to the dashings doings.

You follow Sunset Boulevard, as it winds and dips through the city’s most attractive residential districts, towards the beach. Right beyond the street on which Joan and Franchot Tone live you descend into a little dream valley. A red-tiled roof tops the white archway which is the entrance to the Riviera grounds. They occupy the entire floor of the green glen, and whenever you look up from the hectic fun your eyes are enchanted by the estates that sprawl on the low circle of hills.

It is actually a former motion picture actor who has popularized polo in Hollywood. “Snowy” Baker, world-famous Australian athlete, was featured in silent days ago. Finally he decided to concentrate on his hobby and so he was put in charge of this swank divertissement at the Riviera club. Nearly every celebrity who’s become intrigued with polo has been introduced to its technicalities by him. I made a trip out one day when I could catch him with a spare hour. He has gray hair, but he’s as husky and vital as any of his proteges. And his manner is courtly.

“I shall be very happy to give you any information I can,” he declared, motioning me to a porch chair [Continued on page 72]
The Delightful Story of

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" Is A Perfect Play For The Screen's Most Popular Player.

Shirley Temple Receives The SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal.

Shirley's "Thank you!" letter.

Shirley proudly holds the medal that was voted to her, as the most popular player in pictures, by the readers of Silver Screen.

Serve it on a golden plate in the great dining room of a Westchester country house, and when all is said and done spinach is still spinach. Not all your millions can one calorie add, nor all your tears avoid one bite of it—not when you're only 8 years old and Collins, your special nurse, watches your basal metabolism as a suburbanite watches for the last trolley.

Barbara Barry, heiress to Barry's Soaps, was at luncheon. Planted at the far end of the long dining table in the huge dining room, she looked as little and lonesome as the last penguin in the polar seas. Barbara was everybody's dream child. And what's more, being a philosopher, she was eating her spinach.

As she ate she enlivened the gloom by playing her favorite game. It was a game you could play all by yourself and Barbara was obliged to play by herself, because if she played with just any child she might pick up a germ. Then Stobhins, the butler, would tell Woodward, the housekeeper, and Woodward would tell Collins and Collins would tell Stobhins to telephone for the doctor at once and Barbara would be put to bed.

But you could play this game without anybody finding out. It was called Who Would You Be If You Could Be Anybody You Like? Barbara had decided she would be Betsy Ware:

When Betsy Ware was two years old her mother died. Because the family was poor she couldn't stay at home, so she was sent to an orphan asylum . . .

Barbara knew it all by heart—how Betsy ran away and met Tony the organ grinder and his monkey and a young man called Puddinhead and old Mr. Spindelsnatch—it was all in the Betsy Ware books which stood on the little shelf at the head of her bed. Yes, if she had her way, she'd be Betsy and know Tony and his monkey and never have to eat spinach again . . .

At this moment she sneezed.

A germ had sneaked in! Panic shook the country home of Richard Barry! Stobhins told Woodward who told Collins who sent for the doctor and put Barbara to bed. Then they telephoned for her father.

Richard Barry had just met a young woman to whom he was lost heart. She worked for his rival, Simon Peck Soap Products. Founded 1854. His romance was rudely interrupted by the dire news from Westchester and he had to rush home to discover Barbara, sneeze or no sneeze, in the pink of health. Well, he didn't mind. Barbara was worth the trouble and when she sang for him her own version of the song, "When I'm With My Kidnap!" her proud father thought she was the most gifted child alive.

One person in the Barry household had grim common sense. Woodward the housekeeper persuaded Barry that all this exaggerated anxiety about his child was nonsense. The father agreed she should be sent away to school where there would be other children to play with. To Nurse Collins wasentrusted the task of delivering the little girl at Forest Grove School.

"Are you going to school with me?" Barbara asked Nurse Collins.

"No, I'm going on a vacation."

"What's a vacation?

"It's a rest. You really become another person on a vacation." Barbara was a lot more interested in this vacation business than Collins had any idea. If she had a vacation, could she become Betsy Ware?

She thought it over as she sat on her suitcase at Grand Central, waiting for Collins to come back. Collins had rushed off when she found her purse missing. But she did not return and the little girl had no way of knowing that Collins had been knocked down by a motor car on Forty-second street and taken to a hospital. The one thing she did know was that she wanted a vacation so she could be Betsy Ware, and here was her chance! She trotted alone out of Grand Central, and off down Forty-second street, toward the river, she found Tony, the organ grinder, and his monkey, just as in the Betsy Ware books.

And so a little girl in a severe little school uniform, who said she was Betsy Ware and came from an orphanage, followed Tony and the monkey the rest of the day, dancing when Tony ground out his tunes and giving showers of pennies because nobody could resist her pert charm. Tony was worried about her and tried to send her home. Finally, when the streets grew dim and lonesome, he tried to run away from her.

Barbara followed Tony because there was nothing else to do, trotting after him like a little, lost dog, through the dark, littered streets, past strange, furtive men and shill-voted women and pallid children, and the big city, which is as kind as it can be cruel, watched over her like a mother and saw that no harm came to her.

At his own door Tony gave up with a shrug and let her follow him in.

"Tony, preparing supper for her own brood of five, turned with a fierce scowl. "Ha! So . . . what are you now, a kidnap?"

"I am no kidnap! The little one, she kidnap me!"
"I'm hungry," said Barbara and that settled it. They set her up on top of the clothes hamper, because there weren't any more chairs, and she and Tony and Mrs. Tony and the five bambinos—they all had the whooping cough—they all had spaghetti and—of all things—spinach! Princess or pauper, when you're 8 years old you just can't get away from spinach.

In the little flat above Mr. and Mrs. Tony, lived a pair of hooikers, Jimmy Dolan and Queenie Dolan. They were broke—hooikers usually are—and trying to find a sponsor for a radio act.

Next morning Tony was grinding the organ while Barbara and the bambinos danced. Up above, Queenie was washing the dishes while Jimmy worked out some new routine to the music of Tony's organ.

"There's one that'll set Bill Robinson talking to himself," Jimmy boasted and did an intricate tap. "I'd like to see anybody tie that!" From the flat below came the echo of the identical tap! The hooikers rushed downstairs. There was Barbara adding some new routine that capped Jimmy's. The upshot of it was that they borrowed Barbara and the act became Dolan, Dolan and Dolan and they got a chance that same afternoon to do their stuff for Simon Peck, the soap magnate.

Simon Peck hated radio. He hated all forms of advertising. He hated Richard Barry. Sometimes he even wondered if he cared much for Simon Peck. Richard Barry's swift, modern competition had crowded the old man into the necessity of having to go on the air, but he knew that Dolan, Dolan and Dolan were going to be rotten and, even if they were good, he wouldn't like them.

While Jimmy and Queenie, a badly scared pair, waited in an anteroom, Barbara wandered through some doors marked Private and found herself in a room with an old man who looked just like Mr. Spindelschanks. "Who are you?" he snarled.

"I'm Bonnie Dolan—the big radio star. You know, Dolan, Dolan and Dolan—and are we good!" Barbara had learned to say it with all the sark of Jimmy himself.

"Oh, so they sent you in to soofen me up, did they? Well, young lady, you're wasting your time. Get out."

"Why have you got two doors?" she asked.

"To keep out nuisances that one door won't stop!"

"But they both open!"

Well, so they did, Peck had to acknowledge there was reason in the child. She felt his change of attitude and smiled that ingratiating smile that crinkled up her eyes and sent dimples scampering in her cheeks. "Tell me a story?" she suggested.

"I don't know any stories," Peck barked.

"You know you remind me of old Mr. Spindelschanks. He's the old grouch in the Betsy Ware stories that helps Betsy when she's hungry and—"

Simon Peck looked startled. "Are you hungry?"

"No. I just had lunch. And I did something bad, too . . ."

"What did you do?"

"Well, we had spinach. And while Jimmy wasn't looking I put mine on his plate." She chuckled and when Barbara chuckled something happened inside of Simon [Continued on page 85]
Everything Under

The Girl Stars Are Very Wise And Diplomatic Until The Day That Love Comes Along

By Helen Louise Walker

When a girl achieves success—real success—in motion pictures, you’d think that she had pretty nearly everything, wouldn’t you? She has the satisfaction of achievement, of dreams come true. She has fame, flattery, attention, the admiring adulation that every woman craves. She has enough money to satisfy her desires for a lovely home, for clothes, furs, jewels, servants, luxurious cars for indulging any reasonable whim. If she is wise she is tucking away enough of that handsome salary each week to make her future secure. She may indulge her generous impulses with exotic gifts to her friends and practical presents to the needy. All this while she is still young and eager and enthusiastic.

In other words, she is sitting on top of the world... until love comes along.

Perhaps she hasn’t had time for it really, until now when her future seems assured. Or perhaps she experimented with it in her very young days and then put it aside until success gave her leisure to consider her personal life anew. At any rate, love all too often proves to be that well-known monkey-wrench tossed into the smooth running mechanism of the hard-won Paradise. Sometimes love destroys that Paradise completely. Sometimes it is a hazard to overcome with pain and bitterness. The Paradise is never so perfect again... until love comes along.

The successful Virginia Bruce did not find happiness in marriage.

The gossips insist that Joan Blondell has now found the real thing in love.

Kay Francis
found her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna was a mistake, but next time it will be different.

Silver Screen
many a moon. Her splendid performance in "Annie Oakley" led to the coveted role in "A Message to Garcia" and thence to her being cast for "Volcano."

But there is more to it than that. Barbara is seeing her friends once more. The gay, jaunty Barbara whom we used to know. Only now there is more substance, more depth, more sheer womanliness to that red-headed whom we used to call "the brat."

"I learned about courage," she will tell you, seriously, "I learned it mostly from children. Invalid and crippled children. I have learned how much a human being can lose and suffer and fear . . . and come through unscathed. I shall never be defeated again, as I was a short time ago. I shall never be frightened again. And I was so terribly frightened!"

She couldn't control love. But, once she was free of its entanglements, Barbara was herself again.

Consider Virginia Bruce. Virginia was just starting in pictures, just glimpsing success in the distance, when she met Jack Gilbert. She gave up "all" (meaning her hopes of a career) for love and marriage and, eventually, for her baby. The tempestuous honeymoon ended . . . and with it her marriage. Virginia was left to piece her life together with a strange assortment of pieces. A broken romance, a fragment of a career and her child.

She took stock of herself and her circumstances. She consulted older and more experienced people. "I was too young," she told me at last.

"I shan't make those mistakes again. I intend to give myself five years, at least, to work at my job, to grow up, to become a woman, before I consider love or romance or marriage again. I couldn't have missed this for anything in the world. I am merely sorry that I was so ill-equipped for the experience!"

But . . . she was free. Do you see? Free to concentrate on her work, to develop, to mature. Virginia never did anything of any importance in pictures until after she emerged from that swift-maturing process. She emerged as a significant figure on the screen. A figure of whom fine things are expected and even demanded. But . . . not until she was free.

She thought that she was retiring from pictures when she married Gilbert. Why, she was just beginning to learn her job! But she had to be free of love before she could profit from the experience of love.

When I first met Isabel Jewell, she was known as "Lee Tracy's heart throb." She was just that. She didn't pretend to be anything else, although, before she met Lee, she had enjoyed some success on the New York stage.

"Do you know what they said about Lee in yesterday's paper?" she would pant. Or, "They say that Lee's next picture is going to be something really wonderful. Exactly his sort of part."

Often the dominant, fearless stars on the screen get only disappointment when they fall in love. Barbara Stanwyck in "A Message to Garcia." We've seen her energy, thought, breadth, lived in the thought of Lee and what was happening to him. When she was offered a role in a picture she must needs pause and consider whether her acceptance of it would conflict with Lee's convenience. (Mostly she didn't accept.) Her own career had ceased to exist for her.

Then, one day, suddenly, devastatingly, that romance was over. The little Jewell's life was abruptly empty, bewilderingly bereft of its overwhelming purpose. That restless energy of hers had to have some outlet . . . and pictures still beckoned. Now Isabel is not a beauty. That sensitive little face, that tiny body, those transparent hands can only be useful to intelligence and experience. See her performance in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is a mere "bit," really. But it stands out with a clearly etched and powerful importance which makes you know that Isabel Jewell is going to mean something very cosmic on the picture horizon. You have probably seen her, too, in "Ceiling Zero." She gives you not only beauty but a sympathetic understanding of the characters she portrays.

But she didn't do this until she was free of the fetters of love. She bloomed with freedom.

All of Janet Gaynor's battles with her studio all of her [Continued on page 75]
The Jokers Have To Learn To "Take It" Themselves, But That Doesn't Seem To Cure Them.

By Elizabeth Wilson

YES, I really believe that the practical joke is here to stay. Though I still don't know why they call it practical when anybody can tell you that a joke in Hollywood costs anywhere from five bucks to five grand. Impractical, I call it. Yes, indeed, depressions may come and go, and so may the NRA, the gangster films, and Anna Sten, but the practical joke is still just as rampant in Hollywood today as it was in the golden days of Queen Mary and King Doug, which little fact is amusing or sadening, depending on the point of view.

Movie folks, it seems, just must have their laughs. And hang the expense. But it's only natural for, after all, their lives alternate between high-pitched excitement and dull, monotonous idleness and to ease the tension only one thing will do—laughter. And so Hollywood will do anything for a laugh. Anything goes—et comment. Whatever the price the stars are willing to pay. They just gotta have laughs.

Because of this, Hollywood has developed a number of gay, irresponsible souls who go blithely about delivering Easter baskets at Christmas and indulging in other nonsensical oddities—these, too, are the practical jokers of Hollywood. And bless their merry little souls, say I. Unless you've just stepped off the Chel, and are up to your ears in a nasty Eastern grooth and all set to up-stage Hollywood and its quaint futilities, you'll relish a neat practical joke along with the rest of us so long as you are not the victim—that's a horse of another color as Harold Lloyd said when he looked at the blondoned Agnes.

Among our better practical jokers are Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. They are all three noted for pranks, but good-natured ones.

The stunts they've pulled in Hollywood, and a week without a "rib" from one of those three is a dull week indeed. Lil' Miss Carole's latest prank of importance concerned a broken down Ford from a junk yard, yards and yards of red ribbon, and Clark Gable. It seems that the gossip columnists, from the very minute that Clark and Carole left the White Mayfair entity to go home, but not together, decided that Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard should fall hopelessly in love, and as soon as Mr. Gable's divorce was final that he should marry Miss Lombard. Yes, the chatterers had it all figured out. And once a chatterer sets his or her mind on something there's really nothing you can do about it. For weeks after the Mayfair Carole kept reading in the papers where she had been at such and such a party with Clark Gable, and had been seen dancing with him here, there and practically everywhere.

Then, one morning, when she read that she, a vision in white, had attended the Turf Ball with the handsome Gable (and all the time she knew darned well that she had stayed home that particular Saturday night, all done up in cold cream and flu remedies, playing double solitaire with Fieldsie) she thought it was time to do something about it. So she bought a 1928 Ford that had been junked, had it put in running condition, and delivered it to her florist, who proceeded to paint it red and white with a charming border of hearts, fill it with flowers and ribbons and place it in Mr. Gable's garage on St. Valentine's Day.

There were pictures in the papers and more gossip items, and Carole and Clark exchanged repartee, and everybody nearly died laughing and Carole thought that was the end of that. But she reckoned without Mr. Gable. Clark, it seems, is a thrifty soul, so instead of giving the car to his man and telling him to take it out in back lot and lose it he proceeded to have it painted.
Practical JOKERS
Of Hollywood

as he lived. The director bundled up his birthday present, hired an expensive limousine and sent the bear to the zoo in it, instructing the driver and the zoo management to send their bills to Miss Lombard.

Walter Lang, who directed Carole in "Love Before Breakfast," was the recent victim of one of Carole's practical jokes. Walter was on his way to China and Carole gave him a farewell party at the boat, to end all farewell parties. His luggage was taken on board done up with ribbons and "Just Married" signs, and as the boat pulled out Carole and Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall and Jean Harlow and Bill Powell and other celebrities pelted him with rice and old shoes. Walter, a bachelor, says that all the old ladies gurgled over him for the first three days out, and after that when no bride ever did appear they started muttering among themselves that he had probably murdered the poor little thing and thrown her body in the Pacific. He was completely ostracized the rest of the trip.

Ginger Rogers, aided and abetted by Katherine Hepburn, recently put over as fine a hoax on Pan Berman, RKO producer, as has ever been put over in the annals of Hollywood. The girls are still laughing and Mr. Berman is still blushing. As you well know RKO was looking high and low for an actress to portray Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," which stars Hepburn as the ill-fated Mary. Practically everybody in town, and out of town, has been tested for the part.

For the sake of a good laugh, Katie and John Ford, the director, had Ginger made-up to resemble the Virgin Queen, and Ford proceeded to take a silent wardrobe test of her. Later, Ford was in the projection room showing Mr. Berman the different tests when the one of Ginger was flashed on the screen, Pan Berman bolted upright in his chair. "Who is she?" he shouted. "I must have her for Queen Elizabeth." That's impossible," said Mr. Ford quite calmly. "She's Lady Bertram Douglas and she's on her way to Australia. I merely gave her a wardrobe test to humor her." "Good heavens, man," Mr. Berman continued to shout, as producers do when they scent new talent, "why didn't you get a sound test of her? Has she sailed? What's the name of her boat? We must get her back at once!"

Well, when Ginger heard how excited the producer had become over her test she quite seriously and sensibly asked to play Queen Elizabeth if she was as good as all that. But no, it seems that our little Ginger is a song and dance girl and just can't be permitted to do big dramatic things. Ginger was a bit ticked, and I certainly don't blame her.

Ginger's entrance into Hollywood was in the nature of a gag—and one of the better gags! She had been signed by Pathé Studios in New York and was on the Chief set for her first picture in Hollywood. Also on the train was Harold Ross, editor of the New Yorker, and he and Ginger had quite a gay time of it all across Kansas and Iowa. At Alberquerque, Ross received an invitation by wire to dine at a certain supervisor's home the follow-

[Continued on page 68]
Love as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes 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 Geste)

Claudette COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd (Cavalcade, Mutiny on the Bounty)

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida
HALF the fun of knowing Madge is the pleasure received in just looking at her. Also, there is a lovely casual quality about her that soothes any questioning restlessness of your own. Just when you were about to break into a frenzy over Beauty in general, and Madge in particular.

With Chester Morris in "Moonlight Murder."
WE READ of players on the stage, and in shows under tents, who are old, but the gentle lights and the life-saving distance between players and payers saves them from being recognized as the old gals that they are. In the films the head of a pretty girl will often be photographed so near the camera that when the picture is on the screen of a big theatre the face will appear about twenty feet high. The alabaster curve of the forehead becomes the rolling curve of snow-covered foothills, and every enticing form and feature stands forth in its perfection.

We had the pleasure of standing behind the screen at the Radio City Music Hall one day, while a picture was running, and recall seeing one hand move with expressive grace as the shadowy actor spoke, and noticed that it was over six feet across. Gutzon Borglum, who sculptures mountains, must have had this experience.

These magnificent and perfectly formed features, shown in such colossal proportions, give us a new kind of beauty entirely. Here no wrinkle may go undiscovered, and every flaw is a monumental disaster. If we ran a beauty parlor, we would have a way of throwing up the faces of our clients to expose their hideousness, and then, after they were fixed up with permanents and transitory aids, we would allow them to bask in the beauty of themselves in magnified size.

The girls of the screen are really very lovely, very young and deserving of admiration. BUT, how did John Barrymore get to look like that for Mercutio?
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS!

[Left] Basil Rathbone as Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet" — a two-dagger man.

Lew Ayres, when he was an actor, with Florence Rice in "Panic On The Air." You know, he's a director now.

In "Roaming Lady," Ralph Bellamy stands between Fay Wray and something — probably a fuller-brushman.
"Be Yourself!"

Many a player feels that in himself he is rather a dull fellow, but clothed in the character created by a skillful author, he is all set for any camera.

Caught off guard they are embarrassed and quite desperate for a character in which to conceal themselves. So, many of them have adopted what we may call a party manner. When the public comes upon them they drop into this alien self and go on with the role until relieved. As a pretty girl at her first party assumes a vivaciousness which may be entirely foreign to her own character, so movie stars have property smiles which are designed to make anyone who is looking think that he, the actor, is a hell of a fellow.

This explains the fur-trimmed short overcoat of the actor of another day, and the flowing tie and the spats. He played a part so that no one should catch him off guard.

(Left) Victor McLaglen, on location, captures and kills a poisonous snake.

(Left) W. C. Fields taking his ease between shots.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee) on the steps of their attractive ranch house.
It Takes A Real Actor To Look Natural When Photographed “Out Of Character.”
THE Oriental fakir sits all day contemplating his tummy (he must be glad to relax when it gets dark—the daylight, not the tummy). Thus he learns wisdom. Steady contemplation of the motion picture business teaches one many strange things—wisdom can't be far off now. And since motion pictures are of interest to us all, here are some of the newest discoveries—and here, also, are matters strange and unusual. Inevitably these things will affect our own lives, spurring us to ambitious efforts and perhaps rewarding us with a modicum of knowledge.

On the new temperature controlled sound stage at Paramount, the thermometer can be held at below freezing. Grace Bradley is beside the nozzle of a snow machine which is blowing real snow upon the actors in "13 Hours By Air." No longer will the illusion of snow be created by corn flakes. This is real snow, made from ground ice, and the actors will shiver real shivers—guaranteed.

Jane Withers has provided quite a nice little home for her parents. The scientists in the distant observatory, satiated with Venus, could well study with amazement this talented star and her many-storied, modest residence.

Tala Birell introduces a novelty to sophisticated Hollywood. In her white enameled, rubber-tired rickshaw, she gives an Oriental flavor to her shopping trips.
In Picture Making, Where So Much Money Is Involved, New Ideas Are Quickly Snapped Up—Sometimes They Snap Back.

Ann Harding and Walter Abel as they appear in "The Witness Chair." They are Hollywood's idea of an employer and his secretary. What imagination! Here is something to look into.

In "Poppy," W. C. Fields encounters Ida Mae Moore and her fourteen-foot python, a situation which would drive weaker men to a condition of distrust and doubt.

Time was when culture was indicated by a tasty grill work over the bead portieres. Today the chromium bar gives the touch of grandeur. The one time bar-fly sideling up to the free lunch would indeed feel out of place in such artistic surroundings. But the liquor is more or less the same.

Wherever the players go there are always autograph hunters. Fred MacMurray is putting his John Hancock on the books of his admirers.
HERE ARE
PICTURES!

A RECENT census of the studios revealed that there were forty-one pictures in work at nine different producing lots. The custom, generally adopted throughout the country, of showing two features instead of one has increased the demand and explains the increase from twenty-five pictures in work two years ago. There is great public interest in "Romeo and Juliet" and also in "Mary of Scotland." The former is being made with Norma Shearer and the latter with Katharine Hepburn. There are a number of musicals, including Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "I Won't Dance" and Irene Dunne in "Showboat." We particularly are looking forward to "The Green Pastures."

A Story In
Every Still.

They are a pair of deaths. Bill Powell and Joan Arthur in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

James Gleason and his new partner, Helen Broderick, in "Murder on a Bridle Path."

Duncan Renaldo warns Benita Hume in "Moonlight Murder."

Betty Compson and Warren Hymer in "Laughing Irish Eyes."

Al Shean, Jeanette MacDonald and Ted Healy in "San Francisco."
"Mary of Scotland." Katharine Hepburn and John Carradine.

Joan Blondell and Joe E. Brown in "Sons o' Guns."

(Right) June Lang and Warner Baxter in "Zero Hour."
ALTHOUGH Eleonore Whitney favors form-fitting swim suits, (and who wouldn't, with her figure?), she has chosen one of Jantzen's more glamorous models. It has a deep Vee neckline held in place by contrasting lacings, and a high belt that is very flattering to her slim figure.

FOR her daily swim Rosalind Keith dons a form-revealing Bra-Tuck model sponsored by Jantzen this season. It's fashioned from Kava-Knit, a charming new fabric, and the shoulder straps can be dropped quite modestly for sun-bathing, thanks to the concealed Shouldeaire cord.

IRENE BENNETT favors this practical but attractive Jantzen model called Adjusta-Bra. It also owes some of its charm to the new Kava-Knit fabric, which molds the figure so smoothly, and has the popular Bra top with braided shoulder straps that are laced through a small hem and tied into a bow.
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.

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP
...for hands, complexion, bath. A firm, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of “Lysol.” Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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:

Year:

New.

© 1936, Lysol & Field, Inc.
For her first garden party this summer, Anita Louise selected this extremely effective modern version of the Medieval "capeline" hat.

Jean Muir tops her tailored sports suit with a medium brimmed Panama. The deep oval creased crown is banded with white ribbon, looped through a yarn-trimmed buckle at the front.

Now that vacation days loom on the horizon, it's time to think of our summer wardrobes in real earnest. And what fun it's going to be this year with so many varied fashions to choose from! Hollywood decrees that "feminine" styles are altogether de rigueur for almost every occasion except sports—and even then we can go in for some of those dainty "accessories." gloves, pocketbook, boutonniere, watch fob, etc., which brighten up severe costumes so effectively.

Marguerite Churchill is not only stunning but quite original, too, in this three-piece suit of handloomed tan wool, with the season's most unique accessories—a "hooked rug" belt and bag in brilliant green and purple. With this fetching costume she wears an overseas cap of purple suede, clipped with a green wool bow.

It's the season for prints again, and Joan Blondell has chosen an unusually charming floral design for her chiffon dinner gown. The high waist line—Empire fashion—is accentuated by twisted green and yellow bands which tie in the cluster of flowers at the low décolletage. A hip length cape jacket, always an asset, makes it suitable for informal occasions.
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.
Orange Blossom Time

Irene Dunne, with a rose in her hair, finds a swirl of veil very becoming.

June Travis in a charming gown for a garden wedding.

Bridal gown worn by Gail Patrick in "The Preview Murder Mystery." The gown is fashioned of silver lamé with a silver leaf pattern.

One of the most popular and successful themes for the plays, novels and short stories of a past generation was woven around the idea of the hero or heroine stepping into another person's shoes. Luise Rainer, hitherto an unknown actress, so far as American audiences are concerned, did just that last summer when Myrna Loy staged her by now famous "walk-out" from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and left her scheduled role in the sophisticated Continental comedy, "Escapade," hanging suspended high in the cinema heavens waiting to be clutched by whichever screen luminary cared to be "second choice."

Fortunately for Luise, she had no objections. She had been under contract to the studio for months without being assigned to a single part and was delighted to accept work of any sort rather than remain idle any longer.

Because Myrna Loy had, just prior to this casting, or mis-casting as she termed it, achieved a sensational success in her "Thin Man" role, her walk-out, so far as the press and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was concerned, took on the guise of a somewhat minor revolution, and the public started debating the question: Was she or was she not suited to the role, and was her decision justified? I asked Myrna that question myself when I saw her on her return from her "vacation" in Europe. To which Myrna only replied: "See the picture for yourself and you will have your answer." Well, I saw the picture eventually, and I had my answer and you no doubt saw the picture also and likewise had your answer, so there's no need of going into that here.

Yet what I want to bring out is that it's one thing for an unknown player to step into the discarded shoes of a glamorous star who has already balanced herself with amazing dexterity on the dizzy pinnacle of success, and it's another thing for her to fit them so extraordinarily well that the public immediately shoots her right up to the same dizzying heights on the strength of one performance. And that's exactly what happened to Luise Rainer.

No sooner had "Escapade" been released than the critics spoke of her in the most glowing terms of praise. And the public, keyed up to a high tension of curiosity because of the publicity given Luise's selection for the role after Myrna's walk-out, flocked into the theatres and for once agreed with the critics wholeheartedly. So, not only did the critics and the public alike greet Luise Rainer with open arms, but they immediately forgave Myrna for her attitude toward the part which, if the truth must be known, they had secretly attributed to the fact that she must have turned high-hat after her "Thin Man" success. After seeing Luise in the role of the naive, unsophisticated Viennese companion to a wealthy dowager, they were convinced, one and all, that Myrna would have been terribly mis-cast and that Luise was absolutely made-to-order for it.

Everybody was curious to see her. Some critics compared her to her compatriot, Elizabeth Bergner. I disagreed with them. It's true that her rather delicious accent is somewhat Bergner-ish, but her charm is more unstudied than this older star's. Perhaps it is her youth that brings with it a certain freshness, a dewy softness and a warmth of personality so definitely her own that it defies comparison with any other star either in Europe or in America.

"Escapade" did another thing for Luise Rainer—in addition to possessing a role which Myrna Loy refused to play and which consequently fell like a plum into Luise's eager lap—it introduced her to us in a setting calling for the early Nineteen Hundreds. A period, literarily speaking, which was about the most unflattering to women since the world began. And Luise, the newcomer, emerged from those ugly gowns and hats and cloaks a true vision of feminine loveliness—minus the lovely aureole bob of a Marlene Dietrich, minus the swish, sophisticated clothes of a modern Norma Shearer or a Kay Francis—in fact, minus all the typical Hollywood glamour touches so dear to the Lombards, the Crawfords and the Harlows. She not only emerged, but she emerged triumphant.

And now, after seeing her truly beautiful performance as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," in which she is again dressed in the somewhat fantastic and often rather unflattering gowns of the late Nineties and early Nineteen Hundreds, I feel that Luise stands in a niche carved for herself alone so far as the films are concerned. The only two actresses with [Continued on page 79]
LIONEL STANDER is the new laugh-sensation of Hollywood. Just as surely as he has skyrocketed into one of the most dangerous scenes and picture stealers ever glimpsed on the screen.

Ever since the lads and lasses of the film colony caught his frantic and farcical stage director in "Hooray For Love" they've howled for more, and still more, of this comical young gent whose touselled hair and whose hoarse and guttural croak 'em into a state of near-hysteria. Were he twins, they couldn't get enough of him... and when Hollywood goes that way about any new actor you can depend upon it there's plenty of fire behind that smoke.

And there is—for Stander, big-boned and towering, who looks as though he sprang from a race of wild-eyed Communists and is just about as funny as they come, has created a new technique—if you can call it that—as well as brought to the screen a very different brand of humor. He's decidedly tops in the eccentric comedian class... and boy, oh boy, is he eccentric!

Of course Hollywood, ere this, has known demented gentlemen who kept the village in stitches with their acting—but Stander, whose middle name—don't laugh—is Jay, stands alone. Nobody in motion pictures today can hold a candle to him in the delineation of slightly mad and "screwy" characters... and when I say screwy I mean screwy.

By the time you read this, his priceless interpretation of the dumb fighter trainer in "The Milky Way" no doubt will still be fresh in your mind. "Hooray For Love" proved pretty conclusively that a comedian of parts was with us, but "The Milky Way" leaves not even a particle of doubt that Lionel Stander deserves a niche all his own as one of the great fun-provoking personalities of the films.

Of Latvian-German descent, he turned actor because he could shoot a noble game of crapsh. When he was nineteen, and out of a job, an actor-friend mentioned a show then in rehearsal that needed an extra who could manipulate a pair of dice convincingly.

"I thought I could handle that part all right and rushed over to the theatre," Stander told me, in his heavy voice, "I got the job, and before the show opened I was playing six different roles. There was a bit of sickness in the cast and as players dropped out I simply stepped into their respective parts."

From an old friend of Stander's, I learned that he put on such an exhibition in trying out for the bone-rolling "super" that he sent the entire company into hysterics, including the stage director. Naturally, this individual snapped him up in short order, realizing that in his grasp lay a youth of enormous theatrical possibilities.

Born in New York City, in 1908, the future actor ran away from home at the age of fourteen. "My father wanted me to follow his profession, public accountancy, but I wasn't exactly statistically-inclined," Stander explained, as he chalked his cue. From the moment I had entered his home, he had insisted that we initiate

his new pool table and we were now embarked upon a heavy game.

"I couldn't see spending one-third of my life over sets of figures, so I packed and left. I became an office boy in a shade factory at the munificent salary of twelve dollars a week."

"I remained in this job for six months, longer than I've ever held any other job. Then I was fired... for losing $47,000 worth of negotiable bonds. I was held in the custody of my father until they were

[Continued on page 71]
Cocktails With Joan

"Let's give a reception for Leopold Stokowski," said Mrs. Franchot Tone, across the breakfast table to Mr. Franchot Tone. Otherwise it was a very calm morning. "There are so many music lovers in Hollywood," she continued. "As long as Stokowski is going to conduct here, I think it would be a nice tribute to have him meet his admirers."

Mr. Tone gazed across his two-minute eggs at his anti-social wife. A look of wonderment crossed his face. Yes, life was full of surprises. One would think tossing off receptions was just part of the daily routine. For a moment, Mr. Tone hesitated. "But you don't like large parties," he reasoned. "Crowds scare you. It's a wonderful idea, but I think you'd be very miserable. Why don't you think the matter over twice?"

Mrs. Tone had long since thought the matter over twice. Her mind was rapidly becoming a jumbled mass of names, dates, faces and places. Just because she personally preferred the little Saturday night gatherings of her closest friends, didn't mean that she couldn't survive one b-e-g affair. In fact, she rather welcomed the new idea. It was for such a worthy cause.

Donning her best gardenia, Joan was off to the Ambassador Hotel. Up to Jimmy Manno, the smiling Maitre d'hotel, she marched. "I'm giving a cocktail party and reception for Leopold Stokowski," Joan announced, at the same time surprising herself at the tone of bravery in her voice. "I'll give it in the French room on Sunday afternoon. We'll serve fried shrimp on toothpicks, caviar on toast, sandwiches, cakes, five kinds of cocktails and tea—if anyone wants it." Mrs. Tone was getting more social by the moment. Carl (Dimples) Brisson, warbling "Cocktails For Two," had nothing on her. "Cocktails for Two Hundred," she called back casually to Jimmy, as she said goodbye. "Cocktails For Two" indeed!

Back to that little place called home went our heroine. All she had to do was make out her list and tell the people to come and get it. It was as simple as all that. Giving great gatherings was just child's play. The Countess di Frasso in her was beginning to assert itself. What did Elsa Maxwell have that she didn't have? Hail La Crawford, Hollywood's happiest hostess!

The following morning, bright and early, found Joan Tone on the phone. One week later, dazed but determined, she was still carrying on. In Hollywood, a telegram is the usual way of extending an invitation to a party. But never let it be said that a Crawford does things by halves. This was a very special affair. Joan felt that the invitations should be personal. So were some of the remarks that greeted her, when she announced her presence over the wire.

Poor suspicious Hollywood. After all, movie stars aren't in the habit of calling for themselves and straining their million dollar voices. That's why secretaries are born. Television would have helped, but alas, Joan Tone was on her own.

"This is Joan Crawford calling. Miss Sidney," said Joan to Sylvia, "Franchot and I are giving a reception for Stokowski on Sunday afternoon. Will you come?" There was a long silence at the other end of the wire. Another Hollywood ribber, thought Sylvia, who had never met Joan. "I'm working on Saturday and I sleep on Sunday," was her curt reply. And that was that.

"This is Joan Crawford calling," this time Joan was talking to Robert Taylor, whom she had never met. Once again she went into her act. "Oh Yeah," replied [Continued on page 68]
DEAR little fans—out there in the
great big world panning for Clark
Cable—you are in good company.
Every leading lady, every lady of
stellar magnitude, is panting right along
with you. A few are even way ahead of
you. Yes, my dears, the blond glamour-gals
give him a case that would almost leave
you back there at the starting-post, they are
doing and anxious—yes, intense! The
only difference being that they won't be
satisfied with a button off his coat—no
ma'am. They want him to play opposite
them in a picture. And they are prepared
to put up a right handsome fight to get
him. They want his autograph, all right,
even as you do—but they want it on a
dotted line at the bottom of a contract.
It's the same way with Leslie Howard
and Bob Taylor, Gary Cooper and Herbert
Marshall, Charles Boyer and Bill Powell.
Not to mention Freddie March and Rommie
Colman. The gals figure—a picture with
one of these devastating gents, and they
can't miss. They get to be pretty shrewed
in this business in a phenomenally short
while—and practically the first lesson they
learn, which always remains with them, is
that the leading-man can make or break a
leading lady.
Imagine "It Happened One Night" with
say, Charles Butterworth in the Gable spot!
Do you think it would have shot Claudette
into an Academy-winning place? It was
that team—that absolutely right comple-
ment of persons, Clark and Claudette,
which turned the trick. And so, before and
certainly since, the lovely ladies have
clawed each other tooth and nail—in a nice
way, of course, to get Clark for their screen
lover. Politics and intrigue, so involved as
to make European armament conferences
look like nursery games, go on under their
pretty coifed domes, all directed toward
one end—how can I get Clark for my next
picture? You even hear them sigh, in un-
guarded moments, "Oh, if I could only
have Clark Gable to play the part," as if
they could then leave it all up to Gable,
and wouldn't have to do a thing themselves
but just be there.
"Of Human Bondage" gave the best
young actress on the screen, Bette Davis,
a chance—her first—to prove it. She would
have been good, couldn't have helped being
good, no matter who had played opposite
the malicious Mildred in that picture. But
with Leslie Howard, she was superb. Exactly
the right contrast, the combination of re-
note poignant suffering, in Howard, to
her exquisitely defined little irresponsible
alley-cat. They struck a perfect balance, a
balance difficult to imagine between any
other two players in those exacting roles.

The contrast was not so sharp in
"The Petrified Forest," but they proved
again what the perfect leading-man
can do for an actress. No actress, no
Bernhardt or Duse, could ever do it
alone.
It would be stupid and superfluous to
ask Bette with whom she would prefer to
play in a picture. These two pictures, alone,
have precipitated her out of the rank and
file into a high eminence—and we are not
overlooking her splendid performances in
other pictures, "Dangerous," for instance,
in which she gave a performance, to this
writer's mind, unequalled by any since the
late Jeanne Eagels. There is no doubt
about it—the girl is good. But she is better
with Leslie Howard.
No wonder Norma Shearer held out al-
most any inducment for his Romeo to her
Juliet. Juliet is only half a woman without
the right Romeo, it makes no difference
who plays her.
Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom"

Robert Taylor's star is rising, so the
girls want to be that star.

Irving Thalberg se-
lected Leslie Howard
from among all the
eligible Romans.

—will you ever forget it?
Leslie Howard and Ann
Harding. An extraordinarily
fine play, yes. There have
been several fine leading
men with the Harding since
—but we skip them lightly
and land back in "The
Animal Kingdom" to recall
Ann at her best—that is,
always excepting "Holiday."
It's a wonder the girls
don't weave an unbreak-
able, inescapable chain from
which he cannot escape, to
keep Leslie in Hollywood.
One could forgive them almost anything,
when one considers what he has done
for them. How he does it is difficult to
analyze. Whether he puts them on their
mettle until they say "I have to be good
in this or no one will remember me in it,"
whether he hypnotizes or memorizes or
charms them with that irresistible charm

Cary Grant once saved
a big star from the
ignominy of failure.
of his—whether he makes their most insignificant remark important and effective because he is listening to it—well, heaven only knows. It just happens, that’s all. The answer is that a poll of Hollywood leading-women would undoubtedly reveal an astonishing number who would be willing, or shall we make it anxious, to play opposite Leslie Howard in a picture, for no remuneration whatever. What will you bet?

Marlene Dietrich, badly in need of a box-office picture after straying in the fields of von Sternberg “art,” has re-entered the box-office with Gary Cooper. If you recall “Morocco,” he assisted her initial entry in no insignificant manner. Since then her leading-men have been—oh well, so-so. I can’t even remember them, off-hand. But you are going to remember “Desire,” her latest—with Gary Cooper. She is called the most beautiful woman in the world—but she can’t make the grade without the right leading-man. Gary’s healthy, brusque, sombre mannishness is the perfect contrast for her mannered exotics, her slight touch of decadence. We demand contrast in our screen romances, and you will go a long way to beat the combination of pale frail blonde and tall, stalwart dark-and-handsome Gary Cooper. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy were the perfectly idealized married couple—until you saw Gable and Myrna in “Wife vs. Secretary.” Without being in any way reminiscent of Powell, Clark steps into the husband’s shoes, and gives matrimony a new boost toward popularity. You almost figure it’s here to stay, when Myrna plays the wife. But it might not work at all, opposite say, Bob Montgomery. It looks as if the lovely Loy should settle down into a life of blissful bigamy, alternating between Powell and Gable. Recently, she played in “Whipsaw” with Spencer Tracy. [Continued on page 77]
Which STAR Got the BEST HUSBAND?

Which one of our dazzling movie queens has the best husband? My editor wants to know. Confidentially, I couldn’t answer that question in a million years. Which is the “best” all depends upon the girl and what she prefers in the way of a male spouse.

But if you ask me what it is that these gents have which intrigues the fancies of the beauteous girls they lead to the altar, that is a different question. I can tell you quite a bit about the boys the girls have married.

First, the one thing most husbands of screen stars have in common, is that they wear the pants in the family. Yep, they do the bossing.

“What?” you murmur. “Do these modern cinema queens permit themselves to be wooed and won by the old-fashioned type of male who insists upon being the head of the family?” Yes, ma’am, and yes, sir. Hollywood’s famous husbands believe in being the king pins around their hearth sides, no matter how much temperamental their lovely wives may get away with at the studio.

They all have their own ways of exerting authority. Johnny Weissmuller socks Lupe Velez, and that’s that. (Don’t tell me that little Mexican firebrand doesn’t love being smacked by her handsome caveman husband, no matter how much she yells and screams.) Gene Markey, on the other hand, is married to one of the famous Bennett girls known for their independence and their individual Bennett tempers. Even if Gene were the socking kind, I don’t think he’d get very far socking Joan. No, but with his gentle courtesy, his thoughtful charm, he has his own ways for circumventing his wife and having the household run about him rather than her. Irving Thalberg? Sure, he tells Norma Shearer what to do—well, most of the time he does! But, I’ll tell you more of that later.

Second, you’ll probably be interested to know that a requirement for a Hollywood husband does NOT include good looks. Most of the famous spouses are not handsome and they distinctly are not male clothes horses. No, boys, if you have a yen to wed a glamour queen don’t think you will have to have your nose re-modeled or go out and buy your...
They Could Marry Almost Anyone—Millionaire Or King, Scientist Or Farmer.

By Muriel Babcock

self a pair of striped pants and a morning coat. Most of the girls have male Apollo's thrust at them in such large quantities at the studio that they are just busting to look at something homely at home.

So you really shouldn't be a handsome actor and there are no arbitrary rules about being a doctor, a lawyer, or a producer—even if the latter three are kind of handy around any Hollywood home. You don't have to be tall, or you don't have to be short, you don't have to have black hair or brown or even red. Which brings up the question, if you don't have to be any of these things, what do you have to be?

Well, let's analyze a few Hollywood husbands and find out what they're like:

We might start with Dr. Joel Pressman. Certainly, as far as his pictures go, he is an unimposing looking gent. I might even go so far as to tell you that some people have come right out and said they thought he had a sour puss! What did Claudette see in him? Claudette, in addition to being a right lovely girl, is an exceptionally smart one and in her Joel she found a man with all the qualifications mentioned above and—intense and vital interests of his own—interests away from Hollywood, in things far remote from screen tests and makeup problems.

Claudette, who has lived and breathed Hollywood for so long, found this man refreshingly intriguing. Do you remember when he smashed the news camera on that plane trip to San Francisco? What I thought was interesting was not his bad temper and annoyance at being photographed, but the fact that Claudette would find time to fly five hundred miles and back to hear her Joel deliver a dry lecture in medical terms on the idiosyncrasies of the throat. It showed she was making an effort to understand his business, that she had a definite respect for it, the same kind of respect she asks him to show her when he accompanies her to a Hollywood premiere to watch a picture with her.

Why, of all the doctors in the land, did he intrigue Claudette enough so that she married him? Readers, that is the question I can't answer. You remember Elma, Glenn defined sex appeal as "It" and Joel, I guess, has "It" for Claudette.

Take Irving Thalberg, one of our other leading husbands. Sure he's pretty nice. But Norma has always insisted she fell in love with him before she knew who he was—that she thought he was an office boy at Universal when she first met him and felt her heart go pitty pat. Which means he probably has "It," too, for Norma.

For that matter, he is most attractive personally to almost all women. He has a delightful smile and a flattering way about him even when he is giving studio orders. He has an intriguing boyishness when he is frolicking at a party. And he has, above all, the rare quality of real charm. I think it was Merle Oberon who was quoted, when she first came to Hollywood from London, as saying that she thought Irving was one of the most interesting and attractive Americans she had met.

In addition he is young, powerful, successful and wealthy. In his position as a producer of Norma Shearer's pictures he can give her invaluable aid in being important as an actress. He, himself, is rated as a very successful man, and his personal fortune for all his youth—he is still in his thirties—rims into millions. Really, what more can you ask of a husband except devotion, and he gives that to Norma.

Does Norma appreciate him and is she a good wife? Yes, ma'am, you should see her step around for him. She never asks him to go anywhere with her. She says: "I think it is more important that my husband has a good time than I, and I try to go to the places he wants to go." She does many little personal things for him. She orders the kind of food he likes.

(Continued on page 70)
**THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**

Rating: 91

If you will take all the luxurious adjectives and lavishly bedeck them with feathers and use them for a chorus, and then in front, in the center, put one super-inspired word that means gay, beautiful, gorgeous, foliesque and terrific, then, my dear, you will have a sentence that will somewhat convey the idea of this dramatic, musical biography.

There has never been a sequence even remotely approaching the succession of effects which accompany the song “A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody.” The music is by Irving Berlin and the way the scene is handled is the most perfect compliment to Flo Ziegfeld, for it shows that his art was a new and definite method, which, now that he established it, could be repeated by his students.

William Powell plays the character of the great showman and Luise Rainer appears as Anna Held. Hers is one of the most important parts and she is quite fascinating. Virginia Bruce and Myrna Loy are delightful, but the outstanding character after you mention Powell and Rainer is Frank Morgan, who plays the friend of Ziegfeld.

The picture is not in color, but it is more colorful than any film we have ever seen—it is a continuous story, yet Ray Bolger’s dance is a solo number, complete and entertaining—every girl is gorgeously dressed, yet you have the feeling of intimate, stirring visions of girls, Girls, GIRLS!

It is the reincarnation of a great spirit.

**MR. DEEDES GOES TO TOWN**

Rating: 90

Gary Cooper in a fine comedy, with Jean Arthur outstanding and Lionel Stander very amusing in a press agent role. It has a plot, too, which takes Gary Cooper, an amusing citizen of Mandrake Falls (he plays a tuba in the town band, that shows you) and leaves him surrounded by sharpers in the neighboring city where he has gone to straighten out his inheritance of twenty million dollars. He makes one friend in town, but alas, as a sob sister for a daily paper she double-crosses Gary and prints his story, which you can see would make him feel very badly. It is the best picture Gary has had in a long time, and of course Robert Riskin did the adaptation.

**CAPTAIN JANUARY**

Rating: 85

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE**, who is number 1 at the box office these days, is all set to beguile you; indeed, to completely captivate you once more in her newest picture. Shirley plays a little waif who is rescued from the sea by a jolly light-house keeper. Captain January, who is none other than our good old robust pal, Guy Kibbee. The action centers around a truant officer’s determination to take Shirley away from the Captain and put her in an institution.

When Kibbee and his side-kick, Slim Summerville, start coaching Shirley for her school examinations sea-faring language reaches the boiling-point, and you take a roll in the aisles. Shirley sings “At the Cod-fish Ball” and “The Right Somebody to Love,” and, with Kibbee and Summerville, she joins in the rendition of the Sextette from Lucia de Lammermoor, which is really a knock-out.

Buddy Ebsen, Hollywood’s homeliest and funniest six-footer (you remember him in “The Broadway Melody of 1929”) unwinds himself to do a tango and a hop-skip-and-a-jump dance with pint-sized Shirley. There just seems to be no end to that little Temple gal’s accomplishments. Sara Allgood plays the acidulous truant officer, and June Lang teams up with Buddy for the slight love story. It’s another triumph for Miss Temple.

**THE SINGING KID**

Rating: 88

This is by far Al Jolson’s best picture to date and one of the maddest, zingiest pictures you’ll ever have the extreme pleasure of seeing. If you miss hearing Al and the Yacht Club Boys sing “I love to sing” you’ve missed half your life—well, at least a quarter of it. That song and its bizarre staging on a street, with the Yacht Club Boys begging Al not to sing a mummy song, is very well done.

Al plays a popular New York stage and radio star who loves to sing and give away money. He is cleaned out by his crooked lawyer, who also walks off with his girl, and one awful night at the theatre he loses his voice, so, with his two pals who refuse to leave him, Al, penniless and sick, goes to the country. Here he meets a sweet country girl with writing ambitions, Beverly Roberts, and her cute little niece, Sylvia Jason. Of course Al falls in love with Beverly, regains his voice, and everything is house to town.

A slight plot to be sure but my, my, the interludes are crammed full of the best comedy and the very best songs. The Yacht Club Boys sing “My How This Country Has Changed” and that topical song itself can bring the house down. Then, with Cab Calloway and Wini Shaw and a colored chorus, Al sings a spiritual called “Save Me.”
“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.
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from reaching the boat in time, provide the sinister element, and Alan's hold-up of the plane is plenty exciting. Brian Donlevy plays a dead pan G-man trailing the bank robber, and Adrienne Marden and Ruth Donnelly play stenographers. Grace Bradley and Marie Prevost are in for a few minutes as two of Fred's girls he'd like to forget.

The plane goes lost in a snowstorm near Seattle and has to land in the snow-covered mountains, Waldimer breaks the radio set, and what a predicament! It's all very gay.

TWO IN REVOLT

Rating: 20°—THORTHROATBRES—R K O

A SPECIAL treat for the animal lovers. A thoroughbred colt with wobbly legs and a puppy with a tucked-in tail start life together in a stable. The story follows them through scenes of pathos, moments of excitement, and clouds of dust to a final race track victory. John Arledge, from Texas, is their proud owner and gives a fine performance. Louise Latimer, from the New York stage and lovely to look at, is most pleasing as Johnny's girl friend. It's an auspicious little piece, so humanly appealing that you'll like it far better than some of those super-continents.

LAUGHING IRISH EYES

Rating: 88°—THE WEEPING OF THE GREEN—Republic

IT HAS probably been ages since you've seen so many men in double-crosses lurking around the celluloid corners. In this picture you can count the strictly up and up on the thumb of your right hand. Nevertheless, all the duplicity, rackets and phone fights make a rather ordinary story fast-moving and exciting.

Walter C. Kelly, with his daughter, Evalyn Knapp, goes to Ireland to bring back the Irish "tiger" for the prize ring. Instead he finds that Phil Regan, the singing blacksmith, has never won anything more than a song contest and a street brawl. But it seems that when a man is in love he can do great things, and consequently Regan wins the fights, wins the girls, and wins the audience.

Now, if you are a technical Tillie, you'll criticise the ocean liner for picking up two extra immures in mid-ocean, but if you really want to be entertained you will overlook the flaws and enjoy the music and the laughs.

Evalyn Knapp in "Laughing Irish Eyes," and the mascot of the picture.

Sister" which is elaborately staged. Al's pals and number 1 gag men are Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins, and you've never seen anything funnier than that mug Jenkins and fussy Horton playing dolls with Svibl. It's all a lot of swell fun.

THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR

Rating: 80°—THRILLING AND GAY—Paramount

COMEDY, romance and thrills abound in a giant transcontinental air liner bound from Newark to San Francisco—and what better setting could you ask for than that? Fred MacMurray plays a young air pilot with a girl in every air-port, all of whom he tries to forget when he meets Jean Bennett, beautiful young heiress, who must be in San Francisco before the Honolulu boat sails to save her sister from marrying a bogus nobleman.

Also on board are Waldimer and Miss Hawkins, two characters you won't forget for a long time, played by the most pesty-tiferous kid on the screen, Rennie Bartlett, and by ZaSu Pitts, who is a riot as the frightened guardian of Waldimer, child of divorce.

Alan Baxter, as an escaped bank robber, and Fred Keating, bent upon keeping Joan

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" is thoroughly delightful, with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in the leading roles.
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.
The Heart of Every Fan

[Continued from page 24]


The movie fan idolizes the stars of the flickers because of some particular scenes which they have played. It is not a negligible interest, this fandom of the movie-goers, but a very real and a very intelligent appreciation of the performers over a stretch of years. The scenes which they mentioned, like those above, are the proof of the pudding, for some of these pictures were made years ago, and yet the movie fan recalls the scene and the characters in them as vividly as though they had been filmed yesterday. And the vast movie audience is sensitive in its appreciation. Hundreds of letters recalled the scene in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew Ayres reached out for the butterfly, indicating a discrimination in taste that frankly startled me, and a memory that amazed me, for this picture was made years ago.

As I said in my opening paragraph, executives of the major companies might well study this Analysis of a Movie Fan, as revealed in their letters to me. I believe that it would give the Hollywood moguls an insight into your taste and preferences that would be invaluable in all studio plans, and it would give directors a guide to box-office pictures, for these are the things which you liked best and have remembered for years.

Never again will I look at a Movie Fan and place a low estimate on his or her mentality. Judging all of you by your letters, you're a blue ribbon jury, because you know what you want and your taste is too per cent.

Jean Parker and George McDonald, her new husband. He is in the social register and a newspaper man as well.

"Unlucky Lady"

[Continued from page 25]

career. A movie star never envies another star's home, her husband, her car, or her clothes, but mercy, mercy, how she envies another star's pictures. A jolly little street brawl with baseball bats and garbage between the Gay House boys and the Tenth Avenue gang is nothing compared with the fight a star makes for a good picture. No matter how beautiful Bella is she knows only too well that beauty and personality alone aren't going to get her anywhere, but no, she's gotta have pictures.

Well, for a while there, Marlene was certainly sitting pretty for "Morocco" was a great success, "Dishonored" was a slight disappointment but Marlene was so dev-
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Dietrich to make her next picture, "Song to a Song," without von Sternberg, but instead with that arty chap, Rouben Mamoulian, in the director’s chair. Marlene complained bitterly, went home in a huff, and announced that she was leaving for Europe at once. (Garbo always tanks she'll go home, but Marlene always tanks she'll go to Europe). Paramount started a million dollar sitt against her (all suits in Hollywood are a million or more) and Marlene tanked she'd do the picture. As a matter of fact she and Mamoulian became very chummy, and she began to wonder if perhaps he wasn't a better director for her than "85-take" von Sternberg. But, alas, people laughed in the wrong places and the picture wasn't exactly what one would call a sensational success. Marlene demanded that von Sternberg be returned to her and he was—were his. In "The Scarlet Empress" he went mad for gargoyles and in "The Devil is a Woman" he went mad for masks, and the audience just went mad. Poor Marlene—all the glamour in the world at her fingertips and it wasn't doing her a bit of good. She and Mr. von Sternberg called it a day.

Well, Marlene was frantic. What to do! What to do! She could pick up a fan magazine and there wasn't a picture to be found of her all the way from the cooking department to the crossword puzzle. Crawford with gardenias—Mae West with curves—Del Rio with spangles—Hepburn with bangs—but no, no Dietrich. So Marlene changed her way of living, put on her most exotic clothes and lounged daily at the Veu drome and danced nightly at the Tropicana, and of course if photographers were lurking around she really couldn't be rude to them. She even made a "personal appearance" that rated her more space in magazines and newspapers the world over than she had ever had before in her life. The "personal appearance" was not on the stage of the Chinese Theatre but at Carole Lombard's party at the Fox House on the amusement pier. Marlene appeared in shorts. If I had a dime for every time I’ve seen that picture of her and Claudette Colbert on the slide taken that night I could realize my life’s ambition—I could own a race horse named "Wait For Babs."

So with portraits of herself all over several continents, people getting all Dietrich-minded again, Marlene was all set to do a glamorous picture and once more be the big box-office star of America. Yes, things had changed, she was going to get the lucky breaks at last. She and Mr. Ernst Lubitsch—a Continental like herself—had become great pals, and Mr. Lubitsch of the famous "Lubitsch touch" had promised her if she would sign a new contract with Paramount he would direct her pictures, and what with her beauty and his "touch."

—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

Everything looked rosy, and Marlene was so gay she went out and bought the longest car in Hollywood. (That burned up Mae West all right). But poor gal, she just couldn’t have any luck at all. Paramount began playing that little game we played when we were kids known as "Fruit Basket Turn Over." When the excitement was over and everybody had rushed for a new chair, Mr. Lubitsch found himself in the great big expensive chair of production head of the Paramount studio. Marlene had lost her director, but he promised to supervise the picture for her, so Marlene started "Desire." "It can’t miss," said Mr. Lubitsch. "You’ve got Frank Borzage for a director. You’ve got Gary Cooper for a leading man. There’s nothing more glamorous than a beautiful woman thief. It’s a natural."

Well, some people liked "Desire" and some people didn’t. Anyway, it was not the colossal success it was supposed to be. "Now, now, don’t mind that," said Mr. Lubitsch to Marlene who was totally wor ried. "I’ll personally supervise 'I Loved a Soldier' and you’ll be simply terrific."

So poor Marlene put her trust once more in some man and started to work on "I Loved a Soldier." And then Paramount started playing games again—yes, good old "Fruit Basket Turn Over" again—and this time, when the excitement died down and everybody had knocked everybody else down in a mad rush for a chair, imagine Mr. Lubitsch’s surprise when he found that he was "out," as we used to say in the playground but "out," as they say at Paramount. Marlene, that lovely lady of no luck, not only lost her supervisor, but added to all that she discovered to her horror that she was
supposed to go through most of the picture as a charwoman, and there's certainly no glamour about a charwoman. Marlene went home in a huff, packed her trunks, and announced that she would leave for Europe and a Korda picture at once. Then the studio said something like who are you to walk out on us and Marlene told them simply by producing her contract, which very definitely stated that Lubitsch would direct her pictures. She had them where the hair was short. "I Loved a Soldier" was finally shelved after practically every glamour girl had refused to do it—and some $200,000 had been spent on it. But Marlene didn't leave for Europe. As we go to press, and right on the deadline too, she has signed a contract with DeMille to co-star with Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah." Well, the Garden is right down Marlene's alley. She can glam all over the place and no mop or bucket of soapy water, thank you. As one of Marlene's most dyed-in-the-wool fans I'm keeping my fingers crossed (and my hat off the bed) for Marlene deserves a few breaks—and "The Garden of Allah" might just as well start them.

The Delightful Story of Shirley Temple's Picture
[Continued from page 29]

Peck's flinty old heart, the kind of thing that happens to the ice in a river on that very first moment in winter when a stray, shivering, wispy little zephyr whispers that Spring is on her way.

It wasn't long before Barbara had climbed onto his knee, the better to look at a picture book Peck had published to advertise his soaps.

"Do you know something?" she demanded, turning to dimple audaciously into the hard old man's face so close to her.

"What?" said Peck.

"I didn't think I was going to like you at first, but I like you now. Your eyebrows are so nice and raging!"

Finally Simon Peck remembered business. He sent for the Dolans, and Margaret Allen, his advertising manager (the same Margaret with whom Richard Barry had fallen in love the day Barbara sneezed.)

"I want these folks to start a series of fifteen minutes programs, five nights a week," he growled. The ragged eyebrows knitted and hard old eyes glared at them all. "You thought you'd trick me into going on the air, did you? You deliberately sent in this child to influence me. Well, it didn't work. I made up my mind to go on the air, long ago." He pounded his desk. "Understand that?"

Barbara, sitting on his knee, pounded the desk just like he did.

"Understand that?" she growled, beaming on them all.

Nobody had been notified of Nurse Col- lins' accident because her purse was gone and she could not be identified. Would Barbara pursue his courtship of Margaret, serene in the belief that his child was at Forest Grove school. In Margaret's apartment two nights later he heard for the first time the Peck Soap program that had grabbed the country by the ear.

He put his cocktail glass down suddenly. "That's uncanny. That child sounds just like Barbara!"

Margaret smiled pityingly at the fond father, but a moment later "Bonnie Dolan" began her own version of the song, "When I'm With You." Barry leaped from his seat.

"The telephone . . . where is it? Quick!"

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"The telephone . . . where is it? Quick!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Remember this important fact—and take the sure way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. 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 the 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.

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, ever twice as much,
35¢
REMEMBER: TWICE THE SIZE FOR THE SAME PRICE

Colgate
ribbon dental cream
Hold that child," he snapped to the radio station. "She's my daughter. Be right over!"

"Barry, is it?" roared Simon Peck when they gave him the message. "Trying to put something over on me again? Try to stic my talent, will he—Here, Dolan. Get your wild and child out of here. I'll handle Barry!"

Barbara was gone when Barry reached the broadcasting station. Rushing along in a taxi with Jimmy and Queenie she admitted innocently that she really was Barbara Barry and not Betsy Ware at all.

Queenie, who had suspected the worst all along, was the first to tell her husband. "I told you so! Didn't I tell you she didn't jump out of a hat? You ... going to make start of us! All I can see is stripped!"

"But what'll we do, Queenie?"

"Phone her old man where she is, sap! Then you and I scram!"

They left Barbara in the little flat, telephoned Barry and began their get away. Barbara felt a bit bewildered and pretty lonesome, but when the door opened and an evil faced young man stepped in, she didn't welcome this company. He was Tony's crook neighbor, Flagin, and he had tried before to get hold of the little girl. Flagin had a bunch Barbara wasn't any harm where and if there was a reward anywhere, he meant to collect it.

With an ingratiating smile that only made his yellow face the more repulsive, he said, "I'll make you a pretty present if you'll tell me who your father is."

"I won't!" Barbara declared.

"You'd better tell me!" Flagin had her by the arm. He didn't smile now. "Come on, spill it—"

"I won't! I won't! You let me go—"

"You're coming with me."

"I am not. I am not!" She began kicking and scrathing. And at that moment Jimmy and Queenie returned. Because he turned them back. They couldn't act like a couple of heels, deserting the kid that way!

In the midst of the fight that followed Barry and Margaret and the repentant Simon Peck and the police all tumbled in. It was all over, except for the kisses and congratulations. No more adventures for Betsy Ware! No more Tony, no more monkey. But she could still go on the air with Jimmy and Queenie, sponsored by the greatest soap merger the nation had ever known, the Peck & Barry Soap Company. And what was a whole lot better, Barbara was going to have a new mama in the person of Margaret Allen.

The Practical Jokers of Hollywood

[Continued from page 33]

ing evening, and for a laugh he wired back an acceptance but added that he would like to bring Elizabeth Dupont, eastern socialite and heiress to the Dupont millions, with him.

Well, at Ginger's first party in Hollywood she was introduced as Miss Dupont, a lady of millions on her way to Honolulu, and no one recognized her until the Marx Brothers arrived. Editor Ross quickly cared they aside and tipped them off about the masquerade, and you can be quite sure that the mad Marxes eagerly entered into the spirit of the thing. "Marvelous picture material, don't you think?" Harpo would murmur to an intrigued director. "Too bad she's so rich," Groucho would sigh. Finally the supervisor could stand it no longer. He most politely inquired of Miss Dupont if she might lunch with her the day after tomorrow and subtly, oh very subtly, intimated that they
might do business in the nature of a contract. Ginger told him that she had booked passage on the Liner for Hawaii, but that she did find social life terribly dull, and she thought pictures would be most amusing. But she never did have that luncheon with the supervisor, for she ran into him at a preview the next night and her unsuspecting escort proceeded to introduce her to him as “Miss Ginger Rogers, greatest little dancer on the New York stage, signed by Pathe, lucky Pathe.” The supervisor never completely recovered. Ginger likes to dress up crazy and go to a preview and rub shoulders with her fans who have never yet recognized her, and like Carole Lombard, she adores answering her own phone and imitating a Swedish, Chinese, or French servant. They say that this great friendship that has developed between her and Hepburn is based on their mutual love for the practical joke. Hepburn’s “ribs” are more or less famous; one of the best of them being the one she played on the late Lowell Sherman, who was directing her in “Morning Glory.” Katie was in her overall era and simply wouldn’t appear on the set for rehearsals unless she had on her dirty dungarees. Sherman stole them from her dressing room one day and she was furious. That night she drove her own station wagon and five studio cars in a complete circle around Sherman’s parked car, carefully locked them all, and then hid herself to watch the fun. They say that Mr. Sherman, who was in a hurry to keep a dinner date that night, gave vent to the most colorful language—and Katie was avenged for her pants.

Bob Montgomery once gave Chester Morris a polo pony and Chester was so touched by his friend’s generosity that he took the pony out for a canter on the Beverly Hills bridle path immediately—which is just what Bob and his pals had hoped he would do. It seems that the polo pony had once been a circus pony and when he felt like it he just sat down—and imagine Mr. Morris’ embarrassment when the pony sat down on Sunset Boulevard right in the midst of traffic. He finally got him on his feet once more and was cantering away on the bridle path when an ice cream wagon with its jingly bells drove past. The pony heard the bells, thought it was another chuckler, and dashed away like something possessed, leaving Chester sprawled on the bridle path, and Bob and the gang splitting their sides. When Chester told me about this the other day, he said he had recently played a good gag on one of the health magazines—though, really, quite unintentionally. A writer had interviewed him about the Healthy Morrices and was coming back the next morning to take pictures of them in their bathing suits grouped around the swimming pool in Sunny California. Well, when the good lady and her photographer arrived the next morning, Chester Morris and wife Sue Morris, and the kiddie Morrices were all in bed with flu.

Nelson Eddy—now you’d never suspect him of being a practical joker, would you?—just loves to have a few friends drop in for a party and, unbeknownst to all of them, in the midst of their conversation he will turn on his recording machine which silently goes about recording on wax everything that they have said. Later in the evening he will ask everyone to be quiet for a moment and will proceed to play the record he has made of their conversation—and you have no idea how silly you sound. Nelson gets a big laugh out of it. But the guests who had fancied themselves as a lot of gay and witty raconteurs are rather pained by it all.

These recording machines and hidden microphones and loud-speakers are beginning to be a great nuisance in Hollywood. Nearly

* * *

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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.

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16 hours a day.
Be careful of...

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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 indelible.

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!

all parties, and a lot of the up-to-date homes now, are wired for sound. Bill Powell can lie in bed on his sleeping porch and hear what you say at the gate and also in his play-room. And as you well know it isn't a Hollywood custom to speak well of your host, so you can just imagine that ole Massa Powell often gets an earful.

The "breakdown party," which the practical jokers of Hollywood threw for Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, was a new high in something. It seems that Mrs. Stewart had a nervous breakdown and her doctor had ordered her to be in bed every night by six o'clock. So the party started at high noon, with all the men arriving in white tie and tails and the women in full court regalia, including plumes and long white gloves and tiaras (this as a "razz" to the numerous British guests visiting in Hollywood at the time.) Carole Lombard came in an ambulance all dressed up as a breakdown, but managed to leap from her stretcher in time to play a heated game of tennis with Clark Gable against Kay Francis (her third floating in the afternoon breeze) and Clifton Webb. Did you ever try to play tennis in long white gloves and a train—No! Try it sometimes. Gable broke his racket and substituted a broom, but no one seemed to notice the difference. Mrs. Stewart was in bed by six o'clock.

Hollywood is all for the animal gag. If you're going to put on a party, or having a birthday, or practically anything, you can be sure that you will receive some live-stock or a little something like an elephant from the zoo. Sid Grauman once sent a loudly quacking duck to Mary Pickford's drawing room on the Lone; some of her best friends once sent Pola Negri a basket of reptiles; and Gloria Swanson, beautiful in orchids and ermine, found a pig in her drawing room.

The cutest animal gift was the French poodle with diamond ear-rings and cute little bows that Helen Hayes gave to Adrian. Ranking second in popularity is the swimming pool gag. "Tis said that Tallulah Bankhead started the charming little practice of jumping into the swimming pool fully clothed in the hour before dawn. It became quite the rage and all the smart backyards had tuxedos, tails, shoes, evening gowns, chiffon handkerchiefs and evening bags hanging out to dry in the mid-day sun.

Just when this fad was about to die down Director Woody Van Dyke revived it by pushing Maxie Baer, immaculate in his tuxedo, into his swimming pool at a party he gave for the cast of The Prizefighter and the Lady. Maxie didn't like it. Ida Lupino is the latest of the Hollywood hostesses to engage in this guest-pushing-into-swimming pool gag. Let it be said for the founder of the sport—Miss Bankhead never pushed, she merely jumped.

Hollywood will never forget the neat little practical jokes, nor when the last laugh pops up. Mad, gay, childish Hollywood—the Clown Among Cities.

Cocktails With Joan
[Continued from page 58]

Bob suspiciously. "Sorry, I'll be out of town." (Wonder how Bob will feel when he sees Joan before the cameras in "The Gorgeous Hussy").

By the end of the first day, Joan had made three hundred calls. Some of the numbers didn't answer and had to be called again and again. Some of the people were working and had to be phoned back at night. At the rate of fifteen cents per call, the family budget tottered in the balance. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner were served to Joan at her post of duty.

On the fourth day Joan began to show signs of violence. "If one other person says he's back and says hi' ya Joan, this is Shirley Temple. I'll murder him," she muttered under her breath. Then she dialed Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. "Oh, how-ja-do Miss Crawford," cooed Julie Murphy, in mock elegance. "So ducky of you to call me up for a chat.

"But this is Joan Crawford, honestly it is," moaned Franchot's wife. Julie suddenly realized the invitation was on the level. Thirty minutes later a huge box of flowers
arrived at Joan's house. "Please forgive me," read the card. "I've never heard your voice over the phone and I never dreamed that movie stars called up in person." It was signed Julie Murphy. Not only did Joan forgive, but she forgot. She was so pleased she had convinced one more person that she wasn't pulling a gag, she invited the Murphys to Franchot's birthday party. And that's one way that Hollywood friendships are born.

The night before the reception, Franchot was awakened in his sleep. From the general direction of his wife's room, came the sound of Joan's voice. "Hello operator—operator—this is Joan Stokowski—I'm giving a reception for Leopold Crawford—please connect me with caviar—Operator—There's fried shrimp on the line—This is Joan—No—J-O-A-N—Joan Tone—No, Joan Colen—Operator—you're giving me too many cheese sandwiches—Please ring Billie Burke on toast—Operator—connect Cesare Romero with a dry martini—Is this James Fonda—No, I mean Henry Stewart—I mean Henry James—Operator—This is Joan Reception calling—I'm giving a Crawford Sunday afternoon for Franchot Stokowski—Hello—Operator—Operator—O-O-h—Operator!

Came the dawn (as we used to say in silent pictures) and the day of the reception. Joan, looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy, came down the stairs. "I had such a good night's rest," she exclaimed. "Everything is in order. I had a special hat designed to wear today and they're rushing it out here by special messenger. It's the only thing that isn't taken care of." Franchot gazed at his wife with admiration. How those Crawfords could take it!

Carefully Joan dressed for the reception. For the occasion she had chosen a navy blue crepe suit, a large crown-less picture hat (that hadn't yet arrived) and a corsage of white hyacinths. She had even managed to sneak out in the yard and acquire the beginning of a sun-tan. Everything was sweetness and light. As soon as her hat arrived, she could relax until time for her big moment.

Finally the hat arrived. Joan took one look at the outside label and flew down the stairs. Just in time she caught the messenger, as he was driving away. "If you don't mind," she said, between chipped teeth, "I'll take my own hat. This one is addressed to Joan Bennett!"

At four P. M. on the dot, Joan and Franchot received their first guest. The atmosphere bristled with importance. Gracefully, and without a sign of nerves, Joan bowed and smiled at each new arrival. One would have thought that huge receptions were just a passing fancy. For two hours and a half, Joan and Franchot never stopped doing their stuff. By actual count, they had issued two hundred and eleven invitations. Out of that number, all but eleven appeared. At most Hollywood parties, when eleven are actually invited—two hundred usually show up.

When the whistled Stokowski arrived, Franchot introduced him with a brief informal speech. The conductor (drawing gasps and sighs from the ladies) spoke glowingly of motion picture possibilities. If anyone expected things to take an artistic turn, they were doomed to disappointment. From a platform a stringed trio broke out in a string quartet tune. An endless stream of waiters glided in and out among the guests. The air suddenly became heavy with laughter and conversation. Cinema stars twinkled at every turn. The party was in full swing.

Hollywood is still talking about the Crawford-Tone reception for Stokowski. Given in perfect taste, dignified and yet at all times enjoyable, this affair was one of the nicest of the year. Stars who never venture away from their own fireside put
in a personal appearance. Irene Dunne was there with her visiting husband, Fred MacMurray and his fiancée, Lillian Lamont, deserted that Sunset Boulevard tea roomed and came right out in the open to be seen together. Irene Hervey arrived with Allan Jones. For hours they sat in a far corner, and kept their heads together in deep conversation. Recently Allan presented Irene with an engagement ring. Wonder if he popped the question at Joan's party? In another part of the room sat "Dr. Daloe" and "Diamond Jim Brady." Where're all your diamonds, Jim?" kidded Jose Herold. "I gave them all to Pressman's, the jeweler," replied Edward Arnold humorously. Just then all necks craned toward the door, as Madame Schumann-Heink made a dramatic entrance.

With both hands outstretched she swept in and was greeted by Joan Crawford. "This is a special event for me," beamed the great Diva. "I never go to parties, I so can't be responsible for my behavior," Richard Cromwell and Henry Fonda, simultaneously, rushed forward with chairs. "Thank you very much," said that grand old lady. "But I'm in the movies now and I have to watch my figure."

Barbara Stanwyck's (wearing silver nail polish) sat talking to James Stewart, Adrian, talking to Billie Burke, thanked her for marrying Flo Ziegfeld. "But why?" asked Billie, looking amazed as only she can look. "Because the story of your life made such a wonderful picture for me to costume," said Adrian, in his most unbusinesslike tones. "All around were intimate groups, laughing, talking, having a good time. The Gene Lockharts talked to the Gleenors, and the Gleens talked to Fredric March. The Frank Forrests talked to Helen Gahagen (Melvin Douglas had to work), Jean Dixon brought Judith Anderson (who had saf come in a good time, catching stars! Irving S. Cobb, Marion Talley, Edward G. Robinson, the Basil Rathbones, the Norman Forrests, Red Skelton and Joe E. Brown, Otto Klemperers, the Otto Morandos (Joan and Francesca's singing teacher) the Dudley Diggles, Charles Ray (he was a star when Jean was a star). Dorothy Arzner, the John V. A. Weavers, the Samuel Hoffsteins, Dr. Bertrand Frohman (the noted Psychoanalyst), Dr. William Crooks and the hardee-nosed wife (you may call her Claudette Colbert), Jesse Ralph, Walter Plunkett, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Jean Muir, Louis B. Mayer, Constance Collier, all drug and Emersons, Francis Lederer with Mary Loos, The Frank Tuttles, Duncan Rinaldo (enthusiastically greeted by all his well-wishers), Ginger Rogers, some starlet, some starlet, the Jimmy Cagney, the Robert Montgomerys and so on down the list. Promptly at six-thirty the guests began to leave. That in itself is an achievement in Hollywood. By this time, Joan's smile had frozen into a permanent grin. For the first time she showed signs of weakness. The party was a great success. Joan's career as a Hollywood hostess was safely launched. But just when it seemed she couldn't do more, the door was burst open and in walked columnist Sidney Skolsky. Being detained at a radio station, he was putting in a belated appearance. "Mr. Skolsky, this is Mr. Stokowski," muttered Joan, with her last bit of remaining strength. And now you know the stuff out of which movie stars are made.

Which Star Got The Best Husband?

[Continued from page 57]

best, she tries to get home from work ahead of him. She runs the house smoothly for him and—here is a little personal secret—she always puts make-up on before going to bed. She says, "I do not wish to look good for the skin, but this is awfully good for one's looks in the cold hard light of the morning and very conducive to happy manners on one's part!" Of course, if I drew Valentine Parera, the husband of Grace Moore, in a lottery of husbands, I'd never open my mouth to complain. Parera, you know, is a high-born Spanish actor, the Ronald Colman of his own country, and like most Spaniards, is a gentleman to his finger tips, with all the old world chivalry, courtesy, gallantry, so gentleness. I imagine he is brave too, although I know of no specific examples to prove that. Everyone who works with and adores Grace Moore, loves Parera, too. Instead of dreading to see him come on the set—as they do to some of the big stars—they look forward to his arrival. They know if Grace has had a bad day and gone a bit temperamental—as opera stars do—Parera will soothe and calm her, and straighten matters out. He saw him do an unexpectedly charming thing one day. On the last day of the shooting of "One Night of Love" it rained unexpectedly and when Grace came out of the sound recording room, rain was pouring down. She had on a flimsy chiffon dress, and like a flash off came Parera's coat which he had bundled about her, while he himself walked the length of the lot in his shirt sleeves and vest.

Grace adores him. She told me: "I have found myself since I married. Life has never meant so much to me before."

Her devotion to him is sweet. She talks to him in Spanish and French but often ends up in her good old Southern drawl, as she admonishes "Honey, take care of yourself. Every year except one, on the anniversary of their marriage, they have gone together to look at the things they spent their honeymoon. This past year, on the fourth anniversary, both were in Hollywood and the trip to Italy simply couldn't be. They went to Yosemite and rode burros up to Glacier Point, one of the most beautiful peaks in America. Here they ate their lunch and drank their tea each other in a hot bath of old Bordeaux. It was the sort of romantic thing they love to do together.

Although Gene Markey is a dyed-in-the-wool Midwesterner, he has now of the same charm, gentleness and romance in his heart. Some people have called him the Husband perfect. That's a pretty broad statement, but I do think Joan Bennett loves him truly and appreciates his fine traits.

Gene's good time seeing star's—he has dark hair and dark eyes and carries himself well. He is charmingly witty. He tells some of the most delightful and amusing stories I have heard, and in his career as a brilliant writer he has known practically everybody famous who was interesting.

But the thing that makes him a husband to be admired is his consideration and his thoughtfulness. He always thinks of the little things—such as always having flowers on the table when Parera's invitations come to have dinner at the studio; always giving her some new present which, invariably, he will take pains to have initialed; phoning regularly to see how Joan feels and how her acting is going; sending flowers to her at home and on the set—sometimes two or three roses, or, a gardenia or two, and sometimes several enormous boxes of flowers.

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KEEPS ITS PROMISES
He is forever trying to think of new ways in which to surprise and please Joan. One day she misplaced a cigarette case that she was very fond of and the next day (from Gene by special messenger to the studio) came a beautiful new gold one with a compact to match, with her initials on it. And he is one husband that never forgets an anniversary!

There is too much Bennett in Joan to be bossed directly by Gene, but he does a fine job of running her without her knowledge, by seemingly always giving her her own way but at the same time directing it to their good as Mr. and Mrs. Markay.

And here's Dr. Francis Griffin, the husband of Irene Dunne, probably just what the doctor would order for quiet, reserved Irene Dunne. Doctor Griffin is a man of about 40 with graying hair and medium height, who is quiet, thoughtful, unassuming by temperament and a New York dentist by profession.

He comes to the Coast to visit Irene whenever he can spare the time from his work and the two share gossips east as soon as a picture is finished. When here, they go about quietly together, see only a very few friends and play a great deal of golf. He takes a deep, thoughtful and helpful interest in her work. On the evenings of those important days when she records her songs, and he is in New York, he phones her long distance to soothe and reassure her. When he is in Hollywood, he will go right into the control room and listen, making suggestions and criticisms.

They must love each other a great deal to be separated so much of the time and yet be happy. I imagine their separation was not worked out without much compromise, for when they were first married he asked Irene, and she agreed, to give up her work to be just a wife. Perhaps if I tell you a little of their romance it will explain him as a husband.

They met one night at a party. It was at that period in Irene's career when she was tremendously ambitious and had resolved to let romance occupy no part of her life. She did not get thoughts of the quiet, pleasant doctor out of her mind. She had thought she liked him, but he did not telephone. Meanwhile, similar thought processes were going on with Doctor Griffin. He, too, had resolved not to think of romance for a long time, but he could not get Irene out of his mind. Finally, after three weeks, he telephoned for a date and Irene accepted promptly—breaking an appointment for a French lesson and a massage in order to go out with this young man.

They were married. Irene, when she found Francis did not like or understand her work, promised to give it up. And so she did. They went abroad on a honeymoon. They returned and settled in New York. Then came a call for Irene for "Show Boat." Griffin capitulated. He understood her lovely wife, her hopes and ambitions better now and he was no longer jealous of her career. "All right," he told her, "go ahead. I'll help you as much as I can." And he has, from then on.

There is Hamon (Ham) Nelson, the orchestra leader whom Bette Davis loves so much. A swell guy, Young, vigorous, independent, determined his wife shall live upon what he can make, and yet rich enough to let her go on and have her career, be a glamorous important star when he is still just a young struggling man. It takes a lot of guts to know your wife is earning more than you, and is more important than you, and still keep on plugging. Well, Ham has guts. He is neither jealous of his wife, as some young men might be, nor has he, on the other hand, gone the least bit soft. He is determined he shall take none of her money. And more power to him.
Bette thinks she is lucky in having Ham for a husband. She said to me; "If anyone had told me when I was 18 and just starting that any man could be as important to me as my career, I would have laughed in his face. But now, I am sorry I ever had a career at all. That's how important marriage has become, that's how much I love him. I am with Ham.

"But you can't give up something like work so easily. You become accustomed to the tempo of it, to the feverishness and excitement of it. And it is difficult to drop it right in the middle. So here we are. All the same, I wish Ham and I could have comfortably settled down in a little New England farmhouse and had never heard of Hollywood."

Little things show the stuff of which Ham is made. You may have heard the story and you may not, of the time when he needed a new car and announced he was going to buy a second hand flivver. Bette offered to loan him money enough to get a new one, but he replied, "Not on your sweet life. This is my car." And even though he had to spend hours in dirty outskirts tinseling with it to keep it running, a flivver he bought.

Bette says she's known Ham all her life and there never was anybody else she even considered marrying. When I asked her what she liked about him she said, "Well, he was always so thoughtful to my parents, and I've known him so long and well, you know, he's Ham." There you are, my readers, he has an affinity for her.

I am always astonished at the qualifications of Johnny Weissmuller as a husband. Certainly it isn't his intellectual power that intrigues Lupe. Rather I think it is his refusal to let her run him, and his penchant for taking those good hard socks I told you about. Lupe, who is a firebrand, likes a man even in the domestic circle.

Joan Crawford has her Franchot Tone, good looking, young and positive. A young man with a fine brain, excellent background, and less charm than a man with a horse husband, and I think Joan is pretty proud of him.

Sally Eilers has her Harry Joe Brown. Older than she, to be sure, but an awfully nice guy. He is wise, tolerant, thoughtful, responsible, the kind of man a woman can lean on and feel secure. He is important and successful in his business.

Binnie Barnes has her Samuel Jocpsil, a quiet, dark slender man who collects antiques and rare books and loves to shower his pretty English wife with lovely jewels and frocks. Her vivacity and his quiet charm make a nice contrast.

And there are other husbands—lots of them—whom I haven't mentioned. Which one of them is the best? Reader, I told you, I wouldn't say if I could.

Just before he finished Romeosing, Leslie discarded on polo for my explicit benefit. His blue eyes gleamed. It seems he stumbled upon the excitement when he entered talks here, and now he plays in England, too. In fact, he'll be highlighting his summer vacation there with Jaunts to Dunster Lawns.

"It's the most picturesque polo field in Britain," he explained, "for it lies in a dell at the foot of the walls of a feudal castle. The grass is lush, and glorious English polo hasn't been turned since eleven hundred! You can imagine how velvety it is, Mrs. Howard and I and our friends make an English lawn-party, and whenever the sun has broken through, we go over for polo every afternoon."

You may not have expected Leslie to be among the polo players. He certainly isn't brawny. But he has nerve and he proves that strategy can equal steam. He's usually casual, even in all the muck. He's shortsighted, and a yarn he relates is of the occasion when he spectacularly forced one of his own team-mates out of the combat! Paul Kelly is one star who laughs at the idea that you have to be wealthy to enjoy polo. "I shop for my ponies," he informed me. "They come down to my price, or I sit for some who will let me build a farmhouse out in the San Fernando Valley and already the oats I've grown on the ranch are supporting my family and my four ponies. I'm putting in a practice field. I'll continue to dress at home and I have ordered a new Ford truck to haul my ponies to and from the polo grounds when I'm playing. While I'm on a picture, or am out of town, I keep within my budget by letting my ponies out to pasturage wherever there's a will like Paul Kelly. There's bound to be a system for escaping extravagance."

There are six chukkers (an Indian game meaning a period, pet!) to a game and the crowd can perceive how a man's disposition survives the seven-and-a-half minute spells in each. And the sportsmanship so intense that instantly your real self is ob-

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vious, Jimmy Gleason is as much of a comedian during the height of the spirited riding as he is professionally. Spencer Tracy's the most amiable player. He hasn't an unkind thought in his head and he never loses his temper when rival mallets are straining to capture the elusive pill.

I had lunch with Spencer at Metro to uncover his reactions to the pastime of the month. It appears he took it up because his mother objected to his flying! He was sent to San Diego for an opening, via airplane. The trip was so elating that he became an aviation bug. That frightened his mother, who begged him to disport himself in some less dangerous way. So he went in for polo. The studio won't allow him out at the Riviera while a production's before the cameras. But between episodes he's one of "Snowy" Baker's A-1 pupils.

"Stop on account of a few recent deaths incurred in the game?" He was serious for a moment, and then grinned, "You don't abandon your car because of accidents, do you?" And that was that. Spencer's wife plays well herself. They learned together and often form half a team. (There are four on each side.)

The one actress who's keen enough to get right into the field is Heather Angel. You'd never suspect a girl of her fragile looks of being so spunky. But our Heather was initiated when she trouped through the British outposts in India. She was a whiz on horseback and the handsome Army colonels couldn't resist teaching her.

It's remarkable how Will Rogers' memory lives on. The Uplifters have leased Will's own polo field, on his nearby estate, and they've officially tagged their turf "The Will Rogers Field." According to "Snowy" there's no one today with the physical vigor Will displayed. "He'd be away on a lecture tour, or travelling. The 'phone would ring and he'd state that he'd flown in, and was there a game on? He'd hurry over and ride through two complete games at top speed. He had splendid energy, marvelous perception, and he neither granted nor asked for any quarter. Then he'd leave us to go home and rope steers until it was dark!"

The loyal gallery that cheers the dauntless these days doesn't forget to buzz the producers who're performing. Hal Roach is a familiar figure on polo fields in many cities, for that matter. And when distinguished players arrive in Hollywood he entertains lavishly for them. Walter Wagner is fast developing first-class skill with his mallet, and Darryl Zanuck is as intrepid as ever. There have been those breathless minutes when Mr. Zanuck has slid off his pony, and it was a sight to see him holding on for dear life to a slipping tail. Only no one dared commit lese-majeste by grinning. You don't suppose the boys in the Prince of Wales' crowd chuckled when he used to take those falls, do you?

I said that you'd spot the most stunning sports apparel in the Riviera grandstand. Perhaps I should be more definite. Ginger Rogers typified the smart young number when she appeared in a suit of shiny sharkskin, cut very tailored, and in a chamois shade.

Glass accessories were Dutch blue, including the flower in her lapel. Ginger cuts up polo, but she remembers to doll up for the afternoon's frolic.

I'm so relieved that the darlings on the Cinema Coast are nuts about this genteel gambol. In the language of our noble industry, polo's colossal relaxation. You never can tell when someone in the frac is going to get a crack in the dome. And when you've ditched a stuffy appointment just to watch them "stick-and-ball" practice, week days, you feel so teddibly, teddibly gentlemanly.

At least, I do!
found on the street four days later, but ner’s psychiatry still had terminated... . definitely.” A slow grin crept over his not-too-handsome features.

Back home again, for the next several years the lad pursued his education... of sorts... at such institutions as the New York City public schools, Dwight Preparatory School, Mt. Vernon High School, Bloomfield Military Academy, New York University, Duke University, and finally the University of North Carolina. School days, however, held little appeal for him, and many of the institutions found him a bit too exuberant, several suggesting that he pursue his studies elsewhere.

During these years, he left home intermittently for one job after another, often alternating between work and school. Of one thing only is he certain... he held none of these jobs more than a month.

“After I played those six parts in my first show,” he recounted, scoring sixty-seven points to my sixteen (page Willie Hoppe, the pool champion). “I decided that this was just about the nuts. I was tired of being just one of the army of the unemployed, and even though I might be out of work, as an actor, still I wouldn’t be chanced as a bum. I would be ‘at liberty.’ Yeah, that’s what they call it when an actor’s not working... ’at liberty.’ Besides, acting was more dignified, I thought.

Occasionally, when theatrical opportunities seemed scarce, Stander would turn to newspaper work.

Looking to radio, the thought occurred to him that he might make a fortune writing for this newer medium of entertainment. Thought being father to the deed... when he had completed his first script he tried to sell it to Fred Allen. Allen thought the script terrible, but Stander’s personality and voice so arresting that he put him on the air in his own act.

A scout for Radio Pictures saw him in the radio station one night and signed him for a part in a future production. Without considering the proposition very carefully, Stander signed on the dotted line.

Some little time later, he met Ben Hecht.

“Why, I remember you,” said Hecht, “when you were just a punk hanging around the Village joints.”

“And I remember you,” retorted Stander, “away back in the days before you sold out... in the days when you were able to write Eric Dorn!”

That crack won him the part of the haranguing Communist in the Hecht and MacArthur production of “The Scoundrel,” his first appearance on the screen in a feature picture. Previously he had played in seventeen short subjects, making his film debut with Jack Haley in “Salt Water Daffy.”

I wasn’t anxious to do ‘The Scoundrel’ and turned the part down seven distinct times,” he related, “I told Hecht I had a contract with a studio, anyway, and why should I go into his picture.

‘I finally went through with it, though, and had the time of my life. I began to wonder where this racket had been all my life, and as soon as the picture was finished left New York for Hollywood.

‘In New York, I had had six years of dramatic work on the stage, some of the roles bordering on the tragic. Hollywood immediately cast me as a character comedian... and character comedian I have remained. It wasn’t until ‘The Scoundrel,’ reached Hollywood that producers came to the realization I could do anything else but comedy.

‘But I like comedy, I don’t want to change, for comedians go on and on and always are popular. I want that popularity—whatever I may have—to remain a long time.

As perfect a dialectician as Hollywood ever has known—and as good an actor, too—Lionel Stander today reigns over an audience that daily is increasing with leaps and bounds. “The Milky Way” revealed him as one of the most hilarious figures on the screen. “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,” starring Gary Cooper, produces further proof of his amazing versatility and cleverness.

Lionel Stander is one of the “finds” of the season.
Everything Under Control But Love!

[Continued from page 31]

temperamental outbursts, occurred while she was married to Lydell Peck. Perhaps it is not fair to blame her marriage for her professional setbacks. But it is undoubtedly true that it is difficult for a sensitive woman to try to adjust herself to marriage with a man who does not belong to, and who can have no interest in her profession. Once the break with Lydell was accomplished and final, Janet went back to being the amicable, easy-to-deal-with young woman she had been before she attempted domesticity. She was free.

I asked Ann Harding, a few days ago, "How is it that you look younger, more animated, more alive than you did five years ago when I first met you?"

"I have my life in order," she told me, gravely. "I have come through a difficult time and I have won my way to peace."

Ann has emerged from the wreck of her romance, a rounded, alive, intensely interesting woman and actress. But love and its struggles very nearly defeated her!

Joan Blondell has emerged from her marital difficulties somehow blither, brighter, gayer than she was before. I saw her in the Brown Derby the other day and she was one bunch of sparkles, if you know what I mean. Perhaps she and George Barnes tried to be too close to one another. I recall that they used to telephone each other almost every hour when both were working. Then she used to dash from the studio in a breathless state to try to be at home, if possible, before he arrived. The next we used to send by messenger. The... oh, well. Perhaps they consigned themselves too closely.

Anyway, Joan emerged from the shock of separation, looking younger and brighter.

Sometimes the thing works the other way around. After Kay Francis separated from Kenneth MacKenna, both Kay and her performances become a trifle pallid, a bit lackadaisical. The emotional interlude with Maurice Chevalier appeared to stimulate her briefly and then she lapsed into lethargy again. She lost weight and that worried her studio because Kay is especially valuable to a role which entails her wearing lovely clothes.

I visited Warner Brothers' Studio a day or two before Kay left for New York to visit Dick and Jessie Barthelmess. The studio was in a sort of secret twitter. "It looks as though Kay were really interested in that scenario writing chap... Delmer Davies!" about eight people confided to me in separate whispers. "He is going to New York, too, you know. Now, if that turns out to be a romance, we'll have Kay back here, all alive and interested again for her next picture. And really beautiful as she should be..."

Well, at this point, I am not prepared to tell you anything of what happened while Kay and Mr. Davies were in New York. But I do know that she has been cast for "Angel of Mercy," the story based on the life of Florence Nightingale, and the most important assignment that Kay has had in a couple of years. You may draw your own conclusions. I'm drawing mine!

But, for the most part, if a woman has won her way alone, has fought for her own chance in this fantastic profession, love seems merely to hamper her, restrain her, confine her. Sometimes she bears something valuable from it. But mostly she does not profit from it until she is free of those constrictions.

Your triumphant screen artist can control almost everything, it seems, except love!
The Sparkling Viennese

[Continued from page 52]

whom she should be compared, in my mind, are Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes. And Katharine Cornell refuses to respond to the blandishments of glamour Hollywood, while Helen, who has responded, has forsaken it, permanently she says, for the less glamorous but more exciting New York stage.

As the fascinating Anna Held, Luise puts her hand to her heart several times and says "I feel things here, so deep, I cannot talk about them." And, as you sit in the darkened theatre watching her, amazed at those twin lamps that glitter so tantalizingly from the depths of her dark, velvety eyes, you, too, feel something here, close to your heart, and are not ashamed to find yourself winking back a tear or two so profoundly are you stirred by the character into which she has sunk her personality.

When next you see Luise on the screen, it will be as such a direct contrast to Anna Held that she will again be able to prove to you her worth as an actress—instead of a glamour queen. For she has pocketed the coveted role of the poor Chinese wife, in Pearl Buck's dramatic and almost primivitely stark novel, "The Good Earth," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are having the courage to film. Again, you see, no chance to dress her in a flapping aureole of curls, to don form-revealing, sex-appealing gowns or to dance for the right camera angles so that her "best profile" can be photographed with the most devastating results. Lucky Luise, say we, gathering the dust of fame and glory in a nice big heap at her twinkle feet without such munificent accessories.

With all her unprecedented success, Luise has remained surprisingly naive and sincere. When interviewers and critics call her "great," she smiles deprecatingly. "You can call Beethoven great," she responds softly while listening to the strains of his magnificent Ninth Symphony, "but me, no.

Perhaps this simplicity is hers because even though she has but recently scaled the difficult heights of cinema fame, she has not been handicapped by an obscure childhood spent in a remote hamlet unaffected by the great or near great. On the contrary, she was born in Vienna, the gayest city in the world before the war. Her father was very wealthy and had a passion for travel. Consequently before Luise and her two sisters were well into their teens, they had travelled extensively on the Continent and, along with their native German, they spoke French and Italian fluently. Luise had also been trained, but only superficially, in English and for that she's now truly sorry. For she hates to study, but now that she's in Hollywood she's forced to perfect her English.

With the decline of so many large European fortunes, the Rainer family began to feel the pinch of necessity graving at their leisurely, well-travelled vitals, and Luise, searching around for a means of helping the exchequer, chose the stage. For two years she played with a small theatre group and then she had the good fortune to meet Max Reinhardt, and under his guidance she found herself growing in importance on the stage of every large city in Europe. Luise feels that she owes her Hollywood contract to Max Reinhardt's superb and faultless training. She also feels that she owes some of her success that followed to the unstinting help of William Powell, with whom she played in both "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld.

"He taught me so much," she says, "he was completely unselfish, advising me to do certain things even if they proved to his own disadvantage. He loved to tease me, too," she laughs. "But I will never, never forget his kindness and understanding."

As for us, we shall always be grateful to Myrna Loy for having the perspicacity of stepping out of "Escapade" and, by so doing, providing us with an introduction to Luise Rainer so appropriate and so perfect that it will linger in our memory always like a precious perfume.
Spence is a swell actor—but not for Myrna.

It is doubtful if Claudette Colbert would be playing "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags," at this moment, if the leading-man didn't happen to be Ronald Colman. The girls have never noticeably shied from playing in a Colman picture. In the past, they have been occasions of doubt as to a number of possibilities, and practically every leading-man who has worked with Hollywood has been perfectly willing to make tests for the part. So far as Ronnie is concerned it has always been an embarrassment of riches, in the case of leading-women. It narrows down to the point where he can just about take his choice.

Bob Taylor is way up in the running, after a phenomenally short career. Some of the screen's loveliest tales are languishing for Bob in their next picture, since his "Magnificent Obsession." Bob makes a beautiful girl more beautiful when he looks at her. He is in the running to outdistance Cagney, so the wise-aces say, and there will be some pretty hair-pulling matches to see who rates Bobbie, from now on. Bob Taylor is so good at playing is almost enough to hurt your husbands and your suitors to figure the riot he's going to start. The girls are flocking in droves to see him. And any lady who proposes to be in the picture with him, is bound to be seen by a good-sized audience. Do you think that hasn't occurred to the ladies, by any chance?

Robert Marshall has been pretty well handed around—he has covered the territory—Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Sylvia Sydney, et al., and the fiery tooth-and-nail struggle has calmed to a quieter simmer. Charles Boyer remains a dark horse—he has been so long away from the local screen, making pictures in Europe. The battle was on, after his first startling success in "Private Worlds," and then Katie Hepburn and Loretta Young rated him for two. His Vogue may be diminished—it may start up again with renewed vigor, who knows?

A new neck-and-neck race is starting up all over again for Cary Grant, since the Hepburn "Sylvia Scarlett." The meanies say Cary moved the picture right out of under the dynamic Katie—but that won't stop the other girls. They know they are safer with a leading-man who takes the picture, than with one who doesn't register at all. The girls who aren't satisfied call it a wrap, and may even quit the game. Only Kay Francis is considered hopeful, but since the Hepburn picture went out, her file is closed—she is no longer a candidate.

Freddie March probably has thirty or forty leading-women for "Anthony Adverse," judging by the size of the book, but Olivia de Havilland will be lady No. 1. Olivia has started her career most auspiciously, having fallen, literally, into the lap of Errol Flynn, right off the reel. There's a lad who is being included in a lot of beautiful lady's prayers to producers. You can't believe all the gush, all over Hollywood, the smouldering intrigue occurring on the Warner lot between the various leading-women. A lot of girls are being very very good and minding Papa and pulling wires, subduing temperament and behaving like angels—with Errol Flynn in mind. He is a reward worth working for, they figure. Will he stop you this time?

The languishing ladies languish—for a reason. The reason is that the latest excitement in leading-men can propel them up to the top of the box-office, can give them a lift back if they're slipping—and there are not half enough of him to go around!
Richard Arlen, his wife, Jubbya, and the cutest baby in the film colony set forth for England, where Dick will make a picture.

**Studio News**

*Continued from page 19*

they're ratting out on me," getting hysterical, "the way everybody's ratting out on me."

"Eddie, you've got to believe me," she protests.

"Go on—act some more," Sawyer says unemotionally to Naish.

"Are you gone on this weasel, Gal?" Naish goes on to Callahan, taking another step down. "Never mind, you don't have to tell me. It sticks out all over your map."

Gratingly: "You did a swell job for him. How does he feel about you?"

"I guess that doesn't matter now," she says helplessly, turning away and half sobbing. "Oh, I don't want him hurt—and I don't want you hurt, either."

"Get out of here," he barks at her viciously. "Get back in that car and beat it. Now there is real devotion for you. He's sending her away—back to the man she loves. But I shudder to think what's going to happen to Joe Sawyer. He looked it in "The Informer" but can't take it in "Special Investigator" is what I want to know.

Let me say this, though, before leaving: despite my flippancy this is really a gripping scene and it was played right up to the hilt. And now we'll look in at—

**Columbia**

MORE luck! Only two pictures shooting here, too. One is called "Blackmales" and this one, also, is a murder mystery. Eight people are at dinner. The butler is serving. One of the guests (Alexander Cross) requests that the lights be turned out, so they can see his cat's-eye ring in the dark. There is a scream and a third, Mr. Cross is dead with a carving knife in his back. Then Inspector Killian (Paul Hurst) arrives with a lieutenant and suspects practically everyone in the room. He's just coming into the living room when I arrive.

"How are you getting along, sergeant," he inquires of George McKay, "got 'em all?"
"Not quite," George answers. "I haven't got him (indicating William Gargan) or her (pointing to Florence Rice)."

"Have you any clues, inspector?" Gargan asks.

"The solution of any crime," Paul Hurst announces portentously, "is deductive science." He glances at McKay who takes out a notebook and begins writing. "All mundane," he resumes, "all up in the head.

With this astounding bit of information he turns to an ornament on the mantel, against which a little legend reads: "Nice piece of marble you got here."

"Jade," says Gargan sweetly.

"Yeah," Hurst agrees unperturbed. "Chinese. Ming Dynasty. I've got quite a collection of these. At night, when I go home to my jades—"

"Leave 'em alone, chief," McKay advises. "They'll get you into an awful lot of trouble."

"You get on with your finger-printing," it's Hurst's turn to advise.

"The humor of this scene lies in Hurst's appearance and the way he draws his lines. In both appearance and delivery he's not unlike W. C. Fields."

I nod to Bill Gargan and get beautifully snubbed. "You're on my go-to-hell list," he explains.

"Why?" I ask.

"How long have you been promising to call up and let me practice tennis on you?"

"I been busy," I begin in an aggrieved tone.

"Nuts," says Bill, so I saunter over to Florence with what I fondly hope is a bequelling smile.

"You're on mine, too," she states positively.

"Why?"

"How long have you been promising to call up and take me to a preview?"

It's plain to be seen I am not the life of the party on this set so I transfer my activities to the next one. Here we have quite a little number called "The Mine with the Iron Door" which is being made by Principal Productions for Columbia release. It stars Richard Arlen and is all about the fortune hidden by the monks of the San Capello Mission, in the seventeenth century from the Indians.

Immediate completion of this picture Dick leaves for eight weeks in England to make a film over there.

"Excuse me if I seem abrupt today," Dick says, "but I'm just jumping from scene to scene like acrobats, trying to finish up so I can get away from Friday. Come out to the house Thursday night. We've got a few people in for a farewell bawl."

By the time Dick has finished his speech he's halfway through another scene so I leave for—

M-G-M

THERE are several pictures going here but "Mob Rule," starring Spencer Tracy, has just started and the director is one of these foreign artists (Fritz Lang) who can't work without a monode and a clear stage, so there are no visitors. "The Good Earth" starring Paul Muni is on location. You'll hear about these two next month—maybe.

But we have access to "San Francisco" which features Clark Gable, Jeanette Macdonald and Spencer Tracy (yep, he's in this one, too).

Clark is the boss of San Francisco's Barbary Coast (in 1905, that is—long before Cagney in "Frisco Kid" and Robinson in "Barbary Coast" have got through bossing). On New Year's Eve a tenement burns down leaving a大量的 (no daughter's husband) homeless. She is wandering through the streets when Gable's galant bonner sees her and drags her into his cafe for a drink. She meets Clark and he becomes

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**TAP**

DANCING BY MAIL

Bag, A (or Adv, Tap E), Simple Tap Lesson for Bag with 5 Lessons in Oil, 20c. Signed. Walter Fisk, Tipton, S.D.

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If you have ever dreamed of actually playing the piano, from the first lesson learns the why and whereof in all the right keys and scale. Send your name and address for 3 stamps, with complete information regarding ages, etc. If you are unable to send the price as directed you are at nothing. THE LANE WITH MAGIC STUDIO, Dept. C-4, Box 2092, Hollywood, Calif.

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Something To Look Forward To
The dramatic "Beau Geste!" a great success of silent days, is to be remade in full color, with Gary Cooper in just the kind of part that suits him.
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE
By Charlotte Herbert

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<td>The architect in &quot;Don't Get Personal&quot;</td>
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<td>A black man, especially of African blood</td>
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<td>Exclamation of surprise</td>
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<td>A runner used in sliding over the snow</td>
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<td>To make a mistake</td>
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<td>Renders calm or quiet</td>
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<td>Partake of food</td>
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<td>Regard with care</td>
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<td>An island off the English Coast</td>
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<td>Draw along slowly</td>
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<td>Appears with Fredric March in &quot;Anthony Adverse&quot;</td>
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DOWN
1 The nurse in "The Country Doctor" | 3 Paterno | 5 Mead | 7 "As I Was a-Singin'" | 9 "The Courtship of Miles Standish" |
2 Beloved | 4 Unrath | 6 Birthplace of Abraham | 8 The road to El Dorado |
3 Negative | 5 "Modern Times" | 6 Books | 7 "Modern Times" |
4 One of the famous quintuplets | 5 Before | 6 Systemsatic training | 7 "Modern Times" |
5 And (L.) | 6 "Modern Times" | 7 "Modern Times" | 8 "Modern Times" |
6 A new heart breaker on the 20th Century-Fox lot | 4 "Modern Times" | 5 "Modern Times" |
7 Notary Public (abbr.) | 3 "Modern Times" | 2 "Modern Times" | 1 "Modern Times" |
8 Stage and screen musical comedy songstress | 2 "Modern Times" | 1 "Modern Times" | 1 "Modern Times" |
9 Large running stream (abbr.) | 2 "Modern Times" | 1 "Modern Times" | 1 "Modern Times" |

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

1 Fairbanks
2 "Wee Willie Winkie"
3 "Devil's Cabaret"
4 "Madam Satan"
5 "The Magnificent Seven"
6 "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
7 "A Woman's Vow"
8 "The Great Gatsby"
9 "The Last of the Mohicans"
10 "The Private Life of Henry VIII"
11 "The Card"
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¢

Savage
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 mealtimes."

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. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

- Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
- Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
- Mrs. Churchill Dulaney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

**For Digestion's sake smoke Camels**
THE ROMANTIC NELSON EDDY

Silver Screen

July

10¢

JUN 22 1936

Myrna Loy

WHICH GIRL TYPIFIES HOLLYWOOD?
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 A T-BONE "Intelligent!"

(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 wakes 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.
THE WINNER!
METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

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 entertainments 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 pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS
Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, 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.

WATCH FOR THEM!
Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard in "Romeo and Juliet"
Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald in "San Francisco"
Jean Harlow
Charley Chase in "Suzy"
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy in "Love on the Run"
And M-G-M's Big Road Show, "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD!"

Silver Screen
The Opening Chorus

Loretta Young

A Letter from Liza

DEAR EDITOR:

You can think what you please (you probably will anyway, but at least it’s been done), but me to accept it all, but there’s something so satisfying to a poor girl’s soul as scratching off the items on a calendar pad at the end of the working day. Fail accomplish you say if you’ve been a scholar, but I never did because I am no scholar, and what’s more to the point, I never accomplish. Yes, just as I suspected, it seems that I have done none of the things I intended doing today, and now they have to be transferred to tomorrow; poor little items, they get all worn out being transferred from day to day.

But you see, at noon today I went to the luncheon-shower given by Joan Blondell for Sally Young (Mrs. Norman Foster) who’s expecting a blessed event any minute now, and I became so intrigued while prowling around baby bonnets and booties, and rattles, and teething rings and things that I completely lost all track of time. Loretta Young, Sally’s sister, is so tickled over becoming an auntie that she fairly beams, and she’s hoping that it will be a girl. “What chance has a boy in this family of girls?” said Loretta.

Practically everybody at the party insist upon telling me the Quint story, “Don’t look now,” said the second Quint to the first, “but I think we’re being followed.”

And now for tomorrow. “Drop in on Missy Lombard’s set for a spot of tea and a bit of gossip.” Well, that won’t be hard to take—or forget. Carole’s making a picture now called “My Man Godfrey” and is co-starring with none other than her ex-husband, Mr. William Powell, and as Bill is practically as mad as Carole a fine pair they must make. I hear tell they simply go into hysterics when Director Gregory La Cava tells them how to make love to each other. But alas, screen kisses aren’t real, dear editor, for it’s Clark Gable who waits at the stage door for La Lombard and takes her home when the day’s work is done— and Mr. Powell is still gay places with Miss Harlow. However, don’t be too disillusioned about screen kisses because Henry Fonda hasn’t let Margaret Sullavan out of his sight ever since they made their picture together.
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.
“HER Lovely Lips APPEALED to me INSTANTLY!”
Said EDMUND LOWE

Suave film star picks most kissable lips in unique test

- We presented three girls to Ed- mund Lowe. One wore ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee. “Her lips look kissable,” he said of the Tangee girl. “They look natural.”

Tangee can’t make lips look painted—because Tangee isn’t paint. Its magic color-change principle turns it from orange in the stick to blush rose on your lips. Just the shade to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

- BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don’t let some churn sales person entice you to an illusion...there is only one Tangee. And when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for Tangee Paint. There are also Tangee Pressed Powders and many other Tangee products. Each is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LIFT COMPANY $1.75 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Enclose 10c (Canada or com.), 15c in Canada.

Choice □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Rachel

Name □
Address □
City □
State □

YOUR BEACH BEAUTY

Are You Prepared For Your Bathing Suit?

By Mary Lee

Just look at this picture of Joan Blondell and be convinced she has nothing to fear from having her beach-time beauty snapped by an unsuspecting camera in whatever pose she’s caught! Pretty Joan has a bathing girl personality every bit as winning as her dressed-up parts in some of her Warner Brothers’ pictures.

Take a lesson from Joan and be prepared, when you trawl at the water’s edge, for the Kodak that may be lurking behind any sand dune or umbrella to snap you unawares! That day at the beach is beauty’s big opportunity, if you’ll only realize it. You’re on display, even more than on the dance floor. See to it you cut a figure you won’t mind having preserved for future admiration—or jibes.

Haven’t you noticed gals the minute they appear in bathing attire, go all self-conscious? They dash from the bath house into the water as quickly as possible and drape robes around themselves when they should be basking in the sunlight. And there are others, we’re sorry to say, who flaunt their charms ad nauseam. Neither is necessary, nor likely to make a girl one of those beach play-mates who’s always in demand and the first to be doted upon for dinner and dancing—or something more permanent.

We’ve cast an appraising eye over the girls who seem always to be the center of congenial and admiring cliques. And here’s our verdict on how they do it: first of all, they’re entirely natural. They go gay and they let themselves go, whatever sport is the order of the day.

Of course, one all-important aid to magnetic gaiety and utter freedom from self-consciousness is the knowledge that you look right. Assure yourself of a becoming bathing suit, smooth evenly tanned skin (minus sunburn), hair that’s curly (by nature or by permanent) so it can stand being mussed up without getting straggly...and a figure to be proud of.

If you’re facing beach play-time with the embarrassing thought that your figure is not the one you should be, here are some tips on how to improve it at the same time that you’re having fun. Do all the swimming you can. It’s fine for posture, taking off inches and tightening up those relaxed muscles that let you sag in spots. The crawl is especially good, because all the time you’re doing it you’re reaching forward and stretching out. And there’s nothing quite as fine for the figure as stretching.

The breast stroke is good, provided you can do it with a straight back and your face close to the water. Water is a grand aid to exercise as it holds you suspended in a way that gives free play to all the muscles. And there’s less of the force of gravity pulling you down into slumps that you always have to combat when you’re standing or sitting. Here’s the warning, though, if you run to excess poundage. Swimming, especially in salt water, makes you ravenous, and you must curb your appetite when you come out. See to it that your Summer is a balanced one, mainly of salads, fruits and fresh vegetables.

Diving is dandy for posture! If you can only remember the form to which you hold yourself when you’re poised for the take-off, and save it for everyday use, you’ll be making much headway toward the graceful carriage that makes people turn around to look at one.

Throw the beach ball with your arms over your head, or from the shoulders. Keep your chin up and your shoulders back when you’re doing it. And learn to “tuck-under” your hips to minimize their size and hold your “tummy” in. The “tuck-under” is done by pulling your hips down and under, as if you were sitting. It’s grand for straightening out the curve in your back and keeping your “tummy” flat so your bathing suit won’t show unflattering bulges.

A new aid to Summer reducing that’s winning enthusiastic praise is called “Gym-Golds.” Kleister makes the garments of rich, crepe rubber in oyster white, nautically trimmed with blue sailor figures. They’re attractive to look at, but they certainly make the excess inches fly when you wear them for active sports or exercises! There are shorts, smartly cut and snugly fitting, to reduce “tummy” and hips. The slacks do the same job and in... (Continued on page 6)
"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.
Picnic Delights
Easy-To-Make Recipes That Will Add To Your Holiday Joys.

By Ruth Corbin

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

With this new-type 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, Russel, and Poppy Red—stunning new "mystic" 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 fingertip the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new. It's perfect.

GLAZO
20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

Coconut Strips have real food value, and taste too.

I T IS picnic time again! For the children and the boys and girls who refuse to grow up this is indeed good news. There are so many grand places to go, so many good things to eat that week-end after week-end you can vary both of them to suit your tastes.

If your taste turns to something Chinese, which is equally good for picnics or home serving, and for any meal of the day, Ann Loring's Almond Omelet is just the thing. Incidentally, if you prefer, you can use shrimp or lobster instead of almonds in the omelet. If almonds are used, cook them in oil, preferably olive oil, until they are barely crisp, then remove from the oil into the same oil put the celery and onions sliced on the bias one-quarter of an inch thick. Cook until slightly steamed. Drain from the oil, add the almonds and combine with the eggs which will bind together the almonds and vegetables. For this mixture you use:

ALMOND OMELET
2 cups celery 1 cup blanched almonds 2 cups onion 4 eggs well beaten Soy sauce

When cooking, drop ingredients by tablespoonsfuls into the oil slowly until nicely browned and well set. Serve with soy sauce and boiled rice.

And here is a brand new recipe which has been prepared for you by Silver Screen, which you can make and take along as a cold desert on your picnic or camping trip, or you can serve it at home either hot or cold. It is different, it is tasty and it has all the ingredients necessary to health. We call it Silver Fluff.

SILVER FLUFF
3 eggs 1 cupful Kellogg's Rice Krispies ½ cupful chopped 1/4 cupful chopped nuts dates ½ cupful crushed pineapple, drained

Beat egg yolks and add to other ingredients, which have been thoroughly mixed. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for about 30 minutes. Crumble and serve, heaped in sherbet glasses, either hot or cold, with whipped cream or lemon sauce. Serves 8.

From Joan Crawford comes this recipe which is also adaptable to indoor and outdoor meals. I tried it quite recently on some guests, and did they rave!

DAINTY CHIPS
1 bag of potato chips American Cheese Sliced sweet pickle Potted ham

Place a thin layer of cheese on each chip. Cover this with thin slices of sweet pickle and a layer of potted ham. Place them in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Allow them to cool until crisp and serve.

The old fashioned sandwich loaf can be made to do duty for the picnic or the luncheon table with nice results. I have my own ideas about sandwich leaves, however, for it seems to me in making them time is always an important element of consideration. Instead of taking a leaf of unsliced bread and making it into the usual sandwich loaf I take the sliced loaf and use from four to five slices of bread to make small loaves. In this way I can have 15 to 18 sandwiches and about three different combinations from one loaf of bread. Here is one of my favorites:

SURPRISE LOAF
5 slices of trimmed bread 1 egg chopped & mixed with Crosse & Blackwell's India Relish & Mayonnaise Crosse & Blackwell's Beef & Liver Pate with Mayonnaise Pimento mixed with mayonnaise Cream cheese with chopped olives

Spread a layer of each mixture on a slice of bread. Place one on top of another and cover with cream cheese, just as though you were icing a cake, thinned to a spreading consistency with a little cream. Garnish with

Cherry Ice Box Cake in the spirit of the Fourth of July.

Silver Screen
"That Certain Something—Men Adore It!"

**CHERRY ICE BOX CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups (1 Can) Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup quartered maraschino cherries
- 1/2 cup drained pineapple tidbits
- Vanilla wafers.

Blend together the sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Add prepared fruit. Line narrow oblong pan or spring form cake pan with waxpaper. Cover with fruit. Add layer of wafers, alternating in this way until the fruit mixture is used and finishing with a layer of wafers. Let it stand in refrigerator for six hours or more. To serve, turn out on a platter, remove waxpaper and cover with a butter icing. Garnish with cherries around edge and with design of flag in center. This makes a colorful cake. And it is both easy to make and easy to eat.

For the picnic box not only the mothers of such tiny stars as Jane Withers, Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore, etc., but all mothers everywhere find these dainty cookies intrigue the childish fancy and appetite.

**COCONUT STRIPS**

Take day old sliced bread and cut in half inch strips. Dip them well in Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, roll in shredded, dry coconut and brown either over the fire with a toasting fork or under a slow blaze in your stove. They are crisp and nice. By taking thicker slices of bread and covering them in the same way, you have, instead, cake-like strips tasting much like coconut covered Angel Food.

**CHOCOLATE CRISPIES**

- 2 squares unsweetened 4 cups Kellogg's chocolate
- 1 can Eagle Brand Corn Flakes
- Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from fire, cool, add corn flakes and mix well. Drop by tablespoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 10 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 50.

Here and in a new five-way cookie that is a boon to the housekeeper. You can mix up a whole batch, separate and have a score of different kinds of cookies.

**FIVE-WAY COOKIES**

- 1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
- 1/2 cup peanut butter

To this add any one of the five ingredients listed below. Bake in a moderate oven.

- (a) 2 cups of raisins
- (b) 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes
- (c) 3 cups coconut, shredded
- (d) 2 cups Bran Flakes
- (e) 1 cup nut meats, chopped

Now get busy on those picnics and camping parties... or if you can't get away try these recipes for light luncheons or Sunday night suppers. You'll find they save you many hours out of a hot kitchen.

Here are some supplies that the housewife should always put in for the summer months. Hormel Flavored-Seasoned Chicken and Chicken a la King, Richardson & Robbins Chicken Soup, Libby's Meat Loaf, Heinz canned soups. Crosse & Blackwell's preserves. A variety of Kraft or Borden's delicious cheeses. Mayonnaise canned fruits. Canned vegetables; olives, pickles, Bisquick and Crisco.

Happy vacation to you all.

---

**MAVIS Genuine Mavis Talcum**

The secret of fascinating French women—yours!... Be feminine! Cloth your self 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 81 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. VIYAVDOE, INC. 860 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenience size of Mavis Talcum (white... flesh...) so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name
Address
City
State

for July 1936
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

CREAMY CAKE

“YOU’RE TELLING ME?”

Write About
The Things
You Like In
The Movies.
And Why!

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.

Henry Fonda’s photo, won by Stewart K. Weir.

Gene Ray-
mond’s photo,
won by Janet
Schaeffer.

Francis Led-
er’s photo, won by Vir-
ginia Foltz.

NELSON EDDY is one of the hand-
mosest and best actors in Holly-
wood. He’s Gable, Tone and
Taylor all in one!” writes Mildred Segal of
Gibson St., Scranton, Pa. “That really isn’t
even close enough for Mr. Eddy, but is it enough to
win a picture?”

See the story about your favorite on
page 26.

“We WANT more of Ida Lupino. She
is not only a good actress but she is beauti-
ful as well. We liked her in ‘Anything Goes’ and are waiting for ‘One Rainy
Afternoon’,” writes William Willingham
of N. Julia St., Mobile, Ala.

It’s in her blood—she’s our pedigreed star.

“I SAW ‘Rose Marie’ recently and am
still thrilled to the gills,” writes Laura H.
Stinnett of Topaz, Mich. “The theatre was
so packed that there were many people
standing in back (I was one). I wasn’t very
comfortable but I would have stood all
night to hear Nelson Eddy sing ‘Indian
Love Call’ again.”

You belong to the “Nelson Eddy Stan-
dees.” It’s the largest organization of its
kind.

“I WANT a picture of that paragon of
pixillation, Gary Cooper, to put on my wall
so I can look at it and then close my eyes
and see what lovely lanky come sliding
down the balusters, or hear him boom-
boom on the tuba and really laugh.”

writes Marie Pelletier of S. Jefferson Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo. “It is pictures like ‘Mr. Deeds
Goes to Town’ that make me believe mov-
ing pictures can be Public Benefactors No. 1—when they really try.”

When they’re “Deeds” not words!

“I HAVE never really ‘lived’ through a
picture until I saw ‘Trail of the Lonesome
Pine,’” writes Sophie Petroff of Massachu-
setts St., Gary, Ind. “To those performers,
all of them, one or two, should be
given great praise and recognition for their
wonderful work in this very true-to-life
drama of the valley and hill folks.”

Good pictures are never forgotten.

“GINGER ROGERS certainly has as-
cended to the heights of popularity. Ginger
has glamour, charm, personality, beauty
and everything else which tends to make
her a great personality on the screen,”
writes Ann Judice of Mudd Ave., Lafayette, La.

“Never Gonna Dance” is being readied
for you.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after July 6, 1936

Editor,

“YOU’RE TELLING ME”

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased

to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is
Address
City State

The fifty win-
ers of the
signed, framed
photographs
offered in June
have been noti-
fied by mail.
"I HAVE been trying so hard to get a picture of Fred MacMurray, but I just can't seem to win one," writes Frances Haggerty of Southside Ave., Lynn, Mass. "I have recently seen him in 'Trail of the Lonesome Pine.' The girls who play opposite him are lucky, and I would sure like to be one of them.

Miss Haggerty meet Mr. MacMurray!

"MORE than anything I can think of is the way I want a picture of James Stewart. Gosh, he's swell!" writes Marian Morris of Front St., Conway, Ark. "I'll admit he's no Bob Taylor for looks, but he's a darn good actor, a darn good one!!! 'Superb' is the word for James Stewart in more ways than one!"

See Page 51.

"I RECENTLY saw the new romantic handsome actor, Michael Whalen. That smile and wavy curly hair of his captures all movie fans who see him. He is one actor who will shoot up to the top and stay there," writes Miss M. Whalen of Morningstar Rd., Pt. Richmond, S. L.

O. K! Mike's all right.

"I AM hoping to get a nice autographed photo of Spencer Tracy, my favorite," writes Herman D. Wood of Lincolnville Ave., Belfast, Me. "It is hard to think of Tracy as an actor, merely portraying characters, but more like the real original character. His acting has the power to fascinate because of sincerity and complete lack of studied effects.

It's that casual I-don't-give-a-whoop way of his.

"AT LAST, a star who is really different and who is so recognized by the public as an actress of superior quality—Olivia de Havilland," writes Raymond Lajoie of Danelson, Conn. "I look forward with great interest to her next role opposite that 'one and only' of screen actors, Fredric March, in 'Anthony Adverse.'"

At the premiere of "Anthony Adverse" she was a wow!

The fifty prizes are real photographs, not reproductions, and each is inscribed by the star with the winner's name and autographed. The frames are of wood 8½ x 10½ inches.

PICTURE TITLES

After Alterations

"Suicide Club" (Rh. Montgomery) has been changed to

"Trouble for Two"

"The Witch of Timbuctu" (Lionel Barrymore) has been changed to

"The Devil Doll"

"Mob Rule" (Spencer Tracy) has been changed to

"Fury"

"Queer Money" (Chester Morris) has been changed to

"Counterfeit"

"It's a Small World" (Jean Bennett) has been changed to

"We Found Love"

"Nobody's Fool" (Ed. E. Horton) has been changed to...

"Unconscious"

"Fer de Lance" (Edward Arnold) has been changed to

"Meet Nero Wolfe"

for JULY 1936

Mutiny in the Bathtub

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 dear—
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.

ORALGENE...made to do a special job. Its firmness quickens gives much needed exercise...and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT...especially for those who like a 'stronger' taste. A Beech-Nut Quality product.
SOMETHING tells me as I roll out of bed and get to work with my new blue-handled toothbrush, preparatory to a tour of the studios, that this is going to be a good day. Some studios have nothing going, but the ones that have are shooting full blast and it looks like one of those days for your Uncle Richard. Seeing myself I start at—

Warner Brothers

MY FEARS are well founded. I'll be stuck here for a long while.

First we have Kay Francis in “Angel of Mercy.” The set is hardly a fitting background for the glamorous Kay. It is nothing but a hut with bare wood walls, a small iron stove, a chair and a most uncomfortable looking bed. Kay is lying on the bed with a knitted shawl around her shoulders and some kind of dewdad on her head. She's just recovering from the cholera. Henry O'Neill comes in, with his overcoat on. It's winter.

“Time for eleven o'clock milk, Miss Nightingale,” he says, handing her a glass.

“Thank you, Tom,” Kay smiles as she takes it. “You're a good little nurse, aren’t you?”

“I did Dr. Hunt give you permission to write letters, Miss?” O’Neill inquires, fearing she's over-exerting herself.

Before she can answer there is a knock at the door. “See who it is, Tom,” Kay says.

“Just a soldier,” Halliwell Hobbes smiles as he steps inside and salutes her.

“How kind of you to come to see me,” Kay greets him. “You ought to be looking after your own health.”

“I'm getting to be an old man,” Hobbes tells her. “I was at Waterloo, you know. My days of service are nearly over.”

“The army won't let you go just yet,” Kay comforts him.

“They've had the best of me,” Hobbes goes on. And then he tells her she has been mentioned in the military despatches and has been appointed general superintendent of all the female nurses in the British army. I do not know the story of Florence Nightingale, so I can't tell you why everyone says Kay is not the right type for the part. I only know if the whole story holds up to the scene I saw her do it will be the best performance she's ever given.

Florence Nightingale was the woman who founded the Red Cross and why Kay couldn't have started it as well as anyone else I don't know. Personally I can't imagine anything more delightful than having Kay for a nurse when one is ill.

“I hope this is going to be a really big picture,” Kay says to me when the scene is over. “Most of mine are only program pictures but I have great hopes for this one. And then as soon as this is finished I go right into another one called ‘Sweet Alone.’”

I'd like to spend the day with Kay because we always have a swell time gabbing.

Fred MacMurray, the orchestra leader, encounters Carole Lombard and Alison Skipworth in “The Princess Comes Across.”

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News
A Survey Of The Busy Sound Stages.

but there are other sets to be covered so I leave and amble over to the next stage where Joe E. Brown is making his next to last picture for Warner Brothers.

This one is called "Earthworm Tractors." Joe E. is a blundering salesman. He sells novelties until his romantic heart, Carol Hughes, and her father, Olin Howland, urge him to sell "something big." That's when he decides to hitch his wagon to a tractor. There are laugh-provoking blunders galore until, at the end, he finds he really loves June Travis. But she's hurt over his fancied affection for Carol, and disappears. All he can learn is the name of the city to which she's fled. Joe goes right to town and starts phoning every Johnson (which is June's name in the picture) looking for her.

We find him in a telephone booth in a


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

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 272, Portland, Ore.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. Women's Men's

Name
Address

for July 1936
large hotel, with his feet propped up against the door. June is the switchboard operator at the public phone booths but Joe has not seen her yet.

"Sorry," says June into the mouthpiece when he gives her the last number, "the phone's been disconnected."

"Well," Joe sighs, "I guess I'm through. That was the last of the Johnsons."

June thinks she recognizes his voice and stands up behind the desk so she can see into the booth. Then she sits down again and speaks in a soft whisper. "Not the very last Johnson," she murmurs. "There's one left."

"Who's that?" Joe demands.

"Mabel Johnson," June whispers softly. "Mabel! Mabel!" Joe yelps into the phone. "Where are you? I'll come to you wherever you are."

I think it would have been much more romantic if he'd started singing "Alice, where art thou?" but then I don't write the dialogue for Joe's pictures.

When the scene is finished Joe glances around and sees my guide me and behind the camera. "Does the scene smell all the way back there?" he asks.

I nod my head and Joe really does a "take-em." "It smells pretty good," I grin.

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you two-fold protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Saves Gums

Margaret is a wealthy gal who marries Bogart unaware that he is a criminal. Then she gets sent up to prison for three years for complicity in a crime he commits and with which she really had nothing to do.

Naturally, a sensitive girl like Maggie can't stay married to a mug like Bogart so she tells him she's going to divorce him. He asks to see her before she leaves prison and tells her he'll kill any man who comes between them. He really cares.

But Maggie goes right on through with her divorce. Pat and Bob Armstrong question her about clues but since she's innocent she can tell them nothing. Then she meets Foran, a wealthy playboy, and they become engaged. Bogart teads of the engagement and offers to testify for the government. He is being taken to New York when he escapes from the train and makes his way to Palm Beach where Maggie is.

Pat suggests to Maggie that she and Foran go through with their wedding to attract Bogart to the scene. Then Foran is injured and he's scared by this time, anyhow, so he takes a rummaging order. And what do you think that noble O'Brien does? He gets himself bandaged up to look like Foran and he takes the groom's place at the altar!

Mr. Bogart is going to find a pretty warm reception when he crashes this party.

The bridesmaids are coming down the aisle and a tinny piano is thumping out the wedding march. Pat and Margaret are supposed to be getting married but they're sitting behind the door watching their wedding procession. They'll be photographed later.

"Why didn't you come to that style show Eloise (his wife) had in her shop?" Pat demands.

"Oh," I mutter, "my black chiffon from last year is still good and I didn't want to be tempted."

Pat and Maggie hug and as Warner Brothers' other company, Hox Money, featuring Ross Alexander, Beverly Roberts, Joseph Cawthorne and Andrew Toombes is on location, I shift my activities to—

R-K-O

"Only one company working here—"Mary of Scotland."

Miss Hepburn isn't working today so I am permitted on the set—if I'll keep well in the background and not speak to anyone. There's not a great deal doing in the way of action, but you never saw such a set. I'm only standing about ten feet away from the castle walls and I can't tell that they're not real stone. The daggers in the courtyard is real and not the false ones they usually put down on sets. Mr. DeMille will probably have a fit but this set is more massive and more looking than those he had for "The Crusades. They had to put extra girders under the stage to support the weight of the flagstones."

Surely the troops are storming in and inside the courtyard troops attired in kilts are waiting with their spears, bows and arrows and battle axe poised. Suddenly someone yells "Enter, Bag true and the massive gates swing open and a couple of horses and riders dash in.

Fredric March plays the male lead and his wife, Florence Eldredge, plays Queen Elizabeth. But Florence isn't working today and Freddie is talking to Hepburn and is conversing, at least as far as I'm concerned, strictly incommunicado so I turn the corner and presto! I am at—

Paramount

There are a couple of big pictures going here this time. The most important is "The Princess Comes Across," starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

Carole is an actress and her friend, Alison Skipworth, is a broken down burlesque queen. They're getting nowhere until Carole finally manages to get a little dough from a picture company for doing something or not doing something.

They buy themselves a flock of glad rags, announce to a palpitating world that Carole is a princess and Skippy is a countess and they're sailing for home. But when they get aboard ship they find Fred MacMurray (a lovely orchestra leader) has already engaged the royal suite. A pretty howdah.

Fred refuses to give up his cabin for any buck-toothed princess but when he turns around and gets a load of Carole he changes his mind. Somehow he really gets rid of Fred, the purser and assistant purser (although Fred is not at all anxious to leave). She leans wearily against the door. She is, one feels, about to speak when there is a knock. She steps aside.

"Come?" she orders imperially.

"The door opens and there's Fred again. friendly as you please.

"Again?" Skippy inquires acutely.

"I forgot my razor," Fred explains apologetically. He heads out towards the bathroom. A little bow to the princess, a little bow to Lady Gertrude. As he disappears into the bathroom the two women eye each other. They do not like this young man at all when they hear the sound of water
gushing into the bath tub.

"Good heavens!" Carole exclaims in anguish. "the fellow’s going to take a bath!" She bustles over to the door and swings it wide. Foot on the edge of the tub, elbow on his knee, chin cupped in hand, Mac is watching the water run into

the tub. His air is grave.

"When I was in here awhile back," he

informs her, "it was sort of actin’ up, so—look here!" He directs her attention to the faucet. "The water runs in here and (pointing to the waste pipe) it runs out.

there on account of you can’t stop it." His diagnosis is solemn. "Trouble is—it runs out faster than it runs in. You couldn’t raise enough water in that tub to bathe a goldfish. Now, if the Duchess here had a screwdriver—"

"Young man," Skippy screams in shrill indignation, "I do not carry screw drivers about my person!"

Then Carole decides to put him in his place once and for all. "Young man," she explodes, loping into the accent she wears as a princess, "as you are a ploomer beex it. If not, please go away!" And, waving a regal hand toward the door she returns to the bedroom.

"Hi ya, toots?" she says to me when the scene is finished.

"Utterly deserted," I complain.

"What matter?" she sympathizes.

"Well, I had a hard enough time getting anywhere with you when you were just a commoner but now that you’re a princess I won’t stand a chance."

"You never did anyhow," says the blunt Miss Lombard, "so don’t take my sudden rise in position to heart. But I’ll still speak to you and Fieldsie will still give you a rootbeer when you come into our dressing room."

"Rhythm on the Range" is a cowboy picture with Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby attend-

ing to the rhythm.

Greatly cheered to find that a title hasn’t changed Carole, I murmure my thanks and turn my attention to the next stage.

The racing season over, Bing Crosby is once more turning his attention to pictures. This one is called "Rhythm on the Range." It is a cowboy picture, and the star is quite done up in dandies, a blue work-shirt, and what have you. He’s riding in a freight car with a prize Hereford bull that weighs

close to 3000 pounds and is called "Cuddles." He’s taking the bull by the horns or to the fair or something. Also in the car is Frances Farmer, dripping wet.

"And that lets you out," Miss Farmer is saying.

"It sure does," Bing agrees.

"Well, what do I do now?" she wants to know, because, after all, it’s his car and

his bull, no matter which way he slings it.

"Take off your clothes," he orders.

She stands up at that, taking it on the

"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 armpit

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armpit odor unless your armpit 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 armpit, 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 armpit dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that 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 Odorono. It keeps the armpit not

only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe, . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the armpit. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono 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!

Odorono comes 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 ever 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 Odorono and Leavelet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 756, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2220, Montreal)

I enclose $ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name

Address

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for July 1936
MOON GLOW Nail Polish


Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish
Quarterly (t) every 3 months
Quarterly (Q) every 6 months
(Persuasive Market Medium (M) Chrome (C) Rose (R) Wood Idle (I) But Tan (T) Comb (O)

Name ____________________________
St. & No. ________________________
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On Canada, and 10 cents, Moon Glow, 39 California Rd., Toronto.

Switch to ZIP CREAM DEODORANT

More for your money
The best to be had

Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing, ideal on sweaty armpits. A physician’s prescription to hand dealer or write
Physician’s Prescript for Moon Glow Co., Dept. 21, Madison Btch, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SHU-MILK THE GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE CLEANER
America’s Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

Freckles

Vanish 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.

50 c.

Booklet on request.

Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill., Dept. 21

From Hollywood comes

This NEW and BETTER Nail Polish!

There’s a reason why Moon Glow Nail Polish is so popular with the stars of the screen and stage. Women everywhere who are particular about cosmetics use Moon Glow because it makes their hands more lovely, attractive and dainty than ever before. Also because its sparkling lustre lasts many days longer. Try one of the 8 smart new Hollywood shades. Only 25¢ for the giant size bottle at drug and department stores.

Generous size bottle for use at all good 10 cent stores.

Send for trial size use the coupon below.

Applies smoothly—sets lustrefully. Clean or clear polish.

Resists chipping, cracking and peeling.

ch in you might say, and the look she gives
him. But that’s like a girl. I guess the wish was
mother to the thought because she’s totally
misunderstood him. All he wanted was to
dry her clothes. Knowing Bing as I do, I
can assure her if she thinks he has any
other thought in mind, she’s flattering her-
selt unduly.

And, next on the program, we have a
little number Walter Wanger is producing
for Paramount release called “The Case
Against Mrs. Ames.” This stars Madeleine
Carroll and George Brent. Miss Carroll is
an English beauty and one of the few for-
eigners whom I feel adds something to the
American screen. I’m glad she’s back.

Mr. Brent is a lawyer and by this time
he has played enough lawyers to enable him
to set up a practice of his own.

Madeleine has been accused of murdering
her husband. As the trial draws to a close,
the district attorney spings a surprise by
turning the prosecution over to George—his
assistant. Madeleine is acquitted and George
wins the jurors, telling them they’ve
freed a murderer. He is jailed for con-
tempt of court. While in jail he keeps
telling reporters the case isn’t closed yet.
As soon as he gets out he’s going to blast
the mystery wide open.

Imagine his surprise on being suddenly
released, through the influence of Ma-
deleine’s uncle, and then finding her wait-
for him outside the jail—in person. She
takes him to her home and we pick them
up in her bedroom. Madelene has on a
natty little navy crepe suit, piped in white
with a white vest. She is holding a silver-
backed hairbrush in her hand. I don’t
know if it’s morning or night but there
is a man’s suit of clothes thrown over a
chair and that, to a person of my suspi-
cious temperament, is monkey business.

Heaven only knows what it will mean to
Mr. Hays. A nervous breakdown, most
likely.

I’m not up on what’s been said before
this scene starts but Madeleine’s lips are
trembling and her hand is shaking as she
takes the cigarette George offers her. In
fact, she is shaking so she cannot hold the
 cigarette to the flame he holds out to her.
He notices this, calmly takes the cigarette
from her lips, puts it between his own,
lights it with a steady hand and then puts
the cigarette into her trembling fingers.
She is suddenly furious at his calm assump-
tion she’s guilty. In her rage her hand stops
shaking. Her eyes flash fire.

Oh, yes I forgot to tell you she offered
him $25,000 to prove she’s guilty, figuring
that in trying to dig up evidence to convict
her he’d run across other evidence that
would really prove her innocent. That’s
what you call logic in reverse or the woman’s angle.

“I’ll take my check now,” George informs
her quietly.

“I—I—idiot!” she gasps, plumb ast-
ounded at his nerve. “Do you think I’d
offer you $25,000 to prove me guilty—if I
am?”

“Certainly,” he smiles.

“Why?”

“To keep my mouth shut,” he says, “I’ve
got too much blood.”

“You’re nothing but a common black-
mailer,” she sputters, almost speechless
with rage. “Get out of here!” Suddenly she
turns to her uncle.

Mr. Brent starts out of the room but George
grabs her.

“No, you don’t,” he hisses. “I knew your
proposition was a phony but I promised
you I’d go. I’ll stay, but you’d better say ‘Cut’
because we haven’t rehearsed beyond here.”

“Cut!” says Seiter, and turns to George
and Madeleine. “I was so interested
watching you two I forgot we were taking the
scene.” He turns to the camera man. “Print
it.”

But Miss Carroll comes up pleadingly
to Bill: “Couldn’t we try it again? It didn’t
feel right to me.”

Leaving Miss Carroll to her problems
and Mr. Brent to his, I shift to—

20th Century-Fox

HERE it is, folks—a new murder mys-
tery. And it’s a good one, called “Half-
Angel.”

Frances Dee (of all people!) is accused
of murdering her father. She’s finally ac-
quitted of that charge and is taken into the
home of an elderly couple (Henry Stephe-
son and his wife, Helen Westley) who
shelter her from the public. In the house
are Seiter’s daughter, (Hilda Haden)
Helen’s maid (Hilda Vaughn) and the
chauffeur, Helen devotes her life to helping
the fallen. Hilda is an unwed mother and
the chauffeur is a forger. Sara is a sur-
pass who objects to Helen’s wasting her
money. Suddenly one day Seiter is found
almost dead and Helen is completely
dead—poisoned!

Everyone suspects Frances again, Brian
Donlevy is the local district attorney
(hooray!) who just knows Frances is inno-
cent. He tries to enlist the district attor-
ney’s aid but meets with little success until
he produces a picture of the D.A. holding
his stenographer on his lap. That alters
things. So we find the whole-gang of them
in the D.A.’s office.

“Was it true,” the D.A. puts it up to
Sara, “that you objected to your sister-in-
law’s charities, including taking her into
home? Certain question.”

“I certainly did,” she responds fiercely.

“And why my brother continues to keep
them on—is?”

“Impossible!” Stephenson breaks in
sharply.

“Did you also object to what you termed
the deceased’s ‘wanton waste of money’?”
the D.A. goes on uncomfortably.

Sara clamps her lips together, tosses her
head indignantly and nods.

“I don’t care!” the D.A. continues on apo-
logetically, “that you registered a protest
with the late Mrs. Hargrave’s attorney
regarding a new will which, if signed, would
have left the deceased’s fortune—no waste of
to charities, reform schools and other in-
istitutions.”

“Yes, she did,” Hilda Vaughn puts in
indignantly, “I heard her.”

SILVER SCREEN
"She was always nagging the poor professor," the chauffeur adds timidly.

"Don't speak out of turn," the D.A. warns them sharply.

Sara withers them with a look and then turns back to the D.A. "I'll answer that question. Wasn't it natural that I thought my brother and I were entitled to the money instead of letting it go to freak charities and criminals?" glaring at Frances.

"What were your feelings in the matter, Prof. Hargraves?" the D.A. asks Stephenson.

"It was Martha's money," he admits quietly.

I don't like murder mysteries myself but this one brings the exquisite Frances Dee back to the screen and it also serves to introduce Gavin Muir who is one of the most polished juveniles ever seen on the New York stage.

We now turn our attention to "White Fang" which is a dog picture. The studio tried for weeks to find a white police dog

Slim Summerville, Michael Whalen, Jean Muir and Jane Darwell are the important characters in this marriage scene from "White Fang."

and when they couldn't find one they tried to have one bleached, but it was no use. So then they discovered that "White Fang" referred to his fangs and not his coat of hair. "Much ado about nothing," I calls it. They could just as well have called it "Yellow Fang" and let him have a little tartar on his teeth.

The set is a store somewhere up in the wilds of the north and Jean Muir and Michael Whalen are about to be married. Jean, looking exquisitely beautiful in her ivory satin wedding gown, descends the stairs followed by the dog Lightning and Jane Darwell who is holding her train. Whalen meets her at the foot of the steps and escorts her to a seat instead of to the

[Continued on page 79]
He could afford $25 for his tooth paste ... he pays 25c

Once again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25c.

Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine 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.
SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

WAT with all the girls in town, particularly his leading ladies, falling in love with him it seems that young and handsome Robert Taylor, the big heart flutter of the moment, has met his Waterloo at last. Loretta Young, who is starring with him in "Private Number," just won't fall for his over-powering charms. When we asked him on the set the other day if he and Loretta were hitting it off he replied, "I've done a love scene with her but I don't know her. Her mind seemed to be on something else." As a matter of fact Loretta's mind these days is very much on Eddie Sutherland, young director who has just finished "Poppy." Loretta denied that they were engaged, but she wasn't very emphatic about it.

WE ARE quite certain that Robert Taylor will definitely not be Loretta Young's favorite leading man when she learns the billing on "Private Number." Due to his sensational popularity Mr. Taylor will receive top billing. And Loretta has received top billing ever since she was fifteen. So-o-o-o-o when she finds out that Bob is billed above her there will be a hot time in the old town tonight—zowie.

And speaking of top billing did you know that Claudette Colbert is only a featured player in "Under Two Flags"? Claudette, who rates way up in the Big Ten in box office popularity, and who has starred in every picture she has been in for five years, well it seems that Ronald Colman will never allow anyone to co-star with him in a picture so Claudette has to be a featured player. Just one very happy family.

Katherine Hepburn never seems to be very fond of her fellow actors, and it's quite well known what she thinks of the Press, but she has the habit of falling for her directors. She was crazy about George Cukor, and now it seems that she has gone goofy over John Ford who has just finished directing her in "Mary of Scotland." Mr. Ford gave an "end of the picture" party recently, and bless us if it's little Hepburn didn't jump into a dinner gown and attend it, and furthermore was the life of the party. When La Hep goes to a party it's news.

In addition, she went golfing with John Ford the other day and bet him that she could beat him. If she could beat him she was to be allowed to direct "Mary of Scotland" all of one day. Katy beat, and she directed the following day. See if you can pick out the day's work.

Now that Margaret Sullivan has divorced William Wyler, her director husband, Willie is running around with Louise Rainbow. He has been taking her to lunch at the Brown Derby on days when Luise doesn't have to endure the famine of "The Good Earth," and he was also her escort at the Stokowski Philadelphia Symphony Concert which brought out all the music lovers in Hollywood. It looks like a romance.

Gene Raymond is earnestly studying the piano and music composition these days, with the hope of writing a song which will withstand the most severe musical criticism. Gene's recent effort, "Will You?" which he just happened to rap out casually between personal appearances, has been selling like hot cakes and bringing in no little change for the young composer. As you well know, radio and dance orchestras all over the country are still pouring out "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-down" which was Fred Astaire's contribution to the musical world last year. Fred is all set to publish a new tune, "I'll Never Let You Go." A very nice sideline (and, incidentally, quite lucrative) for the boys.

Pat O'Brien and the Misfits are eager fight fans, and never miss a battle down at the Olympic auditorium. They pick the winners, pool the bets, and put the winnings into a luxury fund for their young daughter, Mavournen.

Joan Bennett's little daughter, Ditty, had her first taste of fame when Joan took her to the Ken Maynard Circus when it was in town. Ditty was surrounded by autograph hounds and autographed more books than her famous mother.

And whom do you think Clark Gable took to the circus? None other than Carole Lombard. And it's a well known fact that the boys always take their best girls to the circus.

I will interest Connie Bennett's film fans to learn that when she appears in Gaumont-British's "Everything Is Thunder" she will come forth with a new slant on the newest vogue in coiffures. Connie has given up her curled, cap-like hair cut of yesteryear, feeling that it has grown commonplace. Instead, she now wears her hair almost straight, hanging to the shoulders in "Venetian Page" style, and curling up slightly at the ends.

The Ring Cosbys are ready to move into their new house. Every room has a bathroom and a radio. It is rumored that there will be another little Cosby in the Vale-tide.

for JULY 1936

Eleanor Stewart, Betty Furness and Joan Chatburn fling Old Glory to the Breeze.
INTERVIEWING

It Isn't All Undiluted Bliss
This Being An Interviewer
In Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney is different from other stars—she's a favorite among the writers.

OFFER any movie star the choice of giving an interview to a fan writer and visiting the dentist, and you can be quite certain that she will take the dentist any time. But when La Belle arrives at the dentist's office you can also be quite certain that she will find her interviewer already happily ensconced in the chair, for hardly a fan writer breathes but who considers a little drilling on an exposed nerve a pleasure when compared with forty minutes of a Glamour Girl. Why? I don't know why. It's just one of those things.

I have never understood, and I suppose I never shall, why the petted darlings of the cinema do not comprehend and accept the very obvious fact that without the Press there would be no publicity, and without publicity they would have no garage full of brightly shining cars, no swimming pool, no tennis court, no star sapphire, and certainly no romance with Gilbert Roland. But the fact remains that no matter how intelligent they are otherwise, the minute they have a contract neatly tucked away in a desk drawer the movie queens of Hollywood regard the Press in general, and fan writers in particular, as something slimy that has crawled out from under a damp log just to annoy them with questions about what they laughingly call their private life, when all the world is so boc-oofful. Ah me, the pity of it all.

I hope I am not shattering any illusions, dear fans, but the Glamour Girls think that fan writers are morons, chiselers, exhibitionists, liars and colossal dopes. (And very often the Glamour Girls are right.) But on the other hand, fan writers think that the pampered idols of the screen, both the Glamour Girls and the Dream Princes, are morons, chiselers, exhibitionists, liars, and colossal hams. (And very often the fan writers are right.) So you see, we are just one big happy family. We have so much in common.

Without having to draw any more diagrams I am sure that you must have caught on to the fact that interviewing and being interviewed, in Hollywood is just another necessary evil that the inmates have to put up with, like earthquakes, floods, and bad fish in the commissary. The movie star gives the interview—not for publicity, no indeed, she wants no publicity— but simply because she can't duck the studio press agent forever. And the fan writer takes the interview—not for the privilege of being able to bask for a whole twenty minutes in the sacred presence of a million dollars worth of glamour, no indeed, to hell with glamour—but simply because it means a hundred dollar check, sometimes only seventy-five or fifty, with which to pay the grocer, the landlord, and the sixth installment on the car.

One of the prize lollipops of the screen once asked me what I was being paid for the story I was doing on her. Seventy-five bucks, "I replied, and was she horrified? Not that she thought I deserved more money, but that she couldn't bear to think that her thoughts on life and love and things could be valued so cheaply. I think she refused to give interviews after that.

Every fan writer has his or her pet story of a double cross by a star. One of my colleagues was given an exclusive story several years ago by Bing Crosby, to the effect that at the expiration of his contract he would retire from the screen. But hardly had the magazine with the story reached the newsstand than Bing had signed a new contract with Paramount, started another picture, and completely forgotten all about retiring, thus making the fan writer a superb liar in the eyes of the editor.

Then there was the blonde who gave out an interview that she would retire from movies when her baby was born and devote her life to being a good wife and mother. Well, the baby was born but the beauteous blonde is still making moving pictures. And there was the exotic Dietrich episode of not long ago. The
The human side of Norma Shearer makes her grand copy.

Great One had consented to give a few select interviews. As a fan writer was being ushered into the Presence she was warned by the publicity man that she must not mention the name of John Gilbert to Miss Dietrich. And so the fan writer didn’t mention John Gilbert. But it seems that that was what Marlene wanted to talk about that day, and did, for one solid hour. What a scoop, thought the fan writer. But when the story was submitted for Marlene’s okay she simply scratched out all she had said about John Gilbert, which left nothing else to the story and that, my dears, is why fan writers die young.

But I like living, I don’t wanna die young. So that is why I try to treat the interviewing racket as casually as possible, I crashed the racket simply for the laughs in it, though I am not averse to receiving money—no money no laughs, I always say. I still insist that there were other things that I could have done, like selling pots and pans in Macy’s basement, but I’m a gal who loves her fun and I thought the movies would be fun. I have been vastly entertained though I must admit in all frankness that quite often, oh quite, I too have been found in the dentist’s chair. Alas, there are times when I had rather have a doctor get on my nerves than a Glamour Girl. It’s far less boring. Hot dog, a pan. Of course I wasn’t so vastly entertained in the first year of my career (I may call it a career even if no one else does) when I had given my all, even a poem, to a super colossal 136-page husband story on Nancy Carroll, only to have it appear on the newsstands the same [Continued on page 57]
Which Girl Typifies

The Typical Hollywood Star Is Single, Divorced, Successful, Glamorous. She Owns Her Own Home And She Must Be In Love.

Happensto the common people. It's sad, but Carole just can't be our typical Hollywood girl.

Then there's the screen's favorite pecker-outer. Marlene Dietrich . . . (falling in love again—never wanted to—can't help it) . . . She's mysterious. She's marvelous. She's so divine. She goes around exuding sex all over the place. And Hollywood just pants along after her. Marlene's black, shiny car is the biggest thing in town. Her jewels are more dazzling than a Grauman premiere. Occasionally she parks them on the drainboard and whips up a mess of strudel. But at all times she remains pale and ex-

Even though she has been very successful, at times Marlene is very lonely. She just isn't the typical Hollywood girl.

Imagine you were young and very beautiful. Your clothes were the talk of the town. You loved dancing, music, romance and life. Men showered you with compliments and attention. Every night at eight you had a dozen different dates. Your frigidaire was crammed with orchids. You owned your own limousine. You swam in your own pool. You saw movies in your own theatre. Girls all over the nation envied your figure and tried to copy the way you walk and talk. Dozens of marriage proposals arrived daily in the mail. Wouldn't you think you were leading the typical Hollywood life? Joan Crawford used to think so. And then she fell in love. She still has her orchids and all the attentions. She still has a great popularity. And no one gets more publicist. But she just happens to love Franchot Tone enough to content herself with being with one person. Besides Joan is serious about her singing and is bent on having a musical career. She's also serious about her acting, because she has certain family obligations that have been hers for many years. So Joanie doesn't have much time for playing and she's seldom seen at the gay spots. She enjoys her home and everything that goes with it. But you can't be a home-body and qualify. The girl who leads the typical Hollywood life must be heart-whole and fancy-free. Sorry Joanie, but we just can't use you.

Now let's take Claudette Colbert (with Dr. Joel Pressman's permission, of course).

Could Marlene Dietrich be selected?

Would you say Ruby Keeler was the same of Hollywood glamour?

Is Ginger Rogers the type, now that she has marital difficulties?

Dietrich's
dreamed of living the Hollywood Life? Instead of vanilla you'll take chin-chill! Have you yearned for that little place called home that has about forty rooms, with butlers to the right of you and butlers to the left of you and all the plumbing monogrammed? In fact do you envy Garbo, or is it Janet Garwood? This Hollywood Life, which girl really lives it? With love and lace and laughter, with her own pool and a pedigreed poodle, with her own home, her own fame and, best of all, a flaming, rousing, thrilling, glowing, pulsating personality. Hmm-m-m, we shall see.

Let us start with Carole Lombard. (Who wouldn't like to start something with Carole?) She's young. She's beautiful. She has a line (and lines) that gets em coming and going. Women envy her wonderful wardrobe. She's a marvelous dancer. She's a grand hostess. Men seek her out because she's gay. She's the best company, anywhere, at any time (Al there, Clark). Whenever Carole feels a dull moment creeping on, she shrieks for the ever-present Fieldsie. "Get Boulder Book on the phone and tell them I'm taking it over for an evening." Fieldsie deals like mad and Carole excitedly plans how she can top her last party, by a dollar.

For years Carole lived right on Hollywood Boulevard, but she never owned her own home. Neither did she possess a pool or her own tennis court. Now Beverly Hills has got her. Carole is moving out to a new place and furnishing it to her own taste. It will have a pool and a court. But Carole will still be paying rent. Imagine your favorite glamour girl being awakened, on the first of the month, by the landlord hammering on the door. Why, that even extraordinarily interesting.

Marlene loves her night clubs. She seldom misses a party—especially when she can get all dressed up with feathers in the right places. Men sort of swoon at her feet and her public worship is awed silence. Now wouldn't you think that hers was the typical Hollywood life? But alas, she doesn't even own her own home. Poor dear, she doesn't even have a swimming pool to exercise her famous limbs. Her husband is far away in Europe. She worries over little Maria, because she was once threatened by kidnappers. Her home is constantly guarded.
Hollywood?

By Jerry Asher

Although she is happily married could Joan Crawford be called typical?

loved suits. She owns a play room and she runs movies. And there’s “Smoky,” her pet French poodle.

It all sounds pretty wonderful. But don’t forget that Claudette is a doctor’s wife. It’s difficult for her to make dates, because she is never certain of her time. She seldom goes to parties because she works so constantly. She’s always arising at the crack of dawn. Claudette doesn’t own a swimming pool, so she’s not the girl we’re looking for.

Then there’s Bette Davis. (May there always be Bette Davis.) Does she have a home? Yes. Is it her own and is it elegant? No. Bette rents a comfortable two-storey house in the older part of Hollywood. She’s furnished it tastily, and it’s very attractive.

Does she drive a car? Yes. But it’s a roadster. Does she have an extensive wardrobe? Does she wear priceless jewels? No, and a thousand times no! Bette is a New England girl and she has a New England conscience. Does she go to Hollywood night clubs?

(Above) Bette Davis has come to the front in her art, but she prefers a quiet private life. (At left) Madge Evans. Is she the perfect representative of the Hollywood girl?

Yes, but Bette’s husband is Harmon Nelson, who croons and leads a band. She is very much in love with him and is willing to sit and wait until it is time for him to go home. She’s just what the casting director ordered—but this time she won’t do.

Merle Oberon couldn’t lead the typical Hollywood life, because part of her belongs across the sea. Merle has her own home and she possesses an exotic charm. There are endless facets to her personality. She’s intriguing and she’s exciting. But just about the time that Hollywood gets to know her, ownership of precious jewels would cost her heavy duty. She doesn’t have much time for romance. But when she does, David Niven is the head man in her life.

Let us consider Myrna the mysteries. It’s a little discouraging, because Hollywood knows so little about Myrna Loy. Yes, she has what it takes, but try and find it. Myrna is always changing her address. She keeps the postman ringing more than twice, just trying to locate her. She’s very popular with those who know her. Her gowns and furs are something to behold. That crisp...

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Trying to get an interview with Nelson Eddy this past spring was like trying to chat with an aeroplane pilot as he swooped over New York. Now you saw him and then he was gone. He would be in town for several days, I was told, then I could see him—but that would not happen for a month. However, those plans were all changed and I found out that he wouldn't be in New York at all.

"But he's broadcasting," I wailed. "Yes, but not from New York. He's in Chicago, or Buffalo or Cincinnati or some place like that."

Finally I caught up with him, but not until the middle of the afternoon of the day of his broadcast did they know whether he would take it through the New York studio or from wherever he happened to be at that time.

When I finally tottered into the National Broadcasting Studio I had every expectation of being told that Mr. Eddy would, after all, broadcast from Addis Ababa.

"There he is, girls! Isn't he simply darling?" I heard a girlish voice exclaim and with a groan of relief I realized that I was about to step into the presence of the world's outstanding baritone, and, incidentally, the romantic idol of a nation.

What irony! That this platinum blond six feet something or other of physical perfection, whose only interest in life apparently is to sing good music and to sing it well, finds himself lifted to the height of hysterical popularity by the yearning of millions of girls—for music? No indeed—for love!

What a break Nelson Eddy is for the girls. And what a challenge he throws to the feminine world by his sincere and almost belligerent pronouncement that he never has been married, and he isn't going to be!

Giving the subject no thought at all, except to put up a bulwark against it, engrossed as he is in a terrific working schedule, how little he dreams that no attitude in the world could more success fully make him a determined target for potential huntresses. Valentino and Clark Gable caused frustration because they were married. John Gilbert was legitimate prey between marriages, but all three of them kept the girls a-flutter because of rumored divorces or infatuations.

Nelson Eddy is still heart whole and fancy free. No woman yet has captured his imagination and every romantic girl can worship him to her heart's content, and with a clear conscience.

Singer, actor, newspaper man and bachelor, Nelson Eddy is the ideal of many a girl.
starts breaking up the furniture over these statements I want to further suggest that he isn't in a bad spot at all. To be an Ideal is rather a beautiful thing, though perhaps impossible to live up to, and as a matter of fact Nelson appreciates his position because he said to me earnestly: "I'm very proud that people feel as they do about me, and it continually amazes me to find new manifestations of their interest. I do all that I can to fill the requests they make, but one person can do just so much.

"When a crowd of people have waited in the cold for an hour or two in order to get an autograph, and then see me rush from the stage door to my car, refusing to do more than wave and say 'hello' they are good and mad, and in some cases they haven't hesitated to show it. I don't blame them, but I don't see what I can do about it. What they don't know is that I have already, inside the theatre, signed as many autographs as I have time for and that if I stopped to sign one outside I would, in fairness, have to sign all."

It is hard for any of us to see the other person's point of view, and it is perfectly natural for all those people to be disappointed because it is impossible for them to know what a very busy person Nelson is. He is not just a moving picture actor making a personal appearance tour. He has three separate and distinct careers—pictures, radio and concert work—four, if you count opera, though he is not active in that field just now. His concert tour requires him to make one night stands over the country, which means that he has to meet a train schedule. Besides that he has a quantity of business to go over with his manager, and he must do his daily stint of practicing to keep in voice and work up new songs. He spends a portion of each day dictating letters to fans and filling requests for autographs, which he takes far more seriously than most stars. And when all those little details are attended to, b'gosh the boy is sleepy and hungry, same as you and me.

Don't think he is indifferent. He employs several secretaries and spends about $300 a week to take care of his fan mail, and no one who is indifferent to the feelings of other people will bother to do that.

Long before Nelson Eddy crashed through to spectacular success on the screen in "Naughty Marietta" his popularity on the concert stage, as a radio artist, and an operatic star had placed his name on the top line of the successful list in managerial offices. Since that success he has gone over the top. His only real competitor is Rachmaninoff, with the possible exception of Heifetz, from the box-office angle. He was offered a staggering sum to tour South America recently, and he is one of the highest paid concert artists in the world.

Not only his gorgeous voice and excellent rendition, but his charm of manner drew music lovers to his concerts in the early days of his career. In one instance he flew to a western city to fill an engagement for a celebrated singer taken suddenly ill. The change was not announced, and there was distinct indignation when a substitute appeared on the stage. But it didn't last long. The audience had never

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ALL of us, even dyed-in-the-wool dissenters who have proclaimed from on high that he should stop trying to be an actor, are bound to catch up with Jean Hersholt one of these days. And it's all because of those five little wonder children, the Dionne quintuplets, of Collander, Ontario!

"I have linked up my future career with five little girls with eyes so dark and large that they fairly hang out of their little heads," he told me with a smile at his apartment at the Hotel Warwick, one day in late Spring, during his recent visit to New York.

"Considering your past record on your own account, that's quite a laugh," I remonstrated rather sarcastically. I must admit.

But Jean Hersholt puffed contentedly on his pipe as he answered: "No, that's like taking it as it comes."

The curious thing about him, so far as we who know and love our movies from a technical as well as an entertainment standpoint are concerned, is that his career has lasted for thirty years without a break. During this time he has given us so many intrinsically worthwhile screen characterizations that it is difficult for us to accept with equanimity the situation which has only recently arisen.

And that is, in spite of his memorable performances in such pictures as "Grand Hotel," "Emma," "The StudentPrince," "Stella Dallas," and "The Fountain," to mention only a few that come to my mind off-handedly, in the future the name Jean Hersholt will be synonymous with Dr. Dafoe, the simple country physician who brought those five famous children safely into a gasping world.

This is why I say that even the dissenters will come to know Jean Hersholt. For they will be unable to resist the temptation to visit their neighborhood theatre, when "The Country Doctor" is booked there, in order to see the pictorial version of the birth of the "quints," as well as to see these remarkable children actually playing about in their own native setting for the benefit of the camera. And, while watching the antics of the "quints," they will naturally not be able to overlook the simple country doctor who has done and is doing so much to maintain their health.

As the doctor is played by Jean Hersholt, you can readily see that in future, when you think of the "quints," immediately the image of Jean Hersholt's kindly face will crop up before your mind's eye. In fact, you will never be able to forget him. That is why Mr. Hersholt, who has been blessed with an extraordinarily keen vision, no doubt remarked: "I have linked my future with five little girls with coal black eyes."

There was no irony in his even voice as he told this. And, although his deep blue eyes crinkled with amusement, there was no irony in his smile. To describe him accurately and aptly, he seemed as pleased as Punch at the queer but pleasant trick life had played upon him. For here, after thirty years of conscientious effort, he was being starred for the first time. Starred because he had with conspicuous success delineated upon the screen a characterization of a simple, kindly soul whom we all have come to know and respect.

"It was just a walk-on part," he told me. "Dr. Dafoe assured me that I was much more the country doctor than he was himself. I really didn't require any acting ability to play Dafoe. I was just myself. Yet on the strength of that performance Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom I was loaned for "The Country Doctor," decided to star me in 'Sins of Man.'"

"In that picture I play a typical Emil Jannings rôle. Similar to the one he played in 'Way of All Flesh.' Do you remember that?"

I said I did and Mr. Hersholt, whose enthusiasm for his rôle in his first starring venture was more than he wished to control, went on.

"I age thirty-five years in this picture, and that takes real acting."

"It took some real making up, too," his wife, who had just joined us, informed me. "One day I came to the studio with Hugh Walpole to have lunch with Jean. Hugh looked all around the lot and then exclaimed: 'But where is he? I thought you said he was working today.'"

"He is," I replied. "You're looking right at him now."

Mr. Hersholt drew a long, deep puff from his pipe and grinned at me. "He didn't recognize me, you see. And Hugh is my best friend in Hollywood."

A representative of Twentieth Century-Fox, who had joined us also, said that her company was so delighted with the preview of "Sins of Man" that they wanted to star Mr. Hersholt in another picture right away. Of the picture was away. Of [Continued on page 68]
Ask anybody who knows her, and he or she will reply... "Myrna Loy! She's one peach of a girl. She's swell."

"Yes," you say, "but what do you know about her? Tell me about her... what's she like?"

"Well..." The one you're interrogating hesitates. "She's awfully nice; it's a joy to talk with her. She's very popular with everyone on the set and... and... well, she's a regular."

And there you are, gentle readers... that's the text of all you can really gather in a week or so of mental and conversational excavating. Everyone in the studio knows Myrna... just like that. But, insofar as actually knowing her... that's a different story. Very few can admit more than a very superficial knowledge of this girl who stands today more mysterious than Garbo, but who greets everyone she meets on the set and on the lot with all the friendliness of a pal and is as easy to see as the least of the extra girls.

"Myrna's an old shoe on the set." W. S. Van Dyke, the director who has guided her through four pictures, told me, enthusiastically. "She can fit in with any mood she's expected to meet. If the person she's conversing with is gay, she can be gay... if he's the silent sort, who says little, Myrna can make him feel as though she's a kindred spirit."

Van Dyke seldom enters into the praise of any actor or actress, but just mention the name of Myrna Loy and he will wax downright lyrical. His eyes light up, and he becomes a different man, a man far removed from the hard-boiled director who has led motion picture expeditions into the wilds of a dozen foreign countries. The curtain drops and he forgets everything but his favorite subject.

"If you want to discover the real Myrna Loy, let me get one of my prop boys," he offered. "They can tell you more in a few minutes than the rest of the world can give you in a month." He had his secretary call the property department.

"Miss Loy is more like a homebody than an actress," a quiet, overall-clad individual declared a few minutes later. "You'd never suspect, to watch her as she sits in her canvas chair, that she was any different from the script girl or the wardrobe woman."

"You know," he went on, confidentially, "you can usually tell a star by the way she acts when she leaves the set, but not Myrna. She does all her acting in front of the camera. A great many of 'em keep right on, even after they get through with their scene."

As he was leaving, he turned. "If this is for publication—and I hope it is—be sure to say that everyone in the studio, to a man, would do anything in the world for Myrna Loy. She's tops."

Van Dyke's words made me sit up, and he continued, thoughtfully. "I've been acquainted with Myrna a long time now. I've had an opportunity to observe her on innumerable occasions and under all conditions. And I'll say this... Myrna Loy is the human being on this earth who has a perfect disposition. Working with her is like working with yourself, for all the friction you encounter."

Van Dyke is a strict, but always fair, task-master. Along with Frank Capra and John Ford he sits on the top of the directorial heap. Consequently, his words carry double weight.

Years ago, on the Famous Players-Lasky lot (now Paramount), Betty Compson had the reputation of being just about the grandest person ever to set foot on a studio stage. Carpenters, painters, directors, stars... it mattered not a whit who he might be... all were unanimous in their acclaim of the golden-haired Betty.

Today, Myrna Loy occupies that throne on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, as well as in every other studio in which she has worked. Fox, Warner Brothers, Radio, Columbia, Paramount... it's the same wherever she goes. The memories she leaves are always flattering. Beloved and popular as she is with all who come in contact with her, few, as I pointed out in the opening paragraphs, know Myrna Loy as a woman. Her acquaintances and friendships outside the studio, for the most part, do not include picture people. Her history is a matter of record, oft-repeated in every fan magazine, so it is of the Myrna Loy today, Myrna Loy the Woman, that I dwell upon in this feature. Sulphur it to say that her career has been distinguished by a steady upward battle that now is winning the fruits of victory and personal triumph.

To adjudge the real Myrna Loy is a difficult matter. She will talk freely about everything except herself. If she does touch upon her own self it invariably is in the abstract, and you leave the meeting not much the wiser for a very delightful conversation. But... you will remember that chat for many and many a day.

Upon one point, however, she is quite [Continued on page 56]
TALENT OF THE WORLD!


By Ed Sullivan

Hollywood taps on the doors of tiny American hamlets, rings the bells of apartments in crowded American cities and taps on the doorways of every country in the world, seeking out the geniuses of every land to aid in the creation and manufacture of its super-super specials. For Hollywood has replaced the Broadway of the world as the new artistic arena. So it streams the endless caravans of talent, crossing mountains and seas and oceans to win celluloid distinction. The colony on the outskirts of Los Angeles dominates the world, on sheer performance. Hollywood comes closer to the true international mind and international harmony than Geneva, where gray-bearded men meet, year after year, in vain effort to limit the output of cannon and battleships and submarines and poison gases. In Hollywood, age-old hatreds are forgotten—a French artist works brilliantly under a German director to produce a film that England will enjoy. The reason is simple enough: The men who meet at Geneva are statesmen; in Hollywood, there is a forum of artists, who leave their labors with the saving grace of humor. But there is no humor at Geneva, the statesmen bending to their work with the uncompromising facial rigidity of a Neil Sparkes.

I have said that Hollywood seeks out the geniuses of every town and country to improve its product. Take, for instance, "The Great Ziegfeld," and analyze the personnel of that flicker. Director Robert Z. Leonard is from Chicago. Luise Rainer is from Vienna, William Powell comes from Kansas City, Minnesota and Myrna Loy is a product of Helena, Montana. Virginia Bruce is from Minneapolis, Hunt Stromberg is from Louisville, Kentucky. Frank Morgan, Edna May, Joe Cavethorne and Dance Director Seymore Felix were recruited from New York City. Reginald Owen is from England. Art Director Cedric Gibbons is from Ireland. Cameraman Karl Freund is from Königinhoff, Bohemia. Charlie Judels comes from Amsterdam, Holland, and Marcelle Cordays is from Belgium. William Anthony McGuire is a Chicagoan. Nat Pendleton comes from Davenport, Iowa. Ray Bolger is out of Boston, Mass. and Harriet Hector from the tiny village of Hoosick Falls, N.Y. Ernest Cossart, who played the part of Ziegfeld’s valet, is from Cheltenham, England, and Jean Chatburn is a native of Hanover, Michigan.

"The Great Ziegfeld" is not an isolated instance of Hollywood’s world-wide selection of talent, but it is a timely one. Take, for instance the three leads in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone. Gable comes from Cadiz, Ohio; Laughton is a product of Scarborough, England, and Tone attended Cornell from Niagara Falls, N.Y. Director Frank Lloyd used to sell newspapers on the streets of Glasgow, Scotland, and Dudley Digges, in the same picture, came from Dublin, Ireland.

Hollywood is the common denominator, the common goal, the uncommon fusion. Every film that comes out of the cinema capital attests anew to Hollywood’s intensive search of the world for talent. The Coast does not ask a man his race, creed or color—asks only his or her capabilities as a performer. In a world that today is exploiting prejudice, Hollywood stands alone for its catholicity of taste, its generosity in opportunity, appreciation and wages. No Blue Book or Red Book or Social Register handouts Hollywood in its selection of talent. As a result, the scouts go far afield to Mt. View, Arkansas, for a Dick Powell; unearth an Ernest Truex in Red Hill, Missouri; a Buddy Rogers in Olathe, Kansas; a Robert Taylor in Filley, Nebraska. Frank Capra, who directs successes in the way in which they should go. He is responsible for Gary Cooper’s "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

The greatest actor on the screen today because he has mastered naturalness. You supply the name.

(At right) From many miles away Wendy Barrie came to fulfill a glorious future. "Speed" is her latest picture.

Our beautiful Garbo, who has returned to make "Camille."

Frank Capra, who directs successes in the way in which they should go. He is responsible for Gary Cooper’s "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Silver Screen
La Belle Lily Pons—From Paris.

a popular player like Fred MacMurray.

It is a fascinating picture that this conjures up in your mind. Every country lane, every Main Street and every thoroughfare in Europe leads to Hollywood, disgorging thousands upon thousands of people into Beverly Wilshire Boulevard. It is as if the whole world were lettered with signposts: "This Way to Hollywood" and, in some cases, the distances run to thousands of miles. In the case of Greta Garbo, she had to travel 5,000 miles to stardom, but we accept it as commonplace, although her travels were more fantastic than those of Gulliver, and her transition from shopgirl to international idol more exciting than the fable of Cinderella.

Though it is to be doubted that Garbo could have worn that particular-sized slipper.

By ship and plane and train, these thousands of hopefuls pour into Hollywood's arena and gird themselves for the battle. Each arrives with some particular talent and it is talent which is used as the lever to open the doors of the studios. An Eddie Cantor from New York's east side, a Jolson from a Baltimore orphang asylum, a Clara [Continued on page 66]
Fighting Men and Love

The Story Of "The Road To Glory," A Romance Of The Days When Life Was In Jeopardy And Love Would Not Wait.

By Jack Bechdolt

GRAY clad men under sullen gray skies, the ranks passed eternally, pressing ever forward to where the great guns rumbled, slogging through mud and drizzle along the road to glory... France pouring out her life blood through the wound the invader had made...

It is the ancient law that men must fight and war shall spread its desolation, far from the muddy trenches, in the hearts of women.

At the door of the farmhouse where officers were billeted two figures merged in a brief embrace of farewell. The girl's slight form was clad in the uniform of a nurse at the base hospital of this, her native village; the man was a captain of the line in the French army.

"Goodbye! Goodbye Paul... God guard you and bring you back safe from the trenches."

The door closed and she moved alone through the dark courtyard stirring with soldiers of the Fifth Company preparing to move back to the line. She went on into streets familiar to her all her life, her thoughts filled with the man she had just wished God-speed.

There was not that first, thrilling, romantic love a young girl dreams of. Monique belonged to the tragic generation that had been cheated of both childhood and romance.

Captain Paul Marache bore the reputation of having no heart, no human sympathy. He was said to live only for devotion to duty, a soulless war machine. But she knew him as a kind man and she knew that in his heart was a pitiful hunger for her love.

He had no other ties, no family except a father, an aged veteran of the Crimean too old now to fight. Her heart was touched by his need and she gave him all that she could give—her loyal devotion, her care for his comfort, the sweet, understanding sympathy of a great-hearted woman. So far as she could she made his dreary quarters at billets a home to which he might come for warmth and affection in his brief rest periods, and she found her happiness in doing this.

June Lang plays a nurse with whom two men are in love. (At right) Fred March, who woos with music.

The officer in command (Warner Baxter) believes that a woman's love will protect him from danger.

So might the blind be happy in a world which they have never seen, but on this night her eyes were to open.

While she walked Death sent his snarling demons over the village. Shrieking, roaring down in sudden dives the enemy planes came, raining their bombs.

The siren sounded. Lights vanished. Men dived for the nearest shelters. Monique huddled against a wall, helpless and terrified.

Just behind her the grilled window of a cellar opened. A hand caught at her ankle. Peering in she could see by dim lamplight that a man smiled up at her, a man tall and handsome with the dreamy dark eyes of the musician. He wore a lieutenant's uniform.

As they stared at each other a bomb fell close, showering debris about her. She saw the grille open, strong arms caught her and lifted her into the cellar. She was laid upon a broken couch.

The place was piled with a weird collection of household odds and ends, among the furniture an old grand piano.

Silver Screen
Fictionized From The 20th Century-Fox Production With
Warner Baxter
Fredric March
Lionel Barrymore
June Lang

The lieutenant was bending over her. "Are you hurt?"

She shook her head, wondering at the brightness of his smile and the shining of his eyes. In her heart she felt a strange, immediate liking for this gallant young man who had given her shelter.

"Permit me, Mademoiselle. I am Pierre Delage, lieutenant, assigned tonight to the Fifth Company under Captain Marache. Let me bring you an antidote for war!"

He was at her side in a moment, offering cognac from a battered old vase. She could not help smiling at his quick resources. After she had tasted it he obligingly finished her drink; then, as though it was the natural and expected thing under the circumstances he put his arms about her and drew close to kiss her.

She struggled up. "Don't . . . please!"

He looked at her unabashed. "Too direct, eh?" There was understanding in his voice and comfort in the way he patted her hand. He went to the old piano, swept the keys and began a romantic composition that made her stare in amazement.

The man played superbly. In spite of her maccasines at the warmth of her reception she felt he was a gentleman—and certainly a master musician! Something whispered that it would be better to establish their meeting on a less romantic plane.

"Are we safe here?" she asked.

"I am." He glanced over his shoulder and the smiling, dark eyes were teasing—and dangerous.

"But . . ."

"Shhhhh! I am establishing a mood." His smile brushed aside her ex postulations. "I'm softening you. It's the only way to do it—

She was bolt upright now, heightened color in her young cheeks, an angry sparkle in her eyes. Oh, this was too much! To be cooped up in a cellar with a musical lunatic even though he was an extremely attractive man and his music had a magic. Then she saw that escape was possible. Rain had begun, the raid was over with its coming.

The music ended. He stepped to her side. His smile was now confident. "You see?"

"Sorry, but I feel . . . nothing."

"Nothing at all! The time is not yet, to tell the truth I was afraid of something like that. If you noticed, the piano's a little out of tune—" He saw she was ready to leave. "No, no . . . not yet!" He caught her close to him. She was too experienced to struggle, but her very yielding by its indifference told him that still she was not moved. He tried to warn her of the danger of bombs.

"How long have you been at the front, Lieutenant?"

"Two years, my child. I'm a veteran." And you haven't learned yet that when the rain comes, the planes go away?"

His smile was rueful. "I was hoping you didn't know! I can't understand it, but nothing I seem to work."

"Perhaps that's because I'm a veteran, too," she smiled. The victory was hers easily, but when, with sudden sincerity, he added. "It was only that you're very lovely to look at—and I didn't want you to go away. A soldier finds so few moments of beauty that when one does come along he snatches at it," she knew a qualm of pity.

In his eyes was that hunger for love in every woman's face until he saw her. Then he improvised a lisp for his arm, though his arm was sound enough. He won his reward when he saw the widening of her eyes, the angelic sympathy and pain in her glance of horror at the helpless arm. The splendid moment might have been prolonged had he not made the mistake of smiting her to him with the bandaged arm.

She unwrapped the bandage and her look was grim. "As I thought! Aren't you ashamed of such a stupid trick?"

"Oh no. You see, this isn't my real wound—"

"So you have a wound?"

"Yes . . . here." He touched his heart.

She tossed her head. "Heart cases aren't in my department." She held the door wide and pushed him toward it. "I'm sorry, but just now I'm very busy."

He took hope at that. "You mean . . . [Continued on page 70]
At last Fay Wray has taken a vacation! And the undisputed World’s Champion Trans-Atlantic Motion Picture Star found her first holiday so much to her liking that she has gone on and developed the idea in her own charming fashion.

In the past few months, the much traveled Fay has not only taken her very first, but her second and even third vacations! She is the quiet unassuming type, too intelligent to stoop to anything just to be sensational, so I cannot promise to disclose any startling facts. But I can tell you why she declared these periods of rest, where she went and what she did.

There is no one who does not remember Fay as the terror-stricken girl of whom King Kong was so fond. As this was a most successful picture you might think it did the name of Wray a lot of good, but, unfortunately, it did her a world of harm. So, when she was then and there stamped the ace heroine of horror pictures. With the exception of “Ann Carver’s Profession,” which was an outstanding example of her capabilities, her succeeding roles were all of the horror type and she resented them.

If Hollywood was satisfied with this arrangement, she wasn’t, and if Hollywood wouldn’t do anything about it, she would. So, with that pretty little nose in the air, probably thinking that “absence makes the heart grow fonder,” Wray up and leaves for jolly old England to make a picture, to lose the horror complex and to finally, really and truly take a vacation.

She made several pictures over there and was several times recalled to Hollywood. How could a girl as busy as she ever find time to take a rest and, if she did, what would she do with these leisure moments?

Being curious to learn the answer to these questions and, since I knew her to be a most generous and helpful sort of person, I went to the Pierre to ask her.

“Don’t settle the weather problem while walking into the spacious living room,” asked Fay as we settled back into the comfortable divan of her temporary apartment. Suffering from [Continued on page 74]
SECOND BLOOMING

Jean Arthur Went Legit
But Now Is Back On The Screen, And Marvelous!

She played on Broadway and gained something that has given her real screen charm. At left, in her silver lame gown. At right, above, with William Powell in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" and, below that, her famous scene in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" with Gary Cooper.
Our Screen Sweetheart:

Has the Beauty Of The Girls Of The Screen Made It Harder For Less Favored Girls To Capture Love?

Do men fall in love with beauty or with the girl herself—her understanding, her spirit and her personality? In real life a girl conceals her emotions, but on the screen she blows hot and cold, tears gush and anger flashes. Would a girl in real life awaken a man to her charms if she loosened the bonds of her emotions and laughed, and languished, waxed temperamental and wept now and then? Joan Crawford at a party burst into tears over a newspaper woman's insolence. She lives her screen technique. Well, it got us!

Gail Patrick in a taffeta evening gown of the latest design. She's in "Early to Bed."

Ida Lupino, whose next and best picture is "One Rainy Afternoon," is so pretty!

The tricky collar delights Loretta Young. She is now fully recovered from her illness.
Many Girls Find That They Resemble Picture Stars—It’s Great For That Complex.

Claire Trevor in her red and white monogrammed shorts, suitable for lively tennis or for perching on railings.

A peaceful mind is reflected in a woman’s face. Ann Harding, her troubles at an end, never looked lovelier.

There is a passionate strength to Rita Cansino’s Latin beauty. In “Human Cargo.”
Plot churn themselves into drama and complications bring suspense and excitement, until "he" is safe in "her" arms.

Pictures run the gamut of emotions, and for about an hour and a half. The photoplay has changed its form very slightly in recent years, probably because the plan of a picture was designed to thrill and amuse, and still is. In real life, and that is coming more and more frequently to the screen, few difficulties fade away when lovers kiss. But anyhow, after the clinch, the proposition is never quite the same.

Consider the News Weekly. Sometimes close-ups of common people are shown, the sweepstakes' winner or the honest taxi driver, and we find that the average person is terrible to look at and return to our professional players deeply grateful for their comeliness.

Clark Gable is co-starred for the first time with Jeanette MacDonald (she does the singing) in "San Francisco."

Robert Cummings and Jane Rhodes (14 years old). They are the juvenile lovers in "Forgotten Faces," her first picture.

Kent Taylor and Sally Eilers in "Florida Special." Since that bus story won such honors, plots have traveled on airliners, trains and motors to add to the action.
"Mob Rule" is the picture and Spencer Tracy's and Sylvia Sidney's romance doesn't seem to jell.

Loretta Young puts on a very curvacious clinch with Robert Taylor in "Private Number."

Robert Young, back home from England, finds Betty Furness sweeter than ever—in "Three Wise Guys."

Frances Drake, Randy Scott and that lovely moment—in "And Suddenly Death."
On July Screens

The Steady Advance Of The Screen Is Reflected In This Month’s Pictures. There’s Hardly A Hokum One In The Lot.

Clever comedy with witty dialogue has been the producers’ formula since “It Happened One Night” and “The Thin Man” were so successful. Now we see the results of the crusade. The clever ones (ah, ha! Morrie Ryskind) have gathered at the studios and quip and jest have popped up everywhere. In fact the producers are so sure of this method that some pictures recently have had more humor than sense. Marie Dressler told the writer once that humor must leave a little to the imagination. “That,” she said, “is my secret.”
AND

BLOSSOMS

The Magic Of Flowers Makes Every Girl Look Prettier.

WHEN the early summer days bring out the blossoms, California comes up to specifications, earthquakes are forgotten and the picture girls seem to glow with a very special quality of beauty.

Let the marriage bells ring out and the bridal roses spill their fragrance—it is the season for love.

"He loves me, he loves me not." Una Merkel checks up on her absent one.

Lucille Ball has opened a flower shop. And sells herself all the best blossoms.
"HERE'S LUCK"

"Cocktail Hour" Has Now Been Officially Recognized By Hollywood.

A RECENT warning from Papa Will Hays advises all directors to go a little easy on the merry drinking scenes, for fear the screen might be attacked again and accused of promoting drunkenness. The accompanying stills from current pictures do, perhaps, recall a pleasant custom, in case you had forgotten. Certainly "repeal" took a long time to reach the screen. But seeing drinking while you remain dry as a Massachusetts spinster is not very habit forming. It recalls our favorite toast—"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

What depths of sincerity are reached when, glass in hand, a good friend is pledged? Yet we would not champion the juice of the grape too lustily, or the mash of the rye when it comes to that. Jack London defended it nobly—and died too soon. Perhaps the British Navy, with its historic custom of a tot of rum before action, understands the value of befuddling your inferiority complex. Perhaps dutch courage simply means you are showing courage to get yourself so in dutch. Well, down the hatch!

In "Hearts Divided," Dick Powell is in support of Marlon Davies. The glasses ring like little bells when they touch—a lovely custom.

They used to break the glass to make a toast—final, fatal and unchanging, but Carole Lombard whispers her wish, instead, while Fred MacMurray is exposed to the magic of her charm.

Fred March has a gay and flirtatious role in "The Road to Glory," and June Lang finds herself drinking a pledge of love eternal.
Ruby glass and finest crystal for Beverly Roberts to look above when the eyes do the talking.

Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Cocktails are liars ever.
Ambassadors of:

Soon to be seen in "Dark Victory"—Merle Oberon.

Francis Lederer, a Czech, and Ida Lupino, English beauty—in "One Rainy Afternoon."

From England, too, comes Madeleine Carroll, a Gaumont-British star.

Charles Boyer serving both his country and his producer very well.
GOODWILL FROM US

If Charles Boyer and Francis Lederer were called to the colors of their different countries, and we were ordered to go out and shoot at them we would resent such orders, and if we had anything to say about it there would be no shooting. Every time that a picture is shown with one of these visiting actors there is a stronger bond of friendship for them than before. The exchange of players is a more or less recent idea, and, as it grows, there will come to be a true feeling of friendship between the great nations. Certainly, this is not the least of the good that can be accomplished by an actor in the movies.

Richard Arlen is one ambassador who takes a lot of goodwill with him. (Above, at right) The British are beginning to think Fay Wray belongs to them.

In England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has turned producer. (Left) Dolores Del Rio off to Europe to make friends for her adopted America.
Ladies Who Swim

With such a gorgeous setting for a swimming pool, and such a gorgeous figure to set off a swimming suit no wonder Patricia Ellis (at left) poses for us with such delightful nonchalance. Her wool zephyr maillet suit is of triple knit fabric and is shadowproof, shrinkproof and stretchproof. Also in its favor is the air cord trimming which fashions the adjustable shoulder straps and belt.

(Below) Ethelreda Leopold is equally charming in her zephyr ribbed suit with the unusual feature of a brassiere uplift with inner lining insuring perfect form, as you can see. Novelty buckles add to the effectiveness of the adjustable shoulder straps.

(Below) If you're a stickler for simplicity, you couldn't do better than choose a dark-toned novelty knit low back suit like the one worn by Valerie Traxler.

Geraine Greer in her wool zephyr suit with anchor motif and novelty wood trimming.
FREE!
Sample Sachet and Hair-style Booklet. Send postcard to EUGENE, Ltd.
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These are the Sachets
that make the waves
that make you say

"No substitutes for me...
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eugene"

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"
Bob Taylor won a lot of friends with his recent pictures, particularly "The Magnificent Obsession." Now he will support the great Garbo. At left, top, is Henry Fonda. He and James Stewart keep house.

Every year gets bigger and bigger for Dick Powell. Next thing you know he'll get married.

The Five Young Men Who Are Getting The Fan Mail And The Propositions.
NOW just suppose—aw, come on and suppose—that you’re a young girl, a very pretty young girl, who will graduate from college come June and your dear Mater and Pater are so relieved (they really never thought you’d make it what with your disgracethful marks in mathematics) that for a graduation present they are giving you a summer in Hollywood (they’ll regret that). Now being a young girl, and a very pretty young girl, you will naturally want to know what the possibilities are in Hollywood, just who are the young heart-breakers of the moment, and what you can expect in the way of romance—I should say that if you were contemplating a romance with Robert Taylor you would find Barbara Stanwyck very much in the way.

If your Dream Princes happen to be Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery and Joel McCrea I advise you to content yourself with afternoon on their “sets” watching them make moving pictures, and don’t go in for any making yourself because they all happen to be happily married men and wouldn’t give you a tumble even if you looked like Cleopatra on a chaise longue.

The eligible young heart-breakers of the summer of 1936 are Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, Henry Fonda, James Stewart and Michael Whalen—all unmarried (as we go to press) and quite susceptible. They’ve all got “girls” of course, but maybe you can make him. But remember, your Auntie Liza only said “Maybe.” They tell me that Robert Taylor, who has gone over this last year like a house afire, receives more fan mail than any other actor in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Dick Powell. And I can well believe it after the demonstration I saw at the gala premiere in Hollywood of “The Great Ziegfield.”

When Robert arrived with little Miss Stanwyck on his arm it caused nothing less than a free-for-all in front of hundreds of fans, who had been standing quite orderly for hours watching the movie great, who had cheered prettily for Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, and Errol Flynn, took one look at their favorite heart broken and with an ecstatic “ah—a-ah” proceeded to break through the police lines and fall upon him in one mighty avalanche.

So, my very pretty young college graduate, if you want handsome Bob you’ll have to put up with such minor inconveniences as having your evening gown torn in shreds, and possibly your eyes scratched out. But it must be worth it for Barbara Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor, Wendy Barrie and all the other girls go out with Bob every chance they get.

And now I’ll let you in on a secret. With Bob you’re Garbo make hay while the sun shines. Because his every dance will be taken this fall by none other than that comely lass, Greta Garbo. And how do I know? Psychic? Poof. It’s as plain as the nose on your face. Robert Taylor is going to play Armand to Garbo’s Camille in Dumas’ famous “Camille,” which has been chosen as the next Garbo picture, and as the whole world knows Garbo invariably falls for the leading man (but only until the picture is released) it definitely looks like a Garbo romance for the apple of your eye. Bob has been such a social young man-about-town ever since he started getting the breaks that I wonder how he’ll respond to the Garbo silences. He’ll miss the gav gang at the Toreador—but I suppose for a Garbo he would dine at a drugstore.

A date with Bob is as well regulated as a symphony concert. Of course you will dress. And Bob will phone ahead to see what you are wearing and your costume will match perfectly, and will undoubtedly be the prettiest and most expensive flowers the florist had. He will call you on time—and in a closed car, thank heavens—and the dinner will be perfect and with just the right wine, the seats at the theatre will be second row orchestra, and the table at the Toreador afterwards will be reserved ahead and will be a perfect ringside table. And Bob dances divinely—they do say that he is the best dancer in town.

But if you happen to be the type who loves the haphazard, then you just must meet James Stewart. There’s a mad young man for you. You can be quite sure that Jimmy won’t “dress” unless you insist upon it, that he’ll arrive in an open roadster which will make short work of your wave, and he’ll never remember the flowers until you’re on the way to the [Continued on page 60]
MOVIE stars at sea! Yachts... cruisers... sloop-boats! In Hollywood it's now the rage to be a nautical nomad. You own your own ship and off you go, blithely getting away from it all.

Some of the glorified darlings have expensive gondolas and when they put out into the ocean currents it's with true millionairian flair. The private salons are swanky. Their captain and crew do the actual work.

However, really very few picture celebrities go in for such elegance. As a whole, Hollywood's stellar salts want to pitch in and be regular sea gypsies. They have enough parading in their everyday routines. It's more fun to heave the anchor, hoist the sails, and try to master the mysteries of the compass. Male stars revel in monkeying with high-powered motors and silken ladies adore to change into comfortable slack-suits and perch gaily atop the hatch.

That is, some of the screen women do. It seems there are yacht widows! Not every Hollywood hero's wife likes to be hillowed up and down and all around.

You might have a lunch these excursions in the briny are wild parties. But they aren't. Customarily you sail over to Catalina, a twenty-mile jaunt. There, relaxing in the sun, the simple pleasures are the vogue. A dive in for an invigorating swim, hours of fishing, visits with friends also sailing in the peaceful harbor. In the evening a cocktail and then ashore for dinner and on to the local dance or show.

But what happens when your favorites become serious sea-goers? Ah-ha, most anything! The winds and the fog and sudden squalls are no respecters of fame. When you deliberately court adventure you're apt to find it. Even stars get lost at sea. They're plunged into genuine danger. Why, one lovely lassie's yacht exploded before her very eyes.

It's only a forty-five-minute spin from Hollywood to the artifically-made Los Angeles harbor where the stars prefer to park their water chariots. And any morning's apropos for a splurge. In Southern California the climate's invariably mild. At least, when you start anywhere.

I have been snooping about and it seems that John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, and Katherine DeMille are the ritziest yachtsmen. (If you credit papa C. B.'s "Seaward" to Katy.) Now that John is back among the active actors he's liable to order out his "Infanta," and I'll bet it'll be just too divine in Elaine Barrie's estimation. It's suited to be a regal loveboat.

Lew's "Serena," which was built in Gloucester, Mass., according to his exact specifications two years ago, has a deck length of a hundred and five feet. So if you've a tape measure handy you can compare. He keeps a captain and a crew of seven, and still has in his possession last year's most coveted West Coast yachting cup. Racing a stiff twenty-six-mile course against thirty-odd snappy models, he came in a flying first. Of course, he's waiting for the forthcoming regattas. He's been crazy about sailing ever since his New England childhood and this one is the sixth yacht he's had. And while Lew's never been shipwrecked, still he's had his share of sea thrills. Last summer, returning from Alaska, he was caught
By Ben Maddox

in a pea-soup fog all the way down from Vancouver and had to stay a hundred miles off-shore to avoid a crash. Three days and nights of relying entirely on scientific instruments was quite a strain. He was glad to rusticate on his ranch for awhile.

Fortunately for that cur- 
vacious Katy De Mille, her director father is a regular scout. He loans her his ele- 
gant vessel, equipped with a captain and crew, for special week-ends. She as- 
sembles a flock of select souls and heads for Avalon. 

Originally designed for copra trading in the South Sea, her schooner also hails from the Gloucester ship-yards. It's a whole foot longer than the Stone bark.

Since Charlie Chaplin is the wealthiest of all performers, you may suppose his yacht would be ultra-pretentious. If you do you're forgetting Charlie's thrifty streak. His "Pan- cea" is nice, but by no means gorgeous. It's a fifty-five foot cabin cruiser that he's owned for three years. There are double sentimental memories, for the idea for his recent comedy was evolved aboard, and his romance with his Paulette blossomed when they pulled up anchor to escape prying eyes. Which reminds me that he bans all snapshots of his craft. He entertains only intimates, chiefly business associates. There are a captain and a mate permanently on hand, and then the Chaplin cook and a steward appear with the master. Charlie has no yen to run things himself, but he does honestly delight in deep-sea fishing. Once he was awarded a button for a record tuna catch and he'll tell you how to bait the giant fish if you'll listen politely.

Pitching in and doing the work yourself is easier to dream about than to do literally, Richard Arlen admits this. So the commander of the "Johanna R.," a big cabin cruiser he bought in partnership with Walter Huston, Dick promptly fired the hired help when Walter sold his half. After an hour's hectic painting, the athletic Mr. Arlen suddenly tired. Why not enjoy the damned thing? A new crew was quickly put on the payroll and today Dick's a skipper by fits and starts. Occasionally he'll get his abdominal bends by swabbing the decks, mopping with a vengeance. He's convivial and has never once been alone at sea. He can sleep right when he sandwiches folks into the wheelhouse. Wile Joly appreciates tangy air and is always ready to pop off with a merry gang.

The Preston Fosters are equally compatible in this matter of cresting the waves. Their "Zo" is a splendid express cruiser, fastest of its type on the whole coast. The first thing Preston did when he purchased it last winter was to take it practically apart. Yes, he got it together without [Continued on page 78]
HE RESENTS BEING TYPED
Can Basil Rathbone Escape Playing Villains?

By Maude Cheatham

Mayer's "Romeo and Juliet," and tonight he was leaving for location near Yuma, where the Selznick International studio has erected Algerian towns and colorful cases for their new color film, "The Garden of Allah." Tomorrow Basil was to become Count Antonio, in the terrific drama of this romance in the desert—"with the temperature hovering around 120 degrees!"

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, he was taken back to England to be educated. His passionate love for music asserted itself and he spent all his spare time hovering over the piano until his father, a practical London civil engineer, became alarmed lest his son do the unthinkable thing of becoming a professional musician. So the boy was dragged to his uncle's insurance office and told to learn the business.

He stood it as long as he could, then ran away and joined the Benson Players, where he spent five wonderful years becoming steeped in Shakespearean drama. He mastered fifty-four roles, learned how to wear the picturesque costumes, and how to toss his velvet dacts at the right angle. He became an expert in the etiquette of that period, the use of the snuff box, how to handle a sword. By the way, Rathbone had no double for his many fencing scenes in "Romeo and Juliet," doing them himself and with utmost skill.

At eighteen he was swept to the French front by the World War. He was wounded several times, decorated twice, and when it was all over he returned to London, and the theatre. It was Constance Collier who gave him his real chance: she chose him to create the title role in "Peter Ibbetson" for the London stage production; then he invaded New York and won new honors which carried him to instant fame. Other starring roles followed in "The Jest," "Death Takes a Holiday," "He Who Gets Slapped."

"I've been in the theatre too long to ever give it up," he said, "but it holds little opportunity at the moment and in the meantime I'm becoming more and more interested in pictures. Now, with dialogue, the whole world of literature is waiting to be filmed. I should love to do 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' and a story of Caesar Borgia; both would be colorful drama."

"Everybody associated with the screen is so terrifically ambitious, and God! how hard they all work. Life in Hollywood is detached from the remainder of the world, with everyone living, thinking, talking pictures. Some may criticize this complete absorption but I consider it a good thing, for no actor who really loves his work can ever get away from it, he is steeped in it."

"In the theatre," Basil continued, "a player must depend upon himself and from the time the curtain goes up he sustains a continuity of emotion that ends only when his final climax is reached and the curtain goes down. This very [Continued on page 60]
SHOW BOAT

A MUSICAL TRIUMPH—Universal

“SHOW BOAT,” an Edna Ferber novel and a Ziegfeld success of not so long ago, comes to the screen as a thoroughly delightful musical comedy of the definitive “Class” type—it is so delightful in fact that at the Hollywood preview many of the movie stars declared that they liked it better than “The Great Ziegfeld.”

Universal has done well by the famous Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein score, for which heaven be praised, and it’s worth more than the price of admission just to hear Allan Jones and Irene Dunne sing “Only Make Believe,” and Helen Morgan, the first and best of the torch-singers, sing “Can’t Help Loving That Man of Mine” and the never-to-be-forgotten “Bill,” and the one and only Paul Robeson sing “Old Man River”—which song has never been sung so beautifully before. Three new song hits have been added to the score, and they, too, will please, though not so much as the old favorites.

Allan Jones and Irene Dunne sing, “The Room Upstairs,” Paul Robeson sings “I Still Suit Us,” and Irene in blackface sings “Gallavantin’ Around.” All in all, it’s the best music we’ve had this year and Allan, Irene, and Paul Robeson have never been in better voice. And of course Helen Morgan in her solo ballad, “Bill,” is tops forever. The picture fails to get the flavor of the Mississippi, which Edna Ferber did so marvelously in her book, and never once do you believe that you are on a show boat on the Mississippi, which is the fault of the director, but nevertheless it is a most satisfactory and entertaining picture.

Irene Dunne plays Magnolia and gives a charming performance—she also proves that she can “shuffle” and do a “black and white” as well as a beautiful one. Allan Jones plays Gaylord Ravenal and cuts quite a dashing figure. Charles Winninger as Captain Andy and Helen Westley as his salty wife are in the same scoring mightily, are Hattie McDaniel, Queenie Smith, Sammy White, Donald Cook and Sammy O’Dee. You’ll love it.

SINS OF MAN

TRIUMPH FOR HERSHOLT—20th Century-Fox

Jean Hersholt now becomes eligible for the 1936 Academy Award. In this picture he gives one of the most magnificent performances of his career—in fact there has been nothing like it since the silent days when Emil Jannings used to tear your heart out by its very roots. Mr. Hersholt’s deeply moving portrayal of the simple, kindly Tyrolian sexton, who becomes a victim of cruel circumstance, will definitely become a part of cinema history.

The story is simple and human and most appealing, and there will be tears, oh many tears. Thank goodness it has a happy ending. It’s the story of a sexton in a little village in Tyrol, before the war, who longs to have a son to ring the beautifully toned bells for him when he can no longer serve his church and God. But one son is a mechanical genius, and when his father stubbornly refuses to permit him to continue his studies in aviation he runs away to America. His other son was born deaf and dumb.

Twenty years later in New York City, Hersholt, now a vagrant, is reunited with his youngest son, whom he thought dead, and whose hearing has been restored by the bombardment of the war. The “hells” bring about the reunion. This brief outline of the plot naturally does not do it justice—you must see this picture, and seeing it you will love it.

Second in importance to Mr. Hersholt’s triumphant performance is the debut of young Don Ameche, who plays both sons, and who is the most talented “discovery” the screen has had for some time. Allen Jenkins looks after the comedy and does it well.

THE DANCING PIRATE

EXQUISITE COLOR—Pioneer-RKO

HERE’S technicolor again, the first we’ve had since “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,” and, as you can see for yourself, it becomes more and more beautiful. Scenes of the little Spanish town in the moonlight and the pirate boat in the harbor brought lusty cheers of enthusiasm from the preview audience. Yes, we must admit, technicolor is here to stay. And that, confidentially, is why all the blonde glamour girls are either becoming brownettes or permitting their hair to grow out naturally—blondes, alas, are a wash-out in color.

Well, anyway, this picture is the first musical comedy to be done in technicolor and, as it’s a musical it can get away with murder as far as reality is concerned. But for reality anyway when there’s music and dancing and Frank Morgan.

The story’s about a dancing master who is shanghaied in Boston in 1850 and forced to join a bunch of pirates. He escapes from the pirate boat when it anchors off the coast of California, and seeks shelter in a little Spanish town. The Spanish settlers think him a pirate but when it is discovered that he is a dancing teacher the women of the town demand that he be spared from the gallows long enough to teach them the Waltz.

Of course, Sela Duna, the lovely daughter of Don So-and-So, the richest man in town (played to the hilt for laughs by Frank Morgan) falls in love with him, but the poor man needs must fight it out with an army of renegades before he can lead her to the altar. Charles Collins, a new “find,” plays the dancing teacher. If you liked “La Cucaracha” this is right down your alley.

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

LABEL: ANOTHER “THIN MAN”—R-K-O

HERE’S an hilariously amusing, delightfully insane, and priceless acted picture that comes as near being another “Thin Man” as any picture could possibly be. There is that School of Thought which insists that it is better than “The Thin Man.” But better or not, it’s grand entertainment, and no foolin’ about that.

William Powell plays a surgeon who just can’t resist a good old-fashioned murder. His ex-wife, a mystery story writer, is played by Jean Arthur, and she, too, is a pushover for a murder mystery. Jean decides to marry her attractive husband but her campaign is interrupted by a most alluring race track murder. When the two of them gang up on that murder it’s some fun.

The picture never takes anything seriously, not even itself, and the plot has no qualms about stopping every few minutes so that Mr. Powell, Miss Arthur, and Eric Blore (butting again) can get in a tip-sporing wise-crack or a funny gag. Jean Arthur is going some place, and going fast. We heartily recommend this for an evening of laughs.
SONS O' GUNS

JOE E.'S BEST—WARNERS

The Joe E. Brown fans will go simply wild over this funny and more than likely Mr. Brown will pick up some new fans he never had before. He of the big kisser, as we qualify say down by the gas works, played in other films with daughters in the war who finds himself in France under the stern discipline of his own valet, Eric Blore, who has become a top-sergeant no less. And that's a good laugh all by itself, as Mr. Blore has never been funnier.

It's all gay, nonsensical fun, so don't be at all surprised to find Mr. Brown heading a night patrol over No Man's Land, capturing a machine gun nest single-handed, and being followed back to his trenches by half a German army. He breaks some known army regulation and is constantly being sentenced to death, but eventually gets the Croix de Guerre. What is more important he gets three very nifty dames.

Joan Blondell, with a French accent and very oo-la-la eyes, plays a bewitching little French girl who carries on quite a flirtation with Mr. Brown. When the two of them sing and dance “A Buck and a Quarter a Day,” you have seen a comedy high spot among all Paris.On the picture. The other two girls are Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw, whose chief contribution to the picture is a ballad called, “In the Shadow of the Tree.” The girl could do with more Blondell and less Brown—or maybe we are speaking out of turn. Anyway, it's fun.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. Ames

COURTROOM DRAMA—HANGER-PARAMOUNT

A NOther plus mark for the movies. This is rather a soon-to-be-breakthrough book by Arthur Somers Roche, and, with a bit of flagellation here and there and a custody trial thrown in, have made as entertainments, and above a comedy drama as you've met with in a coon's age.

Madeleine Carroll, the English beauty, who did not fare so well in her first American picture is given a break this time and gives a grand performance as the beautiful and charming Mrs. Ames, who, acquitted of the mysterious murder of her millionaire socialite husband, must immediately undergo a legal wrangle over the right to custody of her son.

This makes it imperative that she completely clear her name of all scandal—and whom do you think presents to the dean of her name? None other than the prosecuting attorney, Mr. George Brent, who has done everything to have her hanged for murder. Oh, it's a shocker and besides there are whole sequences of uproarious laughter.

Beulah Bondi plays the mother-in-law who hates her daughter-in-law with a line and beautiful hate, and Alan Mowbray plays the stuffy family lawyer, Alan Baxter and Edward Brophy, as the Press, and June Brewster does all right by a fan and bubble dancer. Women, particularly, will be crazy about this picture.

FLORIDA SPECIAL

OAKIE'S OFF AGAIN—PARAMOUNT

Chalk up another grand performance for Jack Oakie. This time as a wise-cracking reprobate he supplies the gags for a farce mystery. Jack and Kent Taylor, while traveling together on the “Florida Special,” become involved in the eccentricities of a certain Miss Gentle. (Have you ever seen a more charming girl?) And two opposing gangs of jewel thieves bent on robbing the old man. While the loot passes from one suspect to another, the others try to guess whom “of whom’s got the thimble.”

There is much double-crossing, chasing and shooting, but we have a new map into a trick ending. Sidney Blackmer's blackmailing gives Kent Taylor a chance to drop his fancies, Frances Drake, and play hero to Sally Eleni.

It was at the finish of this picture that Master Oakie, who has always been Mammy's Boy, took unto himself a wife whom he playfully calls “Pigeon.”

UNDER TWO FLAGS

ROMANTIC SPECTACLE—20TH CENTURY-FOX

From Ouida's romantic novel of the going-ons of the French Foreign Legion (and there's really nothing so romantic both to young and old as the French Foreign Legion, now is there?) comes to the screen one of the most glorious spectacle-dramas we've been treated to since "Beau Geste." Claude Calvet and Charles Boyer as the little French girl, not too good and not too bad, who has become the mascot of the Foreign Legion, giving one of the best performances of her career.

Romeo Colman is grand as the whimsical young Englishman who is trying to hide his feelings. A funny bit is when Rosalind Russell plays the Lady Ventia who meets Ronnie at a little desert outpost and falls madly in love with him. And Victor MacLagen plays the Communist but who can't even get to first base with Cigarette after she has met Sergeant Colman. Children, and adults with a spark of romance in their souls, will go simply mad about this.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

DELIGHTFUL COMEDY—PICKFORD-LASHY

Hollywood's newest producing company, consisting of Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, gets off to a fine start with this, their first picture. It's a gay, romantic comedy, brilliantly satirical at times, and with a very distinct Continental flavor.

Francis Lederer plays a none too successful young Parisian actor who goes to the cinema one rainy afternoon to keep a rendezvous with another man's wife. But in the darkness the usher becomes confused and invites (all Paris theaters have seat number-as if you didn't know) him by the wrong girl. Thrilled by the love-making on the screen, Francis chooses the girl in an amorous moment—and she quite surprised by it all, screams.

The lights go on, the girl turns out to be the daughter of a prominent publisher, and several busbody members of the purity league who are present demand poor Mr. Lederer's arrest. He is branded by the Paris heroes as a "monstrous womanizer." It is one of the funniest things you've ever seen. Ida Lupino is the heroine and gives her best performance to date. Hugh Herbert is elegant as a theatre promoter. Roland Young, as the wily producer with an eye to publicity, Erik Rhodes as Miss Lupino's rejected suitor, and Courtenay Leve D'Ignatia as the married woman, are all splendid! It's light and frothy and very, very easy to take.

"She's Swell" [Continued from page 29]
day that the tabloids were carrying such banner lines as "Nancy Carroll divorces Jack Kirkland." I was a bit miffed. But it was such fun telling Nancy what I thought of her when I bumped into her several days later, and Nancy is a smart girl who knows her Press and shoved me into Tony's right away (that was before I made Hollywood) and I was never one to bear a grudge against Tony's. Her apology was so quaint. "You are too good to write for the fan magazine," said Nancy. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." I accepted her apology.

Well, you'd think that would have taught me a good lesson. But I got caught up in the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks crisis, and didn't get much of a laugh out of that. For a while there I had quite a run of bad luck. All I had to say in a story was that lambie-pie is happily married, or that cutie-pie wasn't married, and mercy, before the magazine could get out lambie-pie would get a divorce and cutie-pie would get married. I just couldn't pick 'em. And I was getting pretty sour about the whole thing and sort of longed for the quiet and peace amid the pots and pans in Macy's basement.

But when I failed to get "caught" in the Bette Davis-Artie Fields divorce, and the Sidney-Carl converters, I got so pepped up and cheeky that now I think my luck has changed. Though never again do I write a lamplight-mad Hitler story, even about my best friends, Burny, Burny.

I may say, in fact I will say, this is my story and I'll say what I please (that's what I think of the "This is my story and I'll say what I please" school of writing), and I'll say that with the exception of being caught out on hot tips, these are my experiences in interviewing the Dream Girls have been most pleasant. Of course there was the star who threatened to give me the cold shoulder because I made disparaging remarks about her birthplace (that was Grace Moore), and there was the star who started me out on a grand case of flu due to the frigidity of her house and reception (that was Kay Francis)—but for the most part my star interviews have been kind to me. Better still, my tips have been given to my fun. On account I am a shy person, and was brought up not to ask questions, I have reduced interviewing to its lowest common denominator. I never get a good interview, but I usually have a good time.

Being a little on the cracked side myself, I am particularly interested to interview are Patsy Kelly and W. C. Fields. He always says, "Ah, my little chickadee, will it be a martini or an old fashioned," and then will proceed to go through his crate bag of tricks, even to a little juggling, on the side, while you roll on the floor in hysterics. Whatever a grand time have an interview with W. C. Fields.

Miss Kelly will greet you wish, "Huh, I suppose you must have to feed you to get a good story—C'mon," and will take you to a restaurant, not the last chance where all kinds of grapes down you, complaining with every bite you take of the high cost of publicity. And that is not all—when Patsy Kelly gives an interview, she gives a day. After lunch you will be driven down to the Venice Amusement Pier to play Keno for hours, until you have no more money. Or if the racing season is on she will take you out and have a horse race. And when you return, you will have been driven home, and be driven back to the studio and see a picture. And when you get home and fall asleep, you will be wakened up by your agent and a note from Kelly telling you that she had gone out with Ania and give you five hot tips that can't miss, on account she got them straight from Miss Kelly. Take my advice and never bet on Miss Kelly's hot tips. Last interview I had with Patsy at the track cost me exactly fifty bucks (Patsy is still dodging me)—but I must say that always I had rather spend an afternoon with Patsy and lose fifty bucks than spend ten minutes with a certaint Frozen Face and get paid for it. I'm crazy like that.

But with the exception of Kelly and Fields and the late Thelma Todd I have had fairly good luck with comedians. I spent a most embarrassing half hour with the Marx Brothers one day, during which time no one said anything for posterity, Alexander Woollcott, or Silver Screen. Maybe they just weren't mad that day. Edna May Oliver threw me for a complete loss. ZaZu Pitts I adore personally, but she begs me never to write anything about her. (I don't know whether it's because of an extreme inferiority complex on her part, or because she's read my works.)

For a good straight business-like interview, please and hot too gay, I heartily recommend Norma Shearer. Norma is a very intelligent young woman, knows the value of sane publicity, and makes her business to see that every writer gets a good story. If possible, and it usually is, she finds out from the studio what the writer wishes to interview her about, and as quickly as she can she launches the embarrassed writer right into the proper channel, and all the writer has to do is sit there and listen or take notes. Norma takes the trouble (very few other stars do this) to find out a little something about the interviewer before she arrives, and greets her effusively by her own name with a bit of personal business thrown in, and naturally the writer is most flattered and pleased.

My experiences with Norma Shearer have been most pleasant. "Make me a little fond," was the only request she ever made of me. She hasn't a long list of inbani like so many of the stars. And such co-operation. There was the time, about a year ago, when due to a slip-up by her press agent she found six eager writers all waiting to interview her at practically the same time. I had about ten minutes and upon departing sweetly informed her that I didn't have much of a story. The next day, to my complete surprise, came four pages of copy from la Shearer herself—all about herself, and things I would have dared to have written. I have never had a movie star do that before or since.

Bette Davis, they tell me, is the frankest, most volatile of the stars. Bette does what is vulgarly called "shoots off her mouth," and consequently is always in hot water with her studio publicity department. The writers love her. She is good copy.

Myrna Loy is considered bad copy. She just won't talk. Pleasant and nice and polite and all that—but she doesn't "give." There's always an icy barrier between Myrna and the interviewer, and Myrna just sits and smiles on her side of the iceberg and leaves you to struggle along as best you can on your side. But I caught Myrna off side once, and have had trouble with her since. It was while she was making "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter, and the company had to go on location some awful place out in the Valley where the thermometer registered a mere 110.

When I arrived Myrna was sprawled out in a chair with a little one at all feasible and the perspiration was racing down her face and legs. She looked anything but glamorous but was too hot to care. I took the other chair next to the canvas wall of her improvised dressing room, and in less than five minutes her red dress hanger had melted into the red waves and, well, an iceberg hasn't much chance in a situation like that. The thaws set in with a bang and by the time the thermometer had reached 125 in the studio, Myrna and I were mopping away like mad, killing flies frantically, and the best of palsy waltzes. A Myrna Loy interview never finds me at the dentist.

About the sincerest interview I ever had, I suppose, was with Joan Blondell. I hadn't been in Hollywood long and had been told by Joan's studio and several writers that Joan was a peculiar sort of person. "She doesn't like people..." "She takes one look and decides immediately she doesn't..."
like you." So I arrived at Miss Blondell's hillside home fully expecting not to be liked. Well, I hadn't been there long when Jeanie popped up with, "Don't look now, but George and I are getting married in Phoenix, Arizona, tomorrow and how would you like to come along? It might be fun." It certainly was. It was the most fun I've ever had on any interview. By the way, maybe I had better frame up an interview with Jeanie again soon, for maybe she will take me along when she elopes with Dick Powell. Or maybe she considers me bad luck now.

Bill Powell is a swell person to interview, and you can count on grand laughs. An interview with Miriam Hopkins, as I told you once before, is a social season, but still you don't get much fun out of her. George Raft tells you the most exciting stories about himself, but tops it all off with "but you can't print that." Gary Cooper won't talk, but is such a nice guy you have to forgive him.

Stars whom I am fond of interviewing, mainly I suppose because they don't consider me a snake in the grass, a hellion of journalism, a murderer and a liar (maybe they do but I'm not smart enough to catch on) are Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Una Merkel, Frances Tone, Madge Evans, Joel McCrea, Jean Bennett, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Jean Blondell and Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sidney is also one of my favorites, though an interview with her is always a duel of insults to the death. "We've always been in love," Sylvia always greets me with. "You know you've written this story before seeing me, but I suppose I'll have to explain. Why don't you take me to lunch sometimes?" A nasty person, but I like her.

Which Girl Typifies Hollywood?

[Continued from page 25]

freshness to her personality has the male population pursuing. But producer Arthur Hornblow is the one who's seen with her most of the time. (And, as yet, he isn't legally free from marital ties.) Myrna makes the young men sigh and the old men cry. But she goes on her mysterious way alone. Yes, she's a lovely lady. If only she'd break down and live the typical Hollywood life!

Where, oh where, is our typical girl? What about Jean Bennett? Yes, she has this and that and the other. But she also has the responsibility of running a home and a career and two children and a husband. She's the only person who could manage all this and still look her full "twelve" years of age. So you wouldn't envy her for being the typical Hollywood girl. May we be seeking Virginia Bruce (who isn't). Sweet shades of alabaster and pale moonlight. She's the most beautiful girl in pictures. She loves parties, night clubs, clothes and dates. What's more, she's got a me-me-ellion of 'em. She has her own home, and it even beaots a pipe organ. But behind all her gaiety, there is always her concern for little Susanne Gilbert. Virginia loves her baby passionately. She, too, was threatened by kidnappers, Virginia has so much—yet—she just isn't the girl who fits into the mental picture.

Hepburn is a fugitive from Hollywood photographers. And so is Margaret Sullavan. The Hollywood life is not for them.

Loretta Young has almost everything. Yet she must guard her health to prevent a recurrence of her recent breakdown. Director Eddie Sutherland is a constant and admiring companion. Her colonial home, her cars, her servants, her beauty are representative of everything that is enviable. She has all this and yet she doesn't think the thing we're looking for.

There is Jean Muir who is young and blonde and beautiful. She has a nice contract and her fan mail arrives by the hundred. But the Hollywood life is not for Jean. She lives in an inexpensive apartment and cooks her own meals. She owns one evening gown and hasn't a fur or jewel to her name. She's only been to one or two Hollywood night clubs and she neither drinks nor smokes. Jean is popular with the boys, but she'd rather receive a first edition than a second invitation. She worships the theatre and owns her own workshop. She's already produced two of her own plays. Her life is dedicated to work, so she's out of the Hollywood spotlight.

And so our search goes on. There's Stanwyck, Dunne and Duna, Evans, Furness and Una, Parker, Patrick and Francis, Del Rio, Hopkins and Ginger, Blondell, Sidney and Kreer. We could ram on and on. One by one our beautiful ladies fail us. Until we come to—Jean Harlow. It looks like our own Jeanie is just the one we've been looking for. Make way for the typical girl!

Jean Harlow lives in a great white house, on the top of a hill in Belle-Aire. There is a combination radio and phonograph in every room. Jean's bedroom is actually seven different shades of white. She owns dozens of pastel-shaded pajamas, with her diamond-studded monogram on the pocket of each. She always has breakfast in bed. (They've almost the same brownatte shade as Jean's new hair.)

She owns a beautiful black sedan, driven by a uniformed chauffeur. The lap robe is monogrammed with her initials' "J. H." Blanche is her maid at home and in the Jean loves to cook and is a perfect Persian cat. (They're almost the same brownatte shade as Jean's new hair.)

If she wants to be by herself, Jean can sit on the great beasrinug chair in her living room and gaze into the fireplace. If she wants to pack a picnic basket, wear slacks and go hiking off to the desert, there's Bill Powell to help her do it. When they want to give a party, they go to the Trocadero, Jean and Bill do it together.

When Bill is in a particularly gay mood, he arrives at Jean's house carrying a humping carton of ice cream. The very first time they went out together, Jean fell fast asleep. Bill asked if he could drive her up to Santa Barbara for dinner. Jean had been working all day and knew that she should say no. Being a female, she said yes. Completely exhausted she slept until they arrived at their destination. After dining, she slept all the way home. Bill Powell thanked her for a lovely evening and the next day sent flowers. He always sends a corsage on the day of the date and more flowers the day following.

If Bill comes over and they dine alone, Jean has a table for two, set in front of a retiring fireplace. Usually he is late and Jean never lets him forget it. One night she gave a dinner party. It was long past the appointed hour, so she decided to teach him a lesson. Taking her guests into the dining room, Jean decided not to wait. Taking up the head of the table sat a sleepy-eyed Bill. "I've been waiting for hours," said he, "I thought you wanted to have dinner on time." When Jean goes shopping, she buys stockings a dozen pair at a time. Recently she purchased an entire new wardrobe to go with her new brownette personality. Wherever she goes, Jean Harlow always is the center of attention. Her life is overflowing with beauty, romance, success, admiration, jewels, cards, clothes—all the things that make up the Hollywood life. So, actually there is only one beautiful girl who really typifies—The Hollywood Life.
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 g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won’t throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. 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 CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

He Resents Being Typed

[Continued from page 54]

Silver Screen for July 1936

figure for the privilege of creating something that might become a cinema classic and I’m willing to wager that out of the fifty pictures made, at least two or three would turn into smashing box-office successes. History of both stage and screen shows that the frugally-made productions usually make money. It would be a fine gesture to the screen as Art. I’m confident this will eventually be done, for after all, pictures are too valuable and too important to be neglected. Too, they are always gamblers!”

The Rathbones—Mrs. Rathbone is the brilliant Ouida Bergere—have made over the one-time Jack Dempsey-Felstie Taylor home into a very beautiful place, with spacious gardens and a swimming pool. The gardens are Basil’s hobby and he loves to play on old clothes and actually work in them. He excels in many outdoor sports but his favorite is golf. He dislikes going out and so the usual social life of contract and large parties never intrudes on the Rathbone calendar. They prefer riding horseback, or hiking over the hills with their dogs galloping about them.

Basil is still passionately fond of music and has a remarkable collection of phonograph records of the world’s famous symphonies and other classics.

He is an idealist, and has a naive faith in humanity. He worships children and is excelled by their pluck and enthusiasm, for adopting two babies, a girl and a boy.

As a coming screen triumph, there is a very reliable rumor that when “Julius Caesar” is filmed, Basil will portray Mark Anthony of sentiment. Too, they are always gamblers!”

Tests made with the color camera promise much for him, for they definitely emphasize his good looks and his romantic qualities. So, perhaps Basil will finally take his rightful place as an intriguing figure in screen romances.

Talent of the World

[Continued from page 31]

Brow from Brooklyn, a Joan Crawford from San Antonio, Texas (via Kansas City), compete on equal terms with the Parisian Chevalier, the Londoner, Ronald Colman, and the Canadian, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford or the late Marie Dressler.

The camera, once it achieves focus, does not recognize nationality. Three generations of cameramen, for instance, asserted that Mary Pickford, Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer were the first ladies of the screen. They were Anni in cameras but they honored three Canadians, for the lens of a camera tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, untroubled by boundary lines.

If the stars are elected on the basis of talent, so also are those who direct them and point out the short-cut to stardom. The directors come from all over the world to Hollywood. Frank Capra is from Palermo, Italy; Lubitsch is from Berlin; Frank Lloyd is from Glasgow, Scotland; Von Sternberg is from Vienna; Frank Borzage hails from Dempsey’s town, Salt Lake City; Michael Curtiz is from Budapest; Richard Boleslawski is from Warsaw, Poland; John Ford, of “Informer” fame, is from Portland, Maine; Mark Sandrich, who directed “Top Hat,” is from New York; Mervyn Le Roy is a San Franciscan; Lloyd Bacon is from San Jose, California, and Edmund Goulding is from England, Gregory La Cava is from Toulouse, Pennsylvania. Walter Lang is from Memphis, Texas. Archie Mayo is a New Yorker. J. Walter Ruben is a New Yorker. Norman Taurog is a Californian. King Vidor is an Angeleno. Budapest. Rouben Mamoulian is from Tiflis, Caucasus; Clarence Brown from Clinton, Mississippi.

The cosmopolitan make-up of the directorial staff is a fine influence on pictures, the talent of the directors artists showing their own countries and cities and sections to come to Hollywood. And the directors generally bring their own people and parts to the office. It was a Swedish director who brought Carbo to Hollywood. It was Director George Cukor who insisted on RKO signing a young Swedish actress as “Those Three”—a far cry from Clara Bow’s obvious “It” to the sophistication of a Dietrich—a far cry from Hoot Gibson to the feminine of a Laughton. The movies have grown up because they sprayed on to celluloid the background of older countries, bolting, which is so familiar there and staining its hands with soil.

The lot has become a gentleman with out forgetting his origins.

That the picture has been accomplished in good taste, and has been energetically successful was demonstrated to me not long ago on a trip to Havana. Now Havana can be an uncomfortable and grimy as Morro Castle that stands
OFTEN 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.
threateningly in the shark-infested harbor, but when we arrived the citizens were in a get and chipper mood.

I asked the cab-driver the reason for the town's gaiety: "Ricto de Oro," he told me excitedly. "Ricto de Oro." My sketchy Spanish translation "Oro" means "gold," and I thought at first that he meant that Havana had discovered a gold mine. "No, Senor," he said, "Curls of Gold." It was only to me, of course, that I was talking to a madman, a veritable lunatic and the speed at which he drove me with grave forebodings. Finally he pulled on his brake sharply and pointed. We were standing in front of the Enchanto Theatre. Vast placards covered it: "Ricto de Oro." The street was filled with people trying to get in at the box-office. "She is what you call in America, Shirley Temple," the cabbie explained, gesticulating with both hands. "In Habana, we call her Ricto de Oro, because she has golden curls."

When Havana, a turbulent city, forgets its squabbles because a new Shirley Temple picture has arrived at the Enchanto Theatre, it seems to me that Hollywood has scored a terrific artistic success, and one that cannot readily be overlooked.

The answer is that Hollywood is not provincial. It draws on the world for its talent, and out of the melting pot on the Coast emerges celluloid portraits that can be hung in the cinema galleries of the nation, if I may mix my metaphors. It is magical, I think, that Hollywood can team a boy from Omaha, Nebraska, and a girl from Baltimore, with a man from India (Surai, or Ginger Rogers), so expertly that their film captivates London, Paris, Buenos Aires and Shanghai.

The town, settlement, pursuing the newest and freshest of the fine arts, inviting all of the world to dedicate its energies to the glorification of the maker or creed, comes closer to international harmony than the graybeards of Geneva.

I'll trade all of the statesmen who convene in Switzerland for Darryl Zanuck, Swiss boss of the Twentieth Century-Fox Company. Zanuck's pictures will do more for peace than the Geneva graybeards. Their propaganda is dull. His propaganda is exciting. That is the difference.

The Romantic Nelson Eddy [Continued from page 27]

heard of Nelson Eddy, but it knew that it was listening to a finished artist, nevertheless, and remained to cheer him. He had a well built up public before he ever set foot in Hollywood. He is, first and foremost, a musician. That he happens, alas, to have that quality of magnetism and sheer joy of living which draws both men and women to him is the thing that has placed him on the top. Meant to be here.

For the sale of the Youth of today who need romance and idealized love as no other age has needed it, I hope Nelson Eddy will long remain on his high pedestal, concentrating on the development of those talents which keep people looking upward.

"But there is nothing spectacular about my success," he protested. "I haven't a remarkable memory and I'm rather easy going, lazy in fact." He smiled charmingly as he folded a sheet of paper into a small aeroplane and later spun it across the room, watching with interest to see where it landed. "Success came to me as a result of grinding work and complete loyalty to it. Anyone can win who will do it, but many people don't know how to work. They think if they just try to do anything under the sun, that they are then justified in amusing themselves for the remaining ten. That makes slow progress and often leads nowhere. Mastering a thing means hammering five and six and seven hours a day, and doing for the rest of the day the things that build toward and not away from the goal in mind.

"Some people wait until they see an opportunity before they prepare for it, but I did just the opposite. When I was in the advertising business in Philadelphia I studied voice. When I was singing songs and church music I studied opera, and that meant learning the languages in which the operas were written. I always prepared myself for the thing I wanted or hoped to do next and I never got a break in any of them until I was ready for it.

"When I did my first picture over a year ago I had very little acting to do, but it was enough to show me that I didn't know much about it. For the year before 'Naughty Marietta' I studied with a dramatic coach and in that picture I was more at ease before the camera, but still doing nothing.

"And another thing. Success did not come to me through my own efforts alone. There are about fifty people who contributed to it—men, and a few women. All of these people helped me to accomplish the thing I had set out to do. Without them I would not have accomplished as much as I have, and as each step was taken my ambition grew to conquer the next step.

I mentioned that I came from a town in Ohio. I'm a member of the town of mine who had been his accompanist about six years ago, before his growing popularity took him out of Philadelphia altogether. Mary E. Aura was singing then, and I thought that a fine musician she is, and what a sincere worker. There's a woman who isn't afraid of grinding work. She helped me learn several operas and we've worked out many a difficult number together, often against time. She would never let me sing a wrong note or lapse into a wrong tempo, a serious fault in an accompanist, but an easy one to make. I always send people to Virginia if they are to study in Philadelphia.

"When I started on my first concert tour I had to look about for another accompanist for several reasons. Aside from the fact that it is impossible for a man to accompany a man on the concert stage, I had to have some one free to travel and able to give me a hand with luggage and the like, and also I wanted things one could not ask a woman to do.

"I was fortunate in finding Theodore Paxson who has been with me ever since. We were regular barnstormers in those days, doing everything ourselves. Now I have to have a manager and a secretary.

"I had heard from various quarters that he was hard at a mission in the far north as Lindbergh, and that he never answered the door of his hotel suite or the telephone himself. I heard from Arthur Joffe, who is Associate Director of the NBC Broadcasting studio and the offices of Metro Goldwyn Mayer, both here and in Hollywood, are besieged with inquiries about his whereabouts. He never given out to anyone except at his personal request."

What sort of questions do they ask?"

"The cutie little girl at the Judson office turned up her nose. 'Unusual. I want to know what color eyes he has and is his hair really curly. Can you imagine?'

"'Did you wonder about that before you saw him?' I reminded her.

"The nose went up as high as it possibly could. Maybe I guessed right, but I didn't find out from her.

"Remembering this I asked Nelson how
I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE

HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS

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 CAN'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.

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clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
Keep an eye on the sun
sages 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 outwit him with Kurlash eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into Kurlash. It's a ciever 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.

Lash tint, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or go off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your Kontact in black, brown, green and blue...

Lashette, 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...

Try Tweezers—the new tweezers with chrome handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Silver Screen for July 1936
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 uncorced.

New Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. 587

Sold 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

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AND what a bottle! Smart, streamlined and generous—in keeping with the gorgeous polish it contains... Make no mistake—Chic is as fine a polish as money can buy. The ultra smart shades are the last word in tone beauty. With them on your dressing table there is no mood or costume that may not be accented with glamorous fingertips, almost as quickly as the thought occurs. Chic applies so easily—so smoothly and so lustrously, yet it never peels or cracks. Chic Polish Remover, or Oily Polish Remover, a boon to brittle nails, and Chic Cuticle Remover complete your fingertip beauty treatment.

Chic Manicure Aids at all Five and Ten Cent Stores $0.10

Charlie Ruggles was sick in bed with a cold for a few days. But sister-in-law Arline Judge says she knew he was getting better when she caught him trying to blow the foam off his medicine.

The Eligible Heart-Breakers [Continued from page 51]

Theatre, and you’re darned lucky if he has remembered to reserve the theatre tickets—don’t be a bit surprised to find yourself sitting in the balcony. But you’ll have more laughs, more good fun, than you’ve had since you were a child at the circus. Jimmy won’t even think to ask you if you want to dance after the play (he’s the type who stops in the midst of a waltz on a crowded dance floor and tells you most enthusiastically about a model plane he is building) but he’ll rush you out to his ranch house in Brentwood—it’s right next door to Jeanette MacDonald’s—where he lives with Henry Fonda, and there with Henry’s help he’ll mix up some awful cheese goo which you’ll have to wash down with beer, and then he’ll entertain you for hours by playing his accordian. He’s really very talented on the accordian and plays with gusto. He’s been playing that same accordian ever since he was in Princeton, but it’s quite typical of the guy that only recently did he pay the last installment on it.

Or perhaps Jimmy and Henry will be in the mood for taking moving pictures that night, and if so you’ll roll on the floor with hysterics. The boys bought one of those “Make Movies At Home” machines and Henry is the producer, supervisor, director, cameraman and prop boy, while Jimmy is the cast—which usually consists of five people.

The love scenes are a little difficult to be sure, but the boys skip over those hastily in order to get to the murder and death scenes which they adore. Jimmy likes to be killed in the throat and have blood spurtting from his mouth in his final death agony. All of one evening they experimented with cataput, but the results weren’t gruesome enough, and anyway Jimmy swallowed so much cataput that he was nearly sick. Beet juice they have discovered makes the most satisfactory blood.

While you are splitting your sides over their goofy antics you will be licked and patted by a couple of friendly dogs, Son and Bud, who will probably smell to high heaven of perfume. But don’t get the wrong idea—they’re perfectly respectable dogs—only it seems that the cook is so crazy about them that she insists upon washing and brushing and perfuming them every day. “And she cooks them much more appetizing food than she does us,” Jimmy complains.

And speaking of food, Jimmy is crazy about eating. “The best things in life,” he says, “are a good steak and Myrna Loy.” But no matter how many steaks he eats he never gets fat, and no matter how much he pines over Myrna Loy he never gets to first base with her.

Jimmy is the least “actorish” person I have ever met, and if you have a Big Brother whom you like Jimmy will remind you of him. He was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, went to Princeton, and stumbled into the theatre while he was visiting a friend in the Falmouth Stock Company, at Cape Cod one summer. In New York he lived with Henry Fonda and Ross Alexander, so it was only natural that he and Henry should start up housekeeping again in Hollywood. On a windy afternoon you can find him out on a Brentwood hilltop flying kites with Ross Alexander, who shares his enthusiasm for kites and planes. He doesn’t seem to have a steady “girl” but is often seen with Margaret Sullivan, Wendy Barrie and Betty Furness.

Jimmy’s best role so far has been opposite Margaret Sullivan in “Next Time We Love,” though he has had grand outstanding parts in “Rose Marie” and “Wife Versus Secretary.” He was most delighted when Joan Crawford asked to have him play one of the leading roles in her new picture, “The Gorgeous Hussy.” “Gee!” said Jimmy.

If Mr. Stewart sounds a little too haphazard for you, how about Mr. Fonda? Henry is rather a quiet, introspective sort of chap until he starts “cutting up” and then you couldn’t find anyone crazier. Just recently he bought himself a cornet which he learned to play in three lessons (poor, poor Jeanette MacDonald!) though he has to write his own music as he cannot read the music that the publishers sell. The bottle and match game
(which you saw Carole Lombard and Preston Foster play in a scene in "Love Before Breakfast") is Henry's favorite game and he plays it continuously, at home, at the studio, and while he is lunching. The minute he sits down in a restaurant the waiters bring him a milk bottle and a box of matches.

Born in Grand Island, Nebraska, Henry reached the New York stage via the Omaha Community Playhouse, and some six years or so ago married Margaret Sullivan, but it didn't last very long because Margaret was going places and Henry wasn't. Mutual friends say that Henry had a terrible inferiority complex and that Margaret dowered him mainly to cure him of it. Anyway, one day he received a wire from Miss Sullivan informing him that he was a free man, and sure enough some time later, Henry became a big success in New York in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

When he first came to Hollywood he and Sadie Reed were splendid when, at an evening, but that sort of chilled while he was away on location with the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" company, and ever since the first week of production of "The Moon's Our Home" Henry has been more or less courting his ex-wife, who got a Mexican divorce from William Wyler during the first week of production of "The Moon's Our Home." It all adds up beautifully.

Another swell guy who has taken Hollywood by storm is the Gaelic Mr. Michael Whalen whom you have seen in "Professonal Soldier," "Song and Dance Man," and "The Country Doctor." Of course you don't stand much chance of making any headway with Michael right now because Alice Faye, the last of the Platinum Blondes, has fallen for him in a big way. Alice has been plenty popular ever since she came to Hollywood but a date was just a date with Alice. Now she has that love-in-bloom look in her eyes and it's all for Mike. For two years the studio has tried hard to get Alice out of her bed before noon, they tried every way possible to lure her to the gallery for a portrait sitting, or to a publicity luncheon, or something, but Alice is a girl who likes her morning's sleep. But now—but now—every day at twelve o'clock Alice is sitting at a table at the Assistance League waiting for Mike, who is working at the Western Avenue radio studio to have lunch with her. The studio people can hardly believe their eyes. It must be love.

Michael has a charming, likable manner and plenty of the good old Irish wit. Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, he tried radio and the stage in New York before deciding to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood. But Hollywood wasn't particularly impressed at the time with Mr. Whalen, though he did manage to crash the studios. He got a job as a vaudeville laborer—he had to sweep off the tops of the sound stages. When he lost that job he started taking an interest in one of the little community theatres in Hollywood, and was eventually given the lead in "Common Flesh." The great Zanuck saw him, summoned him to his office, and whereas Michael entered the sacred sanctuary with twenty-seven cents in his pocket he departed with a nice juicy contract. You'll see him next in "White Fang." Of course if you can strike up a romance with Dick Powell you're pretty darned lucky. Dick owns a perfectly gorgeous home out in Toluca Lake with a playhouse, an immense swimming pool, and a garden that, when the lights are turned on at night, is so beautiful it's breath-taking. The house, it seems, was originally built for a bachelor but right now, merry little men with saws and hammers and things are making it over so that the master can take a wife. It's quite apparent that Dick has matrimony on the mind.

If you are contemplating a romance with Dick (and I wouldn't blame you at all) it's only fair to warn you that in the way of that romance is Miss Joan Blondell. Dick is

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**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. IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOUR-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 DO I LOOK? 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.

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**20¢ LARGE SIZE**

**35¢ GRANULAR DENTAL CREAM**

**RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**
Hat by Lilly Daché

Lilly Daché, one of America’s foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellow band set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, sweeping, narrow accordion brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: “The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eye, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design.

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO Chic AS THE SMARTEST Hat

CHIC!—elusive, magnetic quality—sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don’t deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darkest your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!

Made by the “Quints!”

[Continued from page 8]

course M-G-M, to whom he is under long term contract, may have something to say about that. Mr. Hersholt picked up a book from a table and showed it to me. It was Agatha Christie’s latest mystery novel, “The A-B-C Murders.” “M-G-M may buy this for me,” he said. “Are you familiar with the character of the Frenchman, Hercule Poirot?”

Being a lover of mystery stories myself, I said that I was well enough acquainted with Miss Christie’s famous detective to know that if Jean Hersholt impressed Mr. Hersholt on the screen he would create a demand for the character of Hercule Poirot which would top the demand for Philo Vance.

But before you meet Mr. Hersholt again, either as the tragic father of “Sins of Man” or, perhaps, as the suave solver of crimes, I should like you to know the man as he really is.

The general supposition is that actors and actresses are glamorous beings sprinkled with star-dust. Well, that may be true in a number of instances. Certainly the Dietrichs and Garbo’s and Loy’s and even the Gables and Taylors manage to carry away enough of the precious dust to deceive even some of their most intimate friends. And, hard-boiled critic that I am, I have also come away from the August presence of some much-tooted glamorous queen deluded for the moment into thinking I had spoken with an immortal!

What a relief, then, what a joyous relief to be ushered into the presence of a Jean Hersholt. To be greeted with a welcoming handshake as if one were an old friend, not an intruder. To feel oneself caught up in a leisurely discussion of books and plays and people, of current events as well as personal. And, always, when ranging around to a discussion of the man himself, of anything even approaching an interviewer’s angle (we must always arrive with some sort of angle, you know) being headed off in another direction entirely.

You think of the glamorous boys and girls (we have to call them boys and girls, for they never seem to grow up) as being seen at the famous night clubs, attending the races, the fights, the tennis matches, even the opera—not to see but to be seen. Again, what a relief to meet a Jean Hersholt who finds that he need do none of those things to remain a greatly appreciated actor.

Being a character actor he can afford to grow a little older as the years pile up on him—as, unfortunately they have the habit of doing on all of us while our backs are turned—and he does not hesitate to admit that he was born in Denmark almost half a century ago. In this respect, mad about her. Joan gets her final divorce decree from George Barnes on September 4th and the betting in Hollywood is that she and Dick will marry soon afterwards, but knowing Joanie as I do I wouldn’t risk too much money on it.

I do know that she won’t duck off to Mexico or some place and marry before September, as she got her divorce according to California law and I am sure she intends to marry according to California law. So don’t let the radio chatterers upset you. Joan and Dick aren’t married, and you’ve got from now until September to work on Mr. Powell. And, of course, if Joan doesn’t marry him someone will have to as he has the house all ready for a wife. You’ll like Dick, he’s a grand guy. But I don’t have to tell you.

Okay, girls, you’re on your own.
he's one up on the glamour contingent again because they cannot afford to grow too much older!

His parents were leading players at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen but Hersholt did not intend to follow in their footsteps. Instead he studied at the Art School with the idea of becoming a portrait painter. But, when he graduated, the lure of the stage became too much for him and he immediately enrolled at the Dagmar Theatre, where all students of the stage were trained in those days. From that time on portrait painting became simply a hobby to be pursued in his spare moments.

It was in 1906, in Denmark, that he played in his first motion picture, which he describes as one of those "pursuit affairs" so popular at the nickelodeons of those bygone days. In 1915 he went to San Francisco to do a Danish play at the Panama Pacific Exposition, and it was during the run of this play that he was "discovered" by Thomas Ince who later brought him to Hollywood, where he has remained ever since.

Although he enjoys going back to Denmark for a visit every two or three years, as his work permits, Hollywood spells home for this quiet, self-contained actor with the rare sense of humor. Anybody more unlike the melancholy Dane of Shakespeare's play would be hard to find.

"I am always doing something," he told me. "I cannot sit idle. I am interested in several Danish charities in California, and they keep me pretty busy. Then there is my painting and my collecting..."

"I hear you have a marvelous collection of original manuscripts and first editions," I said, hoping that he would go into detail. But with his unfailing modesty about things pertaining closely to himself, he merely nodded and murmured: "Oh, I've picked up a few things in my time."

Mrs. Hersholt interrupted at this point. Trust a woman to let you in on things.

"Why, Jean has the most important collection of Hans Christian Anderson manuscripts in this country. His Dickens' collection is pretty complete, too."

I recognized the glitter of possession that comes into every true collector's eyes as his wife went on.

"Every time Jean has left the hotel since we arrived, I've known just about where I could lay my hands on him in a pinch. He's either traipsing down Madison Avenue with his eyes glued to every book shop or art gallery on the way, or he's traipsing up Fifth Avenue doing the same thing."

"I stopped into Jensens' this morning," her husband murmured rather shyly as she paused. "You know, those clerks all recognized me. Think of that. And they left their customers flat, too—I wonder how they felt—just to come up and shake hands with me."

Jensens', unless you forget, is that marvelous shop on Fifth Avenue which carries such an exquisite display of fine Copenhagen ceramics that it fairly carries your breath away.

"Did you buy anything?" asked Mrs. Hersholt eagerly.

"No," he replied. "You see, they wanted to know all about the quintuplets."

At which we all laughed. Those quintuplets certainly have the faculty of bopping up in the most unexpected places.

But, even without his pleasant hobbies, without the quintuplets, and without his recent stardom—all acquisitions to be envied—Jean Hersholt's life is filled to overflowing. For the charming Mrs. Hersholt is not only a well-beloved wife but a more than interested helpmate as well as playmate. To listen to them discuss their daily games of badminton, on their new court at their Beverly Hills home, you would think they were honeymooners still.

And then, last, but certainly not least,
DIVE IN AND COOL OFF... We've managed to add just enough mild menthol to a blend of great tobaccos so that every refreshing puff is soothingly cool to hot throats. Get yourself a pack, save the valuable B & W coupon for attractive, nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only). Forget the heat, dive into KOOLS, come up smiling! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky., there is Allan Hersholt. Allan is the Hersholt son and heir. He is also the Hersholt pride and joy. If you insist upon knowing, he is just twenty-two and well on the way to being a prominent West Coast critic of motion pictures, besides being his father's best pal and severest critic.

When the time came for my visit to end, it was with real regret that I left my courteous host and his wife, and as I walked down the Avenue in the late Spring sunshine I had the thought that Hollywood looked upon my boycot, at least, as a saner, friendlier place than it had ever before.

And I am sure that you would have shared my thought if you had had the luck to be wearing my four and a half B shoes that May afternoon.

Fighting Men and Love

[Continued from page 35]

until later this evening?"

"No. She was very firm, very hard on him. "I mean for the duration of the war." He went out abashed, but when she found time for coffee in a canteen later that day, he was at a table close by, waiting for her. His optimism was at full tide again. He was absurd, ridiculous! He was very impudent, too. But far worse than that, for it made him so dangerous, when he begged for a little of her companionship, he asked for the very thing she wished most of all to give.

It was madness to go with him back to that basement again. Conscience told her Marache was waiting for her, needing her. Instinct told her Delage was far too interesting, too exciting... but she went under compulsion of an emotion greater than her will.

Without a word he sat down at the battered piano. The melodies of Chopin filled the cellar and a starry eyed girl, seated on the old couch, watched him play and dreamed fantastic dreams. The tide of music swept her far from this war-torn France, this ruined cellar, lifting her out of herself, making of her an instrument on which Life played according to its ever changing whims.

Frightened of her weakness she rose to go. "But we'll come again, won't we?" Delage urged. "I had such a strange, warm feeling—when we came in here together— as though we were coming home, didn't you?"

Her face turned up to his, but she could not answer. She dared not trust herself with words, she trembled at his nearness that seemed to draw her closer, closer...

The wall of the air siren broke the moment. A bomb fell and the earth rocked. She gripped him with a cry of terror and his arms closed about her, held her close. His lips found hers with hungry kisses and her own lips answered, giving back kisses for kisses in trembling ecstasy.

Men called Captain Paul Marache a man without a heart, a military machine as cold and deadly as the famed Big Bertha. Pierre Delage, serving beside him in the trenches, believed at first as others did, but that night when he held Monique in his arms and knew she loved him, something happened that changed his mind.

Among the replacements sent to fill the gaps in the Fifth Company came Private Morain. His hair was jet, glossy black. His old fashioned imperial and whiskers were glossy black, too, but anybody could see that he was an old, old man.

Private Morain delighted his comrades by his contempt for modern warfare "War? Call this a war? Where're your cavalry charges? Where're your flags to lead 'em and
your bugles to blow 'em forward! All you do is dig holes in the ground like rabbits! Soldiers . . . paah! You're a lot of sewer diggers!"

A peppy old rooster, this Private Morairi whose opinions brought roars of delighted laughter from the men. Delage had to smile.

Marache, reviewing the new men did not miss the spectacle of that absurd figure-standing stiffly at attention, a battered old bugle slung over his shoulder.

Not a muscle of the captain's cold face twitched but after review the old man got orders to report to the captain. "Aha," his comrades jibed, "they're going to make old Papa a general, no less!"

Delaage was present when the old man reported, his look frightened. Marache pointed to the glossy black hair and whiskers: "Who dyed them for you, Papa? Old Sancha of the rue Grenoble?"

"Y-yes, my captain."

"You know him sir?" Delage exclaimed. Marache's cold face twisted with sudden emotion, "I know him, Lieutenant Delage. It is . . . my father!" Suddenly the ice in the man's heart broke. His arm hugged the old man close, he kissed the withered cheeks. "Papa! Papa, you old fool. It won't do. You're too old to fight."

Delaage left them together, his own heart touched by that reunion. Captain Marache did feel; did suffer! He had been kind in many little ways—thoughtful of the suffering of men about him. And this was the man he proposed to rob of Monique's love!

He found Monique waiting for him at billets. She came into his arms and kissed him, but there was terror in her pale face and pain in the clear young eyes.

"Pierre . . . we must tell him! We can't go on like this—loving each other so dearly—letting him believe that I—that I still love him! We can't!"

Delaage held her tenderly and his look reflected the tragedy in her heart. "You're right, darling. We can't do that. But . . . Monique, we can't—we dare not tell Marache the truth!"

He shuddered as he realized what his resolution implied. For him it meant the end of all that had made this miserable life tolerable, and yet his honor told him that it must be made.

"It's not just a case of two men and a girl, Monique," he went on resolutely. "Not just he and I and you. We've got to consider him. I didn't like him at first. Maybe I still don't. But I've lived beside him, fought beside him through all that hell. I know him now. I've learned how much you mean to him—"

She nodded, beginning to understand the trend of his thoughts.

"Without you, Marache doesn't live! Let somebody else break up his happiness—not me!"

There was a long, miserable silence. She said finally, "You're right. Without me he seems to have nobody . . . nothing. He's not right, somehow. He's twisted, inside. But he's not dead, not inside. You couldn't say that if you knew all he's done for me—for my family! There's nobody I owe more to. Nobody who needs me—my devotion—more than he does!"

They stared at each other, silent in their misery. They had found their great love, but duty—the sense of fair play and decency—told them they must give it up.

Delaage held out his arms to her without speaking. Their lips met in a farewell that both knew must be for all time. They had given their lives to France; now they must add their love to the sacrifices laid upon the altar.

The din of the great offensive was dying, lapsing back into the never-ending sullen grumble of the great guns, the drab routine of war. Again France had won back lost ground and now she was learning at what
cost. Men were limping, crawling back from the inferno, and the dressing stations just behind the line were crowded with the wounded and the dying.

Among these shambles Monique searched for word of the two men she loved, pausing here to give a hand to a harassed surgeon. She saw a face to comfort some tortured devil, asking always for word of Captain Paul Marache and Lieutenant Pierre Delage of the Thirty-ninth.

She found her lover under the great stone vaulting of an aged winery. Chance lifted her eyes from a task and showed him farther off, striped to the waist while a surgeon dressed a wounded arm. Screaming "Pierre!" she ran to him.

"Oh my sweet, you're hurt—you're hurt!"

"It's not bad, dear—please—"

"A flesh wound," said the surgeon major curtly.

She pressed against him, hysterical. "Blessed Mary, I thank you. I'd die. I'd want to die, if anything happened to you! Pierre, I love you. It's no use saying anything else—I love you!"

Delage, holding her, groaned, "But we mustn't!"

"Let me kiss you, please!" Still he tried to resist her, then catching her close with his unhurt arm he pressed his lips to hers. She clung to him, begging. "And nothing else will ever matter, will it?"

She faltered. Looking beyond him her eyes widened, she caught her breath sharply. Over her came a chill of horror, caused by the sight of a man who stood bareheaded, his face streaked with powder, his uniform shredded. The grin, expressionless face regarded them both like the mask of some tragic vengeance. Marache had found them!

Monique moved out of her lover's arms. That still, expressionless mask whose eyes never turned from her, beckoned her on. She moved like one in a trance, her body rigid with horror. As she came close she whispered, "Paul... don't look at me that way. I can't help it, I love him!"

Delage followed after her quickly. He spoke now to his captain, "No, no, you mustn't go near to me. We've tried to keep away from each other... tried not to hurt you."

His voice grew hard, defiant. "Well, it's no good. It won't work. We love each other and you might as well know it."

Slowly the staring, expressionless eyes turned from the girl to Delage: Monique cried, "Can you understand, Paul?"

When Marache spoke his voice was even without emotion. "Help me to a chair, will you?" Delage took his arm. "You're wounded," Monique cried.

Pale lips twisted in an ironic, mocking smile. "Only the tiniest bit. Scarcely enough to interest anyone."

She went on her knees by his side and her voice pleaded with him. "It isn't that I love you less, Paul. But... but I love him more."

They stopped to listen, their attention caught by a voice that had been calling, "Captain Marache! Captain Marache!" A runner came toward them and handed him an official envelope to him. "From Brigade Headquarters, sir."

Again Marache's lips quivered in that ironic smile. He tore the envelope, spread out the enclosure, then turned to Delage. "Read it to me."

Delage looked at him, not comprehending. "But—"

"Read it to me, please—"

"Read it! Read it, you fool!" The irritable, cracked voice of an old man prompted. They stared at Papa Morain who had followed his son to the room. "Read it!... Can't you see he's blind. My son is blind!"

It was written on his powder stained face, that last blow of fate. The staring eyes had failed; the man was helpless. But
he was not broken. He was Captain Marache of the Thirty-ninth, the inhuman war machine still. While Monique gasped her horror he said evenly, "Well Lieutenant, are you going to read it to me or not?"

Delaage scanned the message. A counter barrage was to start at 10 o’clock. It must be directed from an advance telephone post established in No Man’s Land. A volunteer must be at the post to notify the artillery of the proper range—

"But that’s impossible," Delaage gasped.

"The barrage will fall on the post! It will wipe out that man—"

"Runner," Marache said evenly.

"Yes, Captain?"

"Tell the brigade that the barrage will be directed from that telephone as planned."

The blind eyes turned toward Delaage.

"Lieutenant, report to the company as commander—"

"But Captain, I think—"

His voice went sharp. "Have I asked you what you think?

Delaage saluted. His eyes turned to Monique but she did not see him. She was pressed beside Marache’s chair, weeping.

When the others were gone his hand felt for her. His voice went tender.

"My blessed child, I knew you wouldn’t want to hurt me. Don’t cry. You couldn’t help—what happened."

They had that moment, her hand in his, a moment of assurance of his love and understanding. Monique left him to bring surgical help.

When she was gone Papa Morain returned to lay his hand on his son’s shoulder. The blinded man looked up and smiled. They were oddly alike, this father and son, alike for all the difference of years, two men who put duty before all else.

"I was waiting for you, Papa. Because I’ll need eyes."

"I’ll be your eyes, Son."

Behind the lines the French great guns waited word from the observation post. Across the bleak desolation of No Man’s Land two figures crawled, a young man with blind eyes, led by a veteran who clutched in loving care a battered brass bugle, relic of the days of Sedan.

Guns on both sides rumbled their never-ending threats. Sometimes a shell dropped near them and warned by its shrilling flight they flattened in the nearest hole until the earth had ceased to shudder.

They groped to the hidden telephone. Marache slipped on the headpiece and reported to the battery. "Fire," he ordered.

Crouched in their hiding they covered under the screaming projectiles that raced from behind them. Papa’s head came up to watch the spreading ruin of their explosives. "Too long, Son." Into the telephone Marache directed, "Down three."

Again furious death rode the air above them, its breath closer now.

"Still too far, Son—200 yards."

"Too long, Son," the unhurried voice dictated to the wires. Papa turned to him. "The next will be . . . no?"

Marache’s smile was grim. "If it’s right—it’s got to be."

The old man fumbled for his trumpet. It waited at his lips and his glance turned to his son again. "Shall I . . . shall I blow it, Son?"

The grimness was gone from Marache’s smile. His hand fumbled for his father’s, gave it the understanding, affectionate pat.

"Blow it, Papa. Give it a good one . . ."

He turned his lips to the telephone.

"Fire!"

Once more the replacements had come up. Delaage, now captain commanding the Fifth Company, Second Battalion of the Thirty-ninth reviewed the new men. Standing before them as Marache had stood so long he outlined their duties in the formula Marache never altered.

"I do not expect any man or any platoon

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Traveling Lady

[Continued from page 34]

a bad case of star-fright, I was having trouble getting the flame of a match to my cigarette, but did finally and rather timidly murmured something about vacations.

Fay must have noticed my jitters embarrassed for she answered: "Vacations, why I think that is perfectly fine. And as a matter of fact, no one has ever interviewed me on this subject before. No one could, because it is only recently that I have taken a real one. Of course I had the usual weekends and days off, but those leisure moments were always spent at the beach or at some nearby resort.

My blank look of astonishment seemed to encourage her, for she continued.

"Early last year, I went to England to make "The Clairvoyant," with Claude Rains. When this was completed I made preparations for my first long holiday. A three weeks’ trip through Sweden!"

At this point a comedy wench disguised as a French maid entered and in very broken English informed Fay that something important was happening. The only word intelligible to me was "telephone." I doubt if Fay understood either, but she excused herself and in her absence I breathed freely for a moment, regaining some of my lost composure. When she returned, I noticed that Fay looked more beautiful than ever, with her wealth of brown curls off-setting her very oval face. The gown she wore was long and comfortable looking. It had a V neck and full-length sleeves.

"Does that outfit you’re wearing have a name?" I asked feeling just like a fish out of water.

"Why, yes it does, and a very fancy one too. It is called a Moth Wing lounging gown and it is of emerald green velvet. Like it?"

"Very much, but I thought at first it was a lounging pajama," was my somewhat foolish reply.

The ruby lips that I have so long admired broke into a good natured laugh as she replied:

"No, for lounging purposes but not pajamas. Let’s see now, where are we? Oh yes! bound for Sweden. I took a boat and upon my arrival there I went directly, far back into the Lake country."

I was working the fountain pen furiously in a note-book which rested on my knee but Fay’s beauty and voice were so enchanting that I found it difficult to take notes without watching her at the same time. Apparently I must have watched her most of the time, because later I found ink marks.

And on my gray suit, too, which suggests that I must have come to the end of a page and continued writing—right on up my trouser leg. I do hope my mouth wasn’t hanging open, too. If it was, Fay apparently didn’t notice because she went on with the
story in her own cool fashion.

"Here I enjoyed two solid weeks of rest and relaxation among the nicest and simplest peasants, who were completely happy and contented with just the barest necessities of life. They seemed to have nothing and yet they had everything, living entirely on what food they could grow. And I must tell you about the lakes. They were so large that you couldn't even see across them. The most beautiful blue water I have ever seen."

I was surprised to hear myself saying, "The cr—color of your eyes, Miss Wray?"

"A much darker blue," she smiledly answered. "They looked like little seas, surrounded by low rolling mountains which were covered with massive fir trees."

She was sitting on one foot, deep in the corner of the davenport, with her arms folded. I detected a wistful and far-away look in her eyes as she recounted the details of this enchanting land.

"I hated to leave there," she continued, "and reluctantly boarded a train for Stockholm. This old city I found to be most interesting, but my stay was short and the next day I sailed down the famous Gota canal to Gottenborg."

At last we were on a subject with which I was familiar so I lost no time in saying, "Stockholm is full of cathedrals, is it not, Miss Wray?"

"No, not many at all, but as we sailed down the canal we passed numerous towns and each one boasted a real old medieval cathedral. Perhaps that is where you meant?"

"Yes, that's it," I replied without much truth, never having heard of the Gota canal nor even Gottenborg before.

"Do you sympathize with Miss Garbo for wanting to live there?"

With a vigorous nod of her head and a most pleasant little pout, Fay emphatically answered:

"I certainly do. Aside from the fact that she was born and brought up there, it is a country that no one who has seen it could possibly help loving."

That settles it. I'm leaving on the next boat for Sweden. If these two gals think it is such a swell place there must be something to it. I'm going to find what Sweden's got 'that we ain't got'.

Locking her hands behind her head, Fay leaned against the back of the divan before she went on. "Playtime is over, so, from Gottenborg I took a thirty-six hour boat trip across the North Sea to London where I started work on 'When Knights Were Bold,' with Jack Buchanan. When this was finished, it was just about the Christmas holiday season, so I decided to take another vacation."

She raised her expressive eyebrows as if she expected a challenge and smiled a little defiant smile like a child about to snatch a piece of candy after being told not to.

"Having lived all my life in California, I had never seen a white Christmas; obviously St. Moritz was the place to go."

"Do the Swiss say Moritz?" I ribbed in with true reportorial tactfulness.

"Yes, Moritz is the Swiss pronunciation and I believe Moritz is the French. However," she continued fingering a fold in her gown, "I am absolutely certain that there is no more beautiful scenery in the world than in St. Moritz, no matter how you pronounce it."

"I looked at me with an impish twinkle in her eyes and that characteristic little sarcastic smile, which is always a sign of good natured humor. She continued her description.

"Towering mountains with deep fluffy snow everywhere. As the early morning sunshine strikes their snow-capped peaks, they appear to be the most exquisite pinkish color."

Finkish has always suggested cheeks to me, so quite naturally I said, "About the color of your cheeks, Miss Wray?"

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One of the more romantic and affectionate young
actors slipped his arm about Lyda Robert's
waist.

"What is zee excuse pleez?" asked she experi-
enced Lyda.

She was swinging a very dainty foot at
an imaginary object on the floor, but as I
made this remark she looked up and asked:

"Have another cigarette?"

I refused, remembering the trouble I'd
had with the last one, and Fay proceeded
with the story.

"The unusually high altitude makes the
air so dry and therefore so warm that even
in zero weather I found it more comfort-
able without a jacket on. I had never
been much of a winter sports enthusiast
and at first I found skiing awfully difficult
to learn, but I practised every day and after
watching a few other beginners, I gained
the necessary confidence and finally becau.
quite expert. Of course I was down as
much as I was up, but nevertheless I found
it to be an extremely thrilling sport; espe-
cially moonlight skiing.

Fay needed no prompting at this point
and it was evident that she enjoyed telling
me of her recent travels, so I didn't inter-
rupt.

"Next I returned to Hollywood to make
a picture which was very appropriately
called, 'Roaming Lady.' After finishing it,
and as I had nothing in particular to do,
I took a third vacation. This time I went
to the Bahama Islands where I spent a
lazy week in Nassau.'

My thirst for geographical knowledge had
herefore been practically non-existent,
but as I listened spellbound to beautiful
Fay telling of her many travels, I'll be
dogged if I wasn't beginning to think of
some way to get her started on the Encyclo-
pedia Britannica. I never succeeded, but
Fay continued anyway.

"Surely the natives there are the most
lackadilical people on earth. The semi-
tropical climate is so warm that they are
perfectly contented and happy to lie around
and bask in the sun, with an occasional
fishing trip to supply them with food.'

I'm willing to wage my latest receipt for
supporting the Irish hospitals, that the lo-
cal talent down in Nassau had a lot of
luck basking to catch up on after the week
Fay spent there. Even the most confirmed
"jasper" must have had to sit up and open
his weary eyes when she went in for a dip.
Whoever heard of sleeping with your eyes open?

"I went on a fishing trip in one of those
glass bottom boats which are so typical
of Nassau. The water was so smooth and
clear; much different from the ocean I was
used to in California. As we sailed along
over the shoals, it seemed incredible that we
wouldn't run against them, for appar-
ently we were just skimming over their
tops, but I suppose, actually, they were
many feet below the glass bottom of the
boat. I was watching the marine vegeta-
tion when suddenly I realized how the term
"mermaid" must have originated. The dark
brown sea-weed waved and curled about
and looked like beautiful, silky hair.

Again the reporter in me surged forth
and I inquired, "Dark brown, curly hair—
like yours, Miss Wray?"

She smiled appreciatively before con-
cluding, "Our catch consisted mainly of yel-
lo-waifs; small fish, with gray stripes
down their sides. Of course I caught the
prettiest one." She was ponderously toying
with a tassel do-hicky which she wore
around her neck, when she said very apo-
getically, "Really there isn't much to tell
you about this trip, because I did nothing
but swim and fish and since all vacations
must come to an end, why, here I am in
New York City, on my way back to Hol-
lywood and another picture.'

Listening to Fay sail back and forth
across so many oceans so many times, I was
beginning to get a bit dizzy; desperately I
changed the subject:

"How do you like New York?"

I simply love it," Fay replied, "there is
so much to see and so much to do and
above all there is the theatre. Undoubtedly
New York is the greatest theatre city in
the world.'

"Do you feel that the theatre is essential
to motion pictures, Miss Wray?" I asked
inquisitively.

Unhesitatingly and with some feeling.
Fay answered: "Absolutely. They furnish
us with innumerable actors and actresses
and countless stories. Why, some motion
picture companies even finance theatre pro-
ductions on Broadway, just so they will own
the cinema rights. Surely they wouldn't do
that if they didn't think highly of the stage
productions.'

There was no argument from me as I
could see that I was a little beyond my depth, so I asked: 

"Would you tell me something about the differences between English and American pictures?"

She thought for a moment and then went on: "In England they are not as efficient as we are, mainly because the technicians of Hollywood were born and brought up in pictures and know no other language. Then, too, Americans are more alert and can adapt themselves to changes faster whereas the Englishman is hesitant and more careful in his progress."

Suddenly I realized that Fay was telling me something important. I was too busy taking down notes to interrupt her with any of my blundering questions—thank heaven.

"I do admire the Englishman's literary feeling though," she continued. "They have more natural instinct for historical pictures since they are a much older and more reserved people. "Henry the Eighth' is a good example."

"That was a good picture, wasn't it?" I asked instead of keeping quiet.

"Yes," Fay politely acknowledged. "They are making every effort to perfect themselves and, being intelligent people, will, I am sure, eventually be making excellent pictures."

I don't mean that they haven't made any good ones yet, they have, but their average on a percentage basis is not as good as ours. Of course they will never turn them out as rapidly as we do here."

I thought over these words of wisdom. After all, who is there in a better position to judge than Fay Wray? The girl who has spent the last year and a half dashing back and forth between Hollywood and London making pictures. Which proves that this woman's knowledge derived from her visits, voyages and vacations has done her a world of good, for gone are the days of the horror heroine. She is now in a position to be a first-rate contemporary woman traveler all over the country, yes, all over the world, and she has grey about the temples in her efforts to get her to make a picture for them.

Fay modestly murmured, "I must say that I don't believe that I have been just galavanting around. There are benefits to be derived from any form of travel—seeing things as they really are and in general broadening your scope of knowledge. I feel that I have profited by my traveling and definitely intend to do more of it whenever possible."

One good description of her might be: "Round and round she goes and where she stops nobody knows. Except that she never stops long enough to hang up her hat. Oh, I know it's none of my business, but I wish she'd put for a while out there in Hollywood, long enough to make up a batch of pictures, because I know that every movie fan is eager to see her in the scenes more often."

After all, what's an Alp? Our excitement over her return reaches a peak that makes even Mt. Everest seem of trivial moment!

And, for me, my life-long pledge to Frankensteen's daughter has been definitely shaken!

FOOD ON THE BRAIN

AND now it seems that Ginger Rogers is our latest humorist. At the Trocadero the other evening Ginger danced past a table where Betty Furness was sitting with friends and did a double take when she saw Betty's hat—a grey little thing all covered with carrots, turnips and other vegetables. "I'll order a hat and be right over," coach Ginger.

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Silver Screen for July 1936

*Seagoing Stars* [Continued from page 53]

too many sparse pieces! At the age of seven he was a keen swimmer and as soon as he clicked on the New York stage he indulged in an outboard speed boat. It sank under him as he reached a dock, when a noon storm stirred up Long Island Sound. That didn’t daunt Preston. Nor did last fall’s accident. Coming in from Catalina, the nester experienced terrifying hours after a propeller blade snapped. The water poured in through the weakened seams and they only saved their lives by pumping continuously until they made the Los Angeles base.

Even our professional cowboys have this marine urge. But Jones rates far too much for the cameras that he definitely wishes to relax on a boat. So his “Vagabond” is a sloop that’s constantly on tap. There’s no cure for Buck wants to operate it all himself. When there’s repairing he employs a couple of pals. Mrs. Jones is obligingly enthusiastic.

Hardly as much can be said about Helen William. Long ago she became reconciled to Warren’s passion for the sea. But she’s no hypochondrite, and, frankly, she’s not given to his particular pastime even if it is all the rage this month. No Hollywoodite takes his boating more zestfully than Warren. He chats with veterans who jack-tar around the wharves. He’s introduced a whiff of his hobby right into his house. In the attic adjoining his bedroom he’s installed a chart-room. A mast rises to the roof in the center, and the limooleum floor sports a compass especially inlaid. The windows are porthole shape with marine vists painted on the glass. A collection of model yachts with shiplets vies for space with authentic books on navigation.

It appears that as a kiddie Warren made a raft of logs and added a bicycle for lycositative purposes, and set forth upon the Missisipi. Loggers rescued him. During his first year of manhood he perpetually towed a piece of rope, so he could practice tying sailor knots. Then, like many a husband, he attempted sublety. On his wife’s birthday he came at home declaring he’d got her a marvelous present. A twenty-four-foot whaleboat. Helen was not overwhelmed.

When the Williams settled down for his picture stardom he invested in the “Flying Jesus.” a slow two-master. Warren insists his beloved schooner’s too poky to have been, as legend has it, a rum-runner. Virginis Valis apply to Helen William’s apathy. Only where Warren is actually fond of sailing alone, Charlie Farrell invites a cruise. The “Flying Cloud” is a rakish little single-master and runs an incredibic speed with elfin grace. Born on Cape Cod, Charlie’s native Yan materialized when a Hollywood income enabled him to select the exact boat he’d always wanted. However, one time he and his father nearly drowned when they got stuck on a reef off the Santa Barbara Wharf. On another day, Charlie, by chance soloing, drifted aimlessly for thirty hours in a terrible fog. Since that encounter to catastrophic Virginia firmly refuses to let her go without compensations.

And yet I find Ann Dvorak overlooking Leslie Fenton’s. a glamorous great wit who has many great wit spaces. A season ago this pair acquired the “Nymp,” a yawl they maneuver themselves. They seek privacy abroad, never entertaining anything to be photographed. On Ann’s first voyage the wind had some scare. In their haste get-away they neglected to take the compass or charts. Then, at sea, they discovered a hole in one of their sails. They aimed in the general direction of Catalina. Never having been there, they missed the harbor and had to...
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STUDIO NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

altar. Miss Darwell holds up her hand for silence and, in stentorian tones, announces: "Ladies and gentlemen! There will be a little white delivery this afternoon at the wedding ring. Dr. McFate was called to bring a papoose into the world!"

My attention is directed to the second in the series of pictures used by Jones faculty. The first was "Every Saturday Night" and this second one is to be called "Once Every Year."

This is one of those touching little family scenes that happen in every family. There are all gathered in the sitting room eating ice cream. Suddenly Mr. Jones (Jim Pounty) puts down his plate and risps.

"My boy," he begins proudly and importantly to Kenneth Howell, his oldest, I can't tell you how gratified I am at the progress you have shown—"Speech! Speech!" comes from George

cast anchor when night engulfed them. Luckily their intuition was correct the next day.

Love often gives a girl brand new notions. Maureen O'Sullivan has become conscious of the sea's attractions, too, and her dance, Johnny narrow, is responsible. Today her next yacht has a petite trailer, Maureen's twelve-foot dinghy boasting a little engine, little flag and, indeed, duplications of the master ship in every respect. She Hitched it along side and is vague as to the meaning of its name, the "Spag." She invited a lot to do the christening with a half bottle of champagne.

Bette Davis can boast about having the smallest Hollywood boat.

Cooking up "Betsy" for his steady stream of guests is something Leo Carrillo never tires of doing. His "Thee," was bought in New England when he was a Broadway name, but it's become a familiar sight in California waters. You may compliment its sleek hull and the powerful motors, but you'll do better if you rave over the Chowder Leo will gladly concoct in the galley.

Certainly Henry Wilcoxon is our most daring bachelor yachtsman. He's a descendant of British Family, anyway, and the minute his contract was cinched he laid the money for his "Wanderer." He actually resides aboard when not working and is carefully pennying a leg so he'll be adept at it when he ultimately goes exploring in the South Seas. Roger Pryor has abandoned his "Devilsake." He was busy fishing and unkempt fishermen added part of their mackerel catch in the cabin. The pungent smell lingered on and on! Jimmy Cagney disposed of his boat because he just couldn't take the waves. He'd longed for his own ship, and then gave it up when he was invariably sea-sick on it.

There's always the temptation of building a nifty number, if you can't afford to splurge and know how the trick's done. Allen Jenkins tucked a few years in the ship-yards before he headed to Hollywood. The gardens at his Brentwood estate are again flowering, for the twenty-four-foot slop which is all his handwork no longer rests where grass is supposed to peep up.

But that's the way it goes. Deft sea-lures many of the movie maids and men. And if I'm going to keep up with the New York daily foehow in the movie trade, I've got to rustle up an invitation to join some star's sailing party this week-end. Pardon me while I see who I can rate!

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Ernest, who is sitting on the other side of the room.

"Quiet," Ken growls at him.

"What I mean to say is—but Jed goes on, 
you've justified all our hopes—so far," he adds cautiously, and "I want to present you 
with," opening a jeweler's box, "a little gilt 
ring this has been in the Jones 
family." He tenders the box to Ken who jumps up and takes it.

"Say!" Ken splutters in delighted amaze-
ment at the wrist watch in the box, "it's 
well, Dad. I don't know what to say.

"Say 'thanks,'" suggests the practical 
George.

That swell actress, Spring Byington, is 
the mother, Shirley Deane is the girl friend, 
Florence Roberts is the grandmother and 
June Carlson is the little sister.

20th Century-Fox having been disposed of, we'll now proceed to—

M-G-M

The biggest picture out here is "Fury" 
starring Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sid-
ney. They want to get married but can't 
for lack of funds. She is offered a lucra-
tive job out west and Spence and his 
two brothers (Frank Albertson and George 
Walcott) buy a filling station. It turns out 
to be a money-maker (Hal Page Chases 
Bickford) and Spence starts west in 
his small car to get Sylvia. On the way he is 
arrested. The sheriff had men posted on 
the lookout for a man who answered 
Spence's description and who is driving 
the same model car. He is wanted for kidnap-
ping. Spence, of course, is innocent but 
that makes no never mind. The hotheaded 
citizens of the town want to lynch him. 
When they can't get into the jail to get 
him, they take law into their own 
he manages to escape but no one knows 
that. They all think he's been burned to 
death. He makes his way back to his 
brothers, determined to bring charges of 
murder against the citizens who partici-
pated in the rioting.

They're in a dingy little rented room. 
"I'll make 'em suffer," Spence vows. "I'll 
get 'em now, all right!"

"Joe!" Frank exclaims, "why'd you have 
to come anyway? Can't you have 
you stay in Chicago? Your pictures'll be 
in all the papers as soon as the trial starts. 
You'll be recognized."

"No...you'll recognize me," Spence snaps. 
because I'll be in hiding, I have to be here 
on the scene. Do you think I wanted to 
wait for letters?"

"Bah!" Frank smacks impatiently.

"I think Joe's right," Walcott suggests 
timidly. "He wants to know what's happen-
ing. And maybe somehow he'll want to see 
Katherine—Katherine! She's so unhappy, 
Joe. You—"

"Now get this and get it straight. Spence 
cuts in on him. "Katherine is not to know 
I'm alive. She'd crack up and never go 
through with it. She doesn't see things the 
way I do. I want to see everything 
and hear everything. I want to see 
vary the way they made me. I want 
to see 'em dangling from the end of a rope!"

The way Frank and Spence play this 
scene! I've often said Spence is the best 
actor in pictures but it's a cinch Frank 
is one of the best juveniles. If some 
producer doesn't wake up soon and sign 
him and give him a decent chance, I'm going 
nuts. Or am I too sanguine when I say 
"going?"

The next set is for "The Witch of 
Timbuctoo." It is nothing more than 
a laboratory with a lot of automobile 
storage boxes in a 30-foot case and a 
red-white light generating from them like 
that you see in the streets when men are 
working in the manholes and there are 
signs about, saying "Don't look at the light."
Lionel Barrymore and Henry B. Walthall are talking. Walthall looks like a crazy bantam to me but the script isn't finished so I can't tell whether he is or not. No. I just learned he isn't. He is a scientist who discovers a means of reducing human beings to almost miniatures and makes them do exactly as he orders. Only, after the reduction, they have no mentality. He is explaining to Barrymore, with whom he has escaped from prison.

"My friend," he says, "millions of years ago the creatures that roamed the world were gigantic—the prehistoric— the mastodons. As they multiplied the earth could no longer produce enough food. So natural evolution began. Started the size of all living things. But, still, all living things multiplied until today we are back at the beginning. Millions are starving!"

During this speech Walthall has been working himself up to a frenzy. With the air of one thinking a madman, Barrymore nods in acknowledgment of Walthall's statements.

"If I succeed," Walthall goes on eagerly, "in what I am going to do, we can, with one stroke, bridge the gap in evolution's advance. Think of it! All living creatures reduced to one sixth their size—to one sixth their physical needs!"

He dies but Barrymore takes his secret formula and wreaks a horrible vengeance on the people who sent him to jail. There being nothing else to see out here, I trim my sails as we say on the yacht, and steer for—

Columbia

WE TURN our attention to "Meet Nero Wolfe." Edward Arnold, in the title role, is a professional criminologist and his assistant is Lionel Stander, Prof. Bartow (Thurston Hall) has— and likewise apparently—died of disease while playing "Kolchak," Victor Jory, Walter Kingsford and Mr. Kingford's son, whose name I can't seem to find out.

The first thing you know, Mr. Arnold is deep in the intricacies of the murder. He invites everyone who might know anything about it to his home, including the caddies —Raymond Borzage, George Ollerman, William Barry and William Anderson, as well as Denny Moore and Lionel Stander. He stuffs the caddies with such food as they've never eaten before and then begins to prod their memories. It's a great scene but there's too much dialogue to give it all to you. Suffice it to say the unraveling of the mystery is something to look forward to and the acting in this picture is something to behold.

So now, having said my say, I'll leave you—and you—and you—and I DO mean you on the end. You little runt, until next month. Selah!

Edward Arnold plays the title role in "Meet Nero Wolfe." In this scene with Arnold are Wil- liam Benedict, William Anderson, Raymond Borzage, Lionel Stander and Denny Moore.
At the circus the rauco-tongued announcer has gone into the great silence and in his place there is a cultured voice, a mellow and loud speakers introducing the acts. Changing times and changing ways demand fluid minds. Nothing is unchanging but death and we like living. A few weeks ago, street cars, with roar and rattle, banged their ways about New York. Today a gentler street conveyance—a bus—has supplanted the pony trolley. You raise your hand and the new car comes politely over to the curb to get you.

In step with this trend, Silver Screen is trying out a new type face. Not but what the old appearance was well received, but just to show that we keep up with the times. Do you like it?

There are new color cameras appearing here and there—a new way of making stills is being adopted. Now babies come in groups and this week a judge decided rich wives must support their pauper husbands.

Scientists, whose business it is to bring the new theories to earth and put them to work, have demonstrated a very ingenious method of giving real depth to pictures. The third dimension problem is a fascinating one. This latest form uses polarized light. But, and this is a "but" of considerable size, you have to wear glasses to see the picture.

Every day there is something new. This changing world! The first regular transatlantic air service starts with a record of 48½ hours to Europe.

A curious sort of balance seems to persist, one new thing bringing out another to nullify it. The radio, which at first hurt pictures and was very arrogant about it, now has to pay the picture celebrities thousands of dollars nightly to get the benefit of their famous names on the air programs.

In this shifting world it is comforting that Norma Shearer's beauty still remains unequalled-

Silver Screen for July 1936

**A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle**

By Charlotte Herbert

---

ACROSS

1. He inherited $20,000,000 in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town".
2. First name of "the great glorifier" (init.)
3. The loyal wife in "The Prisoner of Shark Island".
4. The brave pilot in "13 Hours by Air".
5. A shy sly look.
6. Period of time (abbr.)
7. A Paramount official (init.)
8. Sensitized photographic film.
9. To exclude.
10. The "Show Boat" captain.
15. Co-starring with Clark Gable in "San Francisco".
17. A hand to hand fight.
18. Plum.
20. To incline.
21. Bulge in "Follow the Fleet" (init.).
23. Feminine name.
25. Onem of an important Indian race.
27. Possessive pronoun.
28. Implement for chopping wood.
30. Premise.
31. Above (poet.).
32. Weekday (abbr.).
33. Secret potion.
34. An Indian.
35. Mattress (abbr.).
37. Manganese (abbr.).
38. John Weeks in "Two in Revolt".
39. Method of transportation (abbr.).
40. Unequal conditions or things.
41. Into.
42. A large mass of rock (abbr.).
43. A semicircular recess of a church.
44. Point of compass (abbr.).
45. Organ of hearing.
46. Lair.
47. An Indo-China tribe.
48. Old measurements (abbr.).
49. One who dreams.
50. Her next picture will be "The Garden of Allah".

DOWN

1. Co-starred with Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags".
2. The voice of one of the school teachers in "These Three".
3. Printer's measure.
4. Extremes.
5. A popular comedian (init.).

6. For whom Bing dared much in "Anything Goes".
7. She was.
9. A suffix denoting in a like manner.
10. Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld".
11. His latest picture is "Let's Sing Again".
12. To be able.
13. A fragment of cloth.
14. To parakeet of food.
15. A name shared by several of the film celebrities.
16. Undraped human figures (art.)
17. First name of a film actress.
18. The fight promoter in "The Milky Way".
19. Certificate (abbr.).
20. To the see side.
21. Wish Dick Powell in "Hearts Divided".
22. The never-do-well in "Boys Are Like That".
23. Now in "And So They Were Married" (init.).
24. Regarding.
25. The motherly spinster in "Timothy's Quest".
26. Shortened form of masculine first name.
27. A New England state (abbr.).
28. The daring young man in "Love on a Det".
29. The ace of clubs.
30. His newest picture is "One Rainy Afternoon".
31. She returned to the screen in "The Unguarded Hour".
32. Highest in degree.
33. Sea eagle.
34. One of the film producing companies (abbr.).
35. At sea.
36. She's in "The Preview Murder Mystery".
37. Morning (abbr.).
38. Measure of area (abbr.).

---

Norma Shearer

---

THE LUCED PRESS, INC., U.S.A.
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.

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Heigh ho and cheerio!
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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
BREAD ON THE WATERS—BY ED SULLIVAN
2 More New York Beauties are telling you

"Listerine Tooth Paste keeps teeth looking their loveliest"

[Below] Carroll Brady

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 VONDELL: “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 satin-smooth the skin of the stars appears on the screen — the secret is Max Factor's wonderful powder!”

Rouge used by Screen Stars
FLORENCE VONDELL: “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 VONDELL: “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.”

Max Factor * Hollywood

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.

Silver Screen for August 1936
THERE 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 tips to Andre—but I never knew....."

BENITA HUME
"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine....."

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.

JEAN HARLOW
"SUZY"

FRANCHOT TONE
CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE • BENITA HUME

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
BREAD UPON THE WATERS

ED SULLIVAN

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A Special Portrait

COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT BY MARLAND STONE

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“You’re Telling Me?”

These Are All Prize Winning Letters.

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass...The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.

I AM absolutely positive that ‘Small Town Girl’ is a grand, wonderful and marvelous picture because no picture has as yet affected me as this one did. I actually thought and dreamt about it for days later. I was in a daze for a whole week and was determined to act exactly like sweet little Janet Garnor, who, by the way, is my favorite actress now,” writes Liliana F. Kraker of Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y. “I also searched high and low for a gorgeous, fascinating boy friend like Bob Taylor.”

Dick Powell’s photo, won by Marjorie Schwartz.

“My OPPORTUNITY of seeing Nelson Eddy in those two great performances, in ‘Naughty Marietta’ and ‘Rose Marie’, and especially in person, revealed to me his manliness and glamour,” writes Kaye Nedwick of Emerald Ave., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. “He is a superb, wonderful and grand singer and actor.”

Let’s vote for him for president.

“STAND BY and let a young man with a wonderful personality and great acting ability pass you,” writes Jeanne Emmons of Elliott Pl., East Orange, N. J. “Fred MacMurray? Of course, who else? His wonderful performance in ‘13 Hours by Air’ was something no one else could do.”

He’s engaged.

“HOLLYWOOD certainly has found a real star in the handsome Robert Taylor,” writes Elizabeth Hauffield of Summer St., Hollbrook, Mass. “His charming personality steals the show, and he actually lives the parts he plays and makes his audience feel as though they were in the picture with him.”

You’ll spoil him, Liz!

“This IS my very first fan letter—and Jean Arthur is the inspiration! She won me completely with her sincere, sparkling portrayal of the newspaper woman in ‘Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.’ She and the dependable Gary Cooper form a brilliant duo. So here’s to a lovely, talented acress,” writes Ray Heide of Buhter, Kan. “Didn’t you like her lovely maternal quality in defense of Gary?”

“NELSON EDDY... the answer to every maidens’ prayer!” writes Ellen Weaver of N. Bonnie St., Pasadena, Calif. “He has everything a girl could desire...good looks, intelligence, personality, and, finally, the most glorious baritone voice I have ever heard.”

The man who has everything.

“I HAVE just seen ‘The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.’ It is the first picture that I have seen which is all in color. I like color in pictures. This picture also introduced me to a player called Henry Fonda. I don’t think I have ever seen a performance given with such ease and skill. His love for his animal was the most beautiful part of the story. Fonda makes it more appealing than it was in the book,” writes Constance Sakalos of W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill. “Love of color is Fonda-

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Aug. 6, 1936

Editor,

“YOU’RE TELLING ME?”

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is __________________________________________

Address __________________________________________

City ______ State ______

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in June have been selected by mail.

PERFOLASTIC Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figure to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced his hips 9 inches", states Miss Reigh! "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll! "Reduced from 43 to 31 inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brasierie at our expense and prove it will do all for you! APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE!

Do not risk one penny...simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results...as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing...and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercises!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the silky, slippery surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 758, 41 EAST 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BROCHURE describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brasierie, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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City ______ State ______

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card
TO SAY that I live, dream and talk about Ralph Bellamy would not describe my admiration for that remarkable actor of the screen," writes Frances Bayko of Oak St., New Britain, Conn. "I don't know what it takes to be one of the lucky few who win pictures for all my attempts seem futile. But I keep on hoping that some day Lady Luck will favor me with an autographed photograph of my idol.

We like him best as a menace.

"HOORAY FOR Bob Taylor! He certainly deserves the highest honors after his work in 'Small Town Girl' and I'm eagerly looking forward to seeing him in 'Private Number,'" writes Rosemary Chatain of Michigan Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. "In 'Small Town Girl,' Janet Gaynor was very lovely but Bob stole the show with his fine acting and good looks, for he surely is attractive.

See page 24.

"PLEASE LET us have more pictures like 'Rose Marie,' as it is the best picture I have ever seen. Such gorgeous scenery and such a wonderful cast! Nelson Eddy is simply perfect as a 'Mountie' with his magnificent voice and his magnetic personality. Certainly he is far superior to any screen star we have, and he has everything—character, looks and a voice!" writes Violet G. Son of Summit Pl., Utica, N. Y.

Opinions differ.

"I THINK Nelson Eddy is a grand person. He has a beautiful voice, a charming personality, and, besides all that, is very handsome. My only complaint is that he does not play in enough pictures," writes Kathryn French of Linwood St., Kansas City, Mo. "Because he has given me (and many other people) so many enjoyable hours, I wish him continued success and all the luck in the world."

Your good wishes will be sent on and delivered when his photo is secured.

NEW NAMES
For The
NEW PICTURES

"Night Wire" (Lew Ayres) has been changed to "Shakedown"

"San Francisco Nights" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to "The Final Hour"

"Mercy Killer" (Gloria Stuart) has been changed to "The Crime of Dr. Forbes"

"Public Nuisance No. 1" (Jane Withers) has been changed to "Pepper"

"Dimples" (Shirley Temple) has been changed to "The Bowery Princess"

"Trouble Makers" (Glenda Farrell) has been changed to "High Tension"

"To You My Life" (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.) has been changed to "Accused"

WANT TO FIND "HIM" THIS VACATION?

ONE WEEK OF THIS EXPENSIVE VACATION GONE—AND NO DATES, IT'S HELEN AND GLEN WHO ARE GETTING THE BIG RUSH!

BUT THEY KNOW HOW TO KEEP CHARMING—EVEN ON HOT DAYS. SUE, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT FRENCH WOMEN DO.

MAVIS GONE—ANO IN GETTING THE BIG RUSH!

SHE WAS SWEET TO TELL ME ABOUT MAVIS. IT GIVES THAT ALL-OVER FRAGRANCE. MM, IT'S COOLING, TOO. I'LL ALWAYS USE MAVIS BEFORE I DRESS.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, SUE—SITTING OUT THIS DANCE WITH BOB? YOU PROMISED IT TO ME.

BE A PAL AND RUN ALONG, BILL. YOU'RE BUSTING INTO A PROPOSAL—

SUE, THE MOMENT WE MET I SENSED A CERTAIN SOMETHING THAT GOT ME. AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU.

DARLING!

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 caressing 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 25c, 50c and 81 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.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Lend me 10c. Please send by return mail the coupon at the size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . . 10c so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name:________

Address:________

City:________

State:__________

for August 1936
BULLETS AND BALLOTS—Fine. A gangster film that is so realistically handled it rates acs high. Ed. G. Robinson is excellent as the detective who plays along with the gangsters in order to trap them. Humphrey Bogart and Barry MacLean also contribute powerful performances and Joan Blondell is seen for a few brief, romantic moments.

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS, THE—Fair. Perhaps you've caught one of the former "Perry Mason" detective comedies, with Warren William cast in the role of the romantic lawyer-detective. If not, here's another in this sprightly series. (Claire Dodd, Paul Stoker.)

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Fair. A murder mystery with Paul Cavanagh in the title role, that of a bluffed gambler who gets into a tight spot and is forced to submit to the threats of a couple of top-notch racketeers. (Noel Madison, Helen Wood.)

COUNTERFEIT—Good. A well directed and stirring melodrama of the counterfeiting racket, with Chester Morris as the secret government agent who draws the net around the crooks. Margaret Graham, Marian Marsh, Lloyd Nolan and Claude Gillingwater comprise the very capable cast.

DANCING PIRATE—Colorful. An entertaining story of a dancing master who is exiled by pirates—way back in 1840—but who escapes to a little Spanish town in California where he becomes the delight of the ladies by his marvelous skill when dancing. Done in technicolor, this film is a delight to the eyes. (Charles Collins-Steffi Duna.)

EDUCATING FATHER—Good. A worthy successor to the small-town tale of every-day family life called "Every Saturday Night." If you likefolly, wholesome tales about simple, middle-class people, this is your entertainment. (Ed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, etc.)

EX-MRS. BRADFORD, THE—Excellent. An intriguing mystery yarn, with the delightful element of comedy injected with very favorable results by those talented players—Bill Lowell and Jean Arthur. In our estimation it runs a close second to the much-tooted "Thin Man."

FORGOTTEN FACES—Good. A tense drama not intended for lovers of frothy entertainment. Herbert Marshall plays a gambler sent to jail for murder, who, when paroled, again faces tragedy when Gertrude Michael, thecause of all his trouble, seeks to blackmail his daughter.

GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Good. A folk story of the Missouri Mountains that should appeal to all those who like wholesome stories depicting rugged phases of our American scene. Little Jane Withers almost carries the tale on her own small, capable shoulders. (Henrietta Crosman, Lee Ericson.)

IT'S LOVE AGAIN—Entertaining. In England Jessie Matthews is cast in the costume of our own Ginger Rogers, and in this British musical she is sure to charm you with her gay singing and dancing numbers. In the cast are Sonia Hade, the popular comedian, and Hollywood's Robert Young.

JANE WITHERS putting the pep into "Pepper," her next picture.

KING STEPS OUT, THE—Entertaining. This newest Grace Moore film is blessed with Fritz Kreisler's haunting music and has for background the royal palace of Austria during its most romantic period—the middle 19th Century. The plot is most amusing, and Grace is poignantly supported by Franchot Tone, Walter Connolly and Herman Bline.

LAST OUTLAW, THE—Fine. A top notch "horse opera" that will appeal to all but the most sophisticated of good taste moviegoers, such skillful performers as Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Henry B. Waithall, Tom Tyler and Margaret Callaghan.

LET'S SING AGAIN—Fair. Little Bobby Breen, whom you have perhaps heard on the Eddie Cantor radio program, has the lead in this heart-wringer about an opera singer whose wife deserts him because of poverty. Years later he recognizes her son in an orphanage through the medium of an old refrain. (Henry Armetta, George Huxton.)

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—Good. A genuinely moving story of a little orphan girl who finds no speakable happiness in the end when she learns that she is the long-lost child of... well, see it for yourself. The plot could have been maudlin, but thanks to Jane Withers and an excellent cast, it is anything but that. (Ralph Morgan, Jane Darwell, Sara Haden, etc.)

LOVE BEGINS AT 20—Amusing. This comedy has the familiar but always good for a laugh "worm turns" angle. Hugh Herbert does a nice job with the part of the heartbroken husband who has one glorious day of excitement thrust upon him. (Patricia Ellis, Warren Hull.)

LOVE IN EXILE—Fair. Clive Brook plays the exiled king of one of those romantic European countries, with attractive Helen Vinson as the glamorous lady who has caused his downfall from the seats of the mighty. Made in England, this comedy breezes along in a pleasant enough fashion and will make good warm weather entertainment.

NAVY BORN—Good. When three naval les tenants attempt to "father" an orphan baby that comes into their hands, naturally the situation is bound to provide a lot of amusement. There's a lot of excitement, too, when the baby gets kidnapped. In the cast William Gargan, Claire Dodd, and....

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—Most Amusing. A French farce—all about a kiss in the dark and the consequences of such "holy"—and very delightful as played by Jean Gabin, Isla Lionpo, and Erik Rhodes. This is the first Pleckton-Lasky release, and a worthy one, too.

POPPY—Fair. W. C. Fields is given opportunity to display his full bag of tricks in this newest comedy about a curate grizz who decides to put through a campaign of kindness for a small town with his pretty daughter, Rochelle Hudson, as the girl. It has its amusing moments. In the cast are Richard Cromwell, Catherine Doucet-Lynne Ovesen-Maude Rhine.

REVIEWS
IN BRIEF

Secret Agent
starring
MADELEINE CARROLL
PETER LORRE
JOHN GIELGUD
ROBERT YOUNG
From the play by Campbell Dixon
Based on the novel, "Achmeden";
by W. Somerset Maugham
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCROCK
Coming Soon to
Your Favorite Theatre
A production

Silver Screen
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 deodorize only. 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'll 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 unforgivable 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 lift and fall.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odoronos, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Save your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever these 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.

Doris Nolen, whose stage reputation attracted universal scouts, is now in Hollywood to begin her picture career.
WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN—I HATE THIS PLACE...

SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER

WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS

HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO

ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOT'S MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE

NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL. I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME

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 1/2 hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
Clark Gable is a friend of every good dog and we are all friends of his, because he is that sort of person.

MAYBE it isn't sophisticated to like kiddies, but we just can't help it, the better we know Shirley Temple the more we like her. And if we ever hear of you calling her spoiled or conceited it'll be just too bad for you. As you probably know Shirley has a color book, with a huge picture of herself on the cover, named after her. The other afternoon she was on her way to a friend's house where she had a date to color pictures—Shirley is just crazy about coloring with crayons. Her mother heard her stirring around in the pantry busily looking for a newspaper. "What do you want a paper for, Shirley?" her mother inquired. "I want to wrap it around this picture of me," Shirley said, "I don't want people on the streets to think I'm conceited."

IT COULD only happen in Hollywood. Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda were partners on a treasure hunt, one evening not long ago, and the hunt led them to the Lakeside Country Club where they were given a Victrola record which had the next clue recorded on it. They had to locate a Victrola right away to play the record and, checking over the people she knew in Toluca Lake, Margaret suggested that they drop in on a director friend of hers. They rang his bell, and who should open the door but William Wyler, who very kindly showed them the Victrola. Maggie with the greatest unconcern played the record while her two "ex" husbands looked on.

WHILE Gene Raymond was on location, Jeanette MacDonald did a bit of night clubbing with Nelson Eddy.

SIMONE SIMON, that hit of French temperament who will make her American debut in "Girl's Dormitory," with Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall, will soon be the most talked about actress in Hollywood, what with her slightly insane exploits—which are always good for publicity. We have just heard that Mlle. Simone objected to several vacant fields along Sunset Boulevard, so what does she do but send to France for poppy seeds, seeds of the famous red poppies from Flanders Fields. Imagine the surprise of the natives the other morning when they saw Simone, surrounded by sacks of seeds, sowing away along traffic-jammed Sunset Boulevard.

HANDKERCHIEFS are getting bigger and bigger in Hollywood. Jean Harlow was seen as a pretty the other day carrying a printed linen handkerchief measuring a yard square. The background was white and carried a light blue design. Uhr until now ZaSu Pitts has always had the distinction of carrying the biggest handkerchiefs in Hollywood. She never uses them for colds but they are nice to have around when she feels like twisting something with her famous fluttering hands.

JEAN HARLOW—all-of-a-sudden like—moved out of her big white palatial mansion which overlooks Bel-Air (and which she owns) and has taken a small Spanish house as much unlike her other as day is from night. And Hollywood is wondering and wondering. Is it an economic streak? Is she going to marry Bill Powell soon? Or what?

JAMES STEWART claims that he has the world's oddest habit. And if you drop in on him some evening for a quiet little chat you'll soon find yourself a part of the loudest orchestra outside of the nut house. Jimmy's musical instruments include all sizes of tin files, a "sweet potato," comb and paper, a zobo, jew's-harp, drums and pans of assorted sizes, a mouth organ, saxophone from the ten cent store, a xylophone, and musical water glasses. When Jimmy isn't wielding the baton he plays the cornet. Fortunately, there are no close neighbors.

WHAT with things she can do with tape and gauze Claudette Colbert should certainly have been a doctor. One evening recently she even put her husband, Dr. Pressman, to shame. After dinner on Sunday nights Claudette always shows a picture in her playhouse for her projection machine. One evening was one of her most cherished possessions. Just as fate would have it, of course, the one evening that she had "important" guests the projection machine broke down. Claudette's husand and brother and the man employed to run the machine and several of the male guests all tried to remedy the thing, but it just wouldn't go and it began to look as if there'd be no picture that evening. Claudette got hold of some adhesive tape and a pair of scissors and in no time flat had her machine all taped up and running merrily along.

AND they are saying over their cocktails that Herbert Marshall no longer cares about Gloria Swanson and that Gloria is broken up.

NOW that Ginger Rogers has officially separated from Lew Ayres she has become one of the swingiest, singiest girls in town. Like Barbara Stanwyck and Margaret Sullivan, just as soon as she separated from her spouse she decided to do a bit of stepping at the Trocadero. Separation seems to do that to the Hollywood bums. The minute they become free of the ball-and-chain—those who were the worst rehces start dancing like mad. Ginger's escort these nights is young Jimmy Stewart and what a rush he has been giving her. Jimmy is the type who hates to dress up, but it seems that for Ginger he will do anything. He's worn his tuxedo more this last month than he has since coming to Hollywood. Ginger gave him a turkey dinner party the night of his birthday.

WELL, Kay Francis, when asked if she intends marrying Delmar Davis, instead of closing up like a clam as is her wont, actually said, "I honestly don't believe so. Two careers. And a family, I don't know." Now you can take it or leave it, just as you like.

TO KEEP her hair out of her eyes during her rehearsals for "Never Gonna Dance," Ginger Rogers tied it up with a couple of bright ribbons—and thereby started a newfad with the girls at the studio, and now all the girls in Hollywood are taking it up.

GEORGE BRENT has been visiting Garbo again, if you care. Now that Greta has been giving interviews to the Press no one seems to be interested in her.
NOT long ago, I received a very interesting letter from young Elisha Cook, Broadway star who was called to the cinema lots to make-believe for the sound tracks. Like most easterners, young Cook went to Hollywood prepared to find a curious colony of egomanics, self-absorbed, heedless of anyone but themselves.

To his pleasant amazement, his first experience with Joel McCrea was a revelation. McCrea’s stand-in was Arnold Gray, veteran of the silent flickers, one of the regiment of those stars of long ago who make a living at the menial tasks of the industry. Gray, it seems, had married a Spanish girl and she had developed lung trouble. The story came to McCrea’s attention, and he pulled Gray aside. “That’s right,” Gray told him, “the doctors say that unless I get her to Arizona in a hurry—”

McCrea went into action quickly. The next day, a car and a trailer loaded with provisions was delivered at Gray’s tiny apartment. The fellow who delivered it also delivered a note: “I think it would be a swell idea for you and the Missus to take a motor trip to Arizona or some place like that. It’s high time the both of you had a vacation.” It was addressed to Gray and signed by McCrea.

You can imagine the sensations of Gray and his wife when they realized the windfall that had tumbled out of the skies. You can picture their elation as they stowed their things aboard and swung southeast on the first leg of the trip to Tucson, Arizona. A passing motorist completed the story. On their first night out, while they parked for sleep, Gray died at the wheel of a heart attack, and when his wife learned of it, the shock killed her too. In Gray’s pocket they found the note from Joel McCrea and so they got in touch with him.

It was McCrea who completed their travels. He buried both of them from Hollywood Chapel, and the only mourner there was himself. “I thought you ought to know the story,” wrote young Elisha Cook, “because I think it is one of the grandest things I’ve ever witnessed. None of the Hollywood writers know about it because Joel isn’t that kind of a guy, and I probably shouldn’t reveal it, but moving picture stars take a lot of abuse and it’s about time that somebody pointed out the nice things they do.”

Young Elisha Cook is right. The people of Hollywood have a natural reluctance to broadcasting their charities, but in such an instance as this, it should be called to everybody’s attention that there is a lot of bread cast upon the waters on the west coast.

Marion Davies, for instance, has been subjected to a lot of malicious attacks. But were it generally known that the Davies girl is one of the most charitable persons in the country, these attacks would die a-borning. Nobody in the industry does so many nice things as Marion Davies. It has been pointed out that she owns a lot of homes on the Coast—but it hasn’t been indicated that most of these homes are occupied by down-and-outs of the screen industry, who live in them rent-free and tax-free. She has these former stars as “guests.” At Christmas time, she resorts to an unusually gracious way of supplying the other necessities of life for the ensuing year for these tenants. She invites all of them to her house, and the presents stacked around the giant tree are orders for clothes and shoes for the men, and orders for dresses and hats for the women. There is only one dictum which must be obeyed. No presents are to be opened until the recipient returns... just as John McCrea delivered the order to his or her home. In that way, nobody knows what the others receive. There is no embarrassment.

Joan Crawford never mentions her charities. But the hospital staffs in Los Angeles are familiar with them. They are free to call on her at any time for money to defray the hospital bills of the Coast down-and-outs. Not long ago, an extra was bedded in Cedars of Lebanon hospital. The doctors decided that a specialist from Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, should be consulted. They called Joan Crawford. The next day, the eminent medical man from Baltimore arrived by airplane, at Joan’s expense.

Irving Berlin, one of the newcomers to Hollywood, already has made himself an inconspicuous factor in the charitable work of the film colony. Berlin, for years on Broadway, has been accessible to those in distress. And he has gone about it so quietly that none of his charities have reached the Broadway columns. Just before the veteran producer, Charles Dillingham, died, Berlin went to see Nate Blumberg, RKO vice-president in charge of theatres. “Would you be interested in a tabloid musical comedy for vaudeville?” asked Berlin. “If you wrote the songs,” Blumberg said, jokingly, “That’s what I meant,” said Berlin quietly. “You see, Charlie Dillingham is—well, he’s down on his luck. He won’t take any money from me, of course, but what I wanted to do was to put out a show and then he’d get a certain income every week. That wouldn’t be charity, and it would give him something to occupy himself with. I’ll write the songs, and pay for the costumes and everything.” Blumberg was so stunned at the generosity of the offer that he could hardly frame the affirmative answer. They were going ahead with the idea when Dillingham died.
When the "Sky Chief" crashed just a year ago this past May, one of the Paramount technicians aboard the big plane suffered leg injuries that resulted in a serious operation. The unfortunate victim was in an agony of shock and the doctors were fearful that his hysteria would cost his life. One of the doctors went to the phone, got Herbert Marshall on the phone. "I'll be right over," said Marshall. Thirty minutes later, the Paramount star walked into the electrician's hospital room. "You know," said Marshall, cheerily, "I got a bit shot up during the war. But I feel better now than I ever did."

The man on the hospital cot and Marshall talked for half an hour. When Marshall left, the patient's temperature had gone down, for his terror had vanished completely. The doctors say that Herbert Marshall, not themselves, saved that man's life.

Recently, because I remembered Mar-
HOLLYWOOD DATE TEST
Find Out Which Star Would Like You Best.

PERSONALITY QUESTIONNAIRE

Fill this out. Then compare your answers with the answers required by the bachelors, in order to find which star would be attracted to a girl of your type.

(1) When watching a good movie, do you put yourself in the central character's place as if you were up on the screen?
(2) Have you ever successfully earned your own living?
(3) Can you name two members of Roosevelt's cabinet; two winners of last year's M. F. Academy prizes?
(4) Is your hair blonde?
(5) Can you name two characters of "Merchant of Venice," and one modern American composer of music?
(6) Should a young couple have children on an income of less than $5,000 a year?
(7) Have you been criticized for changing your appearance with tinted hair or cosmetics? (Family doesn't count.)
(8) Do you have trouble adding long columns of figures?
(9) Is it hard to resist bringing home puppies from a pet shop window?
(10) Have you been married?
(11) Would you tell your fiancé of a past, tragic, love affair?
(12) Are men more attracted by personality than beauty?
(13) Do you dislike "jazzed-up" versions of classical music?
(14) Do acquaintances sometimes say you should be a writer?
(15) Would you mind going on camping trips with the man you love?
(16) Would you change three features of your face or figure if possible?
(17) Are you genuinely popular at dances?
(18) Is marriage attractive to you principally because you would have and could manage your own home?
(19) Would you expect to go on seeing other men after your engagement or marriage?
(20) Do you play the trombone?
(21) Would you be angry if handed a "loaded" cigarette at a party—or at any other practical joke?

Have you what it takes to win the interest of a popular Hollywood bachelor? Find out by filling in the questionnaire on this page—no cheating, now—and then turn to the end of this article, and see which bachelor you are most likely to win!

There are no right or wrong answers to these questions, for almost any combination of answers will fit one of these handsome but surprisingly individual males.

And in addition to learning just which bachelor you'd suit best, there's added, unpublished information to be discovered about the gentlemen themselves.

Each star was personally interviewed, and submitted with good humor to an even longer questionnaire than the one on this page—for the purpose of finding out just what type girl each one prefers.

Nelson Eddy stressed brains in his requirements for a "perfect girl," and warned that girls must be well-educated, intelligent and cultured to win his interest. Mere beauty wasn't even mentioned by this distinguished singer, but you must, naturally, have a developed appreciation of good music, and be a clever conversationalist.

James Stewart, one of the youngest and most promising of Hollywood's new leading men, was the most amusing in his requirements for a feminine companion. The only two qualities he really objects to in women, we learned, are (1) an ability to play the trombone—or almost any musical instrument, and (2) an ability to star on a girls' baseball team. Almost anything else is O.K. with young Mr. Stewart. You'll have to like dogs, though—all except "small, hairless ones." To these he objects rather violently.

Henry Fonda had an unusual demand. Girls may have been married before, they may be brunettes, brunettes or redheads—but they must be actresses and cultured to win his interest. Mere beauty wasn't even mentioned by this distinguished singer, but you must, naturally, have a developed appreciation of good music, and be a clever conversationalist.

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In addition to the type of girl indicated in the Princeton MacLane answers at the end of this article, he told us, "I prefer small women and rather long—" but I'm not apt to lose my head over women who (1) can't keep their stockings straight, (2) are fussy about riding in an open car because their hair blows, and (3) who read newspapers out loud!"

Baron also remarks—very man-of-the-world, this one—that he wants a wife who will be willing to retire by midnight, for "everything that happens after that is apt to be anti-climactic."

Paul Cavanagh was once a bachelor who insisted that girls who go around with him work for their living. "I don't want a wife who thinks all a man does is sign checks," said Paul, realistically, "and I don't believe a woman can really appreciate the value of money unless she has earned it."

Paul also hopes—seriously enough—that his wife will have been married before. (Once is enough!) "Marriage is an education," he remarked, "and I'd much prefer she learned from another man!"

Oh, yes, we learned things as we carried our questions from studio to studio, from one bachelor's house to another's.

George Raft, surprisingly, if you thought of Georgie as one of our foremost night club boys, wants a wife of the decidedly maternal type—who must be "tolerant and a good sport." You'll fill those requirements admirably, if your answers come out with the right Yeses and Nois in the George Raft section at the end.

Dick Foran, now making a name for himself in western roles but still a Princeton boy at heart, was the only bachelor who mentioned the matter of long or short engagements. "I'd expect my fiancée to spend all her time getting things in shape for the wedding," said Mr. Foran, "for long engagements are fatal—and they shouldn't last only a couple of months at the most!"

Dick, incidentally, was also individual in choosing a brunette as his favorite type of beauty. Most of the boys don't care what color hair you have, so long as it's natural. And although you don't have to shine in the ballroom to win this handsome six-footer, you must be prepared to do your part in camping trips up in the mountains!

Fred MacMurray, who just muttered, "Oh, for gosh sakes!" when we asked him about camping trips, was pretty emphatic about glamour. You must have it, to charm that whimsical MacMurray.Brains, poise, and understanding are also requested by this lad—who doesn't seem to know that a clever woman can simulate all three.

Randall Scott proffered a special disinterest in girls who gozip—in addition to the qualifications you'll learn from his part of the answers at the end of the article. He also mentioned an embarrassment in the presence of girls who talk 'nothing but clothes,' and a positive hatred of girls who neglect their attire. It sounded to this hawk-like reporter as if Randy, some time in his career, had come up against the wrong sort of lady.

Gene Raymond also dislikes "gozip," and you can't expect to be late for dates and keep this blond youth on your string. With Gene, tidiness is out! You can be blonde, brunette, or redhead, though—and you must know when to be quiet and reserved, and when to be gay and lively.

Dick Powell stressed that he wants an all-around girl—no "society type," but a girl who'd just as soon go to the movies at night as go to the two by two who could enjoy the Tuoc and a bit of night life occasionally, too.

I hesitated about putting him in since he is so tied up with Joan Blondell, but they can't be married till September at the earliest, so you might include him.

These are just a few of the fascinating facts we learned about Hollywood bachelors in the course of our interviewing. Others, necessarily, must be kept confidential. Don't feel too badly if you don't happen to "suit" your favorite male star. The boys weren't allowed to read the questionnaires. (It was written with the aid of a noted psychologist.)

For if you come out just one or two answers wrong, you'd still probably be able to charm him! The questions, in general, are arranged to reveal just what sort of girl you really are—and to give you an opportunity to see what bachelor in Hollywood you'd get along with the best. Here's luck! Other Bachelor Preferences.

Owen Davis, Jr.: 1—Yes, 2—No, 3—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 10—No, 11—Yes, 12—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—No.

Gene Raymond: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 5—Yes, 6—No, 7—Yes, 8—No, 9—Yes, 11—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—No, 16—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No.

George Raft: 1—Yes, 7—Yes, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—No, 17—Yes, 18—No.

Dick Foran: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—No, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 18—No.

Henry Fonda: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 11—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No.

Barton MacLane: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—No, 11—Yes, 14—Yes, 18—No.

Michael Barlett: 1—No, 4—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 9—Yes, 11—Yes, 12—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—Yes, 18—No.

Ray Milland: 1—Yes, 3—No, 5—Yes, 6—No, 7—Yes, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 10—No, 11—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—No, 17—Yes, 18—No.
not be denied. As De Land's pal, Noah, would say, that kind of a success "am a complete" success.

Claudette first tasted the sweets of dramatic triumph, and found them quite pleasing, on the rostrum of the first grade of Public School 59, New York City, where by popular request, albeit public demand, she sang, "Come here little Robin and pick up some bread"—with a French accent, a lisp, and gestures. (Our Claudette lipped until she was seven years old.) She doesn't know whether it was the accent, the lisp or the gestures that got

a prim little French doll with long curls and a pretty white dress her mother had made for her, was supposed to stand up before the assembled Sunday School classes, with a lily in her hand, and recite a verse about Easter.

But Claudette took one look at those hundreds of strange faces staring at her, clutched tightly at her lily, completely forgot what rhymed with "dawn," and began to cry. In keeping with the spirit of Easter we might say that Claudette laid an egg. Her grandmother scolded her all the way home and it was a long time before Claudette could be persuaded to speak any more "pieces." She definitely decided to become either an artist or a ballet dancer and never open her mouth in public again.

That was twenty years ago. But Claudette today, poised, glamorous, dignified, chic young woman that she is, is still as mortally afraid of "opening her mouth in public" as she was when she was a little French girl.

IT DIDN'T happen one night. And she didn't marry her boss. No indeed, Claudette Colbert, Paramount star, Academy Award winner, and Glamour Girl of Hollywood, played the career game the hard way—and won. She didn't become a sensational star overnight because she could do a tap dance on the head of a pin, or because she held hands with the director after working hours. Claudette had no tricks and no amours and she had rather die than stoop to cuteness.

Producers are famous for being pushovers for that girly-girly business of eye rolling, lash fluttering, lip puckering and "poor little me" talk, but alas, coyness was not for the likes of Colbert. It made her sick at her stomach, and still does. Claudette owes her success on the screen to years of hard work, to determination and perseverance in the face of poverty and rebuffs, and to a decided dramatic talent that would
By Elizabeth Wilson

COLBERT

with long curls and a pretty white dress. It's the thing that frightens her most in life. It keeps her from going to banquets, and benefits, and premieres, and making personal appearances. She just lives in dread of the moment she will have a "nike" tossed at her mouth and hear those awful words, "And tonight we have with us..." or "And now we will ask Miss Claudette Colbert to say a few words..." "Heaven help me," Claudette will mutter to herself, turn deathly pale, and become frightened sick all over. A mere "I am so glad to be here this evening and I know I shall enjoy the picture" in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre will provide Claudette with her best breakdown of the season.

Fortunately, oh most fortunately, this mortal terror of the spoken word does not extend to the theatre or the studio set. It's only the 'improvised' speech that frightens her. On the legitimate stage or in a Hollywood studio set she is the most calm, collected young actress you may ever hope to see, she very rarely "blows up" in her lines, is terribly sweet and pleasant to everyone, never gets nervous or rattled, and has a little temperament as an actress can have.

Her sets are never closed to visitors, whether they are personal friends or visiting firemen. The more the merrier. As long as she is Cigarette, or Oleg, or Doctor Jane Everest, or Ellie Andrews or Mrs. Julia Barclay everything is hotsy totsy, but when she becomes Claudette Colbert, beware of the improvised speech. Hell, to Claudette, is a place where hundreds of fatuous looking masters-of-ceremony shout continuously, "And tonight we have with us..."

Claudette is a very informal young person who calls most people by their first names after a fairly short acquaintance. She is friendly but never palsy wise. You will call her by her first name probably the second time you meet her (if you don't she will ask you to), but no matter how long you've known her, you will never call her by a nickname, and she will never call you by a nickname. I have known Claudette for a number of years and have never encountered but one instance of this rule. It was at the Pacific Coast tennis matches in Los Angeles two years ago. One of the tall and handsome tennis players, who assumed that he was the Clark Gable of the courts, entered her box and greeted her with, "Hullo, Toots. How's tricks?"

Miss Colbert to say the least, was a bit taken back. For a time after that a few of us called her "Toots Colbert" but somehow or other the gag soon died a natural death. When I want to tease her occasionally I call her "Glamour Girl." She doesn't seem to like that very much. And once her brother, Charles Wendling, called her "Lead-in-the-Pants" because she wouldn't run after tennis balls. That didn't take very well either. For best results just call her "Claudette."

This charming and gracious informality of hers makes her the pride and joy of interviewers. Fan writers know they will never be rimed, forgotten, insulted, or snubbed by Claudette Colbert, but whether or not they get a "story" out of her depends upon their own adroitness. If they aren't careful it is invariably Claudette who gets the story. When the writer leaves she knows his age, his religion, his martial status, the make of his car, his ambitions, and his innermost secrets—but the susceptible young writer knows nothing about Claudette except that she is the most sympathetic movie star he has ever met. In the idolom of Hollywood fan writers Claudette is considered "fair copy," that means she won't "give," but you'll have a lot of fun.

Claudette isn't at all name conscious.

Naturally she gets a big thrill out of seeing her name in lights on theatre marquees and naturally she loves to read nice things about herself in newspapers and magazines, as who doesn't? But I have never seen her race through a fan magazine or a gossip column looking for her name as I have seen dozens of the Dream Children in Hollywood do. As a matter of fact, Claudette never reads gossip columns and rarely reads fan magazines. She is not foolishly sensitive about her publicity as so many stars are, but simply loathes, hates and despises to see herself quoted, especially when the writer has made no effort to do it so accurately.

You never see Claudette with two inch initials on her hat, or her name done in cursive across her chest, or embroidered flamboyantly on her pajamas, blouses, panties and gowns (not that it is any of your business, but Miss Colbert prefers the

night gown of the Empire school for the bold-live), all of which may seem slightly had taste to you, but you'd be surprised how many movie stars go in for this self-publicizing.

I suppose that the chief reason that Claudette isn't name mad, as are the other inmates of our little colony, is due to a childhood tragedy. One day when she was quite young, she took a pair of scissors and scratched out her name on her mother's highly polished sewing table, "foots' names like fools' faces are always seen in public places," quoth Mrs. Colbert to the little Claudette and that, accompanied by a spanking, made a great impression on our

ANNOUNCEMENT

Our Cover Girl each month is a popular star. We believe that you want to see paintings of these girls in order that you may know the coloring of their hair and eyes and clothing in other words, how they actually look in real life.

To enable you to feel more intimately acquainted with these interesting actresses, I have had Elizabeth Wilson write a new kind of biographical story which we call a "Projection." The stars will be "projected" into your mind by Miss Wilson's close personal knowledge of the players with whom she works, dinners and parties.

Read "Projections" each month in Silver Screen and you will learn the history, manners, likes and dislikes, hopes and plans of the girls who are out of and extraordinary in this world of ours.

Elliot Keen, Editor.
THE sun is also beaming like mad in Hollywood these days. But instead of bringing on a severe case of the sweltering blues it's a gift of the gods to the gorgeous babes in movieland. It's just what they wanted. They have discovered that life's at its best at the beach, and that now there's nothing more stimulating than heeing right out into the sunshine by the seashore.

Devastrating dusk, sweet tent. was fire find wicked tre- speck to veranda, dazzling club—shore.

They white yellows—genuine blues but white sand by ten a.m., because from then to three p.m. it's nicest. They dab on their protecting oils and in a jiffy, they're all set to relax or romp. And to dive into the beckoning breakers every hour or so. That is, all but the confirmed "lollers" who'd rather look at the Pacific than feel it.

It's a twenty-minute drive from Beverly Hills to the magnificent crescent that is Santa Monica Bay. Curved into the Western side of Los Angeles, this bay is bordered by a dazzling white beach stretching fully thirty miles from Malibu on the north to the expensive Palos Verdes estates on the south. Houses and private clubs, interspersed by public beaches, line the entire sweep.

Where the sands go for their fun—to their own beach places, to their pals, or to a club—there are no Coney Island touches. No vulgar picnicking. You eat on a veranda, served by James. You can't build a fire or put up a tent. (No, not a Hays office edict!) You dare not produce a baseball bat. Which is a tre- mendous relief to all who hate being in continual fear of being knocked in the head when the catcher slips up.

What you can do when you're with Hollywood's elite is to go to sleep on the blanket you've spread to have something softer than sand to lie on. Or if you don't need to catch up on your back slumber, you may read. The portable canopied chairs are exactly suited for magazine-thumbing. You can throw a medicine ball, and at the clubs they've strong on volleyball. Then, after all, there's always the sea. The clubs have rafts to swim out to. If you can get through the breakers, which are only medium high, it's smooth going. When you're really good you take your surf-board out under your arm and ride in. But if you must fish, as Bing Crosby must when he goes down to the beautiful sea, you stand at the water's edge and cast into the breakers. You'll catch Corbinas.

Robert Taylor makes it in seventeen minutes flat from Beverly to his favorite Santa Monica club. Every night at six he checks with the studio as to whether he's due to hero Garbo on the morrow. If it's "no" he snoozes extravagantly on until eight a.m. indulges in a leisurely breakfast, and with a zippy shifting of gears is away to bronze the body beautiful. I can't guarantee what they say about Dixie is too percent true. Yet I can assure you that our Bob and our Joel McCrea are authentic Adonis. And every woman who's been sitting around too many bridge tables will practically die when she sight Norma Shearer dashing in for a dip.

I find that Norma has to conceal a wicked desire to chuckle when people begin to gush over the advantages of living at the beach. She has been wise to the value of the ever-marvelous air and regular sun-tonics for the past four years. She stays the year through, so no wonder she can be a sweet sixteen although the mother of two kiddies! The last time I was at Norma's we did all our visiting in her sunny yard—and she doesn't wear a speck of make-up when she's after her violet rays. Her James served us "out from." Incidentally, the charmingly modernistic Shearer establishment, with its continental exterior, has a surprising new suite, Norma's gone fiftieth century to the extent of having Metro's Juliet bedroom installed where once all was so stunningly

All Star Cast
IN THE
Pacific Ocean
NOT A PICTURE

Betty Furness fills her blue suit with the spirit of the beach.

Ginger Rogers dips into the dancing waves.
current. It kept her in the spirit of Juliet while rehearsing. In the row of houses below the Santa Monica Palisades the other movie year-rounders are Merle Oberon, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and the George Bancrofts. Merle is a particular chum of Norma's. The Oberon recently tired of a Spanish set-up and has switched to an English cottage; Cary and Randy are our bachelors de luxe, with health on their minds. Up every dawning at seven, they pop boldly into the briny, and then—if they're not working—they have some cups of coffee and park in the sun until noon. Whereupon they take their constitutional on the special hydraulic rowing machine designed by Dick Kline, master of the Paramount gym. The wind-up, after lunch, is more beach until teatime. Select callers appreciate how tamed Randy's becoming—it's as difficult for him to approach the fashionable common hue as it's a snap for Cary. Mr. Grant, meanwhile, pays ardent attention to Miss Mary Brian. It remains to be seen if theirs is to be more than a summer love.

Ginger Rogers rented a house in this row as soon as she and Lew Ayres called it a noble experiment. Ginger, like Norma, adores to do cartwheels! The Harold Lloyds and Marion Davies are at their homes, also adjoining, about half of the warm season. On Sundays Marion's beautiful Colonial palace, the finest beach house in the world, is thronged with the cinema's important folks and distinguished travelers who've won an invitation there. One of the most appealing things about Marion is that she isn't a schemer. If she's your friend you'll always be welcome, no matter what your Hollywood status at the moment. Her guests can plunge into a marble pool or tennis on splendid courts. They can attempt to swim to the two rafts anchored off-shore, Or they may chat comfortably until the lavish buffet supper is served. Later there's sure to be a showing of a new film. Claude Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, William and Dick Powell—they all frequently spend Sunday at Marion's. The Talmadges are usually present. Anita Page's blonde loveliness, noticeable amidst even reigning stars, makes you wish she'd give acting another whirl.

A quarter of a mile from Marion's, which is the landmark in Santa Monica, are two of the swankiest clubs—the Beach Club and the Santa Monica Athletic Club. Here many of our sunshiners are gathering. Joel McCrea, Gene Raymond, and Tom Brown keep their surf-boards in the locker rooms. The way they ride the breakers you'd think they were fresh from Waikiki. No one I know is crazier about the beach than Joel. He met his Frances Dee at his club, too, when both were asked to pose for beach art one memorable afternoon. Now Frances and the two tiny McCreas are dutifully acquiring tan along with their palpitating papa. Gene Raymond is still trying to sell Jeannette MacDonald on the idea. She has a partiality for sitting under umbrellas, But these two gay first-nighters, who've transferred their dating to the beach, have so many laughs topping each other's witwisms that I've a hunch Jeannette will be modestly tinted before she realizes what she's doing.

There are a few, I must admit, who aren't on the band-wagon. Olivia de Havilland's the ringleader of the rebels. Completely scene in a silk sports ensemble, she invariably surveys the scene from a club veranda. "Beach bathing, sun bathing, or any kind of outdoor activity is taboo," she informs me. "I get too many freckles!" Luise Rainer, though, doesn't bother about freckles. She thrills to wind on her face and tossing her hair, and is the spirit of nature reincarnated.

You wouldn't fancy that Bette Davis, who's so slight, would be a champion surf-swimmer. But she is. Indeed, Bette was a lady lifeguard back in Massachusetts when she was in high school. The buoyant Joan Blondell, such a vision in her sun-suits, isn't the least interested in the water. So, as I always maintain, you can't tell what a girl will respond to until you ask her to the beach. Some of the most alluring honeys likely are faithful to a glitteringly tiled bathroom.

Janet Gaynor, whom you might suppose too clinging vine-ish to bestir herself, is the most enthusiastic of all our feminine sun-worshippers. She has never bought a home in Hollywood or Beverly, but she owns a hideaway cottage at Playa del Rey, which is south of Santa Monica proper. For [Continued on page 76]
Night Club
Love

The Little Cabaret Singer
Had A Heart Of Gold
But Nothing In The Bank.

Joan Warren, one of the Warrens of the New York telephone book, was lighted up like a Christmas tree, but she was thrilled at saving all her presents for a man who would come along some day and win her heart. In other words, Joan's business consisted of looking like something that she wasn't, and she never let business mix with private life.

Joan was a night club singer. She was blond and little. The customers liked her and she had as many chances as any cutie to open charge accounts at Bergdorf Goodman's and Cartier's, guaranteed by the check books of tired business men. Instead of which she lived on her weekly pay check from Club 41 in the innocent conviction that a really smart girl can dig gold with her voice. Then, one day, she lost her job.

Mac, the suave proprietor of Club 41, hadn't anything against Joan. He liked the kid and her singing went over big, but he knew the night club business well enough to keep a jump ahead of his public. He had just snapped up a debauchee from the Long Island set, a dear little thing from the Junior League whose picture was in all the newspaper rotogravure sections in connection with yachts and polo and fashionable dog shows. The smart young debbies go into department stores and night clubs, these days, taking the places of girls like Joan who work for their ham and eggs learning how the other half lives while the other half starves to death. So Joan, who still believed in Santa Claus and St. Valentine, was on her way out.

"I'm not blaming you, Mac," she sighed. "But why don't those dizzy deb's stay in Newport and Palm Beach? They only work because they think it's cute."

Joan went back to her dressing room, calculating mentally how long her last pay check would keep her afloat. What with room rent and eats and the necessity of keeping up a front while she looked for a new job, the prospect wasn't too bright. Thinking of her little wishty-t置身 money she had snubbed she opened the door to find her room occupied consider-ably by a strange young man who filled her chair and crossed his feet on her dressing table.

"Oh, that's all right," he smiled on seeing Joan. "Come right in."

"Thanks. Who are you?"

Ted Blake was a newspaper reporter. Working for one of the tabloids of course he knew all the answers—that is, all the answers you read in the tabloids. He didn't believe in Santa Claus or St. Valentine or anything else—especially the virtue of blonde torch singers. He was very young.

Ted gave her a look that tried to tell her all he knew and found it rather hard to look at Joan in a detached way.

"My particular job is to cover the fourth biggest industry in the United States," he began.

"Which is?"

"Gold digging. Breach of promise suits, matrimonial parcells. It's a very profitable business. Do you realize that in this country last year more money was spent on breach of promise suits than on automo-biles?"

"Very educational, Professor, but—"

"Which brings me to Dixie Donathy, a gal who used to work here. What do you know about her?"

"Only that she's blonde, and sings," said Joan warily.

"Sounds like the description of a canary, Dixie just sued a sixty-year-old millionaire for a hundred grand. Breach of promise—"

"She did? I didn't think Dixie was that kind!"

"What kind?" Ted scoffed. Was the woman trying to make him think she wouldn't do the same thing? "I suppose you wouldn't like to drape the body beau-tiful in a chinchilla coat!"

"I'd love to. But not if I have to get it that way—ah you were about to make an offer." Joan was not only a little weary, she was beginning to get sore.

"I was not," Ted snapped. "But what's your secret! Or is it a big secret?"

"Oh, it's been done." She pointed to her chest. "It's something in here that makes the music go 'round and 'round and come out here." She pointed to her lips.

"Are you suggesting that you're going to sing your way into a chinchilla coat?"

"That's right, Mr. Blake."

He rose and stared at her with the deep, deep disillusion only a young newspaper man can feel. "Say, have you a picture of yourself?"

"What for?"

He gave her his final stare from the door.

"I want to send it to Ripley."

Joan slammed the door behind him and slammed it hard. Gold digger! That's all the credit a girl earned for being on the up and up! Her job gone and then this—the final annoyance—insulted by a reporter.

Joan was packing her suitcase while she waited her call to go on at Club 41 for the last time. She had had a tough day. With her agent, Nicky Alexander, who was worse broke and more desperate even than Joan, she had tried to get a contract to go on the air—and muffed it. There wasn't any other job in sight. If she had to divide her savings with Nicky and his secretary, Fitz, and Fitz's brother, Al, to keep them fed, maybe soon there wouldn't be any more meals in sight, either. As she packed she couldn't help thinking about Ted and his jokes about chinchilla coats.

The door opened and Ted looked in.

"Oh, it's you. Sorry, but I'm busy," she turned her back and went on packing.

"Newport or Palm Beach?" he evaded lightly. When she did not answer his manner became human. "I understand you've lost your job, I'm sorry."

"Are you? Now isn't that big-hearted of you?"

Silver Screen
I know I talked out of turn the other night," Ted went on sincerely, "I apologize."

Still Joan wasn't doing any forgiving. He went on, "You're the only woman I ever apologized to—except my mother. I once apologized to her for being born—"

"Did she forgive you?"

"Well... she said, 'Don't let it happen again.'" Joan had to smile at that and Ted, seeing her relenting, held out his hand. "Peace?"

"Peace," she agreed.

"Whew, that's a load off my mind."

"I hope you didn't lose any sleep over it."

"Couldn't sleep a wink all night. I've been around 'em so much I'm getting to think every girl's a gold digger!"

They were smiling at each other when the call boy came to summon Joan to the stage. She liked Ted Blake when he smiled. That phoney young cynicism of his vanished then. He looked like what he was, a nice boy. When he suggested that it might be a good idea for him to see her home after her songs were sung, she agreed with him. Then she scampered out to greet the spotlight and convince a lot of people that she was something she wasn't, because at heart she was a young girl who was falling in love.

While Joan and Ted were smiling at each other in that delightful state of awakening love, a twitch-eyed Roach on the loose was walking with gentlemanly unsteadiness into the portals of Club 41. He was none other than Bruce Farraday himself—in person, not a picture. There are people in this modern civilization of ours who become symbols for various things. Bruce Farraday was the symbol of romantic love. He had that something in looks and voice that camera and microphone can seize upon and dish up to lonely hearts all the way from Manhattan to Madagascar, something that satisfied the feminine world's longings. It was Bruce Farraday—or his screen image at least—who made the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady pretty much alike in their emotional insides.

Farraday had been working like a dog for weary years past, often on the set from dawn to midnight, acting gentlemanly romantic parts and making more money than even an actor can use. His brother-in-law, Robert, who had quit driving a laundry wagon to manage his affairs, had worked like a dog, too, keeping Farraday reasonably sober for so long that he felt like a bath sponge in the middle of Death Valley.

Finally had come a moment when Robert wasn't looking and Farraday found the Hollywood cage door wide open. He was enjoying a glorious, alcoholic freedom, slightly hampered by a considerable crowd of autograph hunters and general riffraff, attracted by his cane, his spats and his beautiful physiognomy.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" he moaned facing his tormentors. At this moment Nicholas K. Alexander, Joan's agent, thrust his way through the mob. Fitz, Nicky's hard boiled secretary, tried to hold him back. "You won't do. He says he wants a whole horse!"

But Nicky, who was hungry and desperate to get close to anything that looked like a better break, got to Farraday's side and dispersed the tormentors. He maneuvered Farraday into Club 41 and Fitz, and her brother, Al, who had been Nicky's office boy until Nicky was evicted from his office, went along. They found themselves at last eating real food and drinking real wine while Nicky tactfully suggested to the uproarious Farraday that he could line up some excellent singers and dancers for his next picture.

"Singers and Dancers?" Farraday cried with dignity. "Sir, my next picture is Hamlet."

"I saw Hamlet once," Nicky persisted. "A few hot numbers won't hurt it."

"Why speak of business on a night like this," the great man went on. "Tonight we float in gondolas! Tonight we roam the streets of Verona. Tonight I am Romeo."

He paused and shed a thoughtful tear. "Do you realize this is my first rest, my first vacation in three years? I've made fifteen pictures without a breathing spell—worked like a slave day and night—and I'm tired. I want to forget everything about it. I want to live! I want to sing and shout!" He let out a scratch that shook the chandeliers of

Fictionized by

Jack Bechdolt

for August 1936

The press agent's handy man disguised as a doctor.

Farraday was a great actor and his admirers were numbered in thousands.
Club 41 until they threatened to break.
At that moment the floor lights were
dimmed and the spots turned on Joan, ris-
ing slowly into view upon a decorated little
platform. For the last time she was singing to
Club 41 her biggest number, “Love Will
Tell.”

Farraday listened spellbound, his eyes on
the girl. Without ceasing to stare he rose
from his seat and started across the dance
floor, arms outstretched. His step was un-
steady, but his aim was certain. It was Joan
he headed for. Nicky made a wild grab for
his coat and missed him. The entire au-
dience watched him now while the gloomy
Fitz muttered, “I told you no good would
come of this!”

“Juliet!” cried Farraday in that voice
that had thrilled millions. “It is my lady!
Oh, it is my love!”

He knelt with something of a thud be-
fore Joan’s elevated platform. Her wild
glance saw him there, but she kept on
singing... she didn’t know what else to
do. “Joan!” Farraday entreated. “She
speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?”

In the voice and with the gestures that
made 95,500 orchestra seats seem like a bar-
gain, Farraday went on. “Dost thou love
me? I know thou wilt say and I will...” With that Bruce Farraday passed on
his story while Joan kept on singing. Amidst the uproar he was
borne away by the waiters, and Nicky, who
was still hopeful that something would
come of this, accompanied him to the hos-
pital.

Joan finished her song in spite of the
uproar. She was paid to sing it and she did.
She was that kind of girl. She didn’t even
know the identity of the saturated Romeo
who fell at her feet and she cared a whole
lot less because she had a Romeo of her
own waiting for her in her dressing room.
Now she was all washed up with Club 41
and free to sean on the wings of love.

There was something mighty sweet and
understanding about this Ted Blake, once
you got him to forget he was a jaded news-
paper man, and by three in the morning
the streets of Manhattan are not so bad
for exchanging thrilling confidences. Some-
times to very young couples just falling in
love, they forget to streets of asphalt and
stone; they seem to fade back into the
meandering cow paths between neat little
Dutch stone houses that they once were.
and, as if sleeping, the grim old girl that
is modern Manhattan remembers her own
youth. So to the clop-clop of the first milk
horses and followed by the sympathetic
grin of cops and cruising taxi drivers Joan
and Ted walked in a happy daze.
The telephone in Joan’s apartment rang
early next morning and Fitz, who slept
nearest, answered it. Joan had taken Fitz
in for the night because the poor girl had
no other place to go.

“On,” said Fitz with a start of interest.
“It’s you? What jail are you in?”

“Not in jail,” Nicky’s voice corrected.
“T’m at the hospital.”

“Are you hurt? Do you want a lawyer?”

“I don’t need a lawyer. I need Joan.
Listen, I want you and Joan to come right
over here.”

Nicky had had another brain wave. He
was making their fortunes all over again
and Bruce Farraday was the spade he would
dig gold with.

Farraday had come to after a terrible
night, raving for a drink and for his Juliet.
Nicky got him the drink, a bottle of bay
rum smuggled by in a hot water bag; now
he was paging Juliet.

“I tell you we couldn’t buy publicity like
this,” Nicky expounded when the two girls
arrived. “The newspapers will eat it up.
You’re made, Joan. All you’ve got to do is
have your picture taken with him.”

The broader outside Farraday’s door al-
ready was jammed with reporters and
photographers who had flocked there to
discover the identity of Farraday’s latest
Juliet. Nicky had installed the faithful Al
as Romeo’s private physician, just arrived
from Hollywood. Everything was set for
enough publicity to get Joan offers of a
job.

“You’re sure that’s all I have to do—just
have my picture taken with him?” Joan
asked doubtfully.

“I give you my word. Now quit worry-
ing. Leave it to me and I’ll bet my
shirt...”

“Yeh,” said Fitz gloomily, “you almost
lost your pants yesterday.”

Nicky had Joan by the arm and began
breaking a path through the press boys
gathered about the door. They surged
toward her from every side demanding her
name and her business. Nicky craftily
stalled them off and mentioned to whom
Joan was and to see that they spelled her
name right. Flashlights were flickering
all about her while she huddled close to
her agent. And then, in the crowd, she saw
Ted!

For the moment Ted was overcome with
amazement. Joan here! Joan the latest
Juliet of Farraday’s long career of drunken
escapes! Joan selling out for a chance to
grab some of Farraday’s millions! His Joan!
Her eyes begged him to understand; to
suspend judgment until she could explain.
It wasn’t any use asking that of Ted. He
was smiling now, a smile that mocked her
and mocked himself for believing in her
innocence. That smile branded her as just
one more of Broadway’s chisellers.

“Please boys, Mr. Farraday is waiting.”

Nicky pleaded. “That’s right, boys.” Ted’s
voice echoed loudly. “Mustn’t keep the love
birds apart.”

So, thought Joan, he couldn’t trust her
any more than that! Her firm little chin
was aggressive; her final glance at him full
of scorn as Nicky jerked her into Farra-
day’s room. Ted and his photographer re-
membered the fire escape and darted
through a room on the floor below to post
themselves outside Farraday’s window, Ted’s
heart was hit;

Farraday sat up at the sight of her. “Tis
she! Tis my lady. Tis my love, Juliet!”

Even if she was his Juliet the romantic
maniac wasn’t Joan’s Romeo. Nicky had
dragged her into this and Joan didn’t want
to fail Nicky who needed to find a contract
for her even more than Joan needed the
contract, but she wasn’t playing Juliet to
any soused Romeo, no matter how famous
he was.

“Come closer, Juliet! Let mine eyes be
feasted on thy beauty which did haunt me
in my sleep!”

She moved doubtfully out of reach and
wondered what to do while from the fire
escape at the window Ted and his photog-
raper peeped into the room.

Suddenly Farraday threw back the covers
and climbed from his bed of pain.

“Mr. Farraday! Please—”

“Oh fair Juliet, do not fear or fly! Let
me over...”

He was on his knees before her when from
the window came the flash of a photographer’s
light.

Farraday grabbed at a vase on the table
and hurled it after the fleeing newspaper
[Continued on page 59]
Everybody Loves A Singer
Grace Moore Has Conquered The World With Her Beauty And Her Glorious Voice

By Dorothy Spensley

At left, Grace Moore, surrounded by flowers and enthusiastic friends, speaks over the radio in London. (Center) The great diva autographs a few dozen books. (Above) The smiling bobbies protect Miss Moore and her husband after her Covent Garden success.

The scene is Claridge's Hotel, last word in London swank, and the night is June 6th, 1935, the moment of Grace Moore's Covent Garden triumph, the greatest triumph that an American singer has ever had in London's history.

Still excited from the Puccini music of "La Boheme," the dozens of floral gifts, the thunderous applause, the cheering, the "bravos," Grace Moore enters a private dining room in the hotel, her hand on the arm of her husband, Valentin Parera, and into the center of a hundred or more guests who crowd about her.

There are little gusts of congratulations . . . "superb!" "a triumph, Grace dear!" "you were divine, my dear!" Her English friends, as well as American, are edifying like little pools about Grace, clad in black chiffon, ruffled, and a short silver fox wrap. Outside the hotel, in the streets, part of the London population is restlessly moving, waiting for a glimpse of the Queen of Song. "We want Grace!" they yell, their own Gracie Fields forgotten, for the moment.

Inside Claridge's, the guests seat themselves at tables. A small orchestra plays. A buffet bulges with rare foods. Crystal glasses tinkle, plates are filled, flowers bloom in every corner. A medium-sized, slim man sits at one table, surrounded by friends. At his right is a handsome, brunette American woman, from Baltimore. Her name, now famous, is Mrs. "Wally" (Wallis) Simpson.

The slim, light-haired man has had to spend his early life telling people, "For God's sake, sit down . . . take it easy . . . relax!" Everyone whom he has ever met has always stood at awkward attention in his presence. That is, until he tells them to "relax." The man is Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, successor to King George V, in whose latter honor London is celebrating a Silver Jubilee, marking the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

In seven short months and fifteen days good King George is dead. This slim, medium-sized man becomes Britain's Eighth Edward, King of England. But on this June night, there is no thought of empire or what lies immediately in the future for this successor to a great throne. The chatting guests, sipping their wines, nibbling their suppers, are "relaxed," by royal order. All is informal, Grace is at the door, greeting a new guest. A summons comes for her husband. The royal prerogative has been exercised.

The Prince of Wales has heard that Miss Moore's husband is Spanish. He has heard, further, that he speaks English, wonders upon wonders, with an Oxford accent! For (Continued on page 76)
ROBERT TAYLOR came to town last week. It was his first visit to New York and he was properly awed.

"Oh, not by all that," he told me, indicating the magnificent view from the windows of his luxurious apartment at the Waldorf Towers. "It's the theatre that gets me down."

"How come?" I asked, or words to that effect.

"When I think how these Broadway players have studied and struggled to get where they are . . . shew! . . . and when I compare it to Hollywood, it bows me down ever."

"You're thinking of your own swift rise to fame, I suppose," said I understandingly.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Taylor emphatically, "I could never have accomplished this here. I'd never be any good on the New York stage. I'm sure."

"So you'll stick to Hollywood," said I eagerly, anxious to reassure all those thousands of Robert Taylor fans throughout this movie-mad nation that their idol had no intentions of deserting them for a theatrical career on Broadway. At least, not yet.

"Yep, I'll stick to Hollywood," repeated Mr. Taylor as he relaxed his stalwart six feet of bone and muscle and brawn in the right to be considering the fuss that was being made over him? Would he be difficult to talk with—considering that all the professional newspaper and magazine writers in New York were anxious to have interviews with him? Would he put the nation all the amateur writers from high school and college periodicals who had been clamoring on his doorstep ever since his arrival in town? Would he be . . .

Oh, well, let's get down to cases and stop meandering. I know you are dying to learn just what this extremely popular and extremely fortunate young man is like in real life. So, here goes.

Robert Taylor Really Is Quite Lacking In Concert.

He visited New York for the first time and was overwhelmed by the theatres.
He is exactly six feet tall, extremely well proportioned and certainly would not be overlooked in a crowd—no matter how large it was. His eyes are a dark, deep blue, his hair dark brown and naturally wavy and his complexion a clear olive. So what? So he’s as handsome as one of those Greek gods you see perpetuated in marble in the Museum of Art, the prototypes of which you seldom or never run across in real life.

So much for his outer appearance. Enough, did I hear you say, to make any young man conceited? But wait—that’s not all! The man has charm, too. But, definitely. Perhaps it is his smile, which is shy... perhaps it is his amazing modesty... perhaps his wriggling embarrassment when confronted with obvious signs of his amazing success on the screen—especially with women.

Although it’s against all the laws of gravity or whatever you call it, I’ve got to confess that never in all my editorial life have I met up with a young actor—or an older one for that matter—who was so completely lacking in conceit. He wasn’t even properly smug. In fact, with one swift steel-like gash, he cut right through all our pre-conceived notions of what the successful young movie hero should be. “Before I left the office,” I told him, “I read five fan letters all relating to you and four out of the five of them were of the opinion that you should receive the Academy Award next year.”

Mr. Taylor squirmed—yes, there is no other word for it—in his tufted chair. “They mistake popularity for ability,” he assured me.

“Still,” said I, “You’ve got to admit that you gave a pretty good account of yourself in Magnificent Obsession.”

His blue eyes flashed interest at once. “That was a grand part,” he told me, “and John M.

Stahl is a marvelous director. I agree with you that that picture was really the beginning of things for me.”

“How about Society Doctor?” I reminded him. “After that it seems to me everybody started to sing your praises.”

Mr. Taylor waxed reminiscent. “You know,” he confided, “somewhere during the making of Society Doctor something happened to me. I had been playing in a number of M-G-M pictures before that, but I was still camera shy, still nervous, held myself so... taut I thought I’d cleave in two if anybody looked at me crooked.

Then, suddenly, one day I said to myself, ‘What’s the sense of all this tension? Where’s it getting you? There’s nothing to be afraid of.’ And then—bingo—like a flash I relaxed. I wasn’t afraid of the camera any more. And when I saw the rushes I realized that at last I was getting somewhere. I looked natural on the screen for the first time. Not tense. And after that I started getting my

by the expression of this thought.”

“Do you?” he murmured. “It could only happen in Hollywood. Just think—if there were only thirty people in the Nebraska town where I was born...”

“Do you ever hear from any of them?”

“No-o. Not that I remember,” he replied, “I guess

He laughed. “Not mine. My father, you see, died three months before I was discovered by M-G-M. That was while I was at college in Pomona, near Hollywood. He might have been [Continued on page 58]
YOU can believe this or not, my reader, when I awake this morning, filled with depression at the thought of having to cover all the studios in one day—just the way a visitor from Dubuque or Wren疗法 does—it is raining! And don't let the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce tell you different. Well! When things come to such a pass and it rains in Los Angeles in June—humph! Things have just gone too far. As I lie here in bed, cursing my luck, I seem to smell the honeysuckle and magnolias that are blooming in the South about this time. Before I realize what's happening I'm out of bed and things are flying in all directions, yet lighting in a suitcase, and I know before the sun sets I'm going to be on my way to Memphis.

At Warner Brothers

THE first studio I visit is Warner's and things are far humming out here.

We start off with "The Charge of the Light Brigade," adapted from Tennyson's immortal poem, with the dazzling Errol Flynn in the lead and the winsome Olivia de Havilland playing opposite him.

The story opens in 1850 in the office of the British Commandant (Henry Stephenson) in Calcutta. He is sitting at his desk while on the other side of the room Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp (swell actors—both of them) are fooling around a large topographical map, sticking little flags into it.

In comes Capt. Flynn, looking like a gay dog, in his white flannel uniform and cork helmet, with a red and gold band across his breast. He snaps to attention and salutes Stephenson.

"We've been expecting you, Vickers," Henry announces as he returns the salute. "The War Department has selected you for a very important mission.

"Splendid, sir," Errol grins.

"I think you know Captain Vickers," Henry goes on taking Flynn by the arm and leading him over to Bruce and Crisp.

Bruce mutters something that sounds like "ow do" and gives him what I think is a very curt salute but it may be my imagination. Maybe Nigel just naturally isn't demonstrative.

"Geoffrey, my boy!" Crisp cries warmly.

"How nice seeing you here."

"Thank you, sir," Errol beams, "and you."

"Have you seen Elsa (de Havilland)?" Don goes on eagerly.

"Not yet," Flynn answers. "How is she?"

"She'll be delighted to know you're here," Crisp assures him.

"I can hardly wait to see her," Errol admits.

Little do they reckon the trials and tribulations in store for all

Henry Stephenson, Errol Flynn, Donald Crisp and Nigel Bruce in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." This is Errol's second picture.

Jean Harlow, escorted by Cary Grant, visits the canteen all in the interests of "Suzzy." George Davis is the barman.
Many A Star Comes On The Set Unknown And Unsung And Departs Surrounded With The Glory Of Genius.

of them before Love Conquers All. And pity 'tis, too. I chat a few moments with Flynn and congratulate him on the original story he and William Ullman have written (based on some of Flynn's experiences) and sold to Warner Brothers. Flynn's modesty is refreshing.

The other picture shooting out here is "Bengal Killer." It's just starting and no one seems to know much what it's about. I do manage to learn, however, that Barton Maclane has been an animal trainer in a circus, has got mangled up and been in a hospital for months and the circus has had to go on without him. He is in the superintendent's office telling him goodbye and thanking him for his kindness when a nurse comes in and hands him a telegram. "Thanks," Mac nods to her. He takes the envelope, tears it open as she leaves the room, and stands looking at it in an embarrassed manner. Then he turns to the superintendent (Gordon Hart) "I wonder if—it," holding the message out to him. "I don't read so good. Would you?"

"Certainly," Hart agrees, taking the wire and reading it. "It's from Los Angeles. It says, Congratulations on your recovery stop Hope you will rejoin us Winter Quarter stop We open April 2nd stop Will work something out for you stop Entire show sends me in wishing you good luck. Signed Bill Hinsdale." "That's my boss," Bart informs him with a wry smile. "So he can work something out for me," looking down at his mangled leg ruefully. "Well, I suppose a guy with one gam could sweep out cages."

"Oh, I'm sure they'll find a better job for you than that," Hart encourages him. "Well, right now I got somethin' more important to worry about," Mac announces. "Carl Homan's kid. Since Carl got his she's kinda dropped out of sight. So I'm hoppin' to Los Angeles to make a personal search."

I feel sure all concerned will understand that massmuch as I'm trying to get away myself I can't wait around to find out whether he finds her and what Mr. Hinsdale works out for him. At the moment I'm more interested in finding out what's happenin' at—

Universal

THE moment I first got on this lot I see twenty-four sheet posters all over the place advertising Irene Dunne and Allan Jones in "Show Boat." Immediately I get an "I told you so" complex. I told you it was going to be the greatest musical ever filmed and in my judgment it is. I've already seen it twice and intend seeing it at least an other half dozen times. Don't miss it!

But that has nothing to do with what's going on out here today. Today we have another of the lights of my life—Miss Carole Lombard—playing opposite her late husband, Weeble Powell, in "My Man Godfrey."

"Please," my guide entreats me on the way out to the set, "don't ask her how it feels to be playing opposite her ex."

"I don't care how it feels," I retort, "it's enough for me to know that he is her ex."

The scene is the lobby of the Waldorf in New York. Carole and Gail Patrick are sisters and Alice Brady is their mother or aunt. I forget which and anyhow it isn't important. She's in the picture and that's what matters.

Someday is giving a treasure hunt. You know, one of those things college fraternities send the members out on the last night of hell week, when they have to bring back the most impossible things. I remember when I was in college—a jerkwater affair—I was ordered to bring back one of those straps you hang on to in a streetcar and there was no streetcar closer than twenty-five miles. But that has nothing to do with this treasure hunt.

Heredofore, Gail has always come out on top of everything with Carole not even running her a close second. The hostess orders them to bring back a bun. Carole goes down into the slums and for $2 gets the first bun she sees (none other than Willie Powell) to let her bring him back alive. And what's more she gets back before Gail does. But alas and alack! Mr. Powell seems to be a gent of some culture, just temporarily down on his luck. And when Carole exhibits him to her friends they insult him. Mr. Powell collects his five stands their insults just so long, turns and strides across the lobby. I've told you often
enough there’s no one in pictures with a bigger heart than Carole and this doesn’t seem to her to be cricket.

“Oh, Godfrey,” she says, running after him, but Powell keeps right on walking with a slight look on his face, and paying no attention to her.

“I’m terribly sorry,” she goes on in a low voice as she catches up with him and trots along behind him.

“Oh, that’s all right,” he assures her as he begins descending the steps.

“I’d never have brought you here if I’d known they were going to humiliate you like that,” she continues. “I’m terribly grateful to you. It’s the first time I’ve ever beaten Cornelia (Gail) at anything—and you helped me.”

“That makes me a sort of Cornelia-beater, doesn’t it?” he answers grinning, pausing at the foot of the steps.

“You’ve done something for me,” she rushes along, paying no attention to his interruption. “I wish I could do something for you.”

“What?” inquires Mr. Powell.

“Because you’ve done something for me,” she explains patiently. “Don’t you see?”

“No,” says the practical Powell, “but I could use a job if you happen to have one lying around here.”

Frances Drake and Tom Brown in a prison sequence in the screen version of “And Sudden Death.”

Do you butter?” she asks breathlessly.

“Bottle?” he repeats.

“Yes,” she rehearses. “We’re just fresh out of butlers. The one we had just left this morning.”

And THEN Miss Brady sweeps across the lobby in a changeable blue taffeta gown with puffed sleeves and an ermine wrap. "Irene!” she shrills in that unmistakable voice of hers. "Irene," saying them, “they’re calling for you in the Jade Room. Don’t you want your nice cup?”

“No I don’t!” Carole snaps, annoyed at the interruption. "Tell ‘em they can keep their old cup.”

“But you can’t stand here talking to that man,” Alice exclaims, “What will people say?”

“I don’t care what they say,” says Carole, “Godfrey’s going to be our butler.”

“Preposterous!” Alice ejaculates. “You don’t know anything about this man. He hasn’t any recommendations.”

“The last one had recommendations and stole all the silver,” Carole reminds her. “That was just a coincidence,” Alice objects.

“People who take in stray cats say they make the best pets, madam,” Bill ventures to suggest.

“I don’t see what cats have to do with butlers,” comes from Alice, who is beginning to be a little confused. “And you mustn’t pay any attention to Irene. She’s very impulsive.”

This is an hilariously funny scene but they take it over and over again.

First Carole blows up in her lines and then Willie does. After waiting an hour to say “hello” to her I bust through the line of guards and say to Carole, “Adam, will you, for God’s sake, try to remember your lines this time so they can set up for the next shot and we can have some laughs!”

“Mister,” says Carole, solemn for once. “we’ve been on this scene since noon yesterday and we’re no closer to getting it now than we were then, I’m afraid you’re cherishing a forlorn hope.”

Carole, in a beaded white dress that weighs fifty pounds, looks as beautiful as I’ve ever seen her and that’s plenty beautiful. Gail, always a luscious elvet, looks particularly ravishing in her brown satin with lavish sable trimmings. And Mr. Powell, I’m sure, is Esquire’s idea of the well-dressed bum.

But if they’re just going to do this same scene over and over I can’t stay here—laughs or no laughs.

Another picture shooting on this lot is “We Found Love,” starring Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett, Al Green, one of Warner Brothers’ best directors, somehow found himself on this lot. Before he realized what was happening he was directing this picture. The script isn’t finished yet, so there’s no snapshots. (Where I’ve heard those words before?) However I know this much: Joel is—or was—rich. He bred race-horses but he’s lost them and his money. The only one left is this one horse (the one which played in “Broadway Bill”). He’s got no place to keep him so he puts him in the wood and coal shed belonging to Andy Clyde. Clyde feeds him but as Joel has no money to pay for the feed, the horse is in hock and can’t be moved. To make matters worse, it is New Year’s Eve; it is snowing and Joel, although all dressed up, has nowhere to go. He goes to see his horse.

Clyde hangs around suspiciously, afraid.

[Continued on page 777]
As the beautiful young mother of Anthony Adverse.

BEAUTIFUL VETERAN

Anita Louise Has Made Fourteen Pictures In The Last Two Years.

By Helen Harrison

HAVE you ever seen a Midsummer Night's Dream walking? Well I have

Not only walking, but talking, laughing and sneezing—just a little—to prove that a dream can be human, especially when cursed with a midsummer cold, which, we agreed, is nothing short of a nightmare.

At the moment, Anita Louise was on her way to Europe after a busy two years of having tossed off fourteen pictures! And if you don't think that's a lot of tossing you ought to talk with the two-pictures-a-year boys and girls who tire out all the horses while they're "resting" at Caliente, or who recuperate at Palm Springs between reels. Anita Louise—pardon me I'm getting off on the wrong track—Anita Louise had just completed the role of Maria, mother of Fredric March in the much-heralded "Anthony Adverse." But if you happen to drop in on her informally some evening don't ask if she enjoyed playing with Freddy because she's a bit fed up explaining her role was that of Freddy's mother when he's born! ("It's not a large part," she'll tell you, "but a favorite."

For her fourteen pictures Anita has what she chooses to call her "achievement bracelets," each gadget of which stands as a diminutive milestone on the road to ultimate success, and which her mother, a small, attractive blonde, augments with each role. One, a series of gold discs, bears on each the title of a picture; and on the reverse side, the date. Another pictorially depicts her most recent roles.

There is a replica of Titania herself, with a diamond in the hair; for "Red Apples," a golden ball of red enamel and appended to the chain is the book "Anthony Ad-

verse," opening like a locket, all forming an amusing and interesting collection to which, when she returns from her European jaunt and her grandparents' home in Wissembourg, will be added still another for "Gentleman from Kimberly," the picture she is immediately scheduled to do.

"How," I asked, "did you enjoy your visit to your native New York?"

"It was fine," [Continued on page 62]
Is Dying for Love
A Thing of the Past?

Is the Tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" Possible Today?

"Love without calculation," says Reginald Denny, "happens only to the very young."

I am Dying for love outmoded today? Could Romeo and Juliet live and love and lose their lives for love in this push-button-and-get-girl Twentieth Century? Or rather, would they? Would the young Romeo of 1926 keep that fatal final assignation in the Tomb of the Capulets—or would he go on to other assignations, less fatal and certainly less final, with other and less sleepy Julets?

Would the young Juliet of 1455 look upon the lover lost in death and wield the blood-red blade or would she dial another Romeo and wield the blood-red lipstick?

Do we die for love today?

Or do we live—and love—again? And then again—and yet again?

I asked the starry cast of "Romeo and Juliet." I asked Norma Shearer, who is Juliet. I asked Leslie Howard, who is Romeo. I asked John Barrymore and Basil Rathbone and Edna May Oliver and most of that glittery galaxy which, on the MGM lot, is bringing that immortal love and those immortal lovers to the silver screen today.

I said to each and every one of them separately and individually: "Tell me, is dying for love outmoded, out of date today? Is the will to die for love as dead as the two young lovers? Is the tomb—or the cocktail bar—the final rendezvous of love today? Did Great Love die in Verona in the tomb of the Capulets?

I asked Juliet herself. Norma, in the broderied robes of the young Juliet, as we sat on a marble bench directly beneath that legendary balcony from which wafted the immortal love words—and there were pear trees in the Spring all round about us—real pear trees!—I please you—dripping white blossoms upon her lovely head—and it seemed, not Norma, but Juliet herself who spoke to me, her young eyes prescient of that last long sleep she was to sleep for love—it seemed not a set wherein we sat, but veritably the garden of the Capulets.

"Yes, oh yes," murmured Norma, her usually direct, incisive voice husked by the burden of beauty, "yes, I do believe that young people of today love just as desperately as they did in the time of Romeo and Juliet. Conditions are easier for them now, that is the one great difference. Situations of such stress do not so frequently arise and so the boys and girls of our time are not so often compelled to summon death as their sad solution. Parents, not young hearts, have grown wiser. For I believe that if parental opposition to young love were as strong and as prejudiced today as it was in those days we would read of many more suicide pacts than we do.

"It isn't," continued Norma softly, "it isn't that love is weaker today but that freedom is greater. Freedom to live. There are no obstacles today other than financial obstacles or, perhaps, ill-health. And Youth, given wings, given freedom, is so gloriously courageous that now, instead of dying for love, it lives for love.

"No, it isn't great love nor the capacity for great love which has been removed from the hearts of men and women, boys and girls of this our day...The change comes from without, not from within. For love, like Time, never dies..."

Thus spake Juliet in the scented garden of the Capulets. . . .

I sat with Romeo in a motor bus! I had wandered forth to the back lot of MGM, there to keep my date with young Mr. Leslie Howard Montague. The back lot stretched before me, transformed into a street scene in Verona. And there, armed with a tiny camera, taking shots of the scenes in which he does not appear, was Leslie Howard Montague, clad in sky-blue doublet and hose, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles atop his classic nose, a crimson bath-robe girl about his middle, his golden hair curling about the nape of his neck. He suggested that we find a secluded spot wherein to hold sweet converse. And we found a seat in the back of a mammoth bus parked near the set, in readiness to take the several hundred extras to and fro...

Romeo in a bus!

Did I—or Shakespeare—ever?

Said Romeo, sensibly "Yes, there is just one stratum of society left today in which the catastrophic tragedy of Romeo and Juliet might happen—namely, among the gangsters!"

I gasped. Romeo lit a cigarette.

"No, but figure it out," quoth Romeo with sweet reasonableness, "the Veronese were a desperate lot, most of them. Feuds existed among the Montagues and the Capulets even as feuds exist among the gangsters of today. In no other class of society do such feuds exist except, perhaps, among some remote mountain tribes. Yet, the Montagues and the Capulets still carry on among our passionate Public Enemies from one to one hundred. Mercutios are slain. Bloody Tybalt's still fester in their shrouds. The sword has been replaced by the machine gun, the fiery steed by the armoured car, but the results thereof compare quite favourably, so much for that.

"Then, too, there are no women in any class of society today who are so seduced, so jealously guarded, so spied upon, so puritanically protected as are the gangsters. Molls! Fancy the Moll of one gang leader going over to an opposing gang leader—suicide and murder would be inevitable. Yes, it is quite conceivable that in the ranks of the still medieval Underworld a Montague and a Capulet feud might bloodily arise, a Mercutio and a Tybalt meet their deaths, a young Romeo and Juliet die, caught in the tangle of love and fear and complexity.

"There are a great many analogies once you get started. The Veronese of the 14th Century lived with imminent death for their daily bread. They never knew, in the morning, whether they would be among the Quick or the Dead by night. Ditto, certainly, our gangsters.

"Yes, yes," continued Leslie, amused by his amazing similes, "among the gangsters the Capulets and the Montagues live again. And, even as these old Veronese lived,
Read The Interesting And Varied Opinions Of The Artists Cast In This Picture.

By Gladys Hall

Basil Rathbone advances the idea that love in a self-sacrificing degree comes only to older lovers.

The most beautiful love story in the world is screened. Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, as "Romeo" and "Juliet," find that all of happiness and all of grief lie within the circle of their arms.

"It's a novel thought, at any rate," smiled Leslie, bemused, "and I really think it's true that in no other social sphere today would such a desperate love be liable to exist. There'd be no reason for it in any other sphere. There are many Don Juans today but few, very few Romeros."

"Modern times and casual circumstances make it difficult, really, for young men to follow in the footsteps of the world's most poetic lover. It is very hard to imagine any modern young man loitering beneath mi-

richly caparisoned and housed, armed with dark vendettas and secret cabals and mysterious intermediaries, so do our underworld brethren live today. In the dank tomb of the Capulets young Romeo and Juliet fled a life too sinister, too complex, too arrayed with dark forces, dark politics and passions for them to cope with. In the dank cellar of gangsterdom today, it is conceivable that young lovers might also flee a life too sinister, too complex in its politics and passions for them to cope with.

"Some men still die for love, of course."

[Continued on page 61]
SHOW me the man who called this the age for specialists—and I'll show you another Chic Sale. Actually, there is no luck in specialties. (Well, maybe just a bit.) Now I know exactly what you're thinking. Those names up in lights—their salaries just about the biggest thing since "Ben Hur"—the box-office moaning and groaning when their pictures don't come to town. And I have the unmitigated brass to say there is no luck in specializing? All right, so I'm tetchy in the belfry. It's my story and I'm stuck with it. But I still insist—there is no luck in specialties.

Virginia Katherine McMath will never play Juliet. Now wipe that dare to look off your face (kisser to my friends and relations) and I'll make myself clear. I know you don't know Virginia Katherine, so stop your pouting. But you do know her by the name of Ginger Rogers, who once answered to the name of Mrs. Edward Jackson Culpepper and is soon to relinquish her legal married name of Mrs. Lew Ayres. But she still will never play Juliet!

Do I mean that Ginger Rogers couldn't? Do I mean that she couldn't if she would—or wouldn't if she could? Or something. (Get thee behind me Gertrude Stein.) I most certainly do not. Ginger might play a Juliet to end all Jullets. But do you think the RKO big-wigs would allow her to climb up on a balcony? Why, Ginger practically has to bring a note from home to get permission to go shopping on the mezzanine floor of the May Company.

When everyone but George Arliss was mentioned for the role of Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," it was our own little Ginger who yearned for the part. The fact that it was a Hepburn starring picture never entered her pretty head. Here was a chance to prove that she could do something else, besides putting all her eggs in one basket. (With or without Fred Astaire.) Not that Ginger hasn't made a great success as a dancer and a light comedienne. But by establishing herself as a specialist, she has never been allowed to show what she might do with a real dramatic part.

Hopefully, Ginger sought out designer Walter Plunkett, and make-up artist Mel Balm. Between the two of them, she emerged every inch a Queen. Next Ginger called in Katharine Hepburn (that water-on-the-fur-coat episode was just a silly publicity stunt) and director John Ford. Hepburn was delighted and entered right into the plot. When Ginger arrived on the set, Ford introduced her to Hepburn as a titled actress from Europe. Speaking with a foreign accent, Ginger feebly tried to express her appreciation at meeting the great star. Hepburn appeared to be touched beyond words.

As they were making some silent wardrobe tests, Ford insisted that Ginger step before the camera. The next afternoon executive Pandro Berman was sitting in the projection room. Ginger as Queen Elizabeth, came on the screen. Berman took one look at her and sent for John Ford. Who was this exciting new actress? Why hadn't they taken a sound track of her voice? Where could she be cashiered? Was she available for the role?

Do you think Ginger got the part? Her reputation as a dancer was far too important to risk in such a haphazard manner.

Ruby Keeler is always expected to tap.

A Special Talent Is Sometimes A Great Misfortune.

By Jerry Asher

Fred Astaire has a wonderful personality but his dancing limits his career.

Alice Brady is really a great tragedienne but having started on the screen as a comic her fate is sealed.
more seasoned actresses disguise themselves as Elizabeth. Florence Eldredge got the part and played it beautifully. And there was nothing for Ginger to do but go back to face the music and dance.

Several years ago New York audiences witnessed a musical production called "The Band Wagon." Aside from it being one of the most artistic and entertaining shows on Broadway, it featured a novelty number called "The Beggar's Waltz." This special dramatic scene brought cheers from the audience. It was done entirely in pantomime and proved the histrionic ability of the dancing star. Broadway was convinced, but fate stepped in and changed the course of his life.

In Hollywood the star became a greater star. He introduced a sophisticated brand of comedy dancing, heretofore unknown. His pictures were delightful, refreshing and entertaining. He created a standard that kept him struggling to top his own performances. Needless to say, his name is Fred Astaire.

Recently Fred was on the outs with his studio. He claimed it was impossible to make so many pictures each year and live up to the precedent he had established. There weren't enough steps, ideas and routines in the world to supply the demand and keep improving.

Fortunately for Fred he won his point. He is now going to make two pictures each year and keep a higher standard on each. Everyone knows that dancing is the hardest work in the world. Besides the actual execution, Fred has the responsibility of staging and creating the numbers. In pictures he's the best tongue-in-the-cheek comedian who ever tipped a top hat. But has he ever had a chance to give his dancing feet a rest? Would they allow him to make a straight comedy and park his Carioca in the dressing room? Would his audiences accept him in a dramatic role that was minus a cheek-to-cheek?

If they would, the studio isn't taking any chances of finding out. Fred has proven a sensational success in his established specialty. He himself isn't complaining. But if it were possible for him to apply his sensitiveness, his sincerity, together with his natural flair for visualizing a situation to the drama—it would prove what a great dramatic star the world has lost. (As far as I'm concerned his taps will always be tops.)

Eleanor Powell presents an interesting problem in our world of Hollywood specialists. For years Eleanor worked in vaudeville, musicals, and road shows. No one got terribly excited until she was given her big chance in "The Broadway Melody." Dozens of people took credit for her discovery. But it was a Hollywood agent who had the foresight to sign Eleanor to a personal contract. That was before she made her hit. When MGM wanted her for their exclusive property, they had the agent to deal with. The arguments that went back and forth are not for these pages. But eventually he was persuaded to settle all personal claims on Eleanor. He turned her over to the company, who will realize millions from her specialty—tap dancing.

In this particular case, was Eleanor lucky to be a specialist? While she is young and attractive, she has never had an opportunity to train herself for dramatic acting. Would [Continued on page 74]
"No Party Gal!"

But Sylvia Sidney Has Party Ideas And Very Good Ones, Too.

By Jane Ellis

I suppose," said your Inquiring Reporter who is forever asking the silliest questions, "that you'll be attending the King's garden party?

And London-bound Sylvia Sidney,Subset by all America to Gaumont-British to star in a big special with Robert Donat, replied:

"No."

She sounded pretty final. And things began to look as though she scribe was off on the wrong foot again. But one who raved in print about Happy Hollywood Marriages, citing Doug 'n' Mary, Joan and Junior, Lew 'n' Ginger, Clark and Rea, among the shining examples of fire-side felicity isn't easily fazed. The snappy come-back was:

"Why?"

"First," said Sylvia, "I won't be invited. Second, I don't go to parties."

"What! You, Sylvia Sidney, glamour girl of Hollywood, mean to stand there on the floor—or deck—of this sea-going gondola and tell me you don't go to parties—Hollywood parties! Fie upon you!"

"That," she said, quite unperturbed, "is the fact."

"Oh, I see. You're always too busy giving parties, in being hostess, to ever attend one as a guest?"

And I laughed and laughed, like Little Audrey. There was a smile on the curvaceous Sidney lips, but the blue eyes were glacial, the tiny nostrils flared a warning.

"You may give the item to Ripley, if you like, but I neither toss parties nor attend them. If you're looking for a story about social sorrows, I'm afraid you've missed the boat. And I don't mean the one we're on."

"Well," I stammered, "if you were going to give a party, what would you do about it?"

For a moment I thought that Sylvia would call: "Help! Help! There's a lunatic loose!" Then, maybe because she's a slightly screwy kid herself, that crinkly-eyed Sidney smile came dazzling as a rainbow. She relaxed.

"Not an uninteresting speculation," she sparkled, "and at least as informative as airy romancing regarding my non-existent 'art,' a highly fictitious 'love-life,' or similar mental meanderings which are printed on paper made from stately trees."

If those aren't the exact words, that was the general idea. Sylvia settled down.

"Yes. I have thoughts about what sort of party I'd give—if I gave one—and I think it would be successful, too. My number one rule, most certainly, would be never to invite the 'right people.' By that I mean those who really 'must be asked.' A party should be for fun, and the moment you invite guests from a sense of compulsion—good-bye gaiety. No, and you miserable, but the guests are, too, and your little interior motive is thwarted because the really uninvited visitors have a perfectly well, un-lovely time."

It sounded sensible. One came the note-book, and surreptitiously Sylvia's party philosophies were enshrined in immortality. Well, more or less! Now she fairly rattled on:

"I'd never be a worrying hostess. One who flutters around and somehow manages to impart an atmosphere of nervousness which makes perfectly good and docile guests thoroughly ill at ease. All the fretting should be done days before hand, then, with plans perfected, the hostess should be able to have just as good a time as her company."

"Sometimes bores are simply unavoidable, and if such a dilemma faced me I'd obviate it by gathering all my bores in one basket and sequestering them. I mean I'd put 'em all at one table, for instance, or see to it that they were together. The result! Each would believe himself the one brilliant member of the party—so they'd all have fun and be subtly flattered besides."

As one who hates tinsel hats and tinsel horns, I approached Sylvia upon a matter very near to my heart.

"Would you," I asked anxiously, "give a costume party?"

And she said, yes, she would. I felt pretty badly about that. But she explained:

"You see, costumes spell 'escape' for most persons. After all, if you dig down a little, you'll agree that the entire psychology of party-giving is for people to get away from themselves. Dress-up nonsense helps. They shed their inhibitions with their street clothes.

[Continued on page 56]
The film story of Florence Nightingale, which is titled "The White Angel," pays tribute to the beautiful life of one of the finest women who ever lived. Kay Francis as the famous nurse.
Eleanore Whitney in "Three Cheers For Love," which is a swell title. Eleanore doing the "soldier-swing."

Perhaps every hour Mary Howard awakens in some one the yearning for love.

Ginger Rogers' beauty plays on the susceptibilities of hearts even more effectively than Ginger herself can play on the organ with the chest expansion in "Never Gonna Dance."

The sun, dappled on the smiling face of Merle Oberon, adds to her attractiveness.
The pretty girls of the screen help to accomplish a great deal of the world's work. Where is there a great bridge to be built or a great tunnel to be dug that the engineer doesn't draw his inspiration from one of the Hollywood lovely ones? Climb up to the control shack of some tremendous engineering feat and whose picture do you find tacked to the wall? Garbo or Ginger Rogers without a doubt. And every man Jack on the job knows her and probably has a photo of her or of another screen cutie fastened above his pillow in the bunk house. But that isn't why it is called the bunk house. No, Ladies of the Lenses, you are the inspiration and daily companions of he-men everywhere, and if you were given one-half the honors you so richly deserve you would at least have your names on the bronze tablets on a thousand bridges and work projects.

In addition to this important employment, the girls are a constant reminder to all men, be they prominent financiers in Wall Street, farmers or fishermen, that life is principally for love—a matter which so often is almost forgotten.

A revealing title is "Ladies in Love," Janet Gaynor's new picture. Love is the theme song of their existence.

Jessie Matthews, the English beauty, is our Ginger's only dancing rival in the world.

Loretta Young will be the Indian girl in "Ramona." Your grandmother liked this story a lot.
Books Or Plays
Which Screen Most Effectively?

There is prestige about a famous book that seems to vitalize its adaptation to the screen. In the near future we will see a number of movies based on great books and, as the stills on these pages show, there is assurance and certainty in the characterizations. This is probably due to the fact that the actor has read the book and has learned direct from the author what the character is supposed to feel. But plays are all talk and little action and there is no character analysis given in the script. A book also views the action through the omnipresent eyes of a creative genius, but a play is always seen from "the front."

Both plays and books, however, have an advantage over original scripts which tell the adventures of characters unknown and as yet unloved. That's where the biographical original has merit over the original idea film story. We are interested to know more about a person who has already achieved the goal of having his name become a household word.

"My Man Godfrey" was originally a novel by Eric Hatch. William Powell and Alice Brady both are gifted with a flair for delicacy in humor.

(At right) "The Garden of Allah," famous and picturesque love story, with Marlene Dietrich in a rôle which should establish her superiority in sophisticated, alluring characterizations.

(At right) De Lawd and Noah in "The Green Pastures" — a play of remarkable feeling.

(At left) Pearl Buck wrote "The Good Earth," and now Luise Rainer and Paul Muni will re-create these lowly Chinese people.
Bruce Cabot in "The Last of the Mohicans."

Mary of Scotland lived, and both books and plays have told her tragic life. Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March.
"Tea"

It's an Old British Custom—"The Oolong Hour"—And Hollywood Sips "Orange Pekoe" And "English Breakfast" Every Afternoon.

We hardly realized how the English actors have gradually established the British habit of tea drinking until we secured pictures of "four o'clock at the M-G-M Studio." Everything is tea! The Near East, with its coffee habit, has never made any headway.

In English studios everyone has tea, grips and all, absolutely, my dear fellow. And during prohibition "Tea" rooms flourished in New York, but now they are all Cocktail and Snack Rooms, and a very sinister fact it is, say we.

Cary Grant, a drop of Chinese tea, and Jean Harlow relaxing for a moment between shots of "Suiy." Cary is an Englishman from a long line of tea drinkers.

Doing it right. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton at the Green Tea-Formosa ceremony. They are making "The Devil Doll" when they can spare the time between cups.

Spencer Tracy, in "San Francisco," supports Jeanette MacDonald, and so does Clark Gable. They talk it over with a drop of Russian Caravan tea.
When Tea Time Comes the Villains Cease from Troubling and the Social Graces Are in Favor.

Janet Gaynor, Robert Taylor and Binnie Barnes. Perhaps Binnie's telling them about the jasmine and orange flower tea with the blossoms included that they sip in Hong Kong.

Clark Gable covered with dust after working on the earthquake sequence of "San Francisco."

In the same picture with Frank Lawton and Maureen O'Sullivan is this very amicable old lady who, every afternoon, keeps her girlish complexion by partaking of 40 drops of Young Hyson. Yes, it's Lionel Barrymore.
Every Movie Influences Somebody’s Mind—Is The Screen Making Girls More Flirtatious?

Some actors feel that a succession of parts in which they “never-get-the-girl” is bad for their reputation for charm. This is particularly true of those men who have, on occasion, played the hero. Some, however, have come through the years as girl getters and now are quite happy as the characters who get the press notices instead.

Adolphe Menjou in “Sing, Baby, Sing” will get his share of the compliments anyway.

If, as our professors say, the girls who go to the movies are influenced by the behavior of the screen sweeties, each one probably will consider gathering two or more males for the sake of those lovely situations. Let us warn them. The hardest job a director has is to make a girl love two men and still retain the audience sympathy. They usually keep the girl moral by having her kiss only one, and he has to be the one who wins out.

Randolph Scott, Tom Brown and Frances Drake. What could offer a better basis for drama?

Norman Foster reverses the idea, with Glenda Farrell and Helen Wood in “Trouble Makers.”
In Pictures It Takes Two Men To Make One Man Know His Own Mind.

(At left) Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and Ian Hunter in a picture with the prettiest title of the month: "To Mary—With Love."


Gene Raymond, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young in "Marry the Girl."
Frank Lawton, Maureen O'Sullivan and Lionel Barrymore in "The Devil Dog."

The snowy scenes from Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It" will be on the screen about the time that "The Texas Rangers," which King Vidor is directing, is released. That is the great thing about a picture house—it out-classes the Hippodrome today and tomorrow it out-sophisticates the Empire Theatre. However, many pictures that are all finished will not be released until "next year's schedule." The motion picture year begins about September 1st.

Fred MacMurray in the midst of a battle between the Indians and "The Texas Rangers."

In "Come and Get It," George Breakston, 14-year-old actor, plays Barney, as a boy, in the lumber camp. Edward Arnold and Virginia Bruce are featured.

Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall in "Girls' Dormitory"—one of those innocent titles.
In "The Gorgeous Hussy," Joan Crawford wears a period dress of rust-colored velvet trimmed with old lace. The hat features a cascade of ostrich plumes.

Barbara Stanwyck devotes a method to keeping Robert Young from running a temperature.

Laurel and Hardy drink a toast with Arthur Housman, to some serious and altruistic project, no doubt.
THE TOUCH
OF GENIUS!

Does That First Contact With
Other Players Inspire Or
Disturb An Actor?

ONE of the oldest and most popular fan magazine stories is
"Are Screen Kisses Real?" Or sometimes it is called "What
Is the Effect of Those Love Scenes?" It is most intriguing
to ordinary people who do not go around kissing for a living.
But if we could steal onto a set and see the quantities of
make-up and note the dozen or so "grips" and "juicers" who
keep a cold and steady gaze upon the lovers, everyone of us, we
are sure, would be convinced that screen kisses are far from the
sweet delirium of love. The moment when two comparative
strangers touch is, however, 'full of excitement.

Some girls respond to a great actor and out-class themselves
in intimate scenes, while others feel "dominated," as they call it.
Why the suspense? Ray Milland and Gertrude Michael in another "Sophie Lang" story. The first "Sophie Lang" picture was a success and "The Return of Sophie Lang" should make Gertrude Michael very happy. This kiss is a part of the picture—and a quite inviting part.

Are the Players, When They Are Made Love To, Able To Keep Completely In Character?

(Below) Douglass Montgomery and Constance Bennett in "Everything is Thunder," a Gaumont-British picture.

(Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy in "Fury," which is making such a success.

(At left) Larry Crabbe and Marsha Hunt, in "The Arizona Raider," take to love-making with smiles that suggest true artistic enthusiasm.
THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY

In a picture with masses of gray the lightest white will attract the eye. The white fur had too great an area so the clever photographer, Mr. Ted Allan, put a light behind Virginia Bruce to make her blonde hair the "lightest white." The Betty Grable picture is spoiled by the shadow of the nose. The Madge Evans portrait has strong light and dark and beautiful modeling of the face. Lighting is the secret of portrait photography.
"Don't Look Now, But Is That An Ex-Cycle Coming?"

The Players In Hollywood Always Talk Shop And Here Is What They Talk About

By Liza

*What* sort of midsummer madness are the lotus eaters of Hollywood up to now? If you think they are all lolling on the beaches done up in one piece bathing suits, with brassiere tops of splashy chiffons, you aren’t greatly mistaken. However, Big Business goes on as usual in the market places—Paramount has swapped Bing Crosby for Columbia’s Jean Arthur, and Metro has sold Norma Shearer to Warner Brothers in exchange for their Leslie Howard—yes, Trade is as good as ever. But I suppose that you, snob and socialite that you are, were never one to be interested in anything so vulgar as Trade. You crave gossip, locker room gossip, about our fine-feathered friends, and I don’t have to have cards, and a crystal, and dirty finger nails to know that, (I’ve never understood why medium ladies of the mystic realms had to go in for real estate on the side.) Well, I was never one to tell—much. But there’s a little pique number down in my favorite shop that I can’t live without, so I’ll talk.

The excitement of the moment seems to center around the new cycle in pictures—the Ex-Cycle we call it, to differentiate it from the G-Man Cycle, the Costume Cycle, and the It Happened One Night Cycle. Walter Wanger, that astute producer, hit upon the smart idea that it would be a lot of fun (and box office) to team romantically an ex-husband and wife. Hollywood pooh poohed the idea saying that if a husband and wife couldn’t live peacefully together it would be too much to expect them to work peacefully together, and that the temperamental costs on the picture would be terrific. But Wanger put “The Moon’s Our Home” into production with Margaret Sullavan and Bing Fonda, who had once been Mr. and Mrs., and after the first few days of chill and storm clouds and frigid indifference, Maggie and Hank simply fell into each other’s arms, and they have been practically inseparable ever since. Miss Sullavan started divorce proceedings, a la Mexico, against William Wyler, whom she married while he was directing her in “The Good Fairy,” and of course all of Hollywood is speculating as to whether the former Mr. and Mrs. Fonda will remarry as soon as the divorce is complete. In any case Universal is so impressed with Maggie and Hank as the latest sensation in a romantic team that the studio plans to co-star them in another picture as quickly as possible. In the meantime they have celebrated their birthdays together at two different parties, and are cavorting all over the place like a couple of crazy kids.

Following immediately upon the success of “The Moon’s Our Home,” Universal signed William Powell and Carole Lombard, who will celebrate the fourth year of their Reno divorce this coming August, to co-star in “My Man Godfrey.” As we go to press there has been no preview of the picture but, judging from advanced rumors, it will be nothing (Cont. on next page)

Greta Garbo, on her return to America, gave an interview. The breaking of the great silence was a world-shaking event.

What does James Stewart intend doing about Ginger Rogers?

This isn’t Arline Judge’s latest photograph but it is a very attractive one. "Valiant is the Word for Carrie" is her next picture.
in the morning paper that beautiful Miss So-and-So has separated from her spouse and is on the loose again. Naturally that petted darling of the celluloids, the deva-
tating Miss So-and-So, must have herself another man as quickly as possible to flaunt around the night clubs, and there's just no telling whom she might fancy. It's a safe
bet she isn't interested in the forgotten man, or the obsolete man, no, she'll definitely want some one with a "name." And what chance has a drab little wife versus a viva-
cious Glamour Queen?
I am quite certain that at least fifty wives of the film colony turned pale, and shiver-
ered, the morning they read that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres had separated. Who
will Ginger choose next? All me, life on the edge of an erupting volcano is peaceful
compared with the life of fears and sus-
picions that wives of men stars lead. Per-
sonally, I don't think they have to worry over
Ginger much as she seems to be rather inter-
ested, perhaps as an escort only, in James
Stewart, who has been heaving her here and there ever since the separation was
announced. One of her New York boy
friends, Johnny Green, the young composer
and orchestra leader who has been on Jack
Benny's radio show for some months, has taken
a house in Hollywood recently and perhaps,
little wives of men stars, it will be Johnny
that Ginger turns to now.

When Bob Taylor made his first hit, he identified Irene Hervey as his girl. But that's all changed now.

And no, no, what a deep breath of re-
lief all the wives took when Barbara Stan-
wyck started going with Robert Taylor
after her separation from Frank Fay. Of
course, Barbara sort of mused in on Janet
Gaynor and Irene Hervey, but at least he
wasn't married so the field was open. By
the way, I wonder how Barbara left the other
day when she listened in on the Rudy Vallee
hour and heard both Robert Taylor and
Frank Fay on the same program? Must have
been sort of a peculiar sensation. Well, any-
way, don't let me ever catch you envying
a movie star's wife. You may be poor but
at least you can read about the divorces in
the morning paper without having cold
shivers. (And while we're on the subject I
might add that there will be a lot of wives
who feel much better if Loretta Young
will only marry Eddie Sutherland when he
returns from Europe. Loretta is one of
their best shivers.)

And speaking of Robert Taylor, Holly-
wood is doing a lot of speculating about
that young man. His popularity is nothing
less than sensational, what with women
screaming and swooning every time he ap-
pears on the screen. But there are those
pessimists who say that even with all his
popularity he will not be pleasing to Miss

Barbo when he plays Armand to her Ca-
mille, and that it wouldn't surprise them
in the least if she demanded that he be
replaced by Fredric March or George Brent.

On the other hand, Greta may join in
with the fifty million women who can't
wait to see him. Now when, and as and if they do "Camille" together?
Gabo, as you well know, usually manages
to fall in love with her leading man for the
opening, of the picture, and so, will Bob succumb to her charms or will he re-
main true to Barbara? Bob is typically a
night club boy, friendly and sociable, with
none of that sorty chichi about him, so
somewhere else or other I don't see him touring
Arizona with Greta or making pancakes with her as a secret weapon. There is one
never knows, does one? Bob flitted from
Irene to Janet to Barbara, so why not
Gabo? Bob will next co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in "His Brother's Wife." Good
old Metro, you didn't think they'd miss a
chance to cash in on the Stanwyck-Taylor
romance, now did you?

After "Small Town Girl" they tell me
that Janet Gaynor, who had been too long
among the whimsies and was obviously
shipping, can write her own ticket again.
"Now what's going to happen?
"After 'Small Town Girl'" they tell me
that Janet Gaynor, who had been too long
among the whimsies and was obviously
shipping, can write her own ticket again.
"Now what's going to happen?

I must say that Hollywood, as a whole,
has been rather phlegmatic over Greta
Barbo's return to the scene of her triumphs,
despite the fact that she gave interviews to
the press and posed for pictures. As a mat-
ter of fact most of the comments have been
about those pictures. "Where, oh where, did
she get that frizzy permanent?" shrieked the
perfectly coiffed film stars. "I never be-
fore realized what big legs she has, and very
bad ankles," said others, when the picture of
her meeting the New York press on the
boat was re-printed in the Los Angeles
Times. "Doesn't she know not to wear light
stockings with black shoes for photographs?"
others screamed. And as for her interviews
—well, I think my own little secretary,
Emily, sort of voiced the general feeling in
Hollywood towards Barbo's press inter-
views. "Well," said Emily with disgust as
she finished reading the Barbo interview,
"Gabo talked but she didn't say much.

Take my advice, Greta, and stick to your
silences and seclusions.


Henry Fonda, who is keeping the
gossips all a-twitter.

short of a complete knock-out, with Carole
and Bill at their maddest and best. Will his-
tory repeat? Will Carole and Bill fall in love
again? For awhile there Hollywood was all
a-twitter with speculations. But alas for the
cycle of remarriages, Carole and Bill, unlike
Margaret and Henry, did not fall in love
again—all on account of that guy, Clark
Gable. Clark officially separated from Mrs.
Gable last winter and after being on the
loose for several months finally started going
with Carole. Well, after that the best directing
in the world from Mr. Gregory La Cava
came to an end, and with it all the kisses real. But at least the ex-husband and ex-wife remained most friendly throughout the picture and on the evening of the last
day of work, they threw a party to celebrate
the end-of-the-picture-and-the-continuation-
of-our-beautiful-friendship, and invited the
cast and crew and their friends. Alice Brady
was the life of the party, arriving with a let
around the neck of her dog, said lei being
discovered later around the neck of director
La Cava.

The latest ex-husband and ex-wife pic-
ture to go into production is "Valiant Is
the Word for Carrie." Last winter cute lit-
tle Arline Judge and her director husband,
Wesley Ruggles (Charlie's brother), offi-
cially separated and Arline has been ru-
tomed in love with this young man and
that young man, Arline is playing the role of
the young girl now in "Valiant Is the
Word for Carrie" and Wesley Ruggles is
directing her, and Hollywood is all agog
Will they fall in love again? It was when
Ruggles was directing her in one of her
first pictures in Hollywood, "Are These
Our Children," that the director and the
little ingenue first fell in love and soon
afterwards were married. They have a little
three-year-old boy, who can boast of having
Irene Dunne for a godmother, and all
their friends are hoping that this picture
will bring them together again.

What can make the wives of the men
stars shiver? Running your finger over a
faded picture in a car door from the Pacific,
Dracula's Daughter. Wrong, all wrong.
What really makes the Mrs. Robert Mont-
gomerys, Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mrs. Hubert
Youngs, the Mrs. Pat O'Brien's, the Mrs.
Freddie Marches and the Mrs. Charles
Boyers of this industry have cold shivers
rushing up and down their spines is nothing
more awful than a pretty little film star
who gets a divorce. You can just imagine
with what horror "the little woman" reads

The gossips are wondering about Bill Powell's marriage
— if, as, is when—but
Bill just keeps on rolling
along.
THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS
MURDER ON THE HIGH SEA—Paramount

A VERY entertaining murder mystery that could have been another hilarious "Thin Man" if the authors had taken a little more trouble with it. Carole Lombard, looking too breathlessly beautiful, plays a phony Swedish Princess, with an accent delightfully reminiscent of the Great Garbo, who is on her way to America to crush Hollywood. Also on the boat are Fred MacMurray, famous concertina player and orchestra leader, and his pal and press agent, William Frawley. Fred loses no time in going "on the make" for Princess Olga you can be sure. But, alas, also on this big transatlantic steamship are five renowned detectives on their way to a conference in New York, a boisterous blackmailer, and a famous French criminal who has escaped prison on the eve of his execution. When the blackmailer is found dead in Carole's stateroom the excitement begins, and between conferencing conquests it is Fred who solves the mystery with no help from the five bungling renowned detectives.

George Barbier is excellent as the captain, and so is Alison Skipworth as the Lady in Waiting to the phony Princess. You'll be crazy about Carole, her Swedish accent, and her beautiful clothes.

FURY
SIGNIFICANT CONSIDERABLE—A.G.A.

And here, my friends, is honest drama. No movie tricks, no box-office folderol are allowed to cheapen this picture. It will make you suffer, it will make you think, it will keep you glued to your seat once you're entranced, but it will leave you with an emotional satisfaction that only honest drama can cause. It's a picture that you cannot afford to miss.

"Fury" (which started out in life as "Mob Rule") dramatically and honestly tells the story of a low-abiding American citizen, a good sort of guy, who manages to make enough money out of his gas station to go out West to marry his girl. Driving along in his rattling car, he is stopped in a middle-western town by a deputy sheriff who is looking for kidnappers, and just because he has a five dollar ransom note in his pocket and no alibi for where he spent the previous night (he slept in his car) he is jailed on suspicion pending an investigation.

And then the Mob—the Great American Mob! They storm the jail, set fire to the building and the poor guy's girl arrives just in time to see his agonized face pressed against the bars, the flames licking all around him. But by a miracle the boy escapes—and now, with revenge in his heart he plots to have his torturers suffer a slow legal death—for his murder. This is only a slight outline of the story. It is too powerful, too dramatic to put on paper.

Spencer Tracy plays the guy who becomes the victim of mob rule and gives the greatest performance of his career, of anybody's career for that matter. Sylvia Sidney is excellent as his girl friend and her horror when she sees her sweetheart burning to death will long be remembered by you and me. Striking characterizations are given by Walter Abel, Bruce Cabot and Frank Albertson.

FATAL LADY
No Review—1 Walter Wanger Production

At last, a mystery story that's really different. And what a relief not to have any lurking butlers, ominous shadows, thick-headed slugs, and loose ends of plots dangling all over the place. Even the most fastidious among us will like this one.

Mary Ellis, who she sings—but divinely—and manages to look reverently barbarous besides, plays a young prima donna whose hand is sought in marriage by three men.

[Continued on next page]
They all die most mysteriously, and then a fourth man, Walter Pidgeon, won her for the purpose of capturing the killer. He, too, falls in love with the sweet-singing lady, but succeeds in escaping with his life while you break out in a cold sweat. The killer, which is most unusual in movie mysteries, had perfectly logical motives for his conduct. Imagining and playing up the beautiful background and giving Miss Ellis an opportunity to sing arias from several operas, and a delightful little French ditty, entitled, "Je Vous Adore."

BUNKER BEAN
It's In Again—R-K-O-Radio

HARRY LEON WILSON'S "Bunker Bean" now makes its third appearance on the screen, an old friend, tried and true. This time Owen Davis, Jr., plays the nee Van young stemographer who rises above his inferiority complex through his belief that he is the reincarnation of an Egyptian King. With his new found courage he does Big Business with his slave-driving Boss, gets himself made vice-president of the company, and marries the Boss's daughter. It's all good clean fun and very pleasant.

PRIVATE NUMBER
It's A BLAKE—Twentieth Century-Fox

LORETTA YOUNG and Robert Taylor, both gorgeous in looks, are teamed for the first time in this picture and make a mighty pretty pair. Loretta plays a servant girl in a wealthy family, and of course the college son of the house falls in love with her, and there is a baby and parental objections. Bless my soul, if it isn't good old "Common Clay" again.

There are a couple of new touches, to wit, Basil Rathbone playing a lecherous banker out to make a fortune, and Patsy Kelly playing another servant girl who befriends Loretta. The picture has been given a lavish production, and has never appeared more beautifully appealing, the Taylor lad will simply have the women folks swooning in the aisles, and Patsy Kelly has never been funnier, but no matter how you look at it it is still "Common Clay."

GREEN PASTURES
Gangway for A Great Picture—Warner Brothers

YOU may relax and draw an easy breath. Hollywood has not ruined Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures." There is nothing super colloidal about it, not a single spectacular technical effect, not even a trace of that lavishness for which the cinema is famous. Not one bit of the delightful charm and intimacy of the stage play has been lost in its transition—it's still the quaint and simple story of "De Lawd" and His chilun as visualized by the humble colored people of the South.

Just as in the play the picture opens with Mr. Dashee relating Bible stories to his Sunday School class of little pickaninnies. Then the scene changes to Heaven where the clouds open (nice cotton clouds, nothing fancy) and we see "De Lawd" and His angel "Gabe" and all His chilun with their wings on indulging in a fish fry. Then "De Lawd" creates the world out of a mess of finman, and discovers to His distress that one miracle calls for another. Mankind gives Him a powerful lot of trouble and often He wishes he'd never started it in the first place.

The visit of "De Lawd" to Noah's and the subsequent Ark episode are the high spots in the picture. The cast is entirely colored of course and each and every one gives a skilful performance.

"Fury" is a remarkable picture of mob psychology, and Spencer Tracy gives one of the finest performances of his career.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL
She Runs Away With the Picture—Twentieth Century-Fox

DEFINITELY one of the best Shirley Temple pictures, but definitely, Shirley enters the radio field and my, my, what a lot of entertainment. Shirley plays a little rich girl who doesn't have much fun, so she wanders away from her wealthy father one day and follows an organ grinder home.

The next morning she joins up with a couple of down-and-out vaudeville acts and helps them put their act over for a radio audition. They win a contract for time on the air and of course their sponsor (a soap manufacturer) is a keen competitor of Shirley's father. In time the father recognizes Shirley's voice over the ether waves and she has to go home and be a nice little girl again. But what fun while it lasted.

Shirley proves again that she is a sincere, natural little actress, and teamed up with Alice Faye and Jack Haley she puts over some songs and dances that are knock-outs. Don't miss hearing Shirley sing "But Definitely," "You've Got to Eat Your Spinach, Baby," and "I Like a Military Man." Next to Shirley the honors go to Alice Faye, who has never been better. Also in the cast are Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Henry Armetta, and Sara Haden.
Quick and Tasty!

The Sudden Guest is Quite Welcome When There Is Marmalade In The House.

By Ruth Corbin

A delicious surprise cake with orange marmalade filling—so easy and so certain.

In Florida, Texas and California where citrus fruits abound, marmalade making is more of an art than elsewhere in our United States, for the fruit, which is allowed to ripen on the trees, is an entirely different product from that which is picked green and shipped around the world. It is sweeter and, in the case of the grapefruit, less bitter. There are many ways of preparing orange marmalade but the following is as good as any I have found and much easier in preparation than most of them, if we consider the time element.

Orange Marmalade

Select sour, smooth-skinned oranges. Weigh oranges and allow 1/3 of their weight in sugar. Remove peel from oranges in quarters. Cook until soft in enough water to cover. Drain, remove white part from peel by scraping with a spoon. Cut thin yellow rind in strips, using a pair of scissors. This is more quickly accomplished by cutting through 2 or 3 pieces at a time. Divide oranges in sections, remove seeds and tough part of skin. Put into a preserving kettle and heat to boiling point. Add sugar gradually and cook slowly one hour; add rind and cook one hour longer. Turn into glasses.

Amber Marmalade

1 orange, 1 lemon, 1 grapefruit

Slice fruit very thin, rejecting only seeds and core of grapefruit. Measure fruit, and add to it 3 times the quantity of water. Let it stand in an earthen dish overnight and next morning boil for 10 minutes only. Leave until next day, then boil 2 hours.Measure, add an equal amount of sugar and boil, stirring occasionally that it may not scorch, about an hour. Pour into sterilized glasses; let stand covered with cheesecloth until cold, then cover with melted hot Parwax.

Grapefruit Marmalade

1 grapefruit, 1 lemon, juice only

Follow same general instructions for Amber Marmalade except that grapefruit is allowed to stand in water for about an hour, then boiled in the lemon juice for 10 minutes. Proceed the following day in the same manner as for the Amber. This makes a very bitter marmalade for those who like this taste.

Orange-Pineapple Marmalade was given me by a friend of the lovely young wife of the golden-voiced James Melton. This lady assured me that it was a particular favorite of the whole Melton family and that Mrs. Melton prepared it with as little effort as the average person used for an omelet. A nice compliment.

Orange-Pineapple Marmalade

2 or 3 oranges, 1 quart shredded 1 lemon, 1 pineapple (pulp 3 cups sugar and juice)

First peel and slice the pineapples and steam until tender. Peel oranges and lemon, if used. Remove every bit of the white and slice the rind fine. Add the sugar, rind, and sliced pulp of the citrus fruit (membranes removed) to the steamed pineapple. Cook rapidly to the jelly stage.

Here are two altogether new marmalades which I have just developed. One of the finest things about them, next to their perfectly grand taste, is the ease with which they are made. In testing and originating all these marmalade recipes for your use, I have tried to bear in mind that the majority of the homemakers of today live on something of a merry-go-round and that while they feel the urge to put around in the kitchen, speed becomes increasingly more necessary in meal preparation.

Rhubarb-Pineapple Marmalade

1 1/2 cups red rhubarb, 1 cup sugar cut in small pieces 1/2 lemon, juice and 1/2 cup pineapple, cut rind in pieces

Combine all ingredients; cook slowly until mixture is thick and clear. Put in sterilized glasses, cover with cheesecloth and seal when cold.

Lemon Marmalade

3 pounds lemons, 2 oranges 2 quarts (8 cups) water Sugar

Wipe the lemons and oranges carefully. Pare the very thin slices from the lemons and oranges and cut them up into slender chips, using scissors for this process. Put the chips on to boil in a saucepan, with 3 cups of the water; allow to cook 30 minutes. Now take all the white part from the lemons and the oranges and cut up all the pulp roughly; put this on the stove with the remainder of the water and cook slowly for one hour and fifteen minutes. Stir it frequently; then strain it through a hot jelly bag without pressure. Add the chips and liquid in which they were cooked to the strained juice. Now measure this liquid, and for each cupful allow one pound of sugar. Return to fire and boil slowly for 30 minutes. Pour into jars, cover with cheesecloth and seal when cool.

I didn't know just what to do with this marmalade after I had it but as we were having fish for dinner I decided to try it since I had often served lemon butter with fish, Frankly I was skeptical about a sweet with fish. The results delighted me.

Making marmalade is not generally a short job. The best marmalade is made over a period of hours or days but the advantage lies in the ability to line your shelves with tempting jars not supplied by the standard manufacturers, such as most of the above recipes show. Marmalade, as purchased from your grocer, is far from inexpensive and here again the housewife scores by making her own, particularly when she knows even a few of the tricks of combining marmalade to set off her table when unexpected guests arrive.

For a quick lunch after bridge or when you return from a movie try combining orange marmalade with peanut butter or cream cheese for a tasty and not too heavy sandwich. Kraft's Velvelta cheese combined with either orange or lemon marmalade and toasted on a very hot grill makes another nice sandwich.

Also, for either a late luncheon or breakfast, waffles served with hot marmalade, I suggest the Orange-Pineapple, with strips of crisp bacon, is fit for a king—or a queen either for that matter. Lately I have found that when I was in a hurry I could turn out the swellest, golden brown waffles with Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour in less time than it takes me to write this paragraph.

A breakfast treat is marmalade biscuits. You can stir up fluffy biscuits with the well-known Bisquick. Roll the dough to a thickness of about 1/4 inch and cut with a large cutter. Place your orange marmalade on this and roll out in the shape of a pocket book roll. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with butter.

(Continued on next page)
Quick and Tasty! [Continued from preceding page]

No Party Gal [Continued from page 54]

and go gay in new personalities assumed with the party dresses. Mr. Milquetoast may turn into the Lothario he's always wanted to be, in a Don Juan costume, and Mr. Bigbusiness may quit hiding behind that false front and emerge a pretty nice kind of feller if he's dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy or Simple Simon.

"Another thing is that costumes, properly selected, are flatteringly to both men and girls. The boys can get into things a little more colorful than the dreadfully funereal formal dress which they tolerate, poor things. And the girls can select the clothes of their age from Eve on, which are most becoming to them. Everyone looks his best, and a gala spirit pervades the group to begin with. We're not so awfully grown up at heart, you know. We're still pretty much the kids who so love to get dressed-up.

"The biggest night on this boat will be that of the Captain's dinner, which means there'll be horns and bells and noisemakers and confetti—all that Mardi Gras sort of thing. We'll love it. That one whoopee night is standard practice on all the liners, and the steamship men are no chumps. They know what pleases their public. It's the old carnival spirit. You look in—from it all, and though her—, I mean, have fun. If I gave a party, that would be the idea."

I pondered this, and began to wish I was sailing with Sylvia, just to blow horns with her on the night of the Skipper's hoop-la. And maybe flirt a little with the handsome officers who'll be available to dance Asaides in order to hold their gold-face jobs, Sylvia, enthused now over her hypothetical entertainment, was going on about it.

"The problem of mixing groups doesn't seem to be anything of the sort to me. I don't see why all manner of social activity isn't immediately wonderfully, and I'd ask folk from every walk of life. This, too, would be in line with the 'escape' psychology. Put all actors together, and it's a certainty the talk would be about the theatre. Bankers would confine themselves to well, banker stories, or what ever it is bankers talk about. And the shoemakers would invariably stick to their last. But put 'em all together and they'll find topics of mutual interest, not solely concerned with their own small spheres."

"As a matter of fact, I think that actors are quite probably the most interesting and entertaining persons, and I'm afraid I'd be inclined to put the so-called society folk at the opposite end of the scale. I don't know which would attract me more, if it is the actor's métier to be entertaining, amusing, while the society people grow dull in relying on others to do the social scintillating."

"I'd really like to go to parties. But with certain reservations and provisos, I'd hate to be bored. And I dislike showing crowds. Surely, though, it's fun to attend an amusing gathering of a few clever friends. Again, party-going is an insidious habit, like golf. I never knew a golfer who didn't neglect important things to improve his game. And the party-going virus is equally infectious. Once a golfer, or a party-goer, or a host, you can't take it or leave it alone."

"There are very few parties that evidence any thought or care upon the part of the hosts, either for the guests or for the guests. I mean the parties are stodgy and stulty, or the guests get stiff. There's certainly no artistry in them. And I think a perfect host is an artist of the first water. The host? Well, he hasn't much to do with it except to remain reasonably sober, which is all I've been doing for him. Men are such martyrs-in their own minds.

"I don't think there'll be much time for parties, in fact, I imagine my amanuensis standing as both hostess and guest will remain intact. I expect to be out at Shepherd's Bush, where the Commonwealth studios are located, from early in the morning until those long, lovely English twilights set in. They last until ten o'clock, you know. I'm a working girl, and the fact that the job is acting doesn't alter the necessity of being at the time-clock when the whistle blows."

"Yes, I've been abroad before, and I like London. I like any city, I'm born in a city. I'm a city girl. London, to me, is very liveable—if you get what I mean. It's cosmopolitan, too. A world capital which draws a colorful throng from the Continent and the Colonies. I like New York, too. It's alive. There's something to do. Hollywood is a workshop. There's no life aside from the studio. And that is all right, too, because Hollywood is like the office."

Swank, snappy steward had been beating gongs that rang like Chinese war tocsins. It was that sort, exciting time when "all's ashore that's going ashore." But Sylvia was back on her party.

"Now when—I mean—if I were to give a party..."

"I'm no sailing," I said, "and here you haven't given me a line to write about. Quick, what's your new picture?"

"Fardon, we're talking in the gangway," interrupted a courteous officer.

Sylvia leaned upon the rail. I was halfway down the plank. She called through collected hands:

"Joseph Conrad story... Robert Donat... Alfred Hitchcock directs... the title is 'The Hidden Power'... looks like Gau-..."

"I am not interested in the programme... good-bye... I'll be seeing you in two... three months... if I go to that garden party... I'll give your regards to the B... you know who..."

The big ship sighed, and started on its weary homogeneous miles. The band played. The people awoke waving to those aboard. There was confetti, The lucky ones were embarking on a big party—to get away-from-it-all. I wished hard that I might be sailing, too. Oh to be in England now that July is here—and Sylvia Sidney there!
TRAVELING weather—vacation time—and you're apt to be finding yourself hundreds of miles away from your friendly dressing table! Learn a lesson from vivacious Jane Hamilton, who looks like Santa on vacation. She's an adept in the noble art of traveling light, but you can be sure her essential beauty aids travel well with her.

Speaking of traveling light, did you know that airplane hostesses have to keep their weight down to a definite limit, even as low as 90 pounds? We know someone who can look as though she just stepped out of a bandbox. She's an adept in the noble art of traveling light, but you can be sure her essential beauty aids travel well with her.

Even if you're not sailing for Europe aboard the ship Hindenburg or having bon voyage said to you at the airport, you should keep your beauty luggage to a minimum for your own comfort. Save your time for fun and your suitcase space for clothes. Don't clutter it up with a lot of jars and bottles that are better left at home. Most of the cosmetic manufacturers make fitted travel cases that are wonderfully convenient. Everything you need for beauty is in one small case, ready to be picked up and carried to the airplane or pullman dressing room. These cases usually have mirror tops that provide a portable dressing table to be set up whenever you need it. There are the trial sets of cosmetics in small sizes which are grand space-savers.

We shouldn't be surprised if you've already discovered the little Glida cosmetic bag that slips into your purse. It holds your powder compact, rouge, eye make-up, comb and everything else you need for quick repairs in one easily grabbed container. It's closed with an air-tight Glida slide fastener, so your powder won't scatter through your purse or snarly cigarette ash get mixed up with your make-up.

You can now get a Glida fitted travel pouch, too. It's silken soft, gaily or soberly colored, as you prefer, and rubber-lined in an attractive contrast. It has a flat bottom for convenience and a slide fastener closing to insure against spilling or leaking. One handy compartment holds a wash cloth and another is left for whatever beauty aids you want to put in it. Slung fitted into pockets are two empty jars and a bottle, to be filled up with your own favorite creams and lotion.

Personally, we dedicated our bottle to eau de Cologne—a refreshing travel accessory no woman should be without. Have you tried "717"? You'll love it... either the fresh true eau de Cologne fragrance or one of their delightful floral scents.

We feel we can't be too strong in advocating beauty care en route. One is always meeting new people and first impressions are so important. However, we're perfectly willing to admit it's a difficult job to keep fresh and clean considering the difficulties of travel. A grand new aid to Summer freshness is Olorono Ice, and we're all for it! Patted over the under-arm areas, it is absorbed into the skin and gives protection lasting from one to two days. It's so cooling and soothing it makes you feel as if you'd just had a plunge in the ocean the minute you apply it!

One small bit of travel convenience we've resolved never to leave behind is a cigarette lighter called "Glolite." It's a cunning gadget. The one that's a permanent fixture in our own purse is slightly smaller than a lipstick and looks just like one. It lights a cigarette in two pulls. There's no flame to be blown out by the wind... and this lighter always works! You simply remove the swivel top, insert your cigarette into it gently without pressing so it crushes. Raise it to your lips, pull twice—and presto, you have a light. It's all so simple we grudge the time we've wasted looking for matches and waiting politely for somebody else to light a cigarette.

Entirely aside from its convenience and dependability, we're addicted to Glolite for purely beauty reasons. It's the first real innovation we've found against yellow stains on fingers. You see, the principle is that sulphur fumes from matches and not the cigarette itself are the chief danger. Remember the old theory that if you light your cigarette first and then put it in your mouth, it won't stain your fingers? This trick is still true in it, but try the trick for yourself and see how many matches you have before you get a light that stays lit. Much better to simply add a Glolite to your travel equipment, in the interest of your hands!

Lovely Kay Francis, with her reputation for flawless grooming wherever she may be, is an enthusiastic traveler by air. One of her secrets of traveling light, and still keeping her make-up intact, is a lipstick with a little chrome mirror concealed in its case. When she opens the top, the mirror pops out, jack-knife fashion... all ready to give her a clear view of her shapely lips while she touches them up, when and where needed. Corday is the maker of this space and time-saving gadget.

Whenever you go, your favorite perfumes should travel right along with you. Banish that fear of a broken bottle or leak saturating your suitcase contents with an overpowering scent! There are non-leakable containers that make perfume a perfect traveling companion. One-dram perfume sizes may be obtained at almost any perfume counter in a wide choice of fragrances. And now along comes Molinelle with a two-dram travel size, both leak-proof and dust-proof. A long metal cap fits securely over the top of the flat little bottle. Giro's diminutive Peti Par holds concentrated essences in lovely scents. The perfume is released one drop at a time and a single drip goes a long, long way.

Many seasoned travelers have learned the trick of using dry perfume or cologne. Burgers and Gallet provide seven of their most popular perfumes in such form. This dry perfume lends a delightfully sulfured and lasting fragrance when it is applied directly to the skin. It may be sprinkled into gloves, mixed with dusting powder or put in satin bags to be slipped between clothes or even worn with one's costume, pinned into a strategic spot.
impressed. I have a feeling that it would have pleased him. But not my mother. She's not a movie fan.

"But she does go to see your pictures, doesn't she?"

"Oh yes. But she keeps telling me I'll have to do a whole lot better if I want to keep going in this business."

"Well, mother," I said under my breath. Although I realized that this young "screen find" was far too sensible on his own account to be flattered by even a doing mother's praise.

"Did you ever play on the stage?" I asked him.

"Just in college, I was doing a part in "Journey's End," and pretty badly, too, when the M-G-M scout signed me up. Heaven only knows why."

"Was it your good looks" (Mr. Taylor looked positively pained with embarrassment) "or your hidden talents?" I asked facetiously, now that we had come to know one another better.

We both laughed, with Mr. Taylor exhibiting the even white teeth required of every handsome movie star. "You know," he informed me seriously, "that guy still called me 'Pomona Mugger' even after I had been training under the M-G-M bauher for over a year. He doesn't work there any more, or he might be calling me something worse now. He once told me that I was just a mug with big lips and heavy eyebrows."

Well, when the nation's most glamorous male star starts talking about himself in such a way it's time to change the subject, n'est ce pas?

Mr. Taylor was particularly delighted with the set-up for his next film, "His Brother's Wife." "M-G-M certainly gives me the breaks," he told me with sincere appreciation in his voice. "I'm to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck . . . ."

"Is that why the publicity hounds have been linking your name with Miss Stanwyck's from a romantic point of view?" I interrupted with pointed naivete.

"On the contrary," laughed Mr. Taylor. "I guess they decided to cast us together just because of the fact that we've been seen with one another so much lately."

"Well, it even itself up whichever way you care to put it," I smiled.

"You know, it's funny, but if you're seen with a girl more than once in Hollywood they start announcing your engagement. I've grown used to it. I don't even argue about it anymore. There was one gossip commentator who claimed that I was going 'too, too social' just because he saw me dancing with a girl at the Tropicana once. But I didn't tell you about my next picture. Think of being lined up with Irving Thalberg as producer, with Van Dyke as director, and with either John Barrymore or Jean Hersholt in the cast!" I looked properly impressed. "And Garbo comes next," I twisted him.

"I once played the role of Armand when we did 'Camille' at college," he informed me. "But, gods! I'll have to step some this time to match her performance, I can tell you."

As Mr. Taylor's eyes took on a somewhat worried expression at the thought of things to come, I changed the subject very kindly so as not to spoil his vacation by even the slightest shadow of a doubt that his Armand might not match up with Garbo's Camille.

"Outside of the theatre, how does New York strike you?" I asked.

"You have to dress up too much," he replied with a shake of his head. "You're always on parade. Now I like to slouch around in old slacks and sweaters and I hate to shave except when I have to . . . what chance has a fellow to do that in New York?"

"None," said I. "None at all," and noticing for the first time that Mr. Taylor was wearing with amazing grace the traditional Hollywood outfit of white slacks, white sweater and softly folded foulard scarf right here in New York's swanky Waldorf-Astoria, situated directly on Park Avenue. However, the slacks and the sweater and the white shoes weren't decorated with the slightest signs of wear and tear and smudges that Mr. Taylor professed himself in favor of. A concession to New York, no doubt.

"People fuss too much about clothes and the way they look," said he frowning in disapproval. "Especially girls. Why they have to keep so much make-up, I don't know. They'd look so much better just natural. Even on the screen I think that the girls would be more interesting if they'd let their hair blow about a little and not look so perfect all the time."

I agreed with him heartily at this point—although I disagreed with him as to the non-shaving idea and the slouching around in messy slacks and sweaters. But then, what man and woman ever did see alike on this business of non-shaving and non-dressing.
up? Women, generally, would rather be found dead than not looking absolutely correct for whatever happens to occur, whether they're vacationing in the desert or traipsing down Fifth Avenue. And men simply do not care. That's why they live longer than we, I suspect. They don't worry so much over trifles.

Now, if I've disappointed some of you fans who've fallen in love with the polished, sophisticated Robert Taylor of the screen, let me try to fix it all up with you. Mr. Taylor will shave and he will dress when the occasion demands it, and I've heard tell that he's one of the most gallant swain in Hollywood and will treat you like the Duchess of Towers if you happen to rate a date with him.

Besides which Mr. Taylor is exceptionally fond of dancing. Although he's very modest about his own prowess, admitting frankly that when once the girl of his choice dances with his friend, Cesar Romero, he sits out all the dances for the rest of the evening. In fact, dancing has got him down. He wishes that it was his long suit, but apparently it isn't.

What is his long suit? He's pretty good at tennis, but still, not good enough ... he's a fair musician, but nothing to write home about ... he's a good swimmer, but not first rate. Riding ... well, yes. If only they used the western saddle in Hollywood and a man could wear high heeled boots as he did back home in Nebraska then he'd feel he could ride with the best of them.

If you're matrimonially inclined, and like to think of Mr. Taylor as the lover of your dreams, I can recommend him as a most desirable choice, for he possesses one attribute every candidate for marriage should have—a dislike of being alone.

"If I'm left to myself for more than fifteen minutes at a time I get fidgety and start going places," he confessed.

Asked what kind of places he preferred most, and he straight-forwardly admitted that he likes to hunt out dance halls in out-of-the-way sections of the city.

"And then what?"

"Oh, I just sit and listen to the music. You can't possibly dance in those places. But the music is marvelous!"

So, if you have visions of yourself trailing gorgeously from one swanky night spot to another with Bob Taylor, movie hero, extraordinary, get that idea out of your mind pronto. But you could rely upon "going places and doing things" as a general run, because Bob avowed that he's not keen on mooping at home with a good book, although he said that he was ashamed of himself on this one point.

Furthermore, the fame Mrs. Robert Taylor need have no qualms about removing the war paint at bedtime each night. Bob will like her much better when her face has been treated to a generous dose of soap and water.

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**SMARTNESS!**

Ann Soberin wears this white organdie gown embroidered with tiny red stars and dots. The bodice is gathered into a halter-like band at the neck. Gores are in each side of the skirt to give it fullness. A big red moire ribbon bow is worn at the waistline in the back.

Marie Wilson selects an outfit in the colors of the desert. The skirt and cape are of desert tan crepe and her chiffon blouse is the vibrant color of the desert verbena. With this distinctive street costume, Marie wears a small-brimmed hat carrying out the color of her blouse.

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**NIGHT CLUB LOVE** [Continued from page 22]

men, but the picture was taken. His tawing at the press didn't do any good now.

Newspaper men entered Joan and Nicky. They had tried to make the elevator, but, like most elevators, it wasn't there when they needed it most. Nicky got Joan close against the shaft door while the questions rained on her: "How long have you known Farraday? ... Are you going to marry him? ... Was it love at first sight? ... Is he your ideal lover?"

Joan was beginning to wonder if she could hold out much longer. She had had enough of Farraday and enough of Nicky's schemes. All she wanted was to get away. The car came up the shaft; the door slid back just behind her. A strong arm reached out and whisked Joan in and the door slammed again. Joan was alone in the elevator, alone that is except for Ted and his photographer.

"I just wanted to have a little talk with you." Ted grinned with savage sarcasm.

"Of course I know you're not a gold digger. Perish the thought!"

"You don't understand," Joan moaned.

"Oh Ted—why won't you listen to me——"

No use appealing to Ted at this moment. He had seen the girl he loved chasing after Bruce Farraday, deliberately getting herself involved with a lama Romeo, notorious for his exploits with women. Injured pride added to Ted's fIrst and his voice was nasty as he broke in: "I understand enough, my dear. I've got to hand it to you, though. You sure had me fooled last night."

Ted took up pad and pencil.

"Now, let's get down to business. When did you first meet this lama?"
Joan was speechless with rage. He had told her to get out of his sight, had tugged his nightgown and the yellow prisoner between floors, at the mercy of a photographer who kept snapping more angles of her indignant face. "Pretty smart, and sexy," you could add.

"Not as smart as you, little one. Why, I expect to see sables and ermine around that pretty neck any day, now."

"You know what I’d like to see around your neck?"

Ted grinned. "Take my advice, baby, dig yourself in. After today, Ted’ll be there with my little pad and pencil when you turn your back.

Under the glaring headlines—*Roman Holiday* the foreign press wrote of the affair, wrote it out of the bitterness in his heart:

"We understand it was a case of love at first sight and why shouldn’t it be? Farraday’s income is said to exceed half a million dollars."

Joan read it through tears of anger. She looked at the full page halliwell, Bruce Farraday’s nickname, his nightgown, kneeling at the feet of his Juliet... herself! She hated Ted... she hated herself... she hated everybody connected with the idea.

Nicky was in an ecstasy over the business. Joan’s name and Joan’s picture roared across the million dollar edition. Publicity! It would be the making of Joan. He had visions of fat radio contracts, visions of the prosperity that would fall upon him, as Joan’s agent and manager.

"Look at those headlines," he cried, waving the newspapers. "You’re a sensation, You’re a sensation!" He paused and looked solemnly at Joan and Fitz. "Girls, we have come to the end of the rainbow! We have caught the bluebird!"

Fitz lifted a questioning eyebrow. "Well, look out she don’t lay an egg," she warned out of the deep wisdom of one who knew that Nicky’s fortunes were a one-way street, going from bad to worse.

At the moment Nicky’s fortunes led to the very swank apartment hotel where Farraday lived. Nicky secured a suite for them, for Farraday, who had fallen madly in love with Robert and began negotiating with big advertisers for a contract for Joan. The big advertisers liked the idea, but they didn’t want to sign the contract in Farraday and, unfortunately radio was one word that threw the actor into a screaming frenzy.

Nicky stood about as good a chance of getting Farraday to sign a radio contract as he would have to floating Queen Mary in his bathtub. But Nicky never quit trying.

To the hotel suite Ted followed Joan. Of course he told himself it was his job to follow Farraday’s newest Juliet so long as the story was hot. And of course Joan wasn’t any more interested in the half of a pack of cigarettes with the wrapper on a pack of cigarettes. Yet, somehow, he was always following her around. Maybe it was because she made him so mad!"

"And the next time you met Mr. Farraday, Ted" questioned her in her best journalistic manner.

"Yes," said Joan icily. She was furious at him. If he was determined to think her a gold digger, let him think so... she’d give him reason to think so!

"And the next time you met Mr. Farraday, what will you say?"

"What do you think?"

"The paper would never print it, my dear. And you of, of course, immediately fell in love with him."

"Completely," Joan agreed bitterly.

"Why?"

"Well, what girl wouldn’t? He’s handsome, romantic, gallant. The first time I saw him it was as though he had just walked out of a dream—"

"You mean you didn’t know, don’t you?"

"I worship him," Joan screamed. "I adore him. He’s the one man I’ve waited for all my life!"

The apartment door opened at that moment. Farraday came in, stopped, held the picture like the actor that he was. "My Juliet!"

"My Romeo!" Joan answered, falling into his arms.

"My hat!” shouted Ted and jammed it on his head in a hurry.

Hand it to Nicky, he had accomplished the impossible! Nicky had convinced Farraday’s promise that he would join Joan in an air program.

To get Farraday into that frame of mind Nicky had convinced him into a splendid half hour opportunity to prove to his brother-in-law, Robert, that he was capable of managing his own affairs. For the moment, at least, it looked as if Nicky had sprinkled salt

WHO is the most popular player in Hollywood?

Last year you voted Shirley Temple the winner of Silver Screen’s Gold Medal. Will she win again? Or have you a new favorite? Our September issue will enable you to cast a ballot for your favorite star.

Bette Davis will be our Cover Girl next month and Elizabeth Wilson is preparing a “Projection” that will intimately acquaint you with the story of this star, who was voted the greatest screen actress of 1935.

And if you like our “Hollywood Date Ten” you will want to test which screen star would prove your most satisfactory companion.

These and many other features will appear in our September issue, on sale at all newsstands Friday, August 7th.

THE EDITOR
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HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPsODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!
The job of retrieving Romeo had been left to Ted and Ted was pretty nearly at his wit's end. Finally, in desperation, he built a small fire in his hat and waited the smoke under the crack in the door. Robert could stand a lot, but incitement, even in the line of what he thought his duty to his brother-in-law, was asking too much. He burst out of the door and Ted captured Farraday.

In farm house and village lunch wagon, in Park Avenue pent houses and Bowery flop houses loud speakers had tuned into the coast to coast hook up. A breathless nation waited until there came, at last, Bruce Farraday's million dollar voice: "My main purpose in coming here tonight is to right a terrible injustice that has been done to a certain charming and delightful young lady, Miss Joan Warren, who is completely innocent of the malitious and unwarranted reflections on her character. I hope we shall always be good friends and I wish her all happiness which she deserves in her career." From the studio audience came a burst of applause. Farraday who despised the radio, brightened at that. Bowing gracious acknowledgement he went on, "And now for my millions of fans and admirers listening in, I shall do a few scenes from my next picture, Honeymoon..."

At that precise second, the period ended. A switch was thrown. Farraday was off the air. Joan had nested into Ted's arms and between them all was forgiven. The faithful Fitz and Al rejoiced with Nicky that at last they had one singer to manage who had a contract that paid real money. Robert, the cause of so much woe, sat in a locked hotel bedroom, hating the world. And in the broadcasting room, before a more than furious, Farraday was happy, reciting Shakespeare.

Beautiful Veteran

[Continued from page 29]

she laughed, "in spots... and a relief the finallly get started at all. Mother and I both have a mania for getting things out of the way--and very successfully disposed of our train and steamer tickets in the idea we burned up in the moment we learned of our predicament there wasn't a dull moment, but we succeeded in getting duplicates in time to meet the worst storm they've ever had in New York!"

Anita, it's my guess, could meet a sandstorm--and a lot of other things--without turning a hair on her pretty golden head or shifting the calm gaze of her serene blue eyes.

Anyway I decided to find out. (All rascals aren't screen stars!)

"What," I inquired in the off-hand manner that Groucho Marx would ask for Carrow as his leading lady, "tell me about this romance with Tommy Beck? And love--what about love?"

"No," she replied. "Why hardly ever have time to step out, though the minute I do go dancing at the Troc, or occasionally at the Cocoanut Grove, it seems that everyone is there, and love and no one will believe I'm not!"

"Now don't go telling an ol' debliv Cupid like me, with just a slight touch of the zone, that you're going to dedicate your last few declining years to teaching Philippines the gentle art of badminton!" (Badminton is Anita's special delight. She has a fine court at her home where Elizabeth Ryan, former woman's tennis champion, gives her lessons.)

But she assured me, "because I fully expect to marry when the right time comes--but I hope that won't be for years--well at least two--I've so much I want to accomplish. Nevertheless I won't say I'm not going to marry because if I met someone one'd sweep me off my feet I'd probably do that very thing tomorrow, and then I'd have to spend years making alibi!"

Smart girl.

Precisely what are the awfully important things you want to accomplish?"

"I'd like to stand for the sort of thing in Hollywood that Katherine Cornell does on the New York stage!"

"Ah--go on!"

"At the moment each picture I do is only a step in the direction of achievement--but," she insisted, "it really isn't really accomplishment!"

"I'd like most to do Juliet," she said, in a burst of confidence, "I've wanted to do the role long before Norma Shearer ever thought of doing it, but I'd like that opportunity now, when I'm just the age!" And I do hope for Anita's sake that some studio gets around to making "Romeo and Juliet" again before Shirley Temple becomes the pride of the Capulet.

For a girl who works as hard as Anita one would think she'd find relaxation on the scenic railway at Venice (California) or chunting-the-chutes at Coney Island--anything mildly insane. (As for me I'd collect star-sapphires like Carolot Lombard, I'm that loney! But Anita? Well, this'll give you an idea: Five years ago, when she was given her first big role, her mother told her she might have anything she wanted ... well, anything within reason, as long as you bring that up. It could be a car, a new and beautiful wardrobe, jewelry ... Do you think Anita reached across and picked the Eiffel Tower or the Warner Frises or even Robert Young? (ah, there, that's a laugh!) No, and I'm, she picked a harp! I said a HARP!"

"Is that all you want, darling?" her mother asked in a voice so sensitive, carried a note of alarm. Anita solemnly insisted a harp would make life complete.

And as done right well by it! Just before Christmas she gave a concert at the Pacific Institute and that, I'll have you know, is the cultural equivalent of living in the Garden of Allah apartments, having Leslie Howard's horse kick you, plus an Academy Award!"

But don't go over in a corner and mope, because the next thing pedantic about little Miss Louise. She has a book and she likes interpretive dancing--but she likes Fun, too, I'm happy to report.

Her crowd includes such regular youngsters as Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, daughter of the famous Fred, and "Jimmy" Lloyd. However, now that she's growing up she likes the "older" crowd too--insists they're every bit as silly, and implying such sensible playboys and girls as Jeannette McCarthy, Gene Raymond, Johnny Mack Brown and his wife and Pat and Eloise O'Brien!

Just before says Anita's test, for comic pictures, with "satisfying results," so before long, all her lovely coloring will be right there before you on the prismatic screen!"

"Right now I'm going to have the grandest time," she told me, "my first real holiday in nine years! I shall forget all about pictures and studios--and interviews."

"And interviews," she laughed in agreement.

"But what would happen if Sir Elstree were to draft you for a picture?"

There was just a second's hesitation, "I'd love to do picture in England," she admitted, realizing, as she smiled, that she'll never forget pictures or studio interviews. "Please," I cautioned her as I left, "be sure to come home. Of course we simply couldn't part with Merle Oberon, but that's another story and we intend to trade you down the river!"

"You forget my contract and "The Man from Kansas," I'll be back!"

And when she does they'll be serious competition for the Claudette Colberts, the Bette Davises and the Janet Gaynors, because Anita is a woman more than the stuff of which dreams are made. She's real, and for her only real reality is the very top!
"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESES 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.

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1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
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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.
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Please send the book called "Lysol vs. Germs" with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol.

Name
Street
City...State
Is Dying For Love A Thing Of The Past?

[Continued from page 31]

said Leslie, more gravely now, "but I think they die living deaths. I mean, I think they go about as much as they always did, living to all outward appearances, but with death in their hearts, where life and love once reigned, disfigured in their souvenirs which once harbored dreams—a living mental and spiritual death rather than the final and perhaps more dignified death of the body."

"And I do believe this—that when we see Romeo and Juliet on the screen, we are going, for the first time, to understand them fully; we are going to understand the really complex and ingenious plot of the play as we have never been able to understand it before because of the limitations of the stage. We will understand fully and in detail just why they died... for they were in a very complex situation. Not only was past sealed; it may be that in most cases, in any century, young people who die for love are dramatizing themselves—a basic human instinct. They might, if they had lived, done so; but the fact is that they die for love... and proceed to give the Receiving Hospital, the police, the Coroner's Office and their relatives a bitter smile and grief."

"Possibly the best cure for such a thing would be a good dose of counter irritation. If a young swain thwarted in love or a young maiden, whose romance is blasted would step out and seek other diversion for a time, a cure would be inevitable. But anyway, the newspapers prove that the human animal is about the same today as ever it was, same heart, lungs, liver and gizzard as in the days of Romeo. That's why Shakespeare is modern today—and he can prove it by the headlines!"

And then John Barrymore was gone, replaced by "Bloody Tybalt... Mercutio vanishing from my view as he was vanished from the view of the Veronese when he encountered Tybalt... Basil Rathbone, a tall, dark, sinister Tybalt, suggested that we abandon the motor bus and take up our stand by a fruit stand facing the Veronese street. He leaned against the golden lemon ours, vivid sun spots against the rich sombre ebony of his attire as he said: "Romeo and Juliet could 'happen' today only after Youth is gone. Great love stories now with years and not with hours or days. Romeo and Juliet today would be people in their middle years. For only after years of companionship, wounds had struck jointly and deep would death be preferable to life—alone. After the close-together years, after the marriage of habit, which is the only true and tested marriage, only then would it be unendurable for one to face life without the other. Then and only then, I think, could dying for love be conceivable—or probable."

"If either of the lovers could live today, it would be Juliet. There are, possibly, girls who would be Jullets if they were given any encouragement. It is Romeo who is dead... When I was playing Romeo to Barrymore's Juliet, in the crowd of young college boys came back stage to see me one night. They wanted to talk to me about Romeo and Juliet. But I can't wasn't the sort of subject!" And I said to them 'My lads, the age of the he-man is gone! In Verona, in these days, the men were painted and powdered. I believe that is true. But they were walking with death every hour of the day, with swords unsheathed—to kill. Today what do we have? The football hero, helmented, protected, the victim of a few broken bones, perhaps. No... Romeo is dead and for want of him Juliet, too, has perished from the earth, and not until the middle years can such love flower and die for its own sake."

Tybalt waved his sword and withdrew... and Ralph Forbes, playing the illustrious Paris, carried on with the lemons... Paris was in tweeds. For Ralph was not working that day. And after the black silk tights, the black locks, the sword and flashing teeth of Tybalt I felt an appreciable relief at sight of tweeds and a cigarette package... Said Ralph: "Definitely not Juliet and Juliet day live and love and die today—if they are young enough. After one has braved one's early twenties hardening of the arteries of the streets in, I should say. Philosophy de-thrones passion. The vulnerable age is safely passed. The age when love is all-devouring and unbalanced."

I think that the rapid-fire machine age intensifies desperate love rather than moderates it. I believe that Romeo and Juliet would have died even sooner if they had lived in the torrential Twentieth Century. Everything today is frenzied and frantic—so and so is love. And the only thing more than this and more is the possibility. PROPINQUITY is easy today, of course, but propinquity doesn't lessen the emotion of love. On the contrary. Swains still moon for the campus belle—and die for her. And, only if they live long enough are they safe! For, with maturity comes other interests and other richnesses and other alternatives. Love becomes a part of the varicoloured pattern, not all of it. There is too much left for love to make death for one emotion desirable or even possible. If Romeo and Juliet had survived the twenties," smiled Ralph, "they would have lived to a ripe old age..."

Miss May Oliver, playing Juliet's Nurse, gave a vast snort when I put my question to her. Edna May, the lover's giver-between, the interarydia between two evenly-matched good hearts, said: "Occasionally, dear, love rolls itself off me as water from a duck's back... what should I know of love? Yes, what do I know of love? Let's see... I'm the nurse of love... Young Love, Middle-aged Love. Old Love. Young Love—for it would not die of its own maddeningly the way there are two maddeningly books. Middle Aged Love would not die for love—there are too many interests in the middle years..."

Yet many other "-consuming passions," such as Contract and horse racing and radio programmes and Keeping Up With the
Joneses and window shopping and gossip and Women’s Clubs and such. Dear me, no, there wouldn’t be time to die for love. Then comes Old Love, and only then, I think, does one die for the other. But Nature, not Man, takes care of that. Nature, not in position yet the desperate sword...one simply and quite naturally follows the other into death as one has quite simply and naturally followed the other into room to room in the house of Life, for lo, these many years! Romeo and Juliet at eighty-five and ninety—yes. For all the other Ages and Stages of Man—no, no, nonsense, my dear!” said Nurse Edna May Oliver.

Conway Tearle, boldly and imposing as the Prince of Verona, spoke to me from his horse’s back whereon he was presiding over the frantic Veronese. He said, this descendant of famed Shakespearean actors, this veteran of many a Shakespearean role: “No...Romeo and Juliet are impossibilities today. Love has become a question of common sense. The boy of eighteen in our time is equal in wisdom and capability to the man of forty in the days of Romeo. He knows how to handle situations, the modern lad. He would not throw the world away for love because he knows very well that to do so would be a stupid and an adolescent gesture—and quite unnecessary. Romeo couldn’t have lived and love today because Romeo has grown up.”

Reginald Denny, seated beside me on a marble street bench under the horse’s head, took up the theme song. He said, wearing impressively the habiliments of Malvolio: “I don’t agree with the prince. Romeo and Juliet could live and love today—if they were very young. And by very young I mean, not eighteen and twenty, but girls and boys of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Boys and girls still half children, and so, stunned and kept if faced with adult emotions and problems. But it would have to happen to the very young...it would have to be the work of a desperate hour or half hour. And even then—is it love? Was it love, real love, with Romeo and Juliet? Did it endure long enough to survive the test of time? The party at the Capulets strikes me as singularly like a color poem...young Romeo entering masked, a fraternity house where, let us say, he has no right to be. He has come for a glimpse of one damsel. He espies another and it is, on the instant, off with the old love and on with the new. Then comes the fraught and tragic moment, the two half-children caught in a web of circumstance with which they could not cope—and the deadly, desperate deed is done.

There is not much difference, I think, between the Then and the Now, given the same intense drama and two youngsters of the same ages. They were modern enough in their emotions. Juliet knew what she wanted and went right after it. Even as the Julies of today know what they want—and get it. Juliet may have been talking to herself in the famous balcony scene, but I’ve always felt a strong probability that she knew Romeo was lurking there in the moon shadows all of the time. If one is young enough sighed Malvolio, “then time and nationality make no difference...”

And C. Aubrey Smith, every considerable inch Lord Capulet, said: “Simply hot blooded youth...what has time or place to do with it? It is the same, down through the centuries...it is timeless and eternal...”

And so, do we die for love today? What do you think? Do you agree with Juliet, with Romeo, with Tybalt, with Mercutio? For they all disagree—and of such stuff is drama, and argument, made.
Lips that win love must be free from
lipstick parching

What makes lips look kissable? Ardent color. And even more important—a smooth, silky texture that suggests youth, romance...

Never use a lipstick that dries, parches, ages. Get protection, along with deliciously warm color, by using the new Coty "Sub-Deb!"

This wonder lipstick actually smooths and softens! It gives your lips a soft, moist lustre. A new ingredient, "Essence of Theobromin" makes this possible.

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.

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Did you listen to Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable on the air in the little play, "The Legionnaire and the Lady"? Here is how they looked when broadcasting.

Projections [Continued from page 17]

about the most anti-social of the stars. Even more so than Garbo. However, once she gets there she usually manages to have a very good time. When she first came to Hollywood she refused nearly all party invitations chiefly because of her great inferiority complex, but she has outgrown that in the last few years and now can usually be found at parties given by the Sam Goldwyns, Marion Davies, the Countess di Frasso, and Connie Bennett. Claudette made her debut into the social whirl in New York City at the age of thirteen, and it ended rather disastrously. Her brother Charles became very sentimental over his pretty little sister one night so he invited her to dine and dance with him at old Sherry's. Claudette was thrilled to tears, a handsome brother and a night club, and she could stay up until eleven. It was all too good to be true. It was. Hardly had Claudette finished her jellied consomme when a young man, somewhat inebriated, danced past her table, noticed her big shining eyes and her long curls, and muttered, "They are sure picking them young this year." Charles bristled. He waited until the young man staggered to the men's room. He followed him in. The young man didn't come out for quite some time, and long after he did, Charles was escorting little Miss Colbert home to her parents.

Claudette was born on the Rue Armand Carrel, Paris, France, early in the morning of September 15, the second child of Monsieur and Madame Chauchoin, and it was the last time in her life she wasn't late. As is the French custom a baby's birth and name must be registered at once at the local mairie. So Claudette's father, who looked exactly like Ronald Colman, stopped by for two tradesmen, the two witnesses to the law required, and at the City Hall proudly wrote "Lily Chauchoin" on the registration blank handed him. "Mais non, mais non!" shouted the little French mayor very excitedly. "Lily, it is forbidden. Lily is not a saint's name!"

Now wouldn't you just know that France would be like that. There are 365 days in the year and 365 saints' names and little Christian babies must have a saint's name, and Lily it seems was a bit of Old World heresy. Poor Mr. Chauchoin was quite upset. He lade full sentences from his wife and family to name the baby Lily, and here was France objecting to Lily. And the two nice tradesmen who had so gallantly accompanied him to the mairie had jobs to go to, and he just couldn't ask them to wait while he rushed home for a family conference. So rather than delay the trades-

Did you listen to Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable on the air in the little play, "The Legionnaire and the Lady"? Here is how they looked when broadcasting.

Projections [Continued from page 17]

considerably dosed a heroin.

She considers it no great crime if you misspell her name and it's of the least importance whether you call it Colbair or Colbert. Of course Claudette would make a lie out of that fine old English bromide through by having her name appear, ten years after the incident reported above, across the marquee of the Paramount Theatre, at Broadway and 43rd Street—the Crossroads of the World, my dear, and quite public.

If you are planning to invite Miss Colbert to dinner some evening there are a couple of little items about which I had better tip you off. In the first place Claudette is a point killer. She absolutely, positively, refuses to listen to a joke more than twice. "I've heard that one," she will announce just as you are launching enthusiastically into your pet story, "It's the one about the salmon eggs, isn't it? Yes, I've heard that one." I've often wondered why a hostess hasn't murdered her long before now.

Naturally she is going to be from one to two hours late, so beware of the sauce. And beware of spinach, too, because no matter how disarmingly it looks in a cute little gelatine roll with little rosebuds of potatoes stuffed inside and there, it is still spinach to Colbert.

And how to amuse your favorite cinema star after dinner? Don't bring out the bridge table. Claudette won't play. But if you can possibly manage to have two men get into a skin of some kind your party is a success as far as Colbert is concerned. She is the worst push-over for two men in a skin. She doesn't care whether it is a horse skin, or a bull skin, or a lion skin, and she doesn't care whether the men skate or dance or just cavort—she dies laughing, to her it's the funniest thing in the world.

She's also a sucker for fortune tellers. Not that she will ever go to one, but if they are a part of the entertainment she will go mad over them. She believes everything they tell her (she always gets "good" fortunes) and is always positive that the fortune teller is ignorant of her identity. "Can you imagine," Claudette will say, "that woman told me that I was in pictures. That I would be famous and sign a new contract. Why she's perfectly marvellous." Of course even the most brilliant of us have to have one loose screw I suppose, tsh, tsh.

Claudette isn't exactly what you might call a party girl. The very idea of parties in general does not appeal to her. She is
men. Mr. Chauchoin who was a thoughtful, considerate man, took matters into his own hands and wrote "Emily" on the book which pleased France and the saints, and the mayor, and the tradesmen, but which definitely did not please Madame Chauchoin. Whether France liked it or not the baby was called "Lily."

And how did Lily Chauchoin get to be Claudette Colbert? It's practically the story of Claudette's life up until the time she went on the stage. The little Lily took a decided dislike to her name when she was a little girl on Lexington Avenue and had to walk through a bunch of American kids on her way to the Park with her mother every afternoon. "There goes Lily Shoe-string," they would shout. Lily would have liked to have forgotten for the moment that she was a little lady and given them a kick on the shins but her mother was always there to remind her. When Charles went away to school he changed his name to Wendling for practically the same reason (except that Charles kicked plenty of shins first) but Lily did nothing about it until she was fourteen and ready to enter Washington Irving High School.

At that time she was very interested in art and all the pupils signed their drawings with their names boxed in down in a corner of the paper. Lily Chauchoin just wouldn't box no matter how you looked at it. So the child fretted for several weeks and then took her troubles to her mother. "Lily won't box," she complained. "Why can't I have a name with nine letters in it so it will box beautifully in the corner."

So Madame Chauchoin thought and thought and finally suggested Claudette. Lily was delighted, and immediately adopted the name for her own. So Lily Chauchoin became Claudette Chauchoin because it boxed beautifully. When Claudette was seventeen and decided to be an actress she also decided that something must be done about Chauchoin as somehow or other she couldn't exactly see it on a marquee and besides no two American people pronounced it the same way. Again she went into a name huddle with her mother and the result of that was that Claudette adopted the name of her great-grandmother which was Colbert. And so—Claudette Colbert. She has no intention of making any more changes.

But it seemed for quite some time there that Claudette Colbert didn't have much chance of making a marquee even if it was a carefully chosen name. After graduating from high school, and trying with no success to sell her drawings, Claudette became a French teacher to naughty, spoiled, Park Avenue brats who weren't the least interested in parlez-vous—but, the minute their papas glimpsed the little French teacher they became interested in parlez-vous—in fact, too interested. Every time Claudette met a papa she lost a pupil. But about then Fate stepped in in the shape of Morrison who gave Claudette a small part in "The Wild Westcoots." It opened in New York at the Frazee Theatre Christmas week of 1917. Claudette was an actress.

But no name in lights, no star dressing room, no boxes of orchids—heavens no! Our Glamour Girl was nothing more nor less than a curtain raiser. She came on the first few minutes of the first act, she wore a red dress, and she said in rapid succession, "Isn't it lovely?... "It's a beautiful party"... "Oh, I'm hungry"... and went off the stage, to be heard from no more until the next evening. As Clarence Wyckoff, famous first nighter, told her later, "My dear, I didn't see you. I got something in my eye for a second and when I opened it you were gone."

"Weren't your family awfully proud of you?" an interviewer once asked Claudette. "No, not especially," said Claudette. "I

She knows her MEN!

The girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. She knows how it is to avoid —with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

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Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

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Another Way Mum Helps is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.
think they were mostly just amazed that I could make fifty dollars for doing so little.

Those fifty dollars were few and far between, Claudette did plenty of pavement pounding and coffee grabbing in automat before she became an established Broadway star. It was "The Kiss in the Taxi" that enched her as a New York actress—and how near she came not to get that cherished role she did not know until several years later she met Jeanne Eagles, the petted darling of Broadway, at a party. "I saw your dress rehearsal, Claudette Colbert," Miss Eagles told her, "Al Woods invited me. He told me that he was going to hire you that night. That he wasn't pleased with the way you were acting the part. I said, 'Al, don't be a fool. That girl has talent. She'll be a hit,' I was right, wasn't I, Claudette Colbert?"

Claudette became a Broadway star with her name in lights in 1926. It was while she was playing in "The Barker" the next year that she met and married Norman Foster, the good looking juvenile of the play. It was also while she was playing in "The Barker" that she made her first moving picture, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon. She wasn't really "discovered" on the screen until the following year when she made "The Lady Lies" with the celebrated cast of Walter Huston, Jean Dixon, Charlie Ruggles and Tom Brown. She has been on Paramount contract ever since. She gave up the stage in 1929 with Elmer Rice's "See Naples and Die" and ever since has been making pictures, first at Astoria, and then in Hollywood. And now well know she won the Academy Award in 1935 for her performance in "It Happened One Night."

Much has been written about the Colbert sense of humor, and badly written. I may add, for I, who am usually the most tolerant person in the world, invariably find myself muttering after reading a Colbert "humor" story—"Well, if that's funny I'll eat my hat." It is very difficult, I have discovered, to report humor successfully unless of course one is an Alexander Woollcott, an Edna Ferber, or a Robert Benchley, which of course one isn't. So much depends upon the time, the place, and the situation. So it is with fear and trepidation that I now endeavor to give an example of Miss Colbert's sense of humor.

We were driving one day in Bel-Air—Claudette wanted to see what her new house in Holmby Hills looked like from a distance—when we came face to face with the magnificent Hormel estate. "Whose home is that?" Claudette asked. "That is Mr. Hormel's home," I answered, "of the Hormel hams. See what ham can do for you?" "That's nothing," said Claudette with a wave of her hand to her own estate across the canyon. "See what ham has done for me." (What, you don't think it's funny? Maybe you're right. But just show me another movie star in Hollywood who would laugh at herself like that. My dear, you have no idea how seriously those Hollywood Cuties take their Art.)

Claudette admits (which is something for a movie star to do) that she has faults—two of them being very bad faults. Her lateness and her comas. She has never been on time for a social engagement in her life. She doesn't mean to be rude or indifferent, she just can't gage time. If she doesn't know you very well she will probably not keep you waiting longer than an hour, and she will arrive breathtakingly beautiful and so utterly charming and contrite that you will immediately forgive her for everything and mentally curse yourself for thinking an unkind thought of her. But—if you're a friend of long standing it's entirely dif-

Margaret Lindsay wears a silver fishnet gown in "Public Enemy's wife." The dress is slashed from neck to waist in the back and tied with silver cord bows.
lent. She'll keep you waiting anywhere from one hour on and when she arrives and you are all set to explode with, "And where the hell have you been?" she will beat you to the punch every time. You can't even open your mouth before she has started on a tirade that leaves you gasping in amazement. Somehow or other, I have never figured it out, she convinces you that it was all your fault that she was late.

Even in the throes of romance Claudette just couldn't be on time. But poor Doctor Jack Pressman didn't know that. The first date he made with her was to take her to lunch, and he waited for her exactly an hour and a quarter. By then it was nearly time for him to keep his appointments at his clinic so he had to take her to the nearest drive-in stand—and the poor doctor had visions all week of a quiet secluded table at the Town House. Claudette ordered a hamburger with a sliced tomato, and the tomato squashed right out when she took a bite and spread all over the doctor's new white pants which he had bought for the occasion. The luncheon was not all it should have been. It speaks awfully well for the doctor's love and devotion that he made a second date, and later married her.

Just sometime, for the pure delectation of it, keep Claudette waiting five minutes. Have you ever seen Vesuvius erupt?

Claudette's second major fault is not so bad, but a little disconcerting. While you are talking to her she will go off into a complete coma. There will be a prop smile on her face but you know darned well that she isn't listening to a word you are saying. (Lately she re-arranges the furniture in the house while you are telling her about the preview you saw the night before.) The best way to get even with Miss Colbert when she goes vague on you is to stop suddenly and say, "Don't you think so, Claudette?" And blandly watch her struggle to recall the conversation.

And now that we've had such a fiesta with Claudette's faults we might as well give her the benefit of a few virtues, don't you think? Though I was always one to belittle virtues in print and worship them in real life. Claudette is the most loyal person you may expect to meet in this world. As a matter of fact I think she overdoes loyalty—but that's not for the likes of me to say. And, too, there is absolutely no jealousy or envy in her entire make-up. Often, oh quite often, another star will be given a picture that Claudette was crazy to do, but she's never the least bit bitter about it, and always goes to the preview prepared to admire her rival's performance. And that is rare in Hollywood.

She abhors all phony sentiment and is never taken in by it. She's quite a sentimental person, really, but she'd die before she'd let you guess it. Yes, Claudette may be fond of you but it will take several years before you catch on. Claudette often worries because she has no hobbies—she just can't get interested in hobbies no matter how hard she tries. "I have a positive genius for wasting time," she says. "I can just sit and do nothing for days."

Well, after all, if you can get through the immigration authorities, and the New York public schools, and become a Broadway star, and a number one Hollywood Glamour Girl all in the course of twenty years I think we might be pretty safe in saying that Claudette has done it right. Yes, we're pretty safe in calling that the gamut.

**JOAN CRAWFORD, who would never wear her hair in curls as a child, is thrilled because she has curls in "The Gorgeous Hussy."** Joan loved curls so when she was a kid that she well remembers the day she took the scissors and cut off all her locks that her mother had carefully curled. She got a good spanking.
Everybody Loves a Singer

(Continued from page 39)

instance, he says "been" with a long "e" instead of using the conventional clipped American "bin." His Highness would like to speak with Miss Moore's husband.

"He told Valentin that he, too, spoke Spanish." Miss Moore retold the incident to me, for she joined her husband in talking to the royal guest. "And when he spoke a few words to prove it, we discovered that he did not speak the dialect that is regarded as official, and that of royal origin, but one of the variations that is heard in South America.

"Val told him that his Spanish sounded very much like it had been learned on the pampas, and he confessed, with a laugh, that the Argentine was just where he had learned to speak it. But no matter about his Spanish accent, he has an excellent knowledge of politics and policies in the Latin countries. My husband talked at certain length with him on these subjects and was impressed with his understanding of intimate phases of Latin problems. I found him witty, charming and intelligent, and apparently well equipped for the duties of state which so soon fell to him."

This meeting with the man who became England's King was one highlight of Grace Moore's London fortnight. Another ecstatic moment was when Queen Mary arose, paused, instead of immediately leaving her scarlet and gold royal box, and stood applauding the golden notes of this American Alist. There were other exciting moments... but perhaps you would like to follow all of Glamorous Grace's exciting London adventures, day by day, thrill by thrill, just as she told them to me, and which I wrote down in diary-like form. After writing them, I sent them to her to read and correct, and this is the message she wrote to me, in her own characteristic, decisive script: "... a lump came into my throat, for you made me remember how lonely my first London season really was!" But here is Grace Moore's London diary starting with May 30: The white cliffs of Dover this morning. Perhaps we can find a little rest before the first performance of "La Boheme" on June 6th. Val says in London people will not recognize us. He said the same thing about Paris when we docked at Havre, but I have never seen such seething mobs. We tried to go incognito to our favorite restaurants—some of the little places where we ate when we honeymooned four years ago. Sentimentally, we crossed this time on our Romance Ship, the Ile de France. It was on this boat that we first met. There is a little out-of-the-way cafe in Paris where the bouillabaisse is delicious. That is, if you like fish soup.

At the cafe there was no time to eat the soup. Autograph hunters discovered us. They were polite about asking for signatures; the French are always polite about everything, that is why I adore them. Even in murder (I am sure it would be a crime of passion!) a Frenchman would probably say: "Pardon, Madame, may I insert the knife, neatly—so!—over the heart, and plunge it in? "Merve!"

I love the crowds for wanting to talk to me, but I am so tired from making "Love Me Forever" and from the radio series. "We want to go to London," said Val. "These no one will know you. We shall have a rest before the Covent Garden performances." St. Lazare, the Paris train terminal, was packed with people bidding us goodbye. Dover, too, was packed, greeting us. At the London station the fuddy-duddy English policemen cleared traffic for us. "Val," I said reproachfully, "I thought you said they wouldn't know us."

June 2: Sunday, and I haven't left our suite
for three days. There are crowds below in the street, calling "We want Grace! We want Grace!" London is beautiful this season. Tinsel wreaths are everywhere, and flags and bunting. Whole houses are decked like maharajah's palaces. Poles are topped with twisted colors. Scafoldings are hidden with velvets, silver-fringed.

A charwoman who has just come in for an autograph tells me that Mr. Selfridge, the London merchant, has spent ten thousand pounds for decorations, and has erected in Oxford street a great gilded statue that exactly one million people have come to see. Tomorrow is the Trooping of the Colors in the Horse Guards' Parade in front of Whitehall. And in the evening is the Derby Ball at Grosvenor House, and here I am marooned in a hotel suite with three secretaries answering the 'phones. The first day in London I gave thirty-four interviews. Val just cut the 'phone wires. Now we shall have peace... I hope.

June 5: Vocal exercises most of the time. We managed to use the service stairs successfully last night and found a picturesque old "pub" to dine in. Noel Coward told us about it when last we saw him in Hollywood. But the crowds discovered our ruse, and now all three entrances, including the servants', are besieged. Tomorrow night is the night, and I'm nervous. I sing better when I am nervous. I put forth my best efforts.

It doesn't seem that Noel will be in London in time for the first performance. He has been in the Orient and sent word, by radiogram, that he was taking all the fast ships, trains, and planes, that he could to reach London in time. Val will be in the audience, and will be the one familiar face in the vast theatre. I am the second American singer to appear in the grand old place, full of the ghosts of Dame Melba, Forbes-Robertson, Sir Beethoven Tree, Rosa Ponselle was first, some years ago.

My husband came in with exciting news. Mr. Goodwyn Eye, the Covent Garden impresario, told him that for thirty-two hours before tickets for the Grace Moore appearance were put on sale, a line of people formed. For an hour after the line grew, until scalpers came along with wooden boxes which they rented as seats. When the box-office did open for the sale of tickets to another attraction which was scheduled to appear earlier at the Garden. Mr. Eye said his ticket seller opened the window, thrust out his head and asked the people to step up and make their reservations. "We're waiting for the Grace Moore tickets to go on sale," the crowd answered, almost to a person. I'm so thrilled. I hope I don't disappoint all my dear, friendly people. Supposing my voice should fail! as it did early in my career. Perish the very thought!

June 6: I can't begin to tell you the supreme joy of last night. For ten million of the beloved, appreciative audience of Britons steadily applauded my Mimi. Fifteen curtain calls, an encore of "La Boheme." And the English are called "cold" audiences. Six curtain calls after each act. First there was the overture with Puccini's lovely music. My cue came as I stepped onto the stage with my heart in my mouth, truthfully. Val, sitting front row, center, said he waited for my first notes, while the house was silent, too, with an attitude that was friendly—yes—but questioning. Then came the first note, and Val said he sat back with confidence. He knew I was safe.

The audience was thrilling. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was in Mr. Peter Carleton's box. Princesses Marie Louise and Helen Victoria were in the stalls. The dancer, Tilly Losch, Hollywood's Kay Francis, Princess Hohenlohe, Lord Richard Nevill, C. B. Cochran, the producer, lady Jowitt, Lady Jean Rankin, Lady Edwina (I sang at one of her great parties later) and Countess Howe, Lady Gifford Fox, and

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Al Jolson has just purchased a new telescope for his hill-top home. Al claims the telescope is so powerful that anything less than ten miles away looks like it's behind you.

countless others were present. Afterwards, the Claridge supper for a hundred or more. Everyone was so good, kind, thoughtful. There were flowers wired from New York, Hollywood, Jellies—the little Tennessee town where I was born. The London Daily Mail counted one hundred and forty baskets of flowers. I very nearly wept at the thought of the blessed good wishes that prompted those offerings.

June 7: I was able to see a bit of the Jubilee city today. It looks like a scene from some fantastically beautiful opera, with people surging through the streets. Some of them are in donkey carts, having come from the remote provinces. They have come by bus, on foot, by motor, to the events. Cars with the royal crown, bearing the marks of the diplomatic corps, minor royalties, cars with men on the boxes in bright-colored family liveries, trams, buses, all mixed together and surging through the narrow streets over which suspend balconies that look like hanging gardens.

June 8: My second performance. "Bobbies" at the stage door to hold back the crowds. The house completely sold out. As we made our entrance into the theatre a little old lady stopped me. "Miss Moore," she said, "I simply must hear you sing tonight, and they tell me there isn't a seat in the house." She pushed several bundles of cancelled theatre stubs into my hands. "Look," she said, "I have been to 'One Night of Love' sixty-four times. Here are the seat checks to prove it. Don't you think there is some way in which you might get me into the theatre?" Don't. I did! Mr. Toye arranged to have an extra seat thrown up for her, and that little old lady heard me sing Mimi.

We were taken, after the performance, to the Royal Box and presented to the Duke and Duchess of York. She is lovely, charming and simple and he discussed brilliantly the progress made by the films and the unlimited possibilities as yet untouched by them. Simplicity is always a sign of really great people. You can count on that.

June 12: My last performance. The Queen was there. And Noel was able to hear me. He arrived in town at 7:30 P.M.! Fortunately, Val was able to secure a seat (by some magic means) and barked, shaped, and faultlessly dressed for the evening. Noel was in that seat at precisely 8:15, exactly forty-five minutes after he had arrived in London. You know the song—"... mad dogs and Englishmen!"

The Queen was there on last night, too. Regal, impressive, yet utterly human, she sat in the Royal Box, two tiers up from the parquet; a beautiful, vivid bouquet of pink and red carnations on the rail before her. As I took my bows at the final curtain, I made a deep, formal curtsy to Her Majesty, and—at the moment when my bow was deepest—my eyes found Noel sitting next to Val in the front row. I smiled at him, delighted, surprised, at his presence, and, impulsively, blew him a kiss, then continued the stately curtsy to her Majesty.

I think she may have smiled. I don't know. I wouldn't say that she did. But any impulsive gesture, in the presence of one of the most revered persons in the British Empire, brought a quick flash of memory of the impetuous girl who ran away from a Washington, D. C., school to conquer worlds. She might have ruined the effect of her bow to a great queen by blowing kisses to a friend in the stalls! Until the day I die, I know I shall never forget my nervousness at that moment.

But it was soon over. Once again came a bow before the cheering audience, and as my eyes went to the Royal Box I saw Her Majesty, Queen Mary, delaying her departure while she too stood standing to applaud me, a charming smile lighting up her face. I knew I stood in the presence of a great Queen and a still greater woman, for her graciousness gave me a memory that I can remember in the days when I have stepped from the higher places of the artistic world to the peace and tranquility of being the wife of Valentin Parera.
be placed on the payroll, Jimmy Durante’s pay was so depleted by “touches” that, finally, the studio insisted on banking most of it for him. Otherwise, he would have left the Coast with less money than when he arrived. Jimmy Cagney, Pat O’Brien and Dick Powell are three prime favorites, simply because of their charities on the Coast.

It long has been my belief that when you cast your bread upon the waters, inevitably, it does return a hundred-fold. In the first place, the immediate reaction is cleansing. The spiritual “lift” which your character experiences, upon the performance of a swell deed, is worth the sacrifice of time or money. In the long run, these good deeds always return to you in some form or other, for you can’t convince me that they do not become wordless prayers for the individual who performs them.

When Countess Barbara Hutton Von Retenhow was seriously ill, after the birth of her child, and the doctors were issuing those dreaded hourly bulletins, I sent her a cable to Dorchester House, London: “Dear Barbara,” it read, “thousands of New York’s poor who enjoyed Christmas dinners through your generosity are filling the air with prayers for your speedy recovery stop You Will recover just wait and see.”

On the two preceding Christmas holidays, Barbara had sent me a check for $5,000 for Christmas baskets. Each year, close to 500 baskets had been made available for the poor through these checks. I knew that the poor would not forget her in her moment of desperate illness. When I cabled her my assurance that she’d recover, I was banking on their prayers to pull her through. Doctors perhaps will scoff at such a naive view, but you’ll never convince me otherwise.

Not long ago, one of the big passenger planes crashed a short while out from Newark. One of the survivors was the wife of Mayor Meyer Ellenstein, of Newark, N. J. Annually, Mayor Ellenstein gives a big benefit performance for New Jersey’s orphans. The ac cumulated prayers of those youngsters were in his wife’s corner when that plane crashed. I told that to him: “That’s what I think, too, Ed,” was his sober response.

It stands to reason that if there is an equivalent debit mark for all the miserable things that are done to each other by humans, there is correspondingly a credit mark for each charitable action or thought. The celebs of Hollywood have piled up a great number of these credit notations. It is interesting to note, is it not, that the stars who shine brightest in the Hollywood constellation are noted for their largesse of heart and purse. Perhaps this coincidence is accidental—but I don’t think so, and on second thought, neither will you.

“The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.” You might imprint that on every foot of celluloid that comes out of Hollywood, for these Coasters are pretty nice people.

NELSON EDDY, who recently returned to Hollywood after a concert tour, says that after his concerts the girls would gather around and he would think “My, my, how they appreciate my singing,” but before he could beam upon them they would say, “Mr. Eddy, please tell us about Bob Taylor.”
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Silver Screen for August 1936

WIND and WAVES

No Luck In Specialties

[Continued from page 35]

the talent scouts have sought her out any-
way, if dancing musicals hadn't suddenly
become the rage? It's problematical. Eleanor
admitted on the set of "Broadway Melody"
herself was limited in reading lines. Her
friendship with Una Merkel started when
Eleanor established herself as a dancing specialist. It was this specialty that brought her to the attention of those
who gave her the chance that made her famous. If she is given a second dramatic
chance, will she be just as lucky again?
Your answer is as good as mine.

At Franchot Tone's birthday party, I met
George Murphy. This dancing Irishman
is a close friend of Fred Astaire and, together
with his wife, Julie Murphy, comprised one
of the famous dancing teams around New
York. Nightly they packed the Park-Casino
to the doors. But after nine long years at
the steady grind, the Murphy became a little restless. They found themselves
arguing about imaginative hurts. Both were
so exhausted it took very little to disturb their unsettled lives.

Because they are two nice people and
very much in love, Julie decided to quit her
career and become the little housewife.
But the problem that faced them was finding
another partner for George. Hollywood
took care of that. (It would.) George was
offered a contract to come west and dance
for the movies. The Murphy arrived in
less time than it takes to say Metro Goldwyn
Mayer or Twentieth Century-Fox.

Outside of one dancing job with Eddie
Cantor, George Murphy has practically
kept his tap shoes packed away in moth
balls. He was under contract to Columbia
but only danced an occasional step. Paramount wanted a leading man for "Man-
trap." They took one look at George's
broad shoulders, his good natured smile
and his nonchalant manner. He was signed
the next day. But he didn't dance.

Now George is under contract to MGM.
As they haven't been able to find a good
dramatic role for him! Did I say there is
no luck in specialties? (It must have been
that little man behind me.) George is one of the best specialists in his line. But
he's beginning to wonder if he shouldn't go
out and buy himself a cape and let his hair
grow.

Who do you think gets the most fan
mail at the Warner studios? Almost automati-
cally your thoughts should turn to Bette
Davis, the young lady who specializes in
crash performances that win academy
awards. But the gal who keeps the post-
man ringing twice, is none other than Al
Johnson's Ruby. It was Ruby Keeler who
tapped the way for Powell, Astaire and all
the rest. Name one other feminine charmer
who has the face, figure, the sweetness, the
beauty of Ruby Keeler. The fans adore her
pointing with Dick Powell. Her shy man-
ner in speaking, the charming way she
makes believe have placed her where she
is today.

The knowledge of all this doesn't prevent
Ruby from pleading for a chance to really
act. If you look at it from the executive's
point of view, why should Ruby forsake
taking for real honest to gosh trouping?
They are paying her a fine salary. Her
popularity is terrific. The exhibitors clean
cut on every one of her pictures. Besides,
just who could dance, sing and emote op-
posite Dick Powell and do it so appeal-
ingly? There is only one Ruby and the
executives know a gem when they see one. Whether Ruby would ever develop into a great actress will never be known until she is put to the test. But tests are awfully hard to get at studios. (If you don't believe it, just try and convince a casting director that you're another Shirley Temple.)

The specialists in Hollywood are thicker than a group of DeMille assistants. There's Clifton Webb, who is so special they've never been able to find a story worthy of his talents. For almost a year Clifton was on the MGM payroll and never worked a single day. Perhaps it's because he isn't much of a unique specialist, they might have found a suitable spot for him. Will the talent that has been his fortune turn out to be his misfortune in Hollywood?

Alice Brady is another unlucky sister of the cinema. Fresh from her dramatic triumphs of "Mountain Mama" and "Becomes Electra," Alice descended on Hollywood. She established herself as a lady who wouldn't be safe around squirrels. True, Alice played those delightfully mad moderns with an abandon that really was true art. But her movie public loved her so they refused to accept her for a serious moment. The result was a burst of laughter every time Alice came on the screen. Recently Alice appeared to a disadvantage in an independent production of "The Harvester." She is worthy of better roles. Audiences are being robbed of the really great emotion she is capable of giving them.

Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre have devoted their lives to scaring little children. It's been lots of fun being haunted by them. But—will Boris ever be cast as Casanova? Would Bela be convincing as Armand to Garbo's Camille? Could Peter play the title role of Barrie's "Little Minister" without changing it to "Little Sinister?" Well—maybe—if they could scare the casting director into giving them the chance.

Remember dear Polly Moran? (Now there was a cherry girl.) For years Polly dedicated her buck teeth and her pigeon posture to the sacred cause of slapstick. Polly was a riot. She never felt quite at home unless there was a bit of lemon meringue nesting in an ear. Then one day Polly decided to give up her specialty of being funny. She went on a diet. She bought some new teeth. She had an operation on her nose. Her clothes were designed by the most expensive modiste in town. And what happened to our own dear Polly? She became so beautiful there was no place for her on the screen. Today she is doing all right for herself with personal appearances. But wouldn't it be nice to see the old Moran take a custard pie—as only the Morans can take 'em?

Fred Keating and his famous disappearing bird cage were expected to take Hollywood by storm. At benefit performances, on vaudeville programs, Fred was a riot. But when it came to making love, his bird cage got in the way. No self-respecting man would make a bird cage disappear right in the middle of a kiss. It just isn't being done—not even in Hollywood. So Fred, who trained under the most famous magicians, temporarily abandoned his specialty. Now he's in demand by every studio in Hollywood.

Speaking of specialists, let's not forget Hollywood's gift to the tired business man. I mean Mac West. Good old down-to-earth sex has been her specialty—and a pretty specialty it is, too. Has Mac limited herself by trying to give the boys a helping hand? If she has, she's had an awfully good time while it lasted. With the special build-up she's given herself, you'll admit that they'll never cast her to play "Little Eva." But I imagine if Mac could answer herself she'd say, "What does it matter what I play ho-oney, just as long as it's play?"

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**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."

---

**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.
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 everywhere 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 starved hairroots, Glover's helps prevent excessive Falling Hair and Dandruff.

Start today using Glover's Mange Medicine (the medicine with the clean pine odor) and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo. Sold by all Druggists. Or get Glover's Treatment at your Hairdresser's.

FREE BOOKLET on proper care of the Hair and Scalp, write Glover's 462 Fourth Ave., N.Y. City.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

HAVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART?
You may have the very song which would fit in with your Talking Picture or which Xmilie Publishers may have. Our 23 page booklet, sent you free, tells you of these opportunities in song writing. It also instructs you in lyric writing, clothing and peter and explains how this organization assists you by introducing your song over the Radio and submitting to Picture Producers and Music Publishers.

Don't wait until you think. Until you read this book describing the most complete and practical service ever offered on the market, you'll never know of how much your dream of song writing can come true.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, Sid Meyer Bldg, Western and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

All Star Cast in the Pacific Ocean

[Continued from page 19]

some odd reason Janet's purchased in the oil-well region! It certainly isn't an exclusive spot, but perhaps the chugging of the derricks is music to her ears. Margaret Lindsay received the most invitations to Janet's.

Malibu, legendary hang-out for the stars, is losing popularity. When it was all built up, the derricks were too close together. It was annoying to have the next-door gang listening to your intimate conversation, even if they were fellow players. More and more, Malibu is turning into the resort for the picture executives, directors, and scenarists. However, the ruins haven't fallen noticeably. If you sign a lease for these five summer months you can have an average place there for $500 a month! The Warner Brothers, the John Boles', the George O'Briens, and the Bennett sisters, pioneers and home-owners, remain loyal.

But those who suddenly are determined to get further away from it all are now heading for Laguna. This is a two-hour spin to the southwest. Fredric March has had an attractive frame cottage on a bluff in these artists' colony for several years. Now others who enjoy a few trees, and a Carmel atmosphere, and who needn't commute to and fro in the same day are following his lead. Balboa, with its bottle-necked bay, is five miles nearer, on the Laguna road. Those who want to frolic with sail-boats and yachts between swins are making it their headquarters. Preston Foster is Hollywood's chief representative in this locale.

In chasing the stars, as in any quaint habit, I've come across novel gadgets for toting beach accessories. The floppy cretonne hats that Fay Wray uses as a bag are exceptional. She has one to match each of her bathing ensembles. They hold her make-up and olive oil, each hat being lined inside with little rubber compartments so nothing will spill and be messy. Then you just fold the chapeau and carry it nonchalantly! Another original development is the cremeau bag which you can make over the frame of your passé tennis racket. The trick is complicated, as explained to me by Madge Evans. Remove the scrappy remnants of strings, fit the covering, and then have the same smear some flowered material up neatly. Sling the new gadget over your shoulder and there, so convenient, will be your suit, slippers, compact, oil, and cigarettes. If you change at home and motor to and from the beach in your bathing attire, as many do in Hollywood, Kenneth Howell suggests that you save your car by resurrecting your raincoat for the trip back.

There are all sorts of "sure-fire" tan recipes floating about. Janet Gaynor swears by olive oil mixed with vinegar. (When she makes them up you first dream that you're going to get a Martini!) Dolores Del Rio practices coccolith. Fay Wray sears her basic tan in her own garden in town. When she is strolling atop the beach she carefully anoints herself with pure olive oil. The result? Ravishing!

Here's a hint that's not such a strain on the pocketbook—try salad oil. And thank Anne Shirley for this cue. If you wish to really express your appreciation, drop her mother a note saying you're all for Anne
Clear, Fresh Loveliness for skins that have this Germ-Free care!

Scientific Beauty Creams
Help Protect the Skin from Germs which may cause Blemishes...
Guard against Dryness

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!

Brings you generous trial tubes of 2 Woodbury Beauty Creams; 6 shades of Woodbury’s Facial Powders; also guest-size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, containing “Filtered Sunlight” element. Envelope 10c to cover packing and postage.


Name

Address

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STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 28]

Joel is going to try to sneak him out. He doesn’t even want to let Joel see the animal.

“Jonesy,” Joel exclaims sarcastically, “positively, you’ve got a heart of gold!”

Clyde shrugs and Joel goes over to the horse. The horse whinnies a little and nudges Joel with his muzzle.

“He loves me, Jonesy,” Joel exclaims triumphantly to Clyde.

“It would take a horse to be that foolish,” Clyde jeeurs.

“Good old Jonesy,” says Joel, “a heart of gold! A heart of platinum.” He turns back to the horse and strokes his nose gently, “I brought you your supper, old boy. Bon bons,” bringing a bunch of carrots from behind his back. He takes one and holds it up to the horse. “Caviar a la Russe. Tasty, what?”

Need I tell you that later, as Joel is summing down the avenue, a rich spendthrift, entertaining high up in a penthouse, is giving each of his lady guests a thousand dollar bill? Must I draw you a diagram to let you know that one of them, defending her virtue, tears hers in half and throws it out the window? Would you believe that Joel finds half and the girl in the picture the other half? Can you guess that Joel and the girl meet, put their halves together, get the horse out of hock, enter him in a race, that he wins the race and all’s well that has a horse connected with it?

“Money from Heaven” is on location, thank heaven, also “Crash Donovan,” another Jack Holt picture, so that finishes me here and I beat it to—
DON'T PARE A CORN
Remove it Root* and All

MILLIONS who used to cut and pare their corn—saving only temporary relief— are now using a new scientific method that quickly, safely gets rid of entire corn Root* and All. Blue-Jay, the new scientifically medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—and in three days the whole corn lifts off root and all.

Blue-Jay is tiny, invisible, easy to use. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today. 25¢ for package of 6.

**A root of dead corn root-like in form and position. If left may serve as foot for renewed development.

**Root

Resinol

Effective for stubborn cases yet mild enough for tenderest skin

Quiet the maddening itch, soothes irritated skin. Aids healing of cuts, wounds, burns. Get one box for free by writing:

Velvet Mitten
Hair Remover

Velvet Mitten
Hair Remover

A JULIET DOORS CORNER
51-350 E. NINTH ST. LOS ANGELES

5c a box

A NEW EASY WAY TO REDUCE

New Easy Way to Reduce

NO DRUGS! NO EXERCISE!
ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

Among new discoveries, Scientifically tested system today makes it easy and easy to lose weight. Average weight lost was 15 pounds in one month. Money back if not satisfied. Write today.

SPECIAL MONEY-BACK OFFER—For a limited time we can guarantee the system with free home call for only $1.00. Men and women of all ages. Loss generous.

$1.00 POSTPAID

NATIONAL HOME SERVICE
ELKHART, INDIA.

NEW!! MIDGET POCKET RADIO

$2.99 COMPLETE

COMPLETE Full-Size—Tailored MIDGET

This in any small pocket case, weighs only 4 oz. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors (Black, green, white, blue). No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed. Can be played any time, any place. Makes ideal present for children and adults. Durable, comes with carrying case, extra lamp, two batteries. Reset every two weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. No risk. Send for free illustrated folder.

TINTON TUBE CO., Dept. S-5, KEARNEY, NEBR.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET REVEALING SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL POEM 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.

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REMEDIATE Unlively Hair

The daily, pleasant way to remove hair from arms, legs and face. Velvet Mitten, or ease in use as a power puff, gently rubs away the unsightly growth. Harmless...odorless...pains it does not encourage re-growth. Leaves skin soft and velvety smooth. If your dealer hasn't them, send one dollar for 2 Velvet Mitten...a full summer's supply.

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Quits the maddening itch, soothes irritated skin. Aids healing of cuts, wounds, burns. Get one box for free by writing:

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Rheumatism

Relieve Pain in 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago write to: The Doctor's

Free literature and information.

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YOUR FREE COPY OF RHYMING DICTIONARY

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M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU 2, Studio Bldg., Portland, Ore.
me story running all through the picture. A lot happens before, but to make a long story short, Tom Brown is driving while drunk and crashes into a bus full of school children. His sister, Frances Drake, who is some distance behind him and gets behind the driver's wheel just before the cops arrive. She takes the blame, is indicted on a charge of manslaughter and sent to prison.

Tom, sitting on one of the benches when the barred gate swings open and she walks dazedly in.

"Do you feel badly about it, Jack," she whispers.

"Gee, sis," he chokes up, "I never thought it would turn out like this or you wouldn't be here.

"Don't say that," she says in a low voice.

"In a way I feel as if I were as responsible as you," he continues.

"No, you no weren't," he protests. "I've got a yellow streak a mile wide and I'm going to do what I should have done in the first place.

"What do you mean?" she breathes.

"Well, you know that stuff I told you about Knox—how he was going to fix everything.

"Yes."

"Well, it was a lie—all of it."

"Jackie!" she sobs.

"I was after twenty of him," he bursts out. "I tried to— but didn't have the nerve. I figured he'd probably do something anyway because he was in love with you. But he gave me all the evidence against you on the witness stand.

"I'm glad you told me, Jackie," Frances smiles. "Even then," he goes on, "I kept hoping the jury would bring an acquittal. Now I'm going to Knox (Randolph Scott) and get it all off my chest."

"You're nuts," she protests, "we've gone this far. Don't you see we've got to stick it?"

"Don't worry about that, sis," he con-

forts her. "You've done enough.

"Your time is up," the matron says to

Frances.

"I'll tell Knox," Tom promises her in passing.

"No," she protests once more. "I'd rather tell him myself sometime."

"I'm sure you can appreciate that after a scene like that no one feels much like kidding so I just bid them a very pleasant good day and go to the next stage to tell "The Texas Rangers," it seems, including Mr. Mac-

Murray, Mr. Jack Oakle, Mr. Lloyd Nolan and Miss Jean Parker, have gone to Gallup, New Mexico, on location. And "The Aro-

zona Raiders" are also off on location. But George Raft and Dolores Costello are on the lot.

The picture, "Yours for the Asking," is practically just starting and the scene is the entrance hall to a very elaborate man-

sion.

"You've been very kind," Dolores murmurs as she opens the door from the garden and they come in. "Thank you," George whistles, taking it all in at a glance. "Quite a place you have here."

"I'm glad you like it," she smiles, looking at him.

"Mind if I look around?" he asks, still scraping.

She gives him a surprised look. "Why not?"

Miss Costello, too, is a beaut. It seems to be a day of beautiful winning.

The last picture at Paramount is one being made by new favorite producer, Walter Wanger, and it is called "Sent-thrift.

There's no sense going into the plot be-
cause this scene tells all. The set is the living room of Greenhill Manor. Assembled in the room are all of Henry Fonda's serv-
ants, including Buel (Halliwells Hobbes) a very, very, stern-faced English butler; Rico (Jerry Moran); the cook; Hile (Greta Meyer) the German maid; Miki Morita, the Japanese valet, and a flock of bell collectors and creditors. They are grouped in semicircles, the most pronounced of these semicircles is Robert Strange. They're waiting, when the door opens and Fonda comes in in his riding boots and the same camel's hair overcoat he wore in "The Moon of Our Home" (and him worth twenty millions)— in the picture, accompanied by the pal and former bookie, Edward Faby.

"Ah!" the creditors breathe in unison.

"What is this—a minstrel show?" Fonda demands.

"No, young man," Strange snaps, "this is not a minstrel show. Gentlemen," to the creditors, "be seated." The hell it isn't a minstrel show, say I. They all sit, except Interlocutor Strange, who remains standing— naturally—if he doesn't sit.

"Young man," Mr. Strange goes on to Fonda, "I don't know whether you re-
member me, but I'm the president of the Third National Bank. You know the Third National Bank—or should. We've got a surplus of a hundred million dollars."

"Got it with your own money, Mr. Brophy demands.

"That isn't funny, young man," Strange squelches him. "Is that meant for jocular-

ity?"

Mr. Strange is pedantic. He calls everybody "young man" and Mr. Brophy isn't "young man." He's bald—bald that is, which is very, very bald indeed.

"Middleton," Strange goes on to Fonda, making me out a liar because, for once, he doesn't call him "young man," you've come to the end of your rope. You are about to lose Greenhill Manor and it's your own fault. You've dissipated a fortune of twenty million dollars. I don't know what you are doing with it, but a man like you doesn't deserve to have any money. You owe me three hundred and forty thousand dollars and I'm quite sure you'll never have it."

"Cut!" cries Raoul Walsh, the director.

And Mr. Fonda, after a bawling out like that, starts "Truc'kin!" of all things! I don't know Mr. Fonda very well as his pal, James Stewart, but he shows every evidence of being just as nutty.

Just to show you how trying studios can be, Mr. Fonda, that nice, feisty man, one Dan Thomas—instead of sending me the still I'm supposed to get, sends one with Pat Paterson (the feminine lead) just to get her in print and she's not even in this scene. Lest you think me fickle or wishy-washy, I will not say that Miss Paterson is also a beaut but I will say that if I ever cover the sets on a day when Blondell, Lombard, Rochelle and Barbara Stanwyck are not working, Miss Paterson has great possibilities. She plays the "heavy" in this picture. She always wanted to be a vamp. Having disposed of Paramount, we now turn our attention to—

20th Century-Fox

For once, there is neither a Shirley Temple picture nor a Charlie Chan opus in production here. In fact, the only thing in production at this studio is one called "The Crime of Dr. Forbes."

Robert Kent ("Country Beyond"), it seems, has gone through college on a scholarship furnished by Edward Bromberg. Upon graduation he goes to work as as-

sistant to Dr. Bromberg. They're looking for a cure for "scurvy" (a disease of the skin), after six months Bob (the son) has finally found it but something goes wrong. Bromberg tells him not to be discouraged—that

Experienced Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer aches due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress. Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing 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 need to use it on the hottest days. —Mrs. Wm. E. Kempf, Willowsport, 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 and erases those annoying little freckles that seem to occur on the face and arms and neck. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes soft and smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters. Is not tested on animals. For trial package to Box 16, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

Millions "Hush" for Body Odors

Those who are fastidious and im-

mature of their person welcome HUSH! For it provides qualities to overcome excessive per-

piration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds

10c size at

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25c for

50c

ASH-crme LIQID POWDER STICK
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER—Without Calomel—and You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ran in 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 deposits in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach, you get constipated. Your whole system is polluted and you feel sour, sulk and the world looks bunt.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless results, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refusing anything else, 25c at all drug stores.

I WANT YOU to Work for “Uncle Sam” start $250 to $100 a year MEN—WOMEN. Course instruction usually sufficient. Short hours, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 months to get started for free. Read booklet for list of positions and full particulars.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C522 Rochester, N. Y.

POEMS set to music and Published
FREE EXAMINATION—SEND POEMS TO MCNEIL
Bachelor of Music
1582 West 27th St.
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BUNIONS
Stop Shoe Pressure—Hide the Bulge! Sore, throbbing bunions are instantly relieved and shoe pressure on the swollen joint entirely removed by Dr. Scholl’s Bunion Reducer. It reduces by the natural process of absorption. Worn invisibly. Hides the bulge, preserves shapelessness of stylish shoes. Made of pure, soft para rubber, 50c each.

For west 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 shoe. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, “The Bulge” to Dr. Scholl’s, Inc., 447 West Shaffer St., Chicago, III.

Relief to the trouble of Hay Fever

FREE FOR ASTHMA

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, and Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges, let us send you free of charge to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remarkable new drug method. No one has lived or whether they have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of written relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. You will be happy you did. Ask for the Frontier Asthma Co. 267-A Frontier Bldg., 452 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE FOR HAY FEVER

If you suffer with attacks of Hay Fever so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, and Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges, let us send you without charge to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a new drug method. Ask for the Frontier Asthma Co. 267-A Frontier Bldg., 452 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

GRAYING

100% Improvement Guaranteed

This is the only permanent quick method that can relieve gray hair. Hair is colored for a lifetime. No burns, no trouble. Hair is colored for a lifetime, 25c per box. 

STOP SCRATCHING

It’s a Terrible Affliction

V.O.I.C.E.

STOP SCRATCHING

RELIEVE ITCHING OF INSECT BITES

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, no matter how severe, will disappear within minutes. The skin infections quickly yield to cooling, antiseptic, liquid and calamine. Its gentle, soothing the irritated skin. Clear, greeness and stinging—these last effects are caused by the itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug store, prove it— or money back. Ask for D.P.E. and get our wonderful prop. edition.

Write a Song

Richard Biss, 28 Hyde Park Bank Bldg., Chicago.
Columbia

O NLY the new Frank Capra picture is going here and that's close to visitors today so I'll have to tell you about that next month. And for dessert, we'll have—

M-G-M

JUST one picture going here but that's enough. It's "400," starring Jean Harlow and Cary Grant. The scene is the bar of the Cafe de la Lune. It is late. The bar is practically deserted. Jean Harlow is in a filmy white chiffon gown

Russell Hopton, Hoot Gibson, Frank Jean and Harry Carey in "The Last Outlaw," a western with a punch by a cast with a wallop.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The sun god (Dr. Dolittle's treasures)
2. A preposition
3. She portrayed "Gentle Julia"
4. Single unit
5. A small particle
6. A mountain nymph
7. To stand firm
8. Not at any time
9. A prefix
10. Behold
11. Most essential
12. "Captain Blood" (initials)
13. Measure of weight (abbr.)
14. A slave
15. A hero in "Westerns"
16. Laure
17. To blend by melting
18. The press agent in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
19. Soldiers serving on a warship
20. Ever
21. His latest picture is "And Sudden Death"
22. Exley
23. Ready money
24. He went to Princeton
25. He owns a racing stable
26. "Cuban Blood" (initials)
27. Measure of weight (abbr.)
28. A slave
29. A hero in "Western"
30. Laure
31. To blend by melting
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76. Ever
77. His latest picture is "And Sudden Death"
78. Exley
79. Ready money
80. He went to Princeton
81. He owns a racing stable
82. "Cuban Blood" (initials)
83. Measure of weight (abbr.)
84. A slave
85. A hero in "Western"
86. Laure

DOWN
1. Walter Huston's latest film
2. The bewildered father in "The Country Doctor"
3. To untangle
4. A passion
5. She appeared in "The Petrified Forest"
6. A single thing
7. A foot lever
8. Type measure
9. With Lorette Young in "The Unguarded Hour"
10. The girl in "Dancing Pirate"
11. He's married to Healer Angel
12. His excellence (abbr.)
13. Hol Mohr's wife (abbr.)
14. The last name of a dancer
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80. The last name of a dancer

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

1. Walter Huston's latest film
2. The bewildered father in "The Country Doctor"
3. To untangle
4. A passion
5. She appeared in "The Petrified Forest"
6. A single thing
7. A foot lever
8. Type measure
9. With Lorette Young in "The Unguarded Hour"
10. The girl in "Dancing Pirate"
11. He's married to Healer Angel
12. His excellence (abbr.)
13. Hol Mohr's wife (abbr.)
"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!
An experience: dîner de luxe at the Pierre. Feuille Norvégienne, perhaps. Then Bœuf Bourguignon, followed, if your Russian mood continues, by Suprême of Halibut à la Russe. Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans au Gratin. Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again... and an ice with demi-tasse and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonandi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor—their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

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, Bouquettire, 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 du PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. CHISWELL BARNEY LANGHOINE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSLAER, New York
MISS 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
ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD "DATE TEST"

Silver Screen

September

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STAR

Bette Davis
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.

She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and the reason is soon evident.

Silver Screen for September 1936
AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND meets AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB

Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)... and--on the screen together for the first time since their marriage -- Franchot Tone (above).

"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content..."

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Joan CRAWFORD - TAYLOR
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSEY
LIONEL BARRYMORE - FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS - JAMES STEWART
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**COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE**

**The Opening Chorus**

**A Letter from Liza**

**Dear Boss:**

Well, you and Al Vanderbilt and other horse-lovers may have your own ideas about "dead heat," but to me "dead heat" is a hundred in the shade, and no shade, and no breeze, and you, Eddie, muttering in your beard, "earthquake weather" though I really haven't any friends with beards. Von Steenberg has one but he isn't my friend. And it hasn't been "dead heat" here for days and days now so you couldn't blame me too much, now could you really (Lines to be read with a bit of feminine wile) if I tucked the office the other day to go swimming with the boys down at Joan Crawford's old swimmin' hole? Of course Joan that Bob Taylor hole happens to be the most beautiful pool in Hollywood, and equipped like an Abercrombie & Fitch dream. Harold Loyd's has more lights but Joan's water ponies have more savoir faire.

Now I don't suppose I could expect you, the rock-bound coast of Maine, to be jealous, but just think of all the hundreds of thousands of young things who graduated in fine arts this summer who would have given their diplomas to have been in my shoes, and not very large either, the afternoon I went fishing with Gary Cooper, Bob Taylor, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone and Francis Lederer. Lucky me! Oh, not so lucky. Mrs. Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck were there, Henry Fonda I discovered is the American Boy type. With Rodeo methods he conquered and rode water ponies that had never been ridden before. No dwelling for Henry; he was all over the pool trying everything. His side-kick and house-sitter, Jimmy Stewart, is more the relaxing type for he seemed of a mind to sit on the side of the pool and talk about embarrassing moments in the theatre, doors that don't open, phones that don't ring, pianos that don't play. Maybe it was because he was all tired out on account he is doing so much dancing with Eleanor Powell now, both at the studio and on the Towne. Franchot Tone is definitely not an out-door man. One quick dash across the pool and Franchot seemed only too glad to get back into his clothes and retire to the quiet of the library to discuss World Problems with Francis Lederer. Gary I should say is the cautious type. (My, my, did he look handsome in his trunks) Before taking any wild plunges on receding platforms Gary wanted to know the results, and we conservatives can't blame him for that. I couldn't be persuaded to leave Barbara Stanwyck long enough to get myself wet. It must be lever.
A Visit To The Movie Sets With=
S. R. Mook

Elizabeth Patterson watches Wallace Beery gorge himself on watermelon in "Old Hutch." These two ought to make a swell team.

THE dog days are upon us and even the studios are wilting under the heat. Of them all, only M-G-M and Paramount are really active. In fact, M-G-M is so active that the department this month will be little else.

At M-G-M

First, there is "The Good Earth" which goes on and on, like Tennyson's brook. Today they are on a massive set. It is the courtyard of the rich woman's home—the woman who gave Luise Rainer her freedom so she could marry Paul Muni. When they were married the rich woman told her to bring her first born to see her. It is the Chinese New Year and Luise is bringing the baby to call. When Muni came to this house to fetch Luise as a bride, all the other servants jeered. But they have prospered and today as she walks down the courtyard of the house where she was formerly a servant, there are many ohs and ahs.

The keeper of the gate, who admits her, is Charles Law, a portly Chinese gentleman from San Francisco, who was brought down to play this rôle. There is a vast difference between the Rainer who played the glamorous June Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" and the drab, unattractive Chinese girl she plays in this picture. But she has charm and it is a tribute to her artistry that she can play two such widely different characters and make them both convincing.

There is no dialogue in this scene. The gate opens, Mr. Law sees who it is, admits her and she follows him down the walk to the big house carrying the baby in her arms. On the short walk the baby falls asleep—actually.

I take one last look at the massive walls about this place and amner over to the stage where Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas are acting in "The Gorgeous Hussy."

This is a story of Peggy O'Neal—famous during President Jackson's administration. She has loved Douglas all her life but he is much older than she and for a long time he doesn't regard her seriously. Suddenly he discovers he loves her, too. They plan to be married. But Douglas stands for States' Rights and President Jackson believes authority should be vested in a central government. He tells Joan it will likely cause a civil war if she marries Douglas—she is that important.

"I thought, Joan tells Douglas, "Uncle Andy was bluffing when he told me he needed me—when he asked me to—choose between you and my country. But he wasn't. Calhoun made that clear to me this afternoon."

"Let's not talk about Calhoun or Jackson or Dan Webster's constitution," Douglas smiles, sinking into a chair by the fireplace. "Let's talk about how much we love each other."

"But I can't turn my back on everything I have ever believed in," Joan protests, dropping on her knees beside him, "on what I think best for the country I have loved even longer than I've loved you."

"We've waited so long," Melvyn pleads. "We've misunderstood so much about each other. Be in love with me, Margaret. Forget about mobilization, secession, state rights."

"I couldn't forget them any more than I could forget my love for you," she replies quietly, rising and walking to the window where she stands looking out, the late evening sun catching her hair and making halations on it.

"And now and then we could play husband and wife, couldn't we?" Douglas suggests, a new note creeping into his voice. "when we weren't occupied playing political opponents."

"How much simpler," Joan sighs, "if we were political allies."

"But you've just said you couldn't desert Jackson," he reminds her.

"I don't intend to," she answers, "but, oh, John, perhaps you could give up a little state for a great country. Perhaps you could learn to prefer twenty-four United States."

"In other words," he sneers, "an exchange. In other words, everything I valued for—you. Is that Jackson's idea of a bargain?"

"Jackson has nothing to do with it," she cries.

"But you can't ask me to make that choice," he protests, "my convictions, my beliefs. They're a man's reason for being. They are his birthright."

"So are mine," she says simply.

"But you're a woman—and in love. Or aren't you? Maybe this is what you really mean: that you don't love me?"

[Continued on page 10]
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

for September 1936
"No," she smiles sadly, "that isn't what I mean.
"We seem to have reached an impasse again, haven't we?" Douglas says quietly. "Something's got to give way. Either our love or our convictions. I'm afraid the choice is still with you, Margaret."
"I've tried to choose you, John," she whispers, "but I can't—if it means giving the other up."
"I'm sorry," Melvyn rejoins curtly, "but you see, in my way, I'm loyal, too. I have no other choice."
Joan sees there is no point in discussing the matter further. "May I have a glass of sherry, John?" she asks suddenly.
"Of course," he says in a surprised tone as he pours it for her.
She takes a sip. "Haven't you changed your brand?"
"Why?" he parries.
"It just seemed different," she explains. "Perhaps, a little bitter?" he suggests meaningly.
"Oh, no," bravely, "it—it's very nice."
It's a long scene but they go through it without a break.
Joan is a perfect picture in her lovely dress. I understand she has had this gown copied for use in her personal wardrobe, and I don't blame her. She has never worn anything more becoming.

What a difference her marriage has made in her. Joan has always been friendly to people but she seems warmer and more human now. All those inner torments that used to characterize her and show in her face have disappeared.

Douglas is married to Helen Gahagan. We chat for a few moments about her recent appearance on the coast in the title role of "The Merry Widow."

"We may put it on in New York this fall," he observes. If you do, Mr. Douglas, you may be sure of selling at least one ticket if I have to make the trip to New York for no other purpose than seeing it.

Speculating on this pleasant possibility, I bounce on to the next set and there is Joe Santley directing "We Went to College." I told you about Joe often enough. God knows, but I'm always afraid I'll catch a new reader who doesn't know. He used to be the best musical comedy juvenile in New York and now he's one of the best directors in Hollywood—under contract to R-K-O and on loan to M-G-M for this picture. When a studio borrows a director, you know he's good.

This is about a class reunion. From the looks of things it has been many years since any of them went to college. The reunion class is putting on a play—"Othello"—and Una Merkel (all done up in a gold metal cloth gown with red velvet puff sleeves is sitting at a make-up table fixing her lips. Frank Sully in black-face (but without his wig), who evidently plays the title role, is standing by as Walter Abel, in evening clothes, is talking.

"Now, when I played Othello," Walt begins, grabbing Sully's sword out of the scabbard and flourishing it around. "I used to do it this way: Nature would not have endowed—invested herself, I mean—in such shadowy passions without some instructions. It is not words that shake me thus, Pish!" with a particularly vicious swipe at the air.

"Ooh!" Una gives a little scream and then goes on with her make-up.

"Nose, eyes, lips?" Mr. Abel hisses, going on with his oration. "Is it possible? Oh, devil!" He leans against a table, gasping heavily.

John Eldredge, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a scene from "His Brother's Wife."
"Don't you think that's a trifle hammy?" Sully suggests.

"Yes," Mr. Abel agrees promptly and then realizes what Sully has said. "No!" he corrects himself hastily.

Then Una turns around—towards the camera. "Johnny," she addresses Mr. Sully, "at the end when I die it isn't necessary for you to fall on me so hard. I'm black and blue from rehearsals."

"It isn't my fault you never die twice in the same place," he defends himself, "but who does?"

Una decides to abandon that subject. "Johnny," she begs sweetly, "be a dear and get my wig for me, will you?"

"All right," he agrees, "I hope they've curled that awful thing," he hopes as he goes out the door. "It looked like an old tired mop yesterday."

"These amateurs," Una sniffs, going on with her lip.


Abel lastly crosses and closes the door and then sits on the edge of her make-up table. All at once he spies a stick of make-up. "Ah," gleefully smearing his face with it, "grease-paint!"

Of course, this is a travesty and hilariously funny. Mr. Abel is such a good actor he can play a ham without being one and Una is always great. Originally the travesty was on "Romeo and Juliet" but with over a million dollars invested in the Shearer's idea of "Romeo and Juliet" they didn't want to take any chances of having that picture laughed at. So they're re-making this part and burlesquing "Othello."

"How're the folks?" I ask Santley when the scene is finished.

"Joe, Jr. is in England," he boasts.

"Who'd he go with?" I ask.

"By himself. Joe maps "He's eighteen." "Eighteen!" I repeat incredulously and glance around. It seems everyone on the set is watching. "It seems only yesterday," I proclaim, "I'd got that scooter for my sixth birthday and when I came home my mother told me you were a proud father."

"You never had any scooter, your mother didn't know anything about it and if you were ever six when anybody in my family was born it was when I came into the world," he squelches me, "I'll show you up you'd be juvenile."

I glance miserably at Una but she, the dear that she is, ignores Joe's vicious thrusts and smiles. "Call me up," she invites.

 Naturally, by this time I'm too utterly

(Continued on page 78)
Girls do well in ART

Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

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"You're Telling Me?"

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winner and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.

AFTER seeing James Stewart for the first time (but not the last) I have definitely decided he is my favorite. He is so completely lovable. He is the tops where I'm concerned," writes Pauline Maret of Naval Aviator, Bremerton, Wash. "There is nothing I want more than a personally autographed picture of James Stewart. In my estimation he is well, he is simply swell. There is lots more I could say but please, isn't this enough for a picture?"

Any more might be superfluous!

"YOU CAN have your Taylors, Eddies, Tones, and MacMurrays, I'll take that handsome muttiner, Clark Gable," writes Shirley Touser of West 92nd St., New York, N.Y. "Besides having a technique with the ladies that makes my heart go flip-flop. Clark is a No. 1 actor, witness the nomination for the Academy Award for two consecutive years. Three cheers for Gable! Long may he act!"

Don't worry—loyalty like yours will keep him right on top of the heap.

"I WISH Jeanette MacDonald were quintuplets so that I could see and hear her five times as often," writes Blanche Fornaroli of Seminole Ave., Detroit, Mich. "This universal favorite has everything—beauty of face and figure, a glorious voice, talent, personality and style.

"It's grand to see that Miss MacDonald is finally being cast in the splendid pictures that she so justly deserves."

The Quibbs would get upset if they could appreciate the comparison.

JOAN LAMPEL of North Vidal St., Sornia, Ont., Canada writes: "Hats off to Ginger Rogers! Her versatility is amazing. She can act, dance, and sing better than anyone else on the screen. Her beauty of face is 'utterly devastating,' and her lovely figure (it is not too thin!) inspires envy and admiration everywhere. She's the top."

And she doesn't have to diet either.

"I WANT to write about Jeanette MacDonald because she has been a real troupier throughout her whole career," writes Florence Witte of Thloozan Ave., St. Louis, Mo. "Five years ago she was playing in the worst pictures that they could pick for her, but she didn't give up acting. She went to Paris for a concert tour and resulted to be a grand success, as her recent pictures have proved.

"Now I'm waiting for her to reach the Metropolitan Opera Company. I think that is her ambition and I know that she has the ability to succeed. Good luck to you, Jeanette."

She's practicing her high C's right now!

"FOR DAYS I have been trying my utmost to tone up a musical enough description of my very special favorite, Franchot Tone, to win a picture of him," writes Kathryn Spirito-San- to, of Elizabeth St., Houtz- dale, Pa. "I have not been very successful because what I have to say about him isn't flowery or elaborate or even brilliant.... It's simply that Franchot, to my way of thinking, can hold his own with any actor in the world of glitter and glamour.

"Even if this letter doesn't win a photo for me I would like very much to have Franchot Tone read it, because it has been written in all sincerity. Some time ago I wrote to him asking for a picture but I've received no
answer, so I presume I addressed it wrong or else I'm not very good at writing convincing letters.

Wot d'ye mean, convincing? You get the picture!

"WHEN men cheer and women clap for an actor—he is really good! This is the case when Clark Gable thanks God after the earthquake in the film 'San Francisco.' I have seen the picture three times and I still think Gable heads the list of male stars," writes Eno Cornwell of Venture Ave., Ventu-

\[...

RUTH MILLER, The Odlono Co., Inc.
Dept. 966, 219 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose $7 for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odlono and descriptive leaflet.

Name
Address
City State
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

IT SEEMS particularly desirable at this time to talk about warm weather menus. In the first place, summer got off to a late start this year. Then, too, most housekeepers have about exhausted their ideas of what to serve by the time August rolls around and the thermometer still stands at 90 degrees or more. From then until the season changes, to make variety, ease of preparation synonymous with thriftliness taxes their ingenuity to the utmost. Everyday family meals that have nutritional value and are pleasing to both eye and palate don't "just happen." They require careful planning. I do not mean that you should take pencil and paper and lay out your menus a week at a time. I'm definitely against that. Except in rare instances I never plan more than three days ahead and my own experience proves that day-to-day planning is much more apt to bring to mind many grand recipes that would otherwise be overlooked.

Canned meats and soups are excellent aids to warm weather cooking. First, the meat is already prepared and only waits to be served in your favorite way. And most canned meats are inexpensive. Both gelatine and gelo are necessary to round out attractive and practical meals. Serve some dishes hot, others cold; some foods soft and others crisp and be sure to have contrasting but not clashing colors in your dishes. All this lends variety to the table and tempts the most jaded appetites.

In that awkward moment when your husband calls that he is on his way home with a friend for dinner, as most husbands do call after all your marketing is done, what will you plan in order to give your table a festive air? First turn out the refrigerator and see what it yields ... cauliflower, fresh tomatoes, chopped meat you had already planned for supper; pickles, radishes, celery, etc. Your pantry yields a few other necessary canned odds and ends. It's a trick to make a hot weather menu appear inviting when you haven't much time to spend on it. But by all means the above assortment a grand meal can be turned out with the minimum of time. Most of the dinner can be served on a plank in the following fashion:

Take whole tomatoes, stick a fork in them one at a time, hold over a gas flame until small scorched or brown spots begin to appear on the peel. Dip in cold water and the skins will come off quickly and easily. Cut a small slice from top of tomatoes. Scoop out some of the pulp, being careful not to break the tomatoes. For, say 6 tomatoes, take 3 tablespoons melted butter and add 11/2 cups bread crumbs, tomato pulp, salt and pepper, and fill the cavities. Sprinkle the tops with bread crumbs. If you prefer you can substitute Kellogg's Corn Flakes for the bread but it will require slightly more of the flakes. Place the tomatoes in center of plank, bake in hot oven about 10 minutes. Season the chopped beef with salt, pepper, and a little grated onion if desired. Form into large circular patties. Fry in a small amount of Crisco until brown on both sides. Put a spoonful of mashed potatoes on each patty. Force through a pastry tube they have a more attractive appearance. Brush tops with beaten egg diluted with a little milk. Remove plank from oven and arrange patties around the edge. Fill spaces around patties and tomatoes with hot cauliflower, which has been brushed with melted butter. Return plank to oven for about 15 minutes or until potatoes are a rich brown.

The method of preparation for this meal is to prepare and put potatoes and cauliflower on to boil. Next prepare stuffed tomatoes. Patties can be fixed while tomatoes are cooking in stove. While patties are trying, mash potatoes. When the completed plate is in the stove prepare your fruit cocktail for an appetizer and put in refrigerator to cool. If possible add to canned fruit any fresh berries or fruit you have on hand and color with grenadine. The radishes, celery, cucumbers, etc., can be neatly arranged on a 5-compartment dish and also put in ice box.

For dessert serve hot coffee and cherry pie, made with canned cherries, or serve a

THE SUMMER HOSTESS

When Her Husband Brings Home Unexpected Guests, She Need Not Get Flustered.

By Ruth Corbin
variety of cheese. This whole meal takes a little more than an hour to prepare. In most cases the housewife will have the dessert and appetizers prepared in the morning. If, however, making the pie is a last minute event, make your pastry of either Graham crackers or vanilla wafers, blended with a little butter (1/4 of a pound and 15 large wafers to an 8 inch baking dish) and water into a smooth paste. If you do this add a little flour or corn starch to your cherries to keep them from being too watery. Serve this meal to your husband's friend, and you'll have him considering matrimony with some nice girl who can duplicate your feat.

Another menu that is grand for this season of the year and that also takes little time to prepare and very little money is:

**Tomato Juice Cocktail**

**Frogs Legs**
*Fresh asparagus*

Small new potatoes with parsley butter

**Combination green salad**

Fruit jello  
Coffee, iced or hot

Frogs legs are at their best now and the entire cooking of a pair should not exceed five minutes. You can always cook several pairs at a time in a large skillet. The main thing to consider is to have them dry before putting them into the hot butter. They must be sprinkled with salt and pepper and rolled in cracker crumbs.

Rice is one of our cheapest foods and most of us do not realize its tremendous food value or its adaptability. Here—with the addition of half a cantaloupe filled with watermelon balls, a salad of uncooked fresh spinach and sliced hard-boiled eggs, and a dessert of fruit ice cream—is a simple, wholesome meal any hostess can be proud of:

**DEVILED CORNED BEEF SLICES WITH SAVORY RICE.**

1 can corned beef (Heinz)  
1 tablespoon prepared mustard  
3/4 cup sifted bread crumbs  
3 tablespoons dry mustard  
3/4 cup rice  
2 tablespoons cooking oil or other fat  
1 onion, chopped fine  
1/2 cup diced, green pepper  
1 1/2 can of tomatoes  
1 can condensed consomme  
1/2 tablespoon salt

Cut corn beef into slices about 1/4 inch thick, spread with prepared mustard. Dip meat slices in crumb mixture and allow to dry. Wash rice in 2 or 3 waters, drain, brown lightly in hot skillet. Reduce heat, add onion, green pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add tomatoes, consomme and seasonings, cover and cook at low heat until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Brown meat on both sides in fat. Arrange overlapping slices of meat on hot platter, pour rice around the meat. The entire cost of this meal will not exceed 75c and it requires about 45 minutes to prepare. The salad should be served with this dressing.

1 can Tomato  
1 soup  
1/4 cup vinegar  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/2 cup oil  
1 onion cut in quarts  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons Lee & Perrins Sauce  
2 cloves  
1 teaspoon garlic

Blend, put in refrigerator until ready to serve, remove onion and garlic and pour over salad. Right here let me say that to get the best out of any salad the ingredients should never be salted, and the dressing should not be added until the moment of serving. Otherwise the salt in dressing will extract the appetizing, zestful juices and they will shortly be found reposing in a quiet pool at the bottom of the salad plate. This rule does not apply to jellied, frozen or

**Aztec Queens** enjoyed chewing gum—said to help keep face muscles young and teeth white. Two great modern beauty aids are a weekly visit to your **BEAUTY SHOP** and the daily enjoyment of **DOUBLE MINT gum.**
Hands That Tell A Story

They Will Fight All Your Battles—Figuratively, Of Course—When Beautifully Groomed.

By Mary Lee

HANDS that have been holding a car to the road, digging in the garden or managing the main sheet of a sailboat—you've had your share of fun but it won't be long now until you're triggled out in smart gloves contributing your share to your owner's fall ensemble.

So, fair lady, give a hand to beauty—two hands, in fact. Tanned they probably are, especially if the only covering's you've given them has been that unmentionable cloth called nylon. You might as well deck them out in laborsomely leathered gloves that were such a smart blessing in hot weather.

While your hands are still burnished bronze or mild cote au lait, you should get acquainted with the grand new shades of nail polish that lend allure to darkened skin. Decidedly, sun-tanned hands should be tipped off with fingernail polish that has a brown or yellowish cast. Peggy Sage, dean of fingernail stylists, advises bisque, shrimp rust or flower-pot red shades to set off the beauty of tanned hands.

Of course, when you do an end-of-the-summer fade-out where hands are concerned, you should change your nail polish accordingly. Pale hands look their loveliest when they're tipped off with rose or red polishes that give a faint blush effect. Such are dusty rose, cyclamen, tulip and burgundy.

You can light your hands with a bleaching cream if you so desire. Personally, we favor letting Nature take its course unless you're hastening the bleaching out process on the rest of your visible skin surfaces, too. If you are, give your hands exactly the same treatment you give your face. Actually, tanned skin, hands included, will fade out to normal in two or three weeks of its own accord.

Restoring softness and smoothness to weather-harshened hands is an entirely different matter, and much to be urged. Regular use of a good hand cream at the end of Summer playtime is an essential beauty rite. A very good re-conditioning and instantly beautifying hand cream is made by Helena Rubenstein. It's a pleasantly-scented semi-liquid in a cunning dimpled bottle that actually provides a "hand shampoo." You pour a little of it into the palm of one hand, spread it evenly over both hands and wrists—then massage. At one stage your hands will look just as if you were wearing white gloves. Then, with a little more rubbing, the cream disappears entirely into the skin, leaving your hands soft, smooth and instantly whitened. There's no trace of after-greasiness.

Always massage your fingers from the base to the tips. This stimulates the circulation to your nails and contributes much to their health.

An over-night lubricating cream is grand for eliminating roughness and providing that soft, smooth, lovely-to-touch texture. You'll get double action from this type of cream if you wear gloves at night. There's a soft, washable cotton-knit glove that is perfectly comfortable to wear and that keeps your hand cream right where it will do the most good all night long.

A marvelous little gadget for hand beauty is Pro-phy-lac-tic's new turtle hand and nail brush. It has firm, resilient bristles, and the back, shaped like a turtle's shell, allows a firm grip for scrubbing duty. The smooth pointed tail provides a perfect nail cleanser. Just dig your nails into a cake of soap, scrub them well, then run the turtle's tail under each one. Every vestige of dirt will disappear and you run no risk of tearing the delicate under-nail tissue, as cleaning with a dry steel file is apt to do. The "lucky turtle" comes with his back in the smartest bathroom shades—red, jade, yellow, amber and blue. Incidentally, a good scrubbing with such a brush puts your hands in the pink of condition to receive the most benefit from a softening cream applied thereafter.

Now for a tip or two on manicures! Even if you have a weekly nail-do at a beauty shop, it's rare nowadays for a smartly dressed woman to wear the same polish long, any more than she'd wear the same dress.

You should be adept at changing polish yourself. And you can do it as often as the occasion demands with no harm to your nails—thanks to the oily polish remover!

Bright, shiny red polish for daytime is fading out of the fashion picture—for which men will give three rousing cheers! There's a growing demand for the opaque, creamy type of polish in santon or conservative pale shades. This creamy type of polish is most effective applied over the entire nail. Take just the tiniest bit off the tip of each nail if you have busy hands and want to avoid having the polish chipped off at finger-nail ends.

Covering the entire nail gives the illusion of long, slender fingers. If you're always...
She has what it takes

except one thing

She's pretty ....
She's lively ....
She's a snappy dresser ....
She has plenty of what it takes ...

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It’s unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it’s so easy to prevent!

It takes but half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum.

That’s the nice thing about Mum. It’s so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it’s harmless to clothing.

And it’s soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum—it doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration—the odor.

Don’t risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you’ll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

NEW PICTURES That Have Been RES-TITLED

"I Won't Dance" (Rogers & Astaire) has been changed to "Swing Time"
"The Gay Desperado" (Francis Lederer) has been changed to "The World Is Mine"
"There Goes the Bride" (Chester Morris) has been changed to "They Met in a Taxi"
"Sweet Aloe" (Ray Francis) has been changed to "I Gave My Heart"
"Blood Lines" (Patricia Ellis) has been changed to "Down the Stretch"
"This Marriage Business" (Gertrude Michael) has been changed to "Second Wife"

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

ON SANITARY NAPKINS.
This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you’ll never need to worry.

for September 1936
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.”


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.

SALLY BYNUM
charming newcomer to New York and Hollywood studios

ANITA COUNIHAN
voted New York's most popular model

Summer’s Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT
Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors
AND
25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND
DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH
Choice of tufted or oval type

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

At your druggist's while they last
SMART in these hot house days are Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck, Merle Oberon, and Madge Evans—according to Mr. O. O. McIntyre Madge wears a suit better than any actress in Hollywood.

JOAN BLONDELL, in a big picture hat and flowing chiffons, was recently the matron of honor at the church wedding of her brother Ed Blondell to Constance Ray, an actress. Joan's escort to the wedding was none other than Dick Powell, and of course this started all Hollywood wondering if perhaps Joan and Dick were sort of rehearsing for their own wedding. Joan's divorce from George Barres will be final the early part of September and if Dick Powell has anything to do with it he and Joan will marry an hour after the decree is final. Friends of Joan's are pretty certain that there will be a wedding, but it won't be a church wedding. Joan isn't the type who plans things; she acts on the spur of the moment, so it looks like an elopement.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is awfully pleased about Fred MacMurray's marriage to Lillian Lamont. Lillian has been Fred's girl since the days when she was a model and he had a tiny part in the New York production of "Robera." Came Hollywood, and came success, but Fred never for one moment forgot Lillian. When he first started on his Paramount contract the "front office" gave him strict orders to be seen in night clubs with glamorous women of the screen. Why, they even went so far as to arrange a few "big name" dates for him.

But Fred ran out on them, and stubbornly informed Paramount that he had a girl already and that they might just as well call off their glamorous queens. Then the "front office," with an eye on the box office, informed their popular leading man that the fans liked their heroes unmarried and so—but Fred wasn't listening. The very first minute Lillian would say "Yes," and it took a lot of coaxing on Fred's part, the two of them were married in Yuma and left for Honolulu on their honeymoon. Sentimental Hollywood is awfully pleased!

SPEAKING of process servers Rosalind Russell tells a very amusing story of the first summons she was served with in Hollywood. It seems she was having a first date with a very proper and meticulous young Easterner and was trying awfully hard to impress him with her chic and her charm. As she was getting out of the car with him at one of the night clubs a man ran up to her and asked, "Are you Miss Rosalind Russell?" Thinking he was a fan Rosalind, simply radiating glamour, said, "Yes, my young man," and reached for the paper he was holding to autograph it. Imagine her surprise when she discovered it was a summons to appear in court. Rosalind spent the rest of the evening explaining to her young man that subpoenaes in Hollywood are practically a part of the daily routine.

BILL ROBINSON vows he has never taught Shirley Temple a dance yet which she didn't improve on in some way. He explains her dancing genius by the fact that she "dances with her mind." Bill creates many a step without tapping his foot once, and according to her mother little Shirley reheases all her dances at home in bed, lying on her back and wigging her toes. She's got rhythm in her toes.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has a shiny new roadster in place of her old station wagon. And Garbo, after ten years of driving back and forth to the studio in a battered, faded black sedan, which was one of the famous Hollywood antiquities, suddenly appeared for rehearsals of "Camille" in a spanking new seven-passenger car with a chauffeur in livery. Prosperity must be here at last.

ANNE SHIRLEY has been making her own living in this old world ever since she was fourteen months old. At that age she posed for commercial artists in baby clothes ads.
LIFE now begins with a triumphant bang in Hollywood after sundown. At the wind-up of the long, hot marathon on the sound stages, where the regiments of blazing lights have kept the thermometers whooping, the smoothies of the nation give a sigh of relief. They recall that time is flying and what good is their super-S.A., if they don't try it out once in a while? So the dash is directly for ye moderne new home-stead. ("Just a little hideaway I've taken in Beverly, dear!") And when they emerge from their superbly tiled showers, and from beneath the greasepaint which has been such a darned peaky mask, they're raring to go places. Even as you and I, baby.

The magic mood of a summer night in movieland is something that's almost too grand to be true. A blanket of glamour seems to drop over the city with the dusk. It becomes exhilarating cool, yet stays warm enough to be outdoors without wraps. Definitely the country club atmosphere sways everyone, including Garbo. Her butler is regularly announcing, "Madam, that man's here again." Well, practically, for the vital Mr. George Brent is striding into her parlor like clockwork since she tank she come back to us. When the Hollywood moon is full even Greta prefers a husky, with a divine sense of humor, to solitude. To heck with reading a book!

There are all sorts of things to do when a film set dates you up these ecstatic evenings. Whatever you fancy, you can find. I suppose what's chiefly troubling you, however, is curiosity as to whether Barbara Stanwyck is still the lucky girl. Yes, she is—Suppressed Desire Taylor won't give anyone else a tumble. Robert isn't romantic with Barbara—at least, that's their story, and wouldn't it be dreadful if it were true? They are simply pals. All I can say is that it's swell to be chummy with a star.

Many a great one has all the fixings for fun at home and hates to budge. But Bob Taylor hasn't reached that settling-down stage. To him the night's a call to step out. He never entertains at his own home. He's taught Barbara to enjoy the Troc and our other smart cafés. Meanwhile, she's shown him that ping-pong isn't to be sneered at. But I didn't start out to dish cues to the Taylor idiosyncrasies. You can discover them yourself when you ease into the Stanwyck shoes.

If your idea of heaven is to go to a dance, you'd swoon with enthusiasm at the array of sophisticated spots we have on tap here. Marlene Dietrich always goes where the gang goes, and the Trocadero hangs onto its number one rating. It's expensive, but the food and the music are superb. Greta Garbo, incidentally, is "a creature of whims." Often she fox-trots continuously.

Then she'll sit at a table all alone, done up fit to kill. But a vision of glamour) The Coconut Grove is the other ranking dine-and-dance palace. In downtown Los Angeles there is the Biltmore Bowl, and winding Sunset Boulevard is dotted with fashionable clubs, Breeze into the Casanova, the Ball, or the LaMaze and you'll bump into Aline Judge and the rest of those who adore hotcha floor entertainers.

Joan Bennett deserves to be Exhibit A in this expose because she is either a marvelous hostess, planning a party far ahead, or she is delightfully, deliriously nutty. When Joan determines to throw a party she not only provides exquisite trimmings, but she brightens up the elegance with gags. The memorable occasion when Gene Markey was supposed to go abroad was a passport ball. She secured photos of all the invitations, and attached the proper one to each passport used as a place-card. And then she personally answered all the questions asked in the formal questionnaire.
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She Clark Gable's improved too.
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Roller skating is a
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naturally the producers would cast her in sweet, gentle, ingenue parts where the most she had to do was shake her pretty curls and smile. "Isn't she sweet?" she could hear the middle-aged ladies, who clattered up the Wednesday matinees, gurgle to each other. "Isn't she just too sweet!"

If the stage manager didn't happen to be looking Bette would forget her pretty curls, her smile, and her fifty dollars a week just for a moment and walk right up the foot-lights and glare at them. "Sweet?" she would scream later in her dressing room.

"Nice? Pretty? Bah? I'm not sweet, I'm not nice, I'm not pretty! I'll show those dreadful old women!" She did. Bette's famous character portrayal of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage" was her very definite answer to those dreadful old women who had the nerve to call her sweet!

The best temper Bette has been able to run up this last year was completely ruined by her husband who, quite innocently, and quite unbeknownst to him, is a scene stealer. "Ham" is the calm, collected type who wouldn't even get rattled if he won the Irish Sweepstakes, and, you can well imagine, not very satisfactory to have around the house when Hollywood's great dramatic star wants to fight.

It was the occasion of the big Academy Banquet at the Biltmore Bowl, the night that Bette was to receive the little gold statuette signifying she was the Best, and naturally she wanted to look a bit chic for the occasion, for Bette and you and I, yes all of us, know how Hollywood talks. Well, it seems that Bette had a new maid who had heard about this wrinkle phobia of her mistress, and, in her zest to please Madame, had sent all of Madame's evening clothes to the dry cleaners.

Bette dashed in from the studio after a hard day's work to find nothing, but nothing, to wear. Now a situation like that could bring on a temper even among the mildest of us, so just think what it did to Bette. The maid had gone home so there was no one but "Ham" to take it out on. For fully fifteen minutes she did a magnificent portrayal of an evil Borgia plotting the murder of a maid in cold blood, then she switched to a poor woman severely put upon by life, the tears were unloosed in floods, but still "Ham" did not look up from the sporting page of the evening paper. "The Academy Award dinner," she shrieked, "with all of Hollywood staring at me. The night I have waited for for years—yes, for years and years I have worked and slaved for this night. This night that should be the happiest night of my career. And I haven't a thing to wear. Say something, damn you, say something!" Mr. Nelson languidly turned a page. "Is our Bess in a pet?" he casually remarked. It completely broke Bette up.

She laughed.

Our Bess was born Ruth Elizabeth Davis in Boston, Mass., April 5, 1908, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Davis, and up to the advent of Ruth Elizabeth there had been no temperament in the Davis family. When they noticed that little Ruth Elizabeth refused to put her hands in dirt—when they took her to the beach she would never play in the sand with her hands but would use her elbows instead—and when they became aware of the fact that a wrinkle to their little offspring was far more terrifying than a charging lion, they didn't know quite what to make of it all. They suspected the Puritans. But then when they heard those shrieks of temper and that awful language coming from childish lips they were more in a quandary than ever. They did not suspect the Puritans.

Ruth Elizabeth was educated in the public schools of Boston, graduating in the due course of time from Newton High School, and then for several years studied at Cushing Academy. While she was in high school she became very interested in interpretative dancing and for a long time her ambition was to become a world famous dancer. It was then she decided to change her name—Ruth Elizabeth not sounding very exotic. Bette she picked out of Balzac, which she happened to be reading at the time, but [Continued on page 69]
LOVE BETWEEN ROUND

"Cain And Mabel," A Warner Brothers' Film Co-Starring Clark Gable And Marion Davies, Concerns The Hectic Romance Of A Potential Heavy-Weight Champion And A Broadway Hooper.

ABEL O'DARE had feet. Two of them. Not two timid little mites that stole in and out beneath the hem of her skirt like Grandma had, but two sturdy, dependable dogs that served her faithfully.

There was nothing blunt or shockingly common sense about Mabel's feet, either. They had a good streamline design, wide cruising range and gave plenty of miles to the gallon. Sturdy feet, lively feet; feminine, fascinating feet!

Feet deserve to be mentioned first of all of Mabel's charms—before her radiant health and Irish beauty and blarneying tongue—before even the solid worth of her heart which had not gone off the gold standard. Feet come first in the saga of Mabel because Mabel was a waitress and you can't be a crackjack waitress—or a headline dancer either—without feet.

"Listen," growled an irate patron of Beck's Popular Restaurant one hectic noon, "I've been here twenty minutes!"

"Don't expect sympathy from me," Mabel smiled, "I've been here two years." So she had, two years of the hardest kind of hustling that earned the money to support Mimi, her aunt, who had been a showgirl back in the days when all you had to do was fit the tights.

At the noon hour the revolving door of Beck's kept up a rapid phut-phut-phut like a Florida speed boat regatta; the clang of clashing china drowned out the rhythmic crunch of myriad jaws; the soughing of the soup and coffee consumers made many a wandering Yankee remember the breeze among his native pines.

Into Beck's, one day, the revolving doors catapulted a newspaper man named Reilly who was so gifted with imagination he had been fired from every paper in town. He was too down in his luck to mind even when he spilled the salt.

"What'll it be?" said Mabel.

"Coffee."

"Coffee and ... ?"

Reilly watched a tray of pastry pass with longing in his eyes. Then he felt of his lone nickel. "No, coffee ... just," he sighed.

His hard luck story touched Mabel's too-tender heart. She brought him the ham and eggs that had been served to another patron by mistake and that's how he lost his job and found Reilly.

"If she could only sing, or dance, or juggle, or something I could get her a job like that," Reilly said to Mabel's horrified aunt. "Jake Sherman is putting on a show."

"Do you know Jake Sherman?" Mimi gasped.

I couldn't be any closer to him if I was his Siamese brother!"

Mimi beamed. "Then she works! Mabel can dance. I've been teaching her steps ever since she was a little nipper."

Reilly, who had been four-flushing, looked as if he hadn't quite managed to swallow the gas range. But he resolved to stand pat.

"Sister," he said to Mabel with quaver- ing heartiness, "with Aloysius K. Reilly behind you, the name of Mabel O'Dare will be written in the stars. Your dances will make Pavlova's Dying Swan look like a cooked goose. Get your hat and coat, you're on your way to fame!"

"Yeah," said Mabel. "But do you suppose they might need a girl at the Acropolis Restaurant?"

In spite of her doubts, Mabel found herself with Reilly in the waiting room of Jake Sherman, the theatrical producer. Mimi and Reilly between them had waited her into it. The door of Sherman's private office opened and a handsome young man came out. Reilly sprang at him. "Jake, old boy, swell to see you ... you remember me? Reilly, of the Clarion?"

It wasn't Jake Sherman, but Ronny Cauldwel, Jake's musical comedy star who had a voice that made women remember. He had just been signing his contract for the new show. Reilly's brass nerve struck him as funny and Mabel's winsome Irish beauty appealed mightily to the eye. Ronny let Reilly go on thinking he was Jake Sherman.

"In the chorus—for her?" he cried when Reilly made his plea. "A friend of yours in the chorus! Listen, she can have the lead."

"Yes," said Mabel. "That's something you might need a girl at the Acropolis Restaurant?"

"Yes," said Mabel. "But do you suppose they might need a girl at the Acropolis Restaurant?"

"No," said Mabel. "I've never been there."

Strange are the ways of show business—strange and beyond the understanding of common man. In the ash can today; in the lights tomorrow—that's the only thing you can count on in that topsy-turvy world. Mabel O'Dare, who had never been nearer the stage than Beck's restaurant, backed by an agent who didn't know Jake Sherman.

ROScoe KAnS aND
David Carlyle can't
control Gabe, who is
objecting strenuously
to his publicity-planned
love affair with Marion
Davies.
Fictionized by
Jack Bechdolt

elegant hotel room where the midnight session promised to stretch to a matinee. She glared at Aunt Mimi who, wise old hoofer that she was, had kicked off her shoes; at Archie the pianist, who didn’t have to do anything but hit keys with his fingers; at Reilly, who lolled with his knees over a chair arm; finally at Little Milo.

“My arches are broken down so far that instead of getting taps I’m getting suction!”

“Well, you go on tomorrow night, with or without arches,” Milo twittered.

“Great!” said Archie. “I’ve played my fingers down to the second joint now!”

“Your fingers?” Milo screeched. “How about my head? Reilly, give me another aspirin!” Reilly handed him one. “You’re so full of them now you rattle like a crap game.”

There was time out for an exchange of glares all around. Then they began again.

On the floor below, in the room just under Mabel’s, three men were bedding down for the night—in a one-bed room. Old Pop Walters and his trainer, Dodo, knew they had the world by the tail when they signed for the management of Larry Cain. Larry was a husky young mug whose brow was permanently wrinkled by the effort to keep up with

from his Old Testament ancestor crashed Jake Sherman’s new show and got her chance—not in the chorus, but in the lead!

To be sure, the defection of Jake’s snooty leading lady did a lot to help. It gave Mabel a chance to step up to the piano and show what her feet could do. And those feet of Mabel’s, waiting table notwithstanding, were smart enough to give her a break.

Mabel’s training began, an intensive course that was superintended by a flouncing little man named Milo who handled Sherman’s dance business. Reilly and Aunt Mimi helped—with encouragement and advice. Milo raged like an angry canary. But Mabel’s dogs did the real hard work and by midnight before the opening they were so swollen and sore each one felt the size of the new Queen Mary.

Sore feet or no sore feet, the show must go on!

Mabel glared wearily about the
“If I ever lay eyes on that girl they’ll be playing a benefit for her the next day!”

Jake Sherman’s show wasn’t doing so well. Ronny Cauldwell got all the fat notices, nobody seemed much interested in Mabel O’Dare. O’Dare had to practice for the opening of her show tomorrow night and there were no more rooms available.

“I just got to get some sleep, Pop,” Larry groaned. “I couldn’t get any here if the sandman was carrying bricks. Let’s move to another hotel—

“We can’t, I spent all my dough for this room!”

Larry rose in his old-fashioned nightgown. He threw on his overcoat and strode upstairs to the room above. “Listen, lady,” he explained to Mabel, “I can’t sleep—

“What am I supposed to do, make you Ovaltine?” Mabel wasn’t in any gentle mood, either.

“But I got a fight tomorrow,” Larry explained, still willing to act the gentleman.

“You won’t have to wait until tomorrow if you don’t stop disturbing me,” said Mabel grimly.

“Disturbing you!” Larry glared, forgetting all about that gentlemanly stuff. This dame had a nerve that called for a good poke in the pass. “Listen, Thunderfoot, you’re making my room sound like a pool hall on Saturday night!”

Her smile was sweet. “That ought to make you feel at home,” Larry grinned.

Larry’s teeth gritted. He was a pug, but only professionally. When he thought of dances they were either cuddly, clinging wistful little things or white haired old porcelain pieces like Whister’s mother. This strap- ping Irish wench roused a fury that properly employed, would have led him to knock out Dempsey. “When I came up here,” he began with rare restraint, “the thing I wanted most in the world was sleep. Now it’s to poke you in the nose—

“Well,” said Mabel, equally affable, “I’m so tired from dancing my knees are sprung, but I wouldn’t stop now if I had to do it on a picket fence!” Then she slammed the door.

The door caught Larry over the eye and on a bloody gash there. He went back to his horror-stricken companions and spent the rest of the night writhing sleepless in the chilly flakes of plaster raining from the ceiling.

The following evening Mabel O’Dare opened in Jake Sherman’s new musical comedy and Larry Cain yawned his way through a few rounds at Madison Square that ended in his perfect flop.

Larry, the defeated, with a bandage on his head, lay himself down to sleep and his last thoughts were of Mabel:

Clark just grinned when M-G-M and Warner Brothers argued about his mustache. On or off?—that was the question! But it’s not visible in “Cain and Mabel,” so Warner’s evidently won the battle.

“...I had tripe for dinner.”

Larry between his teeth, “Your feet are very familiar, too. I was out rowing this afternoon.”

Mabel’s pretty hand flashed. There was a loud report as it met Larry’s cheek. Even Mabel was startled out of her trance. Her hand went to her mouth, she stared at her victim wide eyed. “Oh dear... oh... what a smash!”

Larry’s hand reached for the nearest water pitcher and poised it over her head.

“Yeah,” said he, “wet smash!” He poured the ice water over her.

Pop gave Reilly a thump look.

“Well, Cupid, if this is romance, the Marquis of Queensberry wrote advice to the lovers!”

Strange are the ways of show business, but stranger still the wiles of publicity. The papers next morning, since Reilly, carried front page stories: CAIN KNOCKS OUT MASHER AND SAVES [Continued on page 68]
THROW-BACKS

Does An Actor’s Art Depend Upon His Ancestors?

By Liza

Considering the naturalness of his off-shoot scenes, Charlie Ruggles must be an off-shoot of the Haig and Haig family.

Can it be that each character that an actor portrays is a throw-back to a powerful personality of yesteryear? Can it be that after all the gay times we’ve had together I must now force atavism down your throat? You stood by me, gentle reader (and I don’t think you’re so gentle as you’re cracked up to be—I mean held up to be), when I romped through literature, art, and the social swirl, so now how’s about a shot of the scientific.

Yes, it is high time I dashed into science. Science has never been so chic as it is today, why even the man on the street is discussing changing his blood stream, just as casually as he used to speak of changing his tires. Biology is really my forte. Yes, I believe I’ve got something there. Biology, you’ve made me what I am today, but I’m not satisfied, I had four grandparents, and they each had four, making twenty definitely individual human beings. In turn they each had four making eighty-four, you know how these things spread, and here I’m only back to the Civil War.

Those poor dears each had four (mercy, how they stack up) and that makes a total of three hundred and forty emotional, temperamental human beings who have each contributed fury or foolishness, sense or insanity, to influence my daily life. Just think of it and be astounded! In the next world it I ever meet that ancestor of mine who was too lazy to get out of bed in the morning and who stuffed herself with angel food cake I personally shall hang one on her jaw. What she did to me!

You may well marvel at the mingling forces in your own blood stream. Do you feel an overwhelming desire occasionally to drop a bit of strychnine in your boy friend’s coca-cola? Alas, my little one, you can be sure that somehow or other in the muddled ages Mad Lucetia of the nasty Borgias nested in your family tree, and nothing good ever came of Lucetia. Have you never felt two natures struggling within you, one yes, the other no? (I bet you have. Nice old Sex, pat, pat.) Now we’re getting some place.

Let’s consider the poor movie star who also had eighty-four ancestors along about the time Grant took Richmond, though we of the deep South never mention that. And am I deep? Of course a lot of their progenitors, just like ours, were plain simple people, oafs and whatnots. But doesn’t it stand to reason that somewhere in the past there was an outstanding forebear, grave or gay, who contributes to the present day.

Sylvia Sidney, perhaps, is descended from Madame La Farge, who knitted whole heads dropped, during the French Revolution.

And John Barrymore is a prototype of Mercutio, whom he impersonates so well in “Romeo and Juliet.”
Hollywood actor the character which he brings to life. And while he is playing this role that portion of his heart, blood, soul and body, which came from his long forgotten ancestor, surges to the front, takes control, and again walks the earth to live, to suffer, and to bring honor upon his descendant. Right now I feel Socrates stamps through every vein.

Take the case of Gary Cooper's Mr. Deeds (you know, the Mr. Deeds who went to town.) He inscrutably listens to the attacks upon him in that famous court room scene and refuses to make a statement, until you almost go crazy fearing he won't speak up and defend himself. With such stoicism, such poise, who can doubt but that the same vital spark which gave Sitting Bull his phlegmatic Indian temperament, back in the days of the Covered Wagon, is now sluggishly reproduced in the arteries of Gary Cooper. Who can doubt?

And who can doubt but what there was a dastardly old meanie among Charles Laughton's ancestors—else how could he play so well the cruel, despicable Captain Farge. of "Mutiny on the Bounty," who so heartlessly flogged a corpse while the officers and men of the British Navy were forced to look on. (I suspect Peter the Great, Charlie.) This scene stands out vividly as one of the never to be forgotten scenes of the screen. Laughton played it with such blood-curdling horror that I am quite sure he was influenced by the same forgotten great-great-grandfather who is the malign influence in other present day lives. For instance, is the guy who blows his horn behind you when you are up against a red light and delights in your acute mental suffering. And the mean, unregenerate character who turns the page of his newspaper in the subway before you can find out who won the fourth race at Saratoga. Just dirty throw-backs, if genealogy is what they said it was.

I have never seen Sylvia Sidney knit in a picture, though possibly she has, but on the set our little Sylvia (and wasn't she magnificent in "Fury"?) knits continuously, so continuously, that for years I have been trying to figure out who wears all the sweaters that Sylvia knits. In my best scientific manner I have figured it out (after at least two minutes of research) that this frantic knitting is caused by Madame La Farge. Remember the dramatic lady of the French Revolution (recently played by Blanche Yurka in "The Tale of Two Cities") who had herself a front row seat at the Guillotine and never once dropped a stitch while the aristocrats of France dropped their heads. That's Sylvia all right. Murder, arson, mob violence and love in bloom all happen right there on the set in front of her but Sylvia never looks up, just knits on and on. She's got Madame La Farge in her finger tips. And of course this makes Sylvia and Blanche Yurka sort of cousins or something—remind me to give two more minutes of research to this some day.

By the same reasoning, though I'm not quite sure what that reasoning is as yet, Joan Blondell and Alan Hale are cousins, whether they like it or not. (They call me Liza the Maker of Cousins.) Joan is a descendant of David Blondell, the wandering minstrel, who was played by Alan Hale in C. B. DeMille's "The Crusades." Because of his unique ability to sing and dance and cavort David Blondell found favor with Richard the Lion-Hearted, who loved a good laugh at nights after a day spent with the sourpuss Christians. (Richard was most likely a forebear of the Warner Brothers.) When Joan sings and dances and cuts up in "Sons O' Guns" you can be quite certain that she's got David in her blood stream.

Charlie Ruggles is definitely an off-shoot of the family tree that produced Haig and Haig, a fine old family of tiptoes. As the twixt is bent so grows the tree says Charlie weaving onto the set for another of his inimitable Soupe scenes. Possibly Carole Lombard's squabbling in "Love Before Breakfast" is but a modern version of her progenitors who undoubtedly numbered Marie Antoinette among their ilk. Poor Marie Antoinette gabbed so much in public that she finally talked her head right off. And that dear lady must have been the great-great-great-grandmother of those three women who sat directly behind me at the picture the other night. Gab, gab, gab. The dirty throw-backs.

In "Dangerous" we have Bette Davis driving a car furiously. Her husband, whom she hates, is beside her. She resolves upon death for both of them since he will not give way to her wishes. She sights a tree and drives recklessly to certain death. And of which is dramatic, and right down Bette's alley. But, kiddies, on scientific analysis (I think I used test tubes) I find it is a cherry tree, and as I trace back the blood stream I find that obviously Bette is a descendant from the same stem as the father of this country, whose dramatic feeling for cherry trees has come to be a household word.

Or take the case of John Barrymore, whose marvelous sword play and carryings-on as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" is the talk of the town. With all due respects to Miss Sherer and Mr. Howard, whose Juliet and Romeo are not quite sneeze at, it is the slightly mad Mr. Barrymore who walks away with the picture. Mercutio was a hot-blooded, merry gentleman, quite pleasantly immune on occasions, who often broke into a bawdy song and simply couldn't resist a good street brawl—one of them eventually led to his undoing. Well, another shot of science and a little research and I have discovered that the reason John Barrymore can play Mercutio so startlingly well is because he is descended from a great-great-grandfather who had quite a number of eccentric progeny—the most famous of the present day ones being Representative Zioncheck. Boys that make Barrymore and Zioncheck cousins? Well, after all I wouldn't go so far as to say that, we scientists must keep some of our secrets and besides I don't like suits, I simply don't look well in them.

And in "San Francisco" we have Clark Cable (Blackie Norton) in one scene trying to drag a lovely and good woman down to his low level—and, tut tut, his level was the Barbary Coast—by forcing her to appear (Continued on page 78)
He's the Boss!

When A Picture Is In The Making It's The Director, Not The Star, Who Is Most Important.

By Maude Cheatham

Bright lights may spell the names of our favorite players over cinema theatres but the real star of every motion picture is the director. He doesn’t receive the plaudits nor the orchids but (beside a nice fat salary) he derives a tremendous satisfaction in weaving his drama into the huge canvas of the screen, and I’ve yet to find one who would change his job with any other in the whole world.

During the making of a picture it isn’t the glamorous stars who are of the first importance—not at all—it is the director. He is master of the ship, the undisputed boss! Not only must he be an artist in the technique of acting, of camera angles, of tonal qualities, and all the rest of it, but he must be a real diplomat and have an unquenchable sense of humor. Otherwise he could never survive the ordeal of the close association with the hundred or more persons required to make a film.

Besides the more or less temperamental players, who are usually the least of a director’s worries, there are scores of assistants and assistants’ assistants, covering the angles of story, dialogue, camera, sound, and what not, each thoroughly convinced that his department is of paramount importance. While eager to help make the film a colossal success, they often prove stumbling blocks: jealousies, discussions, differences of opinion develop, and it is up to the director to bring peace and harmony to all warring elements and, at the same time, be cheer leader for his players. All this builds into a gigantic task. Verily, directing a motion picture is not for the weaker brothers!

Being an ardent film fan I get a big kick out of watching any phase of picture making and I’m sure other fans would like to get a glimpse of a studio when the stars are at work. Also, to get the director’s angle. So, I hunted up two of my favorites, Richard Boleslawski, with his European background and training, and John Blystone, a dyed-in-the-wool American—Middle West, to be exact, whose brilliant directorial talents add luster to Hollywood films.

I found Boleslawski at the David Selznick International studio, about to direct an important scene in the new Technicolor production, "The Garden of Allah." A milling crowd of people thronged the huge stage and at first sight it seemed a bedlam of confusion, but, after a moment, I could see it was all swinging into a definite pattern for everybody knew exactly what they were doing. A few last touches were being given to the interior of a picturesque Algerian cafe, where the scene was soon to be shot; light men, high above the set, were picking up details from every angle; camera and sound experts were making final tests of their machines, and calling back and forth about focus and distances; the two hundred Arab extras chattered noisily as they took their places.

(Continued on page 60)
Another Hollywood

Find Out Which Glamour Girl Would Like You Best.

Jeanette MacDonald answers very definitely: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 21—Yes.

Olivia de Havilland will like you if your list checks with this: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 5—Yes, 11—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Oliveira Ellis' ideal man would answer thus: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 5—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 13—Yes, 15—No, 17—No, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

AND now it's the men's turn! Have you the qualities one of the glamorous single girls of Hollywood is seeking in the man she'll marry? Learn the answer by filling in the questionnaire on opposite page—read answers at end of the article and see which girl you'd suit, if any!

All the way from little Marie Wilson, she of the amazingly long eyelashes, to stars like Carole Lombard, Luise Rainer, and Jeanette MacDonald, the feminine beauties of Hollywood are demanding, particular, and very decided in their tastes.

Just as with the girls' questionnaire we published last month (and we hope everybody drew a bachelor successfully!), there are no right or wrong answers to this test. Almost any combinations of Yes and No will match one of the stars.

We'll warn you right now, however, to rush out and take up dancing if you don't shine in the ballroom. Practically all the girls are looking for beaux who can do them justice at the Tree or the Cocoanut Grove.

Luise Rainer was an exception; with her it's a love of nature that's most important, and let those who would rather dance, dance. "Men should be honest," Luise says firmly, meaning just as much as the word can. "Men should be strong willed. Men should not be stupid, affected, or dogmatic." Decidedly old-fashioned in her tastes was the little Rainer, despite the fact that Hollywood considers her a very modern member of the Bohemian set. Maybe that's why she hasn't married! When we asked if her ideal man must be handsome, she answered almost smugly, "Handsome in mind is more important."

None of the girls care much if you've been married before, but Olivia de Havilland, outlining her requirements very earnestly, said, "He must be trustworthy, discreet, and understanding." Unusually enough, she hopes that "he will feel a strong responsibility toward his profession or business, and perhaps put that first in his life!"

Olivia can't make up her mind about being independent after marriage. When asked if she intends to give up her career for domesticity, she gasped (very prettily, too), "Heaven knows!" She does insist that the lucky man be as important in his own sphere as she is in pictures—and remember she started right in as a full-fledged star! A sense of humor is most important to Jean Harlow, who seeks, in a beau, the same steadfast qualities she would demand in a friend. In Hollywood it's generally conceded that Mr. William Powell fills the bill.

Pat Ellis, heartbreak at the moment, wouldn't look twice at a lad who couldn't dance. "He must be taller than I," she adds definitely, "and his shoes must be shined at all times." She also wants a chap who can tend bar, if necessary, but he must not like premières, he better not ask her to see all the football games, and he's sure to lose out if he talks for hours on the telephone.

Jeanette MacDonald, much more serious than you might imagine, is definitely against heavy drinking. In fact she's the only girl who thought to mention it. Gambling is out, too—and so are members of what Jeanette, with all the fervor of a girl who works for her living, calls "the idle rich."

Naturally, an appreciation of good music is especially important to this lovely singer, and you must like dogs. Otherwise you couldn't possibly be happy with la MacDonald, who always has a few shepdogs parked around the house.

Marie Wilson, one of our own favorite girls, expects any prospective beau to be a good conversationalist. "I can never think of enough to say myself," she admits calmly. Unhaggery points are another requirement with Marie, and if you want to step right up and make decisions for her after engagement or marriage it's O.K. "It will save a lot of wear and tear on me, don't you think?" says Marie.

Suddenly serious, she added that he should have gentleness and strength of character, and be as much as possible "as George Brent appears on the screen. He'd never embarrass a girl even if she didn't look like Kay Francis!"

(We didn't even ask Miss Francis the sort of lad she likes, since Delmar Davis, the handsome scenario writer, is admitted to have the inside track against all other entries.)

Marian Marsh, one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls both on and off the screen, hedged a little on all our questions. Handsome? "If I liked him," Marion smiled, "he'd be handsome to me." Well-dressed? "But not a band-box effect!" Well-informed? "So long as he's not a walking encyclopedia on any one subject!"

Marian also wants a fellow who is a little jealous. "It's such a subtle form of flattery," she admitted. And he must be a good mixer.
"DATE TEST"  By Mark Dowling

not out of place anywhere. Do any of you men think you might qualify?

These are just a few of the fascinating facts we learned about Hollywood's bachelor girls as we plied them with questions about their "dream men."

Remember, the girls weren't allowed to read the questionnaire that accompanies this article. (It was written with the aid of a noted psychologist.) And if you come out one or two answers wrong with your favorite feminine star, you might still win her. Hollywood has never before boasted so many beautiful and glamorous unmarried ladies, and they're all waiting for the right man!

Where Player Fails To Answer Certain Questions, It Indicates She Takes No Definite Stand on Them

Marion Marsh: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes.

Luise Rainer: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 8—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No.

Patricia Ellis: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 13—Yes, 15—No, 17—No, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Gail Patrick: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—No, 10—Yes, 11—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Gertrude Michael: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 12—No, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Frances Drake: 1—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 12—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Ann Sothern: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—No, 11—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No, 20—Yes.

Olivia de Havilland: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Isabel Jewell: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 19—No.

Anne Shirley: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 6—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Maria Wilson: 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No.

Carole Lombard: 1—Yes, 3—No, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 11—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Jean Harlow: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 22—Yes.

Paula Stone: 1—Yes, 5—Yes, 4—Yes, 9—No, 12—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Jeannette MacDonald: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 21—Yes.

Anita Louise: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 12—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 20—Yes, 21—Yes.

Maureen O'Sullivan: 1—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 11—Yes, 12—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No.

Luise Ranier favors a man with stead qualities: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 8—Yes, 13—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No.

PERSONALITY QUESTIONNAIRE

(Note) Answer the questions that interest you, either Yes or No. Then refer to list of answers to see which Hollywood girl would be attracted to a bachelor of your type.

Yes  No

1. Can you name two philosophers who have influenced modern thought, and one modern American composer of music? 

2. Can you name the state where President Roosevelt's favorite health resort is located?

3. Should a young couple have children on an income of less than $5,000 a year?

4. Do you make friends with stray dogs?

5. Ever been married?

6. Do you dance well?

7. Would you wear a white tie with a mess jacket?

8. Do you dislike "jazzed-up" versions of classical music?

9. Should a man forbid his fiancée or wife to go out with other men?

10. Can you beat two or more friends at any popular sport?

11. Do friends ever say you look like one of Hollywood's romantic leading men?

12. Answer Yes if light-complexioned, No if dark-complexioned.

13. Do you know the difference between pate de foies gras and crepes suzette?

14. Were you a letter man at school or college, and have you a chest expansion of 3 inches or more?

15. At parties, can you lead the conversation into whatever channels you wish?

16. Do you ever think about an "ideal" girl?

17. Would you be angry if handed a "loaded" cigarette at a party—or any other practical joke?

18. Would it bother you if a girl wore satin slippers with sports clothes?

19. Would you forbid your fiancée or wife having a career?

20. Can you name the birth dates of your father and mother?

21. Would you allow your wife a separate bank account or regular allowance if she had no money of her own?

22. Are you an officer of your school, class or club, a captain of any team, or an executive of the company you work for?

Jean Harlow could admire a man whose answers agree with hers: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 22—Yes.
Spencer Tracy's Brilliant Acting Excites Our Author To A Prophecy That Should Thrill This Actor On To Even Greater Performances For The Balance Of This Year.

By Ed Sullivan

He has a cousin from Milwaukee. In fact, he has dozens of them out there, because the city records will attest that Spencer Tracy was born April 5, 1900, in that Wisconsin capital. Milwaukee seems to be a happy incubator for stage talent—it was out of Milwaukee that Alfred Lunt strode to a stage and marital partnership with Lynn Fontanne. It was from that same town that Lenore Ulric paraded to the David Belasco empire of make-believe, and in a softer voice, it may be added that Gilda Gray originated the "shimmy" dance within the Milwaukee city limits.

But it is not of Lunt or Ulric or Gilda that I wish to sing in these lines. I would, rather, twang a lyrical roundelay to Spencer Tracy, who now looms up along the Hollywood horizon as the best bet of the cinema year, as the result of two smashing performances in "Fury" and "San Francisco." A year ago, it was Victor McLaglen who won the Academy award for the year's outstanding performance in "The Informer." This year, Tracy will be in the forefront of the select group who will fight it out for the premiere award of the celluloid pundits.

He has been on his way to flicker fame since October, 1930. That was the year that Hollywood reached across the continent to the Broadway stage on which Tracy was playing the part of Killer Mears in "The Last Mile" and signed him to a contract. Perhaps you remember that particular part, the convicts shaking and banging at the bars of their cells as the electric lights went on and off—indicating that the electric chair had collected a promissory note due to the State. The part of Killer Mears did not reflect too much glory on Tracy. It was actor-proof. Curiously enough, both Gable and Tracy, teamed in "San Francisco," won their screen jobs through Killer Mears. Gable was playing the part in a road company of "The Last Mile" when Warner's snared him, only to turn him loose later.

From 1930 to 1936, Tracy appeared in perhaps eighteen pictures. The pictures ranged from bad to good, but though the flickers lacked consistency, his performances always were excellent. Of those early pictures, I liked best his work in "The Show-
Off" filmed in 1934. In fact I was so impressed by it that in the following day's column, I suggested that he was the brightest possibility among the younger Coast actors. He was, I said, in the vanguard of the youngsters upon whom the movies must rely to replace the aging veterans. But the movies, with fine indifference to this critical accolade, continued to drop him into pictures that failed to capitalize on the Milwaukee performer's complete capabilities.

And then came "Fury" from the pen of Norman Krasna. There was plenty of raw meat in this one, meat enough for a Killer Mears to sink his teeth in, and sufficient shading to establish the contrast of restraint and furious bitterness. Tracy was magnificent in the part, bringing to it a broad understanding of the character and a sensitive interpretation that made movie fans sit up in their chairs, tense with horror.

But "Fury" was not quite enough. It was reminiscent, you see, of Killer Mears. Tracy was on the way but he needed something completely different, a part completely removed from blood-and-thunder. And he found that as the priest in "San Francisco," for when he donned the clergyman's collar, it was Hollywood's benediction.

There have been many priests brought to the stage and the screen. None, however, that matches the priest which Spencer Tracy brings to warm, human existence on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. His "Father Tim" will be recognized in every Catholic parish in America, and perhaps the original walked the streets of Milwaukee when Spencer Tracy was going to the public schools there. It was the integrity of the priestly portrait that Tracy painted which lifted him high among the Hollywood performers. Here is no raucous individual, nor one seeking your sympathy with obvious hotum—here is no compromise—"Father Tim" is as great a feat of make-believe as Laughton's "Captain Bligh," or the Rothschild who was born in the genius of George Arlis, or the Juliet of Norma Shearer. This is magnificent work, on a high plane.

In the scene in the mission, when Tracy, as the priest, is boiling a cup of coffee for Mary Blake (Jeanette MacDonald), there is one brilliant line that you will never forget. "Father Tim" is chatting about his boyhood with Blackie Norton (Clark Gable), and chuckles as he recalls that they didn't go to church every Sunday: "That reminds me—that little Tim Rooney wasn't at Mass this morning." Tracy says suddenly and puts it down on his menu pad. If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were to give a separate trophy for one blinding flash of perfect timing, they would have to select this moment. It was what the stage would call a terrific "bit of business."

So prison and pulpit have combined this year to bring Tracy's picture in the Hall of Fame—the priest in "Fury," the pulpit in "San Francisco." Of the two, I prefer the latter although "Fury" gives you an estimate of his versatility and range.

Broadway is not startled at Tracy's brilliance. The Stem knew, as far back as "Baby Cyclone" that here was a youngster destined to go places and do things. That was a George M. Cohan show and it was the Milwaukee lad's first big thrill. As I recall, it played at the Henry Miller Theatre in the fall of 1927. Tracy held his

[Continued on page 58]
ALL head waiters have nervous digestion—particularly those who work in Hollywood.

But that's natural. By the time you take an order for a rare steak without any seasoning and a glass of grapefruit juice, for Suzie Blotz, one for raw vegetable salad with non-fattening mineral oil dressing for Sadie Glutz, rush through a couple of lobsters for Gary Cooper, and get Papa and Mama Tourist satisfied with a 40-cent plate of scrambled eggs, you don't care much about eating. You have indigestion from trying to keep other people's digestion working well.

People are always asking me what movie stars like to eat. Why, I don't know. They are just like everybody else with their food preferences. Some like cold, some hot food. Jean Harlow likes sour cream and cottage cheese salads and always a glass of claret wine with a meal. James Cagney likes sea food salads, while Pat O'Brien enjoys stews and Irish bacon and eggs. Marlene Dietrich has an appetite like a man. She eats hearty things such as veal cutlets, pot roasts and the like. Herbert Marshall is not only most particular about the way his food is served, but he orders a meal beautifully. At the same moment this fastidious gentleman who has his tea every afternoon at three o'clock, is partial to our American sardines and rye bread for luncheon or a late snack.

Shirley Temple is my sweetheart! Isn't she everybody's? She adores mocha cake and her mother won't let her eat it! On St. Valentine's Day, I took a cake that we had baked especially for her in the Fox-20th Century kitchens, to her in her dressing room, but her mother refused to let her eat it.

"Could I just stick my finger in the cake?" Shirley whispered to me. I said, "Of course." So I stood with my back to Mrs. Temple so she couldn't see, and Shirley took her little finger, plunged it deep into the cake and licked it off. She was as happy and probably happier inside her tummy, than if she'd eaten as much as she wanted.

With suggestions from the head-waiter, most people can make up their minds what they want to eat within a very few minutes. But two who used to take their time were Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., when they were first married. They would talk sweet nothings to each other for a half to a whole hour before they even looked at the menu. That was at the Brown Derby.

Later, I waited on Miss Crawford and Mr. Franchot Tone. While these, too, were romantic luncheons, there was no such delay about ordering, and one day I witnessed a very amusing battle between the two of them over food. Joan, as many other famous women I could name, always likes to give something from her plate to her companion. She never seems to have enjoyed her luncheon until she has done this. But one day, Mr. Tone rebelled strenuously against tasting her proverbial lamb chop and green salad, and Joan was very hurt. He was sweet but firm about it, and right there I decided to bet on Mr. Tone as being the guy that would wear the pants in that family!
OME WAIT ON TABLES

"Nick," Formerly Headwaiter At
The Brown Derby, Recalls His
Experiences Serving The Stars.

As told to
Muriel Babcock

I never hurry anybody away from
their eating. Sometimes in the Vine
Street Derby, I used to go crazy.
Sightseers would come in early,
order twenty-five or fifty cents
worth of food, and spend four
hours at a table just gaping at
movie stars although I needed
their space for important, work-
ing picture people who were
standing in line at the door.
But I never hurried them. I
don't think it is a good idea
to rush anybody out of a
restaurant or to make them
feel, no matter what the
circumstances, that they
are being rushed. A per-
son should take plenty
of time to eat his food
and to digest it.

Janet Gaynor eats very
sensibly. For lunch she enjoys
a green salad best of all. I always
fix her a special one of green vegetables,
chopped up white meat of chicken, chopped
eggs, and a mixed dressing. It is deli-
cious really. She doesn't care for desserts.
Yes, some of our women stars, despite
the stories you hear of lamb chop and
pineapple starvation diets, love their des-
serts. Sally Blane is one. She has a passion
for cheese cake. At any time, at any meal,
she can be persuaded to eat a generous
piece.

You would never know Constance and
Joan Bennett were sisters from the way
they eat. Connie likes cold cuts and hearty
steaks and is also partial to chopped up
tenderloin made-to-order in stew fashion
with fresh tomatoes, fresh mushrooms, and
a Sherry wine sauce. Joan Bennett likes
delicate sea food, salads and tea!

Wally Beyer, for a big man, is very fussy
about his food. His favorite luncheon dish
is a green salad with a sour French dress-
ing. With this he takes about four cups of
coffee. Tom Mix, on the other hand, likes
corn beef and cabbage and drinks only
beer. The Connies di Frisco usually eats
lamb chops and mushrooms. Kay Francis
and Carole Lombard are fond of pineapple
salads. Charlie Chaplin likes cherry-stone
clam. I'll never forget how annoyed Mr.
Chaplin was on one occasion when he had
to eat caviar because we didn't have enough
cherry-stone clams. Most people would have
been thrilled at the idea of caviar, but not
Charlie!

Contrary to what many people think,
waiters would rather serve someone who is
dummy about their food than someone who
doesn't care what is set before them. They
appreciate a knowledge of good, well-
cooked food, and they appreciate discrimi-
nation in ordering. They really don't mind
people who are on special diets for they
know those people will be thoughtful in
ordering and appreciate what is set before
them.

Speaking of diets, if you are working
under high pressure and have trouble di-
gesting your food, I would suggest that you
stay away from rich dressings and bread
and butter. You [Continued on page 72]
3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from 20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

WARNER BAXTER and LOY IN TO MARRY WITH LOVE

JAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR
JEAN DIXON

Reunited in the best love story The Saturday Evening Post ever published!

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 See-mo-né See-mo-né) with

CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN OALEAN
SHIRLEY DEANE
FRANKLY TWENTY-SIX

Joan Bennett Has Gladly Relinquished The Naivete Of The Jeunne Fille In Favor Of The Glamour Of A Sophisticated Young Woman.

Because of her delicate beauty and youthful appearance, Joan Bennett has had the roles of insipid ingenues thrust under her pretty nose for these many years. Even after her marriage to Gene Markey, the screen writer, and the advent of a second daughter, Melinda, (her first, Diana, is about seven) producers still refused to listen to her pleas for roles with some genuine "guts" to it. Then "Private Worlds" came along and convinced producers and fans alike that Joan Bennett could really act. Since then she has been given a succession of meaty roles that have definitely typed her as a part, up-to-the-minute young woman who is rapidly emerging a competitor for the halo surrounding some of the most assured young stars in Hollywood.
A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE COMING


Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Nine Days A Queen."

George Arliss and Ballard Bartley in "East Meets West."

(Below) Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, C. Aubrey Smith and Basil Rathbone in "The Garden of Allah."

(Above) Luise Rainer and Paul Muni haggle with the peach vendor during one of the lighter moments in "The Good Earth."

A scene from "The Last of the Mohicans" with Henry Willcoxon, Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes and Robert Barret.

Loretta Young, Pedro de Cordoba and Kent Taylor in "Ramona."
Hollywood has never before offered such a varied and colorful assortment of pictures. No matter what your individual taste may be, there is bound to be something to please you in the Fall line-up of the important studios. Little, modern romance is represented, as well as romance pictured with the exotic fragrance and mystery of foreign lands. There is plenty of realistic drama for those who wish to remain close to earth, and an abundance of action and excitement for lovers of melodrama. Costume stories of a bygone day, having either an historical or purely romantic background, are also much in favor. And it won't be long now before you see Charles Laughton as Rembrandt, Ronald Colman as Mark Anthony in "Julius Caesar," and the glamorous Garbo as the famous Countess Walewska, friend of Napoleon.

Madeleine Carroll looks as if she enjoyed Gary Cooper's intrusion in this scene from "The General Died At Dawn."

"To Mary—With Love" seems to offer food for deep thought on the part of its co-stars, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.
THAT PLEASANT

Between Pictures The Screen Players Have Time To Indulge Themselves A Little.

The members of the film colony relish the brief period between pictures because it is then that they can pursue their favorite hobbies. Once upon a time it was polo that captured the attention of the male element, but the producers soon put a stop to that, what with one star after another being laid up “during production” with sore spots on various sections of their precious anatomies. So now they are forced to seek relaxation of a less destructive nature. And, judging by their happy smiles, they seem to be having a fine time in their own quiet way.

Warren William has perfected the art of whip-cracking. He can flick the ashes from your cigarette at twenty feet! Not bad.

James Stewart snaps your picture if you’re willing, while Jean Harlow—of all things—gets a kick out of embroidering.

But Olivia de Havilland goesarty on us in a big way—the messes around with clay and turns out some really beautiful pieces of sculpture, as you can see.
Robert Young and Florence Rice can spend hours just watching the antics of a couple of playful kittens.

One of the finest collections of rare books in Hollywood is owned by Pat O'Brien. He also likes to tinker with the radio.

(Below) Sybil Jason shows us the correct way to hold the reins. (At right) Jackie Cooper is an ardent stamp collector. Here you see him proudly displaying his rare finds to two admiring girl friends.
George Brent has almost convinced Kay Francis that love conquers all, in "Give Me Your Heart."

In "My Man Godfrey," William Powell seems to have Carole Lombard completely under his spell.

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland have no doubts left—at least not during this moment of rapture in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"—To see her is to love her."

"—Every pang that rends the heart bids expectation rise."
All for love and the world well lost has been the motto of Hollywood. And, no wonder. When you see these exquisite girls in the arms of the handsome young men of the film colony, your heart is bound to skip a beat—or two. Considering the turmoil of our work-a-day world, and the domestic problems that perhaps harass us when we reach home, isn't it a delight to know that when one takes a seat in a darkened movie theatre all will come right in the end? No matter what difficulties beset our heroine, you may rest assured that when the finale is reached she will be safe in the arms of her adored one. At least, that's the case in nine pictures out of ten. And we can skip the tenth. What do you say?

Always intense, Joan Crawford is completely lost to the world when Melvyn Douglas takes her into his arms in "The Gorgeous Hussy."

(Above) Margo and John Howard are very serious about it all, as befits the atmosphere of "Lost Horizon"—but (at right) Loretta Young whispers something that must be as amusing as it is sweet to Don Ameche, in "Ramona."

(At left) Joan Harlow is obviously delighted by Cary Grant's devotion—in "Gatsby."
When Autumn Day

A Preview Of The New Fashions That Will Capture The Heart Of Women Everywhere.

Joan Perry wears a black paper-taffeta gown, with lacquer applique in the form of bouquets, for formal wear.

(Below) Here June Travis wears the very newest thing in street ensembles. Short brown satin sleeves accent the tile speckled wool frock, and the short double-breasted jacket is trimmed with brown cecru buttons and pockets.

Clever accessories make a sport costume distinguished. June Travis wears a light capeskin tam, with gauntlet gloves and mailpouch bag suspended from a shoulder strap, all three with lacings of the same leather.

For informal evenings at home, Claire Trevor dons these svelte Chinese blue velvet hostess pajamas.
THERE'S nothing more interesting under the sun—or under the moon and stars for that matter—than clothes. At least to a woman. Men have their failings in that direction, too. But we'll attend to them later. Right now it's the women who have the limelight, for with the first cool blast of autumn they're scurrying hither and yon in search of that new wardrobe guaranteed to disconcert the flintiest male and to cause a spurt of envy in the heart of every female acquaintance. And what more than that could any true daughter of Eve ask?

Come Around

(At right) Glenda Farrell effectively contrasts a black sheer wool frock with a collar of white silk braid frogs.

For an overnight transcontinental trip Patricia Ellis takes off in this unusual knee-length coat of rich brown corduroy with deep, cream colored tuxedo reverses.

Maureen O'Sullivan says goodbye to summer in this delicate pink chiffon frock with its youthful net jacket embroidered with silk braid.

These shoes ought to see you through the best of days—and nights! London tan sabots for the morning, black suede pumps trimmed with patent leather for afternoons, and metallic kid appliqued on satin sandals for formal wear.
Men Like To Dress Up, Too!

(Above) Randolph Scott and Henry Wilcoxon, in "The Last of the Mohicans," carry off the picturesque garb of pre-Revolutionary days with considerable aplomb. (At left) Fred Stone, quite pleased with himself in "My American Wife," and (at right) Francis Lederer in the same picture, looking oh, so debonair.

The New Pictures Are Giving The Handsome Screen Heroes Plenty Of Opportunity To Show How Fascinating They Are In Uniforms Or Period Costumes.
The girls will go simply mad about Robert Taylor when they see him in his distinguished naval uniform in “The Gorgeous Hussy.” James Stewart also takes on an unexpected air of romance in his high white stock and huge bow tie.

(Below) Errol Flynn can afford to be nonchalant in such a flattering uniform. What girl could resist him?

Robert Warwick is most formidable in his “Capulet” regalia for “Romeo and Juliet.”
EVERYBODY who listens to tall tales of the film colony gathers the impression that they eat, sleep and talk “shop” for the full twenty-four hours of the day and night, including time out for parties, of course. But they’re wrong. The stars have their play interlude, too, during which they indulge their keen love for indoor and outdoor sports. Well—see for yourself!
“Never lead with your left,” Mushy Callaghan, former world’s welter champion, advises George Brent, and George is of the same idea—now.

(Below) Guy Kibbee is proud of his daughter Shirley Ann’s absorption in his favorite sport.

Alice Faye and Tyrone Power, Jr., also find billiards a diverting pastime.

“A hole in one—or else!” is what Pat O’Brien is muttering to himself.

Donald Woods is an enthusiastic angler.
"The Texas Rangers" Are Riding To A High Spot In Paramount's Round-Up For The Year.

With Jean Parker in his arms, Fred MacMurray feels strong enough to face every problem that confronts him. And there are plenty!

Fred and Jack Oakie took mighty serious about this business of curbing the tempestuous emotions of cattle rustlers and Indians on the warpath. The fact that they were "bad men" themselves once upon a time only deepens their disdain for the culprits.
The Rio Grande!

It looks as if Fred MacMurray, Bennie Bartlett and Jack Oakie are really up against it here.

(At right) They seem to come out of it long enough for a brief laugh with Jean Parker, but (below) they're at it again and this time Fred and Jack seem to be at cross-purposes.

The old Indian squaw is telling Jean her fortune. It's embarrassing because the dark man of her dreams happens to be listening in—it's Fred MacMurray, of course. But Jack Oakie is interested too.

FOR a while interest in the open plains was shelved in favor of the glamour and excitement of the teeming cities.

But now, when Paramount casts Fred MacMurray, their most romantic young player, in the role of a Texas Ranger in this colorful epic picture of the Southwest, you may rest assured they are confident that today Texas has regained all the glory of a past that will not soon be forgotten.
The 1936 Silver Screen Gold Medal will be awarded to the Most Popular Star on the Screen.

Vote for your favorite player. You have the privilege of voting for any player you desire—man or woman—whether his or her picture is represented on this page or not. Don't miss this opportunity of helping the one you like best to win this beautiful medal.

Shirley Temple, who won the Gold Medal last year.

Fill out this ballot. The player receiving the most votes will be awarded the medal.

EVERY year the readers of this magazine, by their votes, award the Silver Screen Gold Medal to the most popular player on the screen. By voting yourself, and securing votes from your friends, you can in some measure repay your favorite player for the pleasure you have received from his or her performances, and you may be very sure that the player who wins the medal will be very proud and happy to receive this impartial proof of his or her popularity. Send in your ballots before September 8, 1936 as the polls close at midnight on that date. In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1936

I vote for ..................................................

Voter ..................................................

Address ..................................................

City .................................................... State ..................................................

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
The film "Lost Horizon" marks the finding of her own horizon for Isabel Jewell.

Coincident with her being selected for one of the important roles in this unusual screen story, Isabel found within herself the peace and fulfillment of purpose she eternally seeks in the picture. As though Fate itself, following four long bitter years of disappointment and struggle, elected to lend a guiding hand, she finally is achieving the realization of her dreams.

Life has not been easy for the little actress who trekked out to Hollywood four years ago from the Broadway stage, to enact in the screen version of "Blessed Event" the part she created on the stage in its original form. She has had to undergo setbacks such as few Hollywood actresses are called upon to endure, and still emerge with their heads erect and a smile on their lips. Hollywood has treated her shabbily, no mistaking that, but never once has she been tempted to quit and give up the screen as a bad job. Isabel's not that kind, she's not the "quitter" type. She knew exactly what she wanted, and was willing to make sacrifices to gain her end.

When she arrived in the film capital, she realized she had a hard road to travel. Hollywood fairly teemed with beautiful girls, and Isabel had never considered herself any more than passably pretty. To compete with such loveliness meant buckling down to the most laborious back-breaking toil, but Isabel possessed the courage of youth and the enthusiasm of a born artist.

Circumstances, however, played against her from the first. Summoned from the east to step into her showgirl part in "Blessed Event," the studio did not even accord her a screen test. She knew nothing about film make-up. The make-up department, never having seen her before, merely slapped greasepaint on her face as they would any extra girl, and Isabel walked onto the set without the vaguest knowledge of anything pertaining even remotely to screen-craft.

The outcome, of course, was disastrous. The beauty that naturally is hers was hidden as though behind a mask. Few of her friends recognized her as she trudged with Lee Tracy in the latter sequences of that film. That she displayed an unmistakable talent for dramatic acting was entirely beside the point. She did not photograph well—how could she, when she did not understand make-up technique and the studio had evinced no inclination of remedying this unfortunate situation? And that made her undesirable screen timber.

The picture ended in May and Isabel did not work again until February. Hollywood seemed to have forgotten her.

"Nobody would believe I had the ghost of a chance," Isabel now says, looking back on those gloomy days, "and producers were afraid to cast me in a picture. They remembered how I appeared in my first film and judged me accordingly. Talk as I would, I couldn't convince anybody that the reason I hadn't looked well was because I hadn't been properly made up."

Even in those months of cheerlessness, Isabel was scanning the far horizon, beyond which lay fame and success. Through discouragement and disillusionment she kept her eyes ever on her objective, ever onward, until today ... But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Since the screen would have none of her, Isabel turned again to the stage ... but in Hollywood. Otto Kruger was to star in "Counsellor-At-Law" at the El Capitan Theatre, and the actress won the part of the fast-talking telephone operator.

Immediately, Hollywood sat up and took notice of her work. Even John Barrymore nodded his head sagely, in approval of this petite actress, and when he made the screen version of "Counsellor-At-Law" he insisted that Isabel enact her role in the picture.

"Now ... " thought Jewell, "here's where I finally go to town."

She did, in the film. She stood out in gemlike clarity. And, for a time, the future beckoned with alluring promise.

She played the leading feminine rôle opposite Otto Kruger in that actor's initial starring picture, "The Women in His Life," and appeared prominently in several more productions. Metro-Goldwyn placed her under contract. Instead of continuing to cast her in stable roles, she was relegated—with one exception, that of the girl in "Evelyn Prentice"—to unimportant parts that decidedly did not further her career. Once more, she appeared to be forgotten. Whenever any small part would be up for casting in a film, the executives [Continued on page 76]
REMEMBER the good old days when Hollywood was a babe in arms and C. B. DeMille was glorifying the American bath tub? "We" of the talkies refer to that period as the silent era. Theda Bara, fresh from her triumphs in "The Rose of Blood," spotted an orchid Rolls Royce, with great Russian wolf hounds at her feet. Mae Murray pouted her bee-stung lips and merrily clicked her French heels along "Peacock Alley."

All the blondes were pink and white in those days. And wore long black veils, draped around and caught up under their chins to give that nun-like appearance. D. W. Griffith, the megaphone master, boomed off pistols in the shell-like ears of the sisters Gish. This was his little way of creating the mood. (Imagine what Von Sternberg would create today, were he to go sneaking up on Dietrich and fire off a big bethal.)

Life in the silent cinema was scintillating. Nightly the stars gathered their little group of admirers (we'd call them scoops if they existed today) and headed for the bright spots. There was the Sunset Inn (at Santa Monica), Levy's Cafe (on Spring Street in Los Angeles), and Vernon Country Club (not in the country). Merrily they rolled along. Gaity, dancing, music and excitement reigned supreme.

At all times the star was the center of attraction. Every move made and every word said, were greeted with nods of approval. Attempts at humor were signals for the "friends" to knock themselves out with laughter. It was all a perfect setting for one riding on the crest of the wave. Of course the star always footed the bill. But no one would dare dream of reaching for the check. Such thoughtlessness would be unforgivable. It was understood that the party was on the star. Far be it from the devoted "friends" to take advantage of such charming hospitality. They just couldn't be that rude!

Came the talkies and adolescent Hollywood grew up over night. Gone was the gay abandon and all the magnificent boosey. And gone were these stars of yesterday, who lived in a world of glorified make-believe. When their careers went to smash, none of their "friends" showed up to pick up the pieces. In the meantime, new stars began twinkling in the cinema heavens. Friendship in Hollywood hit a new low.

Today, most of the stars can boast of friendships that are everything the word implies. To be a friend of the stars, one must be able to fit oneself into their scheme of things. The exasperating demands of talking pictures leave little time for play. Last minute invitations must be accepted without offense as stars are never sure when they will work. Last minute cancellations must also be accepted without offense, as stars are never sure when they will be called back for added scenes.

Times have changed and so have conditions. The stars are wiser in the progress they have made. The friends surrounding them are those who like them for themselves and respect them as artists. Because the stars lead such emotional lives in their average working day, allowances are made by the understanding ones. They offer a certain loyalty, because it is given them in return. They try to be available when they are needed. They try to keep away when they are not. The rules of friendship (if any) with a movie star are quite contrary to anything that has gone before. But it's
been proven on many an occasion just how genuine it can be.

When Fred Astaire arrived in Hollywood, he was a pretty bewildered young man. After years of great success on the stage, he suddenly found himself in a strange land, among strange people. In spite of the fact that he was under contract at a large salary, the studio loomed up as some unconquered enemy. It seemed incongruous, yet Fred used to approach the gateman with a sinking heart. He was afraid he wouldn't be recognized and have difficulty in gaining admittance.

The first day on the lot Fred met a young man from the publicity department. The young man in question was the brother of an actor and used to being around sensitive people. Gratefully Fred allowed himself to be taken in tow. Every morning until he became acquainted around the lot, Fred called the publicity man from home. By the time Fred arrived at the studio, the young man was waiting to meet him at the gate.

Fred has been in Hollywood almost four years and the story of his success is screen history. The publicity man is still his best friend around the studio. Early each morning he drops by Fred's dressing room and tells him a new joke. Fred, who is prone to worry and fret even when everything is going good, is put in a good mood for the day. Recently Fred took a trip to New York. The publicity man, who has a family in the East, went along in Fred's party. Many times when Fred is asked to endorse phony products or pose for undignified pictures, the publicity man will get him out of it gracefully. Fred, in turn, appreciates that consideration and will come to the studio on a Sunday morning to pose for some special publicity photographs.

As a rule, a star and her director confine their interests to the sound stage. But such is not the case with Carole Lombard. A director on a recent picture is one of Carole's closest friends. At times they have long serious conversations about her part in a picture. Even if the director has nothing to do with its production, his friendship for Carole inspires him to offer advice and make suggestions where they will do the most good.

Strangely enough, even though they are two young people, romance has never entered into their friendship. Carole loves to laugh and is always planning some gag. The director has the reputation for knowing his comedy and gives Carole stiff competition. The mountain cabin he owns at Lake Arrowhead is a constant source of amusement. Whenever Carole wants to get away from it all, he turns the cabin over to her for the weekend. The papers come out with the news that Carole Lombard is away resting in "her mountain cabin." When he wants to go up for a weekend, the director calls Carole up and asks "if she minds.

Incidentally, this director was first a friend of Bill Powell's. He met Carole while she was married to Bill. The friendship has continued ever since. Once when Carole went to New York the director was making a picture there. Carole arrived at six in the morning. The director had been shooting all night. He left the set just in time to meet Carole. She pretended that she was bored to death at seeing him. He pretended he had come down to meet his Aunt from Patagonia. Then they fell into each other's arms.

Franchot Tone spends most of his spare time in the modest home of his singing teacher. Franchot is bent on an operatic career and, to all evidences, he is to be rewarded. Aside from the fact that his teacher is one of the finest in the country, Franchot honors him as a man and friend. Being much older than Franchot, this teacher offers a wealth of wisdom in the philosophy of life and living. Franchot gets very discouraged at times, because people insist on showering him with flattery.

In his music teacher Franchot has found an honest friend. The fact that he is Franchot Tone, the star, does not in any way impress. When he isn't working, Franchot arrives at his teacher's house in the morning. After an hour's lesson he stops for lunch. Across the table they discuss music, the old world masters and the operas. Instead of telling him how great his voice is, the teacher tells Franchot how hard he must work to make it great. After lunch Franchot takes another lesson. When Joan Crawford doesn't have to work at the studio, the singing teacher comes out and teaches both of them at their house. They used to send for him in a car. Last Christmas morning they presented him with a beautiful sedan. Now he can enjoy motoring, even when he doesn't drive to give them a lesson.

Before she ever came to Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn cemented a sincere friendship. In the east she met a woman who spent a great deal of time traveling around the country. When Hepburn arrived to do pictures, she had practically no friends. Now this friend spends part of every year in Hollywood and a great deal of that time on the sets with Katie. Having no career of her own (and not wanting one) she interested herself in moving pictures. On the set she watches Hepburn's scenes with a critical eye. In the projection room she sees the rushes and offers frank opinions when asked for them. Occasionally she comes on the set, her arms loaded down with fashion magazines. Together with Hepburn, they go over sketches and discuss the clothes for a forthcoming production. Sometimes, for a laugh, she drives Hepburn's station wagon to the studio, the back filled up with all the Hepburn dogs. At all times she is a frank and honest friend. Naturally she'd have to be that way—because Hepburn is that kind of person herself.

John Beal's best friend proved himself (Continued on page 66)

By Jerry Asher

They Are Always Ready To Lend A Helping Hand.

Anne Shirley enjoys the companionship and encouragement of a girl her own age.
MY MAN GODFREY
A "Spot" of PArk AVenue—UnIVersal

Here's an utterly mad comedy riot that doesn't make sense, no matter how you look at it, and you'll probably look at it while rolling in the aisle. It's deliciously insane, and the only complaint you can make is that the audience laughs so loud that you miss half the lines. Carole Lombard and ex-husband William Powell are co-starring in this bit of goofy nonsense and both of them give the top-notch farce performances of their career. When Miss Lombard and Mr. Powell choose to go mad, no one can go madder, and when they are assisted by such expert farceurs as Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn, and Jean Dixon, well you can just imagine the absurd results.

The picture opens at the swanky Waldorf in New York where the Park Avenue crowd are throwing a scavenger hunt. Carole, about the dizziest debutante Park Avenue ever sponsored, must find a Forgotten Man, so she dashes out to a city dump on the East River and picks up a hobo whom she takes to the party. Powell is of course Godfrey, the hobo. Carole gets him a job as butler in her harum-scarum home and the fun continues.

Alice Brady gives a gorgeous performance as Carole's silly, nit-wit mother who goes in for protégés—Mischa Auer being her latest. Gail Patrick is her older sister and Eugene Pallette is her father. Jean Dixon is brilliant as the hard-boiled maid who knows all the family secrets. There's a conventional ending of course—the hobo turns out to be a Boston socialite—but the laughs are so many and so grand that you can't object to a few conventions.

SPENDTHRIFT
PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT—Walter Wanger

A frothy little unpretentious comedy of the Grade B variety. Henry Fonda, charming and ingratiating, plays a wealthy young sportsman who suddenly finds himself heir to a racing stable and a flock of bad debts. How he becomes a worthy citizen and wins the right girl is the plot of the picture.

The right girl is Pat Patterson, the stableman's daughter, pretty, pert, and Irish. Mary Brian plays a scheming little Southern minx who goes to work on Henry with great big eyes and a thick accent. June Brewster plays a wise-cracking Broadway belle with a sugar-daddy in tow. Richard Carle, J. M. Kerrigan, and Edward Brophy give splendid performances but it is George Barbier, a hypochondriac with thirty millions and a bad temper who walks off with the acting honors.

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

The Missing Jewels Again—Paramount

A grand mystery story, about jewel thievery instead of murder, thanks goodness, and with Gertrude Michael once more giving her suave and distinctive portrayal of the notorious Sophie Lang. In England they thought Sophie had been dead for five years, why there was even a grave with a marker in a little English churchyard to prove it, but in reality Sophie was only trying to bury her past.

One man, the ace jewel thief of England, Sir Guy Standing, knew Sophie's secret, and he expected to make the most of it. Sophie, now a companion to a wealthy woman, Elizabeth Patterson, accompanies the kindly old lady to America—along with the famous Kruger diamond.

On the boat is a good-looking whimsical young reporter, Ray Milland, who is very much in love with the subdued Sophie. And also on the boat is none other than Sir Guy,
of the troupe, Grace Bradley, as a high hat chorus girl who occasionally goes native, Elizabeth Patterson, as the school's prim principal, and Roscoe Karns as a dumb electrician, deliver the laughs. It's all very light and gay.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT
A TRIANGLE THAT DOESN'T GET SERIOUS—R-K-O

And here's a merry, romantic farce, which doesn't make much sense, but who cares so long as it is entertaining—and entertaining it most certainly is. Barbara Stanwyck (out of the marbles with that message to Garcia at last) plays her first light, frothy role in this picture, and one look at her doing the Shuffle and Truckin' like mad on the Coney Island excursion boat and immediately you request, albeit you demand, more farce comedies for Barbara.

She plays a working girl who makes fifty dollars a week, and when she falls in love with a chap, who only makes thirty-five and who has definite ideas about his wife not working, she agrees to live on his salary at first. But, finding herself in continual arguments with the butcher, the landlord, and the furniture man she decides to start working again—but secretly. Her husband learns of her deception, they quarrel and separate, and she becomes engaged to a young millionaire—but there's a mad riotous ending that throws them back into each other's arms, and into jail. The plot doesn't do justice to the picture. It is crammed full of insane scenes that will have you in stitches. Gene Raymond plays the young husband with strong ideals, Robert Young, as a delicious drunk who is always baring in at inopportune times, gives the best performance of his career. And for a comedy team we have Helen Broderick and Ned Sparks with some of the funniest dialogue we've had on the screen in a month of Sundays. You'll like it.

"THE DEVIL DOLL"
A BIZARRE IDEA—M-G-M

FANTASTICALLY novel and refreshingly different, this picture boasts of a craftsmanship that stamps it with distinction. Actually, the novelty of the plot is much more important than the drama and his-trionic ability of the players.

Lionel Barrymore, disguised as an old woman, is the proprietress of a doll shop. For seventeen years he has suffered in prison and now his life is dedicated to seeking revenge on those who are responsible for his sorrows. He is master (or mistress) of a strange power that reduces human beings to lilliputian size. Once under his control, they must obey his command. In this manner he avenges the wrong that has also been brought upon his daughter.

Audiences will be fascinated by tiny dolls coming to life, yet remaining in miniature proportions. The photographic effects are easily the best part of the picture. Maureen O'Sullivan is seen briefly as the young daughter, Frank Lawton is her young lover, as an assistant to the "old woman," Rafaela Ottiano proves once again that she should be seen often. Juanita Quigley, Grace Ford, Robert Greig, and the late Henry B. Walthall all contribute nicely.

M'LISS
WHOLESALE COMEDY—R-K-O

BRET Harte's sentimental story of frontier days makes an amiable, easy

Pat Patterson, Mary Brian and Henry Fonda say "Pout!" to all that money in this scene from "Spendthrift."
Jean Muir and Thomas Beck in "White Fang," in which Lightning, the wonder dog, has the title role. A cool picture for these warm days.

going photoplay which wanders along placidly and charmingly and is bound to be just what the doctor ordered for the family, M’Liss, as you may remember, is a western pioneer girl whose kindly but drunken father dies and leaves her in the care of the town’s barber and the town’s leading poker player.

These two men have the responsibility of bringing up M’Liss and assisting in smoothing out her romance with the young male school teacher. With a dance hall queen as their adviser they manage to bring up M’Liss as a naive, innocent girl despite all the coarseness of the frontier town.

Eighteen-year-old Anne Shirley plays the adolescent M’Liss with definite charm—no one in Hollywood could have played it as well. John Beal is excellent as the quiet young school teacher who loves her. Guy Kibbee gives a grand performance as the drunken father, and so do Douglass Dumville and Frank M. Thomas as the guardians. It’s by far one of the best of the family pictures.

THE BEST BET OF THE YEAR

[Continued from page 53]

own with such accomplished stage workers as Grant Mitchell and Nan Sunderland (now Mrs. Walter Huston). But not all was beer and skittles from that point on. Good parts were few and far between. He thought he had found another one when Sam H. Harris cast him in an Owen Davis play, "Dread." It didn’t even reach Broadway, the veteran Harris clamping it in the playhouse, but this play is important for its chronological value. In 1929, when he appeared in it, Tracy rated $50 a week, and that is a huge salary for an actor in the legitimate theatre.

"The Last Mile," of course, was his greatest personal triumph. So realistic was this story laid in Sing Sing’s "C-C" section—condemned cells—that people became violently sick in the audience.

With a fine disregard for the superstitions of the theatre, producer Herman Shumlin opened "The Last Mile" on the night of February 15, 1930. Broadway insisted that Shumlin was flying in the face of the gods for even the numerals in the year—1930—totalled thirteen. But disregarding the calumny croakers, Shumlin opened his play on schedule at the Sam H. Harris Theatre and the morning reviewers pronounced it a smash hit.

It is interesting to note that Shumlin’s selection of his cast has been completely vindicated in the passage of years. John Mears was played by Spencer Tracy, who has spilled stardom. Another in the all-male cast was Joseph Sperin-Callea, disregarded by the movies until he scored in "Small Miracle"; a third was Bruce MacFarlane, who later was to emerge as the hero of "Sailor Beware," and a fourth was James Bell, one of the three great Jester Lesers in "Tobacco Road." Shumlin’s casting of the show was almost uncanny in the light of later developments.

So when Hollywood signed Tracy to a contract, the Milwaukee younger initiated his film career against a sound technical background. His experience had run the gamut from farce to melodrama, and he had learned pace and timing from expert actors and clever directors. Most important, his stage schooling had taught him the things not to do, the "corny" gestures and actions that are labelled "ham." When he arrived in Hollywood, he was a veteran in seasoning. His first picture, luckily, was "Up the River." I say luckily because Ford is one of the grander Coast directors, as witness "The Informer." Schooled in the public grades of Milwaukee, Spencer Tracy passed from grammar school into the Marquette Academy and then into Northwestern Military Academy. Thus equipped, he entered Ripon College where his collegiate career was interrupted by a short hitch in the World War. From the campus at Ripon, he went immediately to New York stock, graduating from stock into Cohen’s "Baby Cyclone," which hopped him to the big-time circuit. Overnight, he became a personage at the Lambs’ Club; there were newspaper interviews, preferred tables at the Broadway night clubs—New York is an old hand at greeting a new sensation of the stage, and even more expert in snubbing him if he is only a flash in the pan. But Tracy was not an overnight sensation. The Wisconsin youngster definitely had something on the ball, and courage to support talent.

On Broadway, Tracy had been luck in getting big parts, roles that showed him off to excellent advantage, for no actor is better than his lines. On the Coast, however, his lucky streak seemed to have deserted him. Whenever they gave him the role, but he didn’t get big parts in big pictures. What he needed was a spectacular opportunity—and then he hit a double-jackpot in "Fury" and "San Francisco." You are familiar with the rest of it—not all of it, however, as you can consider that he has just started. Comparatively, he is just a youngster as dramatic actors are estimated and the forecast of his career might well be borrowed from the racetrack: "Weather Clear, Track Fast."

It is this writer’s deliberate belief that Spencer Tracy will surpass the Edward G. Robinsons and the Paul Muns before he closes out the book. Both of these are fine performers but each is handicapped by temperament. Both of these are addicted to over-acting, both are addicted to close-up, luscious, vivid films, but Spencer, at 36, has avoided these weaknesses. He is a younger edition of Walter Huston, and I know of no higher praise for that.

Milwaukee, the stronghold of brewers, brewed one of its best concoctions in Spencer Tracy, an Irish-American brew in a German town. It followed that the brew had to have a terrible wallop.
"It's Fun to Be In Love!"

Ann Sothern Considers Romance Very Amusing.

By Dena Reed

IF THE all-American girl is a dash of sugar and spice and everything nice—including the Scandinavian—Ann Sothern is it. To give you a rough idea, she reminded me of Garbo one minute—Patsy Kelly the next! What's more I had the courage to tell her so! As soon as I closed my mouth I realized my foot was in it—but then it was too late to do anything as far as I was concerned. I simply sat very quietly and awaited developments.

I have seen actresses in a pretty pet. I can remember when the lunging Lupe did some very adroit manoeuvring. It occurred to me that Ann could hurl the vase of flowers at her elbow and mess up her nice room at the Sherry-Netherlands and send a lady-of-the-press into at least temporary retirement. But, instead, she merely opened her blue-grey eyes very wide, smiled and asked the maid to bring her lipstick and mirror. She then proceeded to repair a cupid's bow that didn't need any repairing, but served to emphasize the funny and enchanting dimple at the tip of it.

I've seen a lot of misplaced dimples in my time, if I may say so, but none quite so effective. Yet that was the very first time I had come smash-up against an air of such cool detachment.

(probably a Herbert from her Danish mother, which serves very nicely when an interview says the wrong thing at the right time!)

There were two "new" things about Ann. The first was her hair, back to its natural brown shade. The other was a spanking new RKO contract which, Ann is counting on, will give her plenty of dramatic latitude.

"I'm tired of having to walk through pictures," she told me with deep concern, "where I'm a damsel in distress or an heiress who forever is on the verge of being rescued. I want to do something really important on my own."

That seemed fair enough.

"What's your first picture for Radio to her?" I asked innocently.

"Count Pete," she said and smiled. . . I guess the adverb called for here is 'inscrutably.' I smiled back—broadly.

. . . "But," she added. "I don't mind what the story is if I have a real chance to act."

"Can you choose your stories?"

"No-o-o. But," with a smile, "I can kick up a terrible fuss if I don't like a thing!"

"I knew you couldn't be as calm as you seem."

I breathed with relief.

She laughed. "I can be absolutely seething inside and yet seem perfectly calm." (That's what I was afraid of). "No one thinks I've any nerves myself—that's why I'm so good for nervous people. It's all the training of my dramatic coach. You know," she said, "Katherine Hepburn and I had the same teacher and we used to pass each other in the ante-room to take our lessons—and now I'm going to be on the same lot with her!"

The dramatic teacher, I thought, hadn't done much of a job calming Katie, but this time, believe it or not, I kept quiet.

Outside of her brooding calm, which is as impenetrable as a fjord and, take my word for it, a thousand times more interesting, she's—as I've said before—the typical all-American girl who goes in for all the things that a normal American girl does. She loves beautiful clothes and jewels and pastries—the latter she has to forego because Nature takes its course and the all-seeing eye of the camera will just as soon pick up a French pastry as leave it alone. What can a girl do? And she just loves to spend money on pretties—which is pretty normal too, once you had the money to spend on them. To prevent herself from getting rid of her salary as fast as she earns it she decided to take out an annuity last year. The insurance company said they'd have a man up to talk with her.

Sure enough next night a small, unobtrusive man showed up and Ann was looking very calm and unsullied, as though she'd just graduated from the Dronke nursery.

The little man whipped out a notebook.

"On such-and-such a date," he informed her like her other self, "you were burned." Before she could recover he reeled off:

"On thud-and-so you were knocked unconscious by a ton of water in an artificial rainstorm. At this-and-that time you were grazed by a faulty boom."

"I decided he was a crystal gazer," Ann laughed, "that is until he assured me I'm a real trouper."

She was born in the business—
a real trouper.
in the café, and all the time the assistant director was shouting his instructions.

At one side was Marlene Dietrich, glamorous, languid-one of the great desert love drama, apparently wholly unconcerned with the babble around her as her maid leisurely adjusted a stray lock of her hair. Charles Boyer, more formally Boris, the run-away monk, was already in his place on the set and he, too, was oblivious to the noise and confusion as he concentrated on his character. He had found him was Tilly Losch, as the native dancing girl, doing some backward whirls while two wardrobe women swathed her in a cotton robe and skirt.

Joseph Schildkraut, colorful in his costume of the guide, Batauche, was struggling beside a small mirror to balance his crimson beret at the right angle, and the man at the drums, who plays the tom-tom for Tilly's dance, was softly going over his routine. Each person seemed to be in a world of his own: it is amazing how everybody in this business learns to separate themselves from outside influences and concentrate.

Through all the excitement of preparation, Bolestaski sat beside me calmly smoking his pipe, but nothing escaped his humorously blue eye. Everybody called it the "Bolero" and he loves it. He never gets excited, never raises his voice, never ruthlessly criticizes, but he demands, and gets enthusiasm and co-operation from everybody on the set.

He's been an actor, dancer, author, colorist, and the Bolshevik Polish War in 1918-1920, served as cameraman. All this trained him to visualize every detail before a scene is right.

Nodding to the swathed figures of the Arabs crowding into the café, Bolestaski said to an assistant, "Keep them far enough apart so that each face will be seen, and look out for the wrist watches, don't let them show!"

Turning to me, "The Garden of Allah" is a tremendous love story and we are trying to make it so convincing that the modern generation will think they have just been in for something her husband back to the monastery. I sympathize with Marlene and Boyer acting in a foreign language. I know what it means, so I give them time to find the right mood before starting a scene. Acting is not what is said and done, it is the thought back of it that counts.

"Working in Technicolor we explore an unknown realm each day, but with David Selznick, who is the perfect collaborator, back of me, it has been a thrilling adventure. Very often difficult, but never discouraging.

"Color," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "is more wonderful when we use it. We are diffusing our colors, with only a few bright spots for contrast and this gives the scenes the quality of a woodcut, a oil portrait, and painting.

"We've had our problems. For instance, we shot the famous scene of the prizefighter Miss Dietrich's hair because for some mysterious reason it took on a greenish hue during the high lighting and we had to stop and reshoot her. Then the next day Boleslawski tried a technique he loved; and Boyer rescues Marlene from the screaming crowd. It is all very exciting.

"Having watched Boleslawski and his company at work, I went over to the Universal studio to see John Blystone in action. He's another quiet, un-temperamental director; a gentleman, if ever there was one."

"He's the same, although he had been signed by Fox Films in 1918 as a director, and he could, but doesn't, boast that his films always click at the box-office. After sixty-light pictures, he's making his first excursion from his home studio to direct Victor McLaglen in "A Fool For Blondes," and his enthusiasm was high.

This is an abrupt change in stars for he recently directed the spiffy "Vipers in "Gentle Julia" and "Little Miss Nobody," and beyond that, piloted Will Rogers through some of his most popular and dramatic that will appeal to a world audience.

That is the reason no one could possibly be a director without unbounded enthusiasm and an optimism that no amount of discouragement can destroy. But," he added, "it isn't hard to be enthusiastic working with McLaglen. We have a great story in "A Fool For Blondes," just the right kind for this virile star and I sincerely believe he will top all his other fine performances in this characterization.

After the crowds and hub-bub of "The Garden of Allah" set, watching a scene in "A Fool For Blondes" was like going to a country Sunday School after attending a Boy Scouts' picnic. The set showed the entrance to a steel mill—Vic is a steel worker, and he and a couple hundred Arabs are in the scene going through the big gates. But there will be crowds and noise later on, for McLaglen loses his boasted hero, a maddeningly fast round with a prizefighter, then becomes a real hero in a spectacular mill accident. Even though the sounds today didn't require much action, Vic's own enormous vitality was giving it a punch and he was getting a lot of fun out of it, glowing every time we were before the cameras. And what a comedian he is!"

I was conscious of unusual teamwork between the entire technical crew and players, and Blystone explained that because everybody knew exactly what to do.

"I try to keep arguments, delays and all discussions away from the players so as not to distract them, for no one can do their best work in a bedlam atmosphere. Actors are sensitive, with flexible emotions, and this makes them a prey to every subtle influence that comes near them."

Blystone makes it a point to become acquainted with every member of his company, crew and players, before a picture starts and so learns how to handle each one. He hates to hurt or embarrass anybody so he always makes his criticisms quietly and never destroys the person's confidence.

Directing Will Rogers stands out as a particularly happy experience, even though it sometimes became a bit difficult.

"Will would never even look at his dialogue so we'd purposely get him into a discussion as to what should be said in such a situation, and it was amazing how, in various ways, he had already thought of it exactly. While he talked we had his comments taken down in short hand, then, later, we would give them to him. Grinning, he'd recognize his own words and deliver them in his own inimitable manner.

This was our way, and his way, of getting him to write his own stuff."

As we walked to his bungalow office, after the day's final scene was finished, Blystone said, "This is a hard, grinding business, sometimes almost heartbreaking. Yet it is a thrill from stars, to technical crew, to extras, love it because every day brings a new thrill!"
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she compromised as usual with her Puritan ancestry by calling it Betty.

While in high school she played the lead in two productions of "Seventeen" and "The Charm School" both as a result of being engaged in a stock company in Rochester, New York, where none other than Hollywood's own Mr. Arliss later took notice of her at the time. Then came "little theaters," and other stock companies, and eventually—Broadway.

But, for several years after graduating Bette wasn't at all decided that she wanted to be an actress. First it was a dancer, and then a nurse, and then a missionary—but on the night in Boston when she attended a performance of "The Wild Duck" she definitely made up her mind. Above everything else in the world she wanted most of all to play the rôle of Hedvig in Ibsen play. It was Peg Entwistle who gave the sensitive performance of Hedvig that night in Boston which so thrilled Bette and inspired her to become an actress—the illustrious Peg Entwistle who several years later cut short her own career one night by jumping from the huge sign blazing forth the word HOLLYWOOD, far up in the Hollywood Hills.

Peg Entwistle was too easily discouraged. But, fortunately, there is no way of discouraging Bette Davis. When lack of funds threatened to make it necessary for her mother to take her out of Cushing Academy, Bette waited on tables there and made enough money to pay her tuition. And when her first professional engagement with a stock company at the Cape Cod Playhouse, in Massachusetts, terminated at the end of the first week she went to work in the same theatre as an usher. No, there's no discouraging a girl like that. Almost one year it was the night that she went over Hedvig in Boston, Bette Davis was playing the rôle in a New York company of "The Wild Duck" which starred Blanche Yurka.

From the first rehearsal of Hedvig she knew her destiny was in the theatre.

She appeared in a number of New York plays culminating with a season opposite Richard Bennett in "A Solid Son," but no talent scout for Universal saw her in that play and signed her for Hollywood pictures, but Carl Laemmle Sr. took a look at her at one of the Broadway import previewings and shook his head. "No sex appeal," said Mr. Laemmle, and you can be quite sure that Miss Davis had a few things to say, none too complimentary about Mr. Laemmle, which put him right in his place with those "dreadful old women." Then Warner Brothers offered her a rôle with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God" and so enthusiastic was Mr. Arliss about his new leading lady that the Warner Brothers gave her a contract, and taking notice signed Bette on a long term contract. No one seemed to perceive, except Mr. Laemmle Sr., that she didn't have sex appeal, and after "Of Human Bondage" even Mr. Laemmle agreed that he might have been wrong. Her portrayal of the cockney girl, Mildred, in "R-K-O's" presentation of "Of Human Bondage" and "Dangerous"—she received the Academy Award of 1935 for her performance in that film.

The greatest disappointment she has had in Hollywood was when her studio would not loan her to R-K-O to play the part of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland." The fact that Katharine Hepburn was the star of the picture didn't bother her in the least—there could be six stars, including Garbo, in the picture for all she cared, she simply wanted to play Elizabeth no matter how minor the part. She knew she could make it effective. Unless you want to bring on a "pet" don't mention this to Miss Davis even now.

She would like to play the Helen Mencken rôle in "Gongol" some day, and the Miriam Hopkins rôle in "Jeeves," and

to Broadway, but Broadway wasn't very interested. She had very little money then, so when she was "between plays," as she very often was, she could afford to go to the second balcony on Wednesday and Saturday matinees and for fifty-five cents she would live for two hours in a dream world of her own.

"I always insist that Hollywood hasn't changed me—but it has changed me a little," Bette admitted to me. "I used to be quite happy in the second balcony and

the Florence Reed rôle of Madame Goddard in "Shanghai Gesture"—although she is quite certain that if, by any fluke, this stage play ever reached the screen she would be called Madame Goodness Gracious. In other words our little Bette craves something with guts, and wishes to leave the sweets to the sweet.

Bette has recently realized one of her youthful ambitions and is so pleased by it that she fairly beams. She has made the Hollywood! Every year in New York the actors give their Actors' Benefit for a worthy charity and, of course, on this occasion they all give their services free, no matter whether they are taking part in the play or selling tickets. Every year, but invariably, they would ask Bette to usher, and every year, but invariably, they would stick her up in the second balcony. "They would always give Francine Larimore, or Jeanne Eagels, or among the orchestra," said Bette, "but they always assigned me the second balcony—and I couldn't see any of the celebrities from up there." Well, this year the Actors' Benefit was held in Hollywood and Bette Davis was asked to drag Mildred out of the archives and do several scenes from "Of Human Bondage." But Bette wisely refused. "I'd rather usher," she said sort of wistfully. "And what do you think! They gave her the orchestra! Now Bette knows she is a success.

Yes, that second balcony and Bette got very used to seeing each other around in the old days when Bette was giving all could hear perfectly. But now when I go to New York, the cinema star from Hollywood, I insist upon sitting in the first two rows of the orchestra, and if I can't get in one of those rows I make a terrible scene. I pretend that I can't hear any other place in the theatre, which is a awful lie, of course, and the subway—I wouldn't think of going near that crowded place now—I, who spent half of my life on it. Oh, no, now that I'm a movie star I have to ride in taxis."

Well, we can hardly say that Bette has "gone Hollywood" simply because she ritzes the second balcony and the subway. Who wouldn't, given half a chance? She has more respect for the New York theatre than any of them, and is the only celebrity from Hollywood I have ever seen who consistently arrives at a theatre ten minutes before the curtain goes up. She goes to New York twice a year if possible to see plays—she always plans to go to Honolulu, but somehow or other when the vacation actually arrives she finds herself in New York. The thing that amused her most during her last trip there, which was in April, was when a taxi driver turned around in the midst of the Fifth Avenue traffic and said, "You don't look so mean, Miss Davis."

I regret to say that Hollywood's number one dramatic actress is given to practical jokes. She has never had one played on her, she doesn't think she'd like that much, but she adores playing them on other people. "Hami" is most often the victim, and
my mother, who was a concert singer, and with whom I travelled all over the Middle West. Mother naturally supposed I would be a musician, especially when I won first prize for three successive years for the best original piano composition." She became a dancing girl when she visited her mother, who was in Hollywood teaching players how to talk before the mike—and subsequently was three times discovered!

She's had an interesting young life playing in films around the country, growing up in the business and living it as much during those first lean years, when a dollar had to stretch from Kansas City to Denver, as a woman over fox cape is just a little throw-around.

"I'll never forget the old days," Ann said, her voice animated in recollection. "I was just a travelling show, trying to stay off in cash. It was something of a worry for us—

"Alice Faye gives us an eyeful of the "body beautiful" before going into her dive. She has been so good in her last few pictures that you will be seeing more and more of her in the future. Her next is "Sieg Baby Sing," in which she plays opposite Adolph Menjou and Michael Whalen, with a white poodle fence around it and a border of rose bushes leading up to the door. There is room for only one car in the small garage so "Ham's" car usually sits in the driveway. There is no swimming pool, no tennis court, no ping pong table. The tourists don't believe their eyes. Outside of the Nelsons, Cedric Wiggs, M.P., and Tabitha (a scullion and a stoutie) live in the little house with the picket fence.

Bette did what a lot of us intended to do, but never did—she married her first sweetheart. When she was fifteen and a student in the Newton High School, she met and married, carrying you when she nicknamed "Ham" (and he called her "Spuds" because she ate so many potatoes) instead of walking home from school every day, and while he dashed her books Bette would tell him her theories on life. "Ham" didn't talk much then, and talks even less now, and was the ideal mate for Bette from the very start. When Bette came to Hollywood it was understood that they would have a long distance engagement and that just as soon as he made enough money they would get married.

"Ham" got himself a good orchestra job and came immediately to Hollywood to take Bette back East with him, but when he arrived he found that his "Spuds" had become very important, that she was a success, and, far worse, that she was a movie star. "Ham" quietly packed his bags and was on his way back to New York when Bette demanded a showdown.

"It was my birthday, and I remarked one day quite apropos of nothing, "that it was agreed that we would get married as soon as you got a job. Well, you've got a job, don't you?" The next day they were married in Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood's Gretna Green. After a year in a San Francisco night club, Ham now sings and plays his compositions nightly in Hollywood's famous Cinegrill. Bette very rarely goes there. "The girls like it better if I don't pop in," she says.

While "Ham" was singing in San Francisco he lived in an auto camp to be near the night club, which was on the outskirts of the city, and here, every week-end, Miss Bette Davis of Hollywood arrived, swept the rugs, mopped the floor and did a complete job of tidying up. (That's another of her boasts, by the way.) But she can sniff a speck of dirt a mile away.) The tourists, here today and gone tomorrow, never suspected the identity of that quiet Miss. Nelson's wife and Bette had the time of her life being the efficient housewife. When her career is over she and "Ham" expect to travel all over the world in a steamer and live in auto camps. But I wouldn't be too sure—remember how she turned on the second balcony and the subway.

"It's Fun To Be In Love!"

[Continued from page 50]
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.
LET'S SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS ABOUT LAXATIVES

A SYMPATHETIC doctor is with his patients. He is slightly 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 20 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

by actually giving John his name. In college the two boys talked over their dreams of becoming actors. In those days John was using his legal name of J. Alexander Blund. When his friend finally decided against a career, he suggested that John take his name and enhance it with his own talent. So John took his friend's name and became famous. And the friend became John's secretary.

Today John is married to Helen Craig, an actress, and is now in Hollywood. His friend came out with them and is indis-
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.
in pictures. Because she wanted to be independent and on her own, she asked if Anne would allow her to come and board with them. And was delighted and as mother became responsible for two daughters. Anne's friend is playing small parts and hopes to have a career as Anne's some day. In the meantime she is proud of Anne and does everything to further her in her ambitions. Because Anne is quiet and serious, her friend always tries to appear cheerful and gay. At nights she listens while Anne reads her lines. The two girls often trade clothes and go out on double dates. It might be supposed that jealousy would enter into a situation such as this. But her friend is only, proud of Anne's success. Ann, in turn, knows her friend will soon have her day, too.

Robert Taylor struck up an acquaintance-ship with a young chap, one day, in a voice coach's office. The two boys were in Hollywood for the same purpose. The boy is proud of Anne and does everything to further her in her ambitions. Because Anne is quiet and serious, her friend always tries to appear cheerful and gay. At nights she listens while Anne reads her lines. The two girls often trade clothes and go out on double dates. It might be supposed that jealousy would enter into a situation such as this. But her friend is only, proud of Anne's success. Ann, in turn, knows her friend will soon have her day, too.

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BROADWAY STAR ROMANCE STARTS... MABEL O'DARE AND LARRY CAIN SUCCUMB TO CUPID'S DART...

That same afternoon Larry got two offers of big box-office fights and a contract from Lovies, as Dodo explained to him, are breath killers. "If you've been eating onions, all you gotta do is pop one of 'em in your clamper and you blow out like a violet."

That same night business had so picked up at Jake Sherman's show that the ushers began to feel crowded.

Larry Cain blamed it all onto the dumb cluck. Of course she was mad for publicity. She'd do anything to get her picture in the papers. He raged and threw things and wished he could meet her just once more in order to really bawl her out.

Mabel was in a fury. It was all the fault of that ham-and-egg fighter. Publicity mad, of course! Anything for a headline! God help him if she ever got near him again! Jake reasoned and pleaded with her. She had to go on with it, the show depended on it. Well, if she didn't care about the show, how about her job? Well then, how about himself? He'd been a good friend to her, hadn't he? He didn't want to go through bankruptcy again, did he? She didn't want to see him back selling cloaks and suits, a poor, busted old man, did she? Well then, why couldn't she play the game? She could hate Larry all she liked, if only she'd love him in the newspapers!

Larry sweated and fumed and broke furniture, but old Pop talked to him much as Jake talked to Mabel. Larry thought it over. Oh well, if it would save Pop and Dodo from starvation, somehow he could manage to be seen with the girl in public, but it made him gag to think about it.

Cain in Box Every Night TO SEE MABEL CHAMP TAKES LEASE ON SEAT FOR RUN OF SHOW

Broadway and Sporting World Groggy over Nation's Sweetest Romance

Mabel was packing 'em in at Jake Sherman's theater. Larry between fights and his radio broadcast for Lovies had brought back prosperity to Pop and Dodo. All the world loves a lover and all the world was saying it with coin. Out of sight of their dear public they were as happy together as a vegetarian at a barbecue.

Then came a night when Mabel had to stop at her apartment before going on to Larry to a night club. Both had fought so long they were a little punch drunk. Larry wrinkled his mournful brow at her. "Night clubs," he groaned. "Boy, I'd like to eat just one meal where people hadn't counted the peas on my fork before I got 'em into my mouth!"

"Me too," Mabel sighed. "Maybe I can fix you something!"

Between classes in "Girls' Dormitory," her first American picture, Simone Simon relaxes beside this lavish successor to the old swimmin' hole.
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!

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?

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.
Fred MacMurray and his bride, the former Lillian Lamont. Lillian is a fashion model and extremely easy to look upon, which makes this elopement a bitter dose for the MacMurray fanlets to take.

"I can imagine what your cooking would be like."

"Listen, Sourpuss. There's nothing wrong with my cooking. And I don't do it with a can opener, either. What'll you have?"

Larry would have corn beef hash, raw onions in vinegar, a slab of apple pie and a cup of coffee. "Review of reviews," Mabel repeated. "Gardenias in a pucker, an Eve wedge and rob the mouse trap. Okay."

And so, waited on an onion zephyr, love tipped into the lives of a dancer and a pug. Love! The very thing all the papers had been acussing them of for weeks!

All Mabel wished for in life was to get out of show business, marry a nice man and raise some kids. All Larry wanted was Mabel and a string of crackerjack service stations. Two souls held the single thought; two hearts beat as one, and Reilly opened the front door of the flat quietly, discovering the lovers embraced.

Reilly eavesdropped on their plans. Larry was going to quit after his next fight a few days off; Mabel was going to walk out on the show, marriage, garages, kids! And what happened to Jake Sherman and Pop Doddo...yes—and Reilly! A press agent isn't human. Maybe in some states a press agent can vote or even sit on a jury, but his alterego is Reilly's printer's ink in his veins. He has no more use for real love than the income tax collector.

Reilly hustled around to warn all parties who depended on the box-office success of Cain and Mabel. Then he cooked up another bright idea. What did both hate worst of all! Publicity! All right, the papers would carry the story of the proposed elopement. Mabel would flare up and blame Larry for tipping it off; Larry would grind his teeth and blame Mabel. Then they wouldn't get married and everything would be fine—except for Larry and Mabel.

Larry saw the story in the papers and it worked on him as Reilly figured it. In a fury he started off to Philadelphia to train for his last fight. Mabel read the story, listened to Aunt Mimi's suggestion and blamed Larry. She went out and got engaged to Ronny Cauldwell.

Not for anything would Mabel show the world how hurt she was. Larry was just a cheap pug who had dirtied up the one real, beautiful thing in her life. Lied to her about love and kids and service stations, just to grab off a couple of columns more. All right, she could take it in silence!

It was Aunt Mimi who saw that the girl's heart was broken, Aunt Mimi had a heart of her own and a lively memory of what a good girl Mabel had been to her all this time. Just before Mabel's big entrance she broke down and told the girl the truth.

The stage was waiting for Mabel, the orchestra vamping her cue. Reilly and Sherman rushed up. "Hey, you go on!"

"Oh no I don't," said Mabel. "She knows about that piece in the paper," Aunt Mimi explained.

"Don't argue now," Jake panted. "Afterward...afterwards..."

"This is afterwards," said Mabel. "It's all over. I'm through with you, the show, and the whole phoney business!"

"Mabel!" Jake was frantic. "You can't do this. Ain't you got a heart? Forget us. What about the people out front? Be a trooper. The show must go on!"

"Why?" said Mabel and they couldn't answer. Mabel could answer though—and did.

"It doesn't have to go on. And it never did. And it never will. The only thing that has got to go on is people—and you were willing to let Larry and me go on being miserable to satisfy your phoney ego and cheap greed. Well, we aren't going on being miserable and your show may go on, but it'll do without me. Because I've time to fly to Philadelphia before the fight ends and that's what I'm going to do!"

In Philadelphia Larry Cain was fighting as he never had before. Reed was taking an awful licking. Larry's victory was but a few inches off.

Down the aisle of the crowded arena Mabel raced, towing Reilly behind her. She rushed to the ropes and waved to Larry. "He did it, Larry. He did it. Honest!"

Hers finger pointed to the guilty man. "What?" gaped Larry and battled his man closer to hear what she said. "I just found out where that story came from. It was Reilly!"

Larry ducked Reed's swing mechanically. "Honest?"

Reilly nodded. A happy grin eclipsed Larry's face. "I knew it was something like that," he said. And that was the last thing he said for quite a while. Larry's eyes, shining with happiness, were on Mabel's face when Reed whipped over a vicious right and put him to sleep. They counted Larry out and the big fight was over.

But even in defeat there was happiness for them both. And some good luck, too. Mabel had been so mad at Larry she bet all her savings against him and cleaned up enough cold cash to start Larry in a service station and herself in a bungalow that had room for a nursery.
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.

Typewriter Division
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THE NEW
Underwood
STANDARD TYPEWRITER
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, Rustet 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
(25 cents in Canada)

Some Wait For Fame And Some Wait On Tables

(Continued from page 55)
she had been the unwitting donor of the large sum. So the late Wilson Mother, who was one of my bosses, called her up.

"Did you lose $100 today?" he asked. She said, "Yes." He said, "Nick at the Derby had it for you!"

She was a very rich lady. When I gave it back to her, she said, "No, we will split. I must say you are the most honest restaur-

rant man I have ever seen. You take $50."

Two nights later, she came in again and tipped me the other $50, to my great astonishment!

Many sad and many important things have happened in my restaurant booths. We cannot help but know about them because we cannot help but hear conversations. Naturally, discretion is our watch-
card, and I have forgotten more things than I remember.

Playing After Sundown

[Continued from page 31]

On these nights there are games sponsored by various commercial companies. So I run into Mr. Raft cheering for the so-and-so box. To be on one's huzzah for someone's hardware hounds.

Mae West continues to appreciate the fights. She's as impassive a spectator as Lupe Velez is vociferous. It's a tie as to which is bedecked with the most diamond bracelets. Their ornaments slay the ring-
siders.

The Hollywood Bowl is the mecca for every admirer of fine music. The symphoni-

es under the stars-of-nature have be-

come a renowned institution. The concerts begin at 8:15 and you can relax there in the dark, holding your weakness's hand. That's what Nelson Eddy does—but I'll be shot at sunrise if I betray who his pretty whom is! Nelse would rather climb away up to the top rows with the common people. But everyone recognizes him and to have any peace he has to head for the strolling boxes.

We have our bridge bugs in Hollywood, too. Among the foremost are Norma Shearer, the Bob Montgomerys, and Merle Oberon and David Niven. I've never seen Norma's dander rise. But I've a hunch that's because I've taken the trouble to recock what suit's been fed. Famous last phrase at the Thalberg manse would be: "What's trumps?" After the final rubber, Norma has the refreshments ushered in. But to add that ultra touch she has James push the button that prestos a screen. As you nibble your chocolate ice cream and chocolate layer cake you gaze at the newest epic M-G-M has run up.

Trail around with me a speck longer and you'll get more suggestions for improving your own evenings. If they can do it, why can't I? Paula Stone, who's captured the title of leading hostess of the younger set, did it with her originality. Never give them what they anticipate is her canny motto. Tony Brown, Richard Cromwell, Aura Louise, Olivia de Havilland and Johnny Downs are among her constant current guests. Her latest is to put them all to roasting popcorn like mad in her back-
yard. She's prepared a special roasting doo-
dad and everyone rates a personal pan. While the corn is a fluffly temptation she tells you not to spare the melted butter.

If you can file to a nearby beach there's nothing like a wienie bake, accompanied by ukulele strumming and—until you turn sentimental—gosh-awful ghost tales. Mary Carlisle can make your waves stand on end with her collection of witches' experiences. Not that Mary's ever had any truck with a
genuine witch. She's merely listened to master saga-spinners and memorized their jewels.

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!

2 MONTHS LATER—NO BAD BREATH
BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
Miss Shirley Temple's new abode in Brentwood lacks the evening arrangements you find in the exclusive cottages of other stars. It seems that, successful as she is, Miss Temple receives only a bedtime yarn and then she's shuffled off to sleep. At eight o'clock! How can a girl get in any deviltry with a schedule like that?

When you come right down to sheer ritziness, the nicest of all summer night diversions is inviting your friends to your own home. (Sorry to be so emphatic, Bob Taylor—you'll come to this eventually, too.) Dinner is served in the patio at the Jeannette MacDonald, William Powell, and Irene Dunne residences. Pat O'Brien has all meals in his beautiful protected courtyard. The players of the richer and lassies open into gardens carpeted with lush green lawn and ever-blooming flowers. Bill Powell has everything but a kitchen sink in his hey-ho headquarters. When you use pool, ping-pong, cards, and the slot machine, you can dance. Or perhaps you'll rather look at a picture! Horace.

Since the hottest sirens are invariably sweet gas at heart, you won't be too astonished when I inform you that Jean Harlow hankers for naive games. The kind that require pencil and paper and fifteen minutes to fill in the squares of names of rivers, cities, and motor cars. "Amateur Poets" is her latest invention. I'm still easy as to what it's all about—so just let her a fan letter for the laugh-provoking details. Jean is also a whiz at "Who Am I?"

This is as easy to play as Coffeepot. You assume that you're Queen Victoria, for example. Then you must truthfully reply to all the crowd's queries until someone stumbles on your identity. To go to town with Coffeepot, which is Ginger Rogers' hobby when she isn't wound up with Monopoly, you think of any verb. The enquirer makes out his or her Coffeepot list? ... Does your mother object to your coffee-potting so frequently? This is the one game in which the fellow who's closest to the laughs, whether or not he camps up, makes his move!

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone possess the loveliest garden of any members of our Exciting Set. A gorgeous pool stretches invitingly between a Colonial bath-house and their little theatre. White lounge chairs packed under green parasols along side gay coffee tables, are adroitly lighted by hidden lights. There is a badminton court, and the garden is carpeted with English roses. It's a private paradise, a midsummer night's dream Hollywood version. After you've tired of swimming and chatting, Joan filips your tummy with a cocktail and canapes. And then satisfies your dramatic urge by ordering a film unreel in her blossom patch.

At Glenda Farrell's you encounter a garden "furnished" as carefully as the inside of her house. Colored bits personalize the case. A tiny white piano is always tinkling. If you select one of the white love benches you're in the most comfortable seat, but we can't turn it over to Glenda's lute. She keeps her missy gossip, a snack, and a-ta. For Glenda is an early-to-bedder. She relishes ten hours sleep even on summer nights and she's sufficiently strong-willed to see that she gets it!

A leisurely dinner, cooked by a splendid chef and enlivened by brilliant conversation is the program at Sylvia Sidney's apartment. She has a Capuchin and always sets it with the sort of music which particularly appeals to her honored guest. She secretly inquires—that's how she learns your preferences! Then you're in for a steady flow of soothing melody. Considerate!
Anna Sten lives right at the beach and she drops out her guitar to inspire you. A Russian repast and then Anna is softly humming to the emotional strains she picks out. The trick is one that clicks—soon we’re all harmonizing.

I mustn’t omit Hollywood’s summer night barbecues. Gene Raymond is so snazzy that he has his barbecue pit outlined in an indirect lighting color which matches his adjoining swimming pool. His Sunday evenings are so popular that he has to alternate invitations. Taste his barbecue ham and comprehend why! Dick Powell, who has a similar pit-and-pool set-up, personally cooks for you—when he’s fond of your company. Of course, I never can depend upon what the feel will be. I hope you can drop in when he’s turning out scrambled eggs Mexican. If your partner for the event eats the red hot peppers and garlic you may let yourself go.

Virginia Bruce will have you pinning on the donkey’s tail (honest!) if you join her circle. Gary Grant and Mary Brian will seriously advise you to take dreamy drives, and I wouldn’t be surprised if they’ve hit upon the best method to pass the hours when mundane matters cease to be important. Gracie Allen believes in gathering the gang around the piano for a repertoire of Auld-Lang-Syne tunes. Errol Flynn is cuckoo about Red Dog, a card game in which he can take terrific chances. Basil Rathbone, the always urbane, recommends Chess and Russian Bank. Fred MacMurray’s wife, the former Lillian Lamont, cooks a supper that Freddie maintains can’t be beat by any woman alive. Afterwards they do the dishes—and sometimes, when your all-in-all is applying the dish-towel, this is an ideal summer night recipe. But as for me? I feel like a feather in the breeze at the moment—so I am scooting over to a certain star’s badminton court. We may end up on Hollywood’s old ox road—I mean, atop Lookout Mountain. That’s where Dick Powell and Joan Blondell go to gaze at the Neon splendor which spreads so breathtakingly below.

The Summer Hostess

(Continued from page 15)

moiled salads, which add desirable eye-
appeal. I am a great believer in using your kitchen for buffet suppers. It not only simplifies the serving problem but adds the much desired air of informality which is the secret of all successful buffet suppers. A combination I have found popular is made up of a variety of thinly sliced, cold meats; small individual, handled pots of baked beans—always a favorite with men—served hot or cold, though I prefer them straight from the oven. It makes the “hot spot” I mentioned earlier for the buffet supper. With this serve brown bread and celery stuffed with a tangy cheese. I usually wash and separate a stalk of celery and stuff each stalk with cheese, pressing one into the other until the original stalk is reunited. Tie this together, place in refrigerator until well chilled and then cut with a very sharp knife into slices 1/4 inch thick. And don’t neglect the olives... lots of them, stuffed olives of all kinds, Queen olives, ripe olives... and several kinds of pickles. There must be a variety of cheese and sliced breads to enable the guests to make up sandwiches of their own choosing. A fruit salad of all the fresh, seasonable fruits served with a fluffy whipped cream dressing will serve the double purpose of salad and dessert.

DENTISTS 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

5¢ DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
5¢ KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING

1/4 cup pineapple juice
1/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 cup whipped cream
2 eggs

Beat eggs well, add sugar, pineapple and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Whip cream and fold in just before serving.

No buffet supper is complete without stuffed eggs. Aside from the usual well-known deviled egg type try removing the yolks and mixing with a heavy cream sauce. Season with fresh grated horseradish and fill eggs. Over tops place strips of pimento, trellis fashion, garnish with a bit of cress. Also, blend yolk with an olive mince. Add vinegar and salt to taste and fill eggs. These two recipes are from the Lionel Barrymore kitchen and he vouches for their excellence.

Una Merkel likes her buffet southern style. She starts with a branded fruit cocktail, prepared by soaking fruit in brandy about half an hour before serving. Next comes fried chicken and hot biscuits or Sautie Chicken with Bread Sauce. The biscuits can be made with prepared flour in about 10 minutes. For sauté chicken dip cut up frying chicken into a slightly beaten egg and then into a mixture made of 1/3 cups flour, 1 tsp. curry powder, 1/4 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1/3 tsp. thyme. Brown in about 3 tablespoons butter, cover and allow to cook slowly for about 40 minutes. Breed sauce is made by taking 4 slices bread, 1/2 inch thick, 3 small sliced onions, 2 cups milk, 1 cup water, 1/2 tsp. peppercorns, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. thyme and simmer until onion is done. Rub mixture through a sieve, add 2 tbsp. cream and 3 tbsp. butter, cook until thick and serve over chicken.

She serves shredded raw carrots with a mayonnaise flavored with orange juice instead of vinegar or lemon; cold asparagus tips with a dressing made of 3 cups of vinegar, chopped parsley, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash of paprika, 1 tsp. onion juice. And always there must be that famous Southern dessert standby, Syllabub, which is nothing more than Sweetened Whipped cream flavored with a combination of sherry wine and rye whiskey. This may be served in frappe glasses or, if beaten very stiff, in meringue shells, bought from any bakery. Coffee is served with dessert.

And there, my dear, you have enough ideas to last you through the remaining few days of the season and the worst of the hot season. Much of this can be carried over into other seasons and used by the busy housewife or the career woman to whom time, economy and graciousness are important to make her a successful hostess.

Only A "Bit" Girl

[Continued from page 55]

would say, "Give it to Jewell... she always turns in a good performance." All of which got her nowhere.

To recall that unhappy period pains her even today. "I was up for more parts during my year at Metro than any other actress on the lot," she says, "but something always interfered with my being cast. Life then was just one disappointment after another. I suffered so many disappointments and slaps in the face that I almost became accustomed to them.

Not because of any lack of ability did Isabel fail to win good roles. Sometimes her size—she's only five feet tall, you know, and weighs considerably under one hundred pounds—prevented her from getting some parts. Other elements out of her control, too, were responsible. The studio knew she was a splendid actress, knew the great potentialities that lay in the palm of their hand. Isabel was doomed, as have been other fine actresses before her, for one reason—the studio paid, no heed to her.

This practice, through which so many talented players have fallen by the wayside, is attributable to no one factor. It is merely a condition that exists in Hollywood. It cannot be explained, other than by downright heedlessness on the part of studio executives. More than one have capable actors and actresses suffer through its prevalence. Sometimes they are found before it is too late; on other occasions their careers vanish in this gilt, while less talented players forge ahead.

Fortunately for Isabel, the studio did not exercise its second option on her services and she was thus enabled to retain the identity that seemingly had been lost in the studio shuffle. But during this period a tragedy was to enter her young life.

Her beloved father, ever so close to her heart, lost his eyesight. One of Wyoming's most famous doctors, he had waged a losing fight for years against failing eyesight, and when Isabel took him to her home in Hollywood he could not see even the gold of his daughter's hair.

For months, then, Isabel tended her father faithfully, while Los Angeles' ablest eye specialists worked to avert this tragedy in a family that once had been so gay and carefree. Months of mental suffering left her mark temporarily on this youthful actress, who did her best to offer but whom Hollywood was passing by.

There came the day that Metro announced it would film "Tale of Two Cities." The studio decided to try, but Isabel got the role of the little dressmaker in the picture serves admirably to illustrate the courage and tenacity that has finally won this girl her place in the Hollywood sun. After this, Isabel was discovered by the harassed Miss decided she would hop to New York for a brief holiday before starting work.

Scarcely had she arrived in the east, however, than trade papers announced that another girl, Isabel Selnick, would play the seamstress. Isabel's blue eyes popped. She reached for a telephone and in a few moments was talking to Producer Selnick over long distance.

"What's this about another girl going to play my part?" she asked.

"Well, Isabel," explained Selnick, "we changed the character slightly. Sorry. Better luck next time.

"Wait a minute!" shot back the Jewell. "What makes you think I can do it with the changes?"

"Well..." began Selnick, but he got no further.

"I'm taking the next plane for Hollywood," Isabel told him. And she did, leaving her hotel within an hour. Once more in Hollywood she persuaded the studio to give her another test, and won the role.

Peering again into the far horizon, Isabel, to her delight, discovered it lay not so far away. Gradually she was approaching the line that once seemed so far distant.

"Casting Zero" offered her an opportunity of which she would play the seamstress. It was during the filming of this picture that she
read James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," and immediately was consumed with a desire to appear in the production should it ever reach the screen.

Then... wonder of wonders, Frank Capra sent for her, to test her for one of the important parts in the picturization of the book. Almost concurrently with this action, her father began to regain his eyesight. Moreover, out of a clear sky the owner of the house she had been eating her heart out to occupy, since first she had entered it two years previously, decided to go to Europe and offered the picturesque little bungalow to Isabel. And... Capra, for whom she would give years off her life to act, gave her the part in "Lost Horizon!"

Lost horizon! Found horizon!
Peculiar, a strange parallel is to be drawn between Isabel Jewell, the actress, and Isabel Jewell, as Gloria Stone, in the production of "Lost Horizon." Both have been searching for peace of soul and attainment of ambition, and simultaneously both find these qualities. All the more wonderful is the fact that Isabel Jewell, the woman, arrived at her goal, as she was enacting the part of the girl in the picture, with a similar object in mind.

As you undoubtedly know, "Lost Horizon" has topped all best-selling book lists for months. Its translation onto the screen is a worthy, but daring, feat.

Telling a deeply-moving story of a group of persons who have found real peace, most of the action of the picture unfolds high up in inner Tibet, in Shangri-La, whither Isabel Jewell, Ronald Colman, star of the picture, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell have been borne via airplane... kidnapped as they were evacuating Baskul, a settlement somewhere on the Chinese frontier, before an approaching horde of ravishing native demons.

Ruled by a High Lama, who is said to be three hundred years old, Shangri-La is a garden of contentment, a spot free from the greed and fears of a world gone mad with avarice, where life goes on forever. Into this idyllic state the little group is transplanted. Colman, a famous explorer, held high in the esteem of the British Empire, learns that he has been abducted at the suggestion of Jane Wyatt, a girl who has read his books and gleaned from them that he was a man searching for peace... one who needed Shangri-La.

"The purpose of Shangri-La," Colman is told by the High Lama, "is to preserve the treasures of beauty. The time will come when brutality and lust for power must perish by its own sword. It is against that time that you were brought here. You cannot fail."

This rather formidable and philosophical but intensely fascinating premise has been taken by Director Capra and Robert Riskin, his scenarist, and woven into a script proclaimed by all who have read it as one of the most complete works ever to be fashioned into a picture. Certainly Frank Capra is exerting every force at his very facile command and from all indications the finished film will be one of the great pictures of the season.

"The mystic spell of the book seemed to extend even to the players," Isabel, who plays the best role of her career, observes, in touching upon the merits of the production. "I have never worked with a cast, either on the stage or screen, so imbued with an established mood. We were very much a family, by the book, but under Frank Capra's direction... we were inspired."

"Lost Horizon" is a fitting climax to the directorial career thus far of the Academy-winning Frank Capra. But, more particularly, it strikes its shaft straight home in the life of Isabel Jewell, Isabel has found her own Shangri-La.

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1. Non-caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
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New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

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**FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW**

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on the Paradise dance floor in very revealing tights, while a few minutes later we find him on his knees thanking God that he has found her again and that she has been saved in the terrible earthquake. In Blackie Norton's veins there is a definite intermingling of two blood streams, good and evil, and when I approached Clark Gable with my spectacles on and asked for a scientific explanation he assured me that he played Blackie so convincingly because he was descended from both nasty King John of England, who just didn't care what he did to good and beautiful women, and also from Galahad the Pure, the knight in shining armor who started the gallantry gag—and that is what we ought to call a terrific intermingling. It must be awful to have two natures, good and evil, struggling

in you. Personally I've never been bothered much with Sir Galahad.

W. C. Fields is naturally a descendant of the old Martini family, the branch which preferred onions to olives. After seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" I am positive that she is descended from none other than the breath-takingly beautiful Galatea, and don't tell me that Galatea was a statue. I knew it all the time.

And when I approached Jimmy Cagney in regard to the ancestor who had helped him to portray one of his famous characters, he merely remarked that his most famous characterization, and the one that came most natural to him, was as the Ass in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Jimmy left me to draw my own conclusions, and now I shall leave you to draw yours.

Studio News

[Continued from page 11]

You'd think by this time we'd be through with M-G-M, wouldn't you? But, no! Far from it. There is "Old Hutch" starring Wallace Beery. This one was written by my

Una Merkel, Frank Sully and Walter Abel acting up for "We Went To College,"
Although the title is "Sworn Enemy," Robert Young and Florence Rice find time to go into a clinch.

friend (or am I too presuming?) George Kelly who is recognized as America's foremost playwright, having authored such plays as "The Show-Off," "Craig's Wife," "Daisy Mayme," "Maggie, the Magnificent" (which featured Joan Blondell and James Cagney on the stage), "Behold the Bridegroom," "Philip Goes Forth," etc. Mr. Kelly is now in the enviable position of being able to say to producers, "I'm really not interested in that story" and turning it down. The fact that he was interested in doing this story for Beery speaks volumes for the story.

This one is just starting, too. It seems to be the kitchen of a shack where Beery and his wife (I hope) Elizabeth Patterson live. Miss P. is swatting flies and Mr. B. is sitting at the table gorging himself on watermelon and something else that I cannot determine. His dog is sitting right beside him, tongue drooling at every mouthful Wally takes.

"Oh, May," Miss Patterson exclaims in disgust as she rounds the corner of the table where the dog is sitting, "you're always in the way. You've had your breakfast."

The dog tucks tail and moves before the onslaught of the broom.

"Aw, why don't you let her alone?" Beery protests between mouthfuls.

"Because I want to sweep," Miss P. snaps as she continues flourishing the broom.

"Here, May," Wally calls, deciding to drop the whole thing.

Mr. Beery and I have never been chummy since he got fussed up one day on the set of "The Big House" and Miss Patterson never remembers that she's met me at least a dozen times so there's no use lingering. But, with all respect to the departed, Miss Patterson is a darled sight better actress than Marie Dressler was, so they ought to make a swell team.

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See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

**By Lady Esther**

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

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Silver Screen for September 1936 79

PLAY MY GAME OF "POWDER SHADES"
Our old favorite, Walter Huston, returns to us in "Dodsworth," with Ruth Chatterton playing his wife.

there work, and just when I'm thinking that Florence (who is not only beautiful but too smart and too sweet) is lost to me forever and that Bob has completely forgotten his wife and baby, Bob looks up from the kiss and says to the director, "Am I covering Florence's face?" And Florence says to the director, "Maybe if I swing my body a little more towards you we can both see our muzzles in the camera." Romance in the movies!

It's the first time I've seen Bob since he returned from England. "I made one picture over there," he tells me, "and was all set to come back. We'd left the baby at home and naturally were anxious to get back to her. We had our stuff all packed and our tickets bought. I was called to the studio and they told me they had made arrangements with M-G-M for me to stay over and do another picture with Jessie Matthews. It wasn't an easy thing to go home and tell my wife we weren't leaving but there wasn't much I could do about it. We had a swell time over there, but four months is a little too long to be away from the baby. She had grown two inches and learned to talk while we were gone. As soon as we finish this picture I'm going out of town for ten days."

"You mean," I ejaculate, "they have nothing lined up for you when this finishes, because Bob works more constantly than almost anyone on that lot, going from picture to picture with hardly a day between."

"Not for a couple of weeks," he grins. "I think in some way my name must have got off the list of contract players for a few days and they forgot about me. It's dollars to doughnuts, though, I'll be called back for re-takes."

Commenting with him over the uncertainty of actors' vacations, I shake hands, tell Florence goodbye and head for—

United Artists

Two pictures going over here. One is "The World Is Mine," being made by the Pickford-Lasky Company. This features Nino Martini and James Balslev. The picture is a non-sensical affair about a Mexican bandit chief (Leo Carrillo) who sees an American gangster film and decides to inject American underworld methods into his business. He kidnaps Lida Lupino and her fiancé, Blakeley (weakening son of a multi-millionaire). Carrillo thinks they are married, turns his quarters over to them and locks them inside. That's where we come in.

Lupy thinks the whole thing is a gay adventure and she is resolved to make the best of it, posturing in front of a mirror in a big ten gallon sombrero and a spade on his head. Mr. Blakeley is gazing out the window, eyeing the murderous looking guards. "Not a chance of escaping," he opines. "A fine mess you've got us into."

"If" Lupy repeats in astonishment, posing in front of a mirror.

"Yes, you," he snaps, "getting fresh with that gun play on the road. I'm in a spot, I tell you—"

"But not such a bad spot, after all," she comforts him. "We're all right so far—and—as though in a final appeal to her former ideal of him—"Bill, we're both in it together, aren't we?"

"No, we aren't," he whines, failing her again. "I'm the one they want. He said he'd cut my ear off!" He starts towards the window again but turns from it, the last shred of his nerve about to snap. "They'd shoot me down like a dog. And that Chevo chap (Martini) at the door with a rifle. If you only hadn't insulted him."

"My fault again, eh?" Lupy blazes, beginning to be fed up with him.

"Be reasonable, can't you?" Jim begs.

"Reasonable" she repeats scornfully. "Look here, Jane," he begins. "Chevo isn't a bad sort. He's different from these other toughs. He might help us out—if you'd only be decent to him."

"I couldn't be decent to him," Lupy announces, "if they kept me here for life."

But she's wrong. Before the picture is over she falls in love with him, which only goes to show you—show you—well, something, anyhow.

Serene in the knowledge that Love Will Find A Way, I saunter over to another
When you're down...

When castles in Spain
Come crashing down,
There's one way to soften
Fortune's Frown—
Buy Beech-Nut Gum
At stand or store . . .
The flavor makes dreaming
Worthwhile once more!

First over here, we have "The General Died at Dawn." I can't see where the
great advantage is in having him killed at
dawn any more than at dusk, but who am I to appear captious?

The story has something to do with a
Chinese revolution. This scene I see is not
terribly important one. Gary Cooper and
Madeline Carroll enter the diner. The
steward at the far end holds up two fingers
and Gary, taking Miss C's arm, walks her
forward, glancing at the people right and
left as he passes them. He sees someone of
interest and calls her attention to it by
squeezing her arm. She looks in the direc-
tion where Samuel Goldwyn is producing
"Dodsworth" with Walter Huston and
Ruth Chatterton. It's about a rich Amer-
ican business man who sells his business to
take his wife abroad. She wants a fling at
life. We pick them up in the library of
their home.

"I won't be put on the shelf by my
daughter," Chatterton announces airtily.
"When I can still dance longer and better
than she can. I've got brains and thank
heavens I still have looks. Why, nobody,"
she goes on hopefully, "takes me for more
than thirty-two. Thirty, even," she ventures
when Huston doesn't laugh in her face.
"Oh, Sam," coming towards him and put-
ting her arm around his neck, "I'm begging
for life. No," smiling. "I'm demanding it!"

"I see how you feel," Huston agrees. "All
right. I'll enjoy life if it kills me—and it
probably will."

When they rehearse the scene Miss Chat-
terton says, "I'm demanding it" but when
they take it she manages to get out an "a"
you can recognize, although I'm sure it
gave her indigestion. In justice to her,
though, with her make-up on she really
doesn't look over thirty-two—or thirty, even.

Huston is one of the really intelligent
people in this business. We chat for a
few minutes about the plays he appeared in
before he entered pictures. One of them,
"Mr. Pitt," I remember vividly and suggest
it would make a good picture.

"I know darned well it would," he
agrees. "When we did it on the stage the
last act was wrong but now Zona Gale, the
author, writes me that after twelve years she
has found the right ending."

There's irony for you! The book is for-
gotten, the play is only remembered by a
few people and now she finds the right
ending!

Life is not all happy endings—or even
"right" endings, dear readers. If it were,
I'd be through for the month. Instead, I
drag my weary carcass to—

Paramount

A scene from "The World Is Mine," with Ida Lupino and
James Blakeley.

BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM...is so good it's the most popular flavor of
any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSSIN GUM...candy coating protects a pleasing
flavor...and, as you probably know, peepsin aids digestion after
a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT...especially for those who like a distinctive
flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

BEECHIES...another really
tasty flavor Sealed in
candy coating. Like Gum and
Candy in one.

ORALGENE—its firm,
texture gives much needed
mouth exercise...and its
dehydrated milk of magnesia
helps neutralize, mouth acidity.
Each piece individually wrapped.
tion he indicates and sees a Chinese mandarin. He is eating gravely and slowly, looking like a chewing goat.

"Looka him," Gary urges. "He's just giving life a trial to see if he likes it." They pass on and see a British gentleman in a linen suit who looks disproportionately at Gary. "He's playing hookey from a padded cell," Gary cracks.

"You're just full of jokes, aren't you?" Madeleine smiles.

"Why not?" he retorts. "I don't meet a good girl in ten years and now you expect me to be dumb." By this time they've reached their table and Gary helps her into her chair. "So cut your cabbage," he admonishes her, "and don't stick pins in poppa!" To the waiter as he sits down—Gary, I mean, not the waiter, "Dinner—and hurry it up."

That's about all there is to the scene. The space inside the diner is so cramped I can't get in so I just send Gary the cigarette he always mooches from me and start to leave. On the way out I run into Porter Hall, who plays Gary's father. "Having fun?" I ask brightly, knowing it is ninety in the shade outside and about 10 degrees inside under the lights.

Mr. Hall gives me a withering look. "I can't see," he grumbles, "why I had to get up and come to work this morning when I just got killed last night."

As I often say, "that's the movies for you."

Next we have "A Son Comes Home." This story really has a swell plot and a fine cast—Mary Boland, Julie Haydon, Wally (Slim) Ford, Donald Woods, Anthony Nace and others.

Mary, with her adopted daughter (Julie) runs a chowder house on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. She is called "Angel of the Wharves" because of her many kindnesses. Her son (Nace) has disappeared from home years before and she has never heard from him since, although she has never given up hoping he will return. One night in a driving rain, Woods (a hitch-hiker) bums a ride from Nace. On the way to Frisco they drive into a filling station where Nace holds up the attendant and then shoots him. Woods manages to kick the gun out of Nace's hand. A car is heard approaching and Nace beats it, leaving Woods to face the music.

Woods reads the story of Mary's life in the paper and decides to pose as her son. Then the police pick him up for the hold-up of the gas station. Naturally, if the filling station attendant dies before he can identify Don as the man who was only with his attacker, the police will think Don did it, as he was found by the fallen man. A detective and lawyer are taking Don, Mary, Julie and Wally Ford to the hospital to see the wounded man. In the corridor outside the door they pause. The seriousness of the case makes them realize that Don is their son. "Come on, son," Roger Imhoff (the lawyer) urges. "That shouldn't take long."

Woods turns appealingly to Mary. She graps his arm tightly. "We'll wait for you out here," she promises, "Good luck, son." Imhoff knocks at the door and it is opened by the doctor. His manner is grave as he steps out. "This is my client, doctor," Imhoff announces. "May we go in?"

The doctor gives the boy a quick, disdainful glance and then, bowing slightly, makes way for them to enter. Don goes in and stops still in his tracks, his whole body becoming rigid as he sees the man is dead!

There's nothing funny about death to me so I don't stop to gab. It's Miss Boland's first serious rôle since she entered pictures and I know she'll be good in it. Julie Haydon is always good and so is Wally, who has recaptured that "high school figure."

Now we come to "Lady Be Careful!" which is adapted from "Sailor Beware." Once this was supposed to be a musical starring Bing Crosby, the idea being he could get any girl he wanted just by singing to her, but Bing no like. So now they've left it somewhat as it was and Lew

The Chinese revolution does not seem to bother Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll while they order their lunch in this scene from "The General Died At Dawn."
Ayres plays the irresistible Lothario. Just at this point a group of jadis are gathered below deck on a battleship. Buster Crabbe, in a marine's uniform, is telling them how it's done.

"Of course," he spouts off, "any of you boys that want to is welcome to watch my technique--and any little point that ain't clear to you, just come right up and ask me. But the main thing is to watch my work, then practice in your spare time. You'll be surprised what an improvement one week will show." He stalks majestically out of the place followed by all the jadis except Lew and Benny Baker.

Benny gazes resentfully after Buster. "You know," he remarks, "sometimes I think I don't like that guy—and other times, I'm sure of it." He turns to Lew. "Coming with me I'll wait."

"You go ahead," Lew says, "I'm going to rent a boat and do a little fishing." He opened a box and started winding up some line.

"No use going ashore alone, Dud," Benny says plaintively. "The dames don't give me a tumble."

"Well, you never see 'em lined up waiting for me, do ya?" Lew retorts. "I don't click, either."

"Gee," Benny says wistfully, "I wish I could rub a lamp and get handsome."

"A lamp!" Lew cracks. "Boy, you'd have to rub a lighthouse!"

When the scene is finished I congratulate Lew on the picture he directed recently, "Hearts in Bondage." It turned out to be a fine picture and he has had a number of directorial offers since. In the meantime this part came up and any of you who saw the show know what a great part it is. If they've done a good job of adapting it to the screen it ought to put Lew right back where he was a few years ago.

The last one on this lot is "The Texas Rangers" with Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker and Lloyd Nolan. None of them are working this scene.

This scene has to do with Ira Prouty as a timid prosecutor who is addressing the jury, "If Mr. Higgins," Prouty quavers, "is guilty, he should be punished. On the other hand, defendant says he killed in self defense. No one but Ira Johnson saw the shooting. He, sad to state, turned out to be a very poor witness. Therefore we don't want to hang an innocent man or send him to jail. So you must weigh the evidence very carefully."

Now, that is what I would call a very forceful summing up of the case. The high spot of the scene, however, is Richard Carle who used to star in some musical comedies called "The Tenderfoot" and "Jumping Jupiter." In this scene he doesn't say a word but it is a scream watching the expressions of his face.

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“You know,” I confide to my guide, “I used to run around with Dixie Lee before she ever met Bing Crosby and we were getting along swell until one night I sang her a song called ‘I picked a lemon in the garden of love.’ It was one of Mr. Carle’s old songs.”

“I’m not interested in Mr. Carle’s old songs or your old romances,” my guide frets me, “and don’t brag too much about going out with Dixie. Whatever her taste in fellows was in the past, she’s reformed.”

Here I am squelched again. Quite, quite, deserted, I leave Paramount for—

R-K-O

THERE are only two pictures shooting here. One of them is “Mummy’s Boys,” starring Wheeler and Woolsey. That one is on location. The other is “Swing Time,” starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Fred is a bashful youth, engaged to one girl and in love with Ginger. She waxes her feeling for him but doesn’t know he’s already engaged and can’t get up nerve to tell her. One night, in the dead of winter, he, Ginger, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore decide to motor up to an hotel called “The New Amsterdam” in the Adirondacks for dinner. But when they reach there they find the New Amsterdam has fallen into decay and has been given over to the spiders these many years. There are all trees and pines and cedars and evergreens everywhere, and all about them covered with snow. Helen and Vic wander off somewhere and here are Fred and Ginger in a little summer house, practically freezing to death.

The movies again for you. Snow on the ground and a temperature of 110. Fred doesn’t want to be left alone with Ginger in account of the predicament he’s in. He tries to discourage her from going into the summer house.

“T’ll bet it’s drafty,” he hazards.

“Oh, let’s go down here,” Ginger suggests, seating herself.

“All right—if you won’t be too cold,” he agrees reluctantly, seating himself beside her.

Ginger looks at him curiously and snuggles up. “I am a little cold,” she encourages him.

“Flap your arms,” Fred suggests, jumping up. “That’ll restore circulation.” He grabs her arms and slaps them vigorously. “Makes me feel warmer already.”

“I doubt it,” Ginger cracks.
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**THANK YOU, ELSA**

"Every one has brought me so many lovely things to eat I'll have to watch my diet. My daughters write me that in America it is fashionable to be thin."

"I like them fat, myself," Torbin quips, gallantly kissing his wife's cheek. "Frau Lind," he continues, "we wondered if you would be good enough to take this package to our son in America?"

Katherine Sheldon, Jane Darwell, Torbin Meyers and Annette Lake in "The Holy Lie."

"It's only half dozen shirts and a pipe," Annette chimes in eagerly.

He lives near New York in a place called North Carolina." Torbin goes on. "The address is on it."

"I'll be glad to take it," Jane agrees. "Give it to Gretchen (Katherine Sheldon)."

"There's no room in the trunk," Katie snaps. "It's full of presents now, with everybody in town sending something to their relatives."

"Now, Gretchen," Miss Darwell coaxes, "I'm sure such a magician as you could find room for a package like this."

So Gretchen dines and smiles at the praise and I dimple and smile at Arline and Claire who are practicing a dance routine in another corner. But the dance director is driving them and there's no chance to talk. Consequently, I leave for—

Warner Brothers

---

**THERE are a number of pictures in production here but nothing I can report.** "China Clipper" with Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Marie Wilson is shooting in front of the studio. A taxi rolls up, Ross and Marie step out and Ross dashes into the studio. Can you make any sense out of that?

I go on the set of "Stagestruck" where Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are supposed to be working. I wait there an hour and we have a grand time giggling but nothing happens. I can't spend the day here so I leave.

"Chaplin of the Light Brigade" I've told you about.

"Way for a Pirate" with Sybil Jason and Guy Kibbee is on location. So is "Polo Joe" with Joe E. Brown and "Cave-In" with Jean Muir and Barton MacLane (based on the recent mine disaster in which those three men were trapped).

The other one—"Three in Eden"—with Margaret Lindsay is on the process stage where no one is admitted. But next month, my friends, I'll give you a dose of Warner Brothers you won't soon forget.

I hoof it to Columbia but "Lost Horizon" is on location and there is nothing else shooting. I wend my weary way around Universal and there is not one company going.

There being nowhere else to go I trotter home—and so to bed.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

A CROSS

1. The bewitching French girl in "Souls o' Guns".
2. Never working with Robert Taylor in "Jim
Brother's Wife".
3. A small bed.
4. Mother of "Peer Gynt".
5. A beautiful name.
6. The first woman.
7. Myrna Loy's dance in "Penecious Fever".
8. Garbo's next picture.
9. She is Carol Lombard's sister in "My Man God-
frey".
11. Dead.
12. A suffix used to form the plural of some words.
13. A small drinking vessel.
15. Her Royal Highness (abbr.).
17. Symbol for uranium.
18. Mrs. Joel McCrea.
19. With Edward Arnold in "Sutter's Gold".
20. In a like manner.
21. Ravel in "Show Boat".
22. Speckled.
23. She hails from Helena, Montana.
24. Live.
25. Perform.
27. A minced word of the word God.
28. Physician (abbr.).
29. Observe.
30. A gaseous element found in the air.
31. She is one of Warner's lovely players.
32. Form a western hero.
33. Deserved.
34. The big shot in "Bullies or Ballots".
35. Great (abbr.).
36. The frightened guardian in "13 Hours by Air".
37. Coal scuttle.
38. In "All the Passing of the Third Floor Back".
39. A very amusing comedian.
40. With Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range".
41. At a distant place.
42. Whirls rapidly.
43. Possessive pronoun.
44. Our continent (abbr.).
45. Shortened form of masculine name.
46. A person of an ancient race.
47. The measure.
48. His next picture will be "Maytime".
49. Trained with Mary Boland in "Easy to Be".
50. Drove.

DOWNS

1. The butler in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford".
2. Statue.
3. Lyric poetry.
4. Twenty-four hours (abbr.).
5. To flee from.
6. Take precedence.
7. She played in "Crime and Punishment".
8. A newcomer on the screen.
9. America's greatest city (abbr.).
11. One hundred and six (Roman).
12. The Canadian mounty in "The County, Beyond".
13. The "Public Enemy's" wife.
14. With W. C. Fields in "Poppy"
15. Quivering motion.
16. Robert Taylor's father in "Small Town Girl".
17. The hateful mother-in-law in "The Case Against
Mrs. Ames".
18. Within.
19. Elder (abbr.).
20. In "I Married A Doctor".
22. Casting.
23. Wanderer.
24. Measure of length (abbr.).
25. Gene Ferguson in "Public Enemy's Wife".
27. To move swiftly.
28. Entrance.
29. Type measure.
30. That is (abbr.).
31. Actress.
32. Last seen in "Dracula's Daughter".
33. The arborious beauty in "Robin Hood of El
Dorado".
34. Abbreviated form of feminine name.
35. Western state (abbr.).
36. Ballad.
37. Anastagmatic.
38. Pedestal decorating.
40. Pronoun.
41. Paid publicity.
42. Speech of reheasal.
43. The beloved country (abbr.).
44. Every (abbr.).

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

RA QUINTUPLETS OF HUNTS ONE MIGHT CRADLE
ABE NEVER DE LEO VI TAL EF LEB
ESNE KEN LAG FUSE STANDER L MARINES
L AY TOM I S T
CASH STEWART BING OTHER EMERY SOLAR
BREY C ROLLIE IDLY REBA ELA PATE
LAWYERS O PIRATES ELI BARRYMORE ERA
EEN EB ODD ERA ED RED

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