POPOVERS! Ummm!

One cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt
7/8 cup milk
2 eggs
1/2 tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375° F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

That's the marvel of these OvenServe table dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.

OvenServe

Sold at Kresge
5c & 10c stores and other
5c, 10c and $1.00 stores
For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.
WHY I HATE WOMEN .......................................................... Bette Davis 26
A heart-breaking chapter from Bette's early life will tell you the reason

THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD .......................... Katherine Albert 28
Beginning the thrilling story of the movies

"GIVE ME ONE YEAR," SAYS HELEN HAYES ......................... Mary Sharon 30
A brave but very tired little woman pleads for an interlude of happiness

SON OF TRAGEDY .......................................................... William French 34
A sincere and touching farewell to Russ Columbo

ON TRIAL ............................................................... Dorothy Manners 35
Anna Sten is the defendant. You are the jury. What is your verdict?

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL .......................... Regina Cannon 36
A witty and scintillating factionization of the current picture

CANTOR'S RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS ................................ Hilary Lynn 38
Eddie and Ida know the recipe is fool-proof. They've used it for years

HOW TO BECOME AN ORCHID ...................................... Dorothy Spensley 40
Fay Wray gives you many a tip to follow on the road to glamour

HOLLYWOOD THINKS HE'S NUTTY ................................. Martha Kerr 41
And Francis Lederer doesn't care. He continues to do as he pleases

I HAVE BEEN KEPT BY A MOVIE STAR .............................. 42
Concluding the unhappy adventures of "Mr. Famous Movie Star"

MY BIG SISTER RUBY .................................................. Marjorie Keeler 44
The youngest Keeler gives the lowdown on her famous sister

HAVE YOU CHANGED IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS? .......... Caroline Somers Hoyt 52
The movie stars are not ashamed that they're "not like they used to was"

THE GREAT LAUGHTON MYSTERY ................................. Robert Fender 54
Talk about your Garbo! Charlie Laughton has her beat off the boards

WHAT ADRIENNE Fears ............................................... Dora Albert 55
The Ames-Cabot marriage is fighting—desperately—against the Hollywood jinx

ADDITION COMMON SENSE TO GLAMOR ........................ Virginia T. Lane 56
It's possible to combine the two! Little Jean Parker knows

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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL • GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who enthral love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Come join our “open forum” and let us know what is on your mind, cinematically speaking.

Moody Lady

Every once in a while a benevolent mood descends upon me and I want to express my appreciation of the film personalities who intrigue me. This is one of the times and this time I yield to the mood.

I consider Garbo the most fascinating screen personality of all time. Novarro the most romantic male figure, Helen Mack the most interesting of the younger actresses, and Drue Leighton the most charming new blonde. The old-timer I miss most is Elin Betty Bronson. I’ve never understood why she vanished from the screen.

Sorry I can’t mention more men, but honestly, I think most of the present screen men are a total loss. We need more great lovers, and not so many wise-cracking smart-alecks. See?—Mrs. R. L. Price, Midlothian, Ill.

(Just wait till the Gable Tone McCrea Crosby Boles Murchie women extrema fans read your last paragraph! We’re just a little bit glad we’re not you.)

Criticism of censorship goes on and on and on.

Fans Want the Truth

Congratulations on your very interesting and rather daring July issue. This is the first time in ten years that I have been able to read a story in a fan magazine without laughing at the apparent lies it told. Your stories are human and believable. It took courage to be the first to drop the milk and honey type that is usually offered to the gullible moving picture public. Keep up the good work—Molly Kaplan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some More About Censorship

I am a woman fifty-five years old with strict views about right and wrong, and it is my belief that this war against the movies is most unfair. Moving pictures are the greatest thing in the form of entertainment that the world has ever had. Why crush them? Other arts are left alone but there is the everlasting "pickiness" at the movies. Of course, a vulgar picture is not desirable and occasionally one is “not so good,” but why destroy such brilliant and enlightening entertainment symbolically—life is stronger than ever.

Let me add that I’ve never seen a movie that caused me any mental agony or blushed. When movies become so nasty that they’re embarrassing then I like numerous other fans, will cease going.

If only the nation realized that the average person goes to the movies for an escape—not to absorb yile, filthy ideas on sex or gangstering. They go to escape into a dream world where they are more entranced in the star of the story than symbolically self-identified with a certain character or background.

The movies didn’t start Chicago gangstering, neither did they cause Lizzie Tish to run away with the last carnival show that hit town. The movies didn’t turn John Dillinger into the underworld man he was. The newspapers did that for him. —Orit Cooper, Russellville, Ky.

I am firmly in favor of movies that depict life—life in the raw or life in the sanest and most refined manner—and as long as the story is typical—though not neces-
Their Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Los Polmos Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Paramount City, Calif.
Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

AHERNE, BRIAN: RKO-Radio.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount, Inc.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLWIN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Universal.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARNISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Monogram.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHE, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATES, ROOSE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Monogram.
AYRES, LEW: Fox.
BAER, MAX: Paramount.
BACKCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, Binnie: Universal.
BARNETT, VINGE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BAKER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
BEBERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLMAY, MADGE: Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENNERT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BERGER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BEST, EDNA: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALIA: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
Bourne, Whitney: Paramount.
BOW, CLARA: Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.

(Continued on page 108)

Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently and thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action. Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Packaged foods have a definite place on the well-planned menu. You'll agree when you learn why

A SUCCESSFUL scene in a movie and a delicious dinner served at home, at first glance seem to have little in common, yet both depend largely for their success upon the selfsame thing—the correct execution of a well laid plan. This was brought home to me forcibly, the other day, when I observed how Director Clarence Brown went about planning a scene in which Joan, Clark and Otto Kruger are shown eating a simple meal in their forthcoming picture, "Chained."

First, Director Brown told the assistant director what he wanted. The assistant in turn went into a huddle with the head of the property department, upon whom there now rested the responsibility of providing the necessary food, silver, linens and china, and a lovely informal basket of fresh fruit for the centerpiece. Once the table was set it became the duty of the script girl to list the items that appeared on it as well as the details of the costumes worn by the principals so that no error would creep in during the retakes. So you see, at the time Director Brown was ready to "shoot," the table was ready, and everybody was able to proceed with the making of the picture.

Now you, as a housewife, probably have no assistant—unless you are one of the favored few who has a maid in these parlous times—and you certainly have no script girl! But, just as certainly, you are director of your meals and as such you are personally responsible for the actions and expressions of those who partake of them. You would do well, therefore, to emulate some of the steps in meal preparation which make a well directed scene in a picture move with ease and a complete freedom from apparent effort.

The first thing then, as director in your home, is to make a plan. Naturally this plan will have to be sufficiently elastic to allow for (Continued on page 74)
MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores do tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a pure soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and runs!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES - 99 4/100% pure.

"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, 'So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure.'

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly. "Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson. "Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP
SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!

THE REPORT CARD

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox) - Dorothy DeBor and James Dunn.
The BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M) - Ginger Rogers and Charles Laughton.
BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount) - Bette Davis and Richard Dix.
BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century) - John Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore.
CHAINED (M-G-M) - William Powell and William Tabbert.
CLEOPATRA (Paramount) - Claudette Colbert, Warren William and William Powell.
DAMES (Warner) - The musical of musicals with Dick Powell, Jeanette MacDonald and Zasu Pitts.
THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M) - Claire Trevor, Myrna Loy and John Boles.
THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount) - Edmund Lowe and Jean Harlow.
HOTEL AND (Fox) - Will Rogers at his best.
HAPPY DAY (RKO) - John Harlow, Myrna Loy and Barbara Stanwyck.
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal) - J. Arthur Rank, Joan Blondell and J. Carrol Naish.
MADAME DU BARRY (Warners) - Spectacular with Dolores del Rio and Victor McLaglen.
MORNING ROUGE (20th Century) - Entertainment plus with Constance Bennett, Frances Dee and Tilly unfairness.
MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount) - John Barrymore and Kay Francis.
ONE NIGHT OF HAPPINESS (Columbia) - Yvonne De Carlo and John Hodiak.
ONE OF THE BOYS (Paramount) - Cartoon story about the Revolutionary days of American history.
PAT AND THE LIVIN' (M-G-M) - Spencer Tracy and May Robson.
PETIT BRIQUET (Paramount) - A farcical comedy with Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Katty Carlisle and John Barrymore.
RHYTHMS (M-G-M) - Sustained drama with Wray,8, Marjorie Main and John McGuire.
ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal) - John Boles and Madeleine Carroll.
SADIE MCKEE (M-G-M) - Snow White and Edward Arnold.
SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount) - A farcical comedy with Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Katty Carlisle and John Barrymore.
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox) - John Boles, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow.
THREE PICTURES GET "A" -

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SADIE MCKEE (M-G-M) - Snow White and Edward Arnold.
SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount) - A farcical comedy with Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Katty Carlisle and John Barrymore.
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox) - John Boles, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow.

THESE PICTURES GET "B" -
AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal) - Charles B. Fitzsimons and an exciting mystery.
TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M) - The most thrilling of the 10 films to come.
THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount) - Nan Grey and Robert Young.
TWENTIETH CENTURY (Colombia) - Gloria Swanson and Robert Young.
VIVA VILLA! (M-G-M) - Tyrone Power and Lupe Velez.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHOW YOUR LAXATIVE FEEN-A-MINT THE CHewing-GUM LAXATIVE

MODERN SCREEN
We Salute
Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler
America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholders can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production.

"Flirtation Walk"

heaps new honors on
Dick Powell—Ruby Keeler—Pat O'Brien; on Frank Borzage for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.
THE OLD M-G-M INFLUENCE

The funniest story of the month concerns a magazine interviewer’s session with Max Baer, who at the present moment is making a Paramount picture, “Kids On The Cuffs.”

The interviewer asked Max: “Whom do you consider the most colorful personalities on the screen?”

“Well,” drawled Max, “there’s Jean Harlow for sex appeal, Norma Shearer for charm, Greta Garbo for glamour, Joan Crawford for physical beauty, Marion Davies for comedy….”

The director of publicity at Paramount couldn’t stand it any longer and shouted, “And Marlene Dietrich for everything!”

At a recent Hollywood preview the professional part of the audience was amazed when the non-professionals in the unreserved seats gave a newsreel shot of Douglas Fairbanks,

Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the stars and their
Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson, the inseparables, contemplate the elaborate program and, below, we see the Gary Coopers and Virginia Bruce at the Trocadero opening.

Max Reinhardt, the impresario himself, poses with two of the film's most famous, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. (Below) Katie Hepburn saw the camera boys coming. So-o-o.

Sr., the well known Bronx cheer.
Believe it or not, two or three people actually hissed when Doug came over the sound-track saying, "It is so nice to be back heah in this country again!"
It looks as though Mr. Fairbanks is going to have to court the American public, along with America's Sweetheart, all over again.

Very few celebrated visitors to Hollywood have had the opportunity of meeting Greta Garbo. But even the illusive Swede was impressed by the idea of meeting Max Reinhardt and accepted a dinner invitation to the home of the Viertels, friends of hers, where a party was being given for the great man.
They say Greta arrived very late, talked with Reinhardt for ten or fifteen minutes and left almost immediately thereafter.

In her divorce suit against George Brent, Ruth Chatterton accused her actor-husband of being moody and sulky. For hours, and sometimes days at a time, she charged, Brent refused to talk to her or to the guests she invited to dine with them.

There are two new little boys in Hollywood. One is Joel McCrea, Jr., born to Frances Dee and Joel McCrea in September. The other is Harry Joe Brown, Jr., and his mother is none other than Sally Eilers. And Mrs. George Barnes (Joan Blondell to you) is "expecting," at this writing.

Crosby Contract Note
Bing Crosby has signed a secret four-year-without-options contract with Paramount. The secret is his salary which is said to be enormous.
satellites! Draw up your chairs and listen!
Mary Brian and Dick Powell took the Joe Penners (mitout duck) to the première of Dick's "Dames." (Right) The Thalbergs (she's Norma Shearer to us) aboard Joe Schenck's yacht for a cruise. Wotta life!

THE Sylvia Sidney-B. P. Schulberg romance rumors appear to be at an end. At least these two are no longer seen together at the popular spots but each one is seen with other people!

At the Clover Club the other dawning, Mr. Schulberg seemed very much taken up with Gertrude Michael, the Paramount charmer.

The tennis matches, which brought such internationally famous net stars as Fred Perry, Betty Nuthall, Elizabeth Ryan, George Lott, Frank Shields and dozens of others to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, was another favorite gathering place of the movie celebs lately.

William Powell and Richard Barthelmess shared a box. Connie Talmadge was there every day. Ditto for Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Gene Raymond.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE CIRCUS

And then the circus came to town! Peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade. Did the Hollywooders have fun!

Even Marlene Dietrich seemed to be having a glorious time with her young daughter and her husband. Strangely enough, no one seemed to recognize Dietrich the evening Anna Sten, in modern clothes for a change, sees "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Bowl.

Mary Pickford, landing at the airport for the Cleveland air races. Roscoe Turner's with her.
we saw her there. Maybe that's the reason she had so much fun.

Norma Shearer brought Irving Thalberg, Jr., and her husband's father to her circus party. While the three were doing the sideshows, they suddenly discovered that they had lost their tickets. Norma was in a perfect dither until she happened to remember that one of the midgets had once worked in the M-G-M picture, "Freaks." Norma frantically sought out her "influential" friend and explained her predicament.

While they waited for the ticket situation to be fixed up, the little midget insisted that Norma meet the Fat Woman, the Glass Eater, the Strong Man and the Pin Heads. Little Irving Thalberg was almost beside himself with joy at actually shaking hands with so many "celebrities."

It was more fun the night Katharine Hepburn attended. She tried her best to avoid the news-picture snappers. But the camera-boys spotted Katie immediately, and in her attempt to dodge them, La Hepburn did everything from climbing over seats to landing in one of the rings, much to the amusement of everyone present. She finally had to crawl under the outer (Continued on page 70)

Diamond Mae West visited the Hollywood Bowl to take a peak at the Reinhardt production. Here are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, said to be wed, at the tennis matches.
BY REGINA CANNON

Of course, there’s a limit to everything, so Eddie Cantor cannot be a male Elsie Dinsmore or a Pollyanna in pants. But—he must be about the guin-randest guy you’re apt to meet on a stroll among the Hollywood hills. Everyone who works with him says so, and everyone can’t be wrong. First, we listened to Block and Sully sing his praises and this month Ethel Merman, just returned from the Coast and an important role in “Kid Millions,” went into her song about Eddie.

It seems the gentleman not only doesn’t hog the picture, but positively insists upon giving his co-workers a little better than a good break. His disposition is as sweet as a fudge sundae and his off-stage comedy as excellent as the type of stuff he pulls when the camera is grinding.

But, after all, this item should be about Ethel’s visit home—which is New York, and so— When you meet the Merman cinematically, you’re gonna say, “Aha, sex appeal. Wotta vamp! I’ll bet she’s the cut-up of the party. She likes the boys all righty, all right. She’s interested in collecting male scalps.” And there’s where you’re all

Ethel Merman at home in her New York apartment.

needs no introduction to you. She’s the young woman who’s “spotted” to tear off a torchy tune when and if the audience gets restless. She’s the lady who stops the show and the gal who is what the bald-headed row knows as an “eyeful.” In short, she’s hot—red hot, about 112 Fahrenheit. And, as we’ve implied, she’s the perfect paradox. She looks like what she “ain’t.” She’s a home-lover and slightly nut-sy on the subject of dogs. She falls for them completely, and the more disreputable the purp, the greater her devotion. We have sort of an Australian mousehound about the house that she’d go craz-zy for.

On the outcome of Ethel’s appearance in “Kid Millions,” her cinematic future may be determined. So here’s hoping you appreciate her as much as we on Broadway do.

WYNNE GIBSON’s been in town, the pourquoi of her visit being to make a picture at the Long Island studio and do a little shopping and sight-seeing on the side. It turned out that there was very little “on the side,” for things were kept humming over the bridge so that there was plenty of night work for the players.

The film in question is “Gambling” and you’re going to see George M. Cohan, who made the stage version, in the character he created for Broadway consumption.

Wynne, you may or may not know, is a native New Yorker, but she hasn’t been in our town for nearly five years and it all looked like front page news to her. New buildings had shot up and others had been torn down. She had become noise-conscious and taxi-shy and had a great hankering for “them thar

Louise Lattimer, new Universal player, arrives in Gotham.
hills." Just a turn-coater, we'll say. Miss Gibson, it seems, is what's known in the vernacular of the theatre as a trouper. She does whatever she's given to do excellent well. She gives a lot of thought to her work and goes in for visualizing character in a big way. She's intelligent and a hard-worker. So-o she should rate better, bigger and more serious breaks. At least that's the not-too-humble opinion of this department.

We have a notion, however, that this little lady is prone to speak her piece, which isn't conducive to gazing big strides in Hollywood. In New York, maybe. However, after the shooting was over (and we mean "Gambling," of course) Wynne gave herself a few days to see the town before leaving for the camera coast.

THE day it rained luck, Louise Latimer was there with a great big bucket and so, she caught an awful lot of it. Luck, we mean. Louise is very young and very, very well-to-do and very, very, very pretty. She has theatrical aspirations and talent to back 'em up. And, she's in town, having completed "There's Always Tomorrow," her first for Universal.

Miss Latimer is going places cinematically. She's a little smoothie who knows what she wants and, what's better, knows how to go after it and get it. She began life—she's at that ripe old age of twenty-one now—by landing herself a job in a stock company. A movie scout saw her and the usual test ensued. Fox took the test, but Uncle Carl Laemmle signed the gal and Uncle Carl isn't noted for making mistakes.

The Hollywood males like Louise. She has 'em all, from artists to polo players, on her string, but at the moment she's too busy to give them more than passing interest.

If we were the Wampas, we'd elect Miss Latimer a starlet for, in the language of Broadway, she's got what it takes.

Before Chevalier sailed, he put his John Hancock to a lucrative M-G-M contract, for Maurice is as much the business man as he is the artist. He's also the frugal Frenchman in person. All of which comes under the head of praise. There are too many spendthrifts already in the camera city, so it isn't Monsieur's intention to swell their number.

Just what his next pictorial assignment is to be was not determined as the star parked his trunks on the Ile de France, preparatory to a long vacation in his native Paree. Kay Francis, at this writing, is over there too, which they do be a-saying spells (Continued on page 114)

MODERN SCREEN

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, 'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.' Well..."

2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively golden soap and naptha. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."

3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a whiter shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

YES INDEED! If you want to keep "tattle-tale gray" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you row cleaners instead of one! Richer golden soap working hand-in-hand with lots of naptha. A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a brighter, sweeter whiteness!

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silks, stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, Fels & Co.
THEY LOVE THEY LAUGH THEY SING THEY QUARREL

...but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with Gloria SWANSON
and JOHN DOUGLASS BOLES • MONTGOMERY
JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.
"Music in the Air" for Fox will bring Gloria back to the screen. Oddly enough, she plays opposite John Boles, whose entrance into the movies was as La Swanson's leading man in the silent picture days. This actress looks younger and more glamorous than ever, doesn't she, really?
He plans to spend the holidays in France, where he has been making two pictures and, during her stay there, seeing Kay Francis. Maurice is a very serious-minded gentleman, whose pet diversion is boxing. You'll be seeing him as the handsome prince in "The Merry Widow," an M-G-M special.

Miss MacDonald is, of course, "The Merry Widow" herself, which gives her plenty of opportunity to act and warble a bit, both of which she does right well. She is taking up tennis these days and plays with Bob Ritchie. You know, he's the man whom Jeanette calls her fiancé, but whom her friends feel sure is her husband.
Well, it looks like wedding bells for June and Paul Ames, they do be a' saying. Anyway, the young man is building a beautiful home, which makes it seem as if something serious is brewing. "Wake Up and Dream" for Universal is June's latest. However, she's a freelance now, so it will be up to her to pick some nice fat roles.

George Brent got himself a real break when he landed the part opposite Garbo in "The Painted Veil." If that doesn't bring him back with a bang, well, we'll give up. He's having fun these days with a sport plane he's named Desert Breeze, for George is a dyed-in-the-wool thrill-seeker. In love? Never even mention it!
Miriam Hopkins

She's in New York now looking for a suitable play to do on Broadway for, before Miriam begins her Goldwyn contract, she has decided to have another legitimate attraction to her credit. Her big love is her adopted son Michael. As for a romance; well, she just hasn't time for one. Her latest film for RKO is "The Richest Girl in the World."

Charles Butterworth

He's as funny off the screen as on and had the cast of "Student Tour" in so-called stitches during production. Charlie and his bride spend their leisure hours playing around on a new boat he purchased recently. He was one of the theatre's cleverest comedians before the movies got him and plans one day to take another fling at the footlights.
If you saw "Of Human Bondage," you saw Bette at her adept best—playing a meanie. The above are the picture’s dramatic highlights, with Leslie Howard as a long-suffering sentimentalist, dividing acting honors, and Reginald Denny, as a favored suitor, sharing their taxi.

Bette Davis learned about women from—women! And so, she can’t hand the sometimes fair sex a thing
Why I HATE WOMEN

BY BETTE DAVIS as told to WALTER RAMSEY

AT a cocktail party the other afternoon, an actress I know paid me one of those back-handed compliments.

"Do you know," she drawled, "your work on the screen has always interested me a great deal because you seem to portray women as though you hated them. Take your role of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage,' or that half-crazed debutante of 'Fog Over Frisco.' Tell me," she went on, "do you like women?"

I presume the polite, if hypocritical, thing to have said was, "Oh, of course I do. It just happens that I've fallen heir to a number of shrew roles lately and I try to play them honestly. Why, some of my dearest friends are women. Naturally, I like them."

But that isn't true. I don't like women as a sex. Certainly there are exceptions, rare individuals whose friendship I value and whose honesty I treasure. But my instinctive inclination is to distrust women. In my lifetime, I have had little reason to do otherwise.

Perhaps my experience with my own sex has been an unfortunate one. Perhaps it has given me a distorted slant. But after all, one has to learn and be guided by one's own experiences and not by those of others. Thus, my only defense for my attitude is that my personal experience with the feminine (Continued on page 77)
MOTION PICTURES belong to you!

You, the public, made them what they are today. Your will is law with producers. From the very earliest days, when poor men invested their little money in badly made movie equipment and ran jerky films in back rooms and run-down stores, until now, when Hollywood teems with life and activity and big business, you have been the dictator.

In 1900 everyone laughed at the movies, every "sensible" person, that is. Bankers could not be induced to finance such a wildcat proposition. When little men put their life’s savings into the "novelty," their friends called them crazy. But your father and mother came to the back rooms and the run-down stores and marvelled that pictures moved, that trains seemed to be coming right toward them, that a girl with golden curls, a girl who was later to be known throughout the world as Mary Pickford, could make them laugh or cry. Your father and mother looked at the cheap, jumpy films and found them entertaining. In this way your father and mother actually dictated to Wall Street financiers. Ever since then the movies have belonged to you.

In about 1923 Sam Goldwyn gathered together the cleverest and most profound newspaper and magazine critics in the United States and, in all sincerity, paid them good salaries to tell him what was wrong with his pictures, to criticize them before the public saw them as they did afterwards. The experiment failed, because you were not pleased with the result. No experts can tell you what you like and what you don’t like.

A producer spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to launch a new star. You see the star. If you like her and tell your friends you like her, the money has not been spent in vain. If you turn thumbs down, there is nothing that can save the star—or the producer’s money.

Box office receipts are Hollywood’s only guide. And you, who spend your money for tickets, raise or lower box office returns.

I should think that you would feel proud to be so important to a great industry. You’re not that important to the steel business, the cotton industry, the silk mills. There, others dictate to you. But the movies are your very own. And because they are your own, it occurred to me that you might like to know more about them, that it would interest you to learn how they started, how they grew, what men and women were vital forces to them, what changes have been brought about in them during the last thirty years. You won’t regret knowing these things, for the story of the movies is the most glamorous and romantic story ever told. It is vivid with life and personality, rife with success and failure, bitter
It's the story of the movies! The thrilling biography of the infant industry itself!

PART 1

with heartaches and disappointment, bright with joy. We can now look back and see what has happened and weave stories about it all. The pioneers of the film business could not look forward.

Years ago in a claptrap studio in New York, an ex-vaudeville actor named Larry Griffith was turning out films at the rate of one a week. In New Jersey he was making "wild west movies." And because he was always short of money with which to pay extras, he used the same people twice and three (Continued on page 91)
Helen Hayes is doing now just what she does every time she finishes a picture. She is suffering the tortures of the damned. Telling herself that she is through with pictures. That she wants to live her own life. In her own way. That she is going back home and take life easy, in the manner of other women. That she doesn't care if she never sees another motion picture studio or theatre or anything else that can drag her away from her home, her husband and her baby.

A few days before she left for New York, I visited her at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she lived while she was making "What Every Woman Knows."

She had a comfortable, but unpretentious, suite of rooms on the third floor of the hotel, from which she could look out upon the palm-lined boulevards and, on warm afternoons, could throw open the many windows of the living-room and bask in the sun.

Only, the day that I visited with her was a gray, dismal day. I found Helen, correspondingly gray and dismal.

She lay back against the upholstered chaise longue and hugged her misery to her heart. It was useless to try to console her, for she was in the throes of one of those let-down moods that come to all artists after the finish of a really good piece of work, into which they have flung their whole soul—and she wanted her baby.

Two griefs combined in one.

"My words have caught up with me at last," she told me in all wretchedness. "I have always said that a woman can successfully combine marriage and a career. I have just learned that I was wrong. I want my baby today more than anything in the world. I haven't seen her for such a long time. I call her on the phone almost every day, but she is usually too shy to talk to me. Last night, when I called, her nurse told me that she has learned to swim. Then she let little Mary tell me in her own words and she said, 'Please, mama, come home quick before summer is gone. I want you to see me swim.'"

Helen sighed and turned out her hands in a way that told me despair and need more than words could have done. Her gesture made me remember the scene in "White Sister," where she held out her hands towards her lover who was going away to war. There was that same, poignant emptiness in them.

"I can't tell you how I felt when she begged me to come home. Anyway, it decided me. I am going. A hundred movie contracts and stage offers cannot
keep me away from my baby any longer.

"Think what it means to any woman to be away when her little girl is learning to take her first, little, wobbly steps. Learning to hisp her first words. When somebody else must teach her all those little first things. Sing lullabies to her and put her to sleep. I feel terribly about it, now. As if I've been cheated out of something that was a part of my birthright. Money, success, fame—nothing can repay for lost loveliness like that.

"I'm homesick and tired. I've worked so hard this year, have gone through sixty-two weeks without a rest of any kind. I came straight to Hollywood from the long run in 'Mary of Scotland.' But I'm through."

She held up her chin belligerently.

"I have made up my mind and I am going to stick to my decision. "I am not going to do anything for one whole year. I am going to go home and live normally for twelve, long, happy months with my husband and my baby. I am going to take care of my roses, putter around the garden, arrange furniture, fix drapes, wash dishes and do all the things that every woman instinctively loves to do. I am going to really live for one year. Do you know how grand it seems just to be saying it?"

Silence lay like a pool, then. She was deep in thought and a tiny furrow (Con- tinued on page 79)
This is Miss Penelope March, the famous Freddie’s adopted daughter. Cute?

Barbara Bebe Lyon was three years young and wotta party! Ice cream, Mickey Mouse puppets n’everything.

Charlie Ruggles raised the deuce all afternoon. He finally had himself a good weep and his mother, Arline Judge, let him go to it.
Gary Evans Crosby brought his attractive mother, Dixie Lee.

And here’s the party watching the Mickey Mouse puppets, with the hostess wearing a hair ribbon and considering the ice cream problem.

Frank Woody, Jr. came with his favorite lady, Ma Helen Twelvetrees.
BY WILLIAM FRENCH

SON OF TRAGEDY

Deep regret is in our hearts for the passing of Russ Columbo

"LIFE really began today," laughed Russ Columbo, as he watched the satisfied hundreds at the preview of "Wake Up and Dream," in which his caressing voice had won their instant approval.

"Just write 'Friday, the 31st' in red," he continued, "because it starts Chapter Three in the story of Columbo. And put it down that today: Old Man Hard Luck lost my address. Everything good happened today. I made the first of my new broadcasts, I saw my first starring picture and I made four recordings on my new phonograph contract. What a lucky day this was!

"And that isn't all. I found the piece of property where I'm going to build the new home for my folks. I'm going to design the house myself—and put in all the little nooks and gadgets my mother wants.

"So, I'm forgetting the bumps and disappointments in Chapters One and Two, and starting Chapter Three today.. And don't think I don't know I'm the lucky guy."

Less than forty-eight hours later, Grim Tragedy snipped that string—and wrote "Cut!" across the picture of Columbo's success.

For a tragic misadventure and (Continued on page 83)
Do you really like Anna Sten? Her fate rests with you

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

ANNA STEN is this month's movie question mark, the question being where does she go from here?

Samuel Goldwyn's Passionate Peasant, also known as the Soviet Star and Sammy's Greatest Gamble, is facing the most critical span of her Hollywood career. She is on trial for her professional life.

The final crank has been turned on her second American picture, "We Live Again," the former "Resurrection." On the strength of this colorful story, and with the copartnership of popular Fredric March, the Sten future will be decided. For, in spite of the glowing hosannas to her beauty and personal charm, her first picture, "Nana," came out on the wrong side of the financial ledger to the tune of about $200,000! It was obvious, as the box office reports kept coming in over a period of months, that Anna, or rather, "Nana" had not captured the same great burst of enthusiasm that had greeted Garbo, or Dietrich in their first American-made films.

In fairness, it should be explained that seldom was a picture made under more trying conditions than those besetting the story of the Parisian coquette who loved two brothers, one wisely, and the other, too well.

In the first place, almost a year elapsed between Sten's arrival in Hollywood and the starting date of her first production. It was a difficult and confusing year for the Russian girl. There was a new language to be conquered, not to mention the trials of a diet expected to remove from ten to fifteen pounds from her sturdy physique. Coupled with this she was the storm center of an exhaustive publicity campaign.

Her pictures flooded newspapers and magazines. Her life story was a syndicated feature of many newspapers. It told the story of the Russian girl who was born Anjuschka Sten in the town of Kiev, in 1910. "It is doubtful if Anna Sten's entire life story will ever be told," the feature began. "She has looked upon too much stark tragedy, too many raw emotions revealed."

With unusual frankness (in prying into the past of a movie star) it took the peasant girl through her days as a waitress in a cheap café, where it was discovered that she could dance, on to her meeting with the famous Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre. Through the many trials and tribulations of a Cinderella career, it detailed successive steps through the Soviet Theatre and the Film Academy; her marriage to the prosperous lawyer, Dr. Frenke; and her subsequent success in the German-made film that was to bring her to the attention of Samuel Goldwyn, "The Brothers Karamazov." Goldwyn, who has never been noted for conservative publicity methods when his enthusiasm is aroused, immediately went on record as holding the contract of "the most captivating, compelling, alluring personality on the screen today!"

And Sten hadn't yet made an (Continued on page 98)
"Feydie, darling, after all these years! How good it is to see you!" exclaimed Marion. But Kurt couldn't raise much enthusiasm.

Marion Forsyth........................Ann Harding
Richard Kurt.......................Robert Montgomery
Feydak...............................Edward Arnold
Leander Nolan.................Edward Everett Horton
Kinnicott............................Charles Richman
Slade Kinnicott....................Una Merkel

—Adapted from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Directed by E. H. Griffith and produced by Irving Thalberg. From the stage play by S. N. Behrman and screen play by Anita Loos. Fictionized by Regina Cannon.

MARION FORSYTH was returning from Europe and so, it was men's day out. For Marion had a way with men. She knew the unfair sex as a little kindergartener knows his ABC's and, when she was ready to say good-bye to an amour, she somehow had a manner of making it sound merely like an au revoir, a promise held out for a future meeting and perhaps, even, a chance to play a return engagement at love.

And so, when Marion landed at Quarantine, the boys all came down—right to the big steamer from the little, chugging cutter. They came with propositions—big business ones for, while the young woman had a reputation—in fact, several of 'em—as a beauty, a wit, an artist.
"Don't forget to put in the high points of that gay Leander's love-making," prompted Kurt. Marion hesitated.

"Young man, keep out of this. I don't like you anyway," snapped Nolan. "Well, isn't that just too bad now?" Kurt returned.

and a sex appealist par excellence, she was minus cash. And a girl without the coin of the realm is fair game for men who are ready to supply that little material deficiency for her.

It at first seemed difficult for the onrush of males to locate her, for on the third day out the kindly captain had seen to it that Miss Forsyth was moved from her half-dark semi-private cabin to a luxurious suite. Somehow things like that happened to Marion. And it was that made it necessary for the boys to wander up and down the decks in search of her.

Richard Kurt was the only one who became impatient at the delay, except, of course, a process server who was there with a summons representing a debt that the young woman, in her hasty departure, had somehow overlooked.

"Here," said Kurt, finally, as the group of reporters followed, "it is."

The door to her suite was opened by faithful Minnie, who knew human nature and her mistress well and warned the latter against the former. The scene the boys' startled eyes fell upon was Marion wrapped in the fond embrace of Melchior Feydak, the Austrian composer—not the more famous of the Feydaks, for he had died, but a man who had gone through the estate his brother had left him.

"Marion," he was saying, "when Vicki passed on, he left you half his money, and I have spent that, too."

"Of course, darling," she returned, "and you should have."

Her published story would ruin two men, but help the man she loved! What was she to do about it?

And it was then that the impatient young man, heading the newcomers, spoke. "I've been waiting out in that damn dark hallway long enough. I don't want a drink, I don't want a cigarette, I'm not a reporter, and I'd like to talk business with you."

"Well," returned Marion, amused, "perhaps I'd better go into this. Boys, do you mind? I'll see you on deck later. Now, Mr. Kurt, you're a violent young man, aren't you?"

If Mr. Kurt weren't a violent young man, he was a mighty serious one, and the most serious problem in his life was himself.

"Yes," he stormed, "and you're one of those tolerant people who see the best in (Continued on page 113)
Eddie and Ida Cantor, and Rubinoff attend "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Sweet, comfortable and motherly, Eddie's Ida doesn't care a whoop about Hollywood's preoccupation with fuss and fashion. (Right) Eddie with his eldest daughter, Marjorie, who now acts as his secretary. (Far right) With Ethel Merman in "Kid Millions."

EDDIE CANTOR, off duty, exhibits a trait which is common to many great clowns: he's a very serious man, almost solemn at times.

Not long ago, I wandered, feeling a little sheepish, over to Eddie's bungalow on the United Artists lot—it was the one he had inherited from Mary Pickford—to ask him for an autographed photo. He was the only star I'd ever approached with this request, and I was frankly embarrassed. Imagine—a fan writer turned fan!

Surrounded by half-packed trunks, unread scripts, golf clubs, make-up boxes, and a general air of cheerful disorder, Eddie was hopping about, seeing to this, that, everything. Answering telephone calls and telegrams: talking out of one side of his mouth to Sam Goldwyn: explaining, out of the other side, something or other about his new picture, "Kid Millions," to somebody else; and from somewhere in between, issuing instructions to his secretary about personal messages, and to his valet about where to pack what.

Was he flustered? Not in the least. For America's most beloved clown, despite his string-on-wire appearance, his ceaseless activity, always has plenty of time for a thousand interruptions.

That day, in the midst of this apparent madhouse, he seemed unusually composed and at leisure. In fact, Eddie was in one of his philosophic moods. Before I knew it, we were lounging comfortably in his sitting room, and discussing—of all things—marriage.

Eddie Cantor, with his customary zeal and energy, has put his whole heart and soul into making
a success of his marriage—making it a permanent, steadfast edifice, a kind of monument to worth while ideals.

With his big, solemn eyes fastened upon me, he was saying, "If I tell you why I consider our marriage successful, you'll probably laugh at me, and think to yourself, 'That fellow, Eddie, is terribly old-fashioned.' Okay. I'll take the chance.

"The chief ingredient in my recipe for happiness and a successful marriage—the ingredient that binds the two partners more firmly than anything—is a mutual helping hand through early years of struggle. If they've grown up together under difficulties and shared each other's worries and joys throughout the years, it's a ten-to-one chance they'll stick.

"Passion? Romance? Love? Certainly, those are necessary ingredients, too. In the beginning, if there isn't a measure of these, the union hasn't such a good chance. But only an inexperienced infant would expect them to continue as the years go on.

"But in their place comes a growing need of husband for wife, and wife for husband, and out of this mutual need grows a deep affection. She helps him, he helps her. If they're the right kind of people, they're tenderly grateful to one another.

"Maybe that doesn't fit in with the highfalutin theories modern young people have about marriage. Maybe it sounds too stodgy. But I know from personal experience that it works. There's another thing I know. And even if all the emancipated (Continued on page 99)
Seven years ago, an unpretentious violet. Today, a gracious, lovely person. How did Fay Wray do it?

(Above) Fay admits the Great Change took place because of a man. (Small picture) That's about how Fay looked when she made "The Wedding March."

HOW TO BECOME AN ORCHID

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SEVEN years ago, Fay Wray was a mouse-like, shy, dowdy youngster with enormous violet-blue eyes, an overwhelming gratitude to everyone who bestowed a kind glance upon her, and a desire to become a great actress. The latter three characteristics still remain, but the former have disappeared like mist.

For six years married to the scenarist-novelist, John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray now occupies a comfortable niche as one of the more charming matrons of Hollywood. She entertains with the smoothness of a duchess, dresses with the distinction of a Park Avenue matron, and talks about world topics from Hitlerism to hedonism with rare knowledge and considerable authority.

In short, she has gained the qualities of a cosmopolite and she has never set foot off her native North America, even though travel is presumed to be a prime requisite of culture.

How did she do it, you ask?

"It's easy," said Fay. "Anyone can do it. Don't set out desperately to achieve results in a specified length of time. It is a matter of slow growth. Surround yourself with the better things of life and let their lessons sink in. You can't help being moved by an inspired piece of writing, the biography of an honest, successful man or woman, or a fine piece of music.

"You tell me that you think"

(Continued on page 93)
Francis Lederer has ’em all baffled. What do you think about him?

With Joan Bennett in Paramount's "The Pursuit of Happiness," from the successful stage play. It's a grand picture. Don't miss it.

**BY MARTHA KERR**

I WANT you to know Francis Lederer—really know him and understand him. The experience is worth while, I assure you.

Hollywood doesn't understand him very well. They think he's artistic and all that, but sort of a nutty guy. Hollywood reasons like this: Isn't any guy sort of nutty who'll walk out on a grand party, where there's plenty of liquor, to go and gaze at the stars for an hour?

Well, that's what Francis Lederer did at the first Hollywood party he attended. After he had looked at the stars long enough, he returned and took up the conversation where it had been left off.

Hollywood reasons, again, like this: Isn't any guy nutty who, the first two times he is asked to Joan Crawford's home for dinner, (1) forgets the date completely and (2) shows up a week late?

And that, too, Francis Lederer actually did.

And—Hollywood reasoning again—any guy who, instead of giving each member of the hard-boiled working crew on his picture a bottle of Scotch, gives them copies of Elbert Hubbard's "American Bible"—well, he must be completely mad!

But that's just what Lederer did, in spite of the fact that friends told him he would be kidded within an inch of his life. He went ahead and did exactly as he pleased.

Yes, Hollywood (Continued on page 88)

Lederer goes right ahead doing what he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks.
I HAVE BEEN KEPT BY A MOVIE STAR

I have been kept by a movie star—literally kept, supplied with everything from shoes to yachts. What is more, the star is one of the most glamorous women of our day. She is Gloria Gay, my wife.

We met in a southern town where she and her mother ran a dry goods shop, and where I was a member of my uncle's law firm. There I married her, against the wishes of my family.

She was a sensation in New York, where we went on our honeymoon, especially at the party where she met Nat Armheimer, who offered her a motion picture contract almost on being introduced. We were in Hollywood before I knew it, and the rest of my savings had gone to provide Gloria with the things necessary to putting on a "front."

The night of the gala opening of her first picture, Nat Armheimer gave a huge party for her. I was bursting with pride at her success—and mine, for I felt that we had accomplished it together. Then I heard something which made me realize that, in the eyes of everyone else, I was a mere parasite—living on her earnings.

The next morning I told Armheimer that if he couldn't place me in the studio, I must go to some other city and find work. Armheimer was aghast. That would mean a separation which might prove fatal to Gloria's career. He told me that I would be a supervisor.

I told Gloria of what had transpired. She was telling me how proud she was, when her secretary entered, saying that Mr. Armheimer wanted to see her for lunch to discuss business—alone. I felt my heart turning to lead.

I think I have never hated anyone as I hated that secretary.

PART TWO

The next day I went to my nice, shiny, new office. Sure enough, on the door was a plate, bearing my name and the title, "Supervisor," in gold letters. I went in and sat down at the wide mahogany desk. I opened and closed drawers and gazed at the empty shelves which lined the walls. There were typewriters and paper and pencils, everything to work with. But what was I supposed to do? In one corner there was a little bar with rows of glasses and a compartment for ice. I thought that supervising must sometimes be rather gay.

Presently there was a knock at the door and a plump, red-haired young person peered in at me. "I am supposed to act as your secretary when you need me," she announced. "Just press the second button on your desk and I'll come." She was gone. Oh, so I had buttons to press. And a desk telephone. Well, surely I should receive some instructions soon about my duties.

I began to feel better. This was, I told myself, a rare opportunity. It was up to me now to contribute something of value to studio activities. What if I could write an original story? They might allow me to supervise my own production. I might some day produce all of Gloria's pictures. I twiddled my thumbs and thought, trying to devise a plot. I smoked a great many cigarettes and presently I went to lunch. Gloria was lunching with Armheimer somewhere off the lot.

A man who had been assistant director on Gloria's second picture invited me to sit at a large round table in the commissary where directors and writers gathered for luncheon. People were cordial enough to me and I listened to the shop talk with interest. Now and then some courteous person asked my opinion upon some problem of production. But when I expressed even a small conviction, no one listened. I lapsed into embarrassed silence and I never lunched at that table again.

At three-thirty that afternoon,
Can a man keep his self-respect and be supported by a woman?

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

Gloria called me. "Please try to be home early, darling," she urged. "We are invited to such a lovely dinner party."

Home early. There was no reason that I could see why I should not have been at home all day. I grew lonelier with every passing minute in that shiny office.

While we were dressing for dinner Gloria said, "Mr. Armheimer has the most divine story for my next picture. And he has promised me that you may sit in on the conferences. Isn't that lovely? And, darling, y'know, I want you to play polo. A lot of the big swells in pictures go in for it and the publicity is simply grand. You get your pictures in all the papers—and I'll have mine in, too. I know you play well and you do look so handsome on a horse."

"But, honey, I can't afford it," I protested. "A string of polo ponies comes high—and you have to have grooms and belong to a club or two."

She pouted. "It's a little thing to do for me," she pointed out. "Whether you care about it yourself or not, the publicity would be awfully good for me. And I intend to pay for it. I want you to."

It developed that Mr. Armheimer had told her where she could buy a good string of ponies at a bargain and that she had already called to order them, much as another woman might order a dozen eggs. She had also arranged for a club membership.

I refused to accept them and there was a scene, with tears. Gloria's make-up was ruined and had to be replaced and she decided to change to a different costume, so we were an hour and a half late for the dinner party. But by that time I had agreed, wearily, to play polo and had begun to hope that I should be killed doing it. I told myself that I was behaving badly (Continued on page 105)
RUBY has been calling me "Kickie" or variations of "Kick-In-The-Pants" ever since I was four years old. Now that I'm sixteen and planning a career of my own, I've been trying to talk her out of it, but if you're one of a large family, you know how it is yourself. There are six of us—Ruby, Bill, Gertrude, Helen, Anna and me. Since I'm the baby, the best my family can do for me is to call me "Margie." I think if any of them got around to Marjorie, I'd faint! But then we've been brought up on kidding and tap dancing so, in the bosom of the Keelers, I guess I'm doomed to stay "Kick-In-The-Pants."

I'm proud of the way I got my nickname. N.T.G. (Nils Granlund) gave it to me and it ties up with my first memory of Ruby as a professional dancer. There are nine years between Ruby and me, but we Keelers go in "steps" (I didn't mean to make a pun, honest!) and as soon as Ruby began to study tap dancing with Jack Blue, which was when she was about eleven, she had all of us lined up learning it. I think I learned to tap as soon as I learned to walk—at least I can't remember the time I didn't know how.

Well, when Ruby was thirteen she was appearing in an act with N. T. G. for the first time. She took a box at the theatre for Mother and Dad and us kids, and I was all dolled up in a stiff white (Continued on page 106)
Dolores and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, recently flew to Mexico, where they rented a house for their temporary visit. It's the first time the Del Rio has visited her native land in nine years. Incidentally, she's been hearing some grand things about her performance in "Du Barry," which pleases the young woman no end.
Elizabeth Allen would rate Hollywood as well nigh perfect if her handsome hubby could be there. As it is, she phones him in London every day and he has crossed the ocean seven times within two years to visit his famous wife. You'll see her soon in "David Copperfield" for M-G-M.

Frank Morgan goes in for the social life in a big way and has the setting with which to do it—a Brentwood estate, a yacht; well, you know, all the trimmings. However, he works hard, too, "The Good Fairy" for Universal being his next. Joan Blondell is a disarmingly frank gal. She ups and tells 'em, and yet has lots of friends. As we go to press, she is very anxiously awaiting the Barnes heir. Her latest film is "Kansas City Princess" for Warners.

Gary Cooper has just finished "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount and there was one time when the experience in riding, roping and shooting came in handy, for he won't use a double.
Listen to the line-up of Pat O'Brien's friends—Cagney, McHugh and Tracy. Sounds sorta Irish, eh, wot? He's in "Flirtation Walk" with Ruby and Dick. After spending a lot of time and money on perfecting her English, Conchita Montenegro is required to speak French in "Hell in the Heavens." What luck!
Mary Astor is one of the most dignified girls in Hollywood—or any place else. She lives quietly with her husband and never permits their child to be photographed. She’s just finished “I Am a Thief.” Frank Lawton is in “David Copperfield,” and we predict the fans over here are going to be cuh-razy about him. He’s English, you know, and said to be secretly married to Evelyn Laye.
Read about the highlights in current pictures and choose your movie fare accordingly

1. Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson in "Happiness Ahead."

**A: HAPPINESS AHEAD**
(First National)
Really swell entertainment. When analyzed, the story here is just the old, reliable "poor boy falls for rich girl," but it is so well done and so thoroughly delightful that one doesn't really care how old the plot is. Dick Powell, the old smoothie, must have been hiding his light under a bushel for he proves how versatile he is and gives one of the most charming performances of the season. Second honors go to John Halliday whose characterization of the father is exceptional. A newcomer, Josephine Hutchinson, though not a beauty, con act. Dick sings some grand songs and we have a hunch "Pop Goes Your Heart" will be a sensation. "Happiness Ahead" and "Beauty Must Be Loved" are also good tunes. The whole family will enjoy this, so you had better see it.

**A: MERRY WIDOW**
(M-G-M)
Lavish production, Lubitsch directing. That statement may be the answer to your entertainment problem, but on the other hand, if you saw this picture in the silent version you may wonder at some of the changes. Herr Lubitsch always treats romance lightly and with a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude and, in this case, by changing the former "passionate" romance to "sophisticated" romance succeeds in altering the tempo of the story. Jeanette MacDonald sings beautifully and with a new spirit that is very delightful. Chevalier acts with his usual charm, albeit a bit stiffly. Some of the cleverest work in the picture is done by Edward Everett Horton and the remainder of the cast which includes Uno Merkel, George Barbier, and Minna Gombell is uniformly excellent. The beautiful "Merry Widow" music is almost intact and the dances are very well done. So, whether you enjoy the picture because of Lubitsch's directing, the story, the music, or the cast, we are sure you will get your money's worth.
OF TODAY’S TALKIES

For short reviews see The Report Card on page 10

BY WALTER RAMSEY


B: THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO-Radio)

One of the most delightful comedies to come out of Hollywood in many a day. While the story seems a bit impossible and farfetched at times, no one will mind that. We can't think of anyone who could have played the leading role better than Miriam Hopkins did. She gave it the same life and animation that make all her characterizations so interesting. It's all about the "richest girl in the world" who wants the man whom she marries to do so because of her and not because of her money. Just how she goes about proving to herself that the man she loves really loves her, is most amusing and will afford you plenty of laughs. Henry Stephenson, Joel McCrea, Reginald Denny, Tony Wray give convincing and memorable performances.

A: THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount)

A thoroughly charming and witty picture. If you have never liked Francis Lederer before, you will like him in this, surely. His accent is attractive, his characterization is deft and, just as soon as he does something about his hair, we will be for him one hundred per cent—instead of only ninety-eight per cent, as we are now. Joan Bennett is sweet and saucy, Mary Boland is her familiar befuddled self as Joan's momo, and Charles Ruggles almost—but not quite—steals the picture as Joan's papa. Walter Kingsford as a blue-nosed old busybody and Minor Watson as a South'n Cunnal in George Washington's army, suh, are splendid in smaller roles. It's all about Revolutionary times, you know, and the practice known as bundling—the practice wherein a young man courting a girl would get into bed with her to spend the evening. It was all quite proper, we'll have you know. The couple kept all their clothes on. There were furthermore sound economic and social reasons for the practice, which we won't disclose here. We'll just tell you to go and enjoy the whole thing for yourself—as you most certainly will.

B: PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox)

A natural for the whole family. Given the best opportunity since "The Champ," Jackie Cooper makes this famous character stand out with brilliance. While his character was a bit broadly drawn, Thomas Meighan does well in the role of Jackie's father, "Mr. Peck." It's a thrill to see Meighan again. The story, as a whole, follows the book rather well, but certain memorable incidents with the exception of the gag about the ants in church are not present. But, since everyone in the world has read the story, there is little reason to go into that here. The picture will give you many laughs, and perhaps a tear or two. It is real, honest entertainment and the entire family should set aside a night for "Peck's Bad Boy." Be sure to take the children since this story is one of their favorites.

C: GIFT OF gab (Universal)

Pleasant enough entertainment. What a cast—almost every contract player on the Universal lot, plus flocks of big names from the radio thrown in for good measure. (Continued on page 110)
Perhaps Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro, Ann Dvorak and John Barrymore have undergone the greatest changes of all.

HAVE YOU IN THE LAST

Movie stars have substituted for shyness, docility for

THERE is some curious chemistry in the very atmosphere of Hollywood which causes its citizens to undergo drastic changes of personality. Of course, if you will stop to think for a minute, you will realize that it is impossible to snatch up a boy or a girl—and the potential stars are very young when the hand of Hollywood first beckons them—from his ordinary mode of living, and lavish upon him all of the good things of life, without having it affect him vitally in some way.

You and I are no different from the stars. We change, too, and I believe the scientists tell us that every seven years we undergo a physical change, that we haven't the same cells or blood that we had seven years before. Our minds behave differently along with our bodies.

The picture stars change more radically than we do because in emotional Hollywood they are subject to swift success and just as sudden failure. And when you read that such and such an actor is exactly as he was when he first came to Hollywood, it's either a lot of bunk or the person under discussion has no imagination at all.

No, it isn't in the cards for these people to remain the same when their lives and their manner of living are doing such fantastic nip-ups. But it is a fascinating journey to make a psychological tour of their minds and their hearts and to discover in what ways they become changed and how they got like that.

Let's start with Clark Gable. I do not need to go into the details of his early struggles—how every studio gave him a test and pronounced him unworthy of even a small part; how, out of sheer desperation at his persistence, they at last cast him in a couple of roles which...
BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

CHANGED FIVE YEARS?
glamor for dowdiness, poise temperament—and you can, too

the public to demand him, proclaiming him a really great success. It is not hard to see how this would baffle, bewilder and embitter a man even better emotionally balanced than Gable. It did embitter him. Instead of being thrilled with his triumph and grateful that it had come at last he shouted, "Damn all producers! They're fools. For years I've been begging for parts. They said I wasn't good enough to be an extra. And now I'm a success. But it wasn't the 'smart' producers who had sense enough to realize I had it in me. It was the public I have to thank. The producers can't take any credit. They didn't do anything for me. I am still the man I was when they were turning me off the lots. Stupid idiots!"

THUS he spoke—out of his bitterness caused by those years of unutterable defeat. "I won't let success go to my head," he swore at that time. "I'll just keep on cursing producers."

But, as you can see, success had already gone to his head. It didn't make him ritty. It didn't let him buy big houses and flashy cars. But success, coming so late, made him hard and rebellious, out for all he could get while the getting was good.

The producers smiled—they had dealt with such an attitude before—and shoved Clark into rôle upon rôle. "Sure," he said, "they're making money on me and making it fast."

He even walked out on a couple of parts, demanded more money and bid fare to become one of Hollywood's most troublesome rebels. But before he gave any serious trouble, a great humility settled upon him. The bitter Gable then turned meek! (Continued on page 103)
YOU'LL never know Charles Laughton.
You won't know him after you read this article and a hundred better ones. I've just finished a four-hour session with him and the real Charles Laughton remains locked up behind his half-mocking mask of a face. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't.

Charles Laughton is thirty-four. He is fat, slovenly and very mysterious. One moment he is clowning in the American fashion, the next finds him silent, unhearing, unconscious of your presence, miles away from everything. He hates interviews, attention, acclaim, or any of the business which goes with being a celebrity.

"Why interviews?" he asked, sprawled out in most ungainly fashion in a borrowed dressing-room. "Why this pawing over of my dull life? I'm an actor. There's a small wheel somewhere inside me which makes me one. Such a small wheel makes someone else a painter, pianist or singer. That wheel is something apart from me. I don't know anything more about it than you. I can't take credit for it any more than someone born with a voice can take credit for singing well."

Our interview started in the Paramount publicity office, drifted to the commissary, where Laughton overate and over-tipped, and ended in the aforementioned dressing-room. At the start, a bus-load of sightseers shuffled past the office. Laughton asked in a distressed voice who they were. When he learned, he shuddered.

Never have I seen a man apparently suffer such inner pain. "My God," he groaned, "let's not go out there yet. Wait until they disappear. They'll treat me like this," and, hopping quickly to his feet, he grasped and pumped the hands of a few writers gathered in the office.

"One day," he went on quickly, "I was walking through a London park at dusk when, all of a sudden, two eyes popped out of the half-dark to within an inch of my nose, as an eerie voice proclaimed, 'I just wanted to look at you.' The object vanished as quickly and mysteriously as it appeared. I stopped dead still and felt myself getting sick. My feeling of nausea was such that I thought surely I'd lose my dinner." And he sank into his chair, burying his head in his hands.

This was no play acting. This was Charles Laughton, the artist. The anguish on his face was real. His total inability to understand mob worship, the desire of fans to see and touch their idols was as clear as the nose on his face. We slid over to the commissary.

ITM in Hollywood," he answered my query, "because I want to be here. Everyone is swell to me. Movies are very important. I've had a long talk with Helen Hayes about her contention that actors should return to the stage from time to time for (Continued on page 89)
WHAT ADRIENNE FEARS

BY DORA ALBERT

THREE times Adrienne Ames has been married, and now Hollywood believes that her third marriage, the one to Bruce Cabot, for which she sacrificed wealth, position and security, is in danger of going on the rocks. The vultures are already waiting to pounce on that marriage and to shout triumphantly, "We told you it couldn't last!"

Well, what is the truth about this marriage? I don't want to hand you any line about moonlight and honeysuckle, how Adrienne is perfectly happy and Bruce is perfectly happy, and all the little bluebirds are singing. Only too often you've read that one, only to read later of a divorce in some home that you'd been told was ideally happy. So I want to tell you the simple, honest truth as I see it. If you are ever faced with the decision that Adrienne Ames had to make, of giving up everything for love, it may help you to know how her marriage is working out.

First, let me tell you this. Adrienne and Bruce Cabot are madly in love with each other and are making a terrific effort to keep their marriage from going on the rocks. But—

Against them they have arraigned not only Hollywood, which never sympathized with this romance, but themselves. For these two people are at war, not with each other, but with themselves. And until they have made peace with themselves, how can they find contentment in marriage?

Before I met Adrienne, I thought all sorts of things. I thought that she was a hard-boiled materialist who had married Stephen Ames because she knew on which side her bread was buttered, and who had given him the air when real love came along. Now I know better. When Adrienne met Stephen, he wasn't a millionaire stock broker offering her ease and security. He was just starting in business, and he didn't have much faith in himself, nor did others have much faith in him. Married once before, he was practically starting all over again after his divorce.

Adrienne encouraged him, she restored his faith in himself and inspired him with the courage needed to make him one of the best brokers on Wall Street. And she did all these things because she loved him, not with the tempestuous love which she was later to feel for Bruce Cabot, but with a calmer, quieter love. She took it for granted that she would always remain married to Stephen. She had had one unhappy marriage when she was sixteen, one of those insane school girl elopements, and Stephen had adopted her daughter by that marriage.

If her love for Stephen died gradually during the four years she was married to him, she did not know it, for she was not given to any searching of her heart. She might never have known it had she not met Bruce.

TODAY she thinks that her love for Bruce Cabot was predestined.

In the ordinary course of events they wouldn't have met at all. Bruce was with RKO, and never loaned out to other studios. Adrienne (Continued on page 85)
ADDING
COMMON SENSE
to GLAMOR

We'd all love to be glamorous. And yet most of us must be practical. Jean Parker knows how to combine the two.

(Above) A tweed suit of slate blue, touched with red and black, and a very brave, bright red velveteen blouse to wear with it. (Extreme right) A cocktail suit, sophisticated enough for a cocktail party, and young enough for Jean's years. On top of a slim, slinky skirt of finest quality chiffon velvet (because, of course, a poor quality of chiffon velvet gets all shiny in back) Jean wears a metal blouse of sea-green (see the small picture, right, above). It has a square neck, front and back—very youthful. The hip-length jacket is black velvet. The hat (right) is mushroom-like in shape and has a brim of peek-a-boo horsehair—very devastating indeed, when a pair of dark-fringed eyes look up through it.
You might expect Jean to go ruffly when it comes to evening clothes, mightn't you? Well, she doesn't. Because she knows that simpler lines are not nearly as tiring. So she chooses for an evening gown a smoky brown crepe, with soft drapery at the top. One brown and gold metal rose and one green and silver one are the only decoration. The drapery wanders around back and ends up in a graceful train, as you can see above.

**BY VIRGINIA T. LANE**

IT came out, a perfect thrill of an idea, right on the busiest corner of Wilshire Boulevard! And it came from Hollywood's newest, cutest, youngest star, Jean Parker. This idea about being glamorous though practical.

"A girl doesn't have to throw all practical considerations to the winds to be glamorous. She doesn't have to be in the movies to 'star' in her clothes. But in a way, learning how to dress is like developing a screen career. First, there's a 'test,' then one has to learn the 'make-up' and 'lighting effects' for colors, one must learn her 'lines,' and most important of all, one has to put dramatic value into dressing."

Imagine having a choice bit like that tossed at you while you waited for a go signal.

"What do you mean by a 'test'?' I demanded, ignoring horns, fenders and brushing bumpers in my excitement.

"That, my dear Watson, is something we're about to investigate," Jean said as she led me into that ultra smart, ultra modern shop known as Bullock's Wilshire. Coming through the door was Gloria Swanson. She smiled, stopped to talk for a minute and, to my utter amazement, I realized she was only a fraction taller than Jean. Somehow you always think of Gloria as so stately and regal.

"That is where the 'test' comes in," explained Jean as we whizzed up in the elevator. "Miss Swanson and I are almost the same height. We both have dark hair and blue-gray-green eyes, but can you imagine us wearing the same sort of style? Wouldn't it be funny?

"You see, it isn't only your body you dress, it's your mind too, the kind of person you are inside."
You’ll all be wanting a black satin dress. They always look sophisticated and gay and do you good service in a practical way, too. (Always wear a good foundation garment under satin. Even the slimmest of you.) Jean’s frock has a slit in the skirt and a knife-pleated frill round the throat and two white satin roses. The hat is black velvet, decorated with small rhinestones.

If you want to stretch out a wardrobe to look bigger than it is, there’s nothing like a couple of tunics to help you. Here’s a very gay type of tunic—modelled after an artist’s smock in brown and green, with a brown fringed scarf to tuck in at the neck. The hat—an exaggerated beret, stitched on top—has won our heart completely. Isn’t it mischievous looking?

Jean’s clothes have very many exciting, 1935-ish points

I nodded, wondering. This was Jean, the artist, speaking, the same little girl whose posters and other drawings have won more prizes than ever Pulitzer can count. “That,” she was saying, “is why every woman needs a ‘try-out’ each season to find just what the new fashions do for her. This is ours.

“Now with me, I'm short. I could no more feel comfortable in one of these latest swooping fur collars than I could in a steel jacket. It would bury me. But how I do love long, soft, clinging things and skirts that swish around your ankles.”

An out-and-out romanticist, this girl, without any of the sticky sentimental trimmings. And that, I discovered later, was exactly the feeling of everything she bought. There wasn’t a costume that wouldn’t make a boy wish for a guitar and moonlight, but they had a definite crispness about them as if they knew where they were going, each and every one. And suddenly I was remembering a little Jean who’d had the courage to work her way through school, who, at the same time, was so steeped in romance she could secretly love a boy for three years—and afterwards cling to him (Continued on page 101)
FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exciting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.

BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"

TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep... take away that tired feeling... I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!
Beech-Nut steals the show!

Ladies and Gentlemen!... Beech-Nut presents a mouth-watering performance... that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors... in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say... "Beech-Nut!"
MODERN SCREEN

Patterns

722—(Below, left) No wardrobe is complete without at least one tunic. Ann Dvorak wears hers in checked angora wool, with a skirt of plain wool. This should also be very chic in crepe, with perhaps an aquamarine top and black skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

720—(Center) Fay Wray sports a brown wool dress and jacket, spotted with white. Braided bands of white wool decorate the neck, cuffs and make the belt. The knee-length jacket completes the ensemble. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

710—(Above) Margaret Lindsay’s black wool will serve you well during the winter months. It is simple, yet amazingly smart, with its high, stand-up collar and starched lace bow effect in front. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.
ALL JOKING ASIDE BY JACK WELCH

LEWIS STONE DROVE ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR AUTOMOBILES SEEN ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES AND WAS ONCE ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING AT 12 MILES AN HOUR.

KATHARINE HEPBURN HAS A BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWER TRUCK EQUIPPED WITH A ROW OF BENCHES FOR PEOPLE WHO TRIMM RIDE AROUND THE STUDIO.

NOW THIS TIME WHEN YOU TURN ON THAT COLD WATER MAKE IT SOUND NATURAL.

—Holler and Groan like th' world was comin' to an end.

DURING THE SHOOTING OF "PART-TIME LADY" CAROLE LOMBARD HAD TO TAKE 21 SHOWER BATHS IN A DAY FOR A PARTICULAR SEQUENCE.

YOU CUR! (BANG! BANG!)
-DIE LIKE A DOG!
YOU CUR! (BANG! BANG!)
-DIE LIKE A DOG!

MARGARET LINDSEY MEMORIZES HER LINES BY RECITING THEM WHILE DRIVING AROUND IN HER CAR.

"ESSEQUITA", THE SENTIMENTAL SPANISH LOVE SONG, WAS PLAYED MORE THAN 500 TIMES IN ONE DAY DURING THE FILMING OF "HAVE A HEART" IN ORDER THAT JENI PAKNER COULD CRY. IT IS THE ONE TUNE THAT MAKES HER WEEP.

"WAVE A HEART" THAT TEAM PARTNERED THOSE IS THE QUEEN OF THE MUSICALS!
Have you tried this New Powder? that makes skin so Clear, Transparent!

Send for your 3 shades—They'll glorify your skin!

Here's a new face powder that contains the actual tints in beautiful skin!
Have you ever noticed how some powders will make your skin look dull, gray? Or dark? Or sallow? It's because they haven't the tints in them that are found in lovely clear skin. Such powders destroy the good points you have. And don't add a thing to help you!
But now—just try this new powder that everybody is raving about!

Contains actual Skin Tints—Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give you exactly the tints your skin needs to give it life, brilliance, sparkle.
The moment you smooth it on, you realize that your skin is flattered to an alluring loveliness. This is due not only to the thistledown softness of the powder itself, but also to its glamorous shades. These shades are all absolutely new. Different from any powder you have ever tried. Your skin looks fresh, young—smooth as velvet.
Your friends will notice the difference. Men will say the most flattering things to you. For you'll actually look years younger—and so attractive!
Read the descriptions of these wonderful new shades. And read how marvelously they were discovered. And then send right off for your gift boxes. You'll surely find one of these shades will make you into a very new and enchanting person.

Finest quality—costs little
The powder is fine, smooth and clinging. And it has a lovely French fragrance.
You can get lovely 55¢ glass jars. Also 31.10. And smart, gay boxes for 25¢. Variety stores and five-and-tens carry the 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. But, if you want to sample this wonderful new powder first—here's the coupon!

Free! Send Coupon. Get 2 Special Boxes and Extra Sample free! Three different shades! (This offer expires January 31, 1935)
Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M, 94 Hudson St., New York
Please send me FREE Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample...3 different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades □
I prefer 3 different DARK shades □

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________

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MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

WHEN I started this department, I told you that it belonged to you and that I wanted to include in it the things that you most want to know. Your letters have guided me entirely in my choice of subject matter. Keep those letters up—they’re swell—and then tell me what you want to know. I’ve read all the letters that came this month—and golly! what a lot there were—to discover that the most oft repeated request is for advice about diction.

You boys and girls and men and women with stage and screen ambitions, and all of you hundreds of thousands of people who simply want to know the fine points of dramatic art so that it will help you in your daily lives and furnish amusement for you in amateur theatricals—you must all learn how to speak correctly. You should want a lovely, cultured voice even if all you ever do with it is to ask the grocer the price of eggs today. But if you’re going in for any branch of dramatics you simply must know the correct pronunciation of words. You cannot fall into sloppy speech habits. And to save you from this fault, this month I consulted five of the greatest diction teachers in the world. The information I got from them I’m passing on to you. In about a minute I’m going to give you a list of words which have pitfalls in them—words which are so very often mispronounced. Before I do that, I want to tell you some of the general rules of pronunciation which so many of us don’t know, but which you must know if you are to benefit by Modern Screen’s course in dramatic art.

First of all, there’s the case of that much discussed and annoying letter “a.” I mean the “a” in such words as can’t, ask, bath, past and so on. Cultured people do not give it a short “a” sound, as in at, sat, pan, rap; nor are they so affected as to say “cawn” and “hawth.” The right path lies midway between these two sounds. I’ll tell you what I mean.

Say the word “soda.” Now use that same “a” in “soda” for can’t, ask, bath, past, etc. That—as near as I can put it on paper—is the correct “a” for such words. It has nothing in common with the flat drawing “a” of some Southerners nor yet the low-class “a” of the cockney Englishman. You must work hard and practice in order to do this “a” correctly. Use the word “soda” as your test word. And keep checking up on yourself if you want your speech to be something lovely and beautiful.

NOW here’s another sound of which you must be particularly careful. For goodness sake, watch such words as new and blue. The correct pronunciation of the word “blue” will show you what I mean. It is never, never “bloo.” There’s a slight “ee” sound before the “oo.” Not too exaggerated. Practice, to get enough of the “ee” in before the “oo” and blend the two sounds into what diction teachers call the long “u.” That rule goes for stew and suit, too.

I want you next to consider such words as homage, damage and label. You are, of course, putting the accent on the right syllable, but I’ll bet you’re shurring over the last syllable. You probably say “læ-hl.” And for “damage” I’ll wager you give the final syllable the sound of “ij” (short “i”) instead of “aj.” So here’s a quotation from Richard Grant White, a gentleman who knows his diction, which I want you to memorize—and remember! He says: “It is by the deliberate but firm utterance of the unaccented vowel, with correct sound, that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured.” Don’t forget that.

Also watch such words as “education,” “culture,” etc. It is “ed-u-ka-shun” and most emphatically not “ej-oo-kashun.” “Culture,” “literature” and all other such words follow the same rule. Don’t put that “j” sound into words which don’t have it.

And now I’m going to skip about and give you a list of words which are so often mispronounced. And after you’ve learned how they (Continued on page 111)

Want a lovely speaking voice? Try some of these rules
A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

Already the news has cheered millions . . . amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:

1. How is it different?
   It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts faster inside you.

2. How was it discovered?
   By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college . . . after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?
   By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin . . .

"Some time ago," writes Barbara Evans, Ridley Park, Pa., "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the new yeast. It's quicker. I felt better in two days."

4. How do doctors explain it?
   The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have slowed up!
   "This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system amazingly!

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?
   Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder all the way from the stomach on down! Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?
   Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin healthier. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?
   Usually! Patients often feel better almost at once! You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.
   After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

8. Will it reduce Colds?
   Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . 4 important vitamins!

Eat 3 cakes every day . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're thoroughly well. Get a 3-day supply now!

It's as good as ever for baking, too!

Fleischmann's XR Yeast
On Sale at Grocers, Restaurants, Soda Fountains

MODERN SCREEN
HAS Bob or Louis or Joe ever poked you in the ribs in a most ungentlemanly fashion when you have been taking a stroll together and exclaimed, “Hey, did you see that freak? Look!” And when you turned around, expecting to see nothing less than a five-eared rabbit, you saw a woman who was a walking, breathing example of what not to do, cosmetically speaking? She may have thought she looked exotic, but “queer” was the way you felt about it.

Bob and Louis and Joe always feel that way about unnaturalness—freakishness, to them—they hate it, laugh at it and keep away from it. It is fun to join them in their derisive remarks as long as we know we are beyond reproach, but how awful it would be if we were the person at whom these remarks were directed.

There is only one way to be sure of not being that person, and that is to know how to use make-up, how much to use, when to use it and what kind to use. That sounds like a tall order, but it is really simplicity itself if you will only use your common sense along with your paint box.

All of this was brought to me most forcibly and dramatically the other day, as I talked to Dick Willis, the make-up-man at Warner Brothers’ eastern studio. He is a veritable wizard when it comes to working magic with faces—he actually charms and enchants. I knew, just from watching him work, that Dick could make many revelations to the would-be-beautifuls of the world. He not only could, but did, and I am taking the liberty of passing some of them along to you.

If you want to be the lovely image every woman wishes to be, then follow the plans laid by the master artist, our Creator. After all, He knew what He was doing. Presuming that nowadays all women give their skins attention and care, let’s begin at the beginning of the art of applied make-up.

A thoroughly clean skin is an essential foundation, so take care of that first. Then rub your skin briskly. It will cause the blood to circulate through the tiny, and oftentimes starving pores of the face, and with it, a purifying process takes place. Your skin is fortified and ready to receive make-up. I am still heartily enthusiastic about a skin-enlivening cleanser I’ve mentioned before. If you want the name of it, write to (Continued on page 81)
Nancy gets compliments — dates galore

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin...

"Believe me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting Cosmetic Skin. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with stale make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who think they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to choke them...

enlarge them, cause little blemishes, even blackheads. Warning signals of Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this with Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, made to remove cosmetics thoroughly—every hidden trace!

Always at night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin, keeps it lovely!

MARGARET SULLAVAN
STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use Lux Toilet Soap so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin
Paramount has taken a stage success of some years ago, "Enter Madame," revamped it, put Elissa Landi and Cary Grant in it and—we think you'll like it. It concerns a temperamental opera star, Lisa Della Robbia, her business-man husband, and their hectic love affairs. The man refuses to be known as Mr. Della Robbia and carries Lisa's pet Pekes around European capitals. They split. Lisa takes up with "the other man," Lynne Overman. The husband takes up with another woman. And then the highly temperamental Lisa, together with her equally temperamental maid, cook, doctor and—oh, yes, the dog—go after him. Do they get him back? Well, what do you think?
Tintex is Sheer Magic For Faded Apparel and Home Decorations

Use TINTEX for
Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's
Shirts • Blouses • Children's
Clothes • Curtains • Bed
Spreads • Drapes • Luncheon
Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers

AT ALL DRUG STORES,
NOTION AND TOILET
GOODS COUNTERS

- The Easy, Inexpensive Way to Color-Smartness -

SMART women find the Tintex way is the simplest and most economical way to keep their wardrobe modish . . . and their home decorations like new. For at the cost of only a few pennies, Tintex makes faded color snap back to gay freshness . . . or gives fashionable new color, if you wish. And Tintex is so easy . . . so quick! No fuss, or bother . . . simply “tint as you rinse.” The results are equal to costly professional work. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributor

Tintex World's Largest Selling Tints & Dyes
GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 15)

Here’s where star-gazing is exciting and profitable!

edge of the tent to make her getaway.

Why does Katie insist upon making such a fool of herself? The picture boys don’t bite—they only snap! By the way, there’s a picture on page 13 of temperamentl Katie and a boy friend at the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Both of ‘em are hiding their faces. Such goings on!

Ken Murray is no longer head man in Sue Carol’s life. Now that Sue is legally free from Nick Stuart, they are saying she will marry Howard Wilson, young Paramount player, as soon as the California law allows.

WHILE Janet Gaynor is in Europe, Gene Raymond is going around with Mary Brian. Or maybe we might say it this way: while Dick Powell is away on a personal appearance tour, Mary Brian is going around with Gene Raymond.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

Lee Tracy came out of the Brown Derby the other day and went hook-line-and-sinker for a newboy’s chatter: “Ninety-four people swindled!” Lee paid for his paper and started to walk away when the boy yelled: “Ninety-five people swindled!”

AFTER interviewing some two thousand boys from all over the United States and testing over five hundred of them, M-G-M at last imported a young actor from England to play the boy in “David Copperfield.”

Freddie Bartholomew is the name of the lucky lad who has this swell role thrown in his lap without any previous screen experience.

Neil Hamilton has just established a fund at the University of California that will allow the dean of that school to choose two worthy students each year for five successive years and hand them a free scholarship with Neil’s compliments.

As usual, this fine gesture was kept very secret . . . but sometimes these things leak out.

ANNA MAY WONG has the strangest diet in Hollywood. Whenever Anna wants to lose a couple of pounds she goes on a vanilla ice cream diet. This is against all the rules, but it works with Anna.

And you’ll appreciate that slinky figure when you see her in “Limehouse Nights.”

Both social and film circles are agog about the runaway marriage of Los Angeles’ most beautiful débutante, Phyllis Cooper and Onslow Stevens, Universal featured player.

The couple eloped to Yuma, Arizona one midnight last summer and exactly fourteen days later Mrs. Stevens, née Cooper, was back under her bank-president father’s roof. They

director as he came out of the Brown Derby one noon and thrust an autograph book at him.

“But my dear child,” Von Sternberg said, “I do not know how to write.”

“That’s what I thought from seeing your pictures,” said the kid. It’s the eccentric director’s favorite story, proving he has a sense of humor in spite of Hollywood’s opinion to the contrary.

The other giggle concerns temperamental Alison Skipworth. Skippy, whose bark is much worse than her bite, was hurrying into the studio when a little girl with pen and book in hand stopped her. The character actress was already late and in a cross mood. “I haven’t time,” she snapped.

“All right,” said the little girl, “but who are you, anyway?”

This romance between Judith Allen and Douglass Montgomery begins to look serious. For the past week they have dined together every night. In Hollywood it takes a lot less than this to start wedding bell rumors.

JUST A LOT OF TALK

H O-HUM, so Kay Francis met Chevalier’s boat when it docked at Havre? Well, our advice would be not to take these romance reports too seriously, especially those concerning the prediction that Kay will return to America as Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. You say Kay’s divorce from Kenneth McKenna won’t become final until next January?

So far, the pièce de résistance of the social season, was the Max Reinhardt presentation of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” in the famous Hollywood Bowl. Here was first-night splendor such as Hollywood has not seen since the old days of the Sid Grauman premiers. The cast included Mickey Rooney, as the sensational “Puck,” William Farnum, Evelyn Venable, and Gloria Stuart, among other Hollywooders. The whole town turned out to welcome them and the great maestro. Spotted among the box holders were:

Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and the Robert Montgomerys. Norma wore a green gown with a sable wrap and Mrs. Montgomery was all in white.

William (Continued on page 72)
A woman's skin may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

**Beauty's skin**

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Genevieve d'Orleans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream answers the three vital needs of the skin:

- It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.
- Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.
- A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new Liquefying Cream contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—preparations for powder.

**POND'S COLD CREAM**

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**How Old Is Your Skin?**

20? 30?
Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS
of the 20's

Blackheads, Roughness, Laughter Large pores Dryness Lines Little blisters

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS
of the 30's

Crépy skin Worry lines Salivation Blemishes Sagging tissues

**MAIL COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE**

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. M, 56 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10c (payable postage and packing) for 2 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special bonus of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 2 different LIGHT shades of powder. 1 prefer 3 different DARK shades.

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Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company
Things are hummin' socially in them thar hills

Powell and Jean Harlow were there and attracted a great deal of attention, as they always do. Jean looked stunning in black velvet. For the first time since they have been "going together," Jean and Bill posed willingly for the photographers.

Marlene Dietrich, in a party with her husband and Von Sternberg, wore her favorite model sports hat (the jockey number) made up in velvet to go with her evening ensemble.

Claudette Colbert looked stunning in a maroon velvet gown and sable wrap.

Following the presentation, a great many of the movie group went to that smart night spot, the Trocadero.

AFTER refusing hundreds of radio offers in the past, Mary Pickford actually signed up to star in a series of dramatic sketches over the National Broadcasting chain.

Hollywood thought, for a while, that the Doug and Mary reconcilation might force the air waves to wait, but the reverse has happened.

IT'S SMART TO BE PLUMP

While most of Hollywood is trying to diet off the extra weight, Loretta Young and Bette Davis are fighting to gain.

Yesterday, it was announced that Loretta had succeeded in putting on twelve extra pounds and Bette beats her past batting average by eight.

And soooooo becoming is the extra poundage to both gals!

AFTER all the trouble they've been having at the Hal Roach Studio, we advise them to install their own hospital.

Most of their stars, and Roach himself, have been in the hospital for some reason or other. Stan Laurel delayed "Babes in Toyland" while he limped about the hospital corridors on crutches; Charley Chase called a halt to his comedy while he spent three weeks in the hospital for stomach treatment; Hal Roach, himself, used up considerable time recovering from an appendicitis operation.

"Time Marches On," at a thousand dollars an hour. That's money!

Virginia Pine had been playing an unlucky bridge game all afternoon when she finally chirped: "Lucky at love, unlucky at cards," which gives us a hint of the Pine-Raft romance temperature.

THIS is so good we can't help passing it on to you:

It seems that one of the studios wanted a certain story and wired a New York agency for their price. Came a wire, "Story offered $3500." The studio relayed its telegraphic reaction as follows, "$1750 best can do."

The agency immediately realized that some mistake must have occurred and wired, "Original wire should have read $35,000."

Still being typically Hollywood, the studio's answer read, "$17,500 best can do."

"Lives Of A Bengal Lancer" has been sharing its location troubles.

First, Henry Wilcoxon was dropped from the cast because of too much temperament, plus the desire to direct and photograph the picture as well as act in it. He was replaced by Franchot Tone who is no honey to get along with either.

Then, most of Vic McLagan's "Light Cavalry" decided the work was too heavy and the studio was forced to replace them.

The pay-off came when Sir Guy Standing thought he had strained his foot. And it began to look as though production would be held up again. Just as this was about to happen, though, a country doctor in the vicinity discovered that Standing had been bitten by a poisonous spider.

However, he soon had Sir Guy back in running order, and shooting continued on Paramount's unlucky picture.

Mrs. Hank Falaise pulled a "Connie Bennett" in Paris when she arrived there to see her Marquis husband, it is reported.

The boys in the United Artists publicity department in Paris were all set to grab a flock of publicity when Connie arrived, but her Hollywood background got the best of her and she even refused to tell the boys where she was staying, with the result that the gang in the publicity office did not get a line of headline space.

THE "Drive-In Theatre" is a new idea in California. All you have to do is drive in, park your car and sit and watch the biggest screen you ever saw in your life. The idea hasn't had a chance to prove itself as yet, but, no doubt, California and Florida will be infested with them if they happen to go over.

(Continued on page 116)
FAOEN makes Loveliness cost so very Little!

Beauty Aids as fine as Science can produce—yet they cost only 10¢

The greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids...for they know that no greater purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the best. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

10¢ Each at the Better 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN (FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

- CLEANSING CREAM - COLD CREAM - FACE POWDER - ROUGES - PERFUMES -
D o stars enjoy a movie meal?

What kind of food is served before the cameras?

- Director Brown evidently believes in serving a genuine well-balanced, nourishing meal, even if it is "just a moving picture." It's lots easier for a star to play his part naturally if the food is real and the meal is well planned and served.

- Directors have to be clever planners as well as supervisors when it comes to food. Housewives can learn several good lessons from Director Brown in this month's Modern Hostess Department. You will find it entertaining as well as instructive and be sure to send in the coupon at the end of the article so that you may have for your own cook book the very latest recipes of the stars.

Read the MODERN HOSTESS every month in MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

unexpected events, but with due allowance for these, you will not find it difficult to keep pretty close to the original scheme. Then, having decided upon the dishes which you wish to attain, make a complete survey of the means by which they are to be accomplished. In order to do this you will find that a pencil and a pad are the very instruments of your first requirements. Plan your meals just as a director plans his scene, but go about assembling the food requirements like a property man and does his "prop."

First, list each and every component part of the ultimate whole—well, will, if you want it put more simply—make out a menu and put down what's needed. Then, check your supplies of staples, such as flour, sugar, salt, pepper and the like, list the "fresh foods" you must purchase, and look over your assortment of canned, bottled and packaged products for possible replacements.

A ND right at this time let me point out that there are on your grocer's shelves an amazing variety of ready-prepared foods deserving of a place on your list, and eventually on the shelves of your supply closet. It may be said that in this way the food manufacturers are fitting the role of assistant to you as the director of the show at home, and they are doing a good job of it, too.

I do not advise having an entire meal of these canned and packaged products, mind you, nor do I feel that the trusty can opener should take over entirely the part previously played by the mixing spoon, but I am of the opinion that by women who overlook the nourishing qualities and general tastiness of foods put out by reputable concerns, is trying to be director, assistant and script girl all in one—an energy and time consuming state of affairs for which the family will be the eventual sufferers. And, oddly enough, you will get little thanks for expending an unnecessary amount of energy on meal preparation. For, after all, the dishes we serve are judged not by the product itself, but more often by the ability to satisfy our tastes and our hunger. So let's see what the food manufacturers have to offer to help both you and serving for serving delicious-tasting, hunger-satisfying meals with less effort.

Briefly, let me suggest ready-to-eat, packaged cereals; ready-made mixed salads; nourishing canned soups, spaghetti, beans and kidney beans; ready-to-use meats, fish and sauces; dressings for salads; cake mixes which require only water and baking to become serious rivals of the home-mixed products; canned and packaged puddings which, with the addition of water or milk, followed by a short visit to the refrigerator, become treats for kids and grown-ups alike. All these wholesome foods have the merit of adding to your repast a most important factor—variety—which no appreciation of food can endure.

T HEN, of course, there are canned vegetables which form an important branch of the canned-goods family tree, and canned fruits which are great dessert favorites in the majority of homes. Canned vegetables and fruits serve the purpose of extending the short season for most vegetables and fruits and making them a year round part of our menus. Even during the season for such fresh vegetables as corn, tomatoes and mushrooms, there are people who infinitely prefer to use the canned product in cooking. There are many who go so far as to prefer their flavor at the table, too.

I dare say there is not one housewife who has not been amazed at the mammoth size and uniform perfection of canned fruits, such as peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, and other fruits. In their fresh state could not be duplicated in quality in any but the most expensive fruiteries. This is because canned fruits are sun-ripened in the fields and can be canned while they are at their pick best and are located as close as possible to the spot where the fruit is picked. Then, too, only first grade fruits—and vegetables—are used for canning.

The increase in popularity of canned foods in the past few years has been notable, so much so that our national reliance upon the can opener has been the cause of much good humored spoofing. Of course, this kidding is based upon the assumption that serving canned foods is merely an indication of laziness on the part of the American housewife, whereas the underlying reason actually is the marked improvement in the quality of present day canned food products.

For instance, the tunny taste, once so woefully apparent, has been done away with by improved methods of packing. Still another improvement is the enamel-lined can, a comparatively recent development. This type of can has been quite generally characterized for the high content of sulphur in sulphur content such as peas, corn, shrimps and other fish products. Doubtless you have noticed at one time or another black dots on the surface of a canned item, caused by the reaction of the sulphur in the corn upon the iron in the can. While not harmful in any way it detracts from the appearance of the corn and hence lessens its appetite appeal. Now, however, the use of enamel-lined cans does away with the presence of these specks entirely.

In the canning of red-colored fruits the enamel-lined can also is being used as it helps to protect the color of the fruits. Due to the bleaching action which takes place when the fruit comes in contact with a plain can, raspberries and cherries lose their red color very quickly. This is at one time, while in an enamel-lined can they retain their original, and attractive, red hue.

There are countless other canned, bottled and packaged foods I have not mentioned—their names are legion—which add zest and interest to the simplest menu, such as tomato juice, olives, pickles and a wide choice of cheese, crackers and cookies, to speak only of a few.

Don't fall into the all too common error, however, of thinking that ready-prepared foods mean ready-prepared meals. The actual assembling of such a meal is important to its success. For that reason I have worked out menus for four such meals with at least one outstanding recipe for each meal. These form this month's Modern Screen Scarey Scarey together which you can get by filling in and mailing the coupon at the end of this article. At this time of year particularly, when everyone is looking for the approval of the public upon all of us, you'll find it most convenient to have these suggestions on hand as starting points towards your goal of supplying good, nourishing and well balanced meals for your family with a minimum of time consuming effort for yourself.
The menus will go far towards helping you find some extra time in which to do your Christmas shopping in a leisurely manner before the stores get too crowded and will enable you to have some spare moments for making gifts at home, if you are so inclined.

And you'll simply love the recipes in this month's folder; a simple hunchon dish that can be prepared and cooked in no time at all; a late-night snack (or Sunday supper combination) that the men folk will want to have a hand in preparing as well as eating; a "last-minute" dinner dish which combines a fresh vegetable and a canned product to the ultimate betterment of both, and a cake which is rich enough to suit the most confirmed dessert-lover without being a chore to the maker. I've described these on the leaflet as "Quick Meal Recipes and Menus," but you'll term them "excellent" as well, once you've sampled them.

I'm sure you'll also like the following recipe for Combination Soup which demonstrates both in its name and its contents the possibility of combining two or three usual things to achieve an unusual result. In addition to being tasty, it is nourishing as well.

**Combination Soup**

1 cup finely shredded lettuce leaves
1/2 cup water
1 can concentrated chicken broth
1 can concentrated pea soup
1 teaspoon sugar
salt and pepper to taste

Shred outside leaves of lettuce very fine, using scissors. Add water and simmer gently until lettuce is very tender. Combine broth and pea soup, add lettuce, then water and sugar. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot with garnish of whipped cream and a dash of paprika.

Again let me remind you to fill out the coupon. Then mail it to me without delay so that you will have this month's Modern Screen Star Recipe Folder for immediate use absolutely FREE. Those of you already familiar with these handi folders will like the new cover design, and I am sure that all of you will find the menus and tested recipes especially helpful during the pre-holiday season, as well as throughout the entire year.

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**MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES**

**HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT**
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for December, 1934.

Name...........................................................
(Print in pencil)

Address..................................................
(Street and Number)

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**WE GOT SOME GRAND CHRISTMAS BARGAINS BY SHOPPING EARLY**

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**WHAT A DELICIOUS LUNCH I NEVER TASTED SUCH WONDERFUL SPAGHETTI**

**AND IMAGINE, IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED FOR JUST TEN CENTS A CAN**

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75
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Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
platinum blonde hair, so the ears. Anyway she is the original platinum. Dolores Del Rio appeared in her first picture in 1925, it was "Feet," in which Dorothy Macknall and Jack Mulhall were starred. Miss Del Rio was the vampyre. The Big One, with Edmund Lowe, was her first all-talking picture. So were her best known films include, "Bread," "Dancing," "Evolution," "The Red Dust," "Besieged," and the "Plains of Cathay." She was later cast in the role of "Dorothy Davenport," in "Down to Rio," "Wonder Bay," "Madame Du Barry," "The Little Colonel," etc. She's known to all those who have seen "The Lone Canary." GRACE TOTH, Pudle, a William Hill or Wil- liam Farnsworth Pa, on a particu- larly hot July 29th. Her first role was as the villain "Sherlock Holmes," with John Barrow- more. A most propitious beginning, don't you think?

M. E. C., Nashville, Tenn.—I wouldn't be sure about the exact, but there are a number of actresses who have red hair. They are: Clara Bow, Nancy Car- roll, Jean Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hep- burn, Jeanette MacDonald, Barbara Stanwyck, Shirley Manneux, and Ginger Rogers. Ann for Jean Crawford. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1907, and was baptism Lucille Lebaun. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has blue eyes along with a pliant bosom. She left home against her family's wishes and made her debut as a dancer in a Chicago revue. She was successful in the Midwest and in New York. In 1925 she made her picture debut as an extra in "Pretty Lady." From that time on, her rose was steady and unimpeded. After "Children," she will be in "Forgiving All."

Why I Hate Women

(Continued from page 27)

sex has taught that they are, to a great extent, deadly with hypocrisy and dishonesty.

In the most impressionable years of my life, my childhood, I learned how cruel and ruthless the so-called gentle sex can be. I didn't hear it or read about it, I saw it. I've never told this story before. I hardly know why I'm telling it now, except that I want Ruth to know. I hope this woman named Ruth has seen me in the role of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." I hope she has seen the picture because I want her to know that it was really she who was the inspiration behind all the grasping, selfish, destructive, ignorant and contemptible cheapness of the character, Mildred. If she knows this, I have—perhaps in a small way—evened the score between us, a very old score. You see, it happened when I was twelve years old.

A WOMAN named Ruth, by stealing a man from my husband, tore down the very walls of my happiness, destroyed a great faith in someone very near me and to me and crushed the very heart out of three innocent people, not because she really wanted this man for herself, but because, at the moment, she was bored with her own husband and there was nothing else for her idle hands to do. In telling this story, I don't want to bring any more unhappiness to innocent people than has already been visited upon them. Will it be enough to say that this terrible thing happened to someone very near and dear to me, someone who, until this "other woman" came along, had been in ignorance of all who knew him, someone to whom I'd turned in trust when my own little family was torn asunder by divorce and my bewildered mother was left to manage and struggle as best she could with two girls to bring up.

MODERN SCREEN

• "Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?...Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"

• "Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splasy tab—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!...Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"

• "...Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder...Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."

JOHNSON'S Baby POWDER

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I was then living with this marvelous couple. I had learned to look with respect toward the man and with love toward the woman. They had been married a number of years and appeared to be utterly happy.

And though I was a child of twelve, I think I was the wiser for it. I knew what was happening to the man other woman who was slowly and surely getting him in his power, and I was taking it on, to excuse my lack of action by my age.

My first indication came one evening when I happened to answer the telephone. I say happened because I am sure the man tried to get to the telephone first. But when I answered it, he didn't dare show too much concern. It was a woman's voice inquiring for a man. I gave him the phone and he talked for a moment—safely, guardedly—so that his wife in the kitchen might not hear him.

"Who was that calling, dear?" she asked when he had replaced the receiver. It was then that my tower of inspiration and faith began turning. His man who called, I believed to be fine and honest, turned to her with a sweet voice and lied, "Oh, that was Charlie. He wants to break down..."

I knew, even after what I had just heard, that he was a fine fellow, that something had happened, something that he found himself unable to cope with.

I SHALL never forget that moment. I shall never forget when our eyes met and we stared at each other in that darkened hall. I think I grew up then. I'd never been a "childish child," anyway. I don't think anyone had that said I was "beyond my years." But something cold and terrifying crept over me in that awful moment, a feeling of helplessnes in the face of impending danger, a feeling of fright that shouldn't come to children until Life has prepared them a little more thoroughly.

Yes, I think I grew up then. He didn't say a word to me. He got his hat and walked out the door, a liar, a hypocrite, a cheat. I don't suppose he had the least idea that I knew anything "too young." Oh yes, I found out who the woman was. In the year that followed, that wasn't particularly difficult. The town was small and in his wild infatuation, he threw discretion to the winds. Everyone knew about them, that is, everyone but his unsuspecting wife.

I wish I could say that Ruth was the ugly type of grasping woman such as Mildred was in Maugham's great story. She wasn't. She was beautiful, that is, she was beautiful to look at. Surely, she must have been anything but beautiful down deep inside. I often saw them driving together toward town. She was young, she was pretty, and many kids in town saw them, too, and with the naive cruelty of children (don't let anyone ever tell you that children can't be cruel), they would stop and stare at them and tell of their secret meeting places. They would say, "I heard my father and mother talking last night and they said that it was..."

I'd try to toss it off and laugh and say that it wasn't true, that the man loved his wife, that he was home lots of times. But I knew it wasn't true. Many times I had to rush to my room to hide the tears that I couldn't hold back. You see, with all I'd been told, I had sympathy toward the wife who slaved over hot ironing boards and kitchen stoves, and the feeling that she meant no more to this man than a maid in the house was what brought the flood of angry tears when I realized that she didn't know and there was no way for me to tell her. It made me miserable.

Then one day the man told her, told her bluntly, unkindly. It was like striking a blind person in the face. If she had only had some inkling, some hint of what was about to happen, it might not have been so bad. But she was deceived. That is what impressed it so vividly upon my memory. I knew she hadn't guessed. She was the proper type, the belived marriage was for always, that men with responsibilities did not become involved with other women. I heard what he said, but I supposed he was lying when he walked into the kitchen and said he was leaving. He said he had found his happiness elsewhere with another woman.

Nor shall I ever forget the way the wife looked. She just stood there staring at him with a blank, expressionless face. She stood like a person who has been struck a blow that has left her dazed. If she had cried or stormed or heaped abuse upon his head, it would have broken the incubus. As I sat up in bed and just stood there, that bewildered look on her face, drying her hands over and over again. Was she afraid? Was she thin, toneless, almost unrecognized? She said, "When will you be going?"

I couldn't stand any more of it. I supposed she must be just bear as it was for her, yet I had been expecting it. I threw myself on the floor, screaming and kicking. This seemed to bring some degree of action to her. She gathered me in her arms, comforting me, telling me not to cry any more, telling me that everything was going to be all right.

Upstairs the man packed his things. Then he left.

But in less than a year the sequel to that bitter story was written. It was ironical—even comical.

You see, Ruth didn't really want the man. She never had wanted him. She wanted more clothes and spending money than her husband could give her. The man was fool enough to give them to her, so she let him. I wonder what tragedy she would have met if she had divorced his wife and married every cent of his income to this other woman) when he married her to marry him and got his answer? She laughed in his face!

Of course the story got around. The wife heard and, of all people in the world, she might have gloated. But she didn't. She pitied him and hated the woman. She didn't say much, not even to me, but she once remarked, "I could forgive that woman if she had loved him and wrecked him. But she didn't love him. She has left him nothing. His life is ruined. She was just as much a thief for stealing his love as she would have been had she stolen his belongings. She is worse than a criminal." She didn't want what she had.

I remember saying, "I hate her. Some day I'll get even with her."

"You won't have to bother," her former wife said, "she's like that always get even with themselves."

But I've never been able to forget. I've thought about Ruth a lot. I thought of her constantly when I would be dirty-souled, ignorant, cheap little waitress in "Of Human Bondage." I tried to make her as real as possible, as my memory of Ruth could make her. Every mean gesture, every contemptible word was hers. I hope Ruth sees "Of Human Bondage" and recognizes her own cheap soul, her own hypocritical words.

I hope Ruth reads this story!
appeared between her eyes. Finally, she spoke again.

I suppose I shall be laying myself open to criticism. So much was said when I quit to bring little Mary into the world. But I’m really free. I’m not breaking or abusing any ethical rule in resting for a year.

I knew then, that she was really talking to herself. Some small voice in her conscience was urging her for her decision.

“The Guild expects me to go out on the road with ‘Mary of Scotland,’” she explained, “but there is one nice thing about it. The Guild never stars any of its players. The play is the thing with them. So there is no stipulation that I shall be seen in the play. Rather it is billed that ‘Mary of Scotland’ will be given at such and such a theatre. That leaves me wholly free. Someone else can carry on in my place.”

I asked her about “What Every Woman Knows.” Was she satisfied with the finished picture? Had she enjoyed making it?

“It has been horrible.” She threw the words out into the room and they hung there.

I felt as if she had suffered and crawled and squirmed under a lash. The fire that makes her pictures live and breathe was in her voice and in her eyes.

“I wish I could tell you how perfectly terrible it has been, how much I have suffered in making this picture. I don’t say that anyone except myself was to blame. I have learned the technique of the stage, have used it over and over until it is as much a part of me as eating or sleeping. When I bring that technique into pictures, I find it is too exaggerated. I have to watch myself all the time.

I GET into a scene. Get to feeling it and I forget. Then, it has to be done over and over again, until all the beauty has gone out of it for me. I feel like a piece of wood.

“You won’t believe it perhaps, but I had to have thirty-seven retakes for one of my big scenes in ‘What Every Woman Knows.’ I felt as green as a new extra, before we were through.

To me, too, I feel my lack of beauty. I never knew I had a face until I came to Hollywood. All the girls are so beautiful and I am so ugly.”

Silence again and then, in a subdued hurt voice, “I love beauty so. I wish I could have been pretty. I always felt so bad about being thin. All of the great stage actresses are beautiful and tall. Emotional roles demand height. I overcame that handicap. In some way, I succeeded in giving an illusion of height on the stage. But what can you do when you have no beauty of face or figure?”

Useless to tell her that she succeeds in giving an illusion of beauty, that she has a glamour and appeal that mere beauty can never give, that there isn’t a beautiful woman on stage or screen today who would not trade her loveliness for the inner fire and greatness that makes Helen Hayes completely irresistible.

“Always want to make another picture from any of my stage plays,” she was very firm about this. “I had many offers to play in pictures before I finally signed to do ‘That Little Lullaby,’ which was released as ‘The Sin of Madelon Claudet,’ but I didn’t think I would be any good for pictures. I was not even interested until M-G-M promised to let me make ‘What Every
MODERN SCREEN

Woman Knows.' That is why I signed my contract with them in the first place. Now, I am so disappointed that I don't ever want to make another picture. The studio didn't even go to see the rushes on the last retakes for it hurts me to look at them.' I could hardly keep from smiling, for I remembered that she went through this same period of regret when she made "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She experienced the same despair when she finished "The White Sister." She waded through a morass of bitterness when she saw the preview of "Farewell to Arms." It will always be so with her.

She cannot see the perfect beauty she gives to her performances. Instead, she sees shadows under her eyes and lines about her mouth, that are lost to those who are thrilling to the poignant reality of her shadow self.

Sitting there in the half-dusk, she drew a wrap around her shoulders, as if to protect herself from a sudden chill. "I am so afraid of getting old," she whispered. She didn't say any more, but I understood.

EVERY woman knows those moments of feeling that begin to etch faint lines around the corners of the mouth, when telltale wrinkles begin to show beneath the eyes. I knew that Helen Hayes had been staring too long into her mirror, looking for those first, sad tracings.

They are discernible now, because she is utterly worn and tired. She has given everything she has to this last picture and it has taken something out of her that only rest and play can return.

"Even if I weren't selfish enough to want to be with my baby, I know that I simply must quit for a while and rest." She curled up on the couch and put her hands under her chin. "I have reached a spot in my life where I am beginning to realize that I must not use up all of my reserve strength. I have got to take stock of myself, take things a little easy. I know that if I should go out on the road and try to play in 'Mary of Scotland' on this twenty-four-weeks' tour, as they expect me to do, I will be heading straight for a nervous breakdown. I feel shaky and tired. I need rest and I am going to have it.

Then she talked of her baby. And just talking about her made her forget her worries. Her face shone, happily. "I can hardly wait to get home. Baby always has an apartment near me when I am playing in New York and I see her as much as possible every day. But how wonderful it will be just to be able to stay with her for a couple of weeks. I want her to spend every waking minute with her! I can't tell you what it means to me."

"Haven't you signed to make another picture?" I asked her.

"Yes. But I won't. "This, definitely. "I am, first of all, a woman. I have given up four years of my baby's life to others. Now I am going to care for myself. I miss Charlie, too. We have never been able to live like other married people do. But when I stay home, we can. He can drive back and forth to the studio and we can be together every evening of every day. Life is very short, too short to spend it foolishly, apart."

I wondered then, if there were not another reason behind her temporary retirement. I asked her if there were—if she were going to have another child. She answered evasively. It would be nice for Mary. She had not thought a lot about it, although she doesn't think children should be too far apart. She doesn't intend to let Mary grow up as an "only" child.

HELEN HAYES has a fine reserve and dignity that makes it impossible for her — "let down her hair" like so many actresses do—and tell her innermost thoughts and hopes. I suspected, but I knew no more about her maternal plans when she had finished, than when I first asked her.

She gave out a story last year when she was leaving Hollywood. Said that she intended to retire permanently when Mary becomes ten years old and spend the remainder of her life being merely her mother. I reminded her of it. "I'll never retire permanently," she assured me solemnly. "The stage is in my blood. Right now, I am fed up with work because I have worked too hard and much too long without rest. But when my year is up, I'll come back. I want to continue to work as long as I live."

She changed the subject then, and we talked about babies. She showed me some pictures of little Mary and told of the funny childish things she said and did when they were together on her last visit. She was a little happy when I left her.

I was happy, too, to know that she has reconsidered her earlier decision, that her rare artistry is only going to be withheld from us for a season.

That versatile actress of stage and screen, Miriam Hopkins, recently agreed to appear in Sam Goldwyn's pictures to the tune of a four-year contract, though she's still an RKO star. Eddie Corman put his John Hancock on the papers as a gesture, making it all very legal.
"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

Miss Trunce Buck

Even in the jungle, helping “Bring 'em Back Alive,” she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"When I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin’s Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled if I didn’t care for them with Pacquin’s.

"It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don’t have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin’s."

Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin’s a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin’s feeds the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the surface of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin’s.

Pacquin’s Hand Cream
Nobody called...nobody cared

until a "scrap of paper"
led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called...nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed with the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music...moonlight...romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as $1 or $2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true...and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5¢ and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer...you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 1¢ each at your 5¢ and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

MODERN SCREEN

this mixture is soft and far less trying. (Apply first a coat of black, then one of brown.)西亚夏的黑眼线笔和棕色眼线笔用一支相配的眉笔，从眉骨的最上方涂到眉毛的根部。眉毛的颜色用灰色或黑色最适意，且是用细线条。所以，选择眉笔的细线很重要，因为它们时而疏时而密，要突出眉毛的自然美。

Depending on his star, and her role, Dick can go as exotic as he pleases, and sometimes he does, but very often he doesn't. And he repeats again and again, the phrase of fitness and delicacy in women's faces. Furthermore, remember that the dewy effect is to be desired this season—if you want to be right up to the minute.

If your eyelashes are scanty and short, and you wish to use false ones, take this tip from Dick, who says: "Instead of placing the false end to end on the eyelid, use them from the middle of the eye only, onwards. This gives a softness and blending that is quite different and far lovelier than the other way."

This is what you do. Take one regular strip of the false eyelashes and cut it in half. Place one half on the eyelid, beginning at the temple and pasting towards the middle of the eye. Then dip into your mascara and apply to your own and the artificial lashes equally. After the kind of liquid that brush off all the excess mascara with a clean, tiny eyelash brush. This not only tends to take away the hard effect of heavily applied makeup, but helps your own lashes with the false indistinguishably.

I'm using eye shadow for evening, apply it from the middle of the lid towards the temple, accentuating it more heavily at the middle and shading softly to the end of the brow. Never use it close to your nose. Blue-gray is considered the best shade now, in most cases, even for brown eyes. For the very blue-eyed, there is a medium shade of blue shadow on the market which has just a tinge of violet. Men love that effect as long as they don't know what it is. If you would like to know the nature of some excellent beauty aids for the eyes, write me, and I will be glad to tell you.

The eyes finished, you will see that your eyebrows, the eye-shadowing and the lashes are all one line, one motion of color and shading.

Most of the modern women are asking questions about rouge. What shade? How much? Cream, dry or liquid? Well the first rule is this: use it delicately and follow what would be nature's path if you had naturally rosy cheeks. Match the color to your lipstick, but in a more delicate tone. And use much less rouge than you expect. And you mustn't have color on the end of your chin, nor up to the eyebrows or to the lobes of your ears.

Cream rouge gives a soft, natural illusion. Use it under powder. For an oily skin, liquid rouge is preferred by some. Use it under powder. Use too. Dry rouge is just as good and should never be used under powder, but over. And last of all, blend the color so there won't be a sharp distinction between red and white. That's all. Use rouge if it becomes you, and remember that this year it's fashionable to be healthy, but that at the same time, this product must be applied with a light touch.

Now the lips. They should be tempting, not repelling. Therefore, don't coat your lips like the actresses don't. Don't do that for everyday wear, and those ladies know a thing or two about how to make the most of their looks. With the point of your lips, carefully outline the upper lip and with a backward motion, color first one side and then the other. Next, you border it and then you fill. You're not fooling anybody but yourself.

Of course, both lipstick and face rouge should be chosen to harmonize with your individual coloring. Choose what you're wearing. As a useful hint, be sure to dry your lips thoroughly before applying your lipstick. You may use a little powder over them first. This drying process tends to make the lipstick adhere more evenly and more permanently. Try it.

WITH the application of the mouth, ends the "building" of the face. And after Dick had reached this point in his discourse, he called a passing chorine into his busy office, saying, "Look, now I'll show you."

She was very young and blonde, with large round blue eyes which were her best features. She had a round face, but not puffy. Of course, color the inside of the lip as far as can be seen when you smile or laugh. And don't, don't, don't try to make full lips thin or thin lips fall. You're not fooling anybody but yourself.

Of course, both lipstick and face rouge should be chosen to harmonize with your individual coloring and type you're wearing. As a useful hint, be sure to dry your lips thoroughly before applying your lipstick. You may use a little powder over them first. This drying process tends to make the lipstick adhere more evenly and more permanently. Try it.

DONT'S
1. Don't change your lips over the natural mouth line.
2. Don't pencil your eyebrows in any other shape than nature intended them to be.
3. Don't use mascara or lipstick heavily.

DO'S
1. Preserve the natural structure of your face.
2. Make up your good points to advantage and shade the bad ones.
3. Daytime make-up is soft and light. Evening allows you to dip the paint brush more heavily, but remember, you are not a movie star playing a siren part.

Of course, Mary Biddle will be glad to advise you about any beauty problems that you may want to discuss with her, if you will send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

Use this opportunity to assemble your beauty preparations.

You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Bril-liantine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 1¢ each at your 5¢ and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
Son of Tragedy

(Continued from page 34)

an old duelling pistol had put an end to what promised to be one of the most successful careers in pictures, and left a dying mother listening for a voice she would never hear again.

So sudden and unexpected were the blazing headlines, "Columbo Is Dead!" that even blaze Hollywood was shocked—and a trifle frightened. The boulevard punsters and gagmen were silent, and the wise ones offered no inside facts, but merely shook their heads in numb confusion.

RUSS COLUMBO was so young, so handsome, so friendly, and so selflessly devoted to his family. It just didn't seem possible that he could be lying cold and still. He had had, too, a rather unhappy life up until the day he called the beginning of Chapter Three. His first love affair went smash. His first promising success in radio petered out after a brilliant start. A cherished brother had been killed in an automobile accident. And then, when everything seemed bright and happy once more, his young life was cut short.

A wonder and fear reached every studio, and was evident in the attitude of the great mass of men, women and children who stood so silently and so orderly outside the Blessed Sacrament Church where, five days before his crowning triumph, Russ Columbo's soul was consigned to his Maker.

No movie cameras or autograph hunters blasphemed the simple solemnity of the occasion, and as the pallbearers, headed by Bing Crosby, carried the casket, covered with a blanket of gardenias from Carole Lombard, only the sob of hundreds of friends broke the stillness. Carole, supported by Russ's brother, John, and Dr. Harry Martin, was spared the stares and crowding of the curious.

In some manner, this death hit home in Hollywood and caused the village of make-believe to cast an apprehensive glance over its shoulder. If so happy and clean a life, and so promising a career, could be struck cold without a whisper of warning, just who can tell what will happen tomorrow. Or even today, so unexpected was this blow.

And yet, in one sense, not altogether unexpected.

Two days before Russ started making "Wake Up and Dream," he and this writer were driving through the hills of Hollywood, looking for a home for his family.

"I'm not satisfied with the place we just left," referring to the house he was leasing in Beverly Hills, "because I know mother would be happier where it is quieter, and a little more off the main road. So let's take a look up in Outpost."  

" Aren't you planning to build for the family?" I asked.  

"Why not stay where you are till then—especially when you have the worry and work of just starting a picture?"

" Maybe I'm funny about it," he replied, "but I want to grab some of the nicest things for mother right now. You know how it is. The old fellow with the scythe is always just around the corner."

"I am planning to build—but I don't want to wait—because you never know what might happen.

"For example," he swung his car about an exceptionally sharp and steep turn, "suppose one of Hollywood's famous dauntless drivers happened to be coming

Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
- It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save money!

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years

News for Radio Fans!—"Rosy" and his big new show, the Rosy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8-8:45, Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.
The Sheen of Youth

Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give you hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

MODERN SCREEN

down here just now, wide open. I'd have a great chance to build a house after that, wouldn't I?

"No. I have a hunch it's a good idea to get your living in today. Tomorrow is so absolutely uncertain."

Russ was the last person in the world to borrow trouble or to fear tomorrow—and on the day of his death he had talked excitedly of his new plans—but he did have this feeling, where his beloved family was concerned, against putting things off.

Not that trouble had overlooked him—for he had been caused considerable loss of time and money through lawsuits and misplaced confidence. So much so, that in business he was becoming extremely cautious, and skeptical of the promises of others.

Having heard startling rumors of what Hollywood usually does to radio stars who storm its citadel, he came to the screen not grandly confident as came Rudy Vallee, nor trustingly simple as came Kate Smith, nor yet boyishly eager as came Lanny Ross, but wary, alert for Holly-wood's vicious left to the jaw that has sent so many of his contemporaries wobbling to the ropes.

I t was an over-developed eagerness to share everything he owned that caused Russ so much of his trouble during his first broadcasting days, and that resulted in his paying off several thousands of dollars in debts his friends and business associates had contracted.

The first time I called on Russ, he was laid up at home with an arm crippled from too much tennis, and was eager to talk about his first picture.

He was enthused, and anxious to start it, as he felt that the grim misfortune that had dogged him and his family for years (and that had recently taken his brother, Fiore in an automobile accident) had finally released its crushing grip.

"I'm mighty anxious to make good here," Russ explained, "because this town is my Alma Mater, so to speak. I came here from San Francisco when I was nine, and stayed until we stormed New York and radio. I was the twelfth son of a family that was not too well off, and that gave me the feeling that it was up to me to look out for myself.

"Between playing concerts, studying voice, doing bits in the movies and doubling for some of the best known stars in the early days of the talkies, I managed to keep busy.

"Then I joined up with Gus Arnheim, and along with Bing Crosby, sang at the Coconut Grove—which brings us to about four years ago, when one of my brothers got the idea of turning an automobile salon into a club where I could fill in my spare time as an entertainer."

It is at this point that Russ Columbo's life story was picked up and made into the motion picture, "Twenty Million Sweethearts." Jerry Wald learned Russ's story, wrote it for a magazine and then, at Dick Powell's suggestion, rewrote it into a motion picture for Warner Brothers.

It was Con Conrad, the famous composer, who discovered Russ singing at the COLUMBO BROTHERS' PYRAMID CLUB on Hollywood Boulevard, and talked him into making a flying trip to New York to storm radio—and then helped him skyrocket to fame.

"I'll never forget that Saturday we struck New York," smiled Russ, shifting his arm to a more comfortable position. "Once we were there Con didn't let any grass grow under his feet. I had a lot of confidence in him, but, being a big kid who had been taken in before, I was a little skeptical when he announced, casually, that inasmuch as he had to make some money for us to eat on, he would give Flo Ziegfeld a buzz and have him come over and hear some of his new songs.

"But when Ziegfeld received Con's phone call, he came over, bringing Harry Richman, Jack Pearl and Mark Hellinger with him."

How Con Conrad next took him to see Earl Carroll (who instantly wanted to put him in his show and write a special part for him) and then to the midnight audition at the National Broadcasting Company is well known now, as is also the story of his rapid climb to fame, and the popularity of his "cutting" voice.

He started singing for the broadcasting company at no salary at all, but within two weeks' time his fan mail had grown to such volume that he was signed on a "commercial."
Russ's fan following soon became so enormous and so partial to his voice that a national tour of personal appearances was decided upon—and after breaking box office records in theatres all over the country, he was sent on a second tour, this time appearing in the largest dance halls, and other public buildings available.

About this time the famous Columbo-Crosby feud was being exploited by the different radio broadcasting chains. Bing and Russ had worked together in the same orchestra and, because of the similarity of their voices, a good hot feud looked like excellent publicity copy.

Whenever he was asked about this feud, Russ used to merely grin and wink. He knew it was nonsense and Bing Crosby knew it was nonsense. But it so happened that just a day before Russ Columbo's death, a newspaper ran a syncretic photograph showing Bing Crosby shooting Columbo—to illustrate the bitter feud that existed between them. One of those silly, but nevertheless harmful, things that misguided publicity does.

"I hope no one took that seriously," says Bing. "I tell you it gave me an awful shock. A creepy feeling. "Everybody who knew either of us intimately knew there was nothing to that feud idea at all. It was started back east, by the radio people.

"After both of us settled in California we were together many times at my house and at Carole's.

"Russ and I were always chummy. Way back when he played a violin in Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove and sang in one trio, while I sang in another, Russ and I used to go around together, sometimes alone and sometimes with Dixie, my wife, and Sally Blane.

"We often laughed over this so-called feud of late years—and figured it would die out when we appeared in pictures, and proved to be such entirely different types. "Russ sent a christening present to my first baby, and flowers for my twins. During Dixie's long confinement, he sent flowers often.

"Few people felt Russ's loss more than I did—because, somehow, it seemed we should be sailing along together, as we had been the last three months of his life. "I was proud when asked to officiate at his funeral as a pallbearer, and to play some small part in his last rites."

Thank you, Bing Crosby, for this friendly and fitting tribute.

What Adrienne Fears

(Continued from page 35)

was in New York on a visit. Yet, as though the fates had planned all this, Radio Pictures did loan Bruce out for one picture at Paramount, "Disgraced," believing that Claudette Colbert would be in it. When they learned that she couldn't, they tried to withdraw permission. But it was too late. Adrienne was hastily summoned to Hollywood for this picture.

When she met Bruce she didn't give him much thought. Oh, he was a nice boy, she figured, but that was all.

In Hollywood the conventions that govern most of us are calmly disregarded. In Hollywood married women separated from their husbands often go out with other men, and there is no scandal. So Adrienne Ames went about with various men, with Maurice Chevalier and David

PARISIENNES know that love is a treasure beyond price...but they are always able to win love, for they make themselves fascinating with the lure of an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Its exotic fragrance stirs senses...thills...awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film...just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of the purest, finest quality...like $1 or 82 preparations. Be irresistible tonight...buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today...full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.
Manners, for instance, and thought nothing of it. Nor did she think anything of it when she turned to Bruce Cabot one day and asked him like a child. Could she find beauty and knowledge, and still hold on the shining torch of faith in him, gave him something, someone to believe in. Women just couldn't love sincerely, he knew. And they never believed in love, because that Stephen Ames could offer, proved that there were women who could. Gradually, he began to believe in Adrienne, in himself, in the self-discipline and finer qualities that made her fall in love with him, in his ability to conquer the arrogance and cynicism that had made people think he was finished and hopeless.

He fought a desperate battle with himself and, to a great extent, won. Adrienne knew how to be a wife. The way she worked at it, by which I mean that she gives a man faith in his ability and powers.

But she is, alas, an idealist and a perfectionist. Perhaps she works too hard at bringing out the best in the man she loves. And there comes a time, I'm afraid, when male vanity is too great, and the effort to rise above oneself becomes tinged with bitterness. Whether or not their marriage succeeds, they have done a great deal for each other. People who knew Bruce before his marriage, remark on how much he's changed. He even looks better. Two years ago, his mouth was split, and he appeared terribly unhappy. Today there's radiant health bubbling up in him, and you can recognize the boisey qualities that Adrienne fell in love with and helped to bring out.

As for Adrienne, Bruce has taught her how to play. Always too intense about her work, she had a tendency to take it to an extent, to a certain extent. She's taught her to laugh things off. And he has also made her as self-reliant as life had made her before she met Stephen Ames. While she was married to Stephen, she ran to him with every problem and asked his advice before she made any decision. Stephen, an aristocratic, business-minded man, couldn't think of it, could think of it. But Bruce doesn't believe in that. He encourages Adrienne to make her decisions first, and tell him about them afterwards.

For instance, when Adrienne was in doubt as to whether to continue with Paramount beyond the date the contract says she should be decided in favor of free-lancing, and not until she had made up her mind, did she tell Bruce about it. It isn't easy, when you've gotten into the habit of asking advice, to win back the self-reliance that Adler started with.

When he is aroused, Bruce has a terrible temper, and Adrienne claims that when she is angry, hers is still worse. But for Bruce's sake, because she loves him, she has learned to curb that temper. For she knows that he is the one trying to live up to the best in himself.

And yet for all that, I think the marriage is a great big question mark. If you have ever been married to someone or been in love with someone who had faults you tried to change, you'll understand why, Adrienne and Bruce are trying to compound these with new things that they've thought of what they're going through is a difficult period of readjustment, and that everything will come out all right. For their sake, I hope it does.

But it is not easy, when you have gone through years of doubting people, to change the habit of those years. And Bruce finds it hard to cling to the idea that Adrienne tried to instill in him. Again and again he slips back into the habit of doubting others, doubting himself. Doubt-
ing her, doubting his power to hold her. And that is always a losing battle. For when you doubt the strength of the bond that holds you to another, by your very doubt, you lessen that bond.

There was, for instance, the time when a columnist said that Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot had been planning a divorce, but had torn up the time-tables to Reno. The story was published two days after Adrienne arrived in New York to make "Gigollette" at the Biograph Studios.

"Did Bruce say anything about that?" I asked Adrienne.

"Yes," she admitted, "he called me up and asked if I had been giving interviews that I was going to leave him."

"Bruce," I told him, "I read that story, too, and I might just as well have believed that you'd given out that story, but I didn't. Why can't you believe in me?"

The tragedy of it is that Adrienne is a woman at war with herself. She is deeply maternal and, therefore, is attracted by the very weaknesses that she tries so hard to change. She is at war with herself, too, because of her sensitiveness and her pride. On one hand, she could forgive Bruce almost anything because she loves him so deeply, and on the other, she suffers cruelly from every slight, from every hastily-spoken word.

Rarely, has she known real happiness. Perhaps only once, just before her marriage to Bruce, when they were caught in the tide of their love and swept along by it. Then, he was at her home often, and her two sisters were there. Jane and Linda, and their home was full of laughter and joy. Never before had she been so happy, and some instinct warned her that never again would she be.

Her younger sister was trying to get into the movies. Adrienne named her Linda March and proudly took her to the studios. This young sister worshipped Adrienne and Adrienne in turn adored her.

"She looked like me," she told me, her voice breaking, "isn't it strange how someone's features can be altogether different from yours and yet that person looks just like you? Linda looked up to me. She tried to wear her hair like mine, to dress like me, to be like me in so many ways. People used to joke about it."

"So blissfully were we that summer that I felt as if we'd reached a climax, and that we could never stay on that pinnacle of happiness. Somehow, I think, we all felt that we were right. Our whole little world collapsed. While Bruce and I were on our honeymoon in Honolulu, Linda went to Stanford to see the football game. She came back from the game in a little car, and a car full of drunken people crashed into it. Linda was instantly killed, and with her went half my heart."

"There was a time then, when I thought I'd lose everything, myself, our love. It was summer, and Bruce was away most of the day playing golf. I had more time to myself than I had ever had in my life. I was alone in the house, brooding. I grew more and more morbid, until luckily I had a chance to play in a picture with W. C. Fields. It was a life-saver, for I can't bear idleness."

"I think this separation, while I am working in the East, may be the best thing in the world for Bruce and myself. Now that we have had a chance to find out how much we miss each other, perhaps everything will be all right and we will be able to straighten out our lives again. Because, with all my heart, with all my soul, I want to make this marriage last.
Kills a COLD
"Dead"!

— Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is internal in effect.

What It Does
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That’s the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes — 30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

World’s Standard

GROVE’S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

MODERN SCREEN

Hollywood Thinks He’s Nutty

(Continued from page 41)

he behaves not at all like a glamorous matinee idol. So weird stories about him are constantly being circulated. He’s got Hollywood wondering.

Let me tell you more anecdotes of his Hollywood career. You’ll realize that he is not cut to any pattern.

When he first arrived in Hollywood, he registered at the Athletic Club. The first night he stood on Sunset Boulevard and engaged himself in his pet stunt—gazing at the stars. He stood so long that he darn near got taken to the police station by a cop who thought he must be a look-out for a burglar.

Francis decided that he should have a home in Hollywood. But none of the big showy places interested him. Instead, he found a farm house, made of stone, on a hill above Ventura Boulevard. It suited him exactly and when people suggested various Hollywood interior decorators to furnish the house, he refused to meet them and set to work to design his own furniture and have it made. So eager was he to be in the new place that he could not wait for the carpenters to finish. He moved into the servants’ quarters and lived there all alone.

In this strange house, there is one room in which he keeps nothing but good luck charms and gifts that friends have given him. He is very superstitious. When someone presents him with a gift, he inspects it to see that the giver did not put any "bad luck" on it. He has a collection of small mirrors and let me tell you these are not any small mirrors. Each one is a souvenir from a different country. There is a liberty girl from the Statue of Liberty, a small Susan B. Anthony, and many others.

Women adore him. He is a romantic-looking man. But this is how the romantic actor behaves. Once on his way home from the studio he saw, advertised at a neighborhood theatre, a film he had wanted to see for a long time. He was tired. He knew he had to get up early the next morning, but he wanted to see the picture.
The Great Laughton Mystery

(Continued from page 54)

training. That might have been necessary in the beginning but, with the advance in film, it no longer applies. Adolphe Menjou learned all he knows from the screen. Yet he is as competent as any actor from the stage. Norma Shearer is another actress of real promise. 'You've got a very intelligent man in films,' his name is Irving Thalberg. He possesses a balance that is rare in producers. He never knows it all. I talked with him by telephone from London for the part of Papa Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' He said it was a paternal part for me. He said people would continue to hate me for portraying that monochromatic old man. I answered that I didn't believe anyone associated with the parts they portrayed and that I wasn't afraid of risking it. I won him over. I like working with Thalberg because he combines the action of the executive with a sensitiveness rarely found in producers. He really likes actors whereas most producers distrust and mis-

So, in order to save time, he bought a bag of sandwiches and went into the theatre to eat them. When he had finished, he was still hungry and the picture wasn't finished. So, completely without embarrassment, he sent the usher out to buy more sandwiches.

He says it is too busy to eat regularly. And why is he so busy? His time away from the studio is given to his plan for world peace. He maintains a busy office on Hollywood Boulevard, where screenwriters and secretaries—whose salaries he pays out of his own pocket—send out literature. His idea is that the people should be allowed to vote for or against war. He thinks that would stop all wars.

He is constantly making speeches about holding meetings for world peace and sometimes his faulty English immaculately brightens the meetings. In San Francisco, in front of a group of schoolwomen, he said, 'I want you to know that I have no posterior motive in this campaign.'

He admires beautiful and intelligent women tremendously. Steffi Duna is a friend of years' standing. But when she came to Hollywood, Lederer would not help her to acquire film fame. He insisted that she prove her own talents. His friendship for Steffi comes close to being a romance. The Joan Crawford-Francis Lederer gossip is bunk. They admire each other, but there just isn't any romance. Anna May Wong he declares to be the most intelligent woman he ever met. Gail Patrick and Kay Francis he thinks are two of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. He kisses the hand of every woman he meets. Hollywood tried to kid him out of that, but Francis wouldn't be kidded. He goes right ahead kissing hands.

He goes right ahead doing as he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks. His spirit cannot be broken. His terrific idealism is a part of him and he will always give of himself in an attempt to make the world a better place in which to live.

This is your introduction to Francis Lederer. Hollywood thinks he's nutty. And now that you have all the evidence, what do you think?

Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFt lips, Nice lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with noy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that isn't paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks. Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, naturally.

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gunmetal case. Buy Tangee refill, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't ask that painted look. It's coarse and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.
RACHEL told WIL to give TRIPLE-PURPOSE cucumber Cream. He added, "Of course money means something to me. I should be foolish to say otherwise."

"What?" He thought. "It means security against the days when I might not have any. It means peace and freedom from worry and (here was what I'd waited to hear) a chance to be a winner again. I don't like luxury. I don't want money for the mere spending. Let the others have their extravagant cars and homes. ALL I want out of Hollywood is a chance to keep working. I want to be acting five, ten years from now. I don't want to be typed, pigeon-holed and killed as was Emil Jannings. I want to do all kinds of parts, especially comedy, I do that best."

HE finished his hearty luncheon of liver and bacon and we started for the dressing-room. Outside the restaurant, we met Fred Datig, Paramount's casting chief, and another executive from Laughton saying they, instantly became another person. Tossing aside his serious role, he threw wide his arms and, assuming the characteristics of an effeminate man, rushed toward them exclaiming, "Darlings," embracing them.

Then followed some delicious horseplay when Laughton, according to what might have been for Fatty Arbuckle in one of his noisiest and more ludicrous moments, ran full-tilt with a wisecrack. Laughton was another man! Datig offered that a dressing-room would soon be ready for him, he thought. "You think so, do you?" modulated Laughton. "A. O. Smith do? You do? You think you're finally going to break down and give of Massa Laughton a dressing-room. Okay, boss, ef dats de sitch."

And he broke into a negro shuffle, kicking out his feet in rhythmic undulations.

I stopped short, gasping. This quiet, sensitive, over-intelligent artist, Laughton, had suddenly turned clown. The man I thought I was getting to know had up and kicked over the applecart. He giggled, running a delicate hand through his stringy long hair, strands of which were still bleached from his part in "Barretts."

I trailed along bewildered. We stopped at a set and entered the dressing-room. It was an Italian bedroom on a raised stage. Through its windows could be seen a Venice canal with gondoliers in miniatures. Laughton didn't pass it. We entered and he stood spellbound with admiration.

The mystery of his theatre took hold of him. "My God," he said, "is that wonderful? I'm moved to the very core of my being."

"Would you please tell me what picture this set is for?" he asked, exactly as a little boy would ask. The laborer paid no attention to him and repeated his question. The answer was, "Dunno the name of the picture. It's Number 166."

"My God," again breathed a Laughton, staring at the set, "he doesn't even know the name of the picture." For one to have so little interest in such a magic thing as that set seemed, very apparently, blasphemous to Laughton. He walked behind the platform to examine the miniatures. Then, awed, he sauntered up onto the set to see how the miniature world was doing behind the windows. To no one at all he muttered, "Wonderful, simply wonderful!"

WE continued to the buildings containing the dressing-rooms. Number 240, which they said was to be ours, for the remainder of the interview, had never been opened as ordered. "Charlie's got the key and he's upstairs," drawled the floor-man disinterestedly. Laughton waited patiently, then, suddenly, bounded up the stairs crying, "Charlie, oh, Charlie-lee. Yoo-hoo! Charlie-le."

After awhile he reappeared in the wake of a puzzled man who, evidently, was evident, as plain nuts. We entered and Laughton sprawled on the couch, pulled a pillow over his face. There he lay, one leg dangling to the floor, silent and quite oblivious to anyone or anything.

I asked him about "Henry VIII."

"We had a Dickens of a time," emerged from beneath the pillow. "In the beginning," he continued, "we had Hollywood money behind us, but when they learned we were going to do an historical drama, they withdrew every penny of it. They said it wouldn't pull. We didn't know from one day to the next where we'd get money. Finally, I worked on a percentage basis, thank God. Quick!"

He got tired of talking of that. He squirmed, throwing one leg in one direction and another in the other. His arms flailed wildly, finally coming to rest underneath his head.

"You know," he offered quietly, "I don't know why they go on pictures. I'm so ugly! Why would they want to see me when there's Bing Crosby, a perfectly delightful fellow. And with such a voice. I'm flat and dull. Only good for comedy—low comedy at that."

It doesn't seem exactly consistent that Charles Laughton, with his intelligence, would ask why people go to see him when they can see Bing Crosby. I, who can take my Crosbys or leave them, but who can't take Charles Laughton, can't see why the Laughton is serious when he popped that question.

It all added to the great Laughton riddle. This man who was the part of Charles Laughton, and in turn, in his part the man of greatest ability any other Crosby. Does this man consider the Crosbys of the screen have something he hasn't? Is this strange combination of this article and this picture, views of the greatest possible director of his own pictures (of exquisite wit and low comedy), actually a little envious of his less-gifted, earthier brothers? Laughton alone can tell you.

Charles Laughton—wine in a coffee mug—six-gaiter hitched to a dump-wagon—bare face on a street-walker's peel-a-boo wagon.

I'd give anything to know what Laughton was thinking as he put up with my pictures. I think his thoughts would be as interesting as his film. And I think thoughts as he allows our super-super directors to tell him what to do and how to do it.

This article probably won't please him, but that's all right. He'll never see it. He has no interest in reading about himself. One of the finest pieces of reporting has been the report on Laughton by the New York writer. I told him about it. He yawned. As I remember, he didn't even answer. I know of no other else in Hollywood who would read so.

You'll never know Charles Laughton. You won't know him now that you've read this article and after you've read more of the better ones. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't. Charles Laughton is alone.

MODERN SCREEN

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LA JOLIE TOILET PREPARATIONS, 35c PER TUBE
The Most Romantic Story Ever Told
(Continued from page 29)
times a day in different costumes, so that the "Indians" who were being attacked by the "cowboys" were also the cowboys who were doing the attacking. And the placid "squaws" seated around the campfire with their backs to it, were often his own wife Linda, a friend of hers, the wardrobe woman, or anyone who happened to be handy.

Griffith did not know that one day his genius was to flash from the screen across that far-flung battlefield in "Birth of a Nation." He did not know that when he engaged, for three dollars a day, a girl who told him she had been a stage actress, that she was to become "America's Sweetheart," and that when she brought to the studio two frightened girls and asked "Mr. Griffith" to give them work, too, that one of them—Lillian Gish—was to be proclaimed the greatest movie actress of her day and the inspiration for reams of eoncinema from the intelligentsia of America.

But Griffith could not even foresee greatness for the Pickfords and the Gishes— and to him they were simply fluttery girls with emotion—how could anyone have looked far enough into the future to prophesy Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Jean Harlow—these latter-day artists who make Hollywood what it is today, could be but a part of the Holly- wood that is today be imagined by these pioneers?

And, going even farther back than D. W. Griffith, do you suppose that Leland Stanford knew that he was starting the sixth largest industry in America when, after a good dinner one evening, he advanced the theory that a horse at full gallop lifts all four feet off the ground. A friend disagreed. An argument started. A bet was made. And that, you see, is the way the movies began.

Leland Stanford was a wealthy man and a sportsman. He set about to collect his bet by proving that he was right about the horse's feet. For years various photographs were taken and the results were unsatisfactory. But last a photographer assured Stanford that he knew a way to prove or disprove the theory. John D. Isaacs placed a number of cameras in a row and connected some electrical device whereby the shutter of each camera would open and shut as the horse galloped past. The result was a series of pictures each showing the horse in a different position.

Stanford looked at them, saw that he was right about the horse's feet, showed them to his friend, collected the bet and, in 1882, published a book of the pictures. Undoubtedly he thought no more about it. But these were the first action photographs, the very first pictures to show a living thing in motion. In all probability, had it not been for this sportsman's bet, you and I would not today be able to see Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn upon the screen. And it is not an industrial romance, then I wish I would tell you what it is.

I shall not bore you with all the details of the invention of motion pictures from the time that Stanford's horse ran past Isaac's cameras until perfection was reached. Suffice it to say that inventors began to work madly, but soon realized

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The Beerys—Wally, with daughter Ann, and brother Noah—pose for a snapshot on Hollywood Boulevard.
Scott Photo

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that a series of cameras would not do and one camera, able to photograph a series of pictures, was necessary.

At this point Thomas A. Edison stepped in—and just as a little side line—decided that he would toss off a motion picture camera in a spare moment. He was busy with such boons to humanity as the incandescent lamp. He did not realize that when he decided to look into action pictures he was giving humanity as great a boon as electric light. But here is a strange and romantic thing. Away back there in 1886 Edison’s idea was to make talking pictures. He began to experiment with a camera to photograph movement only as a subsidiary of the “talking machine” which he had just invented. He thought it would be an amusing idea for those who listened to the phonograph to be able to see the singer singing.

It was in reality “talkies” that Edison had in mind, but somewhere in an inventor’s laboratory the talking machine and the motion picture were divorced, silent films resulted, and it was not until thirty years later that the two devices were re-united.

Ask your father to tell you about Edison’s, or rather Dickson’s (for W. K. L. Dickson, one of Edison’s assistants, was put in charge of the invention), “kinetoscope.” Your father can tell you how he used to drop a penny in the slot of a cumbersome machine, glute his eyes to a hole and watch tiny human beings dance or box. These little peep shows, which nobody took very seriously, are what you can thank for the wonderful and elaborately movies you enjoy today. These were the first actual movies, the tiny heralds of the glory of today’s cinema.

We can skip lightly over the years when the peep show became a room where a hundred or more people could sit and watch, not miniature men and women, but life-size ones moving across a screen. Dozens of men invested their money in the new “novelty”—pictures that moved. Most of these men are now multimillionaires and you know them as the leading executives of the studios of today.

Almost any moving picture was interesting. There was no thought of telling a story in film. It was not until 1903 that Edwin S. Porter got together a group of second-rate actors, went to New Jersey, borrowed a railroad train and proceeded to film “The Great Train Robbery.” This was a wild and woolly melodrama and it ran for seven hundred and forty feet of film. In order to get a real idea of its length—or, rather, its shortness—one must remember that today a reel of film is 1,000 feet. Most feature pictures are seven or eight reels long.

“The Great Train Robbery” was a sensation. The movies were real entertainment, just like the stage. It is true that the characters all rushed through their parts faster than the train coming down the track. There were no close-ups—that was to come later; no subtleties of emotion—that must wait for many, many years. The villain was bad, the hero was good, but everybody moved and moved and moved.

In those days there were no studios. All scenes were taken outdoors and the natural background used. A scenario could be bought for ten or fifteen dollars. If a producer paid twenty-five dollars for a story he demanded an epic. The players—there were no stars, since the audience did not even know the names or faces of the actors they saw—received from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week. And you know all about the fabulous sums actors and actresses receive today.

When you think of the enormous salaries paid to scenario writers today, you pity these early writers. But when you see some of their efforts, you think they were overpaid. Benjamin Hampton, in

**MODERN SCREEN**

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“**And I had to be scolded into trying it.**

“A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to.”

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol does bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That’s the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don’t be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is not a narcotic. All drugstores have these tablets.
his "A History of the Movies," gives a typical example of the stories of that time. Here it is:

"A poor but proud maiden, reduced to poverty by misfortune, unable to secure work, is forced to beg in order to supply nourishment for her sick mother. At a resort she resents the familiarity of a man who has offered alms and is struck by the beauty of the maiden. She attempts suicide by asphyxiation, but the young man, overcome with remorse, follows her and is able to intercede in time to save her life. He leaves some coin with the mother and departs. The sincere repentance of the man wins the respect of the maid, and in the conclusion we see all the principals of the story united in a happy home."

And that, oh so gentle readers, is what your mothers and fathers loved. They wept over just such a film plot—pitted the poor girl, hissed the villain who, in this case, suddenly turned hero. But the point is that it was because your mothers and fathers did weep over these early films that the films you see today became possible.

Supposedly shrewd business men called movies "flickering atrocities." They dubbed them "novelties" that could last but a short time. They refused to lend money to promote them. But the public saw and was conquered. The public demanded films, flocked to see them, and that is why I say that the movies belong to you. In later chapters of this story you will see that when the public voiced its disapproval of certain entertainment, the producers jumped through hoops to give the public what it wanted.

Thus were pictures born. Next month I am going to tell you stories of the first stars of the movies—those hard-working, underpaid stars who paved the way for the sleek, glamorous, wealthy men and women you worship today.

**How To Become an Orchid**

*(Continued from page 90)*

I have changed, matured. I am sincerely glad to hear you say that. When you met me, seven years ago, I was commencing work in 'The Wedding March.' It was my first interview. I was a different girl. I was so shy that I went through agonies during our conversation.

**WHEN you left, you turned to another writer and said, 'She is good copy.' I have remembered that all these years. I didn't know whether you were complimenting me or poking fun at me. After I reached home, I thought to myself, 'What can she mean, 'good copy'?'**

"You can imagine the naiveté of a girl so inexperienced that she doesn't even know the catch phrases of her profession. You can imagine the long way she has come to have you tell her that she has poise and that you notice a marked change in her.

"You are not the only one who has noticed a change in me. Electricians, cameramen, wardrobe women, studio workers, who knew me when I was making Westerns for Universal, tell me the same thing now, when I meet them on various sets. Just the other day, Ernest Bachrach, the photographer, stopped me and said, 'Fay what a change! When you were at Paramount you walked with your nose in the air, speaking to no one. I knew that it wasn't because you were high-hat, but because you were shy. I used to want to figure out some way to tell you to be less

Completely out of control, rounding the curves on three wheels, Joe is out in front and having a grand time. Before starting this, the greatest and latest laugh-ride of his career, he went in training with a fresh copy of Film Fun and thereby added two more inches to his smile. Normally Joe's mouth is just like anybody else's, but due to constant reading of this hilarious magazine he now has a monopoly on the biggest smile in history. We dare you to keep a straight upper lip after seeing the

**DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

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Joe E. Brown in "6 Day Bike Rider."

Screen stars in funny poses.

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MODERN SCREEN

THANKS TO THIS TIME-PROVEN PRODUCT

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F ortunately, the story of Fay's transition from a modest violet to a high-powered orchid, mistress of one of Hollywood's most beautiful homes, hostess and conversationalist, should be entitled "life begins at marriage." It was Fay's marriage, after a hasty, impetuous romance, in the manner approved by fiction writers, to John Monk Saunders at Easton, Maryland, in June, 1928, that brought about the evolution of Fay from maid to matron, from violet to orchid.

Saunders, Minnesota-born, is a Rhodes scholar, and that speaks for itself. As an honor student from a university in the state of Washington, the high grade of his credits won him the privilege of attending England's time-honored Oxford University, all expenses paid by the Rhodes scholarship.

Beyond his very good looks, young Saunders' writing talent has brought him considerable attention. He has written, among other noteworthies, "Wings," "Dawn Patrol," "The Last Flight" and "The Legion of the Condemned." It was in this last picture that Fay met him (she was doing the feminine lead opposite Gary Cooper), and their romance flourished, culminating in marriage.

CONSCIOUSLY and unconsciously, in the first and only love of her young life, Fay admired the mental agility of the man she had married. She admired his vast resources of intellect, his proficiency in languages, his ready estimate of good and bad in current fiction. Consciously, too, she realized her own limitations. She knew that she could not compete with his beautifully finished education.

"The result is," said Fay, "that I read the best of the current fiction before John has an opportunity to read his copies of the books and then I am prepared to discuss plot, motivation and characterization, when he happens to make some mention of the newest best-seller. Of course, I don't rush around and let him know that I'm reading it for that purpose. I let my comments come forth spontaneously.

"A woman's development comes from evolution, from the things with which she surrounds herself. I have always liked the better things, not always the expensive things. Naturally, I gravitated towards them. Marriage seems to have cemented them more permanently in my life. John likes the better things, as of course, John has an amazing flair for appreciating what is smart, and what is becoming to a woman, in feminine clothes. Some husbands, I am sure, have a 'dead spot' as far as women's clothes are concerned.

I CAN always be sure that if a dress is particularly attractive, John will comment on it. Being, probably, an adoring wife, I remember the type of gown he prefers and plan my wardrobe accordingly. Simple lines are good for me, I think. I know the days when I wore plaid taffetas and tight velvet bodices and black-and-white checked silk dresses with bright red hats. Today I buy many of my clothes from Irene Jones, who now designs for a local shop. Irene was, at various times, a studio designer, and owner of her own salon. She knows what looks well on me; plain, simple things, frequently of solid color—black, white, blue. But in back of this clothes thing is the unerring clothes sense that John has and which I follow."

John Monk Saunders seems to be the motivating spirit to which we always return in placing the responsibility for the evolution of Fay Wray. Lacking a John Monk Saunders, however, there is still considerable assistance, in Fay's words, for the culture and pose seeker. The better things of life are available to all. The public libraries are crowded with the classics, popular biographies, and late fiction.

Even though we do not live in the eucalyptus-flanked English house with its broad, green lawn, its tennis courts, its patio for tea-serving, its shiny ping-pong room overlooking the gardens, its long, home-like living room with a rough brick fireplace at one end, its mahogany window, its grand piano and chaise longues and silver-brocaded curtains, the music that pours in through Fay and John Monk Saunders' mammoth radio is the same music that pours in through smaller and less pretentious radios throughout the land. It depends, merely, on whether you tune in to the symphonizing strains of a jazz orchestra or the fine phrases of a symphony.

Rules for a happy marriage, Fay refuses to give out. Not usually superstitious, she simply refuses to tempt the fates. For

Gloria Stuart had a nice role in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and husband Arthur Sheekman is right proud of Gloria.
six years their married life has flowed smoothly, quietly, serenely, unmarred by whirlpools. It has been aided and abetted by her, she thinks, by her utter silence about her marriage, and an almost complete silence about her husband. She has talked more, she said, about John Saunders in present conversation, than she has ever talked before.

Many persons have asked her what makes her marriage successful. She refuses to discuss the question. When they press her further for a statement, she says, quietly, serenely, "I am married to John Saunders." It works like an amulet against evil. Then and there the conversation on marriage and Fay languishes and dies. This day it was different. At every mention of a mental or spiritual development in Fay, the answer always was John. The only growth in which he had not aided was an added inch to her height since our last professional meeting seven years ago. Fay's development into the charming, poised woman she is today, is the natural evolution of a soul, surrounded by love, contentment and happiness.

The keynote of Fay's personality is, it seems to be, the very thing that makes her marriage successful. She refuses to discuss the question of marriage.

Although Fay's outward development may come from inner growth, she is always on the alert for outward blemishes. In her personal life she is very familiar with herself. She is poised, and aware of the slight adjustments in her mannerisms that would cause her considerable chagrin when she discovered she was guilty of it. This happened to be the habit of moistening her lips with her tongue—often before speaking—frequently on the screen.

Fay herself shared the alertness of the habit that made her Mitzi of "The Wedding March" a memorable characterization. In "The Wedding March" Eric von Stroheim noticed she had a shy, timorous way of catching her lower lip with her teeth. "Do that every time you meet me in a scene, and you'll be crying. It will do more to characterize Mitzi than anything else." So successfully did it record in the film that Fay found herself using it on other occasions. It was one of the first minor facets that would do away with when she began to take stock of herself.

Her two desires are to grow taller with John and to be a truly great actress. She has never been more conscious of her being a little girl with two sisters and three brothers.

Actress Fay Wray, of the United Artists, is the most recent entry in "The Richest Girl in the World" for RKO.

Quiet, serene—these words fit into a description of the period that is Fay Wray. But I like to think of her as being a beautifully poised young woman who has cured her shyness and timidity by the very simple expedient of following the dictates of her heart and surrounding herself with the things she loves—books, music, and intelligent people. She could so easily have fallen into the bright, hard, familiar pattern of Hollywood successes.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "ITY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package— or money refunded. All drugists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 312, Atlanta, Ga.
LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount). Very amusing. Gary Grant, Frances Drake and Edward Everett Horton are aces.


LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal). A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Fox). Dixie Lee.

MAMMOTH MELODRAMA (M-G-M). Fall of action and suspense in this Gable-Loyd Powell film.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warner). A Bums and Alley Stories exception is good.


MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal). Plenty of action in this tale of a fellow who wants to see a good price to his prison days and go straight. Edward Arnold, Donna Meek, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

THE MOONSTONE (Monogram). David Manners and Gustav von Seyffertita in a better-than-average mystery.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (Paramount). Fastidious Lord, as Mrs. Wiggs, Donald Meek, as Mr. Wiggs, and ZaSu Pitts, as Miss Harry, are all worthy of much praise.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M). Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel will keep you amused.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO). A murder mystery with Tex Ritter, Edna May Oliver and Jimmy Gleason.


NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Cora Lombard and Shirley Temple.

NOL I TELL YOU BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHEIN (Fox). Spencer Tracy in a gambler role.


OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking United Artists). Tom Keene and Karen Morley.

PECK'S BAD BOY (20th Century). John Lester Fox. Jackie Cooper in the title role and Thomas Meighan as "Mr. Peck." A picture that the whole family will enjoy.


PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount). A smart comedy with Mary Britton, Philip Dunne and ZaSu Pitts.

SAVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox). A Garner picture that should please the fans. Lew Ayres does it again. In the role.

SHE HAD TO CHOICE (Majestic). Not much here but, Roger Touhy, Isabel Jewell, Sally Blane and Larry Craven are fine.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox). Alice Faye and Ray blindness.


SIDE STREETS (Warners). Alene MacMurray and Ken Kelly.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia). Lulu Lavers, Paul Dupuis and Joseph Schrank are splendid.


SPITFIRE (RKO). Katharine Hepburn.


STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M). Dine and Blackwog provide lots of laughs. Maxine Doyle and Paul Regan are a nice romantic team and have some swell songs, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox). Young pretty patter on the stage by the star. In love with fantastic novelist, Warner Baxter. Good entertainment.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO). W.C. Fields, John Qualen, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn). Based on "Resurrection," with Anna Sten and Fredric March.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount). A musical you'll like. Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard and Bob Hope.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO). In which Marsha Hunt shows that little girls from the country aren't so dumb. Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Reginald Owen and Fritz Feld create as an extremely valid and well-made picture.

WHERE ARE THE MURDERS (Fox). A story that's different and some grand acting by Sonja Henie, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia). Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WILD CARGO (RKO). A Frank Buck animal picture.


WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram). About the plight of Mrs. Gridley fired in an authentic Hollywood tale.

THE WORLD RACES ON (Fox). A beautiful story, Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Paul Rander.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia). Walter Connolly turns in his usual good performance.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount). A poor story handsome Lee Tracy and Helen Mack. But the six-year-old David Holt is a sensation.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Beuren-RKO). Joan Lowell in a lowbrow mystery.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox). Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their best.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal). Karloff and Lugosi in one picture.

BRITISH WOMEN IN WAR (Universal). Another best seller that didn't go over in the movies. Let's see if Karloff and San Francisco save it.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox). Warner Oland-Grauman and Donald Woods in another of the "Chan" series.


CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount). Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Majestic). Bob Lyon, Sue Misrach, Ethel Von Stroheim in a war picture.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M). Baseball fans will like it. With Robert Young, Eddie Evans, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.


THE DUDE RANGER (Fox). A Western that will do well. George O'Brien and Teresa Tysor.

ELMER AND ELLIE (Paramount). Much ado about who is the lead of the family, the wife or the husband. With George Bancroft and Frances Fuller.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO). Princess Lee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke do some good action.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO). Robert Kelley. But the performances of Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worthwhile.


GAMBLING LADY (Warner). Barbara Stanwyck.


GLAD TO CAN'T全國皆知


HAROLD TEEN (Warner). Billie Burke and Rosalie Hudson as Harold and Grace.

HILL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia). Tim McCoy and Jillian Bus.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warner). Not up to the usual Warner standard.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO). Very slow. Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson make the cast.


I HATE WOMEN (Monogram). Alice Faye in a temperamental with Kenneth MacDonald, Reginald Owen, and Ralston Crawford.


LOVE TIME (Fox). Billy Millicent in the Franz Schnatter role. With Pat Patterson.

MODERN SCREEN

The Report Card

(Continued from page 10)

Take that "old" dress, give it a smart new color with Rit... and have a "new" frock that costs almost nothing—looks "like a million"! Rit is easy, quick, sure.

It's fun to dress better and SAVE MONEY with Rit Tints and Dyes—bring your wardrobe up-to-date each season with the new colors that everyone admires! Rit contains one patented ingredient that makes the color soak in deeper—last longer. 33 Sparkling Rit Colors. 15c at all drug stores and notion counters.

NOT A SOAP!
Did Eva Beryl Tree choose wifehood or a career? Read the final, thrilling chapter of "ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES" in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.
This face powder will flatter you

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American picture.

The Hollywood press was curious, of course. Expecting something in the nature of a crash between Anna Sten and Garbo, or the pampered Dietrich, they found, instead (to quote one writer), “A patient soul, who sits in the outer offices of the studio waiting for her daily instructions, when she is not sitting quietly at home accepting the advice of her husband, Dr. Frenke.”

Hollywood, long accustomed to the artificiality of its own glamorous women, looked on the strong modeled face of Anna Sten and labeled it “plain.” Her careless wardrobe was nothing short of a scandal to the fashion editors, just as the simplicity of her private life was a blow to the gossip columnists. By the time “Nana” was ready for production, Hollywood was in a definitely “show me” frame of mind about Goldwyn’s protégée.

Even more serious were the story and directional difficulties the development of “Nana” went along in production. The picture was half completed with George Fitzmaurice at the helm, when Goldwyn suddenly sent for him in director’s chair, Dorothy Arzner, and a new cast headed by Phillips Holmes. It was a discouraging and nerve-racking start for the new star, especially as she was working well with several members of the new cast.

In view of all this, it was only fair that judgment on Sten’s own strength of “Nana” should have been withheld. Her second film, not the first, is to prove her real test as an outstanding screen star — or a flash in the pan. The answer will be found at the box office about six months after the release of “We Live Again.”

But it, in the meantime, Hollywood is in a problematical frame of mind about Anna’s future. I’ve reached the conclusion after a two-hour talk with her, that Anna, herself, is managing to remain surprisingly collected about the whole thing.

When I skirted the subject, asking if she would be terribly disappointed if anything happened to retard her Hollywood career, she turned her unusual eyes upon me, and said with a slight shrug:

“Why? I am happy where my work is. If I did not work in Hollywood, I would work in Berlin, or Hong Kong, or at the end of the earth, it does not matter. Places mean nothing to me. Only my work is important!”

“But you have built your home here!”

She said: “Oh, but that does not mean so much. We have built homes many places. We have one in Berlin, and one in Russia. We do not like to rent. We like to live in our own places, fixed just the way we like. We want lots of sunshine, and windows and plenty of room.” Then, too, there is Anna’s little ten-year-old step-daughter to be considered, Dr. Frenke’s child by a former marriage, to forget nine dogs of various breeds that are part of the Steen-Frenke menage.

Was this artistic ranchance an “act”? In Dietrich’s word it would be, but in Sten it would be even in Garbo. But if Anna Sten really cares two snips of her fingers about the pomp and glitter of Hollywood, then she has achieved the most successful and realistic act of the entire school of “I don’t care” stars, including Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullivan.

For instance; for the occasion of this interview in her dressing-room on the United Artists lot, she was wearing what is humorously referred to by the Hollywood press as a “uniform.” With the exception of her screen costumes, she is seldom seen in anything else. The uniform consists of a pair of slightly faded gray blue slacks, an inexpensive short sleeved-white sweater and a blue scarf tied indifferently about her neck. No beauty parlor expert was responsible for the uniformly effect of the hair that fell carelessly about her face. And make no mistake about it, no matter what you hear, or read, Anna offers her face in a beautiful face — strong in contour and as freshly scrubbed as a child’s.

WHEN reporters come to talk to me, they ask what I do with my spare time, and why it is I do not like Hollywood parties. They want to know why I do not go to the premieres and ride around in a big car with a chauffeur. They ask if I am putting on an act because I live so quietly and drive my own Ford couple to the studio. When I explain to them that I have no great ambition other than the one I do have, that even in Europe I was a prosaic, uninteresting person, I suppose they do not believe it.

“If my private life were interesting, I should be glad to talk of it. But what is there to say? I eat. I have a very good appetite and I like American dishes; I smoke a pipe, but I play no golf. I am a slender woman and my young step-daughter for companions. Now and then I go on a little vacation, somewhere where we can enjoy our own home and read. Yet I hesitate to tell this, because these things are very funny in Hollywood. They make jokes about movie stars and their books, do they not?”

How much a part of this “retreat routine” can be laid to Anna, and how much to her philosophic husband, Dr. Frenke, is a moot question in Hollywood. Not since John McCormick was a name, and Dr. Frenke was his manager, has there been a dominant force in control of Colleen Moore, has the husbandly influence been more prominent in a star’s career than Dr. Frenke’s over Anna’s. It was he who said: “It does not matter much what she plays on the screen, so long as she is in the mud. He meant, of course, that the characters she portrayed were of the earthy, peasant type. And there is little doubt but that Anna listens and heeds his words of wisdom in regard to her career, as well as in her private life. It is no particular secret in Hollywood, that away from the studio, Dr. Frenke is decidedly boss in his family group.

“Perhaps it is too bad,” she continued, sniffing out a cigarette, “that I am not a glamorous person with great jewels and beautiful gowns and many love stories to write up in the newspapers. But I am not. And that is why I say this part of Hollywood could never mean anything to me.”

She was standing now looking out over the lovely little of the Hollywood Hills, where recumbent way to the various stages.

We will soon know whether or not she was looking out over the scene of her great American triumph, hailed as a real queen of the studio. But whatever the future, Anna Sten will eventually build her next home in “Hong Kong or the end of the world. It does not matter as long as my work is there!”
Cantor's Recipe for Happiness

(Continued from page 39)

young ladies on earth try to yell me down, I'll go on believing it. The clever woman who has what she wants, and wants to keep it, will go on letting her husband believe that he's smarter than she is.

"Domination over husband over wife? Wife submerging personality to superior husband?" I suggested.

"Put it in that way if you care to. But I'll say it my way!" Eddie was being forceful. And he can be.

"Take Ida, for instance. I've known her since I was thirteen years old. She was the first person in the world who made me feel important."

"I was a lonely little runt, brought up by an iron-willed grandmother on the East Side of New York. Both my parents died when I was two years old, and Grandma Esther so poor she didn't have time, at the end of a day's fighting the big, bad wolf, to waste in cuddling an unimportant shaver like me. Maybe she didn't think it was good for me. So about all I knew in those days was poverty, work, loneliness, and a big inferiority complex.

"Then, when I met Ida, and she started right out making me feel I was a great guy, something happened to me. I began to believe that maybe I could amount to something in this world, you know."

"Maybe she was smart that way; smart enough to know she was appealing to my vanity. But that didn't make any difference. She never let me know that she knew. If more women in Hollywood used a little of those tactics on their husbands, the divorce lawyers would have to look for another happy hunting ground." [Image of a comic strip]

As he spoke, I had a mental picture of a typical Cantor family dinner described to me by a good friend of that large and flourishing clan. A long table piled with good, home-cooked food. Eddie at the head, all bright and shiny, and contriving to look more like a college sophomore than a man with the dignity of the family which he most certainly is. At the other end, Ida. Between them, about a dozen relatives from both sides of the family. And ranged like a regiment, proud Eddie's "five tests of true love" (that's what he calls the Cantor girls), Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn, and Janet.

But after one moment in that group, no one could possibly doubt who was head man. It was that fellow at the head of the table with the snappy black eyes. Ida sees to that.

When Eddie starts to tell a story—and contrary to what one hears about comedians off duty, Eddie keeps his family amused with a great store of humor—there is hushed silence around the table. Ida sees to that. If any one is so indiscreet as to butt in, he is mercilessly rebuffed by a stabbing glance from Ida.

What's more, Ida doesn't care a tinker's dam if, time after time, she is mistaken for Eddie's older sister. Placidly, she goes on knitting, while other Hollywood non-professional wives spend endless hours with cosmeticians trying to be made as beautiful as the insidious "temptations" which surround their starring husbands in the studios.

Nor does she eat out her heart over real or imaginary infidelities. She doesn't have to.
"Why do they worry about such things?" she seems to be saying, as her ample motherly figure rocks back and forth, back and forth, to her knitting, in a kind of comforting lullaby rhythm.

**Pondering** over this, I asked Ida's Eddie whether she was never upset by her's. Whether he hadn't had a qualm or two about those beautiful Goldwyn girls who surround him in "Kid Millions," when they'd been separated for several days.

He gave me that look of chronic surprise from his beetle-black eyes. "She knows I'll come back," he said.

"But suppose you shouldn't some day? It's happened to the statistician married man."  

"Have you ever been to the circus—when they shoot those guys out of cannons," asked Eddie.

"No. They've never been shot out of those cannons thousands of times before. So when you watch the performance, you expect to see them come out, don't you? Just before they pop out of the mouth of the cannon, though, the audience holds its breath. There's one chance in a thousand that this time there'll be a hit. And it's known that it's only one chance in a thousand.

"It's the same idea with a happy marriage. Ida takes that chance with me. Maybe I won't come back. But it's a dangerous gamble for her. For she knows that when a man reaches a certain age, and has been going along a certain path consistently, he's dangerous to his wife. Nature always takes care of that.

"But there are men who make that dangerous detour." I was egging him on.

"What do you say?"

"I say they're nutty," answered Eddie. "That kind of thing is as much insanity as the brand which makes a man think he's Napoleon. The man who leaves a wife with whom he's been comfortable for so long—a wife who understands him and all his funny ways—the middle-aged man who leaves her for the uncertainty of life with a young girl who doesn't know the meaning of the words 'forbear' and 'sacrifice'—that man deserves what he gets. Take it from me.

"In May I had to work out in some few cases, but those are freaks that defy the law of averages and the laws of nature.

When you add that the landslide of divorces in Hollywood might be used as circumstantial evidence against the case he was trying to prove, he just shook his head.

"Not at all," he replied. "Just look around at the successful actors who are still living with the same wife. Will Rogers, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Joe E. Brown, Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore, the Morgan brothers, Jimmy Cagney, Warren William, are faithful to the women who are faithful to them when they were poor, bewildered nobodies, miles removed from the main chance. Those guys long ago learned to appreciate the affection their wives gave them. And they've also learned to appreciate the value of stability.

"Neither their marriage nor their success were over-night, flash-in-the-pan affairs. They didn't want any premature buildup of themselves as romantic heroes. Their success came like melted butter, a suit of struggle and slow growth. They weren't tossed to the heights and then pushed over the cliff. What their wives gave them was their silent effort to make a go of things is not brief, mad passion. It's solid, permanent affection—a steady, glowing warmth that will last to the final pay-off.

"Now figure out the bust-ups. Where do you find them? Among that group who made a success too quickly.

"They bring a fellow out from Kansas or Iowa, make him a star in ten days—and what usually happens? The too-rush marriage goes on the rocks. Right away he buys a big, expensive automobile. He rents a stupefying palace. Then he looks around for the girl.

"But, when he considers marriage, he reckons on the same principle as when he buys a new car. He can trade in his old car for a new model. And he decides he can trade in his wife, in the same way, if he gets tired of her.

"People shouldn't expect that kind of marriage to turn out any different than it usually does. You can't take a baby out of the cradle and expect him to walk around the block, can you? Well, the same principle applies to getting married."

---

**A Prosop** of that, I remembered another story which seemed to help explain what—according to Hollywood standards—is an incongruously happy marriage. It was something Eddie himself had told me when I first met him some time ago.

"I've never refused Ida anything since we were married," he said. "I'm not trying to boast, but I have asked for anything I couldn't give her!"

"I'll never forget how she took the stock market crash. When it was all over and I came up from under my hair and my headache, I didn't own a red cent outright. And I owed the banks $225,000!"

"What do you suppose she said? She just laughed and asked me if it was a fool worry. You'll still find Ida when I'm not around, you, Eddie? Well, your funny business made plenty of money for us before the crash, and it's going to be the same again. I know you'll come back bigger than ever."

"Here's another sample of what Ida's always doing. Some time ago, she had to go to the hospital for a very serious operation. I was away from her at the time. But she wouldn't let the girls write me about it until she'd come out of the ether.

"After they let me talk to her long distance, and I knew everything was all right, I wrote her a check for $500; and I told her to pin it on herself as a medal for being a brave solder. She knew that was my way of saying 'Buy some clothes for yourself.'" But what did she do? Well, I subsequently received a letter from my oldest daughter describing the wonderful new clothes Ida had bought for all of them. Of course, with the money I wanted her to spend on herself, 'That's my Ida!'"

I can't finish this story of an old-fashioned marriage without bringing you in on a secret. That is, if you don't already know it.

In those hard-boiled '30s, when it's chic to scrape off your emotions, Eddie wears his on his sleeve. He's a terrible sentimentalist.

Do you recall the song-hit of his first broadcast a season ago? It was "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" Well, I did!"

"Eddie sang that song very well. But when he came to the "I Did" part, it sounded like "I'da" instead. I didn't trust my ears, so insisted that two of my friends listen to verify my suspicion. Eddie fervently singing "I'da" instead of "I Did," as plainly as if he were calling her name."

Sort of a wonderful tribute from sort of a wonderful man, don't you think? I do. (Pronounced "Ida.")"
Adding Common Sense to Glamor

(Continued from page 38)

when the handsome Hollywood males were tumbling over one another to date her. Francis Lucas is one hero who lived up to the idea of a bolder Editor. A
tremendous bolder Editor.

The hip-length jacket is long-sleeved and has a scarf neck. The hat Jean selected is one of those ridiculously adorable mishmash concoctions of black velvet with a horsehair band.

"Hats are trutiors to the face sometimes," she murmured, glancing at a tiny, thin-faced girl who was trying on broad-brimmed models. It was astounding how completely they wiped all expression from her face. But when she put on a cute Continental model—presto, another personality.

"I've always thought it was the tricorne hat that won the Revolutionary War," said Jean. "Anyway, they're my favorites." No wonder. When they made her look as sprightly as the dawnning.

She bought one to go with a suit that fairly speaks of football games and campus glory. It's a tweed in a dark, shadowy color, but it wears very chartreuse blue background.

Yes, and it's flecked with red and there's a black stripe running through it. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Well, it is exciting, for participation in such matching red velvet blouse—velvetin, mind you.

It's the latest, maddest craze in film fashions. Mary Pickford's wearing it in indecipherable blue, and Norma Shearer has it in pigeon gray. But it remained for young Jean to get it in a red version that looks as if it might belong to Peter Pan himself, considering that collar.

It's surprising how these chicke little creatures, who look like a man day and night, can make it look so well. Jean dotes on 'em. She isn't a wistful enchantress in a period costume, she's a tantalizing imp in slacks, or in other words, a semi-manlike outfit, like the one we christened her 'racetrack ensemble' because it consists of a derby, a bold shepherd's plaid and a bolder red belt.

Oh, but it's cute and clever. That white and black coat has a very high, stand-up collar, and because it is Chinese red butons and metal bars. Instead of the straight-up-the-front closing, it has a diagonal one, and just try that on your figure if you want to look slim. But don't make it a shepherd's plaid. That is

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State of New York.

County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, in the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of said publication.

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Modern Screen

Beautiful does mean. Tired glass "Now sur-

Tom the usual tailored sleeves that such coats have, these were rather full and caught by a wrist band, the kind you see on shiftwaists. And to top the outfit off still more dramatically she selected the derby—a delightful feminine version of the original. Inci-

dently, turned-up small brims always offset a high collar best. The hat, of course, is black like the wool skirt.

Where does the 'starring' process really begin in clothes?" I wanted to know.

"Right with the foundation garment," Jean assured me. "The whole idea, you see, is to make your shoulders seem broader than your hips. One of these pull-on rubber girdles helps tremendously.

"Personally, I like contrasting colors in clothes—and it's often wise to contrast them a bit with your special type. Here's what I mean. If you're a very athletic, sure-of-yourself person, wear gentle clothes. Something that softens you, such as shiny brown crepe with gold touches made in a very feminine manner. Don't feel you must wear strictly tailored things and sport tops all the time.

"And if you're a quiet, everyday sort of person, do the unusual in dressing. Wear a hat that's decidedly impish, or an exotic piece of jewelry with a plain, beautifully cut gown.

"I think if you concentrate on day-
time dresses you get a lot more pleasure out of it, for after all they are what you live in mostly, and they all ought to have a different mood."

Which is why, perhaps, she chose that "artist's" model before you could wink an eye. It made her look like an irresistible bit of Bohemia right from the start. The last word in fashions, the tunic dress, is in this case disguised as an art smock in a check of earth brown and verdant green. "And doesn't it make me look taller?" she enthused.

There was a fringed scarf of golden brown to blend with the wool skirt and enormous brown leather buttons and a big patch pocket. To further carry out the idea, Jean completed it with an oversize pancake beret, stitched across the top. "Now where are my paints and brushes?" I didn't know. She was a picture enough as it was! Maybe it has already occurred to you—

not a speck of fur on a single thing Jean's selected. There is a reason. She hates furs, says it has spoiled many a good-looking coat or suit, and doesn't feel she can yet afford the kind of fur she wants. "If you're going to get it at all, I believe it's best to buy a lovely separate fur collar and then have it to wear with various costumes," if that isn't being very sensible, I'd like to know what is.

Everyone these days is on the lookout for an afternoon-through-dinner dress. Something that will carry you through on a sorority tea and into a dinner date. Jean found hers in a heavy black satin that is distinctively an advocate of the "pencil" silhouette. It follows the glamorous princess style and combines the excitement of a slit skirt with the meekness of a round neck. A very pretty neck that has a knife-pleated trim of the black satin which also edges the dolman sleeves. The pleating swoops down on either side of the slit waist in back, too; it's held together by two rhinestone buttons. White satin flowers are the highlight. A black velvet hat has two ornaments repeating the rhinestone note.

For her "formal," Jean did the unusual. Just as I was wondering whether she'd pick out something fluffy, possibly white, she walked straight up to a love of a sleeveless coat in smoky leaf brown. "Does that mean anything to you?" she questioned.

"It does! It spells youth with a charming-new-dignity."

"Heaven's, I think I'll take it," chuckled Jean. As if there has been a doubt of it at all! The fascination of it was in the line. A ruffle forms the collar, the cape sleeves, and cascades down the back to the waist, right to the point where the fancy train starts. What that does to a girl's figure is something to write in the bride's book! Two metal flowers, one in bronze and gold, the other in green and silver, are the only elaboration on the whole gown.

"There's that completes my particular clothes 'test,'" she said with a tired droopy, very happy smile. A "test," if you ask us, that would win style stardom for any girl!
Have You Changed in the Last Five Years?

(Continued from page 53)

It didn't happen suddenly—psychological changes seldom do—but now, as you look at Gable's face, you can see in his eyes a great peace instead of glowering storm clouds. What had actually happened to him was that he had seen himself in relationship to a great industry—as a man stands in a crowded street and looks heavenwards at the planet Mars to realize, for the first time, how small and ineffectual he is in comparison to the great universe.

Clark saw the picture business as a sort of universe and himself just a small part in it. And, gradually, as this idea took possession of him, he worked out his salvation until now he says, "The producers were right. Why should they have given me a job when I wasn't any good? It was just an accident that I had something which caught on, and why should they be blamed for not prophesying this accident, when there were so many begging for the same thing I wanted?"

"Every morning as I come to the studio I see myself standing outside the casting office waiting to 'get a break.' Every day people ask me to help them get a job—and I can't help them. I really see how complicated the picture business is, now that I'm on the other side of that great fence, I realize how lucky I am to be inside at all."

And thus has Gable changed from bitterness to humility. I think his present attitude might teach us all a lesson or two.

GARY COOPER has undergone a change, too, in a very different way. When he got his first part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," he was so terrified that he disappeared from the set for days and had to be found and brought back, so sure was he of his own inadequacy. He felt the enormity of the industry at once. It is an actual fact that he was so frightened and nervous that he would be physically ill after doing an emotional scene before the camera. He knew he wasn't an actor and was tremendously impressed by those who had proven their ability.

The psychological change happened to Gable rather suddenly. He was watching a well-known actor doing a scene. Gary had the most profound respect for the man. The fellow had been laughing and joking with some friends on the set when the director called him. Instantly he did an emotional scene of such intensity that real tears came to his eyes, he simulated real hysterics.

The director called, "Cut!" The actor stepped outside of camera range and finished the story he had begun. The stage shook with laughter.

The young Gary, watching, was amazed. Gary, who had been ill after his big scenes, Gary who had so respected the camera that he had run away from it out of sheer terror. And now this Gary said to himself, "Well! So that's all there is to it, this acting business. You laugh and kid and then you cry before a black box. Why, it's a big joke and I've been letting it get me down. What a fool I've been!"

The change began that moment. His new attitude took entire possession of him when he came on his set one day and saw five men who had once been great stars, playing extra parts.

Now his attitude is cynical. He says, "Nuts to this business. I'm smart enough to know that it lasts—this fame—for five years and then they kick you out and get another boy. And I was the goof who took it seriously. Well, I don't take it seriously any more. I do my stunt and take my money and when my time's up, I call it a day!"

Just a few of the 200 or more friends who dropped in to give the Fredric Marches' new home in Bel Air the once-over. The hostess, herself, Mary Astor, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were among the "house warmers."
A MODERN SCREEN

AND now let's turn to some of the girls who are the authority on Hollywood and the young inveterate, high-groomed, shrewd little creatures, emerge, a year or so later, as glamorous, gorgeous, worldly women. They're still under twenty, most of them. No matter how many times it is pointed out to me, I never fail to get a kick out of Loretta Young—a peerless picture intelligence, a woman with visions on life, love and marriage, a woman who could not imagine being caught in a situation which she considers a lie. And when that age is at the age when most girls are graduating from college.

There are so many like her—Jean Parker, Patricia Ellis, Maureen O'Sullivan, Rochelle Hudson, Thelma Todd, Bette Davis, to name but a very few. To tell all of them all would be repetitious. Ann Dvorak will, I think, fill the gap. In a way, her experience has been identical with them all.

I remember Ann when she was a little extra girl around the M-G-M lot. Joan Crawford saw her and made a sort of protegee of her and tried, I recall, to promote her for the part of Ann Darrow. Marshall Duffield, the University of Southern California's football player. The match didn't promote because Ann was too shy.

She was sixteen, then, inordinately ambitious but without the slightest idea of how to go about achieving that ambition. She had been the heroine as a starlet in the high school play. And yet, there was within her the knowledge that she had talent. But they took her nose wouldn't photograph. And she tightened up whenever she made a test. She couldn't talk to people and she suffered a lot. She went to a director to ask for a part.

Today she is just past twenty, but she has the manner of a woman of the world. The once young details are dripping from the tips of her fingers. And she says things like, "There is nothing in life worth while but being free."

She became mature enough to give up her career after her marriage to Leslie Fenton, because she realized how fleeting is Hollywood. It won't last around the world with her sophisticated husband, with whom half the women in Hollywood had been in love.

What brought about this truly remarkable change? The actual occurrence happened suddenly. The change, itself, with all its ramifications, came slowly.

Howard Hawks was looking for a girl to play the role of Paul Muni's sister in "Scarface." Karen Morley, a friend, got Ann the interview. It was the first time she had bothered the M-G-M lot to look for work. Hawks didn't know that she suffered acutely from embarrassment. Hawks didn't know that she wouldn't look for a photograph that she tightened up before she came. And when she talked to him she felt that he had confidence in her.

AS a matter of fact, Hawks was desperate. He had tested hundreds of girls for the part. He was tired of the search and he knew that this girl would look like Ann. But, that, she didn't know. All she saw was that he seemed to believe in her. She made a grand test and they signed her to a contract.

Nothing succeeds like success. She was a success, and the poise, the assurance of this girl, was so quick to develop that it is as if there were two Ann Dorvaks, the shy kid and the present worldly woman.

And how the ugly ducklings invariably change into the beautiful swans. They lose their fear when a producer or a director becomes interested in them, buys up their self esteem, gives them confidence. This confidence changes these girls radically. They do not look the same, as you can see for yourself by comparing any "before and after" photographs.

JOHN BARRYMORE. Has ever any one changed more completely than he? Once the stormy petrel of the Barrymore tribe in the man with clothes, he could be counted upon to make the bizarre, the fantastic, the startling gesture—has settled down into being one of Hollywood's best citizens, a family man, a devoted husband and father.

Recently I was shopping in a department store and I saw a plump, matronly woman followed by a gentleman, driving his wife in a taxicab with his hat smashed down on his head. He was carrying an armload of parcels, following docilely, a few paces after his wife.

And that was John Barrymore, the Barrymore of the flashing profile, the man who used to shock young girls into crying for their father. I had never seen him beyond recognition, who obeyed no man, woman or law, who was affectionately called "the kid" by his brother and sister-in-law, who, although never considered in their lives, were paragons of respectability compared to John.

And this same John carries parcels for his wife. What a change! Well, sigh for fleeting youth. It is surely a better life he leads now, a more satisfactory one. No outside influence, no remarkable chain of circumstances has caused this change. He has grown older, that's all. The fires of daring, rebellious youth are out. But the standards of good fellows in the East or Hollywood.

What fate led Ramon Novarro away from his life of spiritual hermithood and made him into a wife's husband? The answer is simple and has happened many times. The death of his beloved brother, for whom he had sacrificed so much, for whom he had such high hopes and ambitions, showed him how fleeting is life and made him start upon a campaign of rose-gathering while ye may. Ramon changed more drastically than almost anyone in pictures.

COLLEEN MOORE, once the most local girl in pictures, waited a solid year under the murder of a screen role that never materialized. She was embroiled in a political mess that kept her off the screen all that time—drawing the same salary. Yet expected "comeback." It was during that miserable year of waiting that she turned rebel and began demanding the favors she saw other stars demand and get, when they screamed loud enough.

I could name dozens more who have changed completely the things they have mentioned are now. But tomorrow? Who knows what they will be tomorrow. No city is so kaleidoscopic as Hollywood. One turn of the little cylinder and there is a new, a fascinating, a colorful pattern. Its people change with the changing pattern.

But they are right, for there is little virtue in remaining the same. We may make mistakes. We may take the wrong path. But that is better than standing still. And the more personality phase pass through, the richer our lives become.

Have you changed radically in the last five years? Is there anything of your mind and your heart into the light. It will do you good. Knowing yourself, analyzing your own mind will make the world a more handsome place for you. It is the basis of all personal psychology, and a pretty darn good basis!
I Have Been Kept by a Movie Star

(Continued from page 43)

and that I must not let my nerves get the better of me.

When we entered our host's drawing-room, he cried, "Here is Gloria Gay, our newest and one of our brightest stars."

Gloria smiled and remarked, "And this is my husband, Mr. Blank."

I realized presently that while there were no other notable people in the room, who appeared really to like me, I didn't mean anything to anyone present. Unless you mean something, stand for something to begin with. There is no reason for your being at a party at all. No one invites you merely because he likes you. As we accepted or regretted invitations for subsequent gatherings, I told myself again and again that I shouldn't be invited if it weren't for Gloria. I also told myself that I managed to keep a straight face and ride out and determined that I should mean something soon.

Later at home Gloria said, "Darling, I couldn't believe it when I saw man failed to introduce you to his other guests. We shall never, never go there again."

She cried and I kissed her and was comforted in the little.

But in the aching hours of that sleepless night I kept hearing Gloria's remark, "Every woman wants to be proud of her man." She was so dear, so terribly dear.

The days went on in that empty, useless, shiny office. Once or twice I fell so low as to dictates glorious letters to the red-haired secretary, letters to mythical New York brokers. I was invited to attend conferences upon Gloria's next picture. These took place around a long table in a large and impressive office. But when I offered a suggestion, they listened to me with impatient politeness and then proceeded with their own plans and arguments. I went only once.

I wrote, painstakingly, the synopsis of an original story which I offered to Armheimer. He received it with thanks and enthusiasm, but I never heard any more about it. I spent more and more time at the office. I enjoyed the exercise, liked the claps who played, enjoyed the gatherings at the clubhouse afterward. I swam in our pool every morning and I took long, long walks around the park. Some days I did not go to the office at all.

One of the papers mentioned me as, "Gloria Gay's husband, capitalist and sportsman." My smile at that was pretty bitter. I had no money of my own except the small salary which went with the office. And Armheimer, our boss, had to pay our salaries.

Gloria was insistent that I buy new clothes and opened accounts for me with expensive tailors. Well, I couldn't do it. Usually.

Gloria made another picture and then another, with growing acclaim. Even the hard-boiled New Yorkers cried for her, and in the sills those middle western sections which are the back-bone of the box office, she was just what the doctor had ordered. From one movie contract and gave her another with a large increase in salary.

I lapsed into a curious lethargy. There was the picture and the money, I told myself, and even if no one else realized it, both Gloria and I knew that I had helped to earn it. Why shouldn't I be comfortable and luxurious?

I knew that there was gossip in the colony about Gloria and Armheimer, but it never occurred to me to doubt her for an instant. She had long since ceased to ask my advice about matters pertaining to her career. But I couldn't blame her. I had no faith in my own judgment.

At last we had—we had—a vacation. Six weeks in the summer, between pictures. We would, she decided, go abroad.

I demurred. Armheimer had condomsed to say that he wanted me to "help" him on a certain production. Some of his energy came back to me. I thought, that perhaps this was my opportunity to make her proud of me—to do something.

Gloria did more than pay me.

"It's a small thing to do for me," she cried. "I can't go without you because the gossip writers will ruin me. I should be ashamed to think you are going to Europe with all your expenses paid. Your job, indeed! Your silly old job. What have you ever done?"

I LEFT her, tearful and sulky, and went to the office. As I sat at my wide, empty desk, I stared over the lot passed my window, escorted by an office boy.

"What are you inquiring, "does Gloria Gay's husband do?"

The boy hesitated. "Well, they call him a supervisor," he admitted, "but I guess that's just to please Miss Gay."

I reached for the telephone and called Gloria. "Darling," I said, "I have changed my mind. The job doesn't mean a bean in comparison with your pleasure. Certainly we shall go abroad and I shall strive to give the best performance, as a movie star's husband, that the capitol of Europe have ever seen."

I typed my resignation and sent it to Armheimer. Then I left that shiny office forever.

The trip to New York and Europe was a triumphal and ecstatic experience for Gloria. I began to do pretty heavily on that trip and, although I did not dis- grace us—or Mr. Armheimer—at any point, my memory of the journey is all that I remember, the wine and food and the conglomeration of celebrities, all cooing at and admiring my wife.

We returned and re-entered the whirl. We met, at small and select gatherings, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. How would it feel, I wondered, to be an important executive on the lot upon which your wife was a star? Once I had had dreams. We met Mary Pickford. She was always so shy at parties, until she had found a group of intimates, after which she would sparkle and glow and make a bright and shiny little note in the gathering. How could her romance with Douglas Fairbanks be a shock to a woman, wondered, when they were both so successful?

The non-professional wives of Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery seemed contented. But non-movie husbands of successful women—Irene Dunn's husband, Colleen Moore's, Aline Mcmahon's, Elissa Landis's and others—appeared to be engaged in profitable pursuits elsewhere.

I saw less and less of Gloria. Diet had become important to her. And massage. She was constantly trying new food fads and new aids to beauty. We had always had such fun, bounding off on mad excursions. A picnic. A trip to the beach to ride on roller coasters and win silly
Glorify

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My Big Sister Ruby

My Big Sister Ruby

(Continued from page 44)

dolls at games. The discovery of a new foreign restaurant in an odd corner of town had been an event. Concerts. Puppets shows. Now, if Gloria was working, she must have her massage and then dinner in bed. From a tray. Between pictures she must give only to important homes and entertain only important people.

I sighed a little for the days in which we had brought home an itinerant accor- diant player to dance. When we had dis-

covered a starving poet, when we had gone to the Hollywood Bowl concerts and sat high on the hillside, hand-in-hand, listen-
ing to divine symphonics.

ONE-day Gloria and I were having tea on the lawn of her house. Gloria was having tea and I was having several whiskeys. It occurred to me suddenly that she had had something to do her hair. The color of her hair, which I had loved so much, was shiner now and lighter. It made her look older and hard. I asked her about it.

"It was very expensive," she said. "But it photographs more flatteringly than it did the old way. For my next picture I am going to have it a very light red."

"You didn't consult me," I said.

She looked at me, blankly. "Well, why should I?" she inquired, with real be-

wilderness. "It photographs better. I was just telling you.

A few moments later she said, "My next picture calls for me to go on loca-
tion for about a month."

"I said, "Is that so? When do we start?"

She looked at me and hesitated. "Well, darling," she admitted, at last, "I'm afraid that they don't plan for you to go. They told me that it would be better if you didn't. I don't know how to tell you."

But if anything comes up to which I object, that doesn't mean that they have put me up to complaining. That it is your ad-

vice which is causing the trouble. It weakens my position, Do you see? Oh, please see, dear. It isn't that I don't love you and that I don't want your advice."

She hadn't asked my advice in months. I looked at her for a long, long moment. If I tried to recall the shining little creatures I had glimpsed that first day on the street of that small, southern town. She was gone. Here woman, naked, care-

fully dressed woman of the world. She wasn't worshipping me as a magic, fairy-
tale Prince Charming now. She was ap-

proaching me and asking me weaknesses. She had found that I "weakened her position," even though I had effaced myself, I thought, as far as a man could. I was a drawback, and an expensive one, too.

"My dear," I said, "I shall go away. I shan't stand in your way, weaken your position any longer."

I went to my room and wondered what I could put into a bag which would belong to me. There was nothing. But Gloria would have small bags for men's shirts and pajamas, which had been tailored to fit me. I decided that I might take a quota of those. I would take nothing in the way of suits excepting what I could. My clothes fitted the second footing nicely.

WHEN I went downstairs, Arm-

heimer was there. Gloria was weeping, softly. "Miss Gay thinks that she should give you some money," said the little man, "but I can't go away like this. The publicity would be so bad."

I hit him. I hit him rather neatly on the chin—just hard enough to knock him out temporarily but not hard enough to do him any permanent damage. Having accomplished that to my satisfaction, I told Gloria, who had stood there looking rather dazed, kissed her once and went away.

Sitting on a park bench yesterday in a dusty, middle western town, I picked up a paper which someone had abandoned. "What becomes of movie stars' abandoned husbands?" a caption asked. "Where are the cradle husbands of Gloria Gay and . . . ."

I can't go home to the little southern town. My family will have none of me. I have no money. I have abandoned my name. I am about to start over in this little, hot, dusty town, not because I have chosen and prefer it, but because this was as far as I could travel with the change I had in my pocket.

Even from my park bench, I could see that this was a clean, wholesome, decent little town, populated by hard working people who earn their money. Today I answered an ad in the small, local paper secured a job as a clerk in a hardware store, at fifteen dollars a week.

I shall work very hard and hope some day to become a stockholder or a junior executive. But I shall hope and pray that never, never shall these people learn that— I have been kept by a movie star!*

Is that the end of the story, you ask? Do you want to know if he ever saw Gloria again? We can't blame you for asking but you see, it's a story without an end, really. What difference would it make if he did see Gloria again? She wouldn't give up her career. He would have to go out of his way and the thing of the world, the thing of the world, is being kept by a movie star.

And so, you can see, in a heart-breakingly truthful Hollywood story (with fictitious names, of course, for obvious reasons) one of the answers to that perpetual question, "Why can't those Hollywood folks stay married?"
Texas Guinan. The kick used to get so much laughter and applause that it became almost a standard. I didn't get paid for it (the act, I mean) but it was fun.

In spite of the nine years' difference between us, I think I'm closer to Ruby than to Dad. I think Ruby, when Ruby began to go on tour, Mother went with her and because I was the baby she took me, too. The rest of the family was at home with Dad and a housekeeper.

But I was practically raised on the road. I was the best of Mother's training and Ruby's experience. They seldom went out after the show. When she did, Mother went along until she was eighteen. Usually Ruby would come back to the hotel and the three of us would have a swell time playing poker. Ruby taught me how when I was a little tot and we'd play for hours. And she taught me each step as she'd invent it. You know, that outside of the fundamentals, Ruby makes up her own routines.

I've always had one foot in Gertrude's stocking. We've been a family with dancing feet, all right. Neither Mother nor Dad knows where we got them—I mean where Ruby got them. We seem to have put them up free, and no one in our family before was ever in show business. Anyway we'd all rather dance than eat. We all hated school.

We're too busy to shake our heads deeply, but she says she learned not to force us to do anything. After giving Gertrude piano lessons, she played the violin, and even of them ever touches an instrument. But they're still dancing.

As a result of Ruby's training, Gertrude and Helen are still in an act and Gertrude went out with Helen. Now Bill has married and settled down to business, but Gertrude and Helen are always in Ruby's act. When Ruby is making a new one, they're sure to ask, "Do you think there'll be a place for us?" They're the answer, "We guess we can squeeze you in somewhere."

In Ruby's pictures they have to be careful. Only recently when some rushes of ours were being off the director yelled, "What's Ruby doing coming out of that door?"

I turned out to be Gertrude and they had to make the scene over and put Gertrude and Helen in "phone booths—they look so much like Ruby. People say I do, too. I'm glad if I do for I'd rather look like her than anybody else in the world. Anna dances too, only she's been ill and so Ruby's been letting her handle her mail.

I know you wanted me to tell you about Ruby, but I can't mention her without bringing in the rest of the family. Ruby's been one grand sister to us and a grand daughter to Mother and Dad. Even before she was married, she used to turn over a considerable white salary to mother and she still does. Next to Al, we come first with her and she's been showering us with gifts since she began to make money. We don't want anything in a store window like Ruby's with us, because if she's anywhere within hearing distance we're sure to have it the next day.

I'll have to end it just the same. He set Bill up in business in Wall Street several years ago and he's always doing nice things for us, but besides that, he takes a personal interest in each one of us — asks us all about our boy friends and what we're doing. He's just like one of us and Mother's crazy about him.

Ruby and Al have the loveliest home in Scarsdale. I think it had one like it. I'd want to be in it all the time, but maybe I wouldn't want to give up my career if I were as lucky as Ruby. For all of her fame and her money with the star, she's still as shy as she was when she first began to dance—in fact, we're all shy and I don't believe any of us has ever danced or sung for company at home. We get actual stage fright except when we're on a stage or are practicing by ourselves. And right here I ought to tell you that Ruby is a hard task mistress when it comes to dancing. No matter how good other people may say we are, Ruby always says, "Don't think you're perfect. You've got a lot to learn."

I guess none of us is spoiled because Ruby isn't either. She has no use for us if we were. In fact, she takes good care to see that we don't get spoiled. She likes to arrange my hair but you see how plain I wear it and Ruby says it suits me best that way. She won't let me use any make-up either—not even powder. "Keep the way you are now—whole-some," she says. "There are enough painted dolls in Hollywood."

She's always been right, so I guess she's right in this, too. She's made me finish school because even though she didn't have much education and got along all right, she insisted that I must have it because it gives me a good background. I've just graduated from the Professional School in Los Angeles. I liked it because I never had to do homework.

I've sung over the American Broadcasting System and I hope to be a "hot" blues singer one of these days. I'm still studying voice and I like it almost better than dancing. After that's been as far as my dancing comes so naturally to me. In the fall I'm going to Hollywood and start a picture career. I've been in "Harold Teen." They chose me because they said I looked like a schoolgirl.

It's nice to have all the comforts that we enjoy now, but we're never as poor as the sob sisters like to have you believe. They've written that we were in desperate circumstances before Ruby was famous, but that isn't so. Mother and Dad came from Nova Scotia when Ruby was a kid.

Dad was a sausage maker there and carried goods to New York. When they got to New York, the method of making sausage was different from that used at home so poor Dad was out of luck. Someone offered him a job driving an ice wagon. He made a good living—enough to bring six children up comfortably.

We lived on the East Side because none of the apartment houses on the West Side wanted a family with children, especially when all of us were always tap dancing. You see, we were blamed by the landlord for wanting their ceilings caving in on them. On the East Side, though, they weren't so particular.

It's a far cry from those days, but none of us has changed very much. Ruby, who has had more opportunity to change, has perhaps changed least of us all. She's still as sweet as she used to be and just as natural. Now she and Al want to smooth the path for me, but I told them I want to succeed the way she did without anyone's help.

If I do succeed, though, it will be to Ruby's advantage because she taught me everything she learned herself, through training and experience. She's wonderful. I wish everyone could have a sister like her.
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MODERN SCREEN

WESTLEY, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Still alive.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARNER: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOSI: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.

WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WOOLY, PAT: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 31)

In fact, the finished picture seems to prove that there are too many people to handle. Story concerns a racketeer, Eddie Love, who becomes a famous radio commentator. He muffs his big chance with a phony broadcast and Gloria Stuart rescues him from overdrinking and eventual suicide in time for a happy ending. In the meantime, the idea allows for a lot of radio personalities to be introduced: Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Merman, Downey Sisters, Graham McNamee and Gus Arnhem's music. The comedy was furnished by Henry Armetta and a terrifically funny sequence with Karloff, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and Paul Lukas. But, with it all, it leaves something to be desired. Just pleasant enough, that's all.

B: DANGEROUS CORNER
(RKO-Radio)

Unusually interesting picture. In spite of the fact that there is little or no action—the entire story takes place in one room—this film is so "different" that we think you will enjoy it. About a group of people, whose conversation gets around to a robbery and suicide of three years before. Gradually, one after another the characters involve themselves in the hitherto unrevealed evidence and the story becomes exciting and tense. Conrad Nagel comes back with a fine performance and Virginia Bruce and Erich von Stroheim are well cast. Ian Keith, Melyn Douglas and Doris Lloyd contribute to the picture in no small way. It is difficult to place this picture in a particular category, possibly a drawing-room mystery is close enough. Not sensational, but entertaining all the way.

C: THE LEMON DROP KID
(Paramount)

Poor of Tracy, still giving us those time-worn "double-takes" and vaudeville eyebrows to get over his drummer. If this didn't make two bad ones in a row for Lee Tracy, we might think some of the credit for this disappointing picture should fall on Mr. Neelan, the director, but we can't. And there was nothing wrong with Damion Ray's story, so we're even more taken aback than usual. Little Helen Mack was badly photographed and she's so thin, it's pitiful. The only credible performance is turned in by William Frawley as the Professor—he even sings! Baby LeRoy just walks through it; he must have realized the result wouldn't do him any good. We can't honestly say much for this one.

C: DEATH ON THE DIAMOND
(M-G-M)

If you are a baseball fan, you might like it from that angle; if you aren't, there isn't much in the way of entertainment for you. Love on the diamond, murders, big gamblers, betting the wrong way. Through all this wonders Bob Young as a baseball pitcher who falls in love with Madge Evans, the district manager. Some of the situations are far-fetched and the results are not very satisfying. The love story fails to be convincing and the mystery is overloaded with suspense. In spite of a good cast, including Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy, the picture falls into the "average entertainment" class. Let your sporting-blood guide you.

C: WAGON WHEELS
(Paramount)

The old wagon-trail stuff, comedy guides, Indian attacks, the hero and a beautiful widow with her small 800. You can just see the wagons tipping over into the river, can't you? Well, they do, you can be sure. Gall Patrick is swell as the widow; she puts a real punch into her role. Randolph Scott does his usual stuff and hints a bit at love-making with Gall. The remainder of the cast, including Monte Blue and Ray Teal, is pretty well. Nothing new, but you Western fans may get a kick out of it.

C: THE DUDE RANGER
(Fox)

An average Western. There is nothing new and nothing startling about this picture. This time, the young eastern lad, George O'Brien, inherits the ranch and comes west to find that all his cattle are disappearing. It's the first time George has had to come so far to find out. Irene Hervey is the gal and she's okay, too. If you like Westerns and aren't too funny about having seen and read the plot many times before, this might be all right for you. Even for a Western, though, this is no rave. Better think twice.

C: CRIMSON ROMANCE
(Mascot)

Outdated war picture. The theme is too time-worn and the idea too gruesome and bloody to suit us. Ben Lyon joins the German army with his buddy, James Bush, and they both fall for a little ambulance driver, Sari Maritza. Of course, when the United States enters the war, Ben refuses to fight on the German side and is about to face the firing squad when his buddy helps him escape. A rather unnecessary picture, we thought.

D: DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT
(RKO-Radio)

It looks as if the studio had originally

POPULAR SONGS

BEAU-T-HOOD

Sensitive, something different—a magazine devoted entirely to Tin Pan Alley. Words and music to popular songs. Stories about favorite blues singer. Special stories such as "Censor Nonsense" which tells how censors tried to clean up certain songs but made them twice as bad.

Here are some of the songs you'll find in the December issue: I'M WHISTLIN' FOR MY MONE Y • GIGOLETT E • DREAM OF ME • IS IT GON NA GO TO SCHOOL, MA? • DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING? • LOVE THY NEIGHBOR • I WISH NM IVS ABOUT TOMORROW NIGHT? • SHE REMINDS ME OF YOU • CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN HARLEM • WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN I'M DREAMING • EMALINE • MY BABY'S ON STRIKE • IF IT ISN'T LOVE • GIVE ME A HEART TO SING TO • MANY THANKS FOR THE DANCE • HOW CAN YOU FACE ME • GEORGE MAY • AN ORCHID TO YOU • A BOY AND A GIRL WERE DANCING • UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON • HOME JAMES! AND DON'T YOU • MEN OF THE HORSES • MOON • GLOW • JUDY • HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY GOOD-BYE • SNAPSLOTS OF YOU • P.F. • I DO LOVE YOU • IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO • WAY DOWN SOUTH IN NORTH CAROLINA • BECAUSE OF YOU • FOR ME AND MY GAL • BEAUTIFUL LAND OF MY DREAMS • IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS • LA CUCARACHA •
planned to make a musical-to-end-all-musicals, and she succeeded in ending her own even before the first reel was over. Such a jumbled-up mess deserves mention if for no other reason than to warn our friends to save their money. The casting is almost a matter of genius, they didn't get a single character in the right role. The story wanders around until it gets lost and then the actors and the director kick it around for the remainder of the seven reels. Ned Sparks tried to make amusing out of the scene, but he failed. Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Polit, Moran and Sterling Holloway also ran. Skip it.

D: A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST
(Monogram)

The picture is lost, too! All the censors should see this little ditty—it would serve them right. It's just too, too "clean and wholesome" and so painfully dull and lethargic that we could hardly sit through it. Marian Marsh looks even better than usual and Ralph Morgan tries his best, but the tempo of the piece is too slow to allow for any opportunity to build the interest very high. Maybe this is what the reformers want, I, for one, couldn't take it and I don't think the average fan is going to go for it either.

B: WE LIVE AGAIN
(Sam Goldwyn)

Co-starring Anna Sten and Frederic March in a talkie version of the successful silent picture, "Resurrection," Sten is really beautiful and especially in the later sequences shows a dramatic intensity that is astonishing. There's more than beauty and sex appeal to this girl, March, of course, contributes his usual sincere performance. While the photography is excellent, the picture, in general, is a bit too slow for the fact that the story is familiar. Then there is the failure to produce an authentic atmosphere, an unforgivable failure in a production as lavish as this. However, it will give you an opportunity to see Anna Sten once more and judge for yourself. When is Goldwyn going to let the girl wear some of that "a" its full, long value. Never say "absolutely." Generally, each syllable is pronounced. Don't slight the "er" and say "generally.

C: WEDNESDAY'S CHILD
(RKO-Radio)

The story concerns the trials and tribulations of a youngster when his parents divide. Karen Morley and Edward Arnold have the difficult and unsympathetic task of playing the papa and mamma to the bewildered little Frankie Thomas and try so as far as possible. Arnold's characterization is something you don't want to miss. The young boy uses too much of his stage technique and suffers by comparison with what was seen in the cast, David Durand. Altogether, it's a bit slow and uninteresting.

B: STUDENT TOUR
(M-G-M)

With Durante and Butterworth conducting. Yes, and believe me, you wouldn't be worse off without those two comedy experts, either. The picture is about a summer cruise with a professor, Charlie Butterworth, on board to get the backward lids and lasses in trim for exams. The romantic interest is well carried by Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan, who put over their songs beautfully. "See the Moon Over Your Shoulder" is probably the best one. The comedy situations are not of the belly-laugh type but the fact that you do have that kind of a laugh once or twice is a pat on the back for Butterworth and Durante.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(Continued from page 64)

are said correctly, don't ever let me catch you using them incorrectly.

Drama. The first "a" should be the same in father.

Water. The "a" is pronounced as "aw." It is never pronounced with a short "a." Absolutely true that "a" is its full, long value. Never say "absolutely." Generally, each syllable is pronounced. Don't slight the "er" and say "generally.

Caramel. Pronounce each syllable distinctly, accent on the first syllable, and first "a" short. Never "caramel.

Khaki. The "a" as in "ah.

Aunt. The "ah" sound is like "ab." Abhor, Long "o," accent on second syllable.

Absent. This word brings up a rule you must remember. When the same word serves duty as noun, adjective or verb, accent the word and pronounce the first syllable. The verb on the last. For instance: "My brother is absent." But when the word is a verb "He absented himself from class.

Theatre. Accent on first syllable: theatre. Never, never "the-ay-ter!"

Acts. Sound both the "c" and the "t." "Akt." No "as." 'Aks.

Asked. Be sure to get the "k" sound into this one.

Adventures. Like education. Keep the "a" true sound. Don't say "adventures." Advertising. This can be pronounced either way: Advertisement (with a short "i") or advertisement (with a long "i"). The first way is preferred.

Miscellaneous. Accent on first syllable: miscellany. It is never pronounced any other way. So watch out.

Pantomime. Be sure the last "m" is an "m," and not an "n.

Mock. Short "o." Never "mawk.

GOING on THIRTY and Worried about GRAY HAIR

Keep your age your own secret. No one under 70 need show a speck of grey. Will you be out-smarted by women your own age or "let out" of your job for some one younger only in appearance?

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR will keep it youthful, natural looking, soft and lustrous; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. $1.35 For Sale everywhere.

BLACKHEADS!


MIND POWER

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Develop your personal creative power. Awaken the hidden, sleeping faculties in your own consciousness. Become Master of your own life. Push aside all obstacles with a new energy you have overlooked. The ROSICRUCIANS know how, and will help you apply the secret power of all conquerors in man's control. Great health and abundance for yourself! Write for FREE BOOK "The Wisdom of the Sages." It tells how you may receive these teachings for study and use, means the dawn of a new day for you. Address:

Scribe C. F. S.

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

SAN JOSE

AMORC

CALIFORNIA
Nape. Long "a." It is never the "nap" of the neck.
Office. The "o" as in orange. Never let me catch you saying "awful." Length. Be sure to give the "g" its due. It is never "lenth." America. If you say "Amurica," I'll scream.
Economic. This may have either the long or short "ee." June. As in blue, give the "u" what it should have. Never "Joon." Jewels. Pronounce both syllables. Never "jool.
Interest. Each syllable is pronounced. In-ter-est. It is not "intrest." Also in-ter-est-ing. The accent is on the first syllable.
Becal. The "o" may be either short or long.
Idea. Accent on second syllable.
Humor and humble. The "h" in both of these may be either pronounced or silent.
Chic. "Sheek." Not "chick." Either and neither, take your choice—"eather" or "eyether.

There! That's a pretty hard lesson, but a very important one and I hope you'll profit by it. But remember that if there are any words which I've failed to include here that trouble you, please write me. I'm only too glad to tell you the correct pronunciation of any word as well as to answer any question concerning dramatic art that you care to ask me. And now before this lesson is finished I want to give you some advice that Claudette Colbert gave me to give you.
You all know what a grand actress she is and I think it was terribly sweet of her to send you dramatic students this message. Here it is:

"I am an exponent of natural acting. I think that most people try either to imitate some other actor or to dramatize themselves the minute they are on the stage or screen. They try to be different from what they are in real life.

There are probably little mannerisms of your own which people like. You know, in your own heart, when you are pleasing others. Refrain from little mannerisms, if it is at all possible, when you're enacting a role. This, of course, does not apply to character parts, but very seldom do young people play character parts."

"Do not clip your words when you speak. Read your lines before a mirror, studying yourself carefully to see that you are not exaggerating the part or obviously 'acting.' Do this over and over until you are satisfied that you are interpreting the lines in exactly the way you would in everyday life.

"The mirror, incidentally, will really surprise you, if you actually study your face in it. You will no doubt find many little mannerisms of which you are totally unconscious. Some of them will be pleasing and others you will want to correct, once you realize that people see you on the stage or screen as you see yourself in the mirror.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, try to exaggerate any of these mannerisms. If you find them becoming unnatural discard them entirely. There is nothing quite so obvious as an acquired trick of the hands or face and nothing so tiresome to see repeated over and over again in an actor or actress.

"Try to remember, when and if you are selected to play a role, that there is something about you that is different and pleasing, or you wouldn't have been chosen. Don't try to change the personality that has given you the chance.

"When I went on the stage I made up my mind that whether I succeeded or not I would always be natural."

I know you all will remember and appreciate Claudette's fine advice.
Now, I'm going to suggest something: Why not organize a dramatic society?
A group of young people in Sudbury, Ontario, Canada, have just formed the Young People's Dramatic Association and are having a swell time producing dramas and operettas. The producer and the director of dramas, Michael Menexis, tells us that Modern Screen's Dramatic School is their dramatic teacher and that in this department they find the best instruction. From just such organizations will the great actors of the future come. Why don't you form a group in your home town? Modern Screen will tell you how to go about it and will give you personal guidance.

Don't forget—this department belongs to you. Write to me—Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City—and ask me anything you need to know about dramatic art. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, no letters answered without that. Also tell me what you want me to discuss next month. All this month watch your diction, make a promise to yourself that you are going to speak correctly from now on. You must have a lovely, cultured voice to succeed.
everyone. Anyway, we’ll skip it. The point is I’m the editor of a magazine called ‘Every Week.’ I want you to write your biography to run serially for us.”

Miss Feydak remained. “Don’t misunderstand me. The reason I’d like you to do this is simply because of the celebrity of your subjects and your—frankly, I’m told—marvelous talent.”

Instead anger was followed by amusement insofar as Marion was concerned. “If you’ve any money,” she said, “you’ll find it pretty good.” remained Kurt, “an advance of two thousand.”

“Wait a minute,” she considered. And then, “No, I’ll let you know.”

NOBODY, it seems, wanted his portrait done, nor Nobody’s wife either, so things became slightly worse than bad for Marion Forth. So bad, in fact, that the landlord decided he could no longer afford her as a non-paying tenant. And so, the moving men were taking furniture from her apartment while Kurt waited and Leander Nolan entered.

Leander was part of Marion’s past, a very definite part, alas, for his present position as senator’s assistant. He had known her a long time ago—too unwisely and too well.

“Hello,” he patted and resorted to Kurt, noting the state of the room, “are you a sheriff’s deputy?”

“No,” returned the young man, “just an incompetent bystander here to offer the lady a job.”

“Oh, I haven’t seen little Marion in many years,” reminisced Leander. “We were very close then.”

Richard, so sentient material for the biography, became at once interested. “You must have been in at the beginning of her career,” he ventured. And then Marion appeared, beautifully gowned, drenched with orchids and looking so well like a young woman being dispossessed.

“Mr. Kurt,” she said cheerily, and, turning to Leander, “who may this be?”

Leander hurriedly explained his position in her past life and, Miss Forsyth, undaunted, exclaimed, “Why, of course, Bunny darling. I should have kept you as a prospect.”

Leander, it seemed, had business to discuss too, and so Kurt agreed to withdraw to the kitchen. Bunny, who had his selfish moments, pulled out his wallet. He deplored the fact that Marion was to lose her apartment and offered financial aid, which, of course, she refused.

“Bunny,” she said, “let’s not waste time talking about money. Let’s talk about you. You look grand—like a senator or something.”

And it was then that Leander, feigning a modesty he far from felt, replied, “In a few months I may be a senator.”

And so, Leander took his departure and Kurt proceeded to wax strongly against men of his type being put in power. Meanwhile continued to lift the furniture, piece by piece, from the apartment, which jerked Richard suddenly back to the business at hand.

Marion continued to do the biography, to sell out those precious memories. Well, here’s your first check. We’ll announce the first installment next month.”

It was then that Marion truly became scared. The time was at hand to do a little first-class revealing and, even though she had only to put down the facts, they made a primrose path in themselves. And the men who had tried to path with her were important, had plenty to lose by a Past suddenly rearing its hectic head. But Richard departed, self-satisfied and triumphant, as Marion took a sheet of paper and a pen and wrote, “I am born,” on the first line and, “I meet Richard Kurt” on the last. “She is the best of us,” she declared, “Now, all I have to do is fill in.

“Oh, Bunny,” kidded Marion, “then maybe I can’t paint you, toga, terrule, tribute of the people.” It was all very funny to her, and funnier still because the man opposite took it all very seriously. Life was all right then to him and he was worried more about the possibility of solving it than anything else. And now, there was patently something else on his mind. And presently, with a little coaxing, he sprang it.

“I’m engaged,” he said rather pompously, “to Slade Kinnicott, daughter of Orrin Kinnicott, the big publisher.”

“Ah-ha!” exclaimed Marion. “You’re the man with the chest-expansion, not the gentleman who publishes ‘The Body Beautiful,’ not the man with the biops.”

Of course, Mr. Nolan was annoyed, very much annoyed. He felt he was being poked fun at and anything he couldn’t stand was lightness which Kinnicott would do as well. He became curt and bluntly re-marked that Marion had been on his conscience all these years, that he should have done right by her in a matrimonial way, perhaps, but now of course it was too late for all that. He would, however, like to commission her to paint the portrait. It was one method of getting a wolf from the door and, as Marion, impulsive, kissed the dignified man, Richard Kurt appeared.

“Looks like that big one-time romance is starting to sizzle again,” he proffered, which of course, made no hit with him who got kissed. A certain enmity between the men was now into being and that enmity was to endure.

There was nothing of the hypocrite about Orrin Kinnicott. No, indeed. Mr. Kinnicott was no prude. He was a man who preached and what he published. So, if he advised a waiting world to dine on nuts and raisins and exercise on an electric horse, he could do the same. Mr. Kinnicott did everything thoroughly and his present job was to make his future son-in-law senator. He was lunching on rats and contemplating Leander’s glory when Mr. Nolan, very much harassed, appeared with a copy of the magazine announcing Marion’s biography.

“Damn good stuff,” enthused the innocent Orrin. And then suddenly the light broke. “Are you in this?” he demanded. And poor Leander was afraid he was.

“Well,” continued the irate physical culturist, “there’s nothing to do but see the woman and talk her out of this. Better go to it.” And Leander departed.

Meanwhile, Marion was entertaining Feydak, who played the piano and Kurt who was busy editing her biography. Feydak had news. They wanted him in Hollywood to write music for pictures. It was his chance to make money and to ask Marion until that time don’t marry him.

“Feydak,” she said, “you are sweet. But you know I believe, I’m in love. I think this time it’s so. I cannot live without you.”

And so Leander found them.

“Marion,” he cried, as he entered “you can’t do this to me! This could make a rift between me and Kinnicott and inter—"
Between You and Me

(Continued from page 6)

Goggles for Mr. Pogany

Mrs. Pogany should consult an oculist. Nils Asther is the handsomest man on the screen. — L. Anderson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

An Up and Coming Starlet

I saw Jean Parker in a picture for the first time and I have never been impressed by an actress before as I was by her. She simply swept me off my feet. She is so young and so sweet that she makes me glad you’re alive. And she’s so pretty, too.

Let’s have a story about her soon.—L. D. Bulloch, La Grange, Ga.

(You'll find oodles of starring pictures of this gal Jean and some interesting comments from her on how she goes about gathering a new wardrobe, on page 56.)

Mae West and a Sixteen-Year-Old

Re: Mrs. W. Franklin’s letter in the August “Between You and Me” column.

I, too, am sixteen, have an average intelligence and have not missed one of Mae West’s pictures. As far as I can observe it has done nothing to spoil my naivety. As for sixteen one’s character is fairly well molded, or should be.

If Mrs. Franklin feels that Mae West’s pictures will harm her daughter, it seems to me that she is mistaken. She hasn’t been able to teach her daughter to discriminate between right and wrong. She is really rebelling against her inability to train her child, and not against Mae West.

The reason I enjoy Mae is because she is refreshing after the “weak” women so often portrayed by the Janet Gaynors and the “strong, silent women” as portrayed by the Garbo. Here’s to Mae and her further success on the screen!—Catharine Jones, Lincoln, Nebraska.

(And three cheers for you, Kate, for taking such an intelligent viewpoint.)

Gone but Not Forgotten

You’ll never know how much the Russ Columbo fans appreciated that perfectly grand picture of him that you had in your October issue. Russ was not only a fine singer, he was an actor with everything it takes to be a great star. I saw “Broadway Thru A Keyhole” three times. It was a fine picture and Russ put over the finest piece of acting I’ve ever seen.

I’d like to shake Sally Blane’s hand long and hard for being at the hospital when Russ died, even though he didn’t know it.

You’re gone, Russ, and it hurts to realize we won’t be seeing you, except when we gaze long and tearfully at the photos you’ve sent us.—E. D., Scarsdale, N. Y.

(Don’t fail to read “Son of Tragedy” in this issue.)

Someone to Reckon With

I’ve just given up in despair. For a long, long time, I’ve been looking for a picture starring Robert Barrat. Why is he given only minor roles when he has such talent? His acting is real and down-to-earth. There’s nothing “put on” about him. I think it is a shame for such wonderful talent to be wasted in minor roles when he is capable of doing something bigger. His name isn’t even listed in the studio addresses of players. Please place him on top where he belongs.—Ova Hunt, Huntsville, A.

(If you saw him in “Friends of Mr. Sexwency” as the wild Communist you must have loved, as did we. He is a fine actor, perhaps the studios will wake up and give him larger roles.)

Mystery De Luxe

“The Thin Man” is without doubt the most sensational mystery picture of the year. Gay, humorous, yet deeply intriguing, it keeps you laughing and guessing to the rather unexpected end. The entire cast was perfectly chosen, but the honors go unquestionably to William Powell and Myrna Loy. They are a splendid stellar team and I hope we shall see them together again.—M. L. Zebrow, Pasadena, Calif.

(Right you are, my lady.)

Such Popularity!

The only thing I find wrong with Modern Screen is its evident lack of interest in Ralph Bellamy. I have been watching him for some time now and if Modern Screen can’t see the steady rise in popularity of this charming gentleman then one of us is blind—and I don’t think it’s me.

So come on, the rest of you Bellamy fans and let’s give him a great big hand. And Modern Screen, will you give us an interview, with a full-page photo of him? Is the only big, or can you take it ?—Mrs. John Hill, Loyall, Kentucky.

(No, isn’t a tall. We promise you a grand Bellamy story on pictures galore, very, very soon. Watch for it.)

MODERN SCREEN
Good News

(Continued from page 72)

DICK ARLEN seems to hate actors with temperaments. The other day, after Dick and the rest of the crowd had listened for hours to a newly imported actress tell about her troubles and her inability to “feel” her role on the cold sound stage, Dick said to Lee Tracy, to me, that making pictures is a question of remembering lines and making faces. If I remember the lines, I forget to make the faces, and if I make the faces, I always forget the lines. If I ever do the two together, I’ll be a swashbuckler.

OH, MISS SULLAVANI

SOCIETY note: Margaret Sullivan ar-rived at a grand party the other eve-ning chewing gum for all she was worth. When dinner was served, La Sullivan could not find her left chewing gum and finally sneaked it into a flower pot that happened to be situated directly behind her chair.

Get out the incense and crystal ball, girls. A local Hollywood soothsayer has succeeded in predicting almost every Hollywood birth, death, accident and any other calamity you can think of.

Yesterday, three hours after predicting that a certain writer would have an accident and that the group would follow, one of the better known scenario writers in Hollywood found himself tangled up in his wrecked automobile and a hundred-dollar bail bond stained yellow in the process.

It kind of scores the mood pitcher actors to know the “worst” in advance, but they are standing in line already.

SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

JOEL McCREA turned down a chance to make a picture in England and, just as he was wondering how much money he was losing, announced that Joel will play the lead opposite Dietrich in “Carnival in Spain.”... The extras sure do get a break in “The Prea-den.” The director placed a call for 2000 of them. ... Jeannette MacDonald left here to spend a month in New York right after the preview of “The Merry Widow.”... The new continental cafe, Trocadero, has $8,000 worth of kitchen equipment alone. ... Phillips Holmes embanked for London on the same boat that brought Maureen O’Sullivan back from Ireland (without Johnny Ferrarot). ... James Cagney changed the title to read: “The Sea Hates the Captain” after the boat on his new star boat sank and cracked him on the skull. ... Charlie Laughton is almost ready to leave the hospital after his operation. ... Will Hay’s church in St. Luke’s, Indiana, has asked him to defend his work to clean up the film (1) ... They now tell us that Colin Clive is back up to the famous Lord Clive of India. This information has leaked out since Mr. Clive has been cast with Ronnie Colman in “Clive Of India.” ... Wonder whether Fredric March is seeing any pictures have been awful. ... Billie Burke may have to pay the estate of her late husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, for the title “Ziegfeld Follies” before she can use it.

Bill Howard, one of Hollywood’s oce direc-tors, will make his first appearance in pictures in his latest, “Evelyn Prentiss,” but not even his best friends will recognize him. The story calls for one scene in which X-rays of the spine are shown and Director Howard has offered the personal services in this regard.

Watch for this scene closely. It may be the hit of the picture.

SPEAKING TRUTHS: spent about a week (and plenty of it) playing out most of the Beverly Hills flower shops and keeping the telegraph operators working overtime to impress Virginia Bruce (ex-Mrs. John Gilbert) with her ardent affection.

No sale!

After the seventh course of a dinner which Carl Brisson gave recently, Bill Fields was heard to say, “No more feed for me.” But one hour later he was still eating!... Mr. Brisson, it seems, serves his food in the same manner he serves his personality—in big doses. It was said by a close observer (one of the survivors) that 30 courses were served.

If Mr. Brisson has succeeded in catching up with Hollywood slang, we presume he ushered his guests to the door with: “It serves you right!”

THOSE close to Carole Lombard say no one will ever know how deeply she suffered over Russ Columbo’s death. But how different were her actions from the hysterical theatricalism with which Pola Negri mourned Valentino! In fact, another girl, a former friend of poor Russ, occu-pied most of the newspaper space, while Carole was confined to her home with a doctor and a nurse in attendance.

The minute she was able to travel, Carole fled from Hollywood to forget and try and forget. She left for New York accompanied by her mother, William Powell was at the station to see her off. Several days before her departure, a close friend received a letter from the unhappy girl. She wrote: “I don’t know why I can’t away. I can’t run away from my-self.”

They also say it was Carole who was responsible for the fact that Russ did not cancel his trip to Canada—Russ, that is. The policy would have been cancelled if Carole hadn’t advised him to borrow the money to meet it. The policy will pay $50,000 to Colunbo’s mother.

It’s really sump’n! We’re talking about that new Joan Crawford limousine—snowy white inside out.

The upholstery in the Crawford creation is of white satin.

No sooner had Joan Crawford capped the automobile with its splendor but the “all white satin upholstered” car, then Joe E. Brown pushed his new gas buggy out onto the Boulevard and the natives gasped at its brilliance: black, blue, it is!

When those two jobs hit the Boulevard at the same time and meet Carl Brisson’s cream colored import (the one with the trap door in the roof), it makes for a gala event.

NEWSREEL

FRANCIS TONE has been traded to Warners for the lead opposite Del Rio in “Calling,” while M-G-M gets George Brent in the deal. Which would you rather have? ... Johnny Weissmuller and Joel McCrea have been sent out to catch fish: they take three or four lines in their mouths and swim from a barge to the shore. ... It cost one of your famous stars $350 for catching out of the good graces of the studio after he had held up production ten days with a walk-out. ... Mary Lou is calling on Lanny Ross in Hollywood this month and all their radio fans will get a look-see. ... Ramon Novarro will help dedicate the $25,000,000 theatre in Mexico City this week, a boyhood ambition fulfilled. ... Miss Novarro wants everyone to know that she isn’t jealous of her little sister Barbara and that she will really help the newcomer get a good break in films. ... TV reported that Greta Garbo has taken up tap dancing (quite a tap, sez you?).

Bette Davis is plenty burned up about the printed story that she “look” her husband shopping and bought him a twenty-eight-dollar suit of clothes. If she ever finds out who started the story, the unlucky person had better look out. Bette has battle in her eye.

This money business is a very sore point with the Harmon O. Nelson. “Horn” has a job in a local orchestra that pays him well and he is perfectly capable of paying for his own twenty-eight-dollar suits. ... If he ever bought one at that price.

DO you know the deep dark secret in the life of Dollar Hayes? Of course you do. He was once a student in the Hollywood School For Girls! The horrible news leaked out last week when a former prin-cipal of the school gave out an interview about famous movie stars who had at-tended the school. It seems that Doug had been admitted during a brief spell when the academy for girls had decided to lift the sex ban and permit boys, too.

LITERARY NOTES

Jean Harlow isn’t the only stellar lady who has gone literary, of late. Mary Astor has just completed the final chapter of her first novel. By the time you read this Jean’s story will probably be running serially in a national magazine. Mary is expecting to bring her out in book form.

Genevieve Tabin has turned author, too. Whether Genevieve felt the need for better stories, more money, or a release for her pent-up genius, we are unable to figure out. At any rate, she has given birth to a little epic entitled, “Give Up,” and will stir in it for Warner Bros.

OTTO KRUGER will think twice be-fore he parks his car at the theatre again. Last night, after the show, Otto drove to the lot where he had left his car to find it gone. After some question-ing, he learned that he had picked a “Used Car Lot” for his parking and that his car had been sold about an hour before he returned.

After running all over town, Kruger got his car back, but the “buyer” you can nicely hop mad! He had made a “good buy.”

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at the Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world"... that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet, Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature... but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Flirtation Walk."

14 Complete Stories in This Issue:
FLIRTATION WALK with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell; THE PAINTED VEIL with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent; BELLE OF THE NINETIES with Mae West, Roger Pryor; WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS with Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne; PART TIME LADY with Carole Lombard; PERFECT WEEKEND with James Cagney, Patricia Ellis; THE FIREBIRD with Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez; GAMBLING with George M. Cohan, Wynne Gibson; WEDNESDAY'S CHILD with Frankie Thomas, Edward Arnold, Karen Morley; CHU CHIN CHOW with Anna May Wong; THE LEMON DROP KID with Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy; I'LL SELL ANYTHING with Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak; TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW with Neil Hamilton, Miriam Jordan; GIRL OF MY DREAMS with Eddie Nugent, Mary Carlisle.
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves.

They Taste Better!
HE TRUE LOVE STORIES OF FOUR FAMOUS STARS
WHAT you need is a glass of Ballantine's Ale. It will make you feel like a new person as it takes away that squeamish feeling you've had ever since breakfast. Did you know that ale is good for the digestive system? Well, it is. Ale contains natural carbonic gas. Carbonic gas—in natural form—is an aid to digestion and this is why a glass of Ballantine's Ale will help put you right back in the running when you've had too much of the wrong food or drink the night before. The next time you thirst for a really great drink—order Ballantine's Ale.

"America's Finest Ale" since 1840

Snap out of it with this finest of American ales. Have a case sent home today from your grocers, delicatessen or dealer.

BALLANTINE'S ALE

P. BALLANTINE & SONS, NEWARK, N. J.
Both girls have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, your skin.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help you win your beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY
Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for your skin. See how much it can improve your complexion.

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

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*MARY BURGUM, EDITOR; REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative*
ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story... they live again!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
When people drop in during the Christmas holidays, give them a real treat and serve your own delicious cookies and cakes

By Marjorie Deen

(Left) The Krugers—Otto, Sue and little Ottilie—plan for the Christmas holidays. And Mrs. Kruger knows just what pleases little kiddies' tummies and grown-ups' as well. (Right) First of all, there is her Applesauce Cake, which is de-vine when served à la mode. (Below) Fruit Cakes made of Mince Meat are everyone's delight.

The Modern Hostess

DO you remember the tragic day when you were told that Santa Claus was a myth? I can assure you that the knowledge that Santa did not exist came to me as life's first major disillusionment. Why, I remember crying bitterly and thinking that Christmas would never, never be the same again. And for that matter, it never was.

I was reminded of it the other day while I listened to Otto Kruger discussing little Ottilie's Christmas list with his attractive wife, Sue. Ottilie, their only child, is a charming, well mannered youngster of eight. And you can just imagine the kind of things she had written down for Santa Claus to bring.

"Does she still believe in Santa Claus?" I asked in some surprise.

"Ssh!" said Sue. "She might hear you. Of course, she believes in Santa Claus!"

"Ssh!" interrupted Otto, mockingly, "Of course she doesn't. It's this way," Otto went on, "I claim that we still don't know who's fooling who. Sue thinks we're fooling Ottilie. But I'm con- (Continued on page 85)
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.’ Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in

“SWEET ADELINE”

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count ‘em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY

Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That’s Papa in the rumble-seat...but where’s his shot-gun?

We’d like to take up the merric olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet not to mention.

Ever whistle “Why Was I Born?” “Here Am I”, and “Don’t Ever Leave Me”? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you’ll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of “Ziegfeld Follies” fame to Hollywood.

And while the orchida last, let’s toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December’s grandest show!
I've way beyond your means... in spirit! That is the code of the woman whose hours are filled to the brim with happiness, friendships, and love. It is your code for the New Year if you want to develop your personality, and radiate charm and magnetism.

A famous woman of many years ago once said, "Only a great beauty can afford to look unhappy." Perhaps you are looking unhappy and worried right now about your Christmas-giving problems. Maybe you're trying to eke out gifts for a difficult Christmas list on an aggravatingly limited budget, and you're finding it hard to be very joyous-spirited about it. Well, so are we all! I have some gift suggestions, however, that I know will prove both budget and worry savers to you... so do write me. I don't know of any better way to achieve a lot by giving a little than to give a beauty aid and to put as much wealth of thought and originality into it as you can. There is no greater aid to a woman's inward spirit, to send it soaring upward in joyous confidence, than the knowledge that she is looking her loveliest. It is one of the greatest blessings of modern times that manufacturers of beauty products have given us products that the nickels and dimes and quarters are equal to purchasing. And it should prove an especial blessing around Christmas time, too.

Already I can hear you protesting that you don't know the shade of powder or rouge or lipstick that Virginia or Jane or Gertrude should use. Maybe they don't either. That's where the fun and the skill of choosing your gifts comes in.

Let's take a few examples of people I know, and perhaps you'll find duplicates of their types among your friends. There's colorless, mousey little Jane, who comes first to my mind when I think of people my fingers simply itch to get at with a satisfying shade of rouge and lipstick. She really needs some sort of a stimulating gift to inspire her to "get out of herself." She needs a bright coral shade of rouge and lipstick instead of the medium-dark shade she wears (her skin is very nice, so she can afford to call attention to its fine texture with vivid make-up); and a luscious peach-blossom shade of powder; and I think I'll venture several shades of eyeshadow, too, probably in green and violet, as her eyes are a gray-green. Maybe she'll blossom out like a new person.

Then there's Virginia, who has had such heartbreakingly tough sledding this past year, and hasn't been able to keep up on the beauty end of things at all. Think what a complete beauty kit would mean to her, with creams to smooth away her worry wrinkles, and skin tonic to tone up her pores; powder the right shade for her freshened skin, and rouge to put the proper bloom in her cheeks. We know of several kits most attractively made up and priced for the Christmas season. You can, of course, assemble your own complete kit, if you prefer, from among the excellent products available in economical sizes, and pack it in a gay Christmas box with a cheery sprig of holly. Whether you've a "Virginia" on your list or not, this makes an acceptable gift to any or all of the feminine contingent you are remembering this year.

Incidentally, I'm going to tuck in Virginia's gift kit a small bottle of exciting perfume (maybe a couple of bottles...). I've found such alluring perfumes at such really alluring prices). It is a recognized fact that perfume has tremendous power over the mind and emotions. Even a case of the doldrums may be cured by it. What better little "uplift" gift for the spirits than that?

Let's see, now. Margie is on my list, too. She works such terribly long hours, and has an apartment to keep spic and span besides. As she aptly describes it, she is "dead on her feet" by the end of the day. I can't think of anything that she would love more than all the accessories for a luxurious, relaxing, soul-revivifying bath; fragrant water softener, lavish (Continued on page 81)
Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness...all its pain...blended in love's old sweet song!
**Friendly Advice**

Will someone please tell me what is happening to Ruby Keeler’s eyebrows? They look like a couple of misplaced moustaches. There is such a thing as being too natural, you know. Won’t someone tip her off—A Kind Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanna matter with Ruby Keeler’s eyebrows?

Things I’d do if I were the “it” man of Hollywood:
Take that painful expression off Anna Sten’s face.
Give Bing Crosby a good leading lady.
Show Katharine Hepburn how to comb her hair.
Let Garbo go home.
Make a habit of co-starring Crawford and Gable. They give us thrills we can’t forget and thrills are what we want. They’ve got what it takes to make our emotions bubble. And nuts to your censors who tried to wreck “Chained” for us but couldn’t—Movie Pan, Iowa.

**Outspoken**

If you ask me, the censors are nothing but an ignorant bunch of dried-up crab apples. Just look at what they’ve done to “The Green Hat” (now called “Outcast Lady”). At one time it was a wonderful story but now it’s just another rotten picture.

Hepburn’s coiffure doesn’t suit him.

**A Bit of Praise**

I can’t contain myself any longer—I simply must tell you how enthusiastic I am about your magazine. Especially big, fat compliments are in order on your fashion department which is different from any other and much more interesting. I particularly enjoyed Maureen O’Sullivan in the November issue, possibly because I’m about the same type. We’ve been rather slighted lately in favor of the glamor girls. Tough when you’re less than 5 feet tall and look about as exotic as a ham sandwich.

Would it be possible to have Daren do a little “future-squinting” for David Manners? He must have a future of some sort, but most of the seers seem to overlook it. Won’t you have an interview with Manners soon?—Frances Shelton, Oakland, Calif.

(Thank you, thank you. A Manners story? Why not. We’ll try to do that little thing for you right soon.)

**Impressed**

After all the heavy, sexy pictures of recent years, it is indeed a rare pleasure to see one like “One Night of Love.” Its wholesome, clean romance, its humor and wonderful music, and the marvelous voice of Grace Moore make us forget the dreary lives many of us lead. truthfully, I was never so impressed nor have I ever experienced such a feeling of ecstatic joy as I did when I heard the divine voice of Miss Moore.—Mrs. V. Orloff, Stratford, Conn.

**Neither Angel Nor Hoyden—Ginger Rogers**

I’m for Ginger Rogers because I think she is primarily an actress. What I mean is that she is never the same in any two pictures. When one has seen some of these muchly exotiled ladies of the screen in one picture, one has seen them as they will be in all pictures—they are types. One goes to see, say, Miss G. and one knows that one will see “sweetness, nobility, girlish candour et al,” personified, no matter what the theme of the picture. Or we go to see Miss H., and here again one can be certain

**Your chance to tell US a thing or two**
that archness, devil-may-care and general nuttiness will run rampant throughout the whole film. But to my mind, one never knows beforehand what Ginger will do because she acts her part and doesn't live up to any prescribed formula. We should certainly see her at the top before long.

Well, here's to Ginger, a relief from all the sweet darlings and blood-and-thunder females. She seems to strike a sane, happy medium that is refreshing and wholesome.—Ina Vernon, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

(And thank goodness the public is beginning to recognize her marvelous talent, for she is fast coming into her own on the screen.)

**What About Lew Ayres?**

I want to take up the case of Lew Ayres. Remember how excellent he was in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Common Clay"? Lately he has been in such mediocre vehicles as "Cross Country Cruise" and "Let's Be Rita." In the past two years the only really good role he had was in "State Fair." And now I have just witnessed him as a Janet Gaynor hero in "Servant's Entrance." To my notion, a hero of a Janet Gaynor picture is about as useful as a hero in a Mae West film, which is nil.

Lew Ayres deserves better breaks than that. I thought when Fox took him over, it would mean something worth while; but I can well imagine what the forthcoming "Lottery Lover" will be like, as the very cutey-cute "Pat." Paterson is in it. It seems horrible to think that a personality can be killed like that, but three or four such pictures will definitely end Lew Ayres' career.—J. David Brandt, Wellington, Kansas

(There's lotsa truth in what you say.)

**In Praise of Ann Harding**

I sincerely feel that Ann Harding is the greatest actress on the screen today. "Vergie Winters" has been called indecent by the clean-up societies, which to me, is absurd. There could be no more beautiful love than that of Vergie and John Shade well. The critics should learn to tell the difference between real indecencies and the art which prompts an actress to portray life as it really is.

Miss Harding is never cheap or tawdry in her portrayals. Her emotional scenes are always fine and sincere. I predict a lifetime career on the screen for Ann, for she is truly a "Gallant Lady."—Mrs. G. Kemp, Erie, Pa.

**What About La Rue?**

Every department in Modern Screen is interesting. Every story is expertly written with a deep understanding of human emotions. Every portrait is a thing of rare beauty. It surpasses costlier movie magazines from every point of view.

But...

If Modern Screen knew that every time yours truly buys a copy of the magazine, she turns its pages and actually prays and hopes that the next page brings a portrait or a story, or even some news of her favorite, Jack La Rue, it would make sure that its fan would get her wish.

For Jack La Rue, the actor whose brutality made us shiver in "Temple Drake," who was so sweet and kind and gentle in "A Farewell to Arms" and so dashing and romantic in "Terror Aboard" has a million dollars worth of talent.—Rose Liggio, Bronx, New York.

(We've been delayed with letters from a great many of Jack's faithful friends and admirers who want stories and pictures on him. We'll try awfully hard to do something about it.)

(Continued on page 95)
THIS department went, clankety-clank in New York's oldest taxi, to the opening of "The Merry Widow." Truthfully speaking, we went as close as said oldest taxi could get to the Astor Theatre, in whose plush-and-gilt interior the opening took place. And then we pushed our way into the lobby, and used a shoehorn at that. For Broadway was packed tight with "dread bid" limousines bearing celebrities, officials from two broadcasting chains, Mr. and Mrs. John Public, hanger-onners and starer-atters. From which hectic paragraph you probably gather that the opening of "The Merry Widow" was the biggest event of the month. And the swankiest. You gather right, Amos. It was not only big, it was beautiful. The star herself was there in person—Miss Jeanette MacDonald—looking almost as if she had stepped out of one of the scenes in the picture. Her ensemble for the evening is best described by the word quaint, which style the now-very-slim MacDonald carried off effectively enough. Helen Hayes was there with her very brilliant and slightly mad husband, Charlie MacArthur. Ernst Lubitsch (with ceezar) was there. Major Edward Bowes of the famous Capitol Family. Colleen Moore. Your old friend, Mae Murray. All these celebs were, each in his turn, hidden under swarms of autograph hounds and more whom we didn't see at the time because we neglected to bring our stilts.

The picture? Oh yes, we finally saw the picture. And we must say that Herr Lubitsch hasn't lost his touch. We also must say that, as a star, Chevalier is a swell leading man. It's Miss MacDonald's show, everybody, in spite of satisfactory work by Monsieur Chevalier and excellent bits by Una Merkel, Edward Everett Horton, Sterling Holloway and Minna. (Continued on page 96)
Very Important
IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN

It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. Madam, you must avoid them!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Carried on page 84)
Could He Manage Her?

The reported romance between Margaret Sullavan and John McCormick is intriguing Hollywood for a couple of reasons.

First because the tie-up is bringing Margaret out into the open. 'Tis even rumored that she is willing to give interviews to the panting press. Just as important is the fact that it was John McCormick's marvelous business ability that sky-rocketed Colleen Moore to dizzy heights when Colleen and John were married. If he should take over the management of Miss Sullavan, there is no telling what might happen to the gal.

Because an actor lighted his beard in place of his cigarette (almost ruining said beard, to say nothing of said actor) the Hollywood prop boys are trying to discover a way to make asbestos beards that will look hot but not get hot. Some fun.

Ending the Depression

C. Aubrey Smith showed Hollywood the way last week. It seems that C. Aubrey has had his chauffeur since the first day of his arrival and the other evening he heard that the driver was about to lose his home for failure to pay a $3,000 mortgage. The actor dug deep and paid off the pesky bill so that his cap-and-goggles would have a spot to rest in after the long day.

When Carole Lombard moved over to M-G-M studios for "Repeal" she expected, of course, to have some marvelous clothes designed by Adrian. Imagine her surprise to receive a note the first day telling her that Adrian would be unable to design Miss Lombard's clothes on account of so many productions in work.

Many and varied are the reasons rumored: (1) that he is actually too busy. (2) That some of the regular stars on the lot went to the designer and begged him not to work for Lombard.

Whatever the reason, Adrian hasn't put foot on the Lombard set and she has another designer working on her clothes. Wouldn't it be funny if she should gain the reputation of starting a flock of new styles as a result?

Joe Morrison, who introduced "The Last Round-up" and hit the movies as a result, pulled the prize dodge of the week. After a bridge game at the home of a friend, the host rushed to the stove and threw together a batch of biscuits which proceeded to "fall" with a thud. Joe, upon seeing the result, decided he hadn't had any dinner and must not eat any of the biscuits else his meal would be spoiled. As he left he smiled, "I hate to eat and run. So I won't have any, thanks."

The gent who designed the swell looking dressing rooms over at Paramount must have got an earful when they found this out: the new quarters were built, primarily, because of the need for more room. When the building was almost ready for the stars, someone discovered that the designer had completely forgotten to build in closets. They had to be added after completion and now the big rooms are just as small as the old ones were.

Nice hot news! Come and get it! Come and get it!
dance like the flames and I will bathe your feet in perfume water. 100 pieces of silver is my purchase price.” Mr. Lederer is scared. He says, “If she will come for that price—maybe she’ll just come anyway!”

Mrs. COLUMBO is still too ill to be told of the tragic death of her son, Russ. Every day she receives a beautiful box of flowers with a card: “From Carole and Russ with love.”

Carole Lombard was much in love with Russ Columbo and she is doing everything possible to help the family in preventing his mother from hearing of his death while there is yet danger such a shock would be fatal.

The most conspicuous thing about George Raft’s dressing room at the studio is a huge picture of Virginia Pine. We looked real close and found the following writing at the bottom: “To George Darling, with all my love, always.” The face in the photograph is beautiful, but Virginia has her finger in her mouth and Georgie says it reminds him of Baby LeRoy.

The dressing room is brand new and George has been wondering how such a swell room was passed up by the rest of the gang so long. The secret is out. Every time Raft pulls a door knob or a dresser drawer, the knob comes off in his hand. We’re guessing the gang put Georgie on the spot. That’s why the dressing room was still vacant when he got around to make his choice.

Cora Sue Collins reads all the newspapers and, what’s more, remembers what she reads. The other dinner hour, she pulled the following to prove it:

“Mama, I’m getting worried about Greta Garbo.”

“And why is this?” smiled mama.

“Well,” sighed little Cora Sue, “I see in the papers where she is having her twenty-eighth birthday today and she isn’t married yet. You know, I think maybe Greta Garbo will be an old maid!”

Bing Crosby wishes, now, that he hadn’t had the twin’s nursery built right next to his and Dixie’s room. They take turns at yelling... Terrible news for Harlow: a European camera artist arrives to say that the new color-pictures will do away with platinum blondes, because they look too artificial... Dietrich’s daughter, Maria, has learned the tricks. When the news cameramen try to snap them, now, Maria covers her face, too... Leo Carrillo caught a 300-pound fish and sent it to a food station for the unemployed... Fred Perry, tennis champ, made some cracks (aside) to the audience during the tennis match that didn’t help his local standing any... “Tis said that Kay Francis’ new heart is an Italian count, which should count out Chevalier. Sorry!... The dog house being built for Dick Powell’s new home will be an exact replica of the main house... Helen Mack, Maureen O’Sullivan and Mary Doran all at the hospital for tonsils... Director Mervyn LeRoy is getting a nursery ready for next spring... Hal Rosson, ex of Jean Harlow, is seeing the sights of London with the Countess Gargen... Hollywood is watching with interest the fact that Gilbert Roland has been palling around with Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall. It should have some result.

Jack Oakie was sore. Here he was, one of the most invited guests in Hollywood and he had yet to see the inside of the gorgeous $250,000 Lubitsch mansion. He asked the director why he never invited any of the “younger set.” Lubitsch replied: “I should be delighted to have you come over and bring some of your young friends.” He then promptly forgot all about it.

Jack didn’t. A few nights later he rounded up Mary Brian and Helen Mack, got them all together in kids clothes, bought a flock of toys and descended upon Herr Lubitsch for the evening. “We kept him up almost all night, too,” smiled Oakie. “We had him trying to learn how to run a toy train.”

Wonder what Connie Bennett thought when the judge in that famous scandal case in New York made the remark: “Who is the Constance Bennett who has been mentioned? I never heard of her.”

Our ear-to-the-ground department has been mighty busy
And Contents Noted

Remember a grand story called "William, Bill and Willie" which ran in Modern Screen a few issues back? It was about William Powell and it was written by Walter Ramsey. Well, when Bill saw the story, here's what he did:

At 12:38 p.m. on a certain day, he sent Walter Ramsey a wire:

SANS REPROCHES
William

At 12:41 p.m. on the same day, he sent another wire:

SPLENDID
Bill

And at 2:38 p.m., also on the same day, he sent still another wire:

SWELL
Willie.

Arlen Plays Cop

Dick Arlen, the "mayor" of Toluca Lake, is going to draw up some new rules to handle the traffic. I mean, since the public heard the rumor that Garbo was playing tennis and swimming out at George Brent's place, the whole district has been over-run with autograph hounds.

'Tis said that Mr. Brent is up in arms at the "silly rumors" to the effect that he and Greta are like this... but we-ins is takin' all that with a bit of a pinch of salt.

Venable Still Fancy Free

Evelyn Venable's papa won't have to worry about his little darter getting married for a spell yet. Ever since Evelyn came to Hollywood, Papa has been fretting about her stepping off the deep end before he has a chance to make a great Shakespearean actress out of her.

Her romance with Cameraman Hal Mohr has been going hot and heavy for weeks (with Papa on edge) but Evelyn has broken it off for good now and has wired home to say that "all's well." Ho hum.

Good Trouper

The "Evelyn Prentice" company had been rehearsing one particular scene for hours. Just as they started with the camera grinding, however, Isabel Jewell brushed a lighted cigarette against the wall and the lighted end flicked off on her shoulder.

The scene was a long one but Isabel didn't say a word to spoil it until the director called "Cut." It was found, then, that she had suffered a terrific burn and blisters had already developed! That's the kind of courage that prompted the phrase: "The show must go on."

Sweet Alice

When Rudy Vallee first came to Hollywood he wanted most to meet Alice White, his favorite on the screen. Alice would not hear of it at that time for she was much in love with her present husband, Cy Bartlett. Now Alice is going to appear in Vallee's new flicker, "Sweet Music," and they have forgotten all about those early days. Besides, Rudy is probably thinking of Alice Faye now.

Reunion for Bruce-Gilbert?

John Gilbert is still hoping, according to the very latest reports, that he and his fourth wife, Virginia Bruce, will get together before divorce separates them for good and all. They had three "secret meetings" last week to talk the thing over and reporters finally got a statement out of Virginia, the estranged wife: "Yes, we did get together... sort of... but don't ask me any more questions. I met him at his request and we talked a while. As for the future, you never know."

Hollywood is hoping they do reconsider and try again. If Gilbert would be a real good boy, the general opinion is that they should live.
happily ever after. Personally, we'd cheer for it.

"Annerring"

"The President Vanishes," which promises to be a very swell moon picture, is going to cost a flock of dollars more than the studio planned. This is how: when the script was okayed some weeks ago, everything was fine, but since the picture was finished, the happenings in Europe have actually paralleled some of the fiction and all those scenes have to be re-shot! The author must have played a hunch.

Around Hollywood

The same day that Nat Pendleton fired his bodyguard, Jack Oakie hired one . . . One of the sensational dresses Carole Lombard will wear for "Repeal" is made of cellophane and it's driving her crazy. Did I say driving her crazy? . . . Bette Davis and her husband are driving east for a rest . . . Ann Harding has the whitest skin of any star in Hollywood . . . Mary Pickford gave a party to welcome Harriet Hectot, the dancer.

Brave Man

Believe it or not, an assistant director was the one who finally tamed La Hepburn. The other day, while on location, our little "Spitfire" was holding up production by dallying with her lunch. Everyone stood around waiting . . . no one able to muster the courage to step up and tell Hepburn off. At last the assistant took his life in his hands and, oddly enough, Katie took it with a grin and went right to work.

Beware Sinclair

Bill Powell, who is spending a fortune on his new house, refers to it consistently as "Upton Sinclair's Summer Home" . . . and Hollywood seems to think he's kidding. But it's not so funny! More like "half kidding, whole earnest."

Bye, Bye Party

Loretta Young gave a swell bon voyage party for Fred Perry, the tennis champ, before he boarded the boat for Australia. Loretta used her whole family to help make the party a success and see that her reported "heart" got a grand send-off. Both Polly Ann and Sally were there and the Clover Club rang to the rafters with the laughter and fun they all had.

The very next night, Loretta made her first appearance over the radio. And was she scared! She and Ronnie Colman did a scene from their "Clive Of India" and it went over great. Not (Continued on page 59)
How can I overcome self-consciousness?

What can I do when stage-fright possesses me, my hands get hot and my mouth goes dry?

These are the questions that all of you with theatrical ambitions want answered. Even if you are minus those ambitions you probably will be interested. Honestly, I’ve lain awake nights wondering what I could tell you that would satisfactorily answer those questions. For I, like you, perhaps, have read those very profound books on the subject and found them, for the most part, sheer, unadulterated bunk!

Then I began talking to stars, directors and casting directors about you self-conscious ones, and I think that I have some specific, workable advice to give. It was a famous executive who put me on the right track. “How can I teach my Modern Screen Dramatic School pupils to get rid of embarrassment,” I asked. “How can they rid themselves of stage-fright, self-consciousness—call it what you will? Surely, they can’t succeed unless they’re free from these bugaboos.”


And then a great light dawned upon me. By golly, Joan Crawford is one of the most self-conscious girls I know. She suffers agonies every time she meets a stranger. In reality she is much more frightened of adoring little fans who beg for her autograph than they are of the Joan Crawford they worship. And Norma Shearer! Such stage-fright as the poised, self-assured, apparently dignified Shearer suffers. Every time she starts a new picture she is tortured by doubts and fears. She won’t do it well, she argues with herself. The part doesn’t suit her. Another actress would have been much better. Thus go her thoughts until, before she knows it, she is in the executive’s office weeping hysterically and begging him to call off the film. She does this about every new picture. Now the M-G-M execs are superstitious about it and feel if Norma doesn’t go through a certain amount of terrific stage-fright, the film won’t be any good at all.

I could go on and on telling you how nervous the stars are when they are working before the camera or meeting new people. I’ll bet that you won’t find ten men and women in Hollywood who are completely free from self-consciousness.

“But how,” you ask me, “will all this help me? Misery loves company. Very well, but can that help me overcome my self-consciousness?”

No, it cannot, but it will teach you a great truth. Most of the stars are terribly self-conscious and they have succeeded. So, first of all, don’t consider self-consciousness such a formidable foe. It isn’t nearly so bad as you think it is. Unless someone told you, could you possibly imagine that Joan is self-conscious? Shearer? Garbo? Gloria Swanson? Clark Gable? Carole Lombard? Gary Cooper? Ricardo Cortez? Una Merkel? Isn’t it true that these people have fooled you for years? That they all seem to be the essence of poise and assurance? Very well, then, if they can fool you, you can fool other people. If they can hide their self-consciousness so can you, once you get it into your head that you do not appear to be as self-conscious as you actually are! Try, too, to realize that when (Continued on page 88)
Will Garbo the Great, who reached new histrionic heights in "The Painted Veil," sign a new contract with M-G-M? Hollywood is debating the question and the affirmatives seem to be winning. It is said that the mysterious star greatly enjoyed making her latest picture due to working with George Brent, her leading man, whom she found so attractive. If La Garbo signs a new contract her next will be a talking version of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." She and John Gilbert appeared in the silent interpretation of the Russian tragedy when it was called "Love." We could stand seeing a new version, what?
The lovely Ann is now doing "Enchanted April," an ambitious piece for which she is singularly suited. Along with her other high aims she has a yen for writing, is no slouch of a linguist and is a thoroughly accomplished pianist. She knows no fear and consequently will drive anything with a motor attached. Her complete devotion to her home is due, no doubt, to the fact that her childhood was lived in various army posts. You know, of course, that her father was General George Grant Gatley. Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is her birthplace.
A quiet life and hard work is what Gene craves at the moment. He's had a hectic summer and possibly that explains his yearning for solitude. So with a book in hand and a lot more on his shelves, he's settling down to enjoy a period of seclusion. His friends have dubbed him "The Hermit," but that matters not to Gene. He has finished "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," and is now doing "Behold My Wife," with Sylvia Sidney. A busy man, indeed. What, no romance? Guess not. His career seems to be the thing these days.
Did you know that independently wealthy Claire Dodd had no intention of pursuing a film career? The truth is she took a screen test for fun while visiting a friend in Hollywood. Result: a contract. So alluring does she find filmdom that she's been in pictures ever since. She preserves her gorgeousness by sleeping twelve hours a day and living quietly. She never uses make-up off the screen, never diets and is a fresh air fiend. Happily married to a successful realtor, she finds life good. You saw her last in "I Sell Anything."
He portrays mean kids but is really a very sweet youngster. He's unspoiled, too, thanks to his mother, who says thumbs down on anything that might swell his head, such as reading his own fan mail and going to a swanky private school. No, indeed, Jackie goes to public school and is a regular fellow. He's captain of his class baseball team, and vows he will be a star pitcher on a professional team when he grows up. His latest picture is "Peck's Bad Boy," in which he scored a tremendous hit, notwithstanding the good work of Jackie Cooper.
It must have been a trick of fate that brought to the American screen this young Britisher, for it was by sheer accident that De Mille discovered him. The director’s chance glimpse through a peephole in the room where Wilcoxon’s test was being made decided his choice of an Antony for “Cleopatra.” His next picture is “The Crusades.” A recent exhibition of his paintings in London attests to the fact that he is an artist of no little ability.
A touch of HANDS—
A change of HEART!

1 Frigid

2 Temperate

3 Melting

4 Hot!

If you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives him a romantic feeling . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds soaks the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the penetrating liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how quickly Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.

Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream
What do women talk about when they get together? Men! Men who have loved them. Men whom they have loved. Men who have made unpleasant advances toward them. In two revealing articles, four beautiful stars confess—without disclosing names, of course, for the sake of good taste—certain episodes with certain men.

(Below) Ann Sothern, Sylvia Sidney, Myrna Loy and Miriam Hopkins are the four girls who confess to you certain secret love episodes in their lives. Myrna, Miriam, Sylvia and Ann. One is the Girl with Flyaway Hair. Another is the Girl with Lovely Eyes. The third is the Girl with the Strange Beauty. And the fourth is the Girl of the Orchids. But which is which—you'll have to discover.
HAT new man . . .

For weeks Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood had been in a dither. The feminine part of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood, anyway. The new man in town, come to play in pictures, of course, was something! Everything in fact! He laughed with his eyes. And, as if that wasn't enough, his personal history proved him gallant and brave. Interesting looking, rather than out-and-out handsome. Darn well-made. With an easy manner of wearing expensively casual clothes.

The men of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood were stymied. They couldn't laugh this newcomer off as they would have liked to do. He was no sleek, hand-kissing gigolo. He had their instinctive approval. At the club. Over backgammon and bridge tables. On the tennis courts. At dinner parties.

A new man in any suburb causes excitement. affords a social impetus, inspires loads of parties, and sets fathers—and husbands—to wrinkling their foreheads over bills for new dinner dresses.

In Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood life follows the suburban pattern. To a T. Except that here the advent of a new man is likely to cause even more commotion than it does anywhere else. The girls in the movie suburbs largely outnumber the eligible men.

When the Girl With Flyaway Hair returned to the film colony after a holiday she found the chase well on.

"My dear," fairly screamed a friend who spied her coming into the hairdresser's, "wait until you see him! You won't be any calmer than the rest of us!"

"That evening in the Beverly-Wilshire dressing-room, between dances, the girl met another of the new man's admirers. A somewhat older woman. On the screen she played society matrons and smart divorcées. A quick, frank, discerning woman.

"Well," she sighed, dropping into a chair, "you did pick an unfortunate time to be away, I must say. You've never known such dinner parties as we've been having, angel! For the new man, of course. I don't mind telling you, I'm exhausted. If he wasn't starting work on his picture and hadn't announced he wouldn't go out again until it was finished, I'd leave for Arrowhead or La Quinta. In self-defense. Because I'd never in this world have the will power to stay home from a party if he was to be there. And an old girl like me has to think about rings under her eyes.

"Come to think of it, maybe it's just as well you aren't likely to meet him until things have calmed down somewhat. He'd fall for you. Men always do. You look so . . . oh, so innocent and wicked all at once. As if you didn't know it, angel! And I do believe, without a doubt, the other girls would start a pogrom against you!"

The Girl with Flyaway Hair was pleased. Her little hands went fluttering among the curls at the back of her head.

"We'll see. I have an engagement with this marvellous creature. Tomorrow morning. At nine o'clock."

The older woman pursed her lips. "Angel!" she exclaimed, but with an incredulous note. She knew, you see, that he had been out on the desert ever since the girl returned and that the following morning he started work on his new picture.

"You don't believe me?" the girl taxed her.

"Why, Angel . . ."

The girl laughed. "We're to be in the same picture," she explained. "That's why I came back."

The attractive matron sniffed out her cigarette. "Of all the lucky girls! Of all the lucky girls!" She sighed. For her lately departed youth. And other things, too, no doubt. "Imagine Angel, you'll have him making love to you!"

Angel shook her head. "You sound like a visitor from Dubuque. You know perfectly well love scenes aren't any more exciting or romantic than any other scenes. Part of the day's work. Nothing more."

"Not always . . . A little excitement beat in the matron's voice. Some memory lit tiny flames in her wide gray eyes. "Not always, angel . . ."

THE opening sequence of that picture—a very gay, sophisticated and successful picture which appeared on neighborhood screens about a year ago—was laid in a smart and ultra-modern drawing-room. One entire side of that room, overlooking a flagged terrace, was windows. White predominated. There were sofas and deep low chairs complemented by glass smoking tables. And all about there were great crystal bowls of lovely garden flowers.

It was a beautiful background (Continued on page 90)
What Dareos Prophesied

Two famous stars, blonde and brunette, will divorce, despite vicious denials.

An unprecedented number of divorces, among them three famous female stars and two male stars.

Scandal seems rusty.

Death will come to three of the screen's best-loved players.

Serious injury to Gary Cooper, Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe in a plane crash.

The return of prosperity to the movies. New companies and new stars.

What Happened

True in every detail. Harlow and Kay Francis.

Correct. Bette, Hepburn, Chatterton and Colman and Christina. Olivia, director, extreme, would have 1930s screen in a plane crash.

Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells

Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells

By

Harry Lang

Mae West

Clark Gable

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1934, there were 61 items. Of these, 47 came true. 2 were incorrect. And 12 are inconclusive as this is written. Dareos' score: 77% correct; 3% wrong; 20% inconclusive.

(Continued on page 63)
ONCE again, Dareos, Hollywood's fortune-teller-to-the-stars, makes his annual predictions for Modern Screen.

Readers who have followed his forecasts for the past four years have learned the amazing accuracy of his prophecies. He has predicted marriages, births, deaths, and divorces. He has foretold, with uncanny accuracy, the fortunes of the screen's great and near-great, with respect to their professional as well as to their private lives.

For many years, he has been a confidante of some of the screen's most glamorous figures. There are certain producers in Hollywood who will not make a major business move without first consulting him. There are stars—both men and women—who go to him regularly, and in whose homes he is treated as "one of the family."

As a result, he knows the real truth about these people—their hopes, their plans, their dreams, and their secrets. On this knowledge, as well as on what the stars and his crystal tell him, he has based these annual forecasts for Modern Screen. You have only to read the box on the opposite page to realize how remarkably successful his last year's predictions proved to be.

And so this year, he delves once again into his bag of secrets and tells us these things:

That 1935 will bring movie fans the triple tragedy of the deaths of three more of their most beloved players.

That both England and television will give Hollywood great competition. That television will make amazing strides and inroads into the motion picture industry, and that England, as a movie-producing country, will go skyrocketing to such an extent as to give Hollywood many a headache. Furthermore, many American stars will go there to make pictures.

That Myrna Loy will be 1935's outstanding screen sensation. That Joan Crawford will marry; also Janet Gaynor, Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. That Garbo will be called to Sweden by the illness of her mother, which will end in death. That Clark Gable will be the target for an overambitious mother's love-plot. Here's a list of the screen's most outstanding people and some of the things Dareos says will happen to them during 1935—or within the first few months of 1936:

Garbo will leave M-G-M to make independent productions. She will be called home to Sweden by the fatal illness of her mother. Her own health will suffer. There is no great picture for her and her career will show definite signs of decline. There is no love affair and no marriage.

For John and Dolores Barrymore, the year is beset by accident and robbery. The stars indicate a serious accident to John, either aboard his yacht or at the wheel of an automobile. John will make one big English production. There is continued serenity and happiness in their domestic life.

Lionel Barrymore's wife faces the most serious illness of her life in 1935. Lionel himself is threatened with physical collapse.

Either in the early spring or late fall, Claudette Colbert will be the victim of some occurrence of personal violence—either accidental or a deliberate attempt to harm her. Threat of scandal overhangs her. 

Profession—(Continued on page 82)
Fredric March says, "I might have been a gangster!" He stole. He was a hellion. Mothers who weep and pray over bad children—read this.

March as the noble-looking Browning of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Fredric March crumpled the motion picture section of a newspaper, crushed it into a ball with strong, bronzed hands, and pitched it into a convenient waste basket. Freddie’s face was flushed, his eyes were flashing fire. He reached for and obtained a drink.

"Hell’s bells!" he ejaculated. "I’m damn well sick of these sissy stories about little Freddie March.
Fred—about eleven—with his father, an understanding and kind gentleman.

"That paper had another one. It related how I used to speak pieces and make weekly trips to the bank 'to deposit twenty-five or fifty cents, or whatever he managed to save from his small allowance.' Allowance, my eye! What dough I got my hands on in my boyhood I obtained from picking rags, bottles, iron and paper out of ash pits, alleys, and back yards and hauling the plunder in a home-made wagon to the junk dealer, where I sold it.

"I was a tough kid, back in Racine, Wis.

"I stole chickens, vegetables and canned goods. From the age of seven I did all of the things for which boys are now dragged into the juvenile courts. One day I stole a complete stove from a junk dealer, for installation in a club house. Our gang had constructed from stolen lumber. I recall that I congratulated myself on having graduated from petit to grand larceny.

"Had it not been for circumstances, and the environment of a good home, I, too, might have been a gangster—and a good one!

"I say 'I too' because some of my boyhood pals turned out to be thugs and yeggmen.

"Stories of my life have always pictured me as a sort of gutless wonder," he continued. "In every instance, the rough spots have been glossed over. The old theory that truth is stranger than fiction, and a damned sight more interesting, seems to have been forgotten. The truth is that I've lived an interesting life. I've tasted the bitter and the sweet. I've starved. I've walked the soles off my shoes looking for work. I'm going to tell you the truth—all of it—and I hope you get it published. I'm sick and tired of the nonsensical stuff that's been printed."

(Continued on page 100)
In the garden of Blunderstone Rookery, David and Dora speak of love.

David

Cast

David (as a boy). Freddie Bartholomew
David ...................... Frank Lawton
Mrs. Copperfield ........ Elizabeth Allan
Mr. Murdstone .......... Basil Rathbone
Barkis .................... Herbert Mundin
Mrs. Gummidge ........... Una O'Connor
Micawber ................. W. C. Fields
Uriah Heep ................ Roland Young
Agnes ..................... Madge Evans
Dora ...................... Maureen O'Sullivan
Aunt Betsy ............... Edna May Oliver
Mr. Wickfield ............. Lewis Stone
Nurse Peggotty .......... Jessie Ralph
Don Peggotty .............. Lionel Barrymore
Steerforth ............... Hugh Williams

From the M-G-M picture. Director George Cukor and Producer David D. Selznick. From the novel by Charles Dickens. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and adaptation by Hugh Walpole. Fictionized by Katherine Albert.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't," David cried piteously, "Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir."
Wherein the shattered fragments of a tortured childhood are slowly healed by the mending threads of true love

DAVID COPPERFIELD saw Mr. Murdstone for the first time in church. Later it occurred to him how ironic was this righteous background. It was a lazy summer Sunday. He and his beloved widowed mother and the good Peggotty, their one servant, were happy together in the little English church. David felt quite pleased with life until he saw Mr. Murdstone looking at his mother and, small boy though he was, he recognized a repellent quality about the man. He shuddered and drew close to his mother’s fluffy skirts.

“That man,” he whispered, “he’s like the black panther in my animal book, Mummy.”

“Hush!” she whispered, “that’s a friend of Mama’s.”

Forever afterwards, every time he looked at Mr. Murdstone he saw only the sneaking, slinking black panther whose likeness on the picture-book page terrified him. But he soon realized that he did not know what real fear was until Mr. Murdstone came to live at his and his dear Mama’s home. The man terrified him.

It was all very confusing and he did not know at the time why he was being hustled off in a cart, driven by a certain very willing Mr. Barkis, to visit Peggotty’s relatives in Yarmouth. David couldn’t see why his mother stayed behind but Peggotty told him that she was going to visit friends of hers. David accepted this explanation and made the most of his trip, without knowing that it was to be his last real happiness for years and years.

But he was happy with Peggotty, Ham (Peggotty’s nephew, a redoubtable fisherman), Mrs. Gummidge (always complaining), Dan Peggotty (Peggotty’s brother), and, best of all, Little Emily, the sweet small girl who showed David the wonders of the beach and, more wonderful still, the house in which they lived. Only it wasn’t a house at all. It was an old barge, high and dry on the beach, turned bottom side up with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney (Continued on page 61)
Sad, Shy and Meek

OH YEAH?

By Carter Bruce

YOU know ZaSu Pitts' personality on the screen—shy and school-marmish, highly moral, completely bewildered by life, so much so that the least upset throws her out of stride and leaves her feebly wringing her hands and whimpering, "Oh, dear, oh, dear."

Perhaps you've heard, too, how different she is off the screen—a highly attractive woman, dignified and well-dressed, much in love with her new tennis-champion husband, Thomas Woody, and simply mad about her home and friends.

I've often wondered why nobody has written about another side of ZaSu Pitts that I know. The only reason why it remains such a deep, dark secret, it seems to me, is her dread of publicity. Even if she only meets a newspaper or magazine writer on the street, she lies awake nights for a week wondering what he is going to print about her. It's a mania with her. She is actually terrified of print.

THAT'S the only explanation, so far as I can see, for her never having been painted for you in her true colors. As for me, I think she's the worst hell-raiser in Hollywood. How they ever finish a picture at all, when she's working in it, is a mystery (Continued on page 80)
What's Wrong with the Man?

Has love put Franchot on the spot—personally and professionally?

By Martha Kerr

UNTIL yesterday, I had never met Franchot Tone. But I had a couple of very definite impressions of him: the first, gleaned from his appearances on the screen, was that he was the most consistently inconsistent actor in the movies, with a tendency to alternate four-star performances with very mediocre ones. My second impression came from his publicity which, intentionally or unintentionally, presented him as probably the dullest young man in Hollywood.

It is one of my duties to keep abreast of the prominent players. Yet I have never been able to get past the first few paragraphs of a Tone interview, whether it concerned his life or his personality. When he first came to Hollywood, the best the writers seemed to be able to "angle" out of him was a play on his name. I remember one or two of the stories were titled: "Now We Have the Right Tone in Pictures" or "Tone-ing In on a New Screen Lover!"

Immediately following the title, the reader was quickly assured that nothing sensational or dramatic would be forthcoming on the subject of Mr. Tone. He was a gentleman and, as such, did not discuss his intimate affairs. So, in place of the popular, human-interest slant, those curious about Franchot were treated to a set of facts about his birthplace (Niagara Falls), his excellent family tree, his Cornell University education and a list of several Broadway hits in which he had appeared in pre-Hollywood days.

The second Tone publicity cycle began and has, apparently, ended with Joan Crawford.

NO sooner had it become apparent, following her divorce from Doug, Jr., that Joan was interested in Franchot, that his name was coupled constantly with hers. Ham 'n' eggs, Amos 'n' Andy, Mike and Ike, Joan and Tone were all in the same category of related thought, absolutely inseparable. (Continued on page 76)
It misses. Would you mind, for instance, stopping that annoying little habit of wiggling your little finger every now and then, please?

Poor, indeed, is the man who can only criticize. I come to the rescue. The enclosed manuscript is your salvation. If you fail to read it what will I think? I'll think that you think it is impossible for a man of letters to be also one of your fans. Your pride quivers at the thought.

Therefore, I remain.

Devotedly yours,

Daniel Keck.

Claudette was scrutinizing my face when I looked up after reading it.

"Of course," she smiled grimly, "it was impossible to read that manuscript. I have an ironclad rule never to read stories sent to me by strangers. If I didn't I'd be simply swamped. My secretary has her instructions. Return all manuscripts with the suggestion that they be sent directly to the studio. Also a word of thanks. But this time she broke the rule.

"I had just crawled home from the studio. When I say crawled, I mean crawling. I was nervous, irritable, exhausted. All afternoon we had to do a heavy emotional scene over and over again. I came in, flapped off my shoes, and sank on the divan. My secretary showed me that letter from dear Mr. Keck. I glanced at it. You can guess my reaction. It wasn't designed especially to soothe one's jagged nerves. I forget exactly what I said but my secretary turned pale. She replied, of course, that she'd answer the letter in the same tone in which it was written, but she didn't budge. She stood there. Timidly, she held out her other hand. It was the manuscript. 'It's good,' she offered lamely. 'Really, Miss Colbert, it's awfully good. You should read it.'

"'I flew into a tantrum,' 'For Heaven's sake,' I raged, 'leave me alone. I'm not going to read the gibberish of that smart-aleck.' I had the article in my hand. After glancing at the title I turned to the last page. After the final paragraph the author had written, 'I wonder if Miss Colbert will read this? Who knows?'

"Such a cheap trick. Authors are constantly using such devices, sticking pages" (Continued on page 71)
Unactor-like Vic McLaglen
—his life reads like fiction

By Cyril Vandour

ONE of eight brothers known as the “Fighting Macs,” Victor McLaglen has worked and scrapped his way around the world.

Born in London, this burly son of the late Right Reverend Dr. Andrew McLaglen, an English bishop, was the toughest kid in school and the despair of his gentle parents. Not being what teachers call a bright boy, he ran away from home and school at the age of fourteen to join the Life Guards, passing for nineteen.

The herculean mould of his physique determined his long career as a bruise. His son Andrew, aged thirteen, is a chip off the old block, and already towers six feet one, within two inches of Vic’s own height. Vic’s brothers are all hefty fellows, each one well over six feet. The old bishop who sired this restless brood of giants was six feet four.

Life with Vic began at fourteen. While his schoolmates were still cramming for their exams in Latin and trigonometry, he was a swaggering man of the world, knocking around with troopers who had seen active service, smoking strong tobacco, and at nights, after the day’s back-breaking drill, bawling lusty regimental songs over tall mugs when, as he says, “beer was beer.” In a company noted for its scrappers, he won a reputation as a two-fisted guy of slam-bang action, one whom it was dangerous to provoke. And somehow, contradiction though it seems, retained a certain boyishness which he has to this day.

His boyishness struck me as the most attractive of his traits during the time I spent with him on the set of his recent starring vehicle, “The Captain Hates the Sea,” at his manorial estate in Flintridge, and on the drill ground of his colorful Light Horse, in trying to pick up the material for this yarn.

(Continued on page 68)
IT was while Kay Francis was married to Kenneth MacKenna that I asked her what was her most sincere ambition. And it wasn't one of those thought-out, "well-let-me-see" answers that she gave me. Her eyes lighted up, and the answer sprang from her heart.

"I want to be a good wife. That's all. That's the thing that's important. What do personal ambitions, material successes mean compared to the happiness of loving and being loved? Nothing. At least they mean nothing to my kind of woman."

And then, in less than a month, Kay was divorcing Kenneth MacKenna. It was the most surprising divorce of 1934, just as it had been the most surprising marriage, when, three years ago, Mr. MacKenna abducted Kay from her hospital bed. Everyone had agreed that it was a marvelous marriage. How sensible and sane those two were about it. Hollywood just didn't touch them. Kay had been married twice before, but the third one worked like a charm, and was charming. And then it had ended quickly and quietly and without much fuss in a divorce court.

Kay refused to talk about it. No writer ever really got the true story. There weren't very many lines printed about it because there was nothing to print. The world shrugged its shoulders and said, "Oh, just another one of those Hollywood divorces. It doesn't mean anything. That was her third, wasn't it? Kay Francis will be married again before the year is over."

And, indeed, it looked as though she would be. Kay was going places with Maurice Chevalier. And she was smiling and acting as gay as usual. A few of us who didn't look very closely thought that she looked even happier than ever! Then Chevalier went to Europe, and a few weeks later Kay sailed for the same destination. The marriage will be any day now, the gossipers said. What an attractive couple! What a thrill for the American press! Kay denied it all, but she laughed and looked happy even when she said, "That's (Continued on page 77)
Remedy for Heartbreak  

By Juliette Laine

To work rushes Virginia crushing memories of an ill-starred marriage

"I'm working because I want to. Work is the only cure for heartache, the only intelligent, civilized thing to do. Life nowadays is too big, too wonderful, for any normal woman to collapse in the midst of the debris and confusion of a shattered romance or a broken marriage. In our grandmother's day a woman dramatized her broken heart. In fact, it was expected of her. She either pined away and died, or else she lived on and became a nuisance to everyone around her. It wasn't lady-like to do anything else!"

Virginia Bruce looked like a little girl as she sat there on the chaise longue in her dressing-room, confiding in me. The deep garnet tone of her swank Charvet lounging pyjamas accentuated the camellia-like whiteness of her skin and the soft, deep blue of her eyes. Her hair, long and uncurled, hung down her back in quaint Alice-in-Wonderland fashion.

As I sat there, silently admiring her, I remembered a conversation I had had with John Gilbert, just before their marriage. How thoroughly happy he was then. "She is marvelous!" he had said again and again. "There's no one like Virginia in all the world! Her temperament, her strength of character, are magnificent! Above all, Virginia personifies peace and tranquility; a contentment of heart and soul that is a wholly new experience for me. I have been through all the turmoil, all the fire and fury of love and marriage, but never until I met Virginia did I know the happiness of peace! I feel like a shipwrecked man who has been clinging to a spar, and then suddenly finds himself washed ashore in a beautiful, sheltered haven. Virginia's sweetness, her sympathy and understanding, are beyond belief!"

As I looked across the room at this girl who had meant so much to the Great Lover of the screen, yet whom he had lost after so brief a while of happiness, my heart ached for him. What, after all, was it that had come into the midst of their (Continued on page 86)
Three famous stars and an equally famous director worked together in “Forsaking All Others!” How did they get along, or did they? Read what happened

By Walter Ramsey

WHEN Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery were announced as the stars of “Forsaking All Others,” under the ace direction of “Woody” Van Dyke, the local gossip columnists assumed their favorite cat-that-ate-the-canary expression, and sat back and waited for the worst to happen.

Everybody was going around asking everybody else if he’d heard what Van Dyke (of “Thin Man” direction fame) had said about Joan Crawford’s penchant for playing Bing Crosby’s records on the set? Of course, everybody had. Mr. Van Dyke, who fears neither man, beast nor glamorous movie star, had said he’d be a blank-blank if any star of his was going to play that so-and-so gramophone on the set while he was trying to concentrate. And it was also whispered that Mr. Van Dyke had intimated to close friends that he would go through life just as happily if he never directed a Joan Crawford picture.

The Crawford camp wasn’t taking all this lying down either. Someone who had a friend who knew Joan quite well reported that Joan had said Mr. Van Dyke was probably a very nice man, who had never slapped his grandmother or stepped on a flower in his life, but he wasn’t the only director in Hollywood, even if “Thin Man” had broken all box-office records for a program picture.

AND then, of course, there was that fascinating angle of Mr. Clark (star) Gable and Mr. Robert (equally-starry) Montgomery doing their stuff in the same picture. For some time now, the Hollywood commentators have been debating the pros and cons as to whether Clark upset Bob’s apple cart when he came along on the M-G-M lot, or whether Bob had taken the edge off Clark’s popularity.

And who was to get the girl? The most important male in the picture always gets the girl and, obviously (see Hays’ morality rulings), Clark and Bob both
couldn't have Joan. That just wouldn't do.

And what about the billing? It is stipulated in Joan Crawford's contract that her name shall always precede the title of any picture in which she appears. And Bob and Clark both have star billing clauses, too. Of course, Bob and Clark had always appeared to be very good friends, but then they'd never been together in the same picture with a woman star before. Some of the best friendships in Hollywood have been broken up over less strained conditions than this.

Yes, take it any way you want to, it looked like a gossip's Roman Holiday on the "Forsaking All Others" set, when and if the exciting experiment ever got under way. Believe it or not, but the scent of excitement was so keen that three local newspapers and plenty of magazine writers put in requests to be present on the initial day of shooting—or the shooting of anything else that happened to come up, like Miss Crawford picking up her gramophone and throwing it at Mr. Van Dyke's head, or Bob and Clark amusing themselves by sling Bob and Clark amusing themselves by slinging Joan's Bing Crosby records at each other.

The first shock was the arrival of Mr. Van Dyke himself at the studio gate. Now "Woody" usually shows up in an old sweat-shirt with nothing more formal than a cap atop his artistic head. But this day he was all dressed up in a brand new gray sports suit, a jaunty fedora and a handkerchief protruding fashionably from his pocket. It was the handkerchief that got them. Someone observed: "Maybe 'Woody' thinks it would make a better press note to say: 'The corpse was nattily attired when the body was discovered!'"

The second shock came when the gateman reported that Joan Crawford in her brand new white Ford, Clark Gable in his roadster and Robert Montgomery in his sports model phaeton, had arrived on the lot almost simultaneously—all a good half hour before they were expected. Oh, well, the cynics (Continued on page 74)
I am small, brunette, and do not look like an author. I wanted more than anything else of life to be an author. This, I had heard, required a variety of experiences. So I up and joined a carnival show and wrote Ballyhoo, joined a burlesque troupe and wrote Applause, went to New Orleans and wrote For Men Only, went abroad and wrote Wedding Ring, went to Hollywood and wrote for the movies, and hoboed across the continent, with only a dog for a companion, to write Lady Hobo. I love my work. I love red hats, seamy faces, ten-cent stores, smart clothes, watermelon, swimming, my red-haired mother, Broadway, fine etchings, midnight movies, polo, and corn on the cob.

When Guy Kibbee was forty, he was making only $37.50 per week, playing character roles in a Lincoln, Nebraska, stock company. Today, at fifty, he has the starring role in Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," with Aline MacMahon as his co-star — a fine team.

Is it too late to attempt a career

(Above, left) It was long after she had passed the fifty-year mark that May Robson was a success — in "Lady for a Day." Her latest film with Carole Lombard is "Lady By Choice." (Directly above) W. C. Fields suffered terrific financial losses at fifty and turned to the movies in despair. He made good. His latest film is "It's A Gift," with Baby LeRoy. (Above, right) At fifty-five, Alison Skipworth doesn't have any desire to retire. She loves her work and wants to keep right on with it. She's in "Here Is My Heart." (Extreme right) Sir Guy Standing, another exponent of the work-as-long-as-you-can theory, is in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
You read about the copper king who shot himself. You read about the big fight promoter who couldn't take it. You read about the rich realtor who walked out on his secretary—straight through a window forty stories above the street.

But you didn't read about the actor going dramatic.

The Depression had brought business to its knees—and show business was included. But you didn't hear a murmur from the show folk themselves.

As you walked down Broadway past the Palace Theatre, you couldn't fail to notice the empty curb, where, for years, vaudeville artists had congregated in excited clusters. As you wandered up Theatre Row, you couldn't fail to notice how many of the legitimate theatres were dark.

You weren't so concerned about the younger players. They could become dress models and soda jerkers. But what about the veterans? How were they breasting the storm? Well, maybe they had money in the bank or a snug annuity for life or a house out in the country.

Sometimes, Nature, in order to make a human being stop spinning, provides an illness as a brake. The dark page of the past is turned forever. The patient emerges to the bright page of the future. So it was with Fields. Paramount was waiting with a contract. His brand of humor caught the public fancy.

Now he tells the world that "any idea I may have had of retiring at fifty must have been a mistake. The bank closed to punish me for wanting to be idle. And when I wept over that misfortune, Fate broke my neck. I want Fate to know that I don't regret the bank failure or the broken neck and that no further accidents will be necessary."

MAY ROBSON accepts the challenge from glamorous and alluring competitors to take from her the popularity which has only come to her in her later years.

"I'm packing," she said hurriedly, "so I really haven't very much time to talk on the subject. I came East to attend the christening of my great-grandchild and I've got to get back to the Coast. Tired? Not a bit. I'm going back to make another picture. Retire? Are you in earnest? I hope not, really. Why, I'm only getting my second wind now. That's what my dear Marie Dressler would have said. It was her wish to die in harness and she did. No one knew how much she suffered, but she never quit. That's my spirit, too. I'm glad I have it. I'm kept pretty busy out Hollywood way jumping from one picture to the other. There's a demand for old ladies now, and being an old lady, I happen to be in luck.

"I've had fifty years of trouping, you know. So it's quite up my alley to go back and forth across the continent. I feel as young and as strong as I did fifty years ago in London. And certainly I take life less seriously than I did at that time. Maturity teaches patience and develops a sense of humor. One's nerves are never wracked at my age."

(Continued on page 66)
IN the December issue of Modern Screen I told you that the reason I was writing this story was because I thought you should know the background of the industry whose destinies you, the public, have guided and will always guide. Their movies belong to you. Your will has always been law. I was amazed during the recent censorship crisis that you did not stop the voice of the small minority, who have been trying to choke unreasonable censorship down your throats. However, a knowledge of the history of motion pictures reveals that it takes you a little time to speak your piece, but once you get the ear of the producer he gives you what you want.

There was a day when the word "star" referred only to a heavenly body. The little business men who invested their money in nickelodeons saw no relationship between the cheap "jitney circus" and the well-established, dignified art of the theatre. The stage had its "stars." People dressed themselves in opera caps and top hats and paid fancy prices to watch Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske and Edward H. Sothern. That these same people might be lured into the dingy places where moving pictures were shown did not occur to the men who presented the novelty. It was enough, they felt, that pictures moved, that people walked, and that trains whizzed past the startled on-looker.

The people who did the "moving" in these early pictures were secondary in importance when compared with the sheer mechanics of the nickelodeon. So the producers—a very dignified term for the poor little men who made movies—picked whoever was at hand and shoved them before the wondrous camera, never dreaming that these boys and girls were to become more important than the machine.

Because a woman named Charlotte Smith was left a penniless widow in Toronto, Canada, she and her three children, Gladys, Jack and Lottie, tried to earn a living in cheap stage shows. And because that living was meagre, Gladys, who had taken the stage name of Mary Pickford, applied for work at the Biograph Studio in New York, hoping that she might pick up a few extra dollars.

Because she needed money badly, Norma Talmadge posed for illustrated song slides and later worked at the little Vitagraph Studio. Alice Joyce was a stock clerk in a shoe store. She earned something like four dollars a week. Hers was a pitiful existence, so she sought work in the old Kalem Company and got it.

Stage stars were hard to get in the early days. The mighty ones of the theatre looked down upon the cheap "canned" drama. It was considered a disgrace to work in the motion picture studios, and only if he needed money very badly, did any real actor consent to do so. Even then he kept it quiet and lived in dread lest his fellow actors learn of his despised employment. One of these

You'll find many interesting and startling facts in this colorful biography of the movies
In the early days a star thought nothing of entering a lion's cage, simply because it was called for in the story. Poor Gloria Swanson was one of the victims—she had to do it, not once, but twice!

By Katherine Albert

trouper who did picture work during a dull stage season was Edward M. Kimball. Clara Kimball Young was his daughter.

But in those early days, as I have said, actors were less important than the costumes they wore. It was not until you discovered them that they were given credit. So, in reality, you fans are actually responsible for the Garbos, Crawfords, Hepburns and Mae Wests. You paved the way for them. And this is how you did it.

After the novelty of films wore off, you soon became tired of movement simply for movement's sake and looked for something else to hold your interest. What you discovered were not camera angles or mechanical devices, but the people who moved—the personalities of the films. At that time you did not even know their names and when you asked for "the girl with the long curls" (Mary Pickford) week after week, the producers at last realized that there was but one way to hold you and that was to give you personalities. And that is how the indispensable "star system" began.

Throughout the years many executives have tried to do away with it. They have maintained that the director was the thing and tried to publicize him. The director is, in a large measure, responsible for making good pictures, but when you shop for a picture to see you choose your favorite star without much thought of the director. Once they tried featuring the story; the best books and plays were bought and the greatest authors were hired. If the picture turned out well it was worth the expense, but always and inevitably the personality of the players dominated the story.

Having at last realized what you really wanted, the companies told you the names of the actors who moved before you and presently Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Tom Mix, Broncho Billy Anderson and others elicited your interest and you became their "fans."

By 1910 the star system flourished. But it was a long time before the great stage stars would deign to ally themselves with what they con- (continued on page 64)
Sorrow brought priceless gifts to six Hollywood women—

By Elizabeth Mac Donald

Her own name is Elizabeth Petersen. She was born in Norway. She is married to a Scotsman, an artist. Her stories in the better fiction magazines have made her well known. She's about five foot nothing, very pink-and-white-and-blond, has a huge tiger cat named Malarkey, and doesn't look a bit like a writer. We are introducing her to you for the first time in this magazine—and we know you'll like her as much as we do.

NIGHT comes quickly in Hollywood. There is no long twilight hour to temper the bright sunlight of a California day before darkness closes over it. And sometimes sorrow comes that way, too, swiftly and without warning.

It has come like that to so many beautiful women in that town.

Carole Lombard ...

Life began for her again when she and Russ Columbo first became aware of each other. Life that had lost a little of its sparkle, a little of its meaning, a little of its security when she and Bill Powell came to the parting of their ways. Then spring and all lost, lovely things came rushing back into her emptied heart again. Stars no longer mocked her loneliness.

Everyone who saw them together in that brief time that was given them felt their happiness. When they quarreled—when did lovers fail to quarrel?—and met to
forgive each other after the shortest absence, Carole's heart went rushing to meet his. It was always like that with them, always as if they were meeting for the first time again and realizing in that moment how much they loved each other.

Even parting brought no fugitive sadness to their hearts. It was always for such a little time and they felt so secure in that deep happiness of theirs. So that last time, Carole laughed when she kissed him goodbye ... he loved that deep-throated chuckle of hers ... and her hand flipped upwards in a gay little gesture of farewell.

Only a day between that day and the next. But death came on that day between, striking so swiftly, so tragically at the boy who had sung of love to her.

Again Carole faces desolation ... a sorrow so sudden, so tragic that sometimes it must seem impossible to face the waiting years. The years that will hold no sight of him, the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand on hers again.

What will they do to Carole Lombard, those years ... will they touch her with bitterness, threaten that bright youth of hers with their tragedy? Or will they give her the things sorrow has given to so many of her friends in Hollywood, the things that have helped them carry on ... the things that have made them great?

SORROW brought maturity to Mary Astor.

Yes, for all her loveliness, her perfection of face, her glory of hair, there was something lacking in her. It was as if one saw the soul of a child imprisoned in the voluptuous body of a woman. She had not done the things the studios had expected of her. Something was lacking ... a woman's feeling and understanding and warmth. And her public felt (Continued on page 97)
Can a Nice Girl be a Big Success?

To take the world by storm WE must storm! Make ourselves heard!

By Kay Hartley

Four of filmdom’s beauties who display varying degrees of temperament or temper, as you choose. At the top is Joan Bennett, who possesses a temper, but unlike Connie, conceals it. Next, Katharine Hepburn, the spitfire of the screen. Below her is Constance Bennett, the aloof and proud Marquise, and at the bottom is Heather Angel, just a nice girl.

BEFORE I go a single line further, I suppose I must stop and explain and qualify my use of the word “nice.” It has nothing to do with anyone’s morals, I assure you. I use it strictly in the same sense of sound—so’s being nice to someone, and what’s-her-name’s not being nice to anyone!

For months I’ve been sitting around this town, listening—a writer learns to listen and not to talk—and I have been astounded to discover who is talked about and who isn’t. At a party, recently, a small group in the corner began on Constance Bennett. Each person, in turn, told his or her experiences with the Marquise—and I might as well fess up that most of the experiences left these people pretty well griped on the subject of Connie. But their Connie-gripes were so much more vital and interesting than were any of their views on her more amiable younger sister, Joan, who, everyone agreed, when pressed on the subject, was “all right—at least she has been very nice to me.” I say, “pressed on the subject,” because Joan, as a topic of conversation, just never would come up of its own accord. Nobody ever thinks of Connie and Joan in the same breath despite the fact that they are sisters.

“Oh, well,” said one actor who has played with Constance in a number of her pictures, “all I can say is that her disagreeable manners have certainly done her no harm. In fact, I think that she has even prospered because of them. Have we ever known a big star to be meek and docile as a lamb? Lambs just don’t excite the public’s imagination. Lions are the thing that make good copy. Let a lion roar, and though you shudder, you must admit that you do sit up and take notice!”

I’m afraid I must agree with him. The other day I was sitting in an office at RKO when, just outside the window, I heard a familiar high-pitched, squeaky voice squawking.

“You pig!” the lady shouted. “You are a pig! Yes, you heard me . . . p-i-g—pig! Don’t you ever come near me again! I don’t like you . . . you Pig!”

And even long after the Pig—I have no idea who he was—had retreated out of earshot, Miss Katharine Hepburn went on shouting!

I was there to do a story on Ginger Rogers, but somehow or other I couldn’t get interested in Ginger after that, and I soon packed up my pad and pencil and went home to write a story on Katharine Hepburn. Miss Hepburn had probably made an enemy for life out of the Pig. She had been nasty and had shouted her scorn from the house-tops. But suppose she had been nice to him . . . I would have had no inspiration for a story! I, for one, would rather endure Hepburn’s ire than be soothed by a more pleasant star’s smile.

What is it? Why is it? Is it possible that we like our idols to iord it over us, to browbeat us, to show off their greatness a bit? There is an old idea which has been done to death in novels, stories and on the screen. A man is wooing (Continued on page 72)
Here is my Heart

A Bing Crosby picture! 'Nuff said? (Left) Lovely Kitty Carlisle is a very grand Russian princess and Bing is a mere waiter. However, Bing's plate-juggling is all an act, for he's actually a famous radio star who takes this lowly job to be near the one he loves. (Above, right) Fortunately for Bing, Roland Young, the Princess' brother, is in on his scheme.
Warner's new musical, with Irene Dunne, borrowed from RKO, to sing and act in the title role. She is seen (above, left) in the arms of Donald Woods and (above, right) the romantic Woods is momentarily intrigued by the dark glance of Wini Shaw. (Below, left) you see the whole cast, which includes Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, Ned Sparks, Nydia Westman and Dorothy Dare and (right) Irene in the speedy—hmm!—chariot of Louis Calhern.
Is Columbia going to give us another story as swell as "It Happened One Night?" They have such hopes of "Broadway Bill." Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, shown (above, left) in what seems to be a distressing situation with Helen Vinson. (Right) Baxter stakes everything on a fondly cherished horse and Myrna sticks by him, going so far as to dine with the help. (Below, left) Lovers. (Right) Myrna in a sadder mood.
You'll all admit without a moment's hesitation that RKO-Radio's treatment of "Little Women" was superb. And that Hepburn, in particular, was "very" superb. Now they've gone and done another story that we all love, Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister." And Hepburn here, too, has the sort of role she does so well—that of the impish little gypsy gal, Babbie, who is continually stirring up trouble. (Center) Poor little Micah (Billy Watson) pleads with Babbie to intercede for his father and have him released from prison. (Bottom) John Beal, the Little Minister himself, who is bewitched by the mysterious but desirable Babbie.

The Little Minister

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It's a good fairy, indeed, who brings to the screen for our delectation Ferenc Molnar's delightful whimsy, "The Good Fairy." None other than Margaret Sullavan will play the role of the little orphan who wanted feverishly to wave a wand and bring happiness to the world. Here you see her indulging in a chocolate ice cream pop during a lull in the filming of the picture. And below, you see the Orphanage on good behavior while Alan Hale, a kindly gentleman, inquires about the inmates and the institution. At the bottom, our Good Fairy holds the interest of the little group of orphans, possibly with a tale of her trips into Fairyland, while Beulah Bondi, the orphanage matron, looks on aghast. Herbert Marshall will play the leading male role. It's a Universal picture.
A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Take it from us, this month's movie calendar is brim full of simply swell pictures

(For short reviews see page 93)

By Walter Ramsey

A: THE GAY DIVORCÉE (RKO-Radio)
Musical entertainment de luxe. If you liked "Flying Down to Rio," you'll certainly go for this one because it's that much better. Not only does it excel in story—which concerns itself with the conspiracy of Edward Everett Horton and Alice Brady to secure a divorce for Ginger Rogers through the use of a professional co-respondent—but brings to the fare Fred Astaire, whose acting, singing and dancing are superb. How that boy can hoof! Ginger Rogers, as the divorcée, makes a lovely heroine and dancing partner for Astaire. And those two comedics, Horton and Brady, as the befuddled lawyer and busy-body aunt respectively, account for much of the fun. Too, there's Erik Rhodes, the professional co-respondent and Eric Blore, the waiter, who brings down the house whenever he makes an appearance. All in all, it's a swell picture with plenty of good laughs, glorious music (the "Continental" is bound to be a hit) and Fred Astaire. Go, by all means!

A: KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn)
Extra lavish entertainment. Eddie Cantor, a great many beautiful gals, spectacular settings, that musical numbers and funny gags, make this another sure-fire musical hit. Eddie becomes heir to 77 millions and goes to Egypt where he gets involved with the Sheikh's nitwit daughter, Eve Sully. The finale in technicolor is a thing of beauty and cleverness. Besides its inimitable star, several members of the supporting cast came in for a bow, including Ethel Merman, who passes as Eddie's Ma, Black and Sully, Warren Hymer and Ann Sothern, whose voice is quite pleasing. The dance ensembles are particularly gorgeous and there are several songs in it that are sure to be popular. It's another Cantor picture, folks, more spectacular and funnier than ever, so don't miss it.

A: GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal)
A beautiful production. Universal has done an almost flawless job in bringing Charles Dickens' immortal story to the screen. In its adaptation, the original flavor has been retained and therein lies most of the credit. Naturally, without the almost perfect performances of the actors, this success could not have been achieved. To Henry Hull and Florence Reed go most of the honors. Hull acts with a force and sincerity that is not easily forgotten and Florence Reed brings depth and conviction to her role of the loveless woman.
Phillips Holmes, as the apprentice, and Jane Wyatt, as the heroine, are both grand. George Breakstone and Ann Howard in the early sequences are splendid, too. The picture's mystery, drama, romance and comedy, plus dexterous direction and marvelous acting should result in an evening of sheer enjoyment for you.

A: LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia)

Another "Lady for a Day"—almost. With that grand actress, May Robson, giving another sterling performance, plus the presence of the gorgeous and capable Carole Lombard, this picture comes very close to hitting the same stride as the aforementioned hit. The only thing it falls short in, undoubtedly, is the story, which lacks the excitement, thrill and suspense that made the other tops. In this instance, May is a drunken old woman who reforms when Carole, a fan dancer, adopts her as her mother merely for a publicity stunt. A romantic touch is furnished by the presence of Roger Pryor. Although May reigns as queen of the ball, Carole is by no means to be overlooked, she is mighty convincing and sooooo beautiful. Walter Connolly makes his role of Judge shine plenty, but this man Pryor just doesn't click with me. Of course, you'll want to see this and when you do, be sure to take the whole family with you.

B: READY FOR LOVE (Paramount)

Neat little comedy. The locale for this pleasant, though unpretentious, movie is a small town into which comes Ida Lupino, the daughter of a New York actress. She is mistaken to be the former sweetheart of the town's most disreputable but wealthy citizen, recently deceased. A series of mishaps follow, including a "ducking" by the females of the town, which brings Ida into the headlines as well as into the arms of Dick Allen, the good-looking newspaper editor. Ida and Dick turn in good performances, with Ida given most of the footage and close-ups. Marjorie Rambeau does her usual stuff and Trent Durkin is simply priceless as the lovesick youth with poetical inclinations. Not the world's best, but pretty good at that.

B: THE FIREBIRD (Warner's)

High-class entertainment. Although this picture includes a murder and is therefore typed as a "mystery" (Continued on page 101...
W O U L D N ' T you love to know how Gloria Swanson does it? How she wears those clothes, I mean, and simply glows with that fascinating thing called "glamour"?

For years I've been one of the women who wailed, "Oh, Heaven, please let me in on that Swanson lady's style secrets!" But it's only now that my plea has been answered, and I'm rushing the good news on to you. It's news to warm the cockles of your heart and start you right out with a wholly fresh lease of fashion life.

Now, don't think Gloria had everything to start with. She didn't. Most of us would have considered it a pretty mean trick of Fate to be given a tip-tilted nose like hers and green eyes that slanted and a mouth which certainly conformed to no set rule of beauty. She made them assets; the kind that fairly rocked the world and put a queen or two out of business.

But she was thoroughly mad about being so short.

Adjust your height by garbing yourself right. Glamorous
Scarf sleeves and long sash provide the interest in this unusual afternoon get-up. The kimono style, lipstick-red jacket half covers the long black frock. The material used is shirred georgette. Pert hat and tiny veil correctly complement the costume. If you would be individual wear something like this. And if you're short, it's especially good. Gloria is a little bit of a thing, but you'd never suspect it.

If you would be smart, be simple. Only a single jewelled clip adorns this ultra-chic afternoon gown. On line and good material depends its distinction. Interesting features are its tunic and pinched back, cowl-scarf neck line. This powder blue suede crepe frock is one of Miss Swanson's favorites.

She still is. Imagine being barely over five feet tall. No one can really carry clothes at that height. You can be cute, of course. But fashionable? Never! So Gloria went straight out under the very noses of the style authorities and became the best dressed woman on the screen.

That has always intrigued me—how she managed to look so tall and regal. “Hmp,” she humped, “I do everything but stand on stilts. I wear my evening clothes almost floor length and I usually manage to lift them in front a trifle so the line falls to the back. That adds valuable inches. I wear my daytime clothes as long as I dare and I never wear oxfords with them. The break there at the ankles is shortening, whereas if you have low-cut pumps you increase your apparent height by a full two inches.

“Furthermore, I cannot wear bulky materials such as tweeds, which I adore. They're for you taller people.

Gloria tells you many of her style secrets in this article
Metal velvet, a new fabric, went into the making of this good-looking evening gown of Empire influence. A tunic, longer in back than in front, tops a very long fitted skirt with half-length train. (Center) One can almost hear bugles blaring and guns roaring when Gloria wears this sports costume. Notice the clever use of cartridge pleating. (Right) For a busy day in shops and such this slate blue shadow striped woolen street or sports ensemble can be worn. The dress buttons down the back with large blue buttons. The neckline is high and is ornamented by a pair of clips of fire-engine red. And, of course, the rakish Tyrolean hat with red quill adds the last word in chic to the completed costume. (Right, below) From far-away Cambodia was borrowed the motif for this interesting hat. It is made of rich black velvet and is ornamented by a rhinestone clip.

And I can't 'divide' a dress by color; that is, have the waist of one shade and the skirt of another. With a suit, that's different. I seldom take off the coat anyway."

We were sitting there in her sunlit patio, under gaily striped umbrellas. Humming birds hovered over the roses near us. And Gloria looked exactly like a co-ed in her sorority house. She had on blue silk Chanel pajamas with flappy trousers, little tennis shoes (she takes size 2½), and her hair was brushed back in a long bob. Yes, and she had bangs. (Continued on page 75)
Good News

(Continued from page 17)
a quiver in a carload. Loretta never sounded better.

Take a Bow. Jean Muir

Last week, the famous critic, George Jean Nathan, came out with: "...you can have your Garbo and your Dietrich. Give me Jean Muir! Her work in 'Desirable' is perfect."

We suppose there will be some yowls from the fans on George Jean's crack, but the fact remains that he made it and he's the sort of a chap that hands out fifty scalloins to one orchid. So he really means what he says about Jean.

Dilemma

The mid-night elopement of actor Onslow Stevens and Phyllis Cooper, Los Angeles socialite, lasted such a short time (two weeks) that the bride is undecided whether she should sue for divorce or an annulment!

Scandal!

Mae West sure starts 'em trying to come up and see her at an early age. Baby LeRoy took his first step in Mae's dressing-room yesterday. P. S. He was trying to reach her powdered puff.

Things That Don't Worry Us Any More

Whether Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow are ever going to get married and (2) the same wondering about Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell. Both of them have taken so long to make up their minds that we've just about lost interest in the whole deal at this point.

Hollywood in Shorts

"Sweet Music," the new Rudy Vallee flicker, will have one sequence in which twelve ex-football players (all over 200 pounds) will disguise themselves as fan dancers... Jimmy Cagney did so much tap dancing over one week-end that he strained himself right into bed, and the picture is waiting... Clark Gable leaves for another hunting trip immediately after "Forsaking All Others"... Pola Negri seen again at the late spots and she's still gudjus... Almost no doubt, now, that Garbo will sign a new contract because M-G-M is planning a talkie version of her silent picture, "Anna Karenina"—cheers. Heard this? "Many a gal in Hollywood was promised a mansion to live in, only to find it was a stall!... Howard Hughes, millionaire play-boy (Continued on page 101)

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"—amazingly rich in Hormone-like substances"

explains DR. R. E. LEE

Dr. R. E. Lee, Director of Fleischmann Health Research, explains: "Discovered by a noted scientist, it's a new yeast 'strain!'"

"...that's why this new yeast acts quicker!"

Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT!... a new yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?
Because it's a stronger "strain" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so... faster! It's rich in hormone-like substances.

What are Hormone-like Substances?
They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles from the stomach right down.

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?
Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you. "XR" Yeast makes your foods softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.

Do Skin troubles stop much Sooner?
The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition. Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner!


EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. Keep on after you've got quick results. Get a supply today!

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Fleischmann's XR Yeast
AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright 1940, Standard Brands Inc.
942—Peggy Conklin, Paramount player, wears this skirt of brown and beige plaid with cardigan jacket of brown velvet wool. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 946—(Center) Helen Mack's black crepe dress is very swanky and chic. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

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954—(Above) Anita Louise's Russian tunic is youthful and gay. Its full blouse, dropped shoulder and unusual sleeve are particularly enhancing. Anita wears it in marine blue, with tabs of gray yarn decorating the Peter Pan collar and belt. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.
David Copperfield

(Continued from page 33)

and with a beautiful little door and windows cut in the side. How exciting, David thought, to live in a boat on land.

Although Peggoty told him that he must not ask questions he discovered that wind-swept, burly, kindly Dan was a bachelor who had adopted Ham, his brother's son, Emily, his sister's daughter and Mrs. Gummidge, the wife of his partner, whose respective fathers and husbands had been drowned in the insistent and greedy ocean that rolled and crashed against the shore.

But these old disasters did not dampen the spirits of David and Emily as they romped across the sand and Emily told David of her wonderful dream of becoming a lady and buying Dan Peggoty a blue coat with diamond buttons.

But at last the visit was over and he and Peggoty must return to his mother. Eagerly he jumped out of the cart and rushed into the house to greet his mother but at the threshold of the room he stopped short. His mother was there, seated in her usual corner by the fireplace but at the other corner sat the black panther, the man he had seen at church, Mr. Murdstone.

Questioningly, David looked at Peggoty. She whispered, "That's your new Pa."

DAVID wanted to run away, back to
dan and Ham and Emily, or any-
where out of the house that had once been so jolly and so full of life, for, young as he was, he felt the curiously changed atmosphere. His mother, once so loving, so tender, so gay, instead of gathering David in her arms, looked timidly at Mr. Murdstone.

"Now, Clara my dear," he said, "recol-
lect! Control yourself. Davy, boy, how do you do?"

Nor was the situation relieved when another stranger entered the room, a gloomy-looking woman dressed in black. Her heavy black eyebrows met across her nose. David's mother told the boys that this was Miss Murdstone, his new aunt. The stranger gave David a hard, apprais-
ing glance.

"Generally speaking, I don't like boys," she said, "How-de-do, boy?"

He answered her curtly, for youthful anger welled in his breast. Miss Murd-
stone tossed him aside with a word, "Wants manners!" and turned to Mrs. Copperfield.

"Now, Clara, you're much too pretty and thoughtless to manage a house properly. If you'll be so good as to give me the keys,"

David could stand no more. His mother, his sweet, gentle mother, to see her with these people—like this. The house was different. Laughter was in it no longer.

He was soon to discover that every-
thing was changed. He could not sleep in his mother's room any longer. He could be with her very little during the day and he must recite his lessons not to her alone, but before Mr. and Miss Murdstone as well. And he couldn't, with those cold eyes upon him, he simply couldn't remember the lessons, so they always ended in tears with his mother pleading hysterically that Mr. Murdstone spare the boy anguish.

But he did not spare him. Instead he took him into his room and beat him with a cane as if he had been a disobedient dog.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't!" David cried piteously. "Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir. I think I could do it with my mother alone, but I can't with you and Miss Murdstone staring at me. I can't indeed."

MODERN SCREEN

OVEN-SERVE dishes

make a big hit as Christmas gifts

OVEN-SERVE dishes are the gay, attractive TABLE dishes you can also use for oven baking! You can buy them by the piece, or in complete table services.

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you bake meat loaf or fish and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles, too, or the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single OvenServe dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. For they don't mind cold any more than they do heat.

Cost a lot? No indeed! They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

MEAT LOAF BAKED ON SERVING PLATTER

1 pound round steak ground
2 tbsps. melted butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. onion chopped
¼ tsp. pepper . . . . 1 tsp. salt
1 cup bread crumbs moistened with water
2 slices bacon . . . . water

Combine all ingredients except bacon and water. Shape into loaf. Lay slices of bacon across the top. Place on OvenServe Meat Platter, Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 1½ hours. Add a little water at a time and baste occasionally. Serve with well-seasoned hot tomato sauce. (A can of tomato soup, seasoned and heated, makes a fine sauce.) Makes six servings.

OVEN-SERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES

AND OTHER

5¢ - 10¢ AND $1 STORES

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures

"The Oven Ware for Table Service"

The Homer Laughlin China Co.

Novelty, W. Va.

61
"Can't you, David?" said Mr. Murdstone brandishing the cane. "We'll see about that."

He clenched his visage, but his hands and his indigence were more than David could bear. His little heart flamed with rage. He wished to see Mr. Murdstone and dug his teeth into his forefinger. He stood white outside the locked door and heard the sound of his mother's voice imploring leniency for him.

David was locked in his room and allowed to see no one. He could hear curious, muffled noises in the house and it was Peggyotty who thrust the door open and whispered that he was to have a little brother or sister soon. He beat on the door. He begged to be released but no one had lenient attention now.

And then, at last, the door was opened. He crept miserably downstairs to a quiet, hushed, ominous room.

It was Peggyotty who told him, when he found her at last, "Your mamma, the precious, the thing she—" She ceased, David said quietly. "And your little brother, the innocent, he's dead, too."

David's heart was broken so it did not matter much what became of him. His heart and his brain were numb and he answered only in monosyllables when Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Micawber, his stepfather and stepmother, arrived among him. He told them he had heard, a cross, gruff old thing, but after all she was his blood kin and she could not possibly be worse to him than others he knew.

And so a young boy traveled alone to Dover, but the adventures of that trip he could not remember. David's family was broken and he had no bed in which to sleep and no food to eat and, when, after days of misery, he arrived in Dover, he staggered, weak from exhaustion and hunger, upon the green by Aunt Betsy's house. Into her startled ears he poured the story of his short but unhappy life. She listened, amazed. They were David and Mrs. Dick, the jolly, the ex-featherweight shopman, having a chat while the outgoing tides of the day.

David had never been seen anything like the Mead household. Nor had he ever known any creature like Mr. Micawber, whose long legs he saw first. Micawber was letting himself in by the sky-light anyway, availing the boys. He was swarming outside the house treating unpleasantly, to take him off to the debtor's prison. David immediately vanted to join him.

There was only one faint flicker of pleasure for him in all of London and that was in the company with whom he lodged. He bore a red affection for Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and their four squalling, screaming, fright- ening children and their one inefficient servant, Clinkett, the "orin" from St. Luke's Orphanage.

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David, in spite of his being away from Dora, had he not noticed, during his talks with Steerforth, that there was a side of his nature he had not known before, a cynical, rather patronizing side. And, although David tried to tell himself that he was imagining a situation that did not exist, he could not help but see that when Emily looked at Steerforth, as she so often did, there was a strange light in her eyes. No such light was there when she looked at Ham, the man she had promised to marry.

So it was as if David already knew what was going to happen when Ham brought the bitter tidings. He handed the letter to David and asked him to read it to them all. The young man's voice faltered. He could not even glance at Dan and Ham and Mrs. Gummidge and Peggyott as he spoke the written words:

"When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, see this I shall be far away, never to come back unless he brings me back a lady. You that have wronged, love someone else that will be true to you and worthy of you. Try to think as if I'd died when I was little and was buried somewhere. Tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now."

The note fluttered from David's hands. Ham started to speak and then the gaze of all of them was pulled to Dan Peggyott who looked so wild and terrified that they stood before him in awe.

"Who's the man? I want to know his name. Who's the man?" he repeated over and over in a low, inexorable voice.

David remembered his talks with his one-time friend and breathed the name. "Steerforth."

Dan turned and started for the door. "I'm a-going to seek my Emily," he said. "Through the world. I'm a-going to find her. No one can stop me."

And none could stop him. Dan Peggyott had begun the search which lasted for years.

There was nothing for David to do but to leave that once happy little home. As the months passed he did not forget the sorrow of his friends but his life was filled with importance. His ambition to write was realized when there appeared a story from his pen in the Monthly Magazine. But even this triumph was overshadowed when Dora told him that she would marry him.

He hurried to Canterbury to tell Aunt Betsy and Mr. Wickfield of his happiness and he was so absorbed in his own joys that he did not see the disappointment in Agnes' eyes.

Ah, poor Agnes. She had not been happy since David had left. Her father had taken Uriah Heep into partnership and the man seemed to have him completely under his thumb. Uriah slept in David's old room and although Wickfield assured them that it was his wish to have Uriah as his partner they knew that this was not so. But not even Micawber would tell David what sinister power Uriah had over Wickfield, a power which made him so drunk that he asked for Agnes' hand in marriage. For the first time in years Wickfield, enraged that Heep should think himself good enough for her, asserted himself and Uriah, the 'umble, realized that he had gone too far.

But even the Wickfields and their problems were forgotten when David married his beloved Dora.

Dora, the child wife, who could not keep her account books straight, who could neither learn to cook nor to manage her servant, who cluttered David's study with her guitar and her paintings and Jip's elaborate pagoda-like dog-house—ah, Dora.

Yet he loved her most fondly, tenderly. However, time and a most disastrous dinner party for Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick with the cook drunk, the oysters unopened, the oyster knife lost, the leg of mutton under-done on one side and raw on the other, showed David that he had made a mistake. He brought the faithful Peggyott to take care of her and manage the house. But Dora was never, never in any sense of the word, a helpmate. The only task she could perform successfully was to dip his pens in ink and hand them to him as he wrote.

But he must love her. And he continued to love her as if she had been some dear child. And the passing years did not lessen his tenderness.

Dora was ill the night that Dan Peggyott came to tell David that Emily had been found. With the hope of vengeance in his heart, yet thanking God that she was returned, Dan told of Steerforth's leaving her in Naples and telling his servant that the servant was to marry her.

Devastated by having become something cast off for a servant's use, Emily tried to Steve himself. She did not return in by the servant. But at last she escaped. Dan found her and she threw herself at his feet, humbly begging for mercy. Dan's love was great and he took her to his heart and wept over the little orphaned girl she had been.

But now Dan had another worry. He had heard that Ham, not caring what became of his life since Emily left, was invariably the first to volunteer for the most dangerous rescue work at sea. So Dan begged David to go to Yarmouth quickly to tell Ham that Emily had been found and save him from the madness that prompted him to take such risks with his life.

When David arrived at Yarmouth he
The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 45)

sidered a cheap offshoot of their own indomitable art.

I will not trace each step of the tremendous rise of the motion picture industry, nor can I possibly include here mention of all the great and near-great stars. But in order to know the background of your industry you must know something of that tz.

When Francis X. Bushman was a star, it was considered a bad policy to admit that any popular male player was married. Bushman was married. What's more, he had five children, but it was actually written into his contract that he must never divulge this fact. His family lived in his Maryland home, Bushmanor, and once when I visited there, I was shown the garage where he was making pictures for the old Essanay Corporation, the studio heads scolded him roundly and instructed him to pack them all back home at once lest somehow this domesticity leak out.

This state of affairs led to disagreements between Bushman and his wife. But, as always with any movie star's marriage, he was paramount. Besides he had fallen in love with his co-star, Beverly Bayne. A divorcée, she was both Franchise and his studio knew that the story would break and they decided to let his worshiping feminine public have the two stories at once—his marriage and his approaching marriage to Beverly Bayne.

Literally, the day after the newspapers appeared with these stories, Francis X. Bushman stopped being a star. Because he was unromantic enough to have had a wife and five children, the public did not want him.

Overnight, his popularity was gone. In desperation the studio sent a scoop all over the United States to make an investigation. When he returned he walked into Bushmanor's dressing-room and put his head in his hands.

"Is it as bad as that?" Bushman asked. The scoop answered. "Bush, you're through!"

Much later another great romantic star, John Gilbert, was to fall almost overnight, with Mrs. Gummerey and Emily us. All the essence of Hollywood history repeats itself. Details differ, for now it would be impossible for any star to keep anything secret—anything a marriage and children for longer than a few weeks. And now, of course, with the public educated to the acceptance of their screen idols as they are and not as their press agents paint them,
BUSHMAN made one come-back years later in "Ben Hur," but too much had been lost. His chance had come too late and he could not open the door to the second knock of opportunity.

You need but glance through the pages of old fan magazines to discover how little the public knew about the stars for whose existence they were responsible. At that time all players were endowed with all the well-known virtues. All came from wealthy families. And all loved Shakespeare.

This period was so ginned up with press-agent hokum that it was years before the truth finally leaked out. For instance, that Theda Bara was really named Theodosia Goodman and that she was not born on the banks of the Nile. And, as always, the real stories were so much more colorful, vivid and vital than the imaginings of the publicity men. There were deeds of great courage enacted by the stars that were told only very, very much later. Alice Joyce, the stock clerk and artist's model, had some fantastic yarn invented about her entrance into pictures. Really she got her chance by deciding that she could ride a horse like a Kentucky jockey.

She had never been on a horse's back in her life, but she was so eager to lift herself out of her poverty and earn a few dollars that she invented the lie. So they put her on a horse and set it running down a railroad track as fast as it would go. Way she wasn't killed no one will ever know.

Gloria Swanson was another who risked her life for the movies. In an early De Mille film there was a tableau from that famous old painting, "The Lion's Bride," and, although it would be only a flash in the picture, Gloria must go into the cage with the lion, lie down upon the floor and allow the beast not only to lie down beside her but to rest his paw upon her shoulder. Precautions against danger were taken, of course. Men stood by with guns, but Gloria knew if the lion attacked her and the men fired, the bullets might miss their mark and hit her.

SHE got all her courage together. She was excited by praise and drunk on the knowledge that she was being a brave girl. On the tide of this hysteria, she was swept into the scene and, from a pictorial standpoint, it all went well, but something went wrong with the camera and, when she came out of the cage, she was told she must do it all over again.

That was the hardest thing she ever had to do. The first excitement, which carried her through once, was gone. She could not key herself to such a high pitch again. She knew, now, what the danger was and this time cold terror walked into the lion's cage with her. As it happened all went well but Gloria left the stage to collapse in her dressing-room. On her shoulder where the lion's paw had rested the beads of her gown were crushed.

Such a thing could not happen in the movies today, of course. A double would have been used. But then they didn't know anything better than to risk their lives if it were necessary for a certain shot. Kathleen Williams took chances with her life continually in the wild animal pictures she made. Because the industry was so young, it was bolder than it is now. It had, I believe, more courage.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I must tell you in the February issue. I will tell you of the coming of the little motion picture industry to Hollywood and of what raw materials that incredible city was fashioned.

When a mild reproof brings a flood of tears... or a plucky child cries for a thrilling hurt... take heed! Often such outbursts are little flags of warning!

One of several things may be to blame—acid stomach, flatulence... perhaps your child is catching cold. Or maybe it is constipation—a disorder so common that 90% of all children are affected by it.

Give your child Fletcher's Castoria

When a child is unusually "toughy" it is wise to give a laxative. But be sure to give a child's laxative... not a harsh, bad-tasting adult laxative that may upset digestion and cause gripping pain.

Give Fletcher's Castoria! It is made especially for children. They love its candy taste. It is gentle, safe—yet effective and thorough.

The "standby" in 5,000,000 homes

In more than 5,000,000 American homes, mothers of children of all ages—from babyhood to 11 years—give Fletcher's Castoria for constipation—and for all those little symptoms that point to incomplete elimination.

Next time you take your child to the doctor for a regular check-up, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will tell you that it contains no harsh, irritating ingredients—only such ingredients as are mild, effective and suitable for children's tender systems.
I’ve seen many changes in my time. The stage has always mirrored the world, and the world has evolved. I consider myself very fortunate to have been given the privilege to see it all, and I’m not going to be a quitter until Gabriel blows his horn.

Fifty years ago, an eighteen-year-old girl named Henrietta Crosman made her debut as Little Tilde in a play called “Hoop of Gold.” The printer made two mistakes in the programme. He left out the letter “r” in Mary and the letter “t” in Robson. That left it “May Robson” and as “May Robson” she has lived.

Her beloved Marie Dressler sold May Robson to Hollywood, and a grateful Hollywood it must be since this veteran actress has given new life to the box office. Her picture “Lady For A Day” established her as an actress equal in popularity to her friend Marie. “Lady By Choice” should make audiences feel that there is a woman who can make up for them the loss of Marie Dressler.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN—the grand dame of the screen—told me a story without any bitterness as we sat in the gathering dusk of her beautiful home in Beverly Hills. Miss Crosman went on the stage in 1888. She played one night stands in all sorts of weather, falling into bed at two in the morning, falling out at five to make the next jump. Some of the time, there were no Pullmans. She married a Major Campbell. Her baby came. She kept right on working. Sarah, the nurse, in lieu of a screen, would hold aloft a screen rug in the chilly publicity of a day coach so that the mother could take care of the baby.

The climb up the unstable ladder of success was slow. But finally, she stood at the top. Her glorious titian hair had turned gray. But she had made New York audiences rise and call her name. She was rich. She had fifty years of stage life behind her when she took her last curtain call.

She bought a beautiful home in Pelham Manor. And she retired from public life.

The stock market crashed. It swept the solid earth from under her feet. It swept the fifty years away.

She sat down and said: “What shall I do?”

People answered: “Why don’t you teach?”

She retorted: “I can’t.”

So she and her husband went on living in that big house in Pelham Manor—without anything to live on.

This is a garden. Within this garden was a little garden of her own, fenced all about with a tall wall. Here she would come—to be with God.

One day it was very black to spite of the sun that was shining and the birds that were singing and the flowers that were fragrant nearest to her garden. She sat in the depths of despair. In her anguish, she called aloud to God. He answered.

She answered back: “Tillie.”

And so for Henrietta Crosman life began again, fifteen years past fifty.

I took misfortune in still another guise to give Guy Kibbee his lucky break.

At forty, he was earning $20.50 a week, playing character roles with a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska, and convinced that he had reached the zenith of his theatrical career.

He lived comfortably enough in a rambling farmhouse. Now, however, he was rotund of figure and bald of pate. And he wasn’t consumed with any driving ambition.


But once he arrived, he could not get a job. The experience of years did not count. The family fortune dwindled.

One night, over an epochal dinner, a friend advised that the Kibbees go to New York in their search for laurels. They examined “Rabbit,” christened it “Rabbit” not because it was fast but because its natural gait was a hop. With many false starts, they finally drove out of Hollywood.

The ups and downs of that transcontinental journey were not only of the landscape but of emotions. They were built on experience and slept under the stars. They had thermoid trouble and three flats. But finally they reached New York on a rainy September morning, on a chariot who had a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village. They were dead broke.

The very next day, over the luncheon table, a requests came. The man rushed up to Kibbee. He was so excited that what he said made very little sense. It was something about a character part that had walked out of a sketch that was scheduled on the radio that night and would Kibbee do him a favor and play the radio that walked out for forty-five dollars and there wasn’t much time so could Kibbee come right over?

One excited man led to one exciting night. This professional assignment led to a part in “The Torch Song” and “The Torch Song” led back to Hollywood. And Hollywood, that would not send around the corner, sent all the way to New York for Kibbee.

For more than a quarter of a century, Alison Skipworth was a name to conjure with on Broadway. Daniel Frohman had seen her in London, heard her contralto voice, and signed her as a prima donna. She had many successes in those twenty-five years. But mostly she talked—and laughed—about the time she appeared in twenty successive failures.

She made a silent picture. The picture made little or no impression. Too bad that fine contralto voice was wasted in such a part! Much, much too bad, for at the moment, the Depression was closing down the legitimate theatre.

Skippie was decided to retire to her Long Island estate. She knew she would be unhappy out of the profession but what else was there to do?

Then in an unexpected life preserver tossed out to the drowning, the talkies came into being. Paramount heard that fine contralto voice and placed it under contract.

“I’m fifty-five years old,” says she, pointing toward lward which in this case happened to be away from upper part of her body.” (She wears a white wig, you know, in “Here Is My Heart.”) “I’m proud to admit it. People ask me why I don’t retire now that I’ve made enough money to live on comfortably, but as the stockade said to the needle that threatened to go through it, ‘I’ll be darned!’ What would there be left for me to do? Who wants to sit back and think about being an old woman? You know, so many women I know have become older before their time by growing morbid about age. They sit in a rocker all day long and think they are a bunch of sissies. I thought that I never would be strong enough to see anything materialize. ‘They are building subways!’ she asked me two or three years ago. ‘I’ll live to see them finished.’ She’s still going strong, by the way. Now that woman had some useful and creative occupation to keep her busy, she’d have stopped thinking about not living to see grand projects completed, but would have gone out and helped make them.

“I love work. Work keeps one’s body young and one’s mind active. Age isn’t a matter of time, it’s a matter of thought. If people are working, they’re old at twenty. I feel sorry for these people who have nothing to do all day long but think about themselves. Between me and you, I’d rather be in a white and I’m no different from the rest, but with my work and my bridge games and so many things to see and do, I don’t have to think of being old. I just go out and do the sort, you see, that likes to waste time reminiscing about the past. I’m too busy thinking about the future. No, I’ll stay around until no one wants me anymore.”

A woman who would be like a child if she were twenty years old; a woman who interested audiences like to laugh at old folks—they make them seem so superior and modern and sophisticated, but we don’t mean to be like that. One of the pleasures of our lives is that we have the luxury of lost vanity. We don’t have to worry about hiding our age and losing our sex appeal. We don’t have to hide our age—but we can’t add to it.

You know, there usually is some octogenarian in the family who has a diabolical memory and takes sadistic delight in saying, ‘Is that Mrs. Pat Campbell still alive? I saw her when I was just a little tike.’ We older actors and actresses feel that when we are chosen for a part it’s because the director knows that we’ll be good in it. In that sense we are better off than is the younger player. Then why should we try to hide our age—particularly if we’re not.”

I don’t think it will ever come for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her sailing through the years had been so grand that she has held on to her trophies of popularity and affection by outdistancing any younger and faster clippers that have appeared on the stage. I understand, yesterday, it is thought in which name is Life Begins at 50

(Continued from page 43)
1. Tintex restores faded color to fabrics ... in a jiffy.
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means the most to veteran audiences. She was a splendid and vital piece of her generation and the most famous interpreter of Shakespearean roles. Her fame spread over the world. She was the tragedienne supreme. In 1898, she made her stage debut and has appeared in such favorite plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Masquerader," and "Punch and Judy." "You know," she confessed, "at one time I actually did retire for several years. I felt my day had done. But I was restless and I tried to fill my days with other pursuits but I kept thinking of my salad days constantly and wishing that I could go to work again." She called from Irving Thalberg who was in England at the time with his wife, Norma Shearer. He told me that his wife would start a picture upon their return to Hollywood to be called 'Riptide,' and asked me if I would care to play one of the leads. Would I? You could bet I would. I forgot all about my vow to retire, forgot about my salad days. I was still wanted, I could still play a featured role. Out of my retirement I came, and out of it I remained, for 'One More River,' I hope I shall continue to remain out of it. I'm happier now than I've been in years.

COMMANDER Helen Westley's philosophy is probably derived from the notion, by virtue of which, all is well, go ahead. Steadfastly, surely, she has gone ahead until today she is one of the powers to be reckoned with in theatrical circles. Like the good commander she is, she has charted the course of the New York Theatre Guild and has brought light through choppy and uncertain seas. If you saw her performance in "The House of Rothschild," you will have recognized in her an actress of fine style and power.

"For forty years I have been identified with the theatre," says Commander Helen, "and I hope to continue being identified with it for forty years more.

"To me age is the most beautiful time in life. We are free, free to be alone, free to think, free to rest. We are not cluttered by the duties and responsibilities of youth. As we grow more retrospective, we see with clearer eyes. Of course there are some silly women who remain emotionally young until the end, but I feel that these are in the minority, that most of us have reached the age of fifty with mature grown in our emotions.

(VIC has roam over the face of the globe and fought nearly a thousand fights on the mat and in the ring. Has toured the rough jungles of the Canadian North, where he went to seek his fortune at nineteen, as a wrestler taking on all comers in one-night stands. Has had the rough naught title of Canadian champion batters of Jack Johnson in a "no decision" match held at Vancouver shortly after that huge Negro won the world's heavyweight title. Has played out the boxing career of a farm and prospected for gold in the Canadian wilds. Has been a vaudeville actor in Australia. Has gone hunting lions in Africa. Fished pearls in the South Seas, surviving a typhoon. Taught calisthenics and boxing, and taught in India. From India, he went to the Turks in the torrid wastes of Mesopotamia as a captain in the crack Czecks. And finally, before returning to this country, engaged in boxing. As Assistant Provost Marshal, when the victorious Union Jack replaced the Ottoman crescent and star over the sacred domes of that nation, he was reported as saying. It caused a deal of comment. I maintained a diplomatic silence.

"When the death of his actor-father, Herbert Standing, called him into conference. Guy was given his choice of two things, working his way through the University or turning to and starting his career, whatever it was to be. He painted a little and acted a little "and did all three badly." So he decided to act anyway.

In little or no time he strode into his father's stronghold, the behemoth of a contract to play juvenile leads with a stock company up among the coal mines of Newcastle. His father promptly snorted. At any rate, he tried to discourage the venture, saying that Guy would probably not be paid off by such a cheap and inferior company and would have to live hand to mouth.

"But, hang it all! Sir, it's a fine company. They're going to pay me three pounds a week as a juvenile!"

"Yes, quite so. That proves the company is no good!"

Sir Guy's only comment today is that his father was right—quite right. But the young actor didn't do as his father had predicted he would. He didn't telegraph home for money. Instead he got a job on a collier—a coal boat.

He acted whenever he could and sailed whenever he couldn't. He went to Austria and tried his hand at gold mining and kept raising. But he could not forget the stage.

He came over to America. Between engagements he went to house to house selling water colors that he painted at odd moments. He had to eat. Finally, Frohman gave him a part. He succeeded to attend to. Paramount signed him.

Then came the war. Graciously enough, Paramount released him with the understanding that when the war ended in a few months, the actor would return to pictures.

Guy was twenty-five years. He was knighted. He came back to America with a munificent capital of $40. It meant beginning his career all over again. He played with Jane Cowl. The company went to Hollywood.

Sir Guy did not go on at fifty—as the others had—because of a bank failure, a stock crash, or a death. He actually began his career at fifty.

Now at sixty, his advice is: "Do a kind thing now and then. Have a hobby over here. Sir, I just said to me. And, when you shave in the morning, look yourself squarely in the eye and say: 'This is going to be my day. Thank God for it. And thank God I'm here to enjoy it. And life at fifty—or sixty—or seventy—or any old age—will give you usefulness and happiness.
"But Davidson insisted that I was the fellow he wanted. Not a 'pretty boy,' but a rough and ready sort of chap to play the lead in 'The Call of the Road' which he was about to film.

"I jolly well knew that I was finished with boxing. I was out of a job, and appeared like a square peg in the round hole of London life. Here was a chance for me to make some easy money, so I submitted to a test, and was given the part.

"I worked six weeks in that picture at a salary of thirty pounds a week. It was big money for film actors in London.

THE film crowd I now associated with struck me as a perfectly crazy lot. I had been used to an atmosphere in which you showed your friendship for your pal by cursing him like a trooper. In this new world of cocktails, over-polite conversation, superlatives of praise, and desconcerting familiarity, every man was 'old boy' and every woman 'darling' or 'sweetheart.' Like Hollywood, it was a world apart, where the values of life as I knew them did not exist, and I had to adjust myself to an entirely new perspective. But once I got used to the change, I found the film crowd consisting in the main of very decent people, good pals, and square rivals.

"I worked in about twenty British films before I got an offer from Hollywood. America had knocked the bottom out of the British film industry and things were in a bad way for us actors over there. I eagerly wired my acceptance. The part offered me was the lead in Vitagraph's 'Beloved Brute.'

"After I gave up boxing and became a film actor, I married Edna Lamont. I had to leave her in London and make the journey to America alone, for I didn't know how things would turn out for me in that fantastic place called Hollywood. Even though my stories seemed to be paved in gold bricks, hundreds had failed there for every one who had succeeded.

"I arrived in Hollywood with only twenty dollars in my pockets, and wandered down the Boulevard with a jaunty feeling, not knowing exactly what to do or where to go.

"The first person to speak to me was an ex-pug. He readily recognized me as an Englishman just come over from the other side. Being very anxious to make a good impression on my new employers, I was dressed in the latest sartorial elegance of London, with kid gloves, spats, and walking cane. People stopped and looked at me as if I were a freak show.

"This ex-comrade of the ring touched me for a loan. I gave him one of the two ten-dollar bills I had with me. I asked him the way to the Vitagraph Studio, and he told me it was 'just along the road.'

"Well, I had to walk five miles along that accursed road to reach the studio. The weather was as hot as Bagdad in summertime. My old shirt was gummed to my back, my hands were clammy.

"The first person to meet me at Vitagraph was an Irish publicist man who hated all Englishmen at sight.

"'Very few of your fellows make good over here,' he told me. Not exactly the kind of greeting to soothe my perspiring brow. He made it quite plain that any race as stupid, dishonest, and utterly lacking in initiative and decency as the English, would stand very little chance of getting on in God's Own Country.

"I liked him. I owe him a great deal. I will never forget the whirlwind publicity campaign he conducted to put me over when things looked pretty black to me.

"It was at his suggestion that I put aside my English reticence and reserve—three years of Shaftesbury Avenue had
It was from that smelly attic that Victor McLaglen, Esq., lately of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, launched forth to lick Hollywood.

The story of that licking would fill several pages. Suffice to say that his role as Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?" established him as a new luminary in the untasteful firmament of the screen.

"And here I am, still plugging away at the old game which I thought was to be merely a brief interlude in my life, just another episode," he said, as Director Lewis Milestone called him for another shot.

He said these last words as if he were ashamed of being an actor.

He does not like to talk about his pictures. "Wait until the preview," he said, when I asked him what he thought of "The Captain Hates the Sea," in which he plays the part of the detective, Schulte, aboard the commerce San Capador—a small steamer who is plenty tough, but is vulnerable to feminine charms. It's a role right in line with his experiences as a chief of railway police in a Canadian town, where he rounded up a most elusive gang of fur thieves, and as Assistant Provost Marshal of Bagdad, where he had to check the enemy espionage system behind the British lines.

Victor invited me to visit him at his home in Finlodge, half an hour's spin from Hollywood, to continue the interview and swap some reminiscences of war days.

He met me in his boxing trunks—a tower of beef with a battered nose. Friends, including many motion picture satellites, have planted valuable flowers and shrubs. Tennis court, Gymnasium. Riding track. Thoroughbreds in the stable. More than a hundred pheasants. Rows of dog houses. Deer and wild goats. Hundreds of singing birds in full-throated glee in their large cage-house.

There is even a butcher shop with modern refrigeration. Vic's parties are grand affairs, reminiscent of scenes from the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He likes to have a whole steer barbecued in honor of his guests.

His house is built in Tudor style, furnished in antiques. The stuffed heads of three deer look down over the dining room. Mrs. McLaglen and her two children, Andrew and Sheila, were on a vacation. "Everything is upside down," he apologized. This former champion slugger of the British army in Iraq now takes things easy and has branched off into the English Dictionary. An admirable fellow, he never figures in the gossip columns. "I don't care what they say," he adds. "I'm a thoroughly accomplished prig. Andrew is the champion all-around athlete in his school and a good scholar to boot. "I am proud of this kid of mine," he said, as we went downstairs. He fumbled in a drawer for a box, and spread out on the table eleven medals for me to behold, tokens of his son's physical prowess and scholarship.

"He is not a bit spoiled, and is as modest as can be. If I had asked him to show you his medals, he wouldn't have done it. Never mind then, he'll show you the other medal, puts it in this drawer, and never tells me anything about it."

Two of Victor's younger brothers, Arthur and Cyril, now live with him. Arthur, dark and handsome with a sensitive face, is a sculptor versed also in landscape architecture. He is responsible for the present fair aspect of Vic's home. Cyril is an English screen actor, besides being a gay war dog.

Vic's brothers are of giant stature like Victor and have the bearing of officers and gentlemen. Cyril is a dashing lieutenant in the McLaglen Light Horse, which is bringing out all colors to the country.

Two years ago Victor swore allegiance to the American flag. The stars and stripes fly daily over Fairhaven, and the McLaglen Light Horse is organized primarily for the promotion of American ideals and standards.

On the grounds of the Breakfast Club on Riverside Drive—an institution of local big-wigs dedicated to the democracy of ham and eggs and the rousing fisting of various celebrities—Lancers, McLaglen Light Horse drills on Monday and Thursday nights and on Sunday afternoons in lance and cavalry formations, equestrian sports and thunderous charges.

Your correspondent attended one of these drills as the Colonel's guest, and I can assure you it was an awe-inspiring spectacle.

On the drill ground even his brothers refer to him as "The Colonel." It's not a place to get familiar. Regular army discipline is in force.

Composed of over two hundred men, this colorful regiment of veteran troopers has been engaged by Paramount to appear in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

They wear navy blue uniforms with gold stripes, and a "garden of memory" with buttons gaudy of blue and gold. Their shoulder straps are of silver thread. The majority of them have seen service in the farflung corners of the British Empire, but there are also many Yankee doughboys, and all are 100 per cent American citizens. One trooper, Corp. D. G. Hornsy, is an Arab gentleman from Jerusalem, a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris, who put your correspondent's halting French to a severe test.

A Girl's Troop is attached to the regiment as its ambulance and first-aid corps. It is composed of about sixty girls. Pretty Florence Bate, titian-haired film chorus, is the captain. Most of the girls are dancers and motion picture actresses, and all are skilled riders. There is also a girls' polo team and a rooting section for Victor's latest acquisition, a heavy war horse.

"Thank God I am not like those film stars," said Vic, "who think acting is the most important thing in the world and can't be interested in anything else. I get a great kick palling around with these bawdy old bitches of mine. I like to share their kicks and sorrows. They keep me close to the ground. I can't go stale as an actor when I associate with men of this kind."

Elissa Landi, Lanny Ross and Sharon Lynne at Emanuel Cohen's testimonial dinner. Note the Landi's new hair-do. Tricky, what?
Claudette’s Favorite Fan

(Continued from page 36)

together, etcetera, to see if their stories are read. This was too much. I pushed myself off the divan and rushed to my desk.”

CLAUDETTE handed me some of her creamy white stationery. Her own letters had been returned and were kept in the same packet. I opened it to read:


DEAR MR. KECK,
Who knows?
Truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

“That,” continued Claudette, “finished the matter as far as I was concerned. I forgot all about it. Ten days later this came:

Watonga, Okla., Sept. 18, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
God knows.
Less devoutly yours,
DANIEL KECK

“Well, I said to myself, at least this fellow has a bump of humor. And he’s brief. That intrigued me. I decided to answer it.” She handed me her next letter. And at this point, not having the slightest idea just what to expect, I opened it.

Beverly Hills, Cal., Sept. 24, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
If there is a God.
Still truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette picked out the next letter and handed it over to me. “Look,” she said. I looked.

Watonga, Okla., Oct. 1, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
Skeptic.
Not even cordially yours,
DANIEL KECK

“It was getting to be a game,” laughed Claudette. “He was getting under my skin. I couldn’t let him have the last word. But it seemed hopeless. You remember what Madame de Sévigné said, I’d write you a shorter letter if I had more time.” Well, I thought and thought. It spoiled my dinner party that night. While looking at his last letter again, I noticed something and wrote:

Beverly Hills, Cal., Oct. 7, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
You a literary man? Shame! You forgot the period after “skeptic.”
Punctiliously yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

We had to search for the next letter. It had fallen on the floor. I confess I was a bit bewildered. “What?” I asked myself, “would come next?”

Watonga, Okla., Oct. 12, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
Your welcome.
DANIEL KECK

MODERN SCREEN

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AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

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"Can you beat that?" gasped Claudette. "Well, here was my answer to that epistle:"

Malibu Beach, Cal., Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

Penuriously,

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant. Fill this in yourself!

Claudette picked out a letter which was a wee bit fatter than the others. "One week later I received this note with my letter enclosed:

Watonga, Okla., Oct. 24, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Herewith your missive as per instructions. Do you dare?

Dutifully,

DANIEL

"The nerve of him!" laughed Claudette. "Look how he changed my letter."

Malibu Beach, Cal., Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

You, I feel sure, could be no more tedious than your letters. Won't you come to Los Angeles? We could have a date. If our correspondence is any criterion, we should become dear with constant chatter. I await, with pounding heart, your arrival.

Penuriously and also affectionately,

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant. Fill this in yourself!

THAT stopped me! What to do? If I mailed it there was no reason why he shouldn't take me at my word. If I didn't I'd be a rather poor sport. Well, I carried that letter around in my bag for a week trying to decide. Then one day I said, 'Claudette, you're a fool,' and dropped it in the mailbox. But I added another postscript: I'll dare, but don't you dare!

"Three weeks later the studio messenger boy brought me this note, while I was having lunch in my dressing-room.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Sorry to miss you for lunch. Hoped to surprise you then. But there you are. Do you own frowns to my credentials: Mr. Daniel Keck of Watonga, Okla. Ignoramuses! Would st dine with me at the Ambassador tonight?

Daringly,

DANIEL

"I was petrified! It suddenly dawned on me that he might be black, white, old or young. This was really pretty terrible. I asked the messenger boy if he had seen him. He shook his head. I sent for a friend and explained my predicament. He went to the hotel to investigate. He returned, smiling. Mr. Keck, he said, was unquestionably a gentleman. Over six feet tall, dark, about thirty years old, he was the kind of man I had ever seen. Relieved? I wanted to rush right down and kiss him. Instead, I sent him a note. After excusing myself, I invited him to my home to dinner the following Friday.

"Well, Friday came. And seven-thirty. And with it, Mr. Daniel Keck. I was having my hair dressed when he arrived.

The butler knocked on my door and announced, 'Mr. Keck,' I explained solemnly. "Tell him I'll be right down," I sang back. The butler seemed bewildered. He stood there, 'Mr. Keck,' he explained solemnly. "I got downstairs in a perfect turmoil. There in the drawing-room . . ."

At that moment we were interrupted. Claudette was called down. It was the studio. She came back to grumble that her call next morning was for seven instead of eight.

"There in the drawing-room was a darling old lady. She held out her hand as I advanced. Her hair was snow white. Except for tiny wrinkles, about the eyes where her face was like a girl's. It was her eyes that held me. They were the most mischievous I'd ever seen.

"I am sorry," she said, 'that my son couldn't meet you. He's on his way to China. I came out to the Coast with him. Yesterday he had to leave to join his wife in San Francisco. But you see, he didn't know about our little game until just the other day. I, you see, am your correspondent. He is, in fact, a grand fellow, and I was afraid you'd think me a dare. Permit me to introduce myself. Mrs. Lucy Pembroke. Daniel Keck is the name I use on some of my writings. It's better to have the pen name of a man, you know.

"Well, I had the most enjoyable dinner I ever had in my life. She was charming. Bubbling over with fun.

Claudette dashed up to her bedroom and brought back a photograph of her friend in a large silver frame.

"Look at that face," she enthused. "Whenever I want to get into trouble I call her up. She's forgotten more innocent pranks than I'll ever know."

Can a Nice Girl Be a Big Success?

(Continued from page 43)

a girl. She is angry with him. She turns on him. She stamps her foot. She calls him names. She shakes her fist at him, she pounds on his chest. And he says:

"You are lovely when you're angry. Hit me again, you pretty little spitfire!"

And I do enjoy seeing our heroines rant and rave at us. Do they seem more beautiful with an angry flush on their faces? It certainly looks that way!

Let's view a few examples:

Now, for a nice girl. No one ever has anything but favorable things to say about Heather Angel. She's pretty, she's sweet, she's intelligent, she's shy, she's modest, she's sincere. So go the criticisms. To interviewers she's delightful. When signing autographs she's a model of patience. In a word, she's everything that a nice girl should be. But who in this town knows or cares (to be brutal), very much about her? Who talks of her? Who writes about her? She has only a few personal friends. She is never seen or heard about. Writers come away from interviews with her without thinking of her fades excepting a few - and those are very few.

A direct opposite to Heather is a little demon whose wild screedings are heard around the world. She not only throws valuable vases at anybody who happens to annoy her, but most especially at her husband. Her pretty little feet stamp in time with a refrain of:

"You old - blankety-blank! You nasty scoundrel! I hate you!"

Need, I tell you that it's Lupe? Need I remind you that the whole world is Velez-obsessed? That's what I mean. And every person there to whom I said, "I hate you," a week ago in Hollywood. Lupe insults and endangers. She curses and yells. She stamps on our insteps with her high-spiked heels. And we love it. "Do it some more, Lupe!" we implore.

I SPOKE a few minutes ago of Connie and Joan Bennett. Joan, too, has quite a temper, but it's Connie who gets the credit for being the tyrant in that family. And when I say "gets the credit" I mean "gets the credit" for many people believe that Connie has profited tremendously by her tantrums. I'm sure they have helped her drive good bargains with her producers. A woman's wrath such as hers knoweth no "no's." And then, too, Connie is always good "copy." And the very fact that Connie is difficult to get to, makes a word with her, even a cross one, seem more desirable!

But Joan, as I started to say, also has a temper and a temperament, though she manages somehow to conceal them behind that pretty little face of hers, the side that she has chosen to show the world. Connie, on the other hand, is the sweet side of it. Her intimate friends tell us there is no one any "swell-her" than Connie. She's honest, frank and true-blue. She's intelligent, witty and really an extraordinary woman. But ever since she was a young girl, Connie has lifted her arrogant eyelids to the outer world, and kept it out through her platinum-rimmed lorgnettes ... patronizingly! She has been always superior, even during her prom-trotting days, when she led the social whirl of the younger Eastern debutantes.

There is a story I heard long ago from a Princeton boy about Connie. The incident occurred during a Princeton home-party at the end-of-the-season football prom. Wherever you saw a group of young men gathered about an object of interest, you could be sure that that object of interest was Constance Bennett, second daughter of Richard Bennett, and the devoted "Connie," as she was called, an attractive, vivacious, witty and provocative center of attention everywhere.

While she was dancing, a young man, football hero of the day, cut in on her. Connie was not having young men she didn't know cut in. She was most exacting in her social ideas. So she gave him an icy stare. Then adding on his dare-devil charm, she changed her stare to a smile, and, looking at him bewitchingly, she said:

"Do you know whom you're dancing with?"

The football hero tossed his head and replied:

"Does it matter?"

Still bewitching, still smiling, the elegant Miss Bennett said, "You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky boy!"

They danced on a few steps. The foot-
ball hero smiled ingratiatingly.

"Do you know whom you're dancing with?"

"No," answered Miss Bennett in a carefree tone.

The young man paused a moment. Looking deeply into those intriguing Bennett eyes, he answered:

"You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky girl!"

And he left her, right in the middle of the dance floor.

Connie still has that manner. When you're with her, her eyes seem to be saying, "Do you know whom you're talking to?"

The only difference is that now we don't think Connie Bennett dancing with herself in the middle of the floor. We take it and like it! We rush by the millions to see her every picture. We try to modulate our voices more like hers. We kill ourselves with dieting so that we may have a figure like hers. We get our dressmakers to turn out something like that little gold lame number that Connie wore in her last picture. In fact, we take it and like it so much that we import her to the tune of $30,000 per picture.

In Hollywood, as in no other place in the world, fame and success may be closely measured by the amount of money a person makes. Few actresses ever rise above the $3,000-a-week class. But Connie's fame has transcended the fame of the other Hollywood film stars. Her work has definitely lifted herself to the top of the Hollywood heap with a salary that's reported to be $30,000 for only a few weeks of work. And then, without giving a damn about anybody!

O YER & WARNER BROTHERS I met one of the sweetest, nicest, and most delightful girls that I've seen in a long time! She's only been in Hollywood about a year, and she's made great strides, but they've been measured, steady ones. Every one speaks well of her and her work. She is friendly to talk to. She gives of herself, her experiences, her thoughts, and she takes to you. She goes into anything and everything thoroughly. She has talent and ambition. She is discreet. She has excellent tastes and has a love music and good literature. You like her immensely, but feel that there is something lacking. You go home and say in a car, "I think Ruth Velez today." She was awfully nice; she invited me to lunch." Your voice, however, carries no real enthusiasm.

But a friend came bursting into my house the other day and in a loud excited voice shouted, "Guess who I saw! Guess! And she was shooting crap with the hootblack over at RKO, yelling and laughing at the top of her lungs!"

I didn't have to guess. It was Katharine Hepburn, of course. And from then on I couldn't take the charge of questions with my friends fired at me.

"Does she really bully her maid so that she has her in tears half the time?"

She asked. "Does she really fight with her hairdresser, her hairdresser, her stand-in, her script girl? Is she really as stubborn as they say? I hear she swears like a trooper."

"Well, she is a bit of a bird, since no nice girl swear, or shoots crap with colored boys, Miss Hepburn may not be a nice girl. But boy! Is she successful!"

Do you read and browse and rewrite and tell you about the many nice things that Hepburn does? No. It's the hoydenish, harum-scarum Katie Hepburn that you love to read about! Hepburn took the town and the world by storming!

Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton are another couple that invite comparison. Both of them do similar parts on the Broadway stage—and the same actresses. But Helen Hayes, with all her sweetness and charm, has never quite matched for her own the title that Ruth Chatterton once wore atop the Screen.

Helen Hayes is loved by most everyone. Chatterton is feared by most. Her manner, her suavity, her urbane have made history in this town. Chatterton, like the temperamental artist that she is, has to rule the roost, and she does: lock, stock, and barrel. Helen Hayes has always been nice to everyone. With the result that Helen Hayes is still just plain Helen Hayes, while we still speak of Ruth "La" Chatterton. And in that little "La" is a world of difference.

Sometimes it's just as successfully intriguing for a star to turn her back on Hollywood, as it is to fight it face to face. Another favorite who hasn't bothered to be particularly nice to anyone, and who has gotten away with it beautifully, is Margaret Sullavan. Hollywood likes Maggie in spite of the fact (or is it because of the fact?) that Maggie doesn't like Hollywood. I know you have read that she is Hollywood's Queen Spot, Hollywood's Pet Phee, but you have to really like a girl to have her get under your skin like Maggie does. She doesn't scoff at Hollywood, and she isn't even about or like Hepburn does. She just ignores it!

She arrived here only a short time before she started working on her first picture, and she left immediately after the picture was finished. She did the same thing again on the occasion of her second picture. She shows no interest in meeting anyone, and she shows an equally nil interest when they do meet her. No disdain, just indifference.

But Hollywood and the world isn't indifferent about her. Theatre managers claim she's the best "draw" of the day. Writers clamor for interviews. Fans want to know when she'll be making another picture, and hostesses ask their guests, "Do you know Margaret Sullavan? I wonder if all this would have happened if Maggie had started out being nice to everyone.

ELISSA LANDI is charming. She is invited to more parties than she cares to attend. But, to be nice, she manages to spread her time around. She stops in for a chat here and there, and she bestows smiles and affable friendliness everywhere. But even at the very parties that she attends, do you think she is the topic of conversation? Oh, no. More likely, Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene treats Hollywood badly in still a different manner than do the rest: Bennett, Hepburn, Chatterton, Sullivan and Velez. She has a deal to car to every criticism of her.

Hollywood gawps because she is so often escorts a man who is not her husband, while her husband escorts another woman. She has managed to go her own way, and no divorce rumors accompany her. A code that's good enough for Europe is good enough for America.

When seen at a preview, Marlene, whether she is or not, looks like the most bored person there! Neither indifferent, nor amused, nor insulting; nor brazen, Marlene is just bored. And that's really nasty to Hollywood!

Connie, Katharine, Margaret, Lupe and Marlene are talked about, wondered about, and their stars are still plenty high in the heavens. And their more amiable girl friends seem fated to shine as lesser lights.

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Behind the Scenes with Joan, Clark and Bob

(Continued from page 41)

sighed, that didn't mean anything. You know, you can always tell the star of any picture by his apologetic but always slightly tardy arrival after everyone else has checked in. So that took care of that.

At exactly five minutes to nine Joan Crawford emerged from her brand new dressing-room and ran into her old pal and co-star, Clark Gable, who was just emerging from his new dressing-room. "Hi," called Joan. "Going to walk or ride over to the set?" "Let's walk," he said, taking Joan's arm.

They hadn't gone ten steps when a very hurried and slightly breathless young man overtook them. "What's the idea of trying to make me late?" demanded Mr. Robert Montgomery, who had never before in the memory of the oldest M-G-M native been observed to hurry.

Thus "Mary Clay," "Jeff Williams," and "Dill Todd," the chief romantic ingredients of "Forsaking All Others," arrived on the set in arm in arm long before Billie Burke, Charlie Butterworth or Frances Drake, their supporting players, showed any signs of appearing.

BEFORE we go any further it might be well to explain something about "Mary" and "Jeff" and "Dill" in a little more detail. "Mary" is Joan Crawford who is loved by both "Jeff" (Clark) and "Dill" (Bob). She is giving a large party to celebrate her engagement to "Dill" when "Jeff" appears unexpectedly on the scene.

"Jeff" has just returned from a long sojourn in Spain to ask "Mary" to marry him and he is broken-hearted when he learns she is going to marry "Dill." The story opens with the engagement party in full blast.

But the wedding never comes off, for who should appear at "Dill's" apartment the night of his stag dinner but an old sweetheart, "Connie" (Frances Drake). And "Dill" falls in love with "Connie" all over again.

But let's go back to our off-stage story of Joan, Clark and Bob—and that first day on the set. Before luncheon was announced, seven scenes had been shot and not a single Bing Crosby record had been played. You could have knocked over the collective press correspondents with a very small feather.

However, press spirits were miraculously revived when immediately after lunch a young man from the music department, who admitted that he had been personally recruited by Joan Crawford, presented himself on the "Forsaking All Others" set with a gramophone in his arms. Ah, the plot was really beginning to thicken. Joan had accepted Van Dyke's dare. Her machine and records had arrived.

For a minute you could have heard a pin drop. Van Dyke observed the arrival of the gramophone (out of the corner of his eye). So did Joan. Hurriedly, she went over to the young man and held a whispered conversation with him. "Take it over to a corner of the stage where it won't bother anyone," she said, "and put on a soft needle."

The moment had arrived. What was going to happen?

Mr. Van Dyke arose. He walked over to the little group of two, and every eye on that set was on him. "What records have you there?" he interestedly inquired.

"Oh, just some that I like," laughed Joan. "Some opera selections, and some popular ones—and some of Bing Crosby's and some of my own."

"Your own?" echoed the director in surprise. "I didn't know you sang for records."

I DON'T replied Joan, "but I have some records of my voice from various pictures I've made. I play the old ones and compare them with the new ones and check to see if there is any improvement. It's a big help."

"Say," said the tall Mr. Van Dyke enthusiastically, "that's a swell idea. Let's listen to some of them."

And so Joan, Van Dyke, Gable and Montgomery gathered around the gramophone and listened to records for the rest of the luncheon hour. And what's more, they actually played some of Bing Crosby's, too! That's the way two of Hollywood's best scouts and most regular fellows settled that particular feud, with everybody happy except, perhaps, the press.

Before the picture was in production two

Have a seat, Mr. Montgomery. You're on the "Forsaking All Others" set, which boasts such illustrious names as Gable, Crawford, Montgomery and is directed by Van Dyke of "Thin Man" fame. The seat on the extreme right is yours.
weeks, the news was out that there were no stars in the picture and there was no stellar temperament. Three of M-G-M's brightest stars themselves were completely in the hands of the director they so greatly admired. They believed in him implicitly and what he said was law. So far as we knew, they made no artistic prerogatives and that was in the matter of lighting for the camera. As a rule, the star of a picture receives all and sundry benefits in the lighting with the others coming in as best they can. But in this case three separate lighting experts worked to top these individual stars and not a single scene was shot until these experts had checked in an okay for his particular charge.

Bob Montgomery was favored at one point, however. A great deal of expense and time was given to installing a shower with hot and cold water for Bob's bath scene. "Know why?" grumbled Bob the day I drifted on the set. "They were scared I'd catch cold and they're running through this picture so fast they haven't time to take care of me if I get the sniffles."

Things were going on such a fast pace that Clark Gable didn't have time to memo- nize his lines and Clark was at work on a very difficult scene before the camera when Joan realizes it is "Jeff." she loves and not "Dill." and she is trying to make him look. He kept shouting and re-shooting it because Clark just couldn't get his lines down pat. Seven times they started the scene, he got it wrong, and seven times Clark "blew up." Finally they started the eighth try. Everything was going well. Clark was over his worst hurdle. It was Joan's turn to speak. She went up to him, gazed deeply into his eyes in that Crawford-Gable way that is known only too well to the fans. Her line went something like this: "And now I know that it is someone else . . . not Dill . . . I love." Instead, she went up to him, gazed deeply, as advertised, and calmly remarked: "And now I've forgotten the darn lines."

"Everybody yelled with laughter. "Okay, fellow, let's take off a little time and learn these lines."

SO far, Saturday afternoons are the only vacations Joan, Clark and Bob can accomplish in their present. The reason is Mr. Van Dyke's hectic enthusiasm for the game of football. Nothing except football as played by the University of Southern California could lure Woody away from his director's chair for a precious half day. But he makes up for the time by working his cast late on Friday nights. Stars as high up in the ladder of fame as Joan and Clark and Bob might kick at the idea of working until midnight every Friday night, if they were working for some other director. But Woody has won them completely. They burn the midnight oil without a single overtime complaint. In fact his enthusiasm is so contagious that they join him in his Saturday afternoon games.

The day University of Southern California met University of Pittsburgh, the "Forsaking All Others" company had a special radio at- tachment on the set and turned it on at the completion of each scene. Montgomery and Van Dyke indulged in a little betting. It cost Bob $10 and Woody $250. When the score came in, Clark Gable remarked: "It's too bad we haven't some movie scenes for Everybody's in a perfect mood."

It might have turned out to be the "low- est" day of the picture if Bob Montgomery had not at that very moment received an important wire. His secretary explained the wire had been sent to his home and Mrs. Montgomery had forwarded it. Bob read it and a very peculiar expression came over his face. Joan inquired solicit- ingly: "What's the matter, bad news?"

Bob almost choked. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, only a funny coincidence. It's a wire from— from . . . Yes?" encouraged Joan.

IT'S from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., laughed Bob, and he's inviting Betty and me to be his guests in London as soon as I complete this picture with you."

"From Douglas!" gasped Joan. "How swell! She immediately wanted to know if Bob was going to accept the invitation and when he assured her he was, Joan launched a long list of "Be sure to tell Doug. . . ."

"If you two will forget about Douglas for a moment," broke in Clark Gable, "we can get along with our little opera here and I can get off on my own vacation if four or five days ahead of time. I'm beginning to be discouraged. I understand we're only four days ahead of schedule anyway. At the rate we're going there's no reason why we shouldn't make a solid week and set an all-Hollywood record!"

"Okay," called Woody Van Dyke, the man who makes them fast and makes 'em love it. "Lights."

"And music," called Joan.

The famous gramophone played softly and seductively, "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder," and Joan and Clark stepped be- fore the camera for their close-up.

"Which is what I call darned appro- priate music," grinned Clark Gable.

**Why Gloria Always Looks So Smart**

(Continued from page 58)

Gloria with bangs. The wide sort was so proud of at ten.

"She asked me what I thought was the way to "recognize" a movie star. The reason is Mr. Van Dyke's hectic enthusiasm for the game of football. Nothing except football as played by the University of Southern California could lure Woody away from his director's chair for a precious half day. But he makes up for the time by working his cast late on Friday nights. Stars as high up in the ladder of fame as Joan and Clark and Bob might kick at the idea of working until midnight every Friday night, if they were working for some other director. But Woody has won them completely. They burn the midnight oil without a single overtime complaint. In fact his enthusiasm is so contagious that they join him in his Saturday afternoon games.

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**Why Gloria Always Looks So Smart**

(Continued from page 58)

Gloria with bangs. The wide sort was so proud of at ten.

"The idea is," she was saying, "to make their eyes follow a yellow line in your costume if you want to appear taller. Remember that slate blue wool dress of mine that has the buttons running down the front from neck to hem?"

Did I know it? How could I have forgotten it? The wool is that very fine kind of "money" goods called "shadow stripes" which do a lot in the way of increasing Gloria's height. The coat is a swank swatch of wool, trimmed and adorned with dark blue taffeta. And there's a vest. The most excelling red vest in captivity, imported from Switzerland and embroidered with bright woolen threads. It's only buttoned to the coat, so you can discard it any time you wish. The whole costume has a Tyrolean touch, emphasized by a hat of the same blue wool with a cocky red quill.

In fact, if you want to be strikingly smart this season your wardrobe will take on a sort of Gallic twist. Consider that Russian ensemble of Gloria's. It's the answer to "How to be glamorous in broad daylight." Take the "slitted" velvet dress above, cut on the bias, with a light-weight wool and trimmed with cartridge pleating edged in red. The blouse is typically Russian, too. Even the stand-up collar, once Gloria has opened it because she doesn't care for high collars. Her neck, she says, is too short to wear them well. The composition buttons are also red and the
belt is dark brown leather—the same shade of brown as the fitted woolen coat. Just to make it more closely united, the coat lining is of the dress material, a got that dashing Cossack hat combines the two and has a bit of the leopard trimming for a bit of trim and.

Gloria may be tiny but she’s not the soft-bows-and-dimity type by any means. Take that Cambodian cocktail suit, for instance. What but Gloria would have thought of incorporating the feeling of French Indo-China in a cocktail suit? And with such devastatingly lovely re- ether, very feminine, it had in its saffron rhinestone clip on top and the form fitting skirt. The blouse of black trims the face, the skirt has golden stripes. And, my dears, there is a muff to match—with a zipper arrangement which opens to reveal a purse and vanity! But so is Gloria—as exotic as the moon. That’s what makes her so bewitching.

"Probably it’s a sign of a distorted ego, and madness," I never wanted to copy anything someone else had on. I always wanted to be original. I remember a little friend of mine who owned a frock that she could have jumped for joy because my mother had dressed me in simple white linen with a touch of real Irish linen. Even to this day my pet hate is to see a child all dressed up in silks and taffetas. They’re out of place on children.

Two years ago I had a peculiar feeling about clothes—as if once having worn them, they take on a part of me. Why, in the days with DeMille when I saw an extra wearing something I had worn in a previous picture, I could hardly refrain from snatching it off her.

A true individualist, this fascinating Swanson. I’ve been thinking yourself a step-child of Fortune because you belong to no set type, perish the thought. Take a cue from her. That smart distinction of hers is due to no sleight-of-hand performance you may be sure. It’s a matter of simple mathematics—addi-

tion, and subtraction. If Gloria has it, you have to do your best to subtract your bad points and dress ‘em up. And you do your best to subtract your bad points and dress ‘em down.

It seems to me DeMille says frankly that her legs are too thin, her neck too short, and the bane of her life is having excep-
tions to her height. But I dare say she dresses so cleverly that you and I and the rest of the world would never sus-
pect it. That, my dears, is art in dressing.

It’s a pleasure to know that it is

1. Beautiful material, in her opinion, is most important. Material that has a unique, luxurious look. Do you know what one of her newest evening gowns is made of? A soft taffa fur cloth. It’s really clipped chiffon that looks very fur-ish. And the magic of it is, it’s as soft as a triple shear. The square neck is in keeping with the straight lines of the dress. And it has a wide satin belt of chartreuse. The cape goes with it is lined in the chartreuse and is trimmed with blue foot-
tail; breaking your lines and rounding them to make you look short. The worst offense to exaggerate.

2. Knowledge. And that’s what makes her so bewitching. That so is Gloria—as exotic as the moon. That’s what makes her so bewitching.

3. Remember the importance of the color. It’s her’s job to make your eyes look bright, your hair shiner and your skin clearer. "For example," Gloria points out. "I love green. I’m mad about it—on other people. I know what. But nothing at all for me so I never wear it. I think the easiest way to make a costume (feel about it, I will) is to wear a hat, bag and gloves with it. Or to change them about. But one thing I object to strenuously is an "off-color." Like a reddishbrown hat. That’s a no-no.

4. Do not wear cheap furs. That is, the dyed-cat variety. A few good skins cost little and do much.

Gloria goes on about jewelry. "It’s odd, maybe it has something to do with my features being the definite kind, but I cannot wear ‘dainty’ jewelry. It’s absolutely lost on me. I have to have something that’s self-assertive, a striking pattern.

In Paris I found a little shop where they had the most distinctive designs in the world. That’s where I got my crystal bracelets ... Works of art, those brace-

lets. They combine diamonds with the swan’s wing and Slavic pattern. She uses them with her tenue evening dress of tigheera velvet in a glorious honey shade brushed with gold. It intro-

duction of the tigheera velvet and a half-length train. There’s a diamond and emerald clip on the low-cut bodice and the halter neck leaves the hair free. I think splendidly.

Gloria also wears those bracelets with a very formal gown of silver cloth. The front is looped very much like the back and includes some pieces of French lace. I think splendidly.

One period gown has Gloria in-

dulged in, but it’s the kind to make you look less of the satin picoted in silver.

The scintillating Swanson has chosen black velvet also for her cocktail suit. Again the skirt is molded, again it’s the kind to just hug the waistline. This time there is merely a suggestion of a train. But the thrill is, it’s lined with silver lame right up to the knees. The jacket is silk-backed and double-breasted. And it has the swankiest ball buttons of rhinestone this side of Paris, as well as revers, a rolled-up collar and a muff of ermine.

In addition to its French lace and the beret generously dripping aigrettes in Merry-Widow fashion, this Swanson dates on hats. You recall the old saying, a woman is just as smart as her hat? The Swanson headgear is the last word, and invariably her hat sets the pace.

"I expect women will wear hats with long formal frocks more than they ever have. There’s something about them that makes them unique," I suppose. "And it’s rare," the old lady explains. "To try them on you should al-

ways stand up. A hat may be overpower-

ing, but it never made you look like your dress but you won’t be able to tell that sitting down.

"Curves? Why, natural curves have become more available than ever. The general public has gone back to the extravagant kind that grand-
mother knew. I like the waistline just where it is. I swear I’m going to murder the first designer who tries to lower it. There was never, never any grace to a hip-length waist and a knee-length skirt. And a graceful line is the answer to a successful frock!"

What’s Wrong with the Man?

(Continued from page 35)

If he appeared in a role with Con-

stance Bennett or Jean Harlow, the press was in an uproar wondering how Jean would measure up. The Windell-columnists watch it, and, that if Joan and Toney were married. Whether it was his fault or theirs, the press has definitely refused Franchot Toney a personality of his own.

Now that twenty-four hours have elapses since our meeting I suppose it would be more colorful to say that Franchot has been liced by the press: that he is a definite movie star, and not just one very good-looking man who is reading the truth about him here for the first time on record. As much as I came to like him before our three-hour ses-

sion was over; as much interest as I felt when I perceived his "carnesian," it must be stated that Toney has not the average mind. He is an actor, an actor—real and not the phoney thing. A better man than you might suspect and wears his
excellently tailored clothes with a flare. His shoes are slightly pointed. His nails are conservatively manicured. In a town of over-dramatized Hollywood and Broadway personalities, Franchot is decidedly Bond Street.

I think he is as amazed as anyone to find that love has put him on a spot... personally. It is my opinion that Franchot is a young man in a dilemma. A young man with a very common problem: "What to do?" Before Hollywood and Joan hit him, Franchot was probably a very self-confident chap. His biography reveals that the world had treated him well. His success at University had led easily to Broadway, perhaps too easily. Because his family was well-to-do, he has never known what it means to be poor. It is obvious that women would like him. Until two or three years ago, his world must have been an oyster cocktail.

Once during our talk over an M-G-M luncheon table, he said:

"I think it would be best for me right now, at this snazzy stage of my career, to go back to Broadway for a couple of shows. I've made too many pictures, too rapidly. I'm mentally tired, and that's not the right frame of mind for a fellow who has a long way to go in pictures... But I don't know... I probably won't go."

The reason is obvious. She's lovely, so glamorous and there's no doubt that Joan Crawford means more to Franchot Tone at this stage of his life than two movie careers.

BUT Franchot is no fool and he very much doubt the impression that he is putty in Joan's hands. He has definitely influenced her life, quite as much as she has influenced his. Her newly acquired interest in the theatre is Tone-inspired. Tone reads after evening reading and studying together. It was Franchot who encouraged Joan to cultivate her singing voice, and at the present moment they are both studying with a famous vocalist in Los Angeles. Joan is quick to admit to old friends that she is happier in Franchot's companionship than she has been for a long time.

Joan Tone is a happy love. Franchot isn't.

He is enough of a self-preservationist to realize that a great deal of attention and concentration at this "snazzy" stage. But his emotions are double-crossing him. You can't talk to him an hour without hearing about Joan Tone's struggle. No one can foresee the outcome of that struggle... not even Joan or Franchot.

But in the meantime there is Hollywood. "You say my performances vary from role to role?" he repeated in his polite, slightly pre-occupied manner, "I hadn't particularly noticed that my good-or-bad averages were any more conspicuous than other players. Probably it is more noticeable because I do so many pictures. Some of these stories are strong, the director good and the cast experienced. Others are just the opposite."

"Naturally, in the beginning I was very willing and anxious to learn. But now that I have begun to be a little more sure of my footing I am through blindly following the most casual direction. I want to work with my directors, but not blindly accept their every dictum. I am not in the professional spot where I can choose the parts I will or will not play before the camera. But I think I shall make an effort in the future to make these gay young millionaires of mine into human beings and not just animated cartoons. With the exception of one or two pictures, I have always portrayed the same character on the screen. Usually the gay devil with dishonest intentions toward the little chorus girl. It's been a tough problem to vary these parts so that little Oscar in the audience won't yell out at mama, 'Oh, there's that same man again!'

Though Franchot talks easily about his career, questions about his private life and his mode of living in Hollywood leave him cold. He is openly amused at the popular theory that he was a gay young blade in his Broadway days, hitting the high-spots and breaking feminine hearts before he came to Hollywood and settled down to a monastic existence devoted exclusively to Joan Crawford and the movies. "No," he said, "I have no particular interest in the subject one way or the other. I'm not a Hollywood-reformed Broadway rascal. Too bad, too. That would be a good story. 'Young Rake Comes To Wild Hollywood To Take The Veil!' Has possibilities, hasn't it?"

In spite of his facetiousness, he lives a great deal more quietly in Hollywood than he did in New York. He keeps bachelor quarters in Brentwood in a small house done up by Joan Crawford and William Haines. Every evening he dines with Joan, or she with him. They read, or go dancing, or study together.

Joan and Tone! Always it is Joan and Tone. Right now there is no Tone without Joan.
have been that just before Kay sailed for Europe, she was nearer to a collapse than she had ever been in her life. Not a physical collapse. Not a moral collapse. Far worse than either of these was the mental. The walls of her heart that were about to cave in, a heart that has hoped for so much, worked for so much, and which has so little left!

"You must be looking forward to this marvelous trip of yours," I ventured. "Imagine! a vacation of so many months, after so many years of hard work. Aren't you thrilled, just thinking about it?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she said. "Oh, yes, it will be wonderful!" In a droll mechanical tone, in words that were like a speech rehearsal, she began to tell me her plans. Her enthusiasm didn't ring true.

I left shortly after that. And I felt sorry for Kay Francis. Why? I kept hearing her happy, ambitions, self-confident words of half a year ago. "I want to be a good wife. It's important to my kind of woman." My kind of woman. Let's take a look at that for a moment, and see what it means.

Kay has always been "different," but not the kind of "different" so many actresses try to make themselves be. Kay never strived to be either of these: in the make-up, in her personal life, or even on the screen. She is a woman first, and an actress second. That sounds trite, because it's been said so often about the wrong people. But it's true of Kay Francis. Kay is one of the few women on the stage and screen who looks like a lady and is one without impressing you with the fact. She doesn't put on airs for the elite, she doesn't come down to the level of others. She is always the same to everybody.

Kay is—above everything else—a feminine person, a man's woman, the romantic Dark Lady of the Sommers. She has clung to her femininity and her softness while other actresses grow hardened by their careers, while other actresses find ruling the roost much more intriguing than being a woman.

When Kay first married she was content to be a housewife as well as a sweetheart. She and Dwight Francis lived in a small town in the Berkshires, and she was happy with her quiet, small-town life for a while. But possessing a superior intellect she soon outgrew it. Kay went to work, so that she might afford a cook. This does not mean that she sacrificed any of her femininity. As a matter of fact, her attractiveness increased by the day. She became social secretary, in turn, to Mrs. Dwight Morrow; to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Is it any wonder that her social graces multiplied, that she became more and more sure of herself!

Then she was seventeen, during the first flush of romance. And then, at nineteen, you realized that it had been only the first flush, that your ideals and ideals had changed, that you weren't happy in your marriage of two years before. Kay had the good sense to see that such a marriage needed ending right then and there, before any more harm had been done. So she obtained her first divorce.

Then Kay fell in love again and married again—oh, with such high hopes this time. But this marriage, too, had flaws. It was one of those secret affairs and she was separated a great deal from her husband. What a disappointment to a girl just turned twenty. The companionship that she had dreamed of, the intimacy of ideas and hopes and thoughts that she wanted so much were denied her for months at a time. It was hopeless. Kay took this as her signal to get away from home.

At last, Kay in what she thought was her maturity, found the real love of her life. And she married him. This was no hasty young marriage. This was not puppy love. This was the marriage that really would be happy and lasting. Kay set herself at the task of keeping this marriage perfect. She counted on her past mistakes to help her. "I want to be a good wife," she said. And deep down in heart she was confident she was.

Then suddenly there was an end. She really didn't know why, herself.

"How was it my fault? Am I incapable of knowing my own heart? Am I fickle? Am I false? Or am I incapable of holding a man's love?" These are the questions Kay must have asked of herself. What is ahead of me?

A mind goes in circles when it thinks like that. How it can help thinking like that, I don't know. If Kay had a child perhaps her heartbreak would be less. If she had a religion that, too, would be something to console her. Or if her career were her most intense interest, that would help.

But Kay hasn't the mania for money or for the bright lights of success. These things are really of little comfort to her. If only she could be bliss! She could then throw her shoulders back and say, "Well, and I've been lucky next time!" But she can't be like that.

Yet she refuses to let anyone in on her sadness. You only catch it, as I caught it, in one of those rare moments when Kay lets her brave barriers down. I have heard her say that the most reproachable person is not a man with a big belly, but a man who bellies in a big way. Kay has always had a gallant attitude toward hardships. She's had them, but few people know about them, because she bluffed her way through. I am convinced that she was bluffing to the last and that she just got away in time. A few more weeks of trying to hide her heartbreak in Hollywood and she would have been a nervous wreck. You can't even cry in your own room out here, for there's always a servant who'd be glad to give you away. But on a boat, with the cabin door locked for hours at a time, who's to tell whether she cried or not?

The odd thing is that Kay went to Europe after the break-up of her first marriage. She went and rested her that first time. No doubt she is counting on them to give her a new vision and a happier perspective again.

What she needs most of all is renewed confidence in herself, in love, in life. I hope she finds it. Maybe she'll marry Mr. Chersiler. Maybe she won't. Maybe she'll never marry again. I, for one, certainly don't pretend to know, or have any way of knowing. I don't believe Kay even knows herself. This much is certain: she won't come back to face Hollywood's firing squad until she's got her heart patched up so the cracks don't show!

Maybe Kay wonders if her birth-date hasn't something to do with all her "unluckiness at love." In Oklahoma City an actress by the name of Katherine Clinton gave birth to her first child. It was raining when Katherine, after the ordeal of the birth, first opened her eyes. She looked out of the window, and then she looked at the calendar. She began crying softly, and, like the rain outside, the tears ran down her cheeks as she clutched her baby to her. "Never mind, little Kay," she said.

The day was Friday, the thirteenth.
ANNA Excellent 6
Phil Gaumont-British
The "Quick feet" actor, Richard Small, will appear in a little theater movement in his home town and will play the violin. Wally Water, Barnet K. Knight, Peter Richmond, James Bradbury, Sr. and Richard Carlyle will be in the production.

H. M. L., Regina, Sask., Canada: HELEN SCHROEDER, Toronto, Can.—Helen Michael was born in Talladega, Alabama, on June 1st about 23 years ago. His father, a professional baseball tall, weighs 130 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1934 and has been a professional baseball player for the past six years. He has played for the Talladega High School and the Talladega University teams and has been a favorite with the fans of the city.

MRS. ALICE JORGENSEN, Washington, D. C.—Jane Arden, who has just returned from Mexico, has had a very successful season. Her beauty and charm are well known in the theatrical world. She is expected to appear in the new season in the role of the beautiful and charming Miss Porter in "The Importance of Being Earnest." She will appear next in a Guernsey-British production of "The Importance of Being Earnest." She is expected to be the talk of the town.

JOAN PEEER, 68, ANOTHER ART FAN, New York, N. Y.—Joan Peers, 68, another art fan, has just returned from her trip to Europe. She has been in Europe for several months and has seen many of the famous artists and their works. She is expected to write a book about her experiences and her impressions of the European art world.

DOROTHY DOUGLAS, Montgomery, Ala.: HELEN AUSTIN, Chicago, III.—All sorts of gold medals and things are yours for your observation, appreciation and good taste. Robert Donat is definitely somebody worth asking about, as all who saw "The Count of Monte Cristo" will agree. Born in London, England, 1915, he made his professional debut in 1932, after which he received several favorable notices in secondary theaters and with companies touring the English provinces. "Knots and Knaves" and Cawston's successful work was followed by many more. He had just completed a serieous tour of the London stage, "The Sleeping Carriage," when he made his American debut in "Richard Wagner," a production from Edward Small, producer of "Richard Wagner." Small, producer of "Richard Wagner," and his wife, Edith Head, his partner, are invited to the opening of "Richard Wagner." Small has not forgotten Dorothy Douglas, who has been his partner for years.

RICHARD SMALL, Paramount, and Paramount Studios, in "Laughing Ribs," is scheduled to appear in "Richard Wagner" with Carol Kane, who is known for her work in Paramount Studios. Hollywood, Calif.

WALTER Р. RICHARDS, New York City—Right now you are at Ramon Nivens' party, and you were in "Laughing Ribs" with Dorothy Douglas.

ROSE CRANETTE, Teen.-towel, Eng.: Walter Gibson Armstrong, player of the part of Philip in "The Hell Cat" opposite Ann Sothern, who will write him at Metro- grams, is spotted in the city. Walter Gibson Armstrong is a actor of many years' experience. He has just completed "Laughing Ribs" and has been playing opposite Dorothy Douglas in "Richard Wagner." He is expected to appear in a new production in the near future.

C. M. H., New York City—In the following: "Laughing Ribs" the following are in the cast: Richard Cromwell, Joan Bradbury, H. B. Walthall, George O'Brien, Ed- bay, and Elizabeth Short, who is expected to play the role of Dorothy Douglas. She has been a member of the American Players League for the past six years and has received many favorable notices. She is expected to appear in a new production in the near future.

G. M. B., New York City—Donat, the "Quick feet" actor, is expected to play the role of the beautiful and charming Miss Porter in "The Importance of Being Earnest," which will be produced by the new season. He is expected to be the talk of the town.
to me.

In "Their Big Moment," for instance, a trained seal played an important role. ZaSu got together with the other members of the cast and decided to frame Slim Summerville. Slim is her arch-enemy where peace and practical jokes are concerned—more about that later.) While they were sitting around between scenes, ZaSu, Kay Johnson, Julie Hayden and William Gaxton would drop remarks for Slim to overhear. They would speak of the consummate厄ority of seals, of how they take intense dislikes to certain people, follow them around for days, and then, at the right moment, strike out to kill. They spoke of strong men who were torn to ribbons by their ferocious rages. After a few days of that sort of conversation, they had the fear of seals thoroughly implanted in Slim's mind.

Then ZaSu slipped up behind Slim when he wasn't looking and dropped a fish into his back pocket.

The seal, sniffing the tantalizing scent of a meal, began to follow Slim around the set, waddling along on its flippers. Slim would look at it and the animal would move towards him. At first he tried to act unconcerned. After a couple of hours, though, he began to get uneasy. If he walked fast, the seal speeded up and came right after him. He began to walk faster and faster. Finally, he started doing a regular marathon around the set, with the seal in hot pursuit. A stepladder offered the only safety in sight, or so he thought, and he dashed up it and perched himself on top. Ah, but it was a trained seal, quite able to climb ladders. It started up after him. In despair, Slim searched his pockets for something to throw at it, and of course found the fish, a little the worse for wear by that time.

Friend ZaSu was nowhere in sight when he came down off the ladder.

Why she goes in so heavily for the denizens of the briny deep, in the very little pranks of hers, I have no idea. She pulled another fish trick on William Gaxton during the making of the same picture. Not with the same fish, however. This one was a goldfish. I suppose she bought it at a pet shop and carried it out to the studio on purpose—bowl, water, fish food and all. At any rate, Gaxton was doing a scene as a magician. He has a great trick, in which he places a small cube inside a mysterious box, collapses the box, and shows that the cube has disappeared. He rehearsed it several times for the camera, and finally they were ready for the take. Then, when nobody was looking, ZaSu slipped her pet goldfish into the box in place of the cube. Gaxton did his stunt, and, when the box was supposed to collapse and be empty, out flopped the fish. The expression of fury and bewilderment on the would-be magician's face was so good that they've kept it for the picture, although you'll see it used in another sequence.

The following stunt is an old habit with innocent-looking ZaSu, too. She's been doing it for years and still people go on saying what a quiet little angel she is. I remember a picture, a year or so ago, in which her husband was supposed to kiss her goodbye, pick up his hat from the table, and leave the house. It was a highly dramatic scene which was supposed to make people cry. Everything went beautifully until said husband, after saying his heartbroken, "Goodbye, my darling, my beloved," tried to pick up the hat. Such an expression of consternation spread over his face then, that the director instantly called "Cut!" The hat was nailed down to the table with four-inch spikes. Innocent little ZaSu, again, innocent like the cat that ate the canary.

For that matter, her little stunt in "Journey" wasn't so innocent, either. If you saw the picture, you remember that Hugh Herbert was a victim, willing or unwilling, of hiccoughs. It troubled him for days at a time. Nothing would cure it but a certain Golden Elixir, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure grain alcohol, guaranteed to lift the load like a bolt from around the ceiling. Hugh had to carry a bottle of it with him wherever he went. Well, when they were taking the scenes where they used ginger ale for the Elixir. Hugh happens to like ginger ale, so it was fine for him. And for everybody else.

Imagine how dismayed the cast was when, in one of the final scenes, Hugh lifted the bottle to his lips, took a good swallow, screwed up his face, sprayed Golden Elixir all over the place, and began to convulse. Naturally, the director stopped the scene and asked him what was the matter. He seemed to have difficulty understanding, but after a prop boy brought him a drink of water he was able to explain. It seems some blanket-blank practical joker had slipped the genuine bottle in place and filled it with vinegar instead. ZaSu was sitting on a chair offstage, quietly sewing.

It was made the same when Jack Pearl came out to Hollywood to make "Meet the Baron." Little did Jack know what he was stepping into when the studio decreed Miss Pitts as his screen sweetheart. Naturally, he was nervous and excited, since it was his first picture. He memorized his lines assiduously, and, before each scene, studied his cues until he could say them "beckwartz und vorwartz." Then they would both go into the scene and, at the last moment, the director would call "Baron a cue, ZaSu would do something entirely different—stare innocently off the set, or drop her handkerchief, or sneeze. In other words, ZaSu was the arch-enemy of the arch-enemy, and he grew terribly worried. Finally, he spoke to her about it.

ZaSu drew herself up to her full height and stared at him fiercely, "$ir," she said icily, "I am a great artist. When I throw myself into my role, it is impossible for you to know what I am doing. It's part of my part. I do whatever the character must do."

Pearl apologized profusely. Only then did ZaSu break down and admit that she was kidding him. After that Jack was almost as bad as she was. Between the two of them they disrupted the whole crew, by making the camera-people go on strike. They could hardly stand up. The set became so popular with visitors from other sound stages and fans of ZaSu and Jack that people were stationed at the door so they could get some work done.

You will probably be horrified to hear that, if you are one of those who believes ZaSu is as dumb as she looks in her roles, that your shy little violet is also a scoundrels card shark. Where she learned her amusing knowledge, she knows, but she can beat all comers at everything from casino to pinochle. She's usually to be found at a table, just outside the camera-people, modestly playing a lonely game of solitaire with downcast eyes. Other actors, working with her for the first time, sooner or later suggest a game, by way of making friends, and the ride is on. Roland Young, for instance, is an ace bridge player. He sat down for a few minutes with ZaSu as an opponent, while making "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," and got up minus exactly fifty dollars. ZaSu pleaded with him the entire time he was working, but he couldn't trap him into another game. She returned his fifty, the day the picture finished, as a good-bye gift.

Their lengths to which she and Slim Summerville go to make each other miserable must curdle the blood of the supervisor, who has to sign the cost sheets for the amount of film they waste spilling each other's takes. When Slim is ready for a close-up, ZaSu lurks out of camera range and lures Slim to him, steak on her tongue and looking cross-eyed and wig-

(Continued from page 34)
bar of soap, talcum powder (one that smells like an old-fashioned bouquet), and an especially generous jar of cleansing cream which she can simply slather on her face for the nightly make-up-removing process and let soak in the tub. Whether she is lolling in the tub. That reminds us to remind you—and you—and you—that the way you remove your make-up every night is as crucial to the way you look on the next morning. Use cleansing cream and soap, both, and tissues to remove the cream, and a nice rough washcloth for exercising your face when applying the soap.

Probably all of us have a "Carole" who just seems to have everything, and we can't think of a thing to get for her. She can't fail to go for the de luxe manicuring set we discovered the other day, or the trick miniaturized set that can be tucked in the purse. Speaking of manicuring, let's talk about giving Santa a hand where you yourself are concerned, for a change. I do think a good quality nail polish in all its gay and gaudy shades is almost an invention of the God of Enlivening the spirit of womanhood. Then there is the never ending cost of every mood and every costume. (And painting your toenails the same shade makes you feel de luxe, and let so). Into the perks will she have to contribute to her rosy outlook on life as they make themselves charmingly conspicuous over the Christmas dinner table, or on the dance floor, or as they are about the Old New Year away. We believe in treating yourself to a whole array of shades, what with miniature bottles available at such miniature prices. Women ought to have more color and variety at their fingertips between the monotony of doing up the dishes three times a day—or taking three hours of dictation from the boss. Of course, you should harmonize your nail polish to your natural coloring and to your costume, as a general rule, but we don't care if you break the rule once in a while if it amuses you.

Don't, please don't, be guilty of chipped nail polish! A polished finger tips can put a kibosh right out of your spirit of well-groomedness if you are. Do you find yourself clutching things with necessary vigor these days... your purse while you're Christmas shopping, or even your morning cup of coffee... your face during those springtime days when the urge dashes you to try them away? Then get yourself in hand and relax for a moment. Let your hands swing lazily from your wrists, as though you hadn't another bit of work to do in a fortnight. In fact, relaxing completely every once in a while is one of the best tonics to the spirit we know. Imagine you are playing in some scene where the hero one does nothing, and does it beautifully.

You're going to be greeting a lot of old friends and meeting new acquaintances, this holiday season. And shaking hands is an art, you know, that deserves more cultivation, especially on the part of the hostess. When you shake hands, the arm should be held slightly higher than the hand, the wrist bent just a little bit. Hold the fingers close together. A warm, firm handshake is to be desired; a limp handshake is as bad as a dishrag brought into the living room, and a highly arched wrist belongs back in the maver deca

This extravagant with your hand lotion application this winter. Rough, scratchy hands are repulsive to look at and to feel. If once every few nights you will dig into the cold cream jar and massage your hands with the cream, then pop them into cotton gloves and hop into bed, you will see your hands looking as though they received a hundred dollars a week for just doing nothing...a grand aid to your spirit.

In the matter of greetings, if your lips are inclined to leave marks on Cousin Lou's cheeks, do write us for the name of an indestructible lipstick that will cling with the faithfulness of a Clark Gable admirer. Don't let yourself get crosseyed, either in person or spirit, during these busy holiday weeks. The business of being well groomed is like the business of preparing for Christmas, something you'd rather be without the trouble. Be extravagant in the time you allot to your grooming and dressing. That extra five minutes in bed in the morning won't do your soul nearly as much good as if you had spent it in good grooming.

Color has a delightful effect on our personalities. You'll want to give your lingering frequent color baths. Touch up those collars and cuffs, too. If you're tired of white, try peach or aquamarine blue; if you're tired of pink, try wood-rose or one of those heavenly new rust shades. A nice little array of dipping dyes is fun to have around. If you have a limited clothes budget, a dark dress with collar and cuff changes is your very best bet.

When you are perfectly groomed, your skin smooth and clear, your make-up carefully applied, your hair neatly and becomingly arranged, your hands as beautifully cared for as Carole Lombard's, your collars and cuffs fresh and bright, and the seams in your stockings entirely straight, then you can forget all about yourself.

Watch for MODERN SCREEN'S big contest announcement in the next issue.
ally, she will meet at least two major changes during the year. Toward the end of the year, she will surprise Hollywood by doing a “Garbo”—retiring into herself.

Neil Hamilton is cast in an aviation picture, and he hopes to make children and a home. In the event that he has a double for all his work, the double will be killed or seriously injured. Because of his gallantry to the opposite sex, there is grave danger of a scandal, which will be un- found but rather unpleasant just the same.

The year will be one of emotional earth- quakes for Kay Francis, culminating in her marriage to an international screen star. The marriage will prove disastrous, for Kay and the man she will marry are not suited to each other and husband and wife. She will go to England to make one picture, but it will not be a success.

Maurice Chevalier will marry a well-known brunette screen star, but it will end unhappily. Physically, he is threatened with serious injury, probably to his legs.

Bing Crosby’s career on the screen will hit a rapid and almost complete decline in the latter part of the year entirely through a radio. He will receive and accept an offer to make one picture in England. His personal life will be happy. During mid-year, however, it is rumored that a marriage will end unhappily, but it will not die. An elderly person in his family will undergo a very serious illness.

For Miriam Hopkins, 1935 will be the greatest year of her professional career. Her sex magnetism will be known to be happy. The love that is hers will continue through the next three years, but she will never marry the man.

For Carole Lombard, there will be rumors that she and Bill Powell will be reconciled, but this will not happen. She, however, will marry a man outside of the movie industry and be a success as a happy marriage. During the spring months, she will be in a hospital for several weeks.

Bette Davis is reconciled to her reconciliation with Carole Lombard, William Powell will marry a woman who is not an actress but in some manner connected with the industry. Ever-" the marriage will not be a happy one.

For Jean Harlow, this year will be the happiest year of her life, professionally, the unhappiest, emotionally. She will have an offer of marriage from a prominent producer whose wife will die early in 1935. She will be in love with another man, but in the end will marry still another—a screen star, not with M-G-M. The marriage will not be happy. Jean Harlow will never in her life know the happiness of successful marriage.

As to Herbert Marshall’s personal life, the stars are in conflict. There are two women—Verree Teasdale and Edna Best, his estranged wife; the other is a screen star. Before the end of the year, he will have done one or two things. Married the latter or become reconciled with the former. If he returns back to Edna, happiness will be his. If he continues with the other woman, great emotional strain will follow. Professionally, he will have a splendid year.

As for Gloria Swanson, under the guidance of Alexander Dyakoff, she will do an excellent part in a picture that will be marvelous, and will far transcend anything she has ever done before. Emotionally, she faces a year of great stress, during which marriage is indicated, but not certain.

Adolphe Menjou’s health is seriously threatened during late summer or early fall. Illness also menaces an older person in the family, but whether it is a relative of Adolphe Menjou or his wife, Teasdale, cannot be said definitely at this writing. He and Verree will continue happily married. The stars indicate the likelihood of a child.

George Raft has passed the peak of his screen career and 1935 will see a definite decline in his box-office value. He will not be divorced because his wife will oppose any effort along that line.

For Sylvia Sidney, Dareos predicts marriage. However, she is a careerist, and marriage will be secondary in her scheme of life, with the screen work taking precedence at all times. Her marriage will be neither outstandingly successful nor downright unhappy, for it will not play a large enough role in her life to assume such magnitude. During the latter part of the year, she is threatened with a nervous breakdown.

Mae West foresee as a screen star is at an end, but an even greater career as writer and producer of movies and stage plays lies before her. There will be no marriage in 1935. An attempt will be made to kidnap her or harm her by the underworld interests she antagonized recently. In 1936 she will have one great stage success.

For Clark Gable, Dareos foretells that in the middle of the year, a designing woman will attempt to kidnap him. He will be the victim of a limelight of a sensational scandal in which Gable will be falsely named. He will be completely vindicated but not until after much sensational publicity. Professionally, it will be a year of great success. Sorrow threatens his home through serious illness of a close member of the family.

For Ginger Rogers, there will be a period during the year in which she and Frank Fay will be on the verge of divorce. However, there will be a reconciliation. She and Frank will adopt a red- headed baby girl. Barbara will make two outstanding pictures in 1935. Scandal is expected in her life as well as the result of a yacht trip he will take. The year is emotionally involved for him, with possibility of marriage, which, however, would prove unhappy. Dick Powell was born to be a lover but not a husband. For Jimmy Cagney, there is certainty of his attempted kidnapping during the middle or latter part of the year, while taking a trip east.

For Ruby Keeler, Dareos sees grave danger. When in New York, either in the spring or fall, a former friend now turned enemy, will make an effort to harm her, either physically or through reputation. She and her husband will continue happily married. No children in 1935.

The Leslie Howard divorce whispers will not come true. Scandal looms, involving a blonde. But a picture is planned in London; he will also do a play there.

Edmund Lowe will marry in 1935. He will first have a flaming romance with a blonde screen actress who has recently divorced a famous screen star, but will later be proven happy with the screen world. She will be socially prominent and wealthy, and the marriage will be a happy one.

For Loretta Young, the month of May will begin the three most successful and happy years of her life. Until then, 1935 is fraught with professional and emotional complexities for her. Marriage is indicated for her either in 1935 or 1936, but it should be postponed until after marriage before that time would be disastrous. She is faced with a nervous breakdown early in the year.

Janet Gaynor will marry, probably early in the year. The marriage will be happy, but at the same time, it will mark the beginning of the end of her career. By the end of the year her career will be definitely on the wane.

John Gilbert is finished as a screen star. There will be talk of a reconciliation with Virginia Bruce, but the stars say nothing will come of it. The year will be very unhappy for him, both professionally and personally.

Shirley Temple’s amazing screen career will continue to skyrocket. There will be an attempt to kidnap her.

Unlike Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper’s screen career is, if not completely ended, at least at a temporary stop.

Glenda Farrell will be romantically spectacular. She will not marry Franchot Tone, but a black-haired foreign star. She will strive for stage success, and will go to a picture in a foreign field, for which she will eventually desert the screen. In fact, 1935 will see no particularly notable screen work on her part. She will remain on friendly terms with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but there will never be any love reconciliation between them.

Pola Negri will be one of the 1935’s screen sensations. Not until April will she be heard of professionally, but then her career will suddenly take strides that will amaze the screen world. Three amazing years will follow. Early in 1936, she will marry.

Myrna Loy will be Hollywood’s most sensational screen star in 1935. She will receive but refuse a marriage proposal from a foreign count.

For Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the road is rocky and the path is steep. They’ll never be entirely reconciled, although they’ll remain friends. Mary will never make another movie, but will be a success in writing and directing. During the year, she will find emotional unhappiness through her association with a man born in August. Douglas’ screen career is at a standstill.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will remain in England, where he will marry an actress, but the marriage will not turn out happily. He will make several excellent but not sensational pictures.

For Ronald Colman, 1935 will be his big screen test in a picture released during the year. There will be marriage rumors, but he will not marry until late in 1936, at the earliest. His wife will not be in pictures, but be at home, as he will have a baby. Gary’s professional life will be one of pronounced ups and downs during 1935.

For Greta Garbo, Dionysian worship will die in Hollywood in 1935. Dareos predicts for her a number of unimportant roles in comedies in 1935. During the year, a new marriage is possible, to a man born in December. It will be her happiest marriage if she needs him, and he will remain friends. The year will see the definite beginning of her screen career’s decline.

Here is what the famous Dareos predicts for a score of other screen idols:
Charlie Farrell is definitely through as a screen bet and will become a director in 1935. Ann Harding will make one of the greater pictures of the year. Harry Bamister faces the likelihood of a serious air accident. Norma Shearer will have a year of professional success, but personal unhappiness. Fredric March faces unpleasant gossip in late spring and a return to the stage in 1936. Jeannette MacDonald will marry and will suffer a Yew robbery. Charlie Chaplin will complete a picture and the fact of his marriage to Paulette Goddard will be definitely established. Lupe Velas’ career will be threatened by a period of sensational publicity that will do her no good. Dolores Del Rio will go to South America and co-direct and star in a picture there. Katharine Hepburn’s stars indicate marriage for her but if she does marry she will not be happy. Marion Davies will be one of the year’s sensations with an amazing outstanding picture. Jean Parker will have a great romance which will end in a sudden crash instead of matrimony. In 1936 she will marry. Her career will be successful throughout 1935.

(Continued from page 28)

What Happened

Moore and Shirley Temple were perhaps the only sensational “overnight” stars, there are many others who were outstanding: Francis Lederer, Jean Muir, Josephine Hutchinson, Joan Parker, Priscilla Lane, John Qualen, Fred Astaire, Charles Boyer, Pat Patterson, Robert Donat.

200 per cent: It is to wrap up that on the coronation ball and the theatre which she has built for herself proves a rival for the stage. There have been rumors of a break-up with Tone from time to time. Correct on marriage, ten per cent.

Right again, Daren: Jean’s been denying that she’ll marry him. Soon.

True, with exception of accident at this writing.

Interest in La Garbo seems to have waned; “Queen Christina.” Shot: so, to well at the box office either. 1935 will tell what the last statement is correct.

Correct so far. There was Russ Columbo, and her “ex,” Bill Powell is still attention. Marriage prediction untrue as is written.

Incorrect as this is written.

Correct.

Incorrect. Her marriage was wrecked by divorce.

These have been divorce rumors at various times during the year.

It is said that they are married. Is making a picture.

Correct.

Incorrect as this is written.

We’ll have to wait till 1935 for the answer to the first prediction. Second only.

These have been break-up rumors.

Her Fox contract has lapsed and she may return to Europe.

The linking of his name with Scoular and the constant uncertainty of his marriage to Mary Pickford were rather unpleasant for him.

He did come over here for a while and the Greer Lawrence rumors still persist.

Undoubtedly her marital uncertainties has caused her much sorrow. She has done quite a lot of writing and has plans for another picture.

Incorrect as this is written.

Incorrect.

Divorce. No sign of her being teamed with Powell and we haven’t heard about a threat adhesion.

Incorrect.

Righto, Daren.

There was a separation rumor but the difficulty apparently blew over. The pace of his screen career doesn’t seem to have quickened.

Daren told Mr. Lang that Miss Drexler would die, but as respects to her be asked us not to publish it.

Very wrong.

Correct.

Incorrect.

His career is definitely on the up-grade but his love has not been. 

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vinced we’re not. I’m sure that Otille is wise to the deception but has tolerantly decided that she will play our game of ‘let’s pretend’ as long as we want her to play it. I can’t believe that her playmates haven’t told Otille that Santa is just make believe, only they that they have left her with the realization that merry old Saint Nick stands as a symbol of the beautiful spirit of giving with love and feeling. I know Sue and I will do everything in our power to help her keep it.

TRUF. Santa Claus cannot live on as an individual,” he continued, “but when he has ceased to exist for Otille we intend to make up for his absence. Not by a greater number of gifts or more elaborate ones, for we don’t believe in spoiling Otille. But we will continue to make the holiday season a joyous one in other ways. And one way will he to entertain Otille’s friends as well as our own. By opening up our home and our hearts to those of her own age, Sue and I feel we will not only give Otille pleasure but will also teach her that the greatest joy is to be found in dispensing hospitality to others.”

How many of us, I wonder, have realized that this is a splendid way to make up to our children for the loss of Santa Claus? How many of us make the Yuletide season one of the happiest periods of the year for the grown-ups as well, by inviting our friends to join in our Christmas festivities, however simple.
Sue Kruger, for instance, recommends serving to folks who drop in during the holidays, various cakes and cookies—the kind that appeal to grown-ups and children alike. Sue has her cook frost some of these with a snowy white frosting of a mixture of citron and tiny bits of red maraschino cherries. Others have colored icing to keep in the freezer for the season. At first I was a bit dubious as to recommending these to others because they sounded so very professional, but after seeing Mrs. Kruger’s recipes and trying them out I changed my mind. Why they are a cinch to make—all of them. I’m sure you’ll want to try them, too, for they are ideal to serve to your friends and your children—not to mention your own family and your own children if you have any. Several of these Kruger cake, cookie and drop dough recipes are printed on cards which you may have for the asking. But first let me tell you about them.

Let’s start with Ottile’s favorite. After all, this is the time of the year when kids’ preferences get first consideration. Ottile’s pet is “Applesauce Cake.” It will be your pet, too, when you’ve tasted it. Imagine a cake that has in it the combined flavors of spices and applesauce. No wonder little Miss Kruger favors it.

O TTO is partial to their cook’s Christmas Fruit Cookies. These are really for the grown-up members of the family, and rich, being made of Molasses Meat (the kind you buy in packages). Another type of cookie the Krugers always have for Christmas parties is Petit Four. The name which practically means “little baked ones” but no name in any language could do them justice. And are they nice! That’s why.

Can you imagine something that tastes like a rich cookie but is cooked in one layer like a cake? This layer is cut into fancy shapes while it is still hot, like a fudge, or flossing with sticky dough. After they are baked and cut, they are frosted, with many varieties of colored frostings, each more attractive than the other but every one of them easy to concoct. I have also included recipes for several of these festive frostings in the fall leaflet. I know you’ll enjoy making these frostings and I’m convinced you’ll like Sue Kruger’s cake and cookie suggestions, too.

Take the following little cakes, for instance. They are mixed in a moment and baked in the easiest manner in the world—in little paper cups—and they emerge from the oven in practically no time at all as some of the very easiest desserts I’ve ever eaten. Frost them if you choose, but I really don’t think they require it.

**Kruger Chocolate Cups**
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 square cooking chocolate
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/3 cup milk

Sift flour, measure. Mix flour, baking powder and sugar, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and beat until very light. Melt chocolate over hot water. Beat melted chocolate into butter mixture. Beat egg until very light, combine with vanilla and milk. Add flour to butter mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in 4-inch, until thoroughly browned. Bake in the small sized paper baking cups in hot oven (400°) for 12 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cakes comes out clean, and well of desired. They may be served right in the little cups.

Of course, the time-honored cake accomplishment is ice cream and to kids the combination of ice cream and cake makes any occasion a party. If you don’t believe me, just try it out and see. This year I suggest that instead of the usual dish of ice cream you serve home-made Frosted Milk Shakes. These should be chocolate flavored for the very small children but for the grown-ups the milk and chocolate will find coffee flavor more popular. Perhaps you are hesitant about following this suggestion but you need not be if you use a brand of coffee from which the caffeine has been removed. Just try this recipe and see how enthusiastic everyone will be.

**Frosted Coffee Malt**
- 6 tablespoons malted milk
- 2 cups strong caffeine-free coffee
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup ice cream

Add hot coffee gradually to malted milk. Beat until free from lumps. Add sugar and milk and beat until frothy. Chill thoroughly. (Place pitcher containing Milk Shake in a bowl of cracked ice, if possible.) When time to serve, place a small portion of vanilla ice cream in bottom of tall glasses. Add chilled coffee mixture. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and serve at once. This recipe serves six.

Just visualize this grand drink in a lovely glass on an attractive plate, with a slice of AppleCrate Cake on the side—oraffles with tiny Petits Fours with different colored ings. And imagine the look of delight and surprise on the face of your favorite male when he picks up a simple looking cooky and finds it’s really a rich, spicy mintmeat treat. To achieve all these marvels results all you have to do is to mail in this month’s coupon, pronto.

Then we’ll rush this surprise Christmas Folder to you with its recipes for AppleCrate Cake, Petits Fours, Christmas Fruit Cookies and Festivity Frostings.

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149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

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**Wanted: A Remedy for Heartbreak—for Virginia**

(Continued from page 39)

happiness and destroyed it so terribly soon? Never have I known of a marriage more ardently hoped for, more anxiously desired by their friends and their millions of fellow fans. In my own younger days, the marriage of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. Then why couldn’t it be?

“I know what you’re thinking,” she said quietly. “You’re wondering what happened. Well, I don’t know, I’m writing this while I’m still hurt and I think I’ll tell you the truth. All I know is that we tried to work it out, but neither Jack nor I have anything to hide.”

“I suppose it’s impossible to believe that two people who adore each other as much as Jack and I did, and still do, could nevertheless not live together happily. Yet that’s the bare fact of the matter. Love and marriage are not one and the same thing. Marriage requires an especial talent, an infinite capacity for adjustment, and most of us simply do not have that talent and that infinite capacity. We think we have, and we want to have, and yet, we just don’t have the necessary ability.”

“All my life I’ve prided myself on looking at things honestly, on finding the truth, even if it proved a boomerang and hurt me. For that reason I now know that the break-up of our marriage was far more my fault than it was Jack’s. You see, by my own words, my own actions, I had unintentionally, yet none the less surely, given Jack an utterly erroneous impression of my attitude on certain matters. This was just as unfair and as unkind as if I had intentionally and maliciously deceived him. I realize that now, but I didn’t at the time.

“You know, Jack’s life has not been a very happy one. For all his fiery, tempera-
tuous soul, and things have not come easy to him. He’s had to fight for every atom of success he’s had. He’s been hindered and hurt by the very people who should have helped him. Oh, not just once but again and again! They’ve been damnable to him! Even those who love and admire him most don’t fully understand him. Jack is proud and sensitive. He doesn’t go about telling his troubles to anyone that’ll listen to him. For that reason everyone thinks he’s hard and callous and doesn’t care. They don’t know!”

“But you know,” I prompted. “He has so often declared that your perfect understanding, your warm sympathy, made up for all the rest. All the cruel misunder-

standing, all the intolerant . . .”

“Yes, I know,” Virginia interrupted. “That is just what hurts so terribly, now. I did understand, I did sympathize, and because I loved him so desperately, I thought I would feel, and think like that always. But I didn’t. I changed. I didn’t live up to my own specifications!”

But Jack and Virginia had been doing very well for myself in pictures. I was playing leads and had a fine contract with M-G-M. It meant a great deal to work myself up to that point, and then, just when I was doing worth while things, to throw it all aside without a pang. But I did it. And gladly, I knew that our marriage was doomed at the outset unless I gave up my own career and concentrated all my heart and soul on just being Mrs. John Gilbert. This wasn’t Jack’s idea. It was my own.

“At first we were blissfully happy. Our honeymoon in Europe was like a dream. We thought we were the two happiest people in the world. I suppose all lovers think that, but we two were sure of it. And then we came back to Hollywood and settled down like two staid, middle-
aged, old-fashioned people."

"At first I didn't mind. Then, little by little, I began to wonder if we weren't just a trifle too staid, too old-fashioned, too middle-aged. The dulness, the monotony were getting on my nerves. I wanted to dance and go places. Jack didn't. He hated being dragged around. He'd done all the partying he'd wanted to, years ago, and it no longer held any thrill for him. He worked hard at the studio all day and, at night, when he came home he wanted to read and be comfortable. On those few occasions that we did go anywhere, oh, very infrequently, he was so bored and miserable that I'd be sorry and determine not to make him do it again.

"With it all I was determined not to scold or nag. I detest a nagging woman! So, feeling like a prisoner in solitary confinement, I went on, month after month, trying to make the best of it. Jack had loved me for my patience and understanding. I told myself, and I mustn't let him down. But in my heart I knew it couldn't last. I just couldn't go on like that for the rest of my days!

"You see, I was very young. I was only twenty-one, and I hadn't had very much fun as yet. Jack was thirty-five. He had done all these things years before, and now he was tired and disillusioned. I realized this and made allowances.

"Moreover, I find one can't destroy ambition. I had loved acting and I wanted more than anything to go back to it.

And the rest you know. My courage finally snapped.

"And so we separated. Not because we no longer loved each other, not because we had hurt each other, not for any of the millions of reasons that outsiders will tell you, simply because I wasn't big enough to play the part I had assumed. I had accepted the role of Mrs. John Gilbert, yet at heart I wanted to be Virginia Bruce, too, and this wasn't possible."

"And are you happier now?" I asked.

She paused and then replied:

"No, I'm not. I suppose I shouldn't say that, for I've really been very fortunate. M-G-M has loaned me to Twentieth Century and I'm playing Jenny Lind with Beery in "The Mighty Barnum." I love the part and the costumes are adorable. I have a chance to sing in it, too. I suppose I really ought to be awfully happy about it. Moreover, I've been going out and having fun, as I wanted to, now. In fact, between you and me, I've been going out so much that I'm beginning to see what Jack meant when he used to say, 'You'll get tired of it. Wait until you're half as much of it as I've had. You'll see!' And he was right. I do see! Yes, Jack was almost always right.

"What I'm sorriest about is that I married Jack just when I did. The success of anything, from baking a cake, launching a new fashion, or marrying the person you love, depends so much on accurate timing. A thing that might easily be suc-
cessful can just as easily become a failure if it happens at the wrong time. That was how it was with us. If I hadn't met Jack until five years from now I'm sure everything would have been different and we'd have 'lived happily ever after.'

"My greatest fear is that our marriage and divorce may have hurt him with the public. You don't know how anxious I am that nothing shall hurt him! He has been so perfectly splendid through it all that I am more anxious for his success and happiness than for anything else on earth. He's so clever, so talented, so... so..."

She paused and smiled wistfully.

"I suppose all this sounds odd, from a divorced wife, but I'm trying to look at it all fairly and impartially. Besides, I'm not embittered. My mistakes were all of my own making. Jack never deceived me or betrayed my faith or confidence. Besides, we did not actually 'lose' each other. We merely left each other. Do you know what I mean? There's such a difference between leaving and losing! I don't feel that I've lost Jack in that awful, final sense that I would if there had been another woman in the case.

Do you see?"

"Yes, I do. And now just one question more, please. Do you think you will ever marry again?"

"No. At least not for a very long time. I want to continue my career. It was partly the price for which I sacrificed my marriage, so I mean to collect it. Besides, I have my baby, Susan Ann, to care for. And, after all, there's only one man in the world that could ever tempt me to marry again?"

"And that man is—?"

"Jack Gilbert!"

"Good gracious! That is a bombshell!"

"Well, I promised to tell you the whole story, from start to finish, didn't I? So now you have it, up to, and including, the sequel."

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**Modern Screen's Dramatic School**

(Continued from page 18)

you are scared and embarrassed in someone's presence that person is, possibly, as frightened as you are. Put this all in your mind. Don't forget it. And now let's go on to the next step in the lesson.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not," said our old dramatic friend, Bill Shakespeare, who was actor as well as playwright. Well, poise and assurance are virtues. Don't worry about what's happening to you on the inside. Don't be bothered if you're trembling all over with embarrassment. Don't despair if your head is hot and your hands are cold! Pretend that you are calm, poised, assured. Imagine, if you want to, the ways and manners of the most poised person you know. Because that, boys and girls, is just what the stars do. That's how they cover up their embarrassment. That's how they fool you. Now you, in turn, fool your friends.

Little Janet Gaynor told me once that she had to make a speech before a group of people. She was scared pink. She felt just as you probably do, when you step on the stage to speak a piece, or sing a song, or play your role in an amateur production. Quickly, Janet glanced about the room. Her eye fell on a shrinking, dull-looking woman who could not possibly be formidable or critical. And Janet addressed her speech to that woman. Naturally, her eyes moved from that face and included the rest of the audience, but she imagined that she was there to impress that woman who, obviously, could so easily be impressed. And that, you dramatic aspirers, is a wonderful thing to do when you feel yourself possessed of stage fright. When I was talking to actors and actresses about this subject, everyone of them told me that on the opening night of a new play they were always petrified with fright. Some folks think that unless they are, it is an evil omen.

Now, here's something else. While you are assuming the virtue of poise and self-confidence you will be getting into a habit which will eventually rob you of self-consciousness, a theft you won't mind, I'm sure. But while you're playing the part of being calm and assured don't, for heaven's sake, apologize too much for whatever you may do. That's the surest way of tipping people off that you're self-conscious. Lawrence Tibbett once told me about the time when he first began rehearsing with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was awkward and embarrassed. He felt that everyone in the company was much
better than he. When he made mistakes, and it was inevitable that such a rank newcomer should, he went around saying how terribly, terribly sorry he was. And, for his hambussle, he got only disgruntled monosyllables. As last he woke up and looked about him. Others were making mistakes, too, even the old timers. And what did they do? They tossed them off and nobody paid any attention to them. From this, Tibbett learned a great truth which I shall pass on to you. Memorize the following paragraph and heed the excellent advice, which you can learn from it.

If you admit your weaknesses, if you continually apologize, people instinctively scold you, whether it is at a Metropolitan rehearsal or at a contract bridge table. But if you never confess your sense of inferiority, if you airily wave aside your errors as if they amounted to nothing, people sneer at you not at all. Please, please never forget that self-confidence is very important.

Gary Cooper told me of an excellent way to fight the demon, Shyness. Always during the first week of a new picture, especially if there are new people in the cast, Gary suffers acutely. "I say to myself," he explained, "this really isn't so important. Nothing helps me so much as minimizing the importance of the occasion."

It helps not at all to know what self-consciousness is. Psychologists tell you that it's ego, that it's feeling so important that makes you imagine all eyes are turned upon you. Well, when you are about to go on stage all eyes are turned upon you. You can rationalize the thing all you want and it doesn't help. My research into this matter this month has convinced me that the only way to overcome or, rather, to cope with self-consciousness is to remember that you're not the only self-conscious person in the world, that others are suffering just as much as you, and that it is your job to appear to be poised no matter how uncomfortable you are feeling inside.

I do hope I've helped you. I'd be very happy, indeed if I have. If you have any more questions to ask about this subject or if you wish to consult me on any matter which pertains to the study of dramatic art be sure to write me care of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Otherwise I cannot give you a personal reply. This department is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything you should know about the art of the theatre, to help you with amateur theatricals and make those long winter evenings lots and lots of fun. You and your friends can have one grand time.

Many of my readers have organized dramatic societies and clubs in their towns and are using Modern Screen as their guide. They write me that they have swell times and learn a great deal besides. Why don't you do this? If you write me I'll tell you how to go about it. And I also want to know what you want me to include in this department. Tell me what you think will help you most and I'll give you my best advice. Who knows but what this may lead to the discovery of a real genius? And don't forget that I stand ready to answer your personal problems concerning dramatics. But don't forget that envelope—addressed and stamped—when you write me.

Scott Photo

While Rudy Vallee was on the Coast recently, making "Sweet Music" for Warners, he asked Mary Pickford to be his guest star for his initial broadcast. And Mary, who is very air-minded these days when with her own program, "The Lux Radio Theatre," graciously complied.

Of one thing I'm really sure—

The one thing I'm really sure—

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METAL SPONGE
Men...

(Continued from page 27)

for a flirtation or a love affair. Especially when the brilliant lights went out and the set, free of glare, stood cool and aloof in its solemn grandeur.

In a row with the director's camp-chair painted with his famous name, stood three other chairs. One for The Girl With Flyaway Hair. One for the others. And one for the first star of this production, a tall girl with a dark beauty.

That girl was over there. The other girl and the man had sat at one of the innumerable parties. Our heroine and the new man over whom Hollywood and Beverly Hills were all thrilled and sighed were introduced to each other by the director.

The girl stood there managing, amazingly enough, to look quite as feminine in her trim tailored suit and crisp blouse and casual pull down felt hat as she had looked the night before in her blush pink evening gown.

The man towered above her. Smiling a nice, quiet smile. Charming. Attentive. Attempted every delicate thing that had been said about him. But not the least bit thrilling. Not even a little thrill. Not at this first sight, anyway.

She was looking very small, gloved hand.

"How do you do," she said with that rush of words which characterizes her off the screen as well as on. "And how do you like California? That's the proper question, I believe.

"I like it tremendously," he had, she noticed, a really grand speaking voice. "Everyone has been so hospitable, so friendly."

"Everyone isn't," she told him.

"But I do understand we've rather taken you to...our hearts!"

He didn't pretend either to understand or not to understand. She liked him for that.

"He's extremely civilized and personable," she decided. But ever so calmly.

She could feel the director's eyes upon her. He was waiting, she felt sure, for her to laugh on a higher key or do some trilling thing extravagantly enough to indicate that she was being reduced to the position of romantic jilt. She was an astute little man, the director, and often she had seen him observe people as if they were so many laboratory specimens.

A week passed. Two weeks...the picture progressed in the regular way. Most scenes worked out nicely. It was a simple sequence with which no one had anticipated the slightest difficulty that held them up for an entire day.

"You're very popular," the man said to The Girl With Flyaway Hair one afternoon. "There always seems to be some friend visiting you on the set."

"Some girl friend," the girl supplemented, her coroloured blue eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, probably you won't believe it, but many of my visitors have been only the most casual acquaintances. I've found their sudden affection for me quite...quite touching."

The director, sitting close by, slapped his knee with a laugh. "What's so funny?" he asked the man, puzzled.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. The girl spoke. She touched his finger to her forehead, shook her head, indicated that the director, poor darling, was quite mad.

She might not be experiencing the thrills everyone had predicted but she most cer-
into a long, serious huddle over some changes which had been made in the script.

She had the camp-chair with her name, which had been brought along in the big truck, placed off to one side. She wanted an opportunity to think about the girl she was to portray. She wanted to dress herself in the feeling of the character. This proved impossible.

The arc of beach where the company had camped became Bedlam. Instructions were shouted back and forth. Impish faced assistants beat tattoos on iron upright and the wooden reflector frames. Several booming bassos among the crew went about their work singing lusty chauntays.

"Is it always like this?" the girl asked the assistant cameraman. "As noisy as this, I mean?"

He grinned. "With this star it is lately," he told her. "You see we always think maybe we can keep him awake. But we hardly ever do. He's all in, poor guy!"

In the center of that din and commotion sat the star. He slept like a baby. They might as well have kept quiet.

Poor thing, he was having a hectic romance. And, for once, the lovers' quarrels and reconciliations were as frequent and pyrotechnical as the newspapers reported them to be.

Long before they needed him they began calling.

He opened one eye, stretched his legs, yawned, muttered, "I'm all set," and went sound asleep again.

The director came to the girl and led her over smaller rocks to the big rock where she was to sit. It was slippery going. At their feet the ocean broke in bursts and jets of spray.

The assistant director and two property men went to work on the star. At last they got him on his feet. Still groggy, he made his way over to the big rock where the girl waited.

"Hello," he said, grinning, stretching. "Sorry not to have been more sociable but I was trying to steal a little snooze."

Between rehearsals and the take no time was wasted. The star might fall asleep again.

"Camera!" shouted the director.

The star tilted the girl's head back slowly. Until her mouth came beneath his. He whispered her character name. The microphone suspended over their heads was lowered so not one soft word would be lost.

She had to rest against him, hardly seem to hear what he said for her delight in tracing the planes of his face with worshipping fingers. For a second she was caught in the spell. She really did lose track of things. Then she came to. With a frightened start. Confused. Puzzled, the lines the star was saying were strange to her, not at all the familiar lines which gave her her cue.

"For God's sake!" The director's call cut through her ears. He waved the script in the air. "You're off on the wrong speech," he told the star. "You're reading the sequence you had with another gal. In the picture we finished last week. Boy! You're asleep on your feet!"

They finished those love scenes but it took all day to do it. The following evening the girl went into the projection room to look at the rushes hoping for the best but quite prepared for the worst.

She was dumbfounded. Those scenes had great emotion. Proving, of course, both knew their stuff. Besides, the star appeared thrilling and romantic. The drowsy look in his eyes passed, effectively enough, for another look, another look entirely.

Things aren't always what they seem to be.

"The other experience, happened before
I came to pictures." The Girl With Lovely Eyes told me, "While I was playing on Broadway. The men I've worked with in Hollywood have, without exception, been considerate and charming. And that is why I had this other experience on the stage made it much worse. For on the stage a love scene isn't something that happens. You do it six nights a week and twice on matinee days. You're never done with it."

The star of this stage production, the star who played the part of the girl's mistress, came into the girl's dressing-room, indignant and upset.

"Oh, old lecher!" she complained, "In my scene with him in the first act—where he puts his arms around me—well, he puts his arm around me and then some/"

"I tell him," advised the girl, "firm and superior in her inexperience and youth, "that if he doesn't stop you'll report him to the manager."

She was a prim young maiden and she had no wish to appear thus. She had, of course, heard about this sort of thing happening sometimes. To think little of it. This was different. This came close. And she was shocked.

She found the stage frightfully repulsive to be dealing with. Before their love scene together she always had to steel herself. It wasn't simply that his breath was foul from garlic and stale gin. Her dislike of him was beyond explanation, an instinctive, psychic thing.

For the last act of that play the stage was a blank. Towards the end of the act The Girl With Lovely Eyes came on the deserted stage to sit, half-reclining, on a chaise longue. In his role of host, the star followed her, almost immediately, to take his place on the lounge too. There he declared his love.

It was arranged so he walked around to the back of the lounge and sat down, half facing her. As you can see this resulted in her body shielding his hands from the audience the greater part of the time. Unfortunately enough...

To a man with the tendencies of this star, one girl is as good as another. The very same night the other actress reported having called him to task, the girl was startled during their love scene to feel his hand upon her ankle. It was only for a second. It well might have been accidental. She tried to convince herself this was the case. The next evening no doubt regarding his intentions remained. Whereupon she proceeded to do what she had advised that other girl to do. And she was surprised to find how much courage it took.

"Please," she said to the star before the next performance, "please don't be unpleasant when we're on the lounge. You make me nervous.

"Don't be a little fool," he told her. "It helps me to keep his hands together. The backs of them were covered with a fuzz of yellow hair.

The girl was on the spot. And she knew it.

This star had a reputation in the theatre. His name meant admissions at the box-office. She was a comparatively newcomer. For the first time her name was up in lights. The manager would be inclined to side with the star.

And there would be others quick to believe any story he chose to tell and to dismiss her as a cheap little actress looking for publicity. To leave the cast meant giving up a good job as well as losing the chance of a rumor spreading that she really hadn't made good. She could only hope what she had said would have some effect. It didn't. Things got worse. Within a week it wasn't only his hands. His kisses didn't remain stage kisses in which the man places his mouth over the girl's and lets it go at that. And with her audience watching, the girl dared not jeopardize the illusion of their love scene by refusing him his way.

She tried to seat herself on the lounge so she blocked the sight of his hands as little as possible. But their sessions—and sessions is exactly what they were—did not improve in the slightest.

Always now, she was tense, nervous. Always now, she was fortifying herself for that last act, that last scene.

Once during the first act she turned so ill she had to leave the stage for a minute. Her physician told her what she already suspected, that she was suffering from acute nervous indigestion.

Every night she had to resist an increasingly strong impulse to push him from her, irrespective of what happened. But time after time she would contain herself until their love scene was over. Then she would slip, slowly and reluctantly, from his arms.

She had worked long and hard to get ahead in the theatre. But not as hard as she must work now to keep her performance up to the mark she had set for it. At last, though, inevitably, she reached the breaking point. She could go on no longer. She had a plan. She would give warning. If he refused to heed it he would suffer the consequences.

THE Girl With The Lovely Eyes came on the stage and sat, as usual, half-reclining on the lounge. This time she made no attempt to cover her lover's hands, as her star's hands would be in any clearer view.

He came in, sat down beside her. He looked silly.

His hands with their yellow fuzz grew bolder. He took her in his arms and held her close. They came to the kiss. As usual he wasn't going to put his mouth over her mouth or to kiss her in a casual way. He had the upper hand in that company and he knew it. He appeared to be drawing away, perhaps, that she wouldn't take any action at all.

"Now!" she told herself. "Now!"

Her hands upon the back of his neck trembled. She felt his arms and scratched him. Hard. As hard as she could. And her intense feeling gave her a greater strength. Then she withdrew from his arms, with no amount of reluctance, once more careful to preserve the play's illusion.

Yet, but few lines with which he brought down the final curtain were not very intelligible. He was beside himself with rage.

And the curtain rose again for them to take their bows. They smiled graciously at each other. There wasn't the slightest indication of what they really felt for each other. Then the curtain fell for the last time. Quietly the girl started to leave the stage.

The star caught her by the arm. "I'll report you," he told her, "to put his arm around hers."

"That's all," she said quietly, "and I'll tell you why I had to do what I did."

Now she had the upper hand.

And she knew that he played each scene circumspectly. He had had his lesson. Even out of spite he didn't do anything else. Off-stage they didn't speak at all. And remained perfect strangers.

The Girl With The Lovely Eyes no longer was nervous, tense, or apprehensive. She was able to give performances which were a credit to the stage work which brought her to the attention of the movie cars and to her scene with the charming, sleepy hero about which we have already heard.

In the February issue, you will read what The Girl With The Strange Beauty and The Girl Who Got the Gold do. Their revelations are every bit as exciting and thrilling as the ones you have just read. Don't miss their stories!
THE PICTURES GET "A"

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO). Anne Shirley gives her triumph in the title role and is ably supported by Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie and Cecilia Parker.


THE BARGAETS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M). Charles Laughton, Norma Shearer and Frederic March are at their best.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount). Silent West as gay and amusing as ever. John Miljan, Royce Pryor, John Mark Brown and Richard Carlen are also in roles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century Fox). First-rate mystery, Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Nils Asther are at their best.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia). It all takes place on board ship and it's a fine, exciting picture. The cast boasts such names as Walter Connolly, May McAvoy, John Hall, Helen Westley, Joe E. Mcladden, Helen Vinson, Fred Kating and Wynn Dell.

CHAINED (M-G-M). Claire Dodd entertaining, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger and Joan Crawford.


THE DIXIE DIAMOND (RKO). Simply swell musical with some real laughs and Fred MacMurray in a top role. In addition, there are Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Day, Jack Barty, Lili Damita and none other than Fred Astaire in minor roles.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M). Jean Harlow is swell as a chitlin girl who is ambitioned to the stars. Also, time for Lena Horne, Lewis Stone, Patzy Kelly and Frank Craven.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal). Charles Laughton's memorable role especially enacted by Henry Hull, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Garret Marsh.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount). Enid Bennett truly goes to work in this picture. Also, Adolph Menjou and David Mannes here, too.

HANDY DANDY (RKO). A Will Rogers opus. "Nuff said!"

HAPPY Holidays (RKO). Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson in a new-comer that will amaze and entertain you. "Pop Goes My Heart," as Dick Powell phrases it.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCILD (20th Century Fox). January Jones, John Qualen, Loretta Young and Robert Young.


JUDGEBY CHOICE (Columbia). About a has-been dancer, Carole Lombard, who goes on to be a matron and mother. With Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor here, you'll laugh.


MADAME DU BARRY (Warner). A beautiful production with Dolores Del Rio in the title role.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M). This should be on your favorite line. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier are delightful.


ONE O'CLOCK (Universal). Courtroom drama. Excellent performances by Diana Wynyard, Anna Putney and John Hall.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia). A story of the French girl circus. Don't miss it.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M). A sly story with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

POWER (Warner). Conrad Veidt's portrayal of "Jew Suss" is very worth while.


SHE LOVES YOU (RKO). One of the better comedies. With Bing Crosby, Virginia Grey and Kitty Carlisle. Bing waltzes "Love in Bloom!"


VIVA VILLA! (M-G-M). Fine characterization by Wally Beery, Stan Erwin and Kathleen Niblo in supporting roles.


THE WHITE PANTHER (Fox). Loretta Young gives one of her best performances to date in this hospital story. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell deserve praise, too.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal). Robert Lowery and Lilac, Lelia Hruise, Lillian Bond, Olmstead Stevens and Dorothy Ducommun.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO). Sam Ervin in his first screen role. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson are in it.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia). Thrills aplenty in this Tom McGee opus. Shirley Grey is his leading lady.

BIG HEARTED HARRIET (Warner). Nice comedy, With Guy Kibbee, Alice MacMurray and Pat O'Malley.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO). It's all doll stuff. If you don't like it, don't come back for it.


CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (Warner). Don't go by the title. This film is a hit. With Betty Field, Walter Pidgeon and Ronald Colman.

CARAVAN (Fox). A tremendous and make-believe adventure where thrill will you, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker, John Miljan and Ralph Holmes head a large cast.

THE CATS PAW (Fox). Harold Lloyd's latest offering, With Una Merkle, George Murphy and wearing a large cast.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox). A remake for Harold Roosevelt, Virginia Bruce and Cyd Charisse.

CHU CHIN CHOW (Gumout). A man with a different. With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.


COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO). Burt Lancaster, Don Murray and Roy Crocker as corny as ever. Also Helen Twelvetrees, Noah Beery and Dorothy Lee.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (RKO). A mystery. With Ramon Novarro and Constance Bennett.

DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO). Ronald Colman, with Jean Arthur, Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel, Myron Dublin, Ian Keith and Ernie O'Malley Moore.

DESIRABLE (Warner). Jean Arthur, George Brent and Verree Teasdale turn in exceptionally good performances.

EMBRASSING (M-G-M). With the usual. Gerard O'Brien in the title role.

ESTRANGE (Warner). With Chester Morris and Marian Nixon.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount). Ethel Merman, Donald Cook and a most sentimental prima donna, and Cary Grant, as the kid who rebels against Jim's marriage. Problematic is the pet Jake, canine, Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynne, Frank Albertson and Cecilia Parker, too.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia). For the first time, they film the great Historical romance. With Lex Barker, Fitz Walker and a salary of a million.


FOG OVER FRISCO (First National). A mystery, with Leatrice Joy, Earl Derringer, Wingate Wong, Beryl Wallace and Don Beddoe.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warner). Concerning the fate of four college lads, Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Jorda and Robert Light. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak present the life interest.

THE LOVELY DAMSEL (Fox). One of the best stories of the year. With Ray Milland, June Duprez and Jack La Rue.

MADONNA OF THE MILL (RKO). Another triumph for Loretta Young. Also, Mary Astor, Walter Pidgeon and James Cagney.

MADONNA OF THE MIDST (RKO). A comedy with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.


WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO). Some very merry situations here. Edna May Oliver in a polo outfit is a treat in itself. Billee Burke, Joan Marsh, Marion Nixon, Reginald Owen and Grant Mitchell contribute to the general merriment.


THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox). Madge Kellogg, Carrol Niven and Rod Roulson lead a large cast.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia). Walter Connolly.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount). Lee Tracy, Helen Mack and David Holt.

THEM PICTURES GET "G".

ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Veuren-RKO). Joan Lowell in the title role.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox). Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their part.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal). Natreful cast and a fine story.


CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox). Warner Oland, Deanna Durbin and Toby Wing.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount). Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (M-G-M). Leon Errol, Eric Morley and Eric Von Stoiblen in the title roles.


THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warner). Wikipedia.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox). A very fine story, with O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

ELISE (Paramount). Genevra Jones and Frances Fuller in a rather feeble story.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO). Good performances by Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worthwhile.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warner). Charlie Ruggles and Espy Ballette, former classmate, get together and save their school. Bud O'Quinn, Bert Connors and Robert Barratt are on the bad side.

GIFT OF GOD (Universal). Large love story. Glenda Stuart, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and a great many other popular stars.

GRAND CANARY (Warner). Loopy story on the screen, featuring Hal Roach and Rochelle Hudson.

HELL BENT FOR LOV (Columbia). This Art Deco romance is especially interesting. Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Bourbon. John Halliday and Edna May Oliver in the leading role.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warner). Johnny O'Keefe.

HER GET-TEST GAMBLE (RKO). Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson in a slow-moving tale.


KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warner). Jack Oakie, Jean Parker, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly.


MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warner). Dull comedy. Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Meek.


MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox). Heister Angel and Nigel Bruce in this mystery.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia). Ralph Bellamy and Sally Gray.

OUTCAST LADY (M-G-M). A rather funny film, but a fine cast including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes saves it.


RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National). Love Talbot and Mary Astor have the leading roles in this mystery drama.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount). Susan Dolan and her apprentices.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Lionel). Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy, Lucille LaVerne, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly and Toby Wing in the cast.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox). Shirley Ross, but the story is so weak it is impossible to evaluate it.

SIMPLE DUTY (Owen). Here, Squires

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO). Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

SUGAR BABIES (Fox). ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are apt to disappoint those who have sympathy for sugar babies.

396 NIGHTS IN HOLLIDAY (Fox). Showing up some of Hollywood's pleasanter scenes in acting. With Jimmy Durante, Alice Faye, Grant Mitchell, William Tabbert and Dorothy and Monte Blue.

WEDDING BAND (Columbia). Better-loved than Westerns, featuring Randolph Scott, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Morgan and Monte Blue.

WEDDING AND DEATH (Universal). More music. Russ Columbo, June Knight, Roger Pryor and Betty Hackett in the cast.


THESE PICTURES GET "D".

BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Towler). Edgar Allan Poe, Dashiell Hammett, and Barbara Bar- onness.

BLACK MOON (Columbia). Weak yarn. Jack Holt and For Whay.

BORDER TO THE END (Universal). Sidney Fox, Mary O'Sullivan, Sidney Blackmore, Polly Moran, Mervyn Levy, Howard Strickling and Earl Williams in this musical.


I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal). Pat O'Brien, Ralph Morgan and Eric Linden fail to make this interesting.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia). Super cast. Donald Hansard, Edna May Oliver and Mary Brian.

LET'S BE RITZY (Paramount). Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

LETTER PRECIPITATION IN LIFE (Columbia). It isn't your time on this one. Jean Arthur, John Halliday and Donald Cook.

NO RANSOM (Lionel). Lila Hope, Ralph Morgan, John Barrie and Jack Oakie in an impossible story.

PARIS INTERVENTION (M-G-M). Robby Young, Ua Mirent and Otto Kruger.


STOLEN SWEETS (M-G-M). Charles Winninger and Sally Blane is a dull yarn.


PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount). Myrna Loy, Frank Morgan, Mary Brian, Philip Holmes and ZaSu Pitts.

READY FOR LOVE (Towler). Ireland Allen, Anna May Wong, with a nice little comedy turn from the beautiful Mary Brian.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO). Some very amusing situations develop in this tale about a girl who wants to be one that the man loves. George O'Brien and Reginald Owen are in the supporting cast.

THE ROYAL CUP (Fox). Jean Donean, George Meeker, and Allen Jenkins and Patricia Ellis with him.

SERVANTS (Fox). Eve Arden, Lee Tracy, and Gay Ayres.

SHE IS THE ONE (Fox). Fine. C. Aubrey Smith, Myrna Loy, and Edward Everett Horton.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M). "Professor." Butterworth and Jimmy Durante, will give you a laugh or two. Newcomer Phil Regan has a nice voice.

STORY OR QUEST (M-G-M). Myra Loy, George Brent and Lionel Atwill in a good story.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox). With Myrna Loy, Myrna Loy, and Stanley Blystone.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn). America's most popular story. A talkie version of the silent picture, "Resurrection."

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount). Blanche Sweet, Carrie Loudard and Burne Allen.

Mary Brian and Joe Morrison at the Coconut Grove.
MODERN SCREEN

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 11)

Boosting Bradford

This is just a rave over John Bradford, who took that difficult role of Adrian Almont in "365 Nights in Hollywood" and simply made it sit up and beg! He has everything—looks, personality and a grand speaking and singing voice. He did the villainous side of his role so well that the audience despised him, then found themselves warning to his whimsical, charming personality when he and Alice Faye sang their clever song, and liked the darn guy in spite of themselves! Here's a big bouquet for him, and a fervent hope that we'll see him soon, and often!—Louise Grant, Charleston, W. Va.

A Lew Crusade

I am a crusader for more and better roles for a very miscast star whom we all know as Lew Ayres. Why should his chances for some serious acting be drowned in some silly, if not mediocre, part? After seeing "All Quiet" several years ago and his outstanding performances in "O. K. America" and "State Fair," I think the public expects something better than he has had an opportunity to give. I'm sick of being disappointed in his pictures—I want to see him do something BIG. How's about it?—Virginia Haas.

Personal Nominations

Best male singing voice—Bing Crosby
Best female singing voice—Alice Faye
Best physique—Gilbert Roland
Best figure—Joan Crawford
Most beautiful face—Mary Brian

Most handsome man—Bing Crosby

Prettiest hair—Jean Harlow

Prettietest teeth for women—Mae West

Prettietest teeth for men—Bing Crosby

Best dressed woman—Kay Francis

Best coiffures—Norma Shearer

Best dressed man—William Powell

Best female dancer—Joan Crawford

Best male dancer—Fred Astaire

Best natured fellow—James Dunn

Best natured girl—Joan Blondell

Nicest smile (male)—Bing Crosby

Nicest smile (female)—Frances Dee

Prettiest eyes (male)—Gary Cooper

Prettiest eyes (female)—Claudette Colbert

Prettiest dimples (male)—Clark Gable

Prettiest dimples (female)—June Collyer

Sweetest face (male)—Lew Ayres

Sweetest face (female)—Dixie Lee

Ideal wife—Johyna Ralston Arlen

Best all-round fellow—Richard Arlen

These are Cecilia Joseph's selections. What are yours?

Eyes Have It

I have seen Jack LaRue in "Take the Stand" and he plays the part of the columnist as well as he does everything else. But why, oh why, isn't he given a chance at better roles? He has always been a favorite of mine and I have always considered him a great actor, and I'd like nothing better than to see him in a really worth while role. A lover role mostly. What those eyes of his could do to a female's heart is nobody's business.

Miss Jay Loiacono, Jersey City, N. J. (He's had a new nose made to go with his eyes—maybe the combination will bring him a break.)
They Visit New York

(Continued from page 12)

Gombell.

Don't send us any arsenic in the mail girls. And don't drop by the office to pull our hair. But who do you think we had lunch with a few weeks ago? John Boles. Oh—all right—if you must be a stickler for accuracy—Marcellite Boles, Jayne's wife, came along, too. We said "lunch." As a matter of fact, we went for lunch and spent the day, because, between John's and Marcellite's grand sense of humor and that very good iced tea they were serving, there just didn't seem any point in leaving. (At least, they said it was iced tea.)

Here's a story John told. It's quite respectable, so the children can stay in the room. It's the one about the man who had eight sons. And an old friend, who hadn't seen him for a quarter of a century or something, bumped into him one day and asked what the great big family was doing.

"Well," said the father of eight, "the oldest one's a senator, and the second one is a half-wit, too. The third one got the Croix de Guerre, you know, and the fourth one never went to France either. The fifth one is a banker, and the sixth one is in the next cell. The seventh one is an intellectual and the eighth one is also a sissy."

Marcellite was wearing a gorgeous ring, present from her spouse, and someone made a remark about all Southern girls being born gold-diggers.

"Ye-e-e-e-s," drawled Marcellite in her Mas-son-Dixon accent, "Ah'm a terrible gold-digger. It has taken me fo' years to chisel a trip to New York from Jawn and seventeen years to get this engagement ring."

Which will give you the tip-off that even the fascinating J. B. has a few faults just same like other husbands.

To a certain all-nicerie called the Elysee, we went diversion seeking and found there Miss Kay Francis with a very distinguished looking gentleman who was not Maurice Chevalier. Champagne was being passed and everything was altogether too, too elegant, including Kay's evening wrap. We turned a livid green with envy the minute we saw her. A dyed-in-the-wool movie enthusiast in our party wrote on a menu card, "Dear Miss Francis—I have been a fan of yours for years. Will you please autograph this menu for me?" We grabbed the card before the waiter could take it and added a postscript, lika-dix:

"Personally, Miss Francis, we'd settle for your evening wrap."

And what did Miss Francis do? She caught our eye, grinned and made as though to take off the garment. We exchanged winks, the fan got her autograph, and this department went out into the night liking Kay Francis even better than before, as a person who can take time to take a joke.

Gaumont-British Pictures put on a great deal of dog at a luncheon at the WaldorfAstoria. It was all in honor of a fourteen-year-old English lassie named, believe us or not, Nova Pilbeam. Nova's name may not be one you'll find in every telephone directory, but what, after all, is in a name, as the chap said when he forged the cheque? Nova is cute. Nova is a brilliant little actress. Nova is a person you'll be seein' in pictures made here and in England, or we miss our guess. She looks less than fourteen, so we know she hasn't started to lie about her age yet. The picture shown after the luncheon was "Little Friend," and it's Nova's show from start to finish.

Incidentally, one of the guests at the speaker's table was Walter Huston, who

At the Cohen Banquet. Seated, Henry Wilcoxon, stage-star Queenie Smith, Cohen, Katherine De Mille and Mary Boland. Standing, writer J. P. McEvoy, W. C. Fields and two boys with perfect sets of teeth—Cary Grant and Carl Brisson.
weather and had sort of a heck of a time. Practically all they could talk about was their three-year-old Barbara and their conversation is a series of quotes from her bright sayings. They’re to be forgiven, of course, just as all other parents of adorable children have to be forgiven. The only way to get Bebe Daniels off the subject of Barbara is to tell her you’ve discovered a new Chinese restaurant. At that signal, she screams for her hat and a taxi and wanders all the way to the Oriental diner whether she’ll have a yak-u-men and plain chop suey, or suh-yaeng with shrimp chow mein. But then, Chinese food is Bebe’s only vice, so let’s not be disagreeable about it.

Out of Their Sorrows

(Continued from page 47)

that lack in her.

Then came marriage and after that pitifully short period of happiness with Kenneth Hawkes, sorrow struck at her severely. When her husband’s plane fell from the skies that day, Mary Astor’s happiness crashed with him. That day she stopped being a child.

Out of the broken pieces of her life she built a new life for herself ... a life that was founded on reality. And she knew that before she had only played at living. The illusion was gone now ... the sense that the things she had must necessarily be permanent. But other things came to take their place. The philosophy she had worked out for herself, the rich understanding and the ability to feel sorrow.

Something new came into her life.

She was no longer only a lovely shadow to the fans who saw her on the screen, but a woman who could make them laugh or weep with her ... a woman who was great because she had become a woman.

A new love came to Mary Astor and a new marriage ... the deep contentment of happy wifehood ... the joy of being a mother. Maturity had come to her out of her sorrow and it was maturity that gave her the power to drink more deeply of her new happiness.

Sorrow brought poignancy to Joan Crawford.

Happiness had brought her peace. She had been such a restless girl, that little Lucille Le Sueur who first came to Holly-
wood. Her days were so full of excitement and thrills that she never gave a thought to the years rushing by. Her work (she didn't call it her art, then) meant nothing beyond the things it gave her. Money to lavish on friends in that generous way of hers, clothes, parties, the opportunity of meeting people, gay, exciting people... a taste of fame that in turn made her excited to the people she found stimulating.

Her nights were spent in dashing madly from one party to another, always in the fastest cars money could buy. Speed... change... that was the tempo of her life. Music... fast music... faster music... music racing in tune to her own restless pulses... Dancing... she could never have enough of it... and every evening it was a new lad's arms that held her... a new lad's eyes that laughed into hers.

She had found a measure of success but critics did not wear out their typewriter ribbons hailing her as a Rachael or a Duse. But Joan Crawford did not care and there is a doubt she would have known then what those names meant.

It was young Fairbanks who taught her what they meant... what other things meant. In all the flurry of amazement that greeted their romance no one could have been more surprised than Joan herself that she had fallen in love with this stodious, sensitive boy. And no one was more surprised than she at the contentment that came to her in making his life her own.

Stars... she had probably thought the lights that flickered before Grauman's Chinese Theatre much more beautiful before... but now stars became tenderness. Books... she had never known how fascinating they could be, how they could open a whole world before her eyes. Music... how different was this music Douglas loved... this music that ached in your heart... from the turbulent rhythm she had once danced to. And home became more than a name to her.

All these things worked their change in her and her audiences felt that change. Slowly Joan began to emerge from the jazzy, carefree roles she had played, into fuller, more interesting ones. But there was still a long way to go to when she came into her greatest glory... before she would stand at the very peak of her profession.

Sorrow brought her to that peak. Sorrow moving in its devisive way, carrying her first into the valley, that she would so much surely reach the pinnacle.

Something happened in America there that had seemed so unchanging and so sure. And the fact that there is so little known of the thing that came between them, that neither Joan nor Douglas would ever discuss each other except in the friendly, civilized way that brought them the respect of everybody, shows how much that love must once have meant.

Joan's face changed subtly. Her eyes held shadows, her mouth a hint of sadness that blotted out the smile that had always come too easily before. Her heart still held the things young Doug had given her... stars and music and gardens, fresh smelling and sweet in a spring rain... home and its quiet things, its gentle things. But Doug was no longer there to share them with her.

Prounacy came to her then, in her nostalgia for the love that had slipped away from her. And it is that yearning for something lost and unforgotten that has crept into her art. Her art that used to be her work. Slowly Joan began to emerge from the days of amazement.

Sorrow brought glamour to Garbo. It's become quite the thing to laugh at those old pictures of the Greta Garbo which Mauritz Stiller brought with him from Sweden. And yet the glamorous Garbo emerged from the drab chrysalis of that gauche, bewildered girl. But that was afterwards, when Stiller lay in his lonely grave and the width of the Atlantic was between him and the girl he had loved so selfishly.

There is no doubt that Garbo loved him, too... that he is the only man she really loved. Only for a while she lost sight of that love in the tumultuous wooing of John Gilbert... in the strangeness of the new Garbo. Mauritz Stiller did not live to see the new Garbo. The glamorous Garbo, the Garbo clothed in mystery, the enigmatic Garbo who has captured the imagination of the world. But even if he had lived he could never have remade the woman.

For it was his death that brought her solitude. Garbo shut her sorrow in her heart. And one can only guess how much she suffered there... she could no longer endure to be with people... people who laughed and talked and never understood. She was fully aware that the world lay in darkness, that the light of the sun and moon and stars had gone out forever.

Sorrow... she walked alone through soft spring rains and it was as if the heavens were weeping with her. And her eyes looked beyond the poppies in Cahuenga to the delicate stems trailing in her native woods, to the primroses and violets and bluebells they had gathered in their own Swedish meadows as they dreamed of glory in the promised land across the sea.

Heartache... loneliness became her life... the private life she so jealously reserved for herself. And the gods laughed as they twisted these things into a satirical gift for her. Heartache... loneliness... all, because mystery and glamour to her millions of fans.

Sorrow gave a new career to Mary Pickford.

She had worked so hard all her life. As a child trudging from one manager's office to another, as a girl pioneering as gallant as any frontier woman it was a new art, as a woman holding the stellar position in the industry she had helped make great.

For years, fate gave with an unstringing hand to her. Fame... a fortune financiers have envied... love. Most prodigiously of all, it gave love to her. Her mother's love... she was so wholly absorbed to it, that, unaided, in independent friendship, her brother Jack's love, gay and irresponsible, brightening her days with laughter. Then the dearest love of all, the love that flamed so quickly between her and Douglas Fairbanks, the love that endured for so many years.

She grew from that shadow child who had won America's heart to the woman the years had made too mature for the roles her audiences demanded of her. She tried other roles but the public would have none of them. She knew her career was finished. But it did not seem so quickly then to retire. She could give all her time to the ones she loved. After all, love was the most important thing in the world.

In a little more than a year all that love was swept away from her. Her mother died first. She had expected that, of course, in the months when Charlotte Pickford lay helpless in her last illness, but it was no less cruel for all that. And then Jack... her little brother... Jack who had loved gayety and gambling, stimulating people... Jack dying alone in a hospital in Paris. Then Douglas... the difference less that he must have been hardest of all... for it was to life she lost him. Mary looked into her sorrowing heart and found the things that had seemed unimportant before. She opened her eyes and found again, the old ones she had not needed before, the new ones that opened unexpected vistas for her. She found the knowledge of life that had come to her in all those years of climbing and working.

And out of them came her writing and the joy in it that has given her a new kind of happiness. And one can only guess how much she suffered there... she could never have remade the woman.

For she has discovered that writing is the one thing fate cannot take away from her. Let sorrow come again... her stories will be the richer for it... those stories will only be the more under-
standing. It is good to have a thing like that in your grasp, a thing that will never become familiar and stale... a thing that will remain forever new, exciting and unfinished. More recently, Mary has found radio opening its arms to her. New work to do. A new zest added to life.

Sorrow brought freedom to Frances Marion.

When George Hill’s tragic death shocked Hollywood, its heart flowed out in sympathy for Frances Marion who had been his wife and was still his friend. Sorrow had struck at her so repeatedly. She had seen so many friends go. Jessie, the secretary, whom she loved as a sister. Lorna Moon, the writer whose brilliant career was stopped by her early death. Marie Dressler, the most loved friend of all.

George Hill’s will spoke of Frances Marion as his beloved divorced wife... a tribute that drew editorials from hard-boiled newspaper men all over the country. More than anything else that tribute reveals Frances Marion as the most truly loved woman in Hollywood.

She has always lived close to sorrow. It is because she has lived life so fully, drunk of it so deeply that she has become the great writer she is... the one writer for the screen who has remained at the very peak for the twenty years she has been writing for it.

Illness had made her childhood a cloistered one, shut away from other children. A strange child, a lonely child, she grew into a woman whose life became an amazing pattern of adventure and change and tragedy.

It was that lonely little girl, listening to the laughter of other children, who crept into her script of “The Poor Little Rich Girl” and lived in all those other stories she wrote for Mary Pickford. It is the woman who has travelled all over the world, taking its sorrow with the same unflinching courage with which she takes its joys, who breathes in every story she writes. “The Champ”... “Min and Bill”... “Emma”... the greatest box office attractions the screen has ever known were written from that understanding, tolerant heart of hers.

Her early sorrows brought success to Frances Marion, but the ones that have crowded each other so relentlessly in the last few years have brought freedom to her.

She thought she had lost her world when Fred Thompson died, her husband and the father of her two little boys. But it was because he died that Christmas afternoon that sorrow gave her freedom. Success had chatted her with possessions. The million-dollar home on a Hollywood mountain top, the priceless antiques they had collected together, the library of rare first editions, the house at the beach, the huge cabin in the mountains... all of them things chaining her to them... driving her to work beyond her strength to make the money for the taxes and the maintenance and the insurance to cost it to them.

One day she stood looking out at the sunlight that slanted through the trees to the courtyard below her window and she remembered how she had come cantering over that courtyard with Fred Thompson and how they had laughed together as they had dismounted from their horses. Fred Thompson had loved that courtyard, those huge stables filled with blooded horses, that house with its priceless treasures,
But they were no longer his to enjoy.

Knowing that . . . they seemed no longer hers either.

Surprising, that sense of exultation that came with the knowledge that she was free from this. Today Frances Marion can do the things she wants to do. She has time for the music she loves and for her singing, time to write the novels and the plays she always wanted to write but could not because of the gamble it would mean.

If Frances Marion were writing the story of those tears Carole Lombard may be facing today, she would take some of her own heartache in fashioning it and the things that have come out of sorrow. Not only her own, but the sorrows of all those other valiant women of Hollywood.

... Mary Astor ... Joan Crawford ... Garbo ... Mary Pickford. All these gardeners of freedom . . . glamor . . . poignancy . . . maturity . . . a career . . . she would take them all and fashion them into beauty and courage and power. She would take from the experience that has come to her into a lasting inspiration.

He Was a Problem Child

(Continued from page 31)

THE many dramas in which March has appeared on stage and screen were spun of no more colorful threads than those woven into his own story—a story that carries a message to every mother's son and every son's mother. The fates must have intended him for the stage and screen, for his early background seemed to have destined him for something else.

March says he might have been a gangster. You probably have read that after his youthful life of crime, he landed a job in a teller's cage in a bank. Rather different—yes. Thanks to certain influences, which I'll let him tell you about himself.

His surname, Wisconsinian, was August 31, 1897, and was dunned Frederic McIntyre Bickel. His father was of German lineage; his mother, Cornelia M. Bickel (which name inspired tickers with his stage name), was of English, Scotch and Dutch extraction.

"As I said," March told me, "I was a tough kid. I did speak nice pieces at nice local functions when called upon. But at the age of six I was thrashed for doing an imitation of an old man who hobblecd on crutches. Soon thereafter our gang began building little cardboard houses along the shores of Lake Michigan. We stole everything needed for construction and maintenance from lumber to food and fuel. We engaged in gang fights, used bricks for weapons, and running amuck now and then, tipped over all the Chic Sales in Racine. We were headed straight for the penitentiary, according to all the town authorities, and some of the boys actually reached that destination. Had it not been for the environment of a good home and loving, understanding parents, I, too, might have been a jail bird. I might have become the right-hand man of an Al Capone or a 'Legs' Diamond."

"My boyhood nickname was Bottles. My abilities as a book picker earned that sobriquet for me. I could 'find' more bottles, more scrap iron, more mags, more old washboards, than any boy in our gang. This might have been due to the fact that I was an observing child and knew just what days the good housewives of Racine went to town. However, the excitement of collecting and the bank was nothing compared to the thrill of the theatre—the circumstance that doubtless saved me from the usual dozen of clutches of the law."

"I boasted the Jack Besse Stock Company, and now and then, provided a good company on tour, such as Maud Adams in 'Peter Pan' and Richard Bennett in 'Enchanted Goods.' It was after watching Bennett that I made up my mind to be an actor."

FRED finished high school and wanted to go to the University of Wisconsin but the family funds were low, so he went to work in the Manufacturers' National Bank and worked his way up from the Christmas savings cage to a position as assistant cashier. His mother, whom he entered in 1916 entered Wisconsin University. With the outbreak of war, he enlisted,
offered that role because of his striking resemblance to the John Barrymore of a dozen years ago.

I saw the opening of "The Royal Family" in Los Angeles, the guest of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. After the conclusion of the performance Dick turned to me and said, "Ten to one some producer signs him for pictures."

I didn't take the bet. And—well, you sort of know the rest of the story. March had finished his story. He reached for another drink. "Do I sound like the sort of codded egg that writers insist on painting me?"

he demanded.

"It sounds like the confession of an egg that just escaped being a yegg," I admitted.

March grinned.

"I think that prefix of 'Freddie' may have had something to do with it," he laughed. "Say, how would 'Bottles' March look in electric lights?"

I reached for my hat.

Freddie led the way to the door. He paused, for a moment, and then, with a wistful look, said:

"I've a grand blurb for your story. "I Might Have Been a Gangster."

"And I might have, too," he added.

Reviews—A Tour of Today’s Talkies

(Continued from page 55)

mystery," it does not follow the pattern of the ordinary picture of this kind. Instead of the murderer being run down by detectives, a system of psychology is followed and for that reason this number may not appeal to you folks who like your murder mysteries treated in the familiar stock manner. Really, though, there are some grand performances, principally by Anita Louise, the daughter, who rises to great heights in her character; and Verree Teasdale as the mother who tries to take the blame for the killing in order to save her daughter. Lionel Atwill registers effectively as the husband and father. Ricardo Cortez is the only one who fails to measure up brilliantly. His character just does not click. This is a picture for sophisticated audiences. It is beautifully directed and photographed. You should like it.

A: WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M).

Really enjoyable. Although this is the well known story of a woman who marries a man many years her junior, helps him into a success, loses him to the other woman, and through patience and loyalty wins him back again, it is told and acted with so much charm and sincerity that it takes a front seat in motion entertainment. Helen Hayes, bearing the brunt of bad photography, comes through with a fine performance as the colorless wife. But it is Brian Aherne who stands as the surprise hit of the picture. He makes the character of the conceited, self-satisfied husband so real and human that you never once lose sympathy with him. The remainder of the cast, including Madge Evans and Lucille Watson, is excellent and does much to add to the film. Don't miss it.

B: THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warner’s)

A Cagney special. This one starts with a bang and ends with a bang. Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins are two truck drivers. For one reason or another, Cagney spends most of his time behind bars. The real trouble begins when he meets Patricia Ellis, smacks into her car, lands in jail, and is even accused of murder. More fun and more laughs than this one. Cagney plays his old self again, Jenkins is dumber and funnier than ever, and Patricia Ellis turns in a strong performance in spite of the meagerness of her role. You'll have a grand time for yourself the night you step out to see this.

Bob Woolsey, Spanky MacFarland and Bert Wheeler in "Kentucky Kernels."

A rollicking Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. This combination has never been quite as good or as funny as it is in this little opus, which reeks with hilarity, funny goings-on and downright belly laughs. This time, Wheeler and Woolsey find themselves with a youngster on their hands, who falls heir to some real Kentucky dough. So the boys start South (with Southern accents and all), run smack into a lead, a little romance, and the fun's on. Mary Carlisle is the heart-throb in this case, Noah Beery is the villain and, in spite of the two W’s, "Spanky" MacFarland remains the star of the picture. This little younger practically steals every scene that he’s in (and there are a lot of them). Take the whole family to this show and help yourself to a laugh.

Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael and John Lodge in "Menace."

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B: MENACE (Paramount)

Creepy chill provoker. What with a madman on the loose trying to avenge the death of his brother, this murder mystery has plenty of what it takes to make your hair stand on end. Daggers flying, blood curdling yells, slinky shadows—it's got 'em all. The performers, headed by Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh, are all very effective and the dialogue is better than usual. Halliwell Hobbs, as the butler, is excellent. Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge are fine, too. Lots of action here.

Jean Muir, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Ross Alexander, Ann Dvorak, Nick Foran in "Gentlemen Are Born."

B: GENTLEMEN ARE BORN ( Warners)

A really good picture. Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light are four college boys who, upon graduation, go out to set the world on fire, each following a different line of pursuit. To watch their individual struggles—one almost finding success, one domestic hardships, one disgrace and the other death—makes for absorbing and intensely interesting movie fare. Franchot Tone has the finest role of his career and does himself proud, thus proving that he can act if given a chance. The remaining three actors, though not so well known on the screen as yet, are such grand troupers that you'll want to see more of them. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak, as the feminine interests, are all good although their roles are secondary.

C: 365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD ( Fox)

Pretty funny fare. Based on the book by Jimmy Starr, Hollywood columnist, this little number has an atmosphere of authenticity that is usually lacking in yarns about Hollywood. The angle here presents one of those phony school for acting, presenting its characters as either chiselers or suckers. Jimmy Dunn is the movie director and Alice Faye (from Porgy) is the school's favorite pupil. Through double-crossing means, Dunn turns out a winner with Alice clicking as the star. Alice Faye does right well by herself in this one and shows promise of bigger and better things in the future. Jimmy Dunn turns in a sincere performance and Grant Mitchell, of course, is always reliable. Jack Durant and Frank Mitchell are responsible for most of the howls.
A: ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
(RKO-Radio)
Knockout entertainment. If this picture had the star names of "Little Women," I'd be tempted to say that you would like it just as much. The situations in the story will keep you on the edge of your seat all evening, with plenty of laughs to balance the tears. The real treat, though, is the personal hit scored by Anne Shirley. What a performance! This gal is going places. Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie contribute masterful performances and Tom Brown is fine. It is our sincere hope that you will not be scared away from this picture by the lack of big names. If you are, you'll miss one of the best pictures of the year.

Anne Shirley and Tom Brown in "Anne of Green Gables."

B: THE WHITE PARADE (Fox)
An excellent picture. It isn't often you run across a film that is as good as this one. Not only is the story of high interest—centering around a hospital and nurses' training school and containing moments of tense drama and sparkling comedy—but Loretta Young turns in a performance that places her right in the front ranks as a finished dramatic actress. She is superb. John Boles is unusually convincing and likeable as the wealthy bachelor who comes into Loretta's life. Jane Darwell as the head nurse is grand, and Dorothy Wilson shines in a tragic role. You'll laugh and weep.

John Boles and Loretta Young in "The White Parade."

C: TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (Reliance)
With a cast loaded with star names and a plot into which everything from a musical to a murder mystery has been crowded, this picture remains just so-so entertainment. All the action takes place on a transatlantic liner which is a good spot for committing a murder and also for bringing in plenty of musical entertainment. Along the latter line, the talents of Jack Benny, the Boswell Sisters, Jimmy Grier's orchestra are presented, plus Mitzi Green doing a George Arliss imitation. Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll provide the love interest and do it mightily well. But in spite of all that, this picture just doesn't jell.

Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin in "By Your Leave."

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To get into Broadcasting. You flood

Hollywood yesterday and took

Sally Blane to the Grove the first

night. . . Paulette Goddard

(Continued from page 59)

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned
one thing the water did that we bet
you haven’t heard about: a leak in the
sound-stage roof allowed the water
to drip through and right in the
middle of a scene for "Caprice Es-
panole." Two huge light bulbs ex-
ploded as a result. The flying glass
came close to Dietrich and Von Stern-
berg... but not too close.

A Break for Her Maid

Even movie stars have a time being
original. Have you ever "seen your-
self coming down the street?" Remem-
ber the first flush of embarrassment
you felt when you realized that the
person approaching happened to
be wearing the same dress you had
on at the time?

Well, it happens in Hollywood too, even
with all the money in the world with
which to be exclusive. The other
evening, Sally Blane was seen to ar-
rive at the Grove... take a quick
look around... discover that Sylvia
Sidney was already there with an
exact duplicate of the dress she was
wearing... and within five minutes,
Sally had said her polite "Good-
nights" and had left.

Horrors!

The studio is planning to call Joan
Crawford's future picture "No More
Ladies." What? with all those cen-
sors on the job?

Helping Hand

Lanny Ross has deserted Holly-
wood. Which statement comes under
the heading of news, on account of
Lanny was supposed to remain in our
hamlet for another six weeks for his
second picture, "Mississippi"—now
being starred in by Bing Crosby.

While Lanny was working here, his
new radio program was broadcast
from Hollywood and he made thou-
sands of friends with a very swell
idea: each program, Lanny would use
"an unknown but talented newcomer"
and give him his first chance on a
national hook-up. Radio Stars Mag-
azine liked Lanny's idea so well that
they helped him along by discovering
the unknowns who were worthy of
such a grand break. Did you hear
Bett's Borden sing? She was the
lucky gal who got the first chance
with Lanny... they tell us she is now
headed places in a big way.

That's Settled

We've had a flock of letters telling
us that were a bit wrong in saying
that Carl Brisson ever held the
welter-weight boxing championship
of middle Europe. We asked Carl
and he put us right on the thing: it
seems that Mr. Brisson fought under
the name "Carl Peterson" and that he
was also known as the "Fighting
Dane."

Don't let an
UNSIGHTLY SKIN

D O M E N L O O K your way—or do they
look away? An attractive complexion,
naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness
and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the ro-
mane every woman wants. Thousands of
happy women have regained the fresh skin of
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All Joking Aside ... by Jack Welch

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DICK POWELL NEEDS NO ALARM CLOCK ... His dog, "Ranger," comes in and wakes him at 8 o'clock every morning, howling.

GILDA SEARLE ALWAYS SHOES OFF HER SHOES WHILE BEING INTERVIEWED OVER-THE-EAR ... she says it gives her greater freedom of thought ...

GENE RAYMOND IS ANOTHER EX-FOOTBALLER WHO PUN THE WRONG WAY TO A TOUCH-DOWN ... It happened in prep school and was a 50-yard dash ... His face is still red.

AS A BOY, PAUL MANI WORKED IN A CANDY STORE AND RECEIVED, AS PAY, ONE CENT A DAY AND ALL THE CANDY HE COULD EAT.
THERE were other men in her life and one in particular who would marry her in a minute, yet this beautiful girl clung to her first love even when he deserted her at the altar and married another woman. Not until he was divorced and was again planning to marry her did she find a true love and in this discovery gain a just revenge.

This unusual love story, Forsaking All Others, produced by M-G-M, is to be seen on the screen with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery playing the principal parts. Read the story complete in the current issue of Screen Romances.
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Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MISS ANNE GOULD, New York
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago
MISS NINN RICHARDSON, New York
MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York

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SAVAGE LIPSTICK
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SAVAGE FACE POWDER
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No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

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Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile will be the magic thing it should be!

"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR; ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
REGINA CANNON, Western Representative

Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier...roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page...that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced "SEE-YAH"

SEQUOIA

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN
Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
I WAS SLUGGISH
AND A MARTYR
TO BILIOUSNESS

• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 85 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you chew it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more thorough relief without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist. Used by over 15,000,000 people.

We Announce
A Contest...

Read the details—and get ready for the gala opening in our next issue!

A Song Contest!
No, you don’t have to sing to be in it.
No, you don’t have to be able to play the piano to get into it!
You can be tone deaf if you want to—see if we care—and still enter this contest and maybe win some of the $500 prize money.
Here’s a hint of what it’s all about:
Warner Brothers, who have produced so many grand musicals, and this magazine have had their heads together and decided that it might be an awful lot of fun to ask people an awful lot of questions about an awful lot of songs. And that’s part of what we’re going to do. You have to answer some questions—just how many and what kind, we’ll tell you later.
But before the big rush starts, let us ask you a question: have you ever had a feeling that you’d like to try your hand at writing the words to a song? Have you ever felt almost sure that you could? And then—figured—oh, what’s the use? Nobody would ever publish your efforts—one has to have pull to get any attention. And so on and so forth. Have you felt that way? Well, here’s a chance to try your luck at writing the words for a song! It isn’t (Continued on page III)
The Picture of the Month

PAUL MUNI
the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in BETTE DAVIS
—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind
And then things happen . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"
with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.
When one thinks that the word “Hollywood” is almost a synonym for “movies,” it is rather amazing that two complete installments of this story have been concerned with the progress of the motion picture industry before its arrival in Hollywood. Like the invention of moving pictures, making Hollywood its capital was an accident.

By 1913 the industry teemed with activity but it teemed in New York, Chicago, Oakland, Philadelphia. There were a few studios in Los Angeles but people who lived in the tiny suburb called—because of a large growth of holly there—Hollywood had seen cameras only very occasionally when members of the Los Angeles plants used the recently laid out streets for “location.” Hollywood was a real estate project, nothing more. And those who had conceived the idea that it would make a nice residential district found themselves millionaires.

Robert Brunton is the name of the man most directly responsible for the vast and glamorous city you know so well today. Brunton was a Scotch set designer, scene painter and general theatre craftsman. He had come to America as part of Sir Henry Irving’s staff and might have returned with the actor had he not become interested in the rapidly growing film industry. But he was a gruff sort of fellow and the hail-fellow-well-met attitude of those early mountebanks made him even more gruff. So he found himself without work a great deal of the time.

One Sunday morning he took a stroll along Sunset Boulevard. The casual gesture was history-making, for his eye fell upon a large, rather ramshackle barn. As he meditated upon this site he remembered having read in the papers that a newly formed film concern was moving to Los Angeles. The young men who had pooled their savings to get into the industry (Continued on page 113)
NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops . . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!
Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battlefields and in the ballrooms of France!
Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!

GEORGE ARLISS
in
The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .
NOVA PILBEAM, in LITTLE FRIEND;
CHU CHIN CHOW; POWER;
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG;
JACK HULBERT in JACK AHOY;
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE. HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARming . . .

GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS
Here's something new!  A genuine Danish dinner!

SOME one of these fine days you are going to say to yourself, "What on earth are we going to eat tonight?" When that day arrives and you realize that your food ideas have fallen into a rut and that you and your family (and your guests, if any) long for something new and different, then try a real Danish dinner—tantalizing, appetite-provoking and filling.

I learned all about such a meal recently from Carl Brisson. Continental singing favorite, imported from Denmark by Paramount to star in their pictures. And the important culinary details that Carl himself was unable to supply were given me by his brisk, attractive and efficient wife Fru Cleo.

Just hearing about their dinners is enough to make one long to set out immediately on a trip to the land of good Christian X, King of Denmark and Iceland. Fortunately, however, the description of what constitutes such a dinner, and recipes for the foods it features were given me by the Brissons with such a wealth of detail that from now on it will be possible for Modern Hostess readers to make and serve many delicious and typical Danish dishes.

The Brissons were most enthusiastic about furthering this feeling of international goodwill along culinary lines, particularly Fru Brisson who is first and always a good Danish housewife, priding herself on the competent direction of her kitchen with its staff of four helpers. So domestically minded is she, that she welcomes the hours spent in meal planning and preparation and loves the soft, springy feeling of dough in her capable, pastry-making hands.

Entertaining frequently, with places often laid for as many as sixteen or twenty guests at a mammoth dining table, the Brissons have done much to remove the blight of boredom from film city formal dinner parties and since their arrival in March have stepped into the top rank of popular Hollywood hosts.

"What, in your opinion, is the secret of the success of your dinner parties?" I asked Mr. Brisson.

"I thank you for the compliment, but there is no secret," answered that big, broad-shouldered, curly-haired Dane. "However, there are some rules we observe. For instance, we do not ask anyone for dinner unless we think he will be an agreeable and harmonious guest. The table, we feel, is the place for enjoy- (Continued on page 72)
MODERN SCREEN

HELLO, ETHEL. MY, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL! BEEN ON A VACATION?
NO SUCH LUCK! I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE IN TOWN ALL THE TIME
WELL, I MUST SAY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS! I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I TAKE IT EASY NOW. I NEVER TOUCH A WASHBOARD ANY MORE

YOU MEAN YOU HAVE A LAUNDRESS?
WHO CAN AFFORD THAT NOWADAYS? I USE RINSO, THE SOAP THAT SOAKS OUT DIRT. IT SAVES SCRUBBING
RINSO ACTUALLY SAVES SCRUBBING? DIRT FLOATS OUT BY ITSELF?
YES—WITHOUT COATING! WITHOUT BRUTE FORCE! CLOTHES LAST 20X5 TIMES LONGER—YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY THIS WAY

NEXT WASHDAY
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! MY WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—WITHOUT SCRUBBING! RINSO'S MARVELOUS. I MUST USE IT FOR DISHES, TOO

Keeps colors fresh and bright, too
RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 34 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—even in hardest water. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinsosuds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be safe Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST — A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

MYRTLE'S TO BE MARRIED SOON. WE WANT TO GIVE HER SOMETHING FROM THE OFFICE.

SO YOU'RE COLLECTING FOR A WEDDING PRESENT AGAIN! HOW ABOUT GIVING YOU ONE SOME DAY...

LATER
IT SUDDEN TO HAVE ME BAEVS SAY THAT I WAS NEARLY ENGAGED ONCE.... THEN HE SEemed TO LOSE INTEREST

YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR! I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY. DON'T BE ANGRY IF I GIVE YOU A LITTLE HINT ABOUT 'BO' AND USING LIFEBUOY....

"BO" GONE — a prophecy comes true!
BY Jove.... A RING! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? A WEDDING PRESENT FOR YOU NEXT

A grand complexion soap — Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.
"B.O." (body-odor) is a year-round problem. Cold days or hot—play safe! Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and deodorizes pores. Its quickly-vanishing, extra clean scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

YOU WIN.... BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL LIKELY WHEN YOU SAID IT

YOU CAN WEAR ANY COLOR YOU WANT FOR YOUR COMING WEDDING DRESS. YOUR SKIN IS SO NICE AND CLEAR

IT WASN'T—UNTIL I STARTED USING LIFEBUOY
What kind of a "circulation manager" do you make for yourself these days? Is your skin rough and subject to "gooseflesh"? Do you quiver and quake at all weather reports that say "Colder tomorrow?" Do you walk to work almost doubled over in order to prevent the cold from striking at your "inards?" Do your legs feel like sandpaper, and ruin many a pair of hard-earned chiffon hose because they "catch" the silk threads? Then this article is for you... and I'm hoping it will lead you to stir up your circulation to the sizzling point, for all these things are signs of poor circulation.

It's going to take will power and a lot of plain ordinary gumption, you know, but good circulation is just as important from the beauty angle as it is from the health angle. A good circulation means a clear, smooth skin in about nine cases out of ten, and you'll agree that's a high percentage. Making the blood race through the blood vessels of the skin is a valuable beauty trick. So we're going to talk about such circulation stimulators as exercise and good old-fashioned scrubbing, as well as a lot of other beauty pointers for winter-r-r-r and the zer-r-r-ro hour.

First, we're going to talk about getting out of bed on a cold winter morning. Groans (I can hear a chorus of them) are permitted for the moment; but get them over with, because you're going to be as Spartan-like as possible from now on. I wish I could suggest a painless method by which to tear oneself away from a warm downy bed and into a rosy glow of circulation by means of some automatic machine, but I can't. There isn't any, unless it's to have someone announce to you that an airplane or a streamlined train is waiting outside to take you to Hollywood to have breakfast with Robert Montgomery... or whom-have-you-for-a-hero?

However, I do have a sugar-coated method on tap which is the best I've found after some years of painful experiment on the subject. When the trusty old alarm clock has waked you from peaceful slumber and you have

Need circulation increase? Cold weather beauty hints
managed to get one eye open successfully, just lie where you are (that's easy enough, isn't it?) and breathe deeply. Breathe so deeply that your inflated lungs almost pull your stomach up under your ribs. Now breathe out, deflating your lungs and inflating your stomach. Do this from fifteen to twenty times. Your room, of course, will be filled with the cold fresh air that your wide-open windows have been sending in all through the night, so you'll be breathing in pure ozone that hasn't been gathering impurities and general stiffnessness for hours. Now have a grand stretch... it's a good pick-me-up in itself. Stretch your neck, your arms, your legs, even your fingers and toes.

After all your deep breathing and long stretching, you should be able to drag yourself up to sitting posture by this time. Your neck may still feel full of kinks, especially if you've been sleeping all huddled up in your blankets, hiding your nose from the nippy air. Roll your head around your neck, for all the world like one of those funny "gollwog" dolls used to be so popular. Roll it in a circle from shoulder to shoulder, slowly feeling the pull of the muscles as you do so. You're apt to get dizzy if you don't do it very slowly, and you don't want to start out with a "merry-go-round" feeling the first thing in the morning. Incidentally, this exercise is very efficient in warding off any tendency to a double chin.

The second method is really the better one, but it calls for much more heroic will power. You start off with a big kick, a kick that sends the bedclothes flying, and leaves you shivering without benefit of cover. The only thing left for you to do then is to go through a lot of vigorous arm and leg exercises in order to keep from freezing on the spot. (I've some good exercises which are yours for the asking.) Or still better yet, jump up, pop yourself into a woody robe, and take you, deep breathing exercises in front of the window.

Then down with the window... and a scurry to the bathroom or some other warmer quarters.

A SHOWER is so nice in the morning... easier and quicker than the tub, and more of a circulation "stirrer-upper." We're inclined to be lazy and delay over that bathing business. However, some of us don't have showers; nor is hot water always on tap, especially if you live in the country, or have the kind of a gas heater that takes so long to heat the water that you can't wait for its "circulation" to get going in the morning. So a warm sponge bath will do very nicely if you haven't a shower available... or hot water on tap. It's really speedier and hence more desirable than a tub bath in the morning, anyway. Hot baths of all kinds are to be avoided in the winter especially, when we have to face the other extreme of severe cold outdoors. As a matter of fact, mildly warm baths are always the happy medium to strike, regardless of the weather. If you can stand a cold shower or cold sponge as a rinse, after a good soaping and scrubbing with warm water, we take off our hats (or shower bathing caps) to you. We salute you as a brave Spartan, even if you sneeze and shirk all the while the cold water is having its innings. However, Spartan or no Spartan, the cold water rinse is definitely out if you don't get a warm reaction immediately after your rub-down. It's really harmful unless the warm reaction sets in at once. Whatever temperature be the rinse, give yourself a thorough and energetic drench, a regular circulation treatment with the bath towel.

LADY, you're lovely!
Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.
And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom... old as womankind itself... and it decrees "keep lovely."
So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still... and to keep her that way!
Among these aids... and you're very wise... is a certain little blue box.
It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose... to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health...constipation... to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.
You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And... this is so important!... Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"
These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!
In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 179
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NAME
ADDRESS

EX-LAX, THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

When Nature forgets—remember

(Continued on page 72)
By fast plane came these pictures of the Second Annual Screen Guild Ball, rushed to us by our spies on the Coast. (Above) Florence and Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy. Mrs. Bellamy said she didn’t look nice enough to pose. (Below) First appearance in public of Joan Blondell since her son’s birth. Husband George Barnes and sister Gloria with her. Looking grand, isn’t she?

(Above) Mary Astor, having a good time with Lucille Gleason and James Cagney. (Below) The happiest married couple in Hollywood—and we’re not even crossing our fingers when we say that about Stuart Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer. The Airmail Letter on the next page tells you the lowdown on the goings-on at the Screen Guild Ball at the Hollywood Bowl.
Dear Editor:

The Second Annual Screen Guild Ball found Hollywood's upper-crust tripping gaily to the Biltmore Bowl. Everyone wore their best bibs and bent over backwards, being little ladies and gentlemen. As a result, the affair was pretty dull with most of the stars leaving early to stifle their boredom elsewhere at the Russian Eagle, Brown Derby, or Sardi's.

The Screen Guild, you know, is the group which broke away from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences last year. They organized primarily to protect "the little fellow" on matters of jobs, salary, etc. Eddie Cantor is president, Bob Montgomery, vice-president.

Lyle Talbot was one of the high points of the evening, making a swell master of ceremonies. He revealed crooning talents that should cause Master Crosby to bite his nails privately!

Half the fun of the evening was watching the little feudts between the camera crowd and the stars—what memories those boys have! They ganged on Adolphe Menjou, each politely refusing to snap his fancy dressing. Adolphe, who made such a fuss last year as to cause the boycott, hung about wistfully.

Lee Tracy did a prima donna by refusing to pose with Mary Brian. Why, no one could find out—even Isabel Jewell appeared baffled...

Joan Bennett tilted her pretty nose at the boys, too. So they busily overlooked her. A few stars with a change of heart tried to ingratiate themselves with the camera gang later on. To no avail, however.

Joan Crawford, beautiful as ever, was beamed by Franchot Tone.

Helen Hayes appeared with Joan's party. The Eddie Robinsons, Otto Krugers and Rosamond Pinchot in another.

Genevieve Tobin, quite recovered from her recent automobile accident, was squirred by a new heart from Santa Barbara.

Brilliance of gowns and jewels made up for what the party lacked otherwise.

Guess that's all.

Best wishes,
REGINA CANNON
Hollywood goes on a romantic binge! While our news...

There's nothing as exciting as a wedding, unless of course it's two weddings, and the one in which Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres figured was truly something to behold.

Ginger was dressed in pale green lace and her bridesmaids, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor, wore blue and beige respectively. Lew boasted the slim Ben Alexander and the plump Andy Devine as attendants.

The Church of the Flowers in Glendale was a bower of posies and after the minister had united the pair, birds began to sing. If it had been planned to have the canaries come in on the chorus, it couldn't have worked out more perfectly.

The groom wondered if he should kiss the bride after the ceremony and, as she looked doubtful, too, they abruptly turned from each other and started down the aisle and on out into the limousine which was there to whisk them to the Ambassador Hotel for the reception. This car had a slight edge, pictorially speaking, on the sedan in which Lew drove to the church. When he alighted from that little number, his high silk topper bit the dust, much to his confusion and the amusement of interested onlookers.

The reception was punctuated with champagne and celebrities to quaff it, and, let it be said, for the good taste of the town, no one objected to the point of forgetting that he or she was a Beverly Hills blueblood or, at least, of the prominent Glendale gentry.

Lois Wilson caught the bride's bouquet. She said she was going to, and, b'gosh, she did. That's Lois, as good as her word, and a good gal anyway.

As the new Mrs. Ayres cut the huge, frosted cake, someone asked her, "How does it feel to be a bride?"

To which she answered blithely, "I don't know. I've never been a bride before."

Ginger! Tch. tch. Jack Peper. Remember?

Here is a story as touching as it is tragic, for it at once shows the heart of Hollywood and how a budding career may be nipped before it has had a chance to blossom.

Little Mary Blackford. Fox player, was returning from the studio one day last fall when her car crashed into a pole. She was severely injured and is even today under doctor's care, for she's paralyzed from her neck to her waist.

And that is why the younger players got together recently and staged the Mary Blackford Benefit, held at the famous Coconut Grove, and toward which hundreds appeared and others hundreds, who could not be accommodated, contributed. Thus Mary, who in health was an unknown, suddenly became the town's most talked-of, in illness. The event, which Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis and Trent Durkin were responsible for, proved an overwhelming success. Will Rogers, who had Mary in his stage play, "Ah, Wilderness," took care of the child's hospital bills up until the Benefit and Joan Crawford has assumed them since. The huge affair was given to raise money for Mary's family, should the youngster be confined to her bed indefinitely.

Pretty nice, this Hollywood, isn't it?

Our Scotty and his ever-alert camera approached Ann Harding recently and asked her to pose. The pretty petrach star declined, saying that she didn't expect to be in movies much longer anyway, so what was the use?

But our guess is that her refusal was due to the fact that Harry Bannister, her erstwhile hubby, was with her and there are those who say a re-marriage isn't an impossibility. Miss Harding evidently wasn't in the mood to confirm rumors, you see.

Newly-wed Ayres cut themselves a piece of cake—and what a cake! Bridesmaid Janet Gaynor poses with her mother and Margaret Lindsay.

Will Rogers, shy benefactor, at the Mary Blackford Benefit.
We predict that Mary Brian will be our next movie bride. We realize, too, that she's been crying “wolf” for years, but you mark our words as a prophet. Dick Powell doubtless is slated to be the lucky lad.

Incidentally, Dick's brand new home at Toluca Lake is almost completed. In fact, when the little matter of gas is set, it will be ready for occupancy. You see, when the house was finished, it was discovered that it boasted everything from a grand piano to a private-panelled entrance; that is, everything but gas. The architect blamed it on the plumber and the plumber passed the buck to Dick. It took a few days to rectify this so-called minor deficiency, but now there's gas in the new Powell homestead.

Speaking of girls who cry “wolf,” how about Garbo? Those reputed to be in the know claim she will wed George Brent. Now, don't jump at us! We, too, realize that "The Painted Veil" is about to be released, that the Great One was supposed to care for Mamoulian when "Christina" was issued and that she was said to be helping Jack Gilbert (also in the picture) at that time for a reason. But, nevertheless, Greta has taken a snappy little hide-out hut at Palm Springs and every evening, when he has finished his chores at Warners, George hops a plane to see his "lady." Incidentally, he has built a six-foot wall around his own home, so that when the lady visits him there she may be assured of complete privacy. We'll be philosophical (George is). Even if nothing comes of it, Mr. B. hasn't lost out by the publicity.

Walk-out night was unofficially staged at the Vendome recently. It wasn't on the program, but was featured just the same. The Gene Markeys (she is Joan Bennett, you know) were having a little leot-a-tete, which suddenly became a discussion and then developed into a rousing row. Joan put on her coat and left a by-then-tearful husband.

Later, not to be outdone by its competitor, the Brown Derby staged a miniature bout of its own. This time Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell were featured. Miss J. also applied for her walking papers.

Well, the course of true love, etc., etc.

Someone once said that many assistant directors are studying to be morons. Just listen to this.

Aileen Pringle, recently engaged to make an independent picture, phoned the assistant director.

"I haven't seen the script," she said.

"What type of role am I to play?"

"It's an afternoon dress," he returned glibly. "Y'see, you meet the leading man and have a talk with him and then go out. Yeah, that's right. It's an afternoon dress."

"Someone" may be right after all.

Clark Gable and Gilbert Roland are off on a hunting trip together. Can it be that they're gunning for the dove of peace? Remember the little battle the boys put on recently, during which one applied a swift left to the other's chin? Well, all is paty-walzy now, as indeed it should be between two such attractive young men.

Speaking of Clark, that gen'man sent Aimee Semple MacPherson a box of red roses right straight to the Temple. And did she announce the fact between sermons over the radio? Oh, g'wan, ask us! So you know Aimee, too, eh? (Con't on page 64)

Our reporter prophesies that the Brian-Powell wedding will be next!

Anita Louise and Tom Brown helped arrange the Blackford Benefit.

Pat Paterson and Mary Blackford. Taken before Mary's accident.
You’ve been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in *Bright Eyes*

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER

*Fox*
It looks like the raven-haired Chester Morris is all set for a grand romance with the gorgeous Carole Lombard—for the benefit of the cameras, anyway, in a scene from "The Gay Bride," for M-G-M. Carole, you know, can also be seen in "Lady By Choice" and "Now and Forever," Columbia and Paramount pictures, respectively. And Mr. Morris has been kept busy on his home lot, Universal, where he made "I've Been Around." His next will be "Princess O'Hara."
Steady and regular has been Fay Wray's climb to success. She is the type too often taken for granted, because she is so dependable. Therefore we would like to remind you that her smooth work in "The Affairs of Cellini" and "The Richest Girl in the World" deserved much fancier adjectives than "dependable." Her recent pictures are "Woman in the Dark," an RKO release, Universal's "Cheating Cheaters," and Columbia's "White Owl." A busy lady, indeed.
Terpsichorean devotees list all dances as "B.A." or "A.A.," meaning "before" and "after" Fred Astaire. And well deserved is this recognition of authority. For where is there another such exponent of the modern dance? Having seen him perform in "Flying Down to Rio," the RKO musical, you surely won't miss seeing him, again coupled with Ginger Rogers, in "The Gay Divorcee," and after that with Ginger and Irene Dunne in "Roberta."
The prima donna about whom the whole world is talking—Grace Moore. Her divine singing, intelligent acting, graceful figure and general delightfulness in "One Night of Love" will linger in our memories forever. As Tullio Carminati, who played the role of her maestro in the picture, so aptly expressed it, "It's grand to see a Carmen who weighs less than the bull." She will do some concert and operatic work in the East before she starts her next picture for Columbia.
John Gilbert deserves a nice pat on the back for coming through with such a swell performance as the newspaperman in "The Captain Hates the Sea," for Columbia. It's a different sort of rôle for Jack, and we were tickled to see him play it with the sureness and finesse of a real trouper. Although he isn't under contract to any studio at the moment, we're sure that some smart producer will sign him up after seeing him in his latest picture. We'd like to see Gilbert back to stay.
The very essence of romance is Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline," a Warner Bros. musical for which she was borrowed from RKO. It is a film that suits her well because it provides equal opportunity for her twin talents, singing and acting. Another costume picture, Irene? Yes—but let's not complain while she looks so divine in feathers and fur-belowos and bustled skirts. In her latest picture for RKO, "The Age of Innocence," she co-starred with John Boles. The same studio also has her scheduled for "Roberta," the N. Y. stage hit, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.
Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War, Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.
Mrs. Gable never visits the set to check up on Clark's big clinches such as this one (above) with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others." She is neither jealous nor suspicious and is content to remain in the background of his public life, serene in the knowledge that she is first in his private one.

**Why I Stay Married**

Are you wives on the spot? Jealous of your husbands?

A famous husband named Gable tells his side of the story

If you have an attractive husband—or contemplate annexing one—you have the same problems that beset Ria Gable. She has the constant worry of predatory women—so have you. She has to fear flattery that turns a man's head, ego that breeds superiority—so do you. Her husband's reactions must be your husband's reactions, so I sought out Clark. His answer is revealing, helpful to us all.

I said to Clark, over the luncheon table, “What kind of a woman do you think an actor should marry? In order to make marriage successful, I mean?”

Clark said, without an instant's hesitation, “The kind of a woman I am married to—my wife.”

We had been talking about Hollywood marriages and their failures and the why of their failures—Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Gloria Swanson and her exes, Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, the sadly swelling list of them.

Clark said, “It's all predicated, I believe, on the basic law of things—where the husband, or in our business the 'star,' is the breadwinner, the marriage has a seventy-five
per cent chance of success. You can look about and make, off hand, a list of vital statistics proving this contention. For instance, the Jean Hersholt's, the Clive Brooks, the Leslie Howards, the John Boles, the Warner Baxters, the Morgans, Frank and Ralph—in every one of these marriages the husband is the one in the arena and the wife is just the wife. And in every one of these marriages, too, the marriage has stood and appears to be standing on the firm bedrock of many years. Also, in every one of these marriages the husbands and wives are of approximately the same respective ages and the wives are intelligent, self-sufficient women who have been around and know what it is all about. They are real people, neither jealous rivals nor paper-doll appendages.

"On the other hand, and in such cases as Ann Hard-
I

HAVE just had twenty minutes with Marlene Dietrich.

It took me three months to get them. But when I finally got to La Dietrich she talked as she has never talked before. So this, really, will have to be an unusual sort of story. Because the woman herself is so extraordinarily different.

An appointment with Marlene can only be made after the greatest maneuvering. Her agent sorts the sheep. So few are chosen that half a year has elapsed since she was last interviewed. I felt complimented when her agent telephoned me that he would be glad to have me interview her.

Then came one broken date after another, for three months. Finally I was told to appear at the studio. I was walked out to her dressing-room. She hadn’t yet come off the set. In two minutes a large, gray Rolls-Royce drew up and out stepped a maid who expressed disappointment at her mistress’ absence. A few more minutes and Marlene came walking around the corner from the sound stage.

We were left alone in her dressing-room.

She was attired in a striking black satin Spanish gown of elaborate design and over one ear she wore a red flower. But I didn’t pay much attention to her costuming. I came to see Dietrich.

Sitting on a small straight chair beside her desk, she turned toward me. She was gorgeous. She has the biggest blue eyes, in which lurk a constant twinkle. There was a slight curve of merriment on her wide, lovely mouth. I suspected that she classes interviews as amusing.

Marlene isn’t a terribly curious person herself. She is polite and kind. But she distinctly has enough in her own life to keep her occupied.

“You have been subjected to such a lot of criticism,” I began, “that I thought you might like to give me a story on what your four years in Hollywood have meant to you. We’ve had everyone’s opinion but yours.”

She smiled a little. Just as she does on the screen. To myself I stated that they can protest all they wish about beauty being no longer a woman’s major asset. See Dietrich and succumb!

Perhaps her remarkable charm is due in part to her serenity. She is still, not silent. And friendly, though not flattery. Her voice is slow, caressingly rich in tone.

“I should not like to do the story in the first person, as if I were writing it. Somehow, that sounds conceited to me,” she said.

The ‘phone rang. Excusing herself, she answered it. It was a good old-fashioned instrument, not a coy French hand-piece. She uttered one word—“No.” With no attempt to explain something which didn’t concern me, she faced me again, waiting for me to speak.

“In what ways do you feel that you have been changed by Hollywood?”

“I do not believe I have changed, except to grow older, of course. And I have more responsibilities. There is a realization that a whole production rests on one’s shoulders. But Hollywood? It doesn’t do anything drastic to people. Certainly not to those who have strong
personalities and firm minds of their own." "They say that you were dowdy when you arrived. And the Trilby legend has hung on."

Marlene smiled anew. A smile of hers can reveal so much. It makes questions suddenly seem trivial banter. "That theory that I was dowdy, a dumb German housewife-kind-of-actress is absurd. I came from metropolitan Berlin. And I brought trunks full of Parisian gowns. If you will compare photographs of me then and today, I do look better, now. But that's not any Hollywood polish. That is the effect of time. You examine old photographs of yourself. They, too, will be quaint."

That was a long speech for Marlene. She hesitated, then continued: "As for this Von Sternberg-Trilby chatter, it is humorous to me. Anyone with intelligence can see that I'm not hypnotized. Obviously I have something of my own behind this face. You can't put a brain into a woman's head if it isn't there already."

I wondered about her approaching split with Von Sternberg. He has announced that she will not do her next film under his direction. Apparently, she will switch to Ernst Lubitsch. This report crops up every once in a while. It has come up again at this writing. Marlene stated, "People will make much of nothing. This is the situation: I do only one picture a year. Sometimes it has taken Mr. Von Sternberg nearly a year to find a proper vehicle. He will be a long time cutting and completing this one we are finishing now. He thinks I should not wait around when he hasn't a story for me. I did the one picture away from him, with Mamoulian, only because he telephoned me from abroad and advised me to. We are not separating now. If, until he is ready for me, I find something I like I will do it for another director."

All of which blasts beforehand the mystery that is apt to arise when she works in 1935 with a different man at the helm. "How has Hollywood changed your mode of living?" I queried.

"Not at all. My parents had money. I live as I did in Germany, except that I have to have guards here."

She has been residing in the pretentious Colleen Moore place in Bel-Air and I had heard that she had leased it for two years indicating permanency. So I inquired about it.

"But I just rent it from month to month," she retorted. "I never tie myself down. How do I know what will happen? Where shall I want to go?"

"But you do like Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes indeed. And this is strange. I am not bothered here as so many stars claim to be. Why, I am not even recognized on the streets. (Continued on page 90)
We're willing to wager Claudette Colbert will be as beautiful at 40 as she is today. Her most important beauty treatment costs her nothing.

They invariably look younger than they are. This story tells you about—not the expensive treatments and cosmetics—but the simple, daily routines which keep them so.

Loretta Young is only 22, to be sure, but she leads a star's nerve-wracking existence. Yet—there's not a sign of nerves.
JOSE Hollywood girls are a source of constant amazement to me. They invariably look younger than they are. I'm not talking about the stars who, everyone knows, are "getting on" and who, by dint of constant and expensive devotional exercises before the Goddess of Beauty, manage to win that faint-praise tribute, "wonderfully well preserved." I'm not even talking about those stars, who are also "getting on," who cause us to lift our palms upward and sigh, "How does she do it!" No. I'm talking about certain of your favorite Hollywood actresses who are so genuinely lovely—with not a particle of fake or face-lifting about it—who look younger than they are and who will continue to do so for many years to come.

Some of these girls are, actually, in their early twenties. All right—so what? How many young girls do you know who are sallow, tired-looking, unhealthy of complexion and drab of hair? Some of the girls are in their late twenties—just edging thirty, perhaps, or just past that foolishly feared deadline. At twenty-five they look younger than they did at eighteen. And at thirty they look the same as they did at twenty-five.

They work all day and far into the night, sometimes. They are compelled, for policy's sake, to keep up a certain amount of social activity. They go through considerable emotional stress and strain. Yet they are healthy, slim, and fresh-looking in spite of it, when we might reasonably expect them to be old before their time.

THINKING about this one day, I reasoned that if the stars of Hollywood can achieve this, surely you and I can do the same thing. I asked five of the youngest looking and most beautiful stars in Hollywood to come clean and tell us how they do it.


These girls gave me sensible and workable hints for you all to follow. Not one of them mentioned expensive treatments or costly creams and cosmetics.

Here's what I found out from Claudette. She gives you some excellent, practical tips. It isn't a high powered beauty doctor who keeps Claudette looking so young. It's good common sense. She believes that the body is like a motor. If it is run down it (Continued on page 78)
THE Girl with the Strange Beauty told me this story:

The company was working on the back lot.

The back lot of a motion picture studio consists of acres which are transformed into slivers of whatever locale the pictures in production call for. A back lot may be a demure little New England village, with elms growing on the Green, and a staid brick church. It can be transformed, by the sheer wizardry of scenic designers, masons, and carpenters, into Limehouse, evil and old, mouldy and decayed, with buildings the color of the fog that so often obliterates London's waterfront, and rutts of wagon wheels sunk deep into the crooked, cobbled streets.

At the time this story took place, the studio's back lot was a European barnyard. "There were thatched out-houses, with a creaking well under a gnarled tree, and chickens and geese pecking and waddling and cackling. Behind this set mountains made of laths, canvas and plaster rose three times the height of a tall man. Photographed skilfully, allowance being made for perspective, they would screen like the mountains which tower around the fertile farmlands of Hungary.

The company began arriving. They drove the mile or more from their dressing-rooms and parked their cars under the false-front mountains, where they'd be out of camera range.

The director, a European, sat making brief notes on the margin of his script. He wrote: "Intensify love scenes between gypsy and son. Gypsy girl should be the aggressor."

He liked the Girl with the Strange Beauty who was playing the gypsy. She was very young and fairly inexperienced. But she had that indefinable thing which makes a good actress. Furthermore, unlike most girls making headway on the screen, she didn't want to be the heroine always. In this picture, for instance, while she might have glamour as the gypsy, her rôle was entirely unsympathetic. It was, in fact, her unschooled passions and tempers that imperilled the happiness of the good family who had befriended and protected her—in the story.

As the director sat thinking about this girl, she came on the set with a young man in tow. He was, the director judged, the young man. He was tall and lean with broad shoulders, crisp hair and keen brown eyes. A fitting contrast to her, so small and round, with strange eyes, not blue, not quite green.

The director watched them as they came closer. Even under her greasepaint you sensed that indescribable radiance, that love light, in her beautiful young face.

"Hello," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Blank, John Blank. John . . . My boss!"

An excitement went beating through her words. He was the young man, without a doubt.

"John's never seen a movie made," she explained. "So I invited him to sit on the set this morning."

The first scene to be shot showed the Girl with the Strange Beauty, as the gypsy, and the young actor who played the son of the house, together in the barnyard. She was supposed to be vamping him. With a toss of her head, a flip of her skirts, the lowering of her eyes, the parting of her mouth, and the daring, seemingly accidental, barring of her smooth shoulder.

That scene showed a girl set on conquest, exerting her wiles.

Of course, it wasn't the boy in the scene the girl was alluring. It was the boy on the sidelines. She was showing off before John for all she was worth.

But all is grist that comes to the mill. The director sat chuckling. He had a marvelous scene and he knew it. They took it only-once. No need to build up the feeling that scene should possess. It was there. In all its young, unadulterated glory.

On the sidelines John glovered. Little thunderclouds gathered in his eyes. The director, watching him, was amused and reminded of the first time he had ever been in love, years ago.

First love . . . with no experience, no philosophy, no humor to alleviate its sweet pain. So intense, so serious, so perspective-stealing.

When the scene was finished the girl came over. John tried hard not to let her see that he had been put out. He told himself he was stupid and awkward for feeling as he did. However, it's no easy matter for a man to fool the woman who loves him. The girl saw immediately that he was displeased. Her eyes went beseeching him. Her voice went caressing him. And before long everything was fine again.

The director sat thinking his chin, "In this next scene," he told the girl, "I want you even more predatory than the action suggests. I want you

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

virtually to seduce the son of the house. Understand? You're a gypsy. You're untamed. You make that poor boy forget his simple little sweetheart. You sweep him right off his feet."

As soon as he spoke she was all attention. Her absorption in her work was one of the many things he admired in her.

"I understand," she said quietly. "Shall I go on now? Are you ready?"

"Please," he said.

She left John with a gay little wave of her hand.

The end of the previous scene had found the gypsy and the son headed toward the old farm wagon over-flowing with fragrant hay. This scene picked them up seated on top of it. Close.

The first rehearsal went beautifully. The Girl with the Strange Beauty ran her hands along the cheeks of nine youth who played the son. She entangled her small brown hands in his fair hair. With her lips close to his lips she made feverish demands.

"Love me!" she urged.

"Love me!"

The director bent forward in his chair. They began wheeling the camera close to get their angles. There was every indication this scene wouldn't be/img in rehearsal.

She turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. She threw back her head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. It was all over. The spell was gone.

In that split second she caught a flash of the boy, John. Even if he had told himself that this was acting, that this was merely the girl's job, that it had no true meaning, it had done no good. His acute masculine displeasure showed in his face.

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THE girl wanted to jump from that load of hay and run to him, throw her arms about him, tell him what only troopers ever really understand, that all this meant nothing, really, that it sprang out of some secret part of her that had nothing to do with him or anyone else. Perhaps it would have been better if she had done this. Perhaps this would have straightened things out. But, instead, she remained where she was and ran through the action again.

This time, however, her hands moving against the young actor's face were wooden. "Love me!" She said the words but they didn't come quick and breathless, as if her very heart had pounded them out of her, the way they had the first time she spoke.

John's face relaxed. This tepid, routine love-making didn't disturb him in the slightest. He could quite accept this as part of a job. That, in truth, was exactly what was the matter. It had no spirit. Photographed, it wouldn't have been at all convincing or have motivated the rest of the plot. No audience would have believed that gypsy had swayed the boy, or excused him for being untrue to the sweet, pretty girl who was his real sweetheart.

A frown appeared between the director's eyes. Members of the company crew leaned back, lit their pipes and cigarettes. They knew now they wouldn't be needed for some time. This, obviously, was one of those stummies. It might be the rest of the morning before they got what they wanted.

It was.

The harder the Girl with the Strange Beauty tried to recapture the quality she had brought to that scene the first time, the more nervous and strained she grew. She was embarrassed, too, obviously, at having such difficulty in front of the young man.

She was, you must remember, only a beginner. In pictures longer, she wouldn't have permitted herself any such self-consciousness. It was part of her novitiate, part of her youth. "We'll rest for a few minutes," the director said. He knew that under circumstances like these, driving methods would get him nowhere.

He turned to John. "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Glad to, sir," John answered. He was a nice kid.

"Go over to my office. It's number seven in the directors' building. Right near the commissary. In the upper left hand drawer of my desk you'll find my pipe. Fetch it here for me, like a good fellow."

"I'll get it," offered an assistant. "I'm going down that..."

But the director hushed him with a look. It wasn't his pipe he wanted. It was more emotion on the set and less off the set. And the only way to achieve that, he realized, was to get rid of John, give the girl a chance to forget her own emotions and submerge herself in the character.

O KEH, we'll try once more," the director announced as John disappeared down the road. "Forget everything. Don't see or think about any of you. You two are alone in the world. You know nothing but that blind desire to draw closer to each other."

They rehearsed it again.

"We'll take it," he said. He counted on the emotion and abandon the girl had shown before.

"Quiet!" shouted an assistant. "This is the take. Quiet!"

The eternal hammering ceased.

They waited while an airplane flew overhead. Until the drone of its motors could not be heard any more.

Other assistants turned guard to keep anyone who might approach from coming too near; from making even the slightest sound.

The camera started turning. The microphone was lowered.

The girl ran her hands along the young actor's cheeks. They became ensnarled in his hair. Her body moving closer and closer to him seemed almost to drift.

It was as if she was relieved to escape from the restraint which had imprisoned her emotions. It was as if she was intoxicated with her newly found abandon.

"Love me! Love me! Love me!" she told the boy sitting there beside her in the sweet hay. And now it was a cry. Unfettered and untamed.

Again the director strained forward in his chair. The little frown disappeared from between his eyes.

The girl turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. And now those who were watching believed in its mad pounding. That was the important thing.

She threw back her strangely beautiful head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. And the boy flung his arms around her and caught her to him. Now he was tempestuous and unleashed in his passion, too. And you felt he had caught her fire.

"That's swell, wonderful, perfect!" the director cried out. "That will turn the trick and (Continued on page 92)"
NATURALLY, when eight of the most popular of Hollywood's younger set planned a week-end party and asked me to chaperone them, I felt quite elated. While I suspected that I had been singled out for the honor because word had got around that I get sleepy around nine o'clock, I nevertheless grasped at the opportunity to study them at close range—to find out for myself if they really are different from ordinary boys and girls of the same age.

"The crowd" comprised James Ellison (new M-G-M player), Henry Willson, youthful agent, Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Junior Durkin (now called Trent) and his sisters, Gertrude and Grace. They had been invited as guests of honor to a dinner dance at the Casa de Manana at La Jolla, a beautiful seaside resort some distance from Hollywood. It all sounded very interesting. But my enthusiasm for the trip waned when mothers began calling me on the telephone.

"I wouldn't have allowed Pat to go if you weren't going with them," said Patricia Ellis' mother. "You'll take good care of them, won't you?"

And I felt about as peppy as a plate of wilted lettuce when Mrs. Fremault called me about her child, Anita Louise. "You know, I don't often allow Anita to stay away all night," she said.

At least their mothers think they are still children, I thought to myself.

There were Tom Brown and Anita Louise, who is Tommy's everything; the two Durkin girls, Grace and Gertrude, and their brother, Trent (Junior); James Ellison, a handsome six-footer, who is under contract to M-G-M and looks like a potential rival for all the he-men heroes at that studio; Patricia Ellis and Henry Willson. Henry writes for the fan magazines and has nearly all of the younger players in town under his management.

The 100-mile trip to La Jolla (Continued on page 38)
ANY people are "doing time" these days who might be at large making whooppee if they hadn't spoken out of turn—not to mention the bright boys who have talked themselves in and right out of big jobs. Yes, indeed, indiscreet gossip has caused more trouble than stocks, blondes, Hitler, hay fever—well, almost anything you can name that results in a first-class headache.

And so it would seem that he who has learned to hold his tongue is scheduled to make friends and money—to win the popularity contest and a bankroll.

Marion Davies is one of these. No one has ever heard Marion pull a verbal nifty on anyone. No one has ever heard her talk about herself. Thus we were more or less reliably informed upon setting out to interview Miss Davies.

However, not to be easily discouraged, we figured someone would be able to induce Marion to speak her piece—and it might as well be us. Just how we came out on the deal, you are respectfully requested to judge for yourself. Leniency will be appreciated.

Miss Davies had just returned from Europe. She had had a grand time travelling. She had encountered Douglas Fairbanks in the lobby of the Savoy in London. Mr. Fairbanks was awaiting the arrival of the King of Siam.

"Which reminds me," giggled Marion, "of the time I met the King at Pickfair. I thought he was the butler—dressed up as elegantly as he was—and flung him my wrap."

There are rumors afloat that the beauteous blonde never actually made that mistake. But it's a good story anyway and is indicative of her character. She is not only able, but makes opportunities to tell a good one on herself. How many people are capable of that?

And whatever we asked the girl, she changed the subject. We told her she was looking grand. Hadn't she lost a few pounds? And she said, "Oh, you ought to see What's-Her-Name these days. Remember her?"

WE said, "That's a duck of a hat you have on," and started to add a question or two about the clothes she had purchased abroad, if any, when Marion interrupted with the news that another old-time movie favorite had become deeply interested in—of all things—embryology. And was really making quite a name for herself, my dear, in scientific circles, my dear, and didn't we think it was wonderful? All of which was very interesting, no doubt, and indicative of Marion's friendly spirit and lack of absorption in her own personal affairs. But it wasn't what the doctor (Continued on page 85)
By
Martha Kerr

How do the stars’ pet hates check with your own?

Franchot Tone simply cannot stand back-slappers.

The other day a friend of mine and I were talking about our various likes and dislikes. We discovered that our likes were pretty conventional—good food, clean linen sheets and eight-week-old puppies. But it was when we got to our hates that we discovered vital bonds. And we decided that nothing draws people together so closely as rousing mutual hates. Just because we both simply loathe men who call us “dear lady,” our rather mild friendship took on a vigorous palpitation and mutual understanding we had never had before.

Have you ever noticed that when someone says, “I like . . .” you just go on sipping your cocktail. But when a person cracks out with a good “I hate . . .” you give your undivided attention. And invariably by their hates ye shall know them. So it occurred to me that it would be fun to find out the pet hates of the Hollywood boys and girls. If their hates coincide with yours, you’ll like them better, I’ll bet. If not, they might as well give up your friendship. So see how your hates stack up against Hollywood hates.

There’s Franchot Tone, for instance. He simply can’t stand back-slappers. You know those guys who meet you on the street and start beating you on the back with a “Well, well, old fellow, how are you?” Franchot’s antipathy began at college when one of his classmates slapped him on the back and looked over his shoulder while he was preparing for next day’s classes. Later he discovered that the guy was copying all his work.

When Tone came to Hollywood he was introduced to a publicity man who slapped him on the back and told him what a great actor he was. And from that day on . . . well, maybe you have a little pet hate in your home and know how Franchot feels about that press agent.

Then there’s Ricardo Cortez. Gosh, how sore he gets when somebody mauls him. Recently a fellow actor came up to him and, after admiring his suit, tried to read the label inside the coat. Ric wanted to hit him. But Ric has a lot of hates, among them coffee with cream (he uses milk instead), people with dirty finger nails and women with too much make-up on. Ric craves natural feminine beauty and his wife uses little make-up.

Bill Powell despises chewing gum and you can’t blame him when I tell you what happened when he was three years old. There were three packages of chewing gum on the living-room table. Young Willie mistook them for ordinary candy, chewed the sticks vigorously and swallowed the gum. It’s an experience he hasn’t forgotten, so don’t offer Bill any chewing gum. Until recently he couldn’t even use a toothpaste with a mint flavor, but he’s getting over his antipathy. How? By consuming mint juleps. And that, it seems to me, is a swell cure for any antipathy.

When Jeanette MacDonald was a little girl she stepped on a cockroach in her bare feet. Of course, everyone dislikes cockroaches, but with Jeanette it amounts to a phobia. If you want to get in bad with Jeanette just mention the word “cockroach.” She’ll show you what a first-class spasm is (Continued on page 79)
THERE are thousands of men in the world who look like Walter Connolly.

There are the thousands of men who were not born with the what-it-takes of Gable, the poetic beauty of Novarro, the muscular magnetism of Weissmuller.

Thousands and thousands of plain, slightly middle-aged men with thickening waist-lines and thinning hair and patient, tired eyes.

Thousands of such men who are chained to their desks year in and year out, who "get off," if at all, for a two weeks' vacation every summer, who are called "Hi, Dad!" by their children and "Yes, dear," by their wives. Taken-for-granted men who bring home the groceries on the 5:15, mow the lawns, put up the screens in summer and pay their insurance premiums while the insolent years gallop by.

And these thousands of men must wonder, with the especial wistfulness of plain, average men what it might be like to step out of the gray routine, to lead exciting, stimulating, emotional lives, colored with travel and exciting contacts and beautiful women and applause.

Many of them must think, as their secret dreams stir inside them, "Of course, if I had been born looking like Gable or Montgomery, it would have been easy then..."

Many of them must gaze at average-looking Walter Connolly and wonder. For Walter Connolly does look like Any Nice Man. Like your Dad or mine. Like your husband or mine. He looks as though he might belong in a bank, a broker's office, or be the head of a string of chain grocery stores. He looks as though his wife might say, a little absentmindedly, "Yes, dear"; as though a troop of jolly children might hail him confidently as "Hi, Dad!"

He is certainly no Clark Gable. He is in his middle forties. He is five-feet-nine-inches in height. He weighs 190 pounds, knows he is too heavy and will do nothing about it save abstain from potatoes. His eyes are brown and very kindly. He is a plain man and he makes your blood pound and your tears flow and your pulses hum as even a Gable can't do.

And Max Reinhardt called him "The greatest dramatic actor in America."

How? Why? He is a very great artist, obviously. But what was it that sent this son of the late Walter James Connolly, head of the Western Union Relay Office in Cincinnati, Ohio, into the arena where the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men paint or tangle their skilled hands in the heartstrings of the world?

Why is he not still sitting behind his desk as Third Assistant Cashier of the First National Bank of Cincinnati where, after St. Xavier's College and a polishing-off at the University of Dublin (the Connollys are Irish, in case you haven't guessed), he began the business of life. Because he did begin the business of life in business.

I asked him. It always fascinates me when one of these average, un-actorish-looking men—a Walter Connolly or an Edward Arnold—spur the public imagination and ride to stardom on these spurs. It is easier for a Gable, you know.

I spent the evening with Mr. Connolly, His wife, Netta Harrigan, and their ten-year-old daughter, Ann, had just gone back to New York. Mr. Connolly was to join them at their apartment there within the week, after the completion of Paramount's "Father Brown, Detective," for which he had been loaned by Columbia Pictures. In New York Mr. Connolly will do a play:

He said smiling, "My grandfathers are probably responsible. One of them was a whaling man and the other a railroad builder. They lived adventurously. They were not content with ledgers and filing cabinets and four walls. They wrestled with sandstone and steel, with monsters of the deep, flinging the tracks of travel over the untravelled face of the earth. They dealt with the raw material of life and death and change. It was not in them to sit at home and let the years limp by them, leaden-gaited."

"It was not in me. I really knew it from the beginning. I knew it when I was at St. Xavier's. But my family had all of the normal family's aversion to a son of theirs going on the stage. What, a Connolly! An Irishman! Nor did I look like the commonly accepted theatrical type even then. I wasn't a 'pretty boy.' Not by any means. Girls did not yearn over my romantic profile."

"What right had I to be an actor? Why didn't I stay in the bank and marry one of the (Continued on page 94)
Marriage is a partnership. Expenses should be shared equally

I am all for equality in domestic affairs."

With this defiant thrust Ginger Rogers, the tawny-tressed star, who first visioned the light of day in the appropriately named city of Independence, Missouri, began voicing her inner feelings on the much debated question of who should rule in the home: He or She.

A definite personality, with highly defined likes and prejudices, her answers never wavered. It was as though she had thought at length and deeply upon each ventured query; as though it was bred in her very being this expression of independence, of equality.

"I do not consider myself excessively modern," she continued. "But I do feel that marriage is a partnership from first to last, and whoever heard of a partnership where only one is responsible for expenses?

(I pause a moment to wonder whether Ginger, newly wed to Lew Ayres, will apply her theories to their marriage and find the arrangement a happy one. I wouldn't be surprised—Ginger being a woman of her word.)

"I have known more family quarrels to occur over money matters than anything else," said she. "I have seen young friends of mine start out with the best intentions and then get all messed up over bills. First they are mildly irritated; then there is an argument; then there are quarrels. Finally love flies out the well known window.

"I am sure this is not only true of Hollywood marriages. In every walk of life women are occupying important positions. Many wives are earning salaries that equal or surpass their husbands'. Certainly the fair-minded among them must feel it only just that they share expenses with their mates.

"If the equality of women (Continued on page 86)
HERE must be one head of a house, and the visible sign of his authority is his hold on the purse strings."

Thus was I greeted when I questioned Glenda Farrell, attractive blonde star, on her opinion of a husband's status in the home.

Although thoroughly modern in every respect Glenda still clings to the age-old idea that man should be boss of the home.

"Please don't think me old-fashioned," she implored, seeing my expression of surprise. "I am judging by observations. It is my strong personal conviction that marriages following the old economic method, affording the wife just an allowance for housekeeping expenses, succeed, while other marriages, in which bills are paid by either or both, usually end in separation or divorce."

This was refreshingly interesting in a day when all is chaos concerning marriage, and I asked for further details. She gave them unhesitatingly.

"My philosophy of marriage is simple. Although I do not concern myself with other people's affairs, I have little sympathy for those who marry and play around as though they were single."

"I believe, as I said before, that there is only one head of the house and he, as head man, pays the bills. Whether a man realizes it or not, he inwardly resents the loss of dominance that has been conferred upon him through the ages. A gentleman may smile and say nothing, but behind that smile there are thoughts that a sensitive woman intuitively feels."

"When a man ceases to pay the bills he feels that the home ceases to be his home. Then there is danger ahead."

Perhaps Glenda comes to a portion of her conclusions because of her early marriage, (Continued on page 98)
Hollywood's social season is commencing. Take a look at who's who and what's doing.
She Was a One Date Girl
By James M. Fidler

PEOPLE called her "the one-date girl" because the men who took her out once never came back again.

You have read about such girls in magazine advertisements—you know, the girls in the ads who lament, "He kissed me once, but he never called to see me again." Those advertisements, you may recall, are often situated just across the page from the chap who boasts, "They laughed when I sat down at the piano, but when I began to play..."

Jean Muir, unlike the ladies of the advertisements, does not suffer from that insidious malady called halitosis. However, she does suffer, according to her own self-damning testimony, from the following faults.

She is not pretty in the accepted sense of the word.
She has no sex appeal.
She is much taller than the average Hollywood girl.
She lacks the ability to flatter men.
She cannot dance well.
She cannot play cards.
She cannot swim, play golf or tennis.
She has too much ego to please men, who like their own vanity appeased.

She will not inconvenience herself to be nice to men.

"And there are more reasons why I am unpopular with men," Jean confessed to me, "Men like to accompany girls who will cause other men to be jealous. They like to go out with pretty, vivacious girls—girls who dress well and dance divinely. I do neither.

"All of my life I have been a wall-flower. Until I was sixteen years old, I never had a date. No childhood sweetheart ever carried my books to school. As for fighting for me—well, no boy ever did. Fortunately, I was a big girl, and I was able to fight my own battles.

I HAD my first date when I was sixteen. Up to then no boy had ever attempted to kiss me. I made the first date myself. I was invited to attend a dance, and I was told to bring my own escort. I asked a neighborhood boy to take me. This happened back in the days when "cutting in" on dances was the fad; stags tagged boys who were more fortunate, and danced until they in turn were cut.

"I'll never forget that night! I'll never erase from my memory my growing dread as my escort danced, time and again, past the stag line and nobody cut in. After circling the ballroom a few times, I tried smiling at a few boys I knew at school, but none smiled back.

"Ashamed and barely able to suppress my tears, I finally pled the wall-flower's oldest, most pathetic excuse—"I told my escort that I was tired. I asked him to take me to a chair, where I sat for the rest of the evening. I didn't see my boy friend again until the dance ended, when he apologetically arrived to escort me home. He need not have apologized; I understood.

"Perhaps that first experience is the reason why I hate dancing today. I have (Continued on page 84)
Ronald Colman tells why. Do you agree?

by Faith Service

Ronald Colman can call his soul his own—but very little else.

Loretta Young once said to me, "Ronald Colman is like a man out of a book. He seems so subtle and sort of mysterious. He is like a character in a book you can't quite make out. You feel that maybe the author means one thing and maybe another..."

Loretta is right. Ronnie is like a man out of one of the very best English novels. He talks like a man in a book. And he is more exactly like his screen self in real life, than any other actor I know. He has that same remote smile, that look of one who remembers something lost, and rather sad, a long while ago, and who regrets that loss but is resigned to it.

He is utterly without pose. He hasn't one single mannerism or affectation. He never dramatizes himself. He never makes sensational statements. When, several years ago, he was called a woman hater in print I asked him about it, in the interest of all women. And he showed me his "little red book" wherein are inscribed the names and telephone numbers of Hollywood's most famed and fair. Whether he uses the telephone numbers or not he didn't say.

When I asked him for this interview he said, "Can't we just meet and talk, socially, and never mind the interview?" He sounded very reticent and English.

Ronnie with Loretta Young in the forthcoming "Clive of India" for 20th Century. Do you think Ronnie is as handsome without his moustache?
"Fame has taken my life away," says Colman. "I love my work and I'm not complaining on that score, but . . ."

"Fame has robbed me of my confidence in my fellow men and women. It has robbed me of my old friends and prevented me from making new ones. It has robbed me of my right to harmless adventures, experiences, flirtations, if you will, and the general fun which should be a part of every man's earlier life. "Fame has robbed me of my freedom and shut me up in prison and, because the prison walls are gilded, and the key that locks me in is gold, it isn't any less monotonous. I don't mean to be ungrateful, for I do send up praise that I've made more or less of a success in pictures, and do appreciate the plaudits of my admirers."

"But surely," I said, "surely there are compensations?"

"Yes, there is one decided compensation," Ronnie said, "and that is my work; I love the work, itself. But it is not of my work that I am speaking, now. It is of the smoke-screen that surrounds my work. "There are no returns for me because I happen to be the unfortunate and no doubt stupid sort of person who does not care for the returns fame brings. They are not valuable to me. I don't want them. If you give a man a rare and costly gift and he has no use for it, then no matter how rare and costly the gift may be, it is not precious to him. "There are only two gifts to be had from fame, (Continued on page 96)
None of this is real

By Cyril Vandour

JUST as "all that glitters is not gold," so in pictures all that seems to be is not. The scenes you see, the sounds you hear, are, as often as not, achieved through trick devices handled skillfully by a group of technicians, who play a major part in the perfect production of a picture, yet who do not receive even an iota of the appreciation that is their due.

No fan or scribe ever sings the technician's praises.

When the reviewers hand out their bouquets of choice adjectives, they never remember him, although he is the guy who transfers the bright ideas of writers and directors to the screen. The limitations of mortal man do not exist for him. He can pull from his bag of tricks almost anything you can name.

Take "One Night of Love," for instance. It has been lauded as one of the screen's finest musicals and is the
craftsmen, who verily bring the wonders of the world into your theatre

(Above) A New York street, complete to street cars, tracks and elevated railroad. Wouldn't you swear it was the real thing?
(Below) A village square, monument and all, in a New England town. It was used in Will Rogers' "Dr. Bull."

(Above) A Chinese waterfront locale.
(Below) A street in a Bavarian village.
All of these pictures are of sets to be found in Fox Movietone City. The Bavarian set was used in "Music in the Air," with Swanson and Boles.

personal triumph of that fascinating lyric butterfly, Grace Moore. The gentlemen who really put her over this time were the technicians in the sound department of the studio. They invented a new method of recording her voice, which they call the "hill-and-dale."

John P. Livadari, Columbia sound director, showed me under the microscope the difference between this new type of record and the old or ordinary type. His explanation of the obscure scientific principles involved in the "hill-and-dale" was just so much fee-fo-fum to me, so I'll be satisfied by saying that it's a knockout. It enabled the studio to reproduce Miss Moore's warbling on the screen in all its marvelous range, which the usual type of recording could not do, and meanwhile saved her an endless amount of singing and temperamental fits.

This being the age of all-round (Continued on page 81)
Lines to a Little Lady

JUST like Garbo, West, Bennett, Crawford and the other glamorous girls of the screen, Shirley Temple gets fan mail. But what can a person write to an actress who has not yet reached the advanced age of six years? Having seen the hotcha letters some of the more mature ladies and gentlemen of the screen received, I wondered, as you doubtless do, too. So I managed to get a few hundred letters out of her file. Why don't you peep over my shoulder while we peruse some of the best? Shirley's letters are very nearly as cute as she is, and many of them are written by boys and girls only a few years older than "Little Miss Marker," herself.

"I'm mad at you," writes an eight-year-old girl from Detroit. "My Daddy and Mother took me to see you in 'Little Miss Marker' and they laughed very hard when you said 'Aw, nuts!' But when I said it to the minister at Sunday dinner, I got sent away from the table. Tell me, Shirley, how do you get away with it?"

 Hmmmm! Pretty soon the reformers will be telling us she's a bad influence. Well, if they do, we'll just show them this next letter:

"You never heard of me and you won't give a damn, but I felt I just had to write to you. You see, I'm a two-time loser—just got out of the—— State Pen after a five-year stretch. My first night out I went to see a movie and one of the pictures was 'Baby Take a Bow.' I knew it was hokum all the time I was looking at it, but Kid, you got to me. There I saw a guy like me, fresh out of the can, but his girl waited for him while he was away and mine didn't. I guess if she had, and we'd had a kid like you, I wouldn't have gone back the second time. Anyway, Kid, this can't be such a tough world as long as there is people like you in it, and maybe I will get a job, although things are tough.

I JUST wanted to tell you you taught me a guy can go straight if he has got a reason for it, and you are going to be my reason from now on. I am going to see every one of your pictures just like you were my little girl, and if you don't mind, I'm going to write to you every now and then to tell you how I'm making out. I'll be ashamed to write if I flop again, so I got a good reason for staying clean. If you do not hear from me again, you'll know I am just a lousy rat that will never be any good. But don't worry, Kid, I'll make out okay and sometime when you get big enough, you might write me a letter to tell me I'm doing pretty good, if it is not asking too much. I'll make you proud of me yet."

Doggone it, I'm sorry for that boy. Here's luck to him; he's got the right stuff.

From Utah comes a letter written by a woman who is not so modest in her requests. "Will you send me," she asks, "a small lock of your hair, to wear in a locket? Of course, if you can spare more, I would be very glad to get it, because my friends would die of envy if I could be wearing a whole bracelet made of Shirley Temple's hair. I know you will do this, because your hair will soon grow again if you cut it, and it would mean so much to me. By the way, if you have a lot of it cut off, please send it all to me, as I could make a lot of money selling rings and bracelets made of your hair to lots of my friends."

Quite a number of people have fallen in love with the famed Temple ringlets, and if she complied with all requests for bits of her curls, the little lady would be kept as bald as an egg.

(Continued on page 74)
What a charming "Jenny Lind" Virginia makes. Do you wonder that both Wally Beery and Adolphe Menjou fall in love with her in "The Mighty Barnum"? It will be a treat to hear Miss Bruce sing, for she has a lovely voice. Of course, you witnessed her successful screen come-back in "Jane Eyre." Didn't she look ravingly beautiful in it? She's happy now, too. Perhaps it's because of John Gilbert's success in "Captain Hates the Sea." You see, she's still fond of her "ex."
Wuxtral Fox has elevated this handsome gentleman to the star ranks and what's more he's got a "singing clause" in his contract. With so many musicals lined up and his work in "Music in the Air" and "White Parade" so good, the Crosbys had better watch out.
Although the screen's most famous platinum hasn't made a picture since "The Girl from Missouri," she'll hie herself and make-up kit to the M.G.M lot any day now to start work in "Spoiled." Her personal life? Well, she and Bill Powell have been having the usual number of dates.
Adolphe Menjou did such a swell job as the theatrical man in Universal's "The Human Side" that 20th Century decided to cast him as Bailey Walsh in "The Mighty Barnum." Wally Beery is seen as the famous circus man and Menjou is his habitually drunk but very clever partner.
The Claudette who made you rave in "It Happened One Night," and more recently in "Cleopatra," will thrill you once again in the picturization of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Imitation of Life," with Warren William, for Universal. Right now, she's on the Paramount lot, making "The Gilded Lily."
MOVIES TO DELIGHT YOU!
MOVIES TO THRILL YOU!

A: The Painted Veil
(M-G-M)

This is the story of a family’s Ugly Duckling or Wallflower, whichever you prefer, who thought she knew what she wanted. And, as that famous philosopher, Mr. Emerson, so sagely pointed out to all of us, “Be careful what you want, you’ll get it.” Thus Garbo, in her latest dramatic hit, finds that roses turn to thorns when they’re clasped too closely.

The story is unreel before a colorful background, moving from an Austrian town to a sophisticated Chinese colony and thence to the disease-ridden cholera country, where the heroine is given ample opportunity to explore her folly and redeem herself.

Herbert Marshall plays the man she married for convenience in a restrained and noteworthy manner. George Brent enacts the cad, and no offense, gives a thoroughly convincing performance. Garbo is quite superb and actually beautiful. Never has she looked so devastating. The picture boasts a temple dance sequence which is literally gorgeous. Yes, “The Painted Veil” presents the first lady of the screen in all that is first class in fine film entertainment.

A: Romance in Manhattan
(RKO-Radio)

You’ve been waiting for “Romance in Manhattan.” Probably you won’t realize it until you’ve seen this picture which is composed of everything scheduled to make for first-rate entertainment. There are laughter and tears, sentiment and sadness, good acting and the colorful setting which is little old New York. True, a lot of the scenes of the big town are stock and process shots, but that is not going to interfere with your enjoyment of the film one bit.

Francis Lederer, as attractive as he is sincere, is an immigrant boy imbued with the desire to make his living in America. Ginger Rogers plays a hard-working chorine interested only in caring for her young brother, Jimmy Butler. Fate throws them together and their road is a hard one, for there is always the villain just around the corner. Then, when all seems lost, their problem is solved by Forrest MacDonald in the funniest police station sequence you’ve ever witnessed. The audience fairly shrieks their appreciative laughter. We won’t go into the details, because we don’t want to spoil it for you. But don’t come complaining if you miss this picture. You’ve been warned.

B: Flirtation Walk
(Warners)

Here is a delightful cinema concoction featuring Ruby Keeler, West Point and Dick Powell—not, of course, named in order of their importance. And if you like uniforms and parades, you’re going to have a field day, the broad greens of the U. S. Military Academy serving as the field.

The story deals with the sentimental activities of the boy, the girl and another boy, the lad who has already made the grade in the little lady’s affections. Dick is not he—at first. But love laughs at locksmiths and First Lieutenants and a bumpy career of the Academy, and, in the end, triumphs.

There is a playlet within the picture that is not as amusing as it is intended to be, but there are two lifting tunes charmingly rendered by young Powell, who actually turns in a performance in this film and may no longer be disposed of as a song-and-dance man. Pat O’Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldridge all give nice accounts of themselves, and Ruby Keeler, looking sweet and pretty, at least deserves “A” for effort.

B: Evelyn Prentice
(M-G-M)

It looked out (and we wonder whose fault that was) that “Evelyn Prentice” was to be as gay and light and grand as “The Thin Man” and that Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man (Myrna Loy and William Powell to you and me) duplicated their unusual performances of “Thin Man” memory. Well, ’tain’t so, chillsun, ’tain’t so. “Evelyn Prentice” is a good, workmanlike, convincing picture and honestly compels us to put the period right there. Loy and Powell give good, workmanlike, convincing performances. Una Merkel, too, and Little Cora Sue Collins. Even Isabel Jewell in a drab and fearful rôle deserves a pat on the back.

A blackmailing gigolo is murdered and Isabel takes the rap, while Myrna stews around for some weeks, getting up her courage to confess that she fired the shot. But there were two shots, you see, which fact comes out in one of those good old hokum court sequences,
A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Regina Cannon

But Higgins refreshingly has well, stodgy picture theme. taken colorful stands Nature's with mugging tends brunette. (Above)

Gar and Loy and Marshall in Powell, Painted "Romance Veil." A: Broadway Bill (Columbia)

Swellegent! Pardon the burst of enthusiasm but we happen to be horse lovers, and we'll bet the grand sweepstakes that you'll feel the same way after seeing this picture. In "Broadway Bill" there are the best shots of horses and horse racing this side of an English print. As if that were not enough, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and an excellent cast contribute to make a picture that is refreshingly different.

Walter Connolly, as J. L. Higgins of Higginsville, is grand. Surrounded by adoring daughters, fawning sons-in-law and the admiring townspeople, he rules the roost. But his little kingdom is abruptly upset when his eldest daughter's husband, Warner Baxter, leaves the security of Higginsville and the paper-box factory for his two loves, horses and freedom, and his youngest daughter, Myrna Loy, follows him. The climax comes when even J. L. can't stand the stuffiness of Higginsville and succumbs to the race-track fever.

Plenty of thrills, suspense and good laughs in this one!

C: College Rhythm (Paramount)

Well, boys and girls, if you like Joe Penner, you’re set. This picture hits on all sixes when Mr. Penner and his pal, the duck, are on the screen. But when they’re off, it’s a pretty jumbled, straining-of-comedy affair.

The love story is taken care of by Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. Mary, one of Rondal’s finest and most capable, wears a blande wig. Your guess is as good as ours as to why, except perhaps because Helen Mack is a brunette. Anyway, it tends to blot Miss Brian out a bit.

Oakie plays the bragdogiac in a mugging manner and just why he wins the girl has the Great Chinsawf Trunk Mystery backed off the boards. Mr. Ross is rather colorless and Helen Mack is wasted in the rôle she plays.

There are a couple of catchy songs in the picture and a few intricate dance routines. But that is not enough.

A: The President Vanishes (Paramount)

It looks as if Walter Wagner’s first independent production is due to be one of the important pictures of the year. Though its theme is as fanciful as it is daring, the film emerges from the studio a realistic and thoroughly believable story.

True, this may be difficult for you to accept unless you see the President of the United States vanish from view, as a political group looks for him, seriously hoping their search will be in vain. Meanwhile a credulous public, loaded with propaganda, has unwittingly been instrumental in making matters difficult for the man who would give them peace and freedom.

The picture is replete with suspense, thrills and good characterizations. It has its lighter moments, too, and a human, homely touch difficult to discover in a story encompassing so serious a theme. Arthur Byron plays the rôle of the President, and Paul Kelly, Andy Devine, Peggy Conkin and Janet Beecher are members of the supporting cast. All give excellent accounts of themselves.

A: Sequoia (M-G-M)

Warning! Warning! All adults, all children! Don’t miss "Sequoia!" Here is Nature’s age-old struggle for existence presented in a colorful and compelling manner. For sheer beauty and exquisite photography, it stands alone. The human angle, subjugated to the exciting adventures at Gato, the Puma, and Malibou, the Fawn, left motherless at birth, is stady and of secondary importance. The amusing antics and loyalty of these two natural enemies holds your interest for every foot of the way. Its genuine humaneness, pathos, and thrills exhaust superlatives. Jean Parker both looks and handles her rôle well, but little Harry Lawe, with naive unawareness of danger in a rattlesnake sequence, steals top acting honors. The rest of the cast includes Russell Hardie, Paul Hurst and Ben Hall. This is a “must” for old and young alike.

B: A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)

Mady Christians, who is new to American moviegoers and a particularly bright star, makes her cinematic (Continued on page 103)
Dresses You Could Really Wear

Isn't this a grand business dress of Anita Louise's? Navy wool with amusing churchly vest in white. "Flirtation Walk"—I've named this after Ruby's new picture because it will catch all eyes! Navy crepe with silver stitching on white. You could wear a metallic trimmed green crepe dress like this one of Margaret Lindsay's all day and for a dinner date, too.

A WELL-KNOWN Hollywood designer said recently that he designed real clothes for his stars because they are real people. He does not believe that screen clothes should be designed solely to appear glamorous but should be created so that you, who see them on the screen, would feel that they are in good taste—the type of costume you would care to copy, to wear.

This seems to be a general feeling among Hollywood designers today. Your increasing interest in the costumes you see on the screen has convinced them that they have to create styles that can be used as a guide to a star's public as well as a foil for her individual type. In other words, you have educated Hollywood to be less glamorous and more practical about fashions. Are you surprised to have accomplished this unwittingly?

This trend toward more wearable screen costumes has not hampered, in any way, the originality in detail which has characterized Hollywood designing for so long. I think it has made designers even more conscious of them to offset the simpler lines of the clothes.

The result of all this you-looking-at-Hollywood and Hollywood-looking-back-at-you, is screen clothes that you can picture yourself wearing. Clothes that are of star importance in their smartness but of everyday usefulness to you.

Orry-Kelly, who has created stunning clothes for such glittering ladies as Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Lor-
Daytime, dinner, dancing! Screen designers keep you in mind by tempering glamour with practicality

May we introduce our new fashion editor? She comes to us with a wealth of experience from the fashion world—experience which she wants to use in helping you solve your wardrobe problems. Address questions to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Anita adds a matching short jacket to a simple evening gown and has a perfect outfit for five 'til midnight.

You have to know your type to scramble sports details with evening formality as cleverly as Margaret does here.

The smartest sleeves begin at your waist—Ann Dvorak shows you. Black cellophane cloth with bright red velvet.

In the first place, the fabrics are beautiful. They have texture interest; that is, the weave is unusual in several. The surfaces have character. If these gowns had no trimming or outstanding details you would notice them because the fabric creates an individuality for each. All good design starts with the fabric—the details come after. There's the trim daytime dress Margaret Lindsay wears, for instance. The crepe is rough but dull, so striped metal cloth is used for shining contrast on cuffs, neckline and buttons.

Three dinner dresses are distinguished by new and exciting materials. Anita Louise wears a double-duty affair in which the lack of trimming gives the fabric a starring part. The crepe is heavily ribbed in a wavy...
You could shut your eyes and pick any one of this evening trio—they are all so charming. At left, Margaret Lindsay wears the classic formal gown in black crepe. She has a metal tunic that she wears over this for cocktail and dinner dates—clever ideal Center, Margaret ovarin—in white crepe with silk fringe adding the trimming touches. And right, Anita Louise looking utterly bewitching in taffeta. Cordings gives ripple to the collar and great flare to the bell-shaped skirt.

The are grand for all you young things who need a dress you can wear to classes or to work and yet could go right on to an informal dance without a thought that you might not look right.

With the exception of Margaret Lindsay's very formal black evening gown, the other gowns are of the semi-formal type. Each with some little dodges that makes them perfect for the hours from five on 'til midnight. Every girl who leads a busy life socially, in school or in business, needs one dress of this kind. Now that small evening hats are considered dashing and smart, you can top a dinner gown with one and look correct for dining or dancing when your partner does not dress.

So many girls have asked me what coat they should wear with a dinner gown of this type. It is a problem we all have. Unless you go hatless to a real evening party, you can't wear an evening wrap. If you are going to wear a small formal hat, then you have to wear a coat that fits into the general picture. I suggest a simple coat in a rich material such as velvet, broadcloth, velveteen or some of the other more formal materials. It should be either three-quarter length or full length because the regular daytime length looks very awkward with a long skirt. A short wrap or cape is the other alternative. If you own one of those cute fur capes or capelets, and it isn't too cold, that's another suggestion.

And last, the trimming details of these nine dresses are tricky but not fussy, just enough newness in each to mix dash with taste. There's a white clergyman's vestee for one, oddly square buttons and cunningly stitched fabric insets for another. (Continued on page 80)
Now you can get the shade of face powder that will make your skin thrilling.

You need not be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

See your skin Transformed

These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to glorify your skin.

Use this powder only once and those you know—you love—will compliment your new sparkling loveliness.

These glamorous shades are blended scientifically by Pond’s. Read the amazing story of their discovery.

Look at the photographs above and see how they flatter girls of every type.

Among these six new shades is just the one you have been looking for.

The moment you film on Pond’s Face Powder you will realize its texture is the smoothest. So fine—so closely clinging, Pond’s never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours. And it is so inexpensive!

Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much powder as many 21 boxes. In boxes, 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It’s available everywhere.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You’ll receive, free, three different shades. Select the most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

3 shades Free! Send them for today

(This offer expires April 1, 1935)

Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. B, 64 Hudson Street, New York

Please send, FREE, Two Special Boxes of Pond’s new Powder and an extra sample . . . three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder .
I prefer 3 different DARK shades .

Name__________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________

State__________________________

Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company
NATURE HAS PROVIDED A WAY TO BEAUTY through chewing exercise.
That is why DOUBLE MINT gum is so popular with the STARS of the screen and stage.
Modern Screen Patterns

Instructions for ordering patterns and Pattern Book on page 110.

612—(Above, right) Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" wears this smart shirtwaist dress in wool crepe. Boyish collar and cuffs. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.


599—(Left, below) Peggy Shannon in lovely printed satin tunic frock for semiformal wear. Square neckline and box-pleated trim are smart. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.
Ho!...for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for Kools, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: Kools don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

E VERY dramatic school prevails upon master minds of the theatre to talk occasionally to the students. So Modern Screen's Dramatic School has its guest teachers, too. And how wonderful it is for all you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in perfecting yourselves in dramatic art to have the greatest directors in Hollywood available to you. For on these pages you receive the most valuable sort of instruction—
theoretical as well as practical advice.

This month I've persuaded "Woody" Van Dyke to talk to you and I'm so pleased with what he has to say that I want to hurry along this introduction. You all know his work. He is considered one of Hollywood's greatest directors. His list of hit pictures would reach around the globe. "The Thin Man" is his greatest triumph. It was he who guided the destinies of the "Trader Horn" company in Africa. And recently he directed Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and the rest of the brilliant cast in "Forsaking All Others." In other words, that boy Van Dyke knows his stuff. And here is his personal message to you. You'll find his (Continued on page 112)

Here is a message from Katherine Albert, the director of Modern Screen's Dramatic School. She says: Write me and ask me how to go about forming a dramatic club. But don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope. In fact, write me about any of your personal theatrical problems. The more, the merrier. Address your letters care of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Don't forget the return envelope, stamped!
MODERN SCREEN

"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!

"RELIRED IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me in 3 days!"

"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."

"NEVER RELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W.B. Brickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in just a few days! Headaches left."

"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wisc. Margueritte Bros, a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. Have only praise for it!"

EVERYWHERE . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger kind of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast.

Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin A that combats colds! And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . four vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!

FLEISCHMANN'S

"XR" YEAST...acts quicker
Everyone looks at your Eyes first

Make them attractive with Maybelline

**EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

- You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth - marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and preto — your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream — to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your bow with the daintily, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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**Good News**

(Continued from page 17)

Little Shirley Temple has to stay home for the holidays. No more Santa Claus-seeing nor shopping for the Fox starlet, which proves that being a famous child actress has its drawbacks.

Shirley's Ma heard her suddenly scream while going through a big department store last week. She looked down at her child, just in time to see a female souvenir-seeker clip off one of the youngster's curls. Truly, there are such people in the world.

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall are enjoying life at Palm Springs between pictures. Suddenly La Swanson discovered that the gentleman dwelling in the next bungalow to hers was none other than the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, one of her former husbands.

However, at the time of discovery, Hank had spotted Garbo striding down a desert road and ran to have a look. Meanwhile, Greta, sensing that she was being watched, took off like an airplane, a gazelle, or whatever else "takes off."

Oh, we tell you, there's nothing like life among the cactus, especially if the plant grows on the edge of the Colorado Desert.

Donald Duck, out at the Disney Studios, threatens to give even Mickey Mouse a run for his money. On calling the studio for news of him, the operator flipped back,

"About Donald Duck? Would you care to speak to him?"

But, alas, Don proved to be too busy. However, we learned that he is now playing small roles in Mickey's pictures, but if he shows promise, he's to be promoted to the high estate of featured player.

Hollywood is noted for its rackets, but here's one that's new and different and explains why the stars change their telephone numbers every month. A star's number is never printed in the phone book. (One of the rare exceptions is Wally Beery's.) But it is available to the studio workers. And some bright lad — an office boy who'll probably be the next captain of industry — conceived the idea of selling telephone numbers to the fans.

The fee is modest. Twenty-five cents a number. The fan who has paid the two bits can then have the thrill of hearing his favorite star's voice saying "Hello." The best time to get the star (and not the maid) on the phone is about three A.M. Well, if it's a busy week for the office boy, it's a bad week for the stars. And now you know why they guard their numbers as Marlene Dietrich guards her eyelashes.

Von Sternberg—and don't tell me you don't know Von Sternberg—is directing his

(Continued on page 66)
A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"

You, too, can keep your skin flawless

Beautiful skin depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens? Skin youth—skin beauty—is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue and elastic muscles—these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond’s Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond’s Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes—enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. Its use stimulates flaccid muscles. And—most important—it recharges glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. Always put it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . . Pores . . . Blackheads . . . disappear

As you use this oil-rich cream, you’ll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguishes the flawless skin of the women who use Pond’s Cold Cream. This same allure—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start now to use Pond’s Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.


Send for generous 3 DAYS’ TEST

Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. B-50, Hudson Street, New York City. I enclose 35¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days’ supply of Pond’s Cold Cream with samples of 0 other Pond’s Creams and special boxes of Pond’s Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder . . .

I prefer 3 different DARK shades . . .

Name  
Street  
City  
State  

Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company
Do you tire easily?

> [List of symptoms: no appetite; losing weight; nervous; sleepless; pale.]

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonically specially designed to stimulate gas-tric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The #2 economy size is twice as large as the #1 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upward today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. is supplied under your respect. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

MODERN SCREEN

(Continued from page 64)

last picture with Marlene Dietrich. You might think that, since he is leaving Paramount, he would give greaterness and light and have only kind words for everyone—a sort of final softening. But no! Von is carrying on just as he always has—telling Dietrich in a torrent of German just what to do and how to do it. Marlene doesn't answer back. But Joel McCrea, who was to have been her leading man, does. He's just upped and walked out of the picture because he doesn't like Von's directorial tactics.

They were filming a big musical show. Gorgeous girls in those costumes—a piece of lace here and an ostrich feather there—were lolling about the set. The electricians, prop boys and assistants were paying them about as much oills off as they'd pay just that many sacks of flour. Turning his back on the most luscious blonde of all, one electrician said to another, "Boy, you ought to see what I saw last night. I went down to the burlesque show on Main Street and was it hot! What dames! What dames!"

For one solid year Joan Crawford has been conferring with carpenters, interior decorators, drapers, etc., and at last the remodeling of her house is completed. It is beautiful and completely efficient. Joan wanders around in it, an Alice in Wonderland, happy amidst all that beauty.

It was during the making of "The Painted Veil," Director Boleslavski decided that he should like to have a song while he rocking a baby to sleep. Greta refused point blank. "Boley" pleaded and begged, even got down on his knees and at last threatened to have a nervous breakdown. After a long silence, Greta finally gave in.

"Aw right," she said. "I'll do it." Lights went on. The camera started. Greta began to rock the baby. Then in a deep, unmotional voice, she started humming "Lazy Bones!"

Here's another one on that same famous Hollywood producer. This actually happened on the golf course of the Hillcrest Country Club. Together with some friends, the producer had just finished playing eighteen holes. "Let's stop in at the club house," he said, "and have some tea and trumpets."

Things the innocent public never knows about. Pauline Lord, who hasn't yet gotten over the jinx of making her first movie, was prevailed upon to do a radio scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She rehearsed all morning with Kent Taylor, fighting to remain calm. Just as they were ready to go on the air, someone discovered that the studio didn't have the radio rights to the pictures, so called off and new Paramount executives are making a detour every time they have to pass Pauline's dressing-room door.

When "The Affairs of Cellini" was shown in Hollywood, Louis Calhern, a member of the cast, made a speech to the first night audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I want to thank, for their kindness, Mr. Frank Morgan, Miss Fay Wray, Mr. Fred-

The wives of famous stars have their busy moments, too, believe it or not. And those moments somehow or other occur in the kitchen. There is Mrs. Carl Brisson, for instance, who throws together a mean meal. (See page 10.) In fact, it's so delicious that one hungry young actor appeared at the Brisson home for dinner one evening and stayed a month.

Mrs. Gable's forte is preserving pickles, of all things, and so adept is she at this little trick that all her friends receive handsomely labelled bottles of 'em as gifts at the end of the canning season.

This is the way things happen in Hollywood. Around his body was draped a woman's negligee, used as a gag in the picture. "I'm glad my little daughter is too young to understand," sighed Bob, as he gathered up his skirts and approached the camera.

The Freddie Marches are taking great pride in their new Beverly Hills home. The surrounding gardens are filled with rare plants and flowers. However, right in the center of the plot, there's a solid square of bare ground.

"What are you going to plant there?" we asked.

"Vegetables," answered Freddie nonchalantly, as he stopped to pick an orchid.

Not long ago, Joan Crawford was shopping in Westwood Village. A new saleslady came blushing toward her.

"Pardon me, Miss Crawford," she said, "but I have a customer who wants to buy a gift for a fifth wedding anniversary. Could you tell me what it is?"

Without hesitation, Joan, who has a memory like an elephant, replied, "For anything over six months, they deserve platinum."

Jean Muir tells one of the nicest stories of the year on Flo Ziegfeld. Several years ago she approached the famous impresario to apply for a job.

"Please, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Jean, "could..." (Continued on page 65)
$10,000—and win any of 3 big prizes.

In Prizes
Will be offered

"Just Count Dots on Shoe
And Give One of Best Answers to Question What is So-Lo?"

To win one of prizes illustrated here
How many dots?
See clue below

First Prize
New 1936 Plymouth
Wish you could win this new and
if you can't win this, (Value $9,000, if
40% of its value, if sent in after Prizes
if it's easy. Delivered toll
send in today.

Nothing to buy—nothing to sell—nothing to be

Second Prize
So-Lo Electric Re-Heel
(contestants

why not buy)

Third Prize
Color Bicycle

or send in

Super prizes will be offered FREE

ON CHARLIE ECKLER'S
WINNING 1935 PRIZE QUESTION!

HUNDREDS OF OTHER
PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED FREE

EASY!
Anybody May Win

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or
Heel, is a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as
the same price at Bowery's end of town.

Fix the Sole or Heel with
"So-Lo"—Be Sure the

What is So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or
Heel, is a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as
the same price at Bowery's end of town.

Send no Money—Mail This Today

Prize Contest Entry Blank
So-Lo Works, "Red" Appleton, Contest Manager,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Check if sending in part of So-Lo box.

See So-Lo at Woolworth's, Kress's, Kress's, W. T. Grant's,
Nieman-Marcus, G. C. M. 

McElrath's, Walgreen's, Scott's, Ben Franklin, Montgomery
WARD'S, Sears Roebuck's, 5 and
10 cent stores, or hardware stores.

"Join at Newberry's and Cramer's"

So-Lo Works
World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Alone at first, popular at last

Blue Waltz brought me happiness.

If you're lonely...as I used to be...if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve your beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You'll find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

MODERN SCREEN
(Continued from page 66)

you use me as a show girl in the Follies?"

Ziza looked at her kindly. Then, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "I'm very sorry. You are a very beautiful white rose. I need orchids."


That dynamic director, Woody Van Dyke, who turns out such winners as "The Thin Man" in half the allotted time, having finished directing Joan Crawford, was called in for retakes on Garbo's "Painted Veil," which fact is probably the only grounds upon which an excuse could be offered for him continually addressing Miss Crawford.

Let it be said for the Swede that she never attempted to correct him—but merely smiled amusedly.

What a thrill Clark Gable gave a buxom, middle-aged housewife the other night! It happened at the preview of one of Clark's pictures, "When the Lights..."

Victor Jory had just one week to rid himself of several pounds of avoidiposis before starting a picture. So he hied himself to Palm Springs, picked out a small out-of-the-way hotel, where he would be out of temptation, and began his rigid routine. His day consisted of a five-mile walk and dog trot, three sets of tennis, a three-hour horseback ride, filling in with...
TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decorations

Use TINTEX for:
- Underthings
- Negligees
- Dresses
- Sweaters
- Scarfs
- Stockings
- Blouses
- Slips
- Men's Shirts
- Curtains
- Bed Spreads
- Children's Clothes
- Drapes
- Luncheon Sets
- Dollies
- Slip Covers

WHAT TINTEX DOES

TINTEX restores color to faded fabrics in a jiffy... keeps undies fresh and gay-looking... brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe... makes your last year's apparel look like new... keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh... keeps home decorations color-smart... gives professional results... is used without muss, fuss, or bother!

Faded Fabrics Become Gay and New Again!

The new Paris colors can be yours in a jiffy... with easy Tintex. For the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest, surest road to color smartness. These magic tints and dyes are always at your command... ready to bring you up-to-the-minute in fashion.

Millions of smart women are finding a daily need for Tintex... giving fresh new color to their apparel and home decorations... and restoring original color to every faded fabric. Costs only a few pennies... saves many dollars. So easy, too. Simply “tint as you rinse”. Perfect results—always. Select your favorite Tintex colors—today. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Tintex
The World's Largest Selling Tints & Dyes
AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and uplift brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, Safely!
The massage-like action of these famous Perfola stic Girdles and uplift brassieres massage away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer—Act Today!
You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm.
You do not need to risk one penny—try them for 10 days at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL OFFER!
PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 532
41 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing the new Perfolastic Girdles and brassieres, absolutely free, postage free, trial of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
Address

in many successful stage productions in London and made his first picture in 1926. He is an Off- tatted with a keen insight into his characters, and in his spare moments tries his hand at answering 1438 Governor St., Hollywood, Calif., thanks. We are grateful for your interest.

F. NIGHTINGALE, Portland, Ore.—It was Peter Strauss who played the part of the madman in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray" on the local stage. It was based on the novel by Oscar Wilde.
MODERN SCREEN

Beauty Advice

(Continued on page 13)

Here's the very cleverest way I know to get your circulation into a positive glow, and to make your skin clear and smooth all over your body after several weeks of treatment. Soak a bath towel in a solution of one pound of ordinary table salt (salt is a recognized agent for beauty) and one pint of warm water. Let the towel dry, and then rub it between your hands to soften it. Incidentally, do this over the lavatory so the salt won't sprinkle on the floor. You only have to prepare the towel once a week, as it will last through a week of morning rubs. So after you have finished your very thorough drying mentioned in the preceding paragraph, rub yourself briskly with the dry salt towel. The friction caused by the salt towel peels up the circulation in the entire body, and we can't stress it too often, good circulation generally means smooth skin.

Always finish off with a lotion to prevent chapping after your bath. Hand lotions are best, especially certain hand lotions, because they are so readily absorbed into the skin, and you can get such generous quantities for so small a price. And don't forget an underarm cream deodorant in this season of steam heated offices and wool dresses!

Be especially lavish with lotions and creams where your legs are concerned. They have such a rough time of it all winter, with the wind and snow always at their heels. Even a pair of Marlene Dietrich legs couldn't carry off the honors with rough, chapped, red-spotted skin. And such a condition has a sorry way of showing up through silk hose, which, of course, all of us insist on wearing through the winter, in spite of sensible grandmoterly advice to the contrary. Incidentally, I know of some lisle, silk, or wool combs that slip on under or over your hose, and keep your feet warm without showing at all. You may also wear them to bed at night, if you're troubled with cold feet. We're stepping outside of our original trouble, however, so now for those "gooseflesh" legs. It's lack of circulation that brings "gooseflesh" and red spots. So include in your bath ritual the scrubbing of your legs with a fairly stiff bath brush. And if, as aforementioned, you will finish off with a generous massage of hand lotion, this lubrication will prevent the chapped condition that is so ugly. If your skin is very dry, use a rich cream at night, and slip on a pair of cotton hose several sizes too large for you (as a protection to clean sheets).

HANDS are subject to such constant exposure and such frequent washings and inadequate dryings that it is small wonder they need the most ardent cream and lotion alike. The natural oils get dried out of the skin, and something has to be done to make up for that lack, or your hands get scratchy as though in protest against their treatment. We talked about using hand lotions last month, and we hope that the holidays brought you some lovely creams and lotions to help you take advantage of our suggestions. Now for make-up this bright morning:

At least, we hope it's bright, and while we want bright faces, we don't want shining ones, too. According to the letters you've written me these past several months, a great many of you are troubled with dry skin. The dry type of skin is especially sensitive to harsh weather. Even a normal skin requires creams to prevent it from chapping, and a dry skin needs double the amount. A powder base is very important, not only because it helps to hold powder in an even film, but because it protects your skin from the icy air, and disguises the redness to which most of our skins are more or less subject in the winter. A good powder base and plenty of powder will soften the red into a glowing pink. Use a generous puff, and a soft-as-a-bunny's-ear powder brush to blend the powder, and smooth away the surplus.

Cream rouge is splendid in the winter because it is more impervious to wind and weather. Use it for morning make-up, and carry along a compact of dry rouge in your purse for "touching up" during the day. The proper way to apply cream rouge is with a stroke high on the cheek bone with the rounded cushion of the finger-tip. Now, smooth and blend upward towards the corner of the eye, and then softly downward on the cheek. Cream rouge should always be applied to a slightly moist skin, which makes it both easier and more lasting of application. Therefore a foundation cream, vanishing or liquifying, or a cold cream which has been wiped off, leaving a slight moist residue on the skin, is absolutely essential.
Gay TABLE Dishes ... yet

in the application of cream rouge.

Now for your lipstick! Choose one with a cream base for winter. We know of one with a cream base which looks orange but which turns to a natural looking rose when applied to the lips, and which makes a splendid wintry weather lipstick choice. If your lips are very dry and subject to chapping, use an oily pomade on your lips out of doors, and your regular lipstick indoors.

Eyebrows should be groomed into shape, and kept from looking as though they had been swept upwards by a blast of wind. Be sure to pluck out straggly hairs, but don't pluck to change the character of the brow. Isn't it grand that Joan Crawford

you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece . . . the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handed French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates . . . is built to stand oven heat. Their buttercup yellow color stays bright and fresh, too. They don’t “craz,” nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.

**THE BRISON DANISH DINNER**

Smorgåsbord

**Roast Pork Tenderloin, Stuffed with**

Apples and Prunes — Gravy

Sweet and Sour Cabbage — Apple, Currant, Strawberry, Jelly — Cheese

Pressed Cucumber Salad — Pompadour Dressing — Danish Apple Cake — Peppermints, Danish Chocolate

Dates Figs Nuts Grapes — Coffee

Accompanying all this grand food is a wine list which includes Schnapps (Holland gilt) with the Smorgāsbord, Clarats with the meat course, sweet Sherry with the dessert, Kirsch and Cherry Brandy preceding coffee.

Perhaps you are a bit baffled by that word “Smorgāsbord.” (I assure you it's even harder to say than it is to spell!) To the uninhibited, therefore, it might be well to explain that Smorgāsbord are the equivalent of French hors d'oeuvres, those fancy tidbits used as appetizers. In Scandinavian countries where hors d'oeuvres become Smorgāsbord, their quantity and quality constitute an actual threat to the ensuing meal, particularly in Denmark which is famed for its cookery.

“We have found it necessary to warn our guests in America that our Smorgāsbord is not the whole meal,” Mr. Brisson says, “as it does not come now. We do not, like the Swedes, stand to our Smorgāsbord. Everything is served sitting at the table, which is laid before the guests come in. All the pickled herrings, salmon in mayonnaise, egg and anchovy dishes—everything is in place when we come into the dining-room to take our seats. Along the side of our dining-room when we have a large party, is a long, narrow serving table that runs the entire length of the room. On it are nothing but dishes and plates! When the guest has eaten a helping of herring and chives, shall we say, his plate is whisked away and a clean one supplied. Then he helps himself to some other dish. After that he has another type of Smorgāsbord on still another plate. Otherwise how could she appreciate the delicious cream sauce of one dish if some of the vinegar dressing of another dish remained on the plate?

And here is a simple member of the Smorgāsbord family which has already become popular for cocktail parties. It seems that it is its origin in Scandinavia—where they call them “nam-nams.”

**COCKTAIL NAM-NAMS**

Cut slices of lean, packaged bacon lengthwise into two strips. Cut each strip in half. (Making four narrow pieces of each bacon slice.) Wrap one of these slices around a large stuffed olive. Fasten securely with a toothpick. Just before serving time, fry the olive-bacon rolls in deep hot fat, until bacon is crisp and brown. Drain on white paper-kitchen toweling. Serve at once, piping hot, without removing toothpick.

Other Smorgāsbord recipes in the Brisson files call for caviar with mixed Bermuda onions, spiced bread; anchovies chopped very fine with onion added; poached eggs on rounds of bread fried in delicate batter, in butter; the whole topped with mushrooms in a rich cream sauce; and herring served with various sauces.

When the Smorgāsbord and Schnapps have been dispatched with songs and good cheer, the real dinner begins. The soup, light and clear, makes its appearance in a huge tureen.

With the soup comes cheese! Fancy that! From now on in the meal, cheese

**MODERN SCREEN**

(Continued from page 10)
is a permanent feature on the table—any kind of cheese, according to Fru Brisson—American, Muenster, Port du Salut, Cheddar, Liederkranz, Swiss, Cream. Danes believe that cheese "peps up" the appetite, she explained. Why don't you try it sometime?

INCIDENTALLY, in serving a true Danish meal, nothing is served in the kitchen. Everything comes in whole to the table, where the hostess, not the host, does the carving and the serving as well.

After the soup course Fru Brisson's famous "Pork Tender" makes its proud appearance, with a really divine gravy. The vegetable accompanying this dish is Sweet and Sour Cabbage. This may be prepared in the morning or even the day before. After the meat and vegetable dishes come more cheese (and more songs if you are dining with the Brissons), then the salad—a crisp, delectable concoction of pressed cucumbers. The accompanying Piquante Dressing does things to this lovely vegetable. (You can take our word for it, it is excellent for other salads, too.)

Finally the dessert course—and what a dessert! Danish Apple Cake. Other sweets may appear on the table, too, but all are dwarfed by the appeal of this marvelous confection. Fru Brisson's "guest recipe" serves twenty and is made in a large bowl, like those made from a Mexican gourd, towering to a height of at least ten inches. On other occasions, however, she reduces the proportions to have a smaller cake which is more in keeping with the requirements of the average family. A round or oblong baking dish makes an excellent container as it allows the layers of delectable sweets to be seen, whetting the appetite for the treat in store. A pleasant feature of this dessert—cake is that it requires no baking. Merely put it in the refrigerator after it has been assembled and the arctic temperature does the rest. Fru Brisson always makes it in the morning of the day of her dinner. The recipe is one that Fru Cleo has never given out before and I'm terribly flattered that she was willing to part with it for the benefit of the readers of Modern Screen. As this Danish Apple Cake is quite worth writing in for, in itself, I'm sure that when you learn that three other

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"Small FOR HER AGE AND UNDERWEIGHT TOO"

but you ought to see the way Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN on tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides extra carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; extra proteins for solid flesh and muscle; extra fat-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Help your child gain as he grows

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods.

Wonderful for adults too

Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 5-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. hospital-size air-tight cans.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. M-2, Hoboken, N. J.

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Scott Photo

Glenda Farrell seems to have forsaken Bob Riskin for Bernard Newman, with whom she's pictured at the Blackford Benefit.
recipes from Fru Brisson's own files are included in this month's Modern Hostess recipe leaflet, you'll want to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article immediately.

Each recipe is a joyous and unusual taste sensation—the Sweet and Sour Cabbage is a picture for the eye, a delectable treat for the palate—the Cucumber Salad with Spicyante Dressing is everything I said of this combination previously, and then some—and the Pork Tender is a cold weather dish from Denmark that merits an immediate place in every American home. And finally the Apple Cake! What more could one ask? And all you need do is ask—and they all are yours! Then you can serve an entire Danish dinner or incorporate one Danish dish at a time—otherwise prosaic meals to add variety.

Then you, your family and friends can enjoy the same delicious foods that have made the Brissens famous in Hollywood. These unusual dishes have earned for the Brissens the reputation of being worthy exponents of their native cookery. Send for the recipes and add to your own reputation as a cook, too.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me the recipes for February, 1935.

Name

(Address)

(City) (State)

(Street and Number)

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Lines to a Little Lady

(Continued from page 48)

Here's something cute! A little girl who writes "Age—9 years" after her name, says, "I have seen you in every one of your pictures including the one-redressed, and expect to see all your new ones, I think you dance very well—for your age. In fact, you are my favorite child actress."

Shirley gets her mail notes, too! Can't you just picture this little boy as he twists up his mouth while writing in pencil on a page torn from his school notebook: "I saw you in 'Stand Up and Cheer' and fell in love with you. I don't like girls much, but wouldn't mind if you were my little sister. Hoping this finds you well, I am respectfully yours very.

Girls as well as boys want to have Shirley in the family, "I am the only child in our family," writes one eleven-year-old miss, "and we live in a hotel. There isn't much for a little girl to do with no place much to play so I go to a lot of pictures and think you are my favorite star. I know you are a little girl too, so I hope your mother reads this to you. Even though there's not much doing here we hold a lot car and I would have been my little sister. I could teach you to sew doll clothes and mama would teach you to play bridge which I am trying to learn. If you ever feel like coming to New York for a while you can stop with us. I would let you wear my prettiest dress, the one with the lace ruffles, but I don't guess it would fit you very well, and I wouldn't want to have it made over."

So a child of the rich—the letter was on the stationery of one of the most exclusive hotels—doesn't live any too much fun. Neither, for that matter, does a poor child. A very pathetic letter was sent by a little girl who says:

ALTHOUGH Daddy got a job now, he was out of work for a long time and he owes everybody a lot of money, so we are not spending very much now because he is paying off a lot of old bills to people who trusted him when he didn't have any money at all. About the time you get this letter my dollie, Mary Jane, should arrive at your house. She isn't very pretty I know, but she is a very good dollie. You see, it all amounts to this: you can do to pay the rent and buy food and clothes for mama and me and the baby, so Mary Jane is pretty shabby, I have tried to make over some of my things for her but when I get done with them they are not much good any more and I want her to have nice things. So if you will give her a good dress like a precious one very much she will be happier with you than here with me although I love her very much. I know that she will love you too, because I can see you're a lot of fun to her. Write and tell me how you like her and if she is behaving herself all right and please don't ever speak her to me never did."

On the brighter side is a letter written by—oh, let it speak for itself: "Dear Miss Temple:—Do you in need of a shofer? I doant expect so yet because you is very younge but I would wish to apply for the job. Of cours I cant shofer yet because I am only ten years old but my pop is a verry good shofer for a white fambly down here in Alia and I would wish to be a shofer too when I am big like him.

"You could save a lot of sallery on me Miss because I would not charge you nothing to shofer for you because I would likely get into lots of shows free because I am you and I would likly get a lot of money to live because pop has promised to give me a pare of shresheet dice which cannot miss when I am big enough to youse them"

"I think you is an anjel from heaven Miss but I wish you was colored too because then maybe you would not think I am an an' you the opposite of me. I hope you will no that I am very respecful and would only wish to no you as a shofer. Respectfull yours—"

No, that little boy hasn't "an awful nerv"—but how about the one who got his girl-friend to write a mash note for him? She writes: "I have a friend who goes to see all your pictures and is simply crazy about you. It's a Hit, and he's awfully cute, with black hair and blue eyes, and I'm sure you'll like him lots. Although he's too shy to write to you himself, and asked me to do it, he says he's going to Movietone City to see you when he gets a little older, but if he does I'll be awfully, awfully jealous. He's fifteen and I'm fourteen and we're both very precious of one another, but if you can't spare two, will you at least send him one, and make his life happier?"

"Teacher took all of our class who were reading about King Arthur to see you in
"Little Miss Marker," writes a grade school boy, "and when you walked onto the screen it was the first time I ever saw a smile on his sour old face. When Old Iron-face says he thinks you're a darling, I guess you must be.

"All the kids in my class save pictures of movie stars and I had more than ten, but the next day I swapped the whole lot of them and my jackknife to boot for a picture of you. I think you're swell and when I grow up I'm going to marry you if you haven't been spoiled by then. XOXOXOXOXO—for you." And the envelope had, scribbled on the back of it, "W.L.O.L.& K." Remember what that means? "With Lots Of Love & Kisses."

Not all of her fans are so youthful, though. Up in the Canadian backwoods there's an old couple who write:

"We went in to town the other night and saw your picture. Is it true that you are an orphan like the picture showed you? If you are, we would be very glad to adopt you. It is true that we haven't got much of this world's goods, but you remind us of our little daughter who was taken from us by nevmonia when she was a little younger than you are and we would love you like our own and what with what you make the three of us could live very comfortably. Even if you are not an orphan, you would like it very much up here and we would be very glad to have you as our guest for a few weeks. We would not charge you much for room and board as you are our favorite movie actress. So, about GM—three weeks. Would that be alright and if so, when should we expect you?"

AND now for a few short excerpts from several other of Shirley's letters:—"I think you are very cute," says a seven-year-old girl, "and I'd like to be like you. You dance so much better than I do. I've been taking lessons for three years and can't do the steps you can."

And a boy of ten is so skeptical as to write: "Although you are only five and probably cannot read, perhaps you will send me your photograph with your signature scrawled on it, if you can write, which I doubt.

"Are you? He, so young, and disillusioned already! But perhaps the acme of cynicism was reached by the Florida man who said, "To Shirley's Mother or Father—One who at least sees his ideal brought to life before his eyes requests that you send him a picture of her. I certainly hope she never grows up, and I'll bet you do too, for where are the prodigies of yesteryear? Busted!"

And a mother writes, "I have a little girl who looks just like you. How about giving her a job as your understudy? Give her a break, won't you?"

"How's chances," asks a woman, "for getting some of Shirley's clothes that she wore in the pictures? My little niece saw her in several of them and won't believe she's a live little girl; she thinks she's a doll and keeps pestering me to buy some clothes for her doll like Shirley wore. If you possibly can, please send them so that a worn-out auntie can get a little peace from a persistent three-year-old."

AND there are hundreds of others who write—grown-ups praising her, many of them asking for photographs—children telling her how sweet she is, discussing their dolls and toys and ambitions.

Shirley Temple's mail, however, is quite unique. Not only has she the youngest fans of any actress, but I think fewer of them make unreasonable requests of her than do those who write to the grown-up stars of Hollywood.

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?

No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is yours when you Winx your lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make your eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara today—it's super-fine, safe, non-smearing, smudge-proof—three perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

WIX X 10¢
EYE BEAUTIFIERS

FREE
Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

WIX X 10¢

FREE
Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 243 W. 17th St, New York City

Name ________________________________
Street ________________________________
City __________________ State _________

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid—Black or Brown.

75
Why I Stay Married

(Continued from page 27)

hands. When I come home at night and am too tired to talk about the studio or what I've been doing I don't have to. Ria doesn't care. There are dozens of other things, vitally important, to talk about. On the other hand, if I do feel like talking about what has been going on, she is as keen about it as I am, and knows as much. If I want advice, I get it.

"I could not, I would not, be married to an actress. In the first place, one professional ego is enough in any home. Two egos of the same stamp would blow the roof off Buckingham Palace. If I were married to an actress, and I never will be, here is what would happen: We would have had a bad day, each of us. We would come home with nerves frayed and teeth on edge and we would want to talk about it; we would want peace and comfort and sympathy. We wouldn't get it, either one of us. And all hell would break loose. In the course of many times like this one or both of us would look for comfort and sympathy elsewhere. Or we would have had a good day in the studio and would be full of it, wanting an admiring and appreciative audience, eager to do a little strutting, a bit of boasting. We would both want the floor, in other words.

"I don't have to combat that situation. If I'm tired and fed up, Ria has other things to talk about; other things to do. And because she is a mature woman and knows men and how to handle them, she does just that. If I'm keen about something, want to blow off steam over some scene I think I've done especially well, I can do it without having the nervous fear that she will want to break in with some similar bragging of her own.

"And just as I wouldn't be married to an actress neither would I be married to some sweet young thing. Many years my junior, even though she were a non-professional and stayed at home. A young girl could not know what it is all about. She would not be able to cope with the difficult and trying life of an actor's wife in Hollywood. Because wives in Hollywood are on a spot and don't you forget it. A young girl would be jealous. She would be suspicious. She would be resentful. Resentful of all the limelight flattery shown me. She would, at least subconsciously, crave the same flattery, the same attention for herself. She would be an easy victim of all the well-meaning 'friends' who would come to her and say, 'My dear, I think you ought to know, Clark and that So-and-So, etc., etc.

"Things like that do happen. Ria had a lot of it to put up with during our first year in Hollywood. Any number of people came to her with little tales calculated to prove that I was stepping high, wide and handsome with this one or that. I was going there, I was going there. I was having an affair with a certain star... did she know... what did she intend to do? It was rather hard for her, just at first. It takes a good deal of adjusting. And only because my wife is a balanced, sane and wise woman did she survive.

"And also because she believes me. No actor should marry a woman to whom he cannot tell the truth and be believed. Ria knows that I always have and always shall tell her the truth. And so, when people came to her with trouble-making

Una Merkel, Madge Evans and boy friend, Tom Gallery—a few more of the celebrities who turned out for the Mary Blackford Benefit at the Cocoanut Grove.
Amazing New Way to beautify yourself almost instantly

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

New SOFT-TONE MELLOGLO the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

MARRIAGE is a see-saw. If the balance is an uneven one, one or the other crashes down. Our marriage balances evenly and one side is equally as important as the other.

"Ria enters into every one of my interests. She makes them hers—or she makes me believe that they are hers. Who has not in a good wife, a good actress? Who has not in his wife, more good wives are good actresses? Whoever did, spoke the truth. Between you and me, I've a pretty good idea that Ria does a lot of things with me she wouldn't do if it were not for me. Hunting, for instance. I don't honestly believe she gets a big kick out of that and expects me to play the part with such realism you'd never suspect.

"For my part, I share her interest in the children, in their plans and interests, in what is happening. I think Ria thought she would like to be in pictures. Louis B. Mayer saw a picture of her and offered to have a test made. I said that I'd make it with her and I did. Clarence Brown directed us. It wasn't so good and she gave the idea up, then and there. Now she is interested in one particular boy and I imagine she'll marry before long and settle down. Personally, I'm rather relieved. I think it is a better life for her, better chances for happiness, and I'm electricity.

"Allen is absolutely anti-movies, or rather, he's simply not interested at all. He never asks to come to the studio. He takes his pleasure in watching other films in the movie star. I think he forgets most of the time that I am one. I take him on hunting trips with me. We play ball together. And swim and ride. Their friends are in and out of the house so much, both girls and boys, that they accept me, too, not as a movie pictures but just a man. Allen is really funny. The other night he and Ria and I went to a movie together. As we came out Scotty, Maxine Schubert's photographer, was there and wanted to take some snaps of Ria and Allen and me. The boy wouldn't do it. He edged away. He said, "Aw, I can't be bothered. You and Mother do it. We did."
How the Stars Keep Youth and Beauty

(Continued from page 31)

How can you really benefit from Loretta's aid to beauty? Well, let us suppose that you have invited a number of people for dinner and that it is extremely important that everything goes properly. If you will play—act a little bit—make believe that you are a hostess in a story and try to be that hostess—you'll have a lot better time and the party will be much more successful than if you are constantly fretting about the roast burning and the dessert spoiling. For you won't want to be tired and hot and cross before your guests arrive and a nervous wreck after they leave.

EVELYN VENABLE looks like an artist's dream of youth. Beautiful skin, soft, rounded face, completely lineless. She has recipes for beauty which she follows religiously.

These are the things she does: She was brought up to love animals and she thinks it a sin to eat meat of any kind. That is her one point of the greatest beauty secret. Evelyn lives on fruits and vegetables. She eats no meat at all—not even soup cooked with meat stock or gravies. She thinks it unnatural to eat meat and naturalness in all things is the key to her beauty.

"My advice to women who want to stay young is this: stay away from people as much as possible. I cannot stress this point too much. People sap your vitality needlessly. They take your strength and cause you to feel sort of old. I have a few friends, but they are all quiet and soothing. The amount of effort it takes to be true to one's self in a crowd shouys on your face. I see so many people during the day at the studio that I must revitalize myself by being alone when the day's work is done. That, I firmly believe, is the best way to keep young.

"I have trained myself not to worry over the fact that I cannot act or look like someone else. I try to make the best of my own advantages, be they ever so small. I have gotten to the point where life holds no problems for me. I have troubles, of course, but I accept them instead of fighting against them!"

And that will surely tell you why her face betrays no inner unrest. She accepts her troubles instead of fighting against them.

"I believe in utter relaxation," she told me. "I find that relaxation on the bridle path. I ride hours daily—but always alone. In this way I am saved from arguments, petty gossip and mental strain. Yes, indeed! Staying away from people is the best of all youth preservers."

And now—Joan Crawford.

"I doubt that I have perfect freedom," Joan told me. "I believe that to keep young, one must have freedom of mind as well as freedom of movement. Look! She made a deep breath. "I have freedom of the mind. I was such a vigorous creature that I expected to see the sleeve of her gown rip from the armhole. But it didn't."
“I can’t stand to wear any dress that is tight around my shoulders and arms,” she said, “if you are bound in, physically, you’re the same way mentally. If I have to wear a dress with tight sleeves in a picture I have the sleeves detachable so that I can rip them off the minute I’m through with a scene. To stay young, you should stay alive. And how can you stay alive if you’re bound up like a mummy? I won’t have either my body or my mind bound.”

Physical and mental freedom, then, is Joan’s biggest youth secret. Naturally, she goes farther than this by taking excellent care of herself. Except for a glass of wine on rare occasions, she never touches liquor. She eats the most strengthening and non-fattening foods and she believes in eating between meals if one is hungry. She gets her exercise by swimming and on days when she has no time to swim she’ll have a body massage. She washes her face three or four times a day, after which she polishes her skin with a rough towel.

So there you are. These five stars believe that there is no sense in getting old. They have given you their simple recipes for youth. I hope you find them as inspirational as I have.

I Hate

(Continued from page 36)

Mr. and Mrs. N. went to a party... at the Browns’ last night, and the next morning woke with a bit of a head.

But Bromo-Seltzer soon fixed all that. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are fine for building up a depleted alkaline reserve!

When Mr. R. awoke this morning... he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing... another at noon. Now here he is back home and feeling fine, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.

Bromo-Seltzer

Listen to “The Intimate Revue” every Friday, 8:30 E. S. T.
And something the better borrowed will do. A dozen casual dresses, a jeweled pendant dangling from a cord and cording on taffeta—just to enumerate a few of the most individual details.

I think one of the worst mistakes we make in trying to copy screen clothes, is to think that because a certain tricky idea looks well on a star, it will look well on us. An idea is only as good as it looks on you. Spotting smart fashions in a picture or seeing them pictured here is really a glorified version of window shopping. You mentally have to try the clothes on, then decide which is for you and which should be left for someone else.

That is why I picked these particular dresses—each one is suitable and easy to adapt to individuals. Now and then, you will find, screen costumes are of the excitng type that start a trend for Russian styles, period dresses, a new style in hats or such, but in themselves, they are not suitable for practical wear. Lovely to look at, grand to admire, but better in a modified version for you and me.

If you want assistance in your fashion problems, Miss Adella Bird will be glad to help you. Write to her at MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A gay little group at the Coconut Grove—the inseparable Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy and the happily married Cy Bartlett and Alice White.
None of This Is Real

(Continued from page 47)

realism on the screen, the modern studio technician tries to give us the real thing in the reals. The mechanical devices for imitating the noises made by nature, man and beast, have been tossed into the ash can."

"Nowadays we actually go out and record sounds at their sources," said Mr. Livadari. "In 'It Happened One Night' we had $30,000 worth of equipment taken out to the fields in San Fernando Valley to record the croaking of crickets. We chased a meadow lark all over the Valley and had the darnedest time in getting two satisfactory calls. In 'No Greater Glory' we spent four hours to record the croaking of a frog.

"We have stored away millions of feet of genuine sound effects, and the footage increases with every new production." In the sound library, cans of sound effects of every conceivable variety are neatly shelved in alphabetical order. Here are a few of the labels I jotted down on my pad: bed squeaks; mosquito buzz; shell whines; cattle stampede; chewing celery; Tarzan yell; Arab commands; man selling peanuts; pop-corn and chewing gum; cocktail shaker; laughing hyena, and so on.

There are innumerable variations of applause, footsteps and cars of every make stopping and starting. The sound effects of the Cadillacs are entirely different from those of the Packard, according to Mr. Livadari, who must have absolutely the latest models on each case. "Such background noises as a door being shut, footsteps across the room, turning on the radio, the music in ballroom scenes, etc., are dubbed in weeks later, if necessary," explained Mr. Livadari. "They might have been recorded two or three years before. The main job of the microphone during the actual process of filming a scene is to pick up the dialogue of the players. We take care of the rest."

Employees of the department are called upon to furnish some of these sound effects. "They stuffed black pepper in my nose to make me sneeze," complained Miss Mary Bachtel, secretary in the department. "The heroine playing opposite Leslie Howard in 'The Lady Is Willing' was suffering from hay fever and had to sneeze. They took me before the microphone with all that pepper in my nose, but no matter how hard I sniffed it in, I couldn't sneeze to save my soul. But soap suds did the trick."

The prop department is called upon to furnish anything required in the shooting of a picture. And when I say anything, I mean anything. It may be a request for a South American fish, an Egyptian mummy, or the hotel menus of the Pera Palace in Istanbul. As for producing such natural phenomena under studio lights as storms at sea, fog, rain, snow, and the like, it's merely routine work for the lowly prop man.

The prop department, for instance, can bury a New England village under snow faster than Nature can.

You think of cornflakes as a breakfast food. But to the prop department cornflakes is snow falling from dark, leaden skies "back East." Here, in our land of perpetual sunshine, the soft, clinging feel you see blown about in pictures by the icy blasts of winter is made of shredded asbestos. Where the withering incandescent lights glare, drills and hard ground snow

MODERN SCREEN

"I have no time for sticky hand lotions"

MRS. JOHN HELD, JR.

Wife of the famous artist, who created "Margie" and other flappers, keeps her hands lovely this way

"Naturally, I want to keep my hands attractive—a husband who is an artist notices every detail. But I certainly haven't any time to spare waiting for sticky hand lotions to dry—not with a house to run and a lively two-year-old daughter to look after, and a pair of dachshunds to keep track of. That's why I'm so delighted with Pacquin's—it doesn't leave any sticky film at all, just seems to disappear into the skin and make it soft and smooth and beautifully white."

There's an excellent reason why Pacquin's leaves no sticky film on your skin—because this cream actually sinks right into the inner layers of the skin where it is needed. Your skin absorbs it—very different from the old-fashioned lotions that remain on the outer skin until evaporation dries them.

Make your hands lovelier this convenient, modern way. Send for the lovely introductory jar today.

Pacquin's Hand Cream

THE QUICK, MODERN WAY TO LOVELY HANDS

PAQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION, DEPT.4-C, 101 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

City

State

81
"Through every dance
... HOLD-BOBS hold"

-says Ruth Harrison

...of Harrison & Fisher

featured dancers of Ziegfeld Follies, Strike Me Pink and other Stage and Screen Successes

"...that's why I stand by HOLD-BOBS. Then, too, they match my blonde hair exactly... I like the way HOLD-BOBS slide in the hair... not the slightest scratching, and their small, round heads are absolutely invisible... Yes, HOLD-BOBS play an important part in all our performances.

What more could any woman ask? But remember, only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round points and flexible, tapered legs, one side cramped, to hold hair securely. And HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match all shades of hair.

Try a card free!

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. E-25, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd. St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foll cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of NON-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON for Gift Card

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. E-25., Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about your new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name:

City : State:

[ ] Gray and Platinum [ ] Blonde

[ ] Brown

Copyright 1918 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

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are excellently imitated by a mixture of gypsum and salt.

We make icicles by dipping cellophane in paraffin. They melt and drip under the lights. As for frost, we can produce it instantly by spraying crystal camphor on the window panes. If you were to rub wax against them, the frost would clear away in exactly the way real frost would when coming in contact with human breath.

TAKE the matter of fog. The studio can produce it at will, by spraying mineral oil on the set. It remains suspended in the air by means of a blower. During the three weeks of shooting the mystery picture, "Fog," featuring Mary Brian, Donald Cook and Reginald Denny, only eight gallons of mineral oil were needed to fill the promenade deck of the huge Atlantic liner, the vast salon, the corridors and the dining-rooms, with a sticky London fog.

Directors have their favorite prop men. Lewis Milestone's is John Orlando, who has been with him for ten years.

"I read the story over twice and break it down into sections, according to the props required," Orlando said.

"We were on the set of 'The Captain Hates the Sea,' watching Victor McLaglen make love to Helen Vinson like a big, bashful boy.

"The hardest part of the prop man's job is what he doesn't read between the lines," continued Orlando. "Take this scene, for instance. Maybe the director wants the hero to look as if he were reading love letters or a book. It isn't in the script. But I must anticipate his needs and have cigarettes, matches, a book and a handkerchief at hand. "My troubles start when the company goes on location. If the director asked for a wrist watch right now, I could run to the prop department, shop, corner store and get one. But on location I would be stuck. A little item like that will hold up the whole set and cost the studio thousands of dollars.

"When we went on location on the steamship, the action genes of the room, and every thing that might be needed not only in the picture but also for the comfort of the players. When an actress develops a bad case of headaches, she asks me to give her an aspirin. The prop man is required to furnish everything from a toothpick to an aeroplane on five minutes notice. They call us the Minute Men.

"When Mr. Milestone got ready to shoot the fire scene on the ship, the assistant director called for a fire hose spool.

"They take some stuff out of the head and knocked me over. I had forgotten to take a fire hose spool along! "I ran all over the ship like a crazy man, trying to find one. It was important for the action of the scene that the fire hose be wound around a spool. Presently I dashed down to the engine room, and, lo and behold, there was a fire hose spool on the steel wall! "It belonged to the ship, but I had to have it to save my reputation and keep my job. So, when nobody was around to see me, I grabbed a piece of iron. I think it was a big monkey wrench. I was so excited I didn't feel that I wasn't holding. With the wrench I tried to tear the spool off the steel wall. My hands were all black to begin with, I gave a final jerk and snatched it off. I ran up to the deck with it, yelling, 'I've got it! I've got it!' Was I happy the rest of the day?"

The greatest jugglers of movie magic are the art directors. They take some stuff and dress it up in a jiffy to look like a DeMille edition of Cleopatra's barge, a Moscow cathedral of barbary splendor, or a tone-in-the-plate on the gay White Way of New York.

Art Director Lionel Banks, who began life as an honest artist, took me behind the scenes of "Lady of Choice," The Cafe Montmartre, where a blonde bundle of hot-cha stuff, impersonated by Carole Lombard, fans dancers her way into the arms of a rich man. The lady engaged in battening down the courts of Gotham with volleys of rhetoric (Roger Pryor turned lawyer), had all the swank and elegance of a real dame. The lady's apartment, dressing-room, shower bath, etc., were all exact reproductions of their real counterparts down to the minutest details. But sad, and it was when I delved the hives of orchids an admirer had given her, only to discover that it was artificial.

The Modern Screen" at which Miss Lombard looks so wistfully through the windows of her apartment, and the whole background of far-off New York were labors through gates guarded by uniformed police, behind those forbidding high walls, live person of great fame and allure, the Garbos, Dietrichs, Bennetts and Hepburns, mortals that common clay worship.

As we walked along Tennessee Avenue, we passed by the bungalow of George White, he of the palatine and "Seals.

Across the street called Avenue A, my guide pointed out to me the dressing-room bungalow of Will Rogers. It is built in desert style, surrounded by cactus, century plants, mesquite and greasewood. Here the sage of Claremore keeps his portable typewriter and pounds out his daily letters to newspaper editors.

W E turned right and went on to Berkeley Square. A small army of expert gardeners is needed to keep this exact duplicate of the great historic London park in good condition. The three cat-faced lions that lay at the base of the Nelson Monument in the Trafalgar Square scene in "Cavalcade," now gaze stonily into a high, sugarloaf wall. Of course it wasn't there in London, with their wide yard-arms, electric bells, red mail boxes, traffic islands and wide buffers, are all faithfully reproduced.

Around the corners of this artemial center of London lies a Mexican hacienda, a replica of a typical ranch beyond the Rio Grande.

Turning left into Avenue D, we faced a huge transatlantic liner that has never been in water, a scale model of the "Reina\n
queen of the Italian fleet. The superstruc-
DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY Lady Esther

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades. Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it. Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known. Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER

2010 Ridge Avenue Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Mail coupon or letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

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She Was a One-Date Girl

(Continued from page 43)

been to less than a half-dozen dances in my life. Dick Powell took me to the Beverly-Wilshire and to the Cocoanut Grove one evening, but Dick and all the others, has never asked me to go out again. Perhaps I should not have mentioned that, because he can read this story and feel dreadfully ask me for another date. Under the circumstances, I would have to refuse him now.

And, of course, the most recent glaring example is Francis X. O'Butterfly. Jean and Francis were reported cuh-razy about each other for a time, but that little romance seems to have gone the way of all the others, too.

"As a child, I was heartbroken because boys avoided me. I thought I was doomed to be unhappy all my life. Like most young girls, I believed that happiness resulted from popularity with boys. Now that I am older, I have learned that there are other things in life. While I admittedly miss the companionship of men, I am not entirely unhappy without them.

OH, I had girlhood crushes, but they were always with dream princes, men I never met, or never even hoped to meet. My sweethearts were kept in bureau drawers they were on my photographs. Pictures of the Prince of Wales, Wallace Reid, and Rudolph Valentino, far-away public idols, but to me they were real and near. They were my only romances.

Without doubt, these were the most astonishing and beautiful kind of love hormones I have ever felt. They came from a woman's lips. During my many years as an interviewer, I have heard nothing to equal them. I sat amazed while Jean Muir talked. She talked freely, without prompting, without shame. I wanted to pinch myself to make sure I was awake. Why, it had never occurred to me that a woman, any woman—not even the homeliest woman alive—would admit that she was unattractive to all men.

"Don't Hollywood men take you out at all?" I managed to ask.

"A few have taken me out, once or twice. Jean Muir has taken me out a few times each. She asked, I answered, and I am positive that I heard the vestige of a sigh.

"My own stupidity is to blame for the failure to get them to return, I'll admit. For example, there was a man who invited me to a symphony concert at the Hollywood Bowl. I thought the music was awful. I twisted and squirmed through the first half of the program, then, without a word to my escort, I left my seat and fled from the place. He never asked me to go out again. He even avoids me when we meet in public." Miss Muir shrugged her shoulders and added, "I don't blame him.

"I wear clothes like a cornefled scarecrow. Perhaps that makes men self-conscious when they see me. But, why should they be in awe of women who are attractive and who dress beautifully? Men like other men to turn their heads and stare curiously, but I have never turn their heads to stare at me.

"I realize that I am greatly to blame myself. I suppose I could make myself more attractive. I am able to wig and wear flats, so I am not ill-fitting dresses and low-heeled shoes. I refuse to make myself uncomfortable merely to please men. Perhaps, if I were to fall in love . . ." her voice faded musingly.

"Well, if you should fall in love?" I prompted.

"I really don't know what I would do," she answered. "But how can I fall in love, if no man gives me the opportunity?"

"Oh, that act is soon to be disappeared," I encouraged. "As a child, you were poor. As a motion picture actress, you are famous, and with growing fame will come riches. And you will still win your admirers. Will you like that?"

I'll love it!" she burst out, impulsively. I will be perfectly frank with the readers of this story. At this point of my interview with Jean Muir, I was in a haze. The woman admits that she has hungered for masculine companionship since she was old enough to feel her first interest in the opposite sex. She further admits that if her screen success brings this companionship, she will be happy. Why, there is actual bitterness in her voice when she confesses that her childhood was devoid of boy friends. Yet, she will not make even the slightest effort to be attractive to men.

Jean would be unattractive. I am positive. Despite her assertion that she is not pretty, Jean has uniform features and a fascinating dimple in each cheek. She uses no make-up. I am certain that the correct use of rouge and, perhaps, some lipstick would make her off-screen face more interesting. But, alas, she refuses to use artificial beauty to attract men.

Offering one man's opinion: I like Jean Muir. She has a charming sense of humor, particularly with regard to herself. No woman could condemn herself as Jean does unless she had a sense of humor. Miss Muir carries on an interesting conversation, although she may be rather too abrupt to please most men. For instance, two minutes after we met she said she disliked the tie I was wearing. Naturally, for a few minutes I was mortified; but because I was more or less obliged to remain long enough to secure my interview, I soon discovered that she is actually a bit frank, and I think it is due to this that her remark about my tie was as honest as were the later censures of herself.

But do you see how her remark might have affected me had I been a "date?"

"There are millions of girls who are unpopular, just as I am," Jean commented.

OF course, they can make themselves interesting to men, provided they have more initiative than I possess. They should learn to flatter men, do the things they like to do, and dress snappily. Clever women can fool men into forgetting mere beauty.

"I am not clever, nor will I subdue my own ego enough to flatter men."

This self-deification is not mere talk on Jean Muir's part, she states it is her own unattractiveness. When she was signed to an optional contract by Warner Brothers, she told company executives in no uncertain words that she thought they were crazy.

"I am not pretty. I have no sex appeal. I cannot act," she said. "Send me to Hollywood? You are wasting your time and money."

Nevertheless, the film executives persisted. They offered her a contract with a most substantial salary.

"I took it; I'm no fool," Jean laughingly told me. "Money is money, and I'm
Jean Muir, the girl who thought she wouldn't be a success in pictures, in her latest release, "The White Cockatoo," with Ricardo Cortez. It's a wow.

not the girl to refuse it."

However, before she left New York, she told a chum, "I'll be back. This contract is for six months, with options. They'll never exercise the options; I'll be back in six months."

A year has elapsed and Jean Muir is still in Hollywood—and very much so, at that. She has appeared in a great many pictures, and in each she has scored an increasingly important hit—"As the Earth Turns," "Dr. Monica," "Desirable," "Gentlemen Are Bored," and her most recent release, "The White Cockatoo."

The strange part of it all is that despite her success, Jean retains her iner-
genuity complex. She still insists that she is neither pretty, talented, nor possessed of sex appeal. And although the cameras offer evidence to disprove her assertions, one indelible fact protrudes itself across her Hollywood history like an ugly, black scar.

Hollywood men are not trampling each other in a rush to make social engage-
ments with Jean. In fact, as far as Hol-
lywood men are concerned, Jean Muir still

remains "the one-date girl."

So She Won't Talk, Huh!

(order from page 35)

ordered—or what the editor wanted.
"Tell us about your charities!" we said, And this time it was a command.
"Oh, I don't really do anything." Aha, she looked panicly. "And besides, I think that's been written about before."

It was then that we picked up our coat—or the best looking one on the bed—and departed. The gal wouldn't talk—so what? So go find people who would talk about her. There's nothing like having one's revenge, you know.

And what luck! We met a man from West Los Angeles who knew plenty about Miss Davies Foundation. So draw up your chairs and learn something.

"Have you heard," he asked, "about the Marion Davies Foundation? It's a children's clinic. Six thousand youngsters are taken care of there every year. There are surgeons and dentists and nurses and every sort of medical aid possible to ob-

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a dis-

ordered condition of your sys-
tem—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-

rich in these health-building ele-
ments.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the di-
gestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-
vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion be-
comes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-
day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more

This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish

After 7 days' wear the results show—81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so! This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

• ALSO •

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
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AT THE 10c STORES

MODERN SCREEN

A story about Marion Davies—"A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

Modern Screen

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? No, says Ginger

(Continued from page 38)
that money is only important in so far as it supplies congenial surroundings?

"As women have developed their personalities they have increased their needs and they have equipped themselves to pay for these needs.

"In the old days, I understand, the wife was expected to cajole and wheedle her husband into buying her a new gown or a hat. Nowadays she is able to buy her own wardrobe without any apologies, and you can't tell me that a husband is not pleased to find himself relieved of a stack of bills around the first of the month."

I sensed a fine feeling of fairness and justice in her reasoning. These expressions were not for the sake of creating an impression of bravado, of daring, of desire to be different. Here was an ideal, a principle which I felt the spirited young star would make every effort to preserve. I continued to probe deeper.

"But surely," I speculated, "there must be other reasons to justify your unconventional stand. Do you feel, as I assume you do, that both can work with greater abandon if money worries are dismissed?"

"Yes, that is exactly the way I feel," she answered eagerly, her eyes shining at the sudden kinship in our view. "When money problems are removed, no matter which side does the removing, a lot of useless worry and emotion are spared. Instead of fighting over the details of buying, there is an opportunity to concentrate on a career."

"Instead of puzzling over a budget of household accounts the husband and wife will find time and energy to discuss the play on which they are working, or some bit of acting, or music, or a book. They will develop themselves and deepen their common interests."

"But," I ventured, "wouldn't such a plan tend to rob a man of his ambitions? Wouldn't the lack of financial responsibilities weaken his morale?"

"No, indeed," she assured me. "The arrangement I have in mind does not tolerate the type of man who is ready to sit back and allow himself to be supported. Nobody wants that kind of man, anyway. In this sort of scheme the man must feel that his work is important and necessary and that he must share in proportion to his earnings the expenses of the partnership. In many instances the husband is laying the foundation for fame in later years."

"For example," elucidated Ginger, "I know of a wife who is a contract player for a big production company. She goes about her business earning fat pay checks, while her husband sits at home pecking at a typewriter. Some day his novels are going to be published, at least that is his belief, and there is no thought of inferiority because his wife brings home the bacon."

"Another somewhat similar case is that of a painter who occasionally gets a portrait assignment. But I know his yearly commission would be insufficient to pay for his wife's wardrobe let alone the upkeep of two cars."

"Then there are unknown script writers whose education and intellect far more than compensate for their lack of fame and cash. More than one actress of my acquaintance owes a lot more to men of this caliber than she can possibly repay.

"The old idea of possession on the part of a man and being possessed on the part of a woman is vanishing."

"After all, we are individuals first and individuals we must remain however close the contacts brought about by love.

"I do not believe in free love, but I do believe in love being free and it is never more free than when equality, social and economic, is recognized."

**MODERN SCREEN**

"No other lips appealed to me!"

**SAID DICK POWELL**

**HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW**

**UNTCHED Lips**
often look faded

**PAINTED lips**
look unnatural

**TANGEE Intensifies**
your natural color

**Popular young star tells why he chose TANGEE Lips**

- "I work with girls made up in grease paint all day long," Dick Powell explained. "In the studio you've got to have it. But off the lot, I don't like it—there's no romance in lips with that hard, coarse, painted look. No man finds them really attractive."

Millions of men feel exactly that way about painted lips. But Tangee isn't paint! It makes your lips soft and rosy and appealing, because it brings out your own natural coloring—without coating the lips with a smear of paint.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips (because of the exclusive Tangee color-change principle) it changes to the one shade of blush rose most becoming to you. Get Tangee today. There are two sizes, 39 cents and...

**One girl wore no lipstick, one used Tangee, another used ordinary lipstick. We caught Dick Powell between scenes of "Flirtation Walk", a Warner Brothers picture... asked him which lips were most appealing... instantly, he picked the Tangee girl—the one with soft, rosy, natural lips.

**$1.10. And if you'd like the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, send 10 cents with the coupon below.**

**TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK**

**NEW FACE POWDER**
now includes the magic TANGEE COLOR PRINCIPLE

**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

**THE GEORGE W. Lupt COMPANY**

**M-225**

417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature TANGEE Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coins). Check Shade □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Rachel

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was filled with interruptions, for each one in his turn would remember something he had left or thought he had left at home. In fact, Henry was certain he had forgotten his tuxedo and to make sure unpacked his suit-case on the sidewalk in a small town about thirty miles outside of Hollywood.

The others stood around, eagerly awaiting the outcome of the search because, knowing Henry, they were well aware that if the missing garment was not in the suit-case the entire caravan would travel back to Hollywood to get it. And a crowd of local residents gathered around and learned what the young-man-about-town carries in his suit-case when he goes on a week-end party. The tuxedo was there!

Grace Durkin thought that she had left her dog at home, which necessitated a telephone call to Hollywood; then it was discovered that her thoughtful brother, Trent, had the dog in the car. Henry and Jimmy Ellison had left the script of a play he was rehearsing in a friend's car and that means another telephone call.

However, everyone arrived at La Jolla safely and in good humor. Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin got lost en route, just as sweethearts in any town in the United States would have gotten their pairs lost, but they, too, reached their destination.

That night at the dance, sitting at a special table, they made an ideal little group.

The girls looked sweet and the boys were charming. They autographed everything; they danced with the local society boys and girls; they talked to the people who had gone to school with their mothers and fathers; they had a grand time.

At two o'clock in the morning, when the dance was over, they decided to go to the Jolla and dutifully asked my permission. I knew that no amount of persuasion would stop them, so I borrowed a warm coat and prepared to go with them. When I saw the dismayed looks on their faces I could only conclude that they must have been passed out. Later they confessed that they were SO disappointed that I went willingly because they had planned to throw a blanket over me and drive me to the dance.

When we started for Mexico they all piled into the first cars that were ready to start. There was no running off in couples, with the parents following. They always ride together and are kid-

atingly called "the old married folks."

These boys and girls are really like a big happy family. They are fond of one another, in a purely platonic way in most cases. Pat Ellis' name has been linked frequently with Henry Willson's, but it's really because they like to dance together. And all those New York calls on Henry's telephone bill every month are to the girl he likes best of all—Paula Stone.

Each one knows the other's problems. They talk freely about their contracts, their salaries, and their worries, large and small. Elation frankness is the keynote of their conversations. They hate being referred to as ingenues or juveniles. They don't want to appear young, rather they like to be thought sophisticated. Although they get pleasure from youthful pursuits, they wish to discard an appearance of youth as quickly as possible. There was no chaperoning for me to do. They asked me to go with them because it was the thing to do and it would please their parents. They did a very good job of chaperoning themselves.

One thing I couldn't understand was why the juveniles in Hollywood act so

awfully young. So I asked Tom Brown, who is one of the best known juveniles on the screen, the reason for it.

"Why is it," he replied, "that when you have a good, serious character role to play—something you can get your teeth into—then it's all right, but when you play a boy of seventeen or your own age, you make him act like a nine-year-old?"

AND why do you act so young off the screen? For instance, last night when you and Trent Durkin sneaked into our bedrooms and put burnt cork on the girls' faces. No normal eighteen-year-

old boy would do a childish trick like that."

"Perhaps it's because I never was eighteen or nineteen years old," he replied seriously. "Perhaps I don't know how a boy that age would act because I never was that age. I was a nine-year-old stage when I was seven. I associated with grown people; I was treated as an older person; I earned as much money as a grown person and I had the responsibilities of a grown person."

"Of course I went to school, but I at-

tended a professional school, where the children were not in the same com-

petition I was in. It was like associating with grown people. We had fun, of course. After all, we were children, but we had responsibilities and we felt them. We all looked forward to a career when other children our age were looking forward to college. But in the end, the decision that I was a man. There never was any in-between age for me. Perhaps that's the answer to your question—we can't really fill roles and therefore we have a tendency to exaggerate them."

A majority of Hollywood's younger players have the same responsibilities and feel the same way about things in general that Tommy does, but they don't take life so seriously as he does. They call him "a kid," and laugh about the times when they wanted to play a certain part so much that he tried to raise a moustache to make himself look older. When the home-grown monstress was returned, in an appearance, he panted one on and got the part. These youngsters are all more or less their own bosses—not legally, of course. Producer, trained her from childhood. They carry the same young problems of their families and they assume a protective attitude toward their parents. When our party was invited to spend another night at La Jolla and attend a dance at the Beach Club most of them telephoned home for permission to remain. Pat Ellis' father answered the telephone when she called.

"But Pat, you're working," he remon- 

strated, "You have to be on the set at eight in the morning. You should be home."

"I know, Alex," she giggled, "but even once in a while we have to do these things. Don't worry, I'll be at work on time."}

Tom said, "I know. I was in bed at midnight. Next morning she arose at three-thirty and, with Trent Durkin, hit the road for Warner's studio at eight o'clock. They were pretty sleepy but they had not forgotten their responsibilities."

Pat's life has been a pretty carefree one as far as finances are concerned, but one of hard training. Her stepfather, Alexander Leitch, well-known New York producer, trained her from childhood for a career. When he produced a show, Pat understood every feminine part in the show. "And I had to be prepared to step

MODERN SCREEN

I Chaperone the Crowd

(Continued from page 38)

"Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!

T HIS extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat's natural moisture quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands' secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

Stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised" and cleared away. Relief!

Per tus sin contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It is safe even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. "It is wonderful for coughs"—"I give it to my own children," say doctors. Get a bottle from your druggist and use it—freely—today!

DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed PERTUSSIN for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN Tastes good, acts quickly and safely
into any role,” Pat told me. “I had to be letter-perfect in every part. It was hard work but excellent training.”

Pat was never treated as a child, her mother told me. “We always had lots of company at our house. Well known actors, singers, and writers were frequently our guests. She always heard adult conversation and has always seemed grown-up.”

The three Durkins, who have been known to stage and picture audiences since they were babies, don’t feel they are in the “kid” class, either. Orphaned two years ago they manage their own affairs, both social and financial, with a good deal of nonchalance. They have a guardian, whom they adore, but they always decide what they are going to do before they ask his advice. They talk everything over together. They have no secrets from one another and the way they conduct their lives would put many an older person to shame.

Recently, Junior Durkin, who made his name famous when he became a star over night in the New York play, “Courage,” changed it to Trent. “He had to have a name sometime,” Grace explained, “or people would think he was still Huckleberry Finn.”

“Oh, yes,” jeered Tom Brown, “he’s a big character actor now and has to have a name.” The name “Trent” was the result of the entire group’s going into a huddle.

They love to play jokes on each other and when they do, the unfortunate one is kidded mercilessly. However, they never let an outsider in on it. If one receives an invitation or an opportunity for a publicity break or even a role in a picture, and can’t accept it for one reason or another, he or she immediately telephones around to the bunch in an effort to pass it on to one in their own set.

Sharing is their motto. For example, Henry Willson has been ill and is not allowed to drive his car, so he employs a chauffeur, which he can’t afford. Trent Durkin can’t afford to buy a car, so he uses Henry’s and pays the salary of the chauffeur. Nice cooperation, what?

At the Beach Club dance they discovered Tom Brown in the clutches of the “village vamp,” a cute little trick from New York.

What a thrill! He loves to touch excitingly smooth hands. So get that smoothness quickly and surely with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—Hinds does real good to the hands because it actually soaks the skin with rich fragrant balms. It is the truly penetrating liquid cream—it soothes dry or chapped hands—gives your hands that thrilling smoothness men adore!

Use Hinds on your hands after they’ve been in water, and at bedtime. It gives inexpensive beauty care—25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store, 10¢ size at the dime store!
They swooped down on him like an army attack and rescued him for Anita, who was very annoyed because she was quite interested in one of the local boys at the moment. They were willing to fight for their Anita, but they do wish that "just once she would wear a spotty dress or get one hair out of place."

It was with a feeling of regret that we started home. Everyone was happy. There had been no quarrels. I decided that these boys and girls are just as normal, just as nice as any boys and girls they didn't meet.

It's true, they don't have taffy-pulls to pass away a dull evening but neither do other young people their age in this advanced year of 1935. They do snatch at any opportunity for fun (like putting burnt cork on the girls' faces), because in their entire lives they haven't had much 'young' fun.

Responsibilities that belong to older people have been heaped on their immature shoulders. They had to be old before they had a chance to be young. They had to play the roles of the people they admire—many of them, and with it leisure and money, they try to be young—to crowd as much fun and play as possible into every leisure hour. And sometimes, if they seem to be "putting it on" a little, as their critics have said, what does it matter?

They have had adulation and flattery all their lives, their kind don't need a thing, so it doesn't affect them. They have seen all kinds of life in their work, and consequently in their play time they are refreshingly clean-minded. They are true sophisticated.

All these things I learned, when I was a chaperone.

Marlene Answers All Your Questions

(Continued from page 39)

"There are too many stars for one to be a novelty. Nor do they try to disturb my home life. No one ever attempts to climb over my walls, to break into my house. A few children come and ask for autographs, but that is no nuisance. I think all this talk of lack of privacy is odd. I notice it only when I am away from Hollywood. Then everyone stares and I am scared. I am eager to get back here where it is quiet and peaceful."

Rudolph Sieber. Marlene's director husband, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. That is, as long as his wife is fated to remain. Their four-year separation, which was punctuated by twice-a-year visits, is thus over.

"I was only away from my little girl for the first six months I was here. I didn't bring her from Germany because I was very uncertain. I didn't know whether I was to succeed here. It was for her own good that she stayed at home until I learned. Now she is growing up to be very American. I think that personality is determined when one is very young. I was never allowed to express any emotion in my face, to show dislike for anything. That is why I couldn't act all over the set. I would be ashamed to be unreserved. But Maria is being raised to have freedom."

Hollywood plays such jokes on ambitious women. Marlene has escaped the trap of a capricious husband. She has had rare happiness because she never was lured into a worship for fame. "I always had an admiration for the screen. But I never dreamed of becoming a star," she said, "even when I first came to Hollywood it was not the fame and the money, but the work that I came to work with Mr. Von Sternberg."

But doesn't the money mean a lot to you?" I probed.

"No. Half of what I earn goes for income tax. I could accumulate more in Europe. Or I could go on the radio here and make enough in a year so I should never need to work again."

"The applause, the flattery, do they please you?"

"No," she replied. "I am not proud of being a film star! I see no reason to be. Compared to important professions this, I am doing, is so unimportant. Even in comparison to the stage this work of mine falls far short. On the stage you must struggle for years before you can advance to a lead. In pictures, stars are made overnight because of their beauty. There is a haste and a lack of dignity to film stardom. I do not mean to criticize. There are many stars here who have great talent. I merely say that from my own standpoint I am not at all proud because I have become a film star."

Such modesty had never come my way from a Hollywood lady. So I asked:

"But what makes all this worth while to you then?"

"The sheer joy of acting, of creating a characterization, of being associated with Mr. Von Sternberg's direction."

"And the stage . . .?"

"No. I haven't commanded enough of it yet. I want to work again on the stage."

"How do you develop your personality if you don't notice what others are doing and adapt yourself in various ways to suit those others?"

"I have the feeling one's personality was determined when young. I don't believe in making one's self over. I have never tried to please everyone. If it is someone I respect highly I will try. But I don't want to make other people over, either. And as for developing, I have never endeavored to actually improve myself. That is confusing. I mean, of course, that I do my best to be my best. But I simply trust to life to mold my personality."

I was becoming more and more intrigued with this amazing woman. Since feminine is she, and yet so thoroughly brave in her convictions. Every article about her has been an attempt to reveal how she has been changed by Hollywood. They've

DISTRESSING CHEST COOLS AND MINOR THROAT IRRITATIONS—THAT SO OFTEN LEAD TO SOMETHING SERIOUS—USUALLY RESPOND TO THE APPLICATION OF GOOD OLD MUSTEROLE. MUSTEROLE BRINGS RELIEF NATURALLY BECAUSE IT'S A SCIENTIFIC "COUNTER-IRRITANT."—NOT JUST A SURFACER. IT PENETRATES AND STIMULATES CIRCULATION, HELPS TO DRAW OUT CONGESTION AND PAIN. RECOMMENDED BY MANY DOCTORS AND NURSES—USED BY MILLIONS FOR 25 YEARS. THREE KINDS: REGULAR STRENGTH; CHILDREN'S (MILD), AND EXTRA STRONG, 48 EACH. ALL DRUGGISTS. "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"—COLUMBIA NETWORK. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPERS. 90
Missed the point. Marlene has been perfectly poised. It's the rest who have been doing the flusterings.

But if her replies to my pertinent questions have astonished you, wait until you hear her sum up those four film years in America. I asked her what she considers her accomplishments to date.

"I have a child," she said, without a second's pause. There was no mention of Hollywood peaks: I must have looked startled for she then added, "And I have made a few people happy. That is all."

"But your career!" I exclaimed, so used to listening to the cinema starr chatter on and on endlessly, egotistically.

"Ah," she declared, "there is so much more in life for me. Earning the respect of the people I love, carrying out my duties to them, bringing up my child..."

You have read numberless tales about Marlene. No one had ever gone to her and frankly asked for her own explanations. I'm glad I did because now she seems not a high-bat mystery, but a normal, eager, and loyal woman. Four years have brought overwhelming changes to Hollywood. But none to the tranquil, tantalizing Dietrich.

Even if she hadn't behaved so intelligently during my twenty minutes with her, I'd have approved of her. She is so marvelously beautiful.

Do you suppose she has ever delved into Lord Chesterfield's tomes? Remember, he advised, 'address yourself to the senses if you would please; dazzle the eyes, soothe and flatter the ears of mankind, engage their hearts and let their reason do its worst against you.'

I am sure of few things in this perplexing world, but one of my certainties now is that none of the slams on Marlene could have been written by a man who has met her!

Mr. Arliss is back from London after completing 'The Iron Duke' for Gaumont British.

Pain stops...and healing begins when you treat a burn this way

Unguentine wastes no time. It relieves the agonizing pain...quickly! It soothes...at once!

But that is only one virtue of this famous first-aid necessity. Unguentine is a trustworthy, effective, germ-destroying antiseptic for all types of skin injuries. Hospitals use it. So do doctors and first-aid nurses in industrial plants. It is the ideal first-aid dressing—because it not only allays pain but stays on the job continuously to safeguard against infection.

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Unguentine

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Men . . . !

(Continued from page 33)

no mistake."

John returned. "Sorry, sir," he said.
"I couldn't find your pipe. It wasn't in the desk drawer, and I didn't like to rummage."

The director dropped his hand into his pocket and brought his pipe forth.
"You're right," he said with a grin, looking a little guilty. "Thanks anyway, old man."

He turned to his company and announced: "Luncheon recess. Be back at one-thirty, please."

He watched the girl and John, arm in arm, going toward her car which was parked under the false front mountains. And there was something about them so young, so poigniant, that he remembered a spring long lost and grew a little sad.
"Get a look at that girl's eyes," he told his wife. "She's trained, eh?"

Then, realizing he was spilling over a bit, he turned gruff. "It's a damn shame there's no camp or mile trained on them," he said. "That's what it is, a damn, wasteful shame."

AND now we hear to the experiences of the Girl of the Orchids. She was once a heroine, there's no mistake.

She looks as though she might think babies were found in cabbage patches. Her hair is a pale gold fluff. But in her eyes, dark blue, there's wisdom, an early wisdom.

She's been in the theatre and in pictures since her early teens, you see, and she's under the management of all the things she's seen and read and heard. And she has the knack of handling any situation in which she finds herself, without seeming to handle it at all.

Under all circumstances, knowing her as I do, I'd expect her to have sympathy and understanding. It's curious how knowledge and experience coming to some girls in a rush turns them hard. And coming to other girls in a rush it makes them warmly wise, charmingly capable.

This girl is one made wise and capable. Therefore, to one love scene at any rate, she was able to bring a certain quality which made it the talk of Hollywood. And a trial to the young man who loves her dearly.

Hollywood's a funny place. You'd expect it to be blase and sated. Indifferent really. But nowhere on earth is there a town quicker with understanding and appreciation. Or, for that matter, with criticism and prejudice.

The leading man in this love scene came to motion pictures after he had found great popularity on the London stage. Learning she was to play with him, the Girl of the Orchids had been apprehensive. She felt he might be high-hat, difficult. His success had come to him quick-ención to turn his head. No doubt of that.

However, he proved a pleasant surprise. He was shy, actually shy. Unsophisticated and sensitive, too. He looked so scrubbed and brushed and shiny clean that she had a feeling about the intimate scenes they would play together.

The picture progressed. They came to the love interest and finally to the big love scene itself. It was held in the garden of an inn, an inn somewhere in Europe. To add romance to the setting, one of the stage-hands was relegated to the catwalk, a narrow walk erected around the sides of a set, so that at appropriate moments, he might shake down blossoms of white silk from a drooping wisteria vine.

THE lights and the microphones were set up. Behind the camera, mounted on its rubber-tired dolly, was the inevitable camp-chair line-up of director, assistant director, 'script girl, and several members of the company not working in this particular scene.

The leading man came on the set and his eyes went hunting for the Girl of the Orchids. He found her at last standing in the inn doorway and he went directly to her.

"Hello, there," she said. "It's a pity you had to miss the rushes last night. You were splendid in them. You would have delighted your own heart."

She knew the need you feel for encouragement when you are making your first picture. She hadn't made her first picture so long ago that she had forgotten. His face brightened. "Was I? Thanks, loads! I'm glad to hear that."

She had her make-up box propped on a ledge before her. She held it there with her weight against it and powdered her face smoothly over its thin layer of grease-paint.

"We're doing the love scene this morning," he said, plainly embarrassed. "And, er . . . well, I wondered how you wanted me to—to kiss you."

The girl laughed. "I was serious, I think you like," she told him easily. "A long one. Or a short one."

He was utterly relieved. "I'm new at this sort of thing. And I want the scene to have emotion, of course, but I don't want to do anything that would . . ."

"You couldn't," she told him. And she meant it.

"Ready?" the director called.

The girl snapped her make-up box shut and the leading man went over to his position under the vines.

"You run to him," the director told the girl, rehearsing the action described in the script. "This isn't a long sequence, you know, so we've got to make every moment count. We've got to cram in the emotion."

"You can't wait to reach him. You seem to fling yourself across that little distance."

The girl nodded. She knew. Only too well. It was like that with her when she saw the young man she loved.

The director turned to the leading man. "You see her coming. You move a few steps forward. Your arms open. They close around her. You kiss. Okeh, let's try it."

They tried it. The Girl of the Orchids ran to the young man standing there so straight and eager under the wisteria flowers and, as the director had suggested, she seemed to fling herself across that little distance. The leading man moved forward to meet her. His arms closed around her.

However, his effort to make every moment count, to cram in the emotion, didn't end there. In a minute he held her a little too close on one side. His hands went caressing her. Intimately. The way no hero caresses a heroine on the screen, whatever heroes may do in reality.

The girl couldn't believe this was hap-
pening. She had heard stories of actors with exploring hands but it was incredible to her that this shy young man was taking advantage of the scene to make personal advances.

"We'll try it again," the director called. There was a curious note in his voice, as if he had noticed, too. Indeed, he couldn't have helped it.

They did it over again, and the same thing happened. One property man, an old hand in the studies, wiped an involuntary grin from his face. And there was an unmistakable snicker from the lad relegated to shake down silken petals at opportune moments.

"We'll try it again," the director said. This time he didn't even try to curb the amusement in his voice.

They did it still another time. And still another time the young man proceeded to act the way no hero on the screen may act.

The girl went over to the director. Under cover of having to sit down to remove her slipper she talked to him.

"This is happening, isn't it?" she asked. She wasn't offended. For obviously there was no intent on the leading man's part to be unpleasant or unduly familiar.

"It's happening all right," the director agreed. Like the girl he found it difficult to grasp any sense of reality.

**What can we do?** she asked. "You can't photograph it that way, that much is sure. And it would be a pity to hurt his feelings. He's so nice."

"Beat it for a few minutes," the director advised. "I'll talk to him."

The Girl of the Orchids disappeared gladly.

Almost immediately, everybody on that set, realizing something was in the wind between the director and the leading man, became very busy; completely absorbed by some job. There's a lot of hullabaloo about professional jealousy and not nearly enough mention of the grand fraternity you so often find on a set.

"Look," the director began when he'd brought the leading man over beside him on a pretext, "that, that massaging bit... You'll have to cut that out."

He had decided not to beat around any bushes, to say what he had to say frankly, to kid a little.

The leading man looked wretched. "I wondered," he admitted. "I don't mind telling you I've been dreading this—this scene. I haven't known what to do. You see, they had me in the front office last night talking about my next picture. They're pleased about the exhibitors' in-

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**If a very small shoulder carries a chip...**

**Defiant... cross as a bear... when your child has "days" like this, take warning!**

You may think it is "just a passing mood."

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**Give a Child's Laxative**

Or perhaps your child has sour stomach. Maybe she is catching cold. In any event it is a wise precaution to give her a laxative. Not an adult laxative which may cause her gripping pain, or leave her more upset than before... but a child's laxative. Give her Fletcher's Castoria!

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**Ask your doctor**

Next time you see your doctor for your child's regular health examination, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will assure you that Fletcher's Castoria contains only such ingredients as are suitable for a child's system.

Buy a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria tonight. (If you're thrifty you'll buy the family-size bottle.) Keep it handy, always, for relieving colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence and constipation. And give it as a first aid at the first sign of a cold. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always right on the carton.

**Rosy and his Gang—** Every Saturday night your radio is the ticket window to a grand new show—musical surprises presented by that master showman—Rosy! Tune in this Saturday.

Let the children listen, too. Columbia Broadcasting System—8 o'clock E.S.T.

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**Anna Sten and an armful of fluff. Cute?**

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**MODERN SCREEN**
terest in me. But they advised me to get more 'umph' in my love scenes."

"'umph!'" said the director. "Well, they usually know what they're talking. Set out there in the front office, all reports and jokes to the contrary. They've managed to keep their Rolls Royces all through this depression, I've noticed. And that means they're shrewd. Undoubtedly they're right about the need for 'umph'. But you're wrong, teller, about the way you're getting it."

A few minutes later the director met the Girl of the Orchids outside the set to explain to her what had happened.

"Poor darling," she said sympathetically. "This means so much to him, his first picture... And they have him so confused.

They rehearsed the scene again. And the girl gave it everything she had. Perhaps she was remembering her engravings and uncertainty as a novice. Perhaps, terribly in love, she felt closer and more sympathetic to everyone, her leading man included. Or perhaps, in his quandony, he appealed to her maternal instinct. It's always so futile to attempt to analyze anyone's reactions.

In any event she brought emotion to that scene. And emotion photographs.

She ran to that young man so im- passionately, so swiftly, that he had to catch her up in his arms to avoid seeing her from falling. And in doing this he somehow caught the tempo that scene should have and carried through with it.

Still in his arms the Girl of the Or- chids threw back her lovely golden head to laugh up into his face. And for one small second, before the breath cleared on hers, he seemed lost in the tender blue of her eyes.

Dictionaries have yet to include a definition of 'umph'. However, if 'umph' means desire and a dash of hotchka wrapped up in something beautiful and spiritual, and I think it does, that scene had 'umph'. Lots of it.

A few weeks later when the picture was previewed at a local theatre the film colony turned out to see it. Hollywood is also a curious town. And everyone seems to be here. And the young leading man recruited with his bright fame. They were agreed he was a potential star, a good bet. But, leaving the theatre, it was the love scene they talked about. They said it had something poignant and tender about it. They marveled at its charming youth.

Yes, it was the love scene the Girl of the Orchids and her beau talked about, too. Oh, perhaps, it would be more exact to say it was the love scene the girl's beau talked about.

They left the theatre by a side exit to avoid the autograph hunters who crowd the intersections and the movie houses. And he headed his Ford roadster for their favorite Drive-In, (A Drive-In, for the benefit of those who lack these excellent enterprises in their home towns, is a large stand built in the center of a corner lot. Cars pull up to it and pretty wait- resses come out to clamp trays on the car's sides and to take orders for any- thing from hamburgers to turkey and cranberry sauce).

"Did you like it?" the girl asked. "It's a very nice picture," he granted, without enthusiasm.

"Like him?" she wanted to know.

"Sure," he said. "She wanted to know. "Sure, it's a very nice picture, if possible. "It's all right. If you like that type. You do, apparently."

The girl giggled. The two girls do when the young man, in trying not to show how much he cares, proceeds to give himself away completely.

"And like that type," she said. Then her voice dropped. She moved closer to his side. The little quill in her rakish hat tickled his ear. "But there's another type I like better. Much better. Dark curly hair goes with it."

As I said in the beginning, she's a girl able to handle any situation in which she finds herself. Better than ably, admirably!

Average—But Wonderful

(Continued from page 37)
me to be many hundreds of persons in my own person. I do not have to get dog-tired of being Walter Connolly, because I am Walter Connolly for so small a part of the time.

"But best of all, most important of all, I have been able to meet and to know most of the vital persons of my generation. Musicians, sculptors, statesmen, as well as actors and actresses.

"And I could not have known these people if I had not been in the theatre. A millionaire may be able to order a 'command performance,' that is true, and entertain the great of the earth. But he doesn't really know them. Only when you are doing some form of creative work yourself can you know others in similar fields. I think about the finest thing life has given me is knowing those others.

"I have worked with Gilbert Miller, Jed Harris and George M. Cohan. I knew Charles Frohman, the greatest showman of them all. I have worked with Helen Hayes, Margaret Anglin, Pauline Lord and innumerable others. I have known the Barrymores, Sothern, Marlowe, John Drew, Leo Dietrichstein and Minnie Maddern Fiske. I have known Broadway in 'The Affairs of Anatole,' 'Possession,' 'Way Down East,' 'The Late Christopher Bean,' and other plays too many to list here. (And I remember an old slogan of Broadway which said that Connolly was always in demand with the theatrical impresarios and feminine stars because he always saved a bad play and bettered a good one.)"

"I was not off Broadway for twenty-two years," Mr. Connolly was saying. "However, I did take time off to make one picture in 1917, 'The Soldier's Oath,' with William Farnum. I hope, some day, to be able to forget it. The only other interlude was during the World War when I joined the 13th Division of the Marine Corps under Major General Smedley Butler.

"This life of the theatre offers rich gifts and highly colored adventure. And it's a happy life, too. Actors may be down, very far down, but they are never out. You can go to any lot in Hollywood today and talk to dozens of old-timers on whom the last curtain has gone down and they never know it. Because there is always hope in the heart of the actor. No actor ever believes that he is through.

"Also, an actor is safer than a business
A suitors ever on my arm when F-O polishes my charm

MODERN SCREEN

man. He is a one-man concern. If he goes down to defeat, he doesn't take a corporation with him. He takes stockholders or the investors. His failure, as well as his success, is his own. That's why there are so many suicides among big business men. When they go down, they usually drag their friends and associates with them. They could take it for themselves. They can't take it for the others.

And now, back to Hollywood, the most dramatic and colorful place in the world. A place about which the real story has never been written. Because the real story is not a daily account of the various girls Lyle Talbot lunches with or whether or not Joan Crawford and Frank Chotom are changing garderobs. In an industry so vast, so vital, so mechanically miraculous, it seems a pity to stress such trivia. It would be a tremendous job, the real story of Hollywood. My "other ambition" has always been to write and I spend most of my spare time at my desk.

Hollywood is a place of terrific extremes. Of unimaginable riches. Imagine a place where they allow Ted Sloan, who once rode for kings and is concealed the fastest jockey in the world, to judge turtle races. Turtles, the slowest animals in the world.

"If I had not chosen the stage (it didn't choose me), I would have missed meeting my wife. And today, after fourteen years of marriage, that remains for me a painfully unpleasant thing to contemplate."

Mr. Connolly's wife, you know, Netta Harrigan, daughter of the famous vaudeville team of Harrigan and Hart.

"We were playing together on Broadway when we met," Mr. Connolly told me. "I happened to know that she was supposed—doctor's orders—to drink a bottle of milk before every meal. She always forgot and so I undertook to remember her. With the result that I would bring the milk to her dressing-room every evening and stand by, patiently, while she drank it. It suddenly occurred to me that it was a very husband-like patience. I was manifesting and also that I had never seen a lovelier sight than Netta drinking milk. I still think," chuckled Walter Connolly, "that the loveliest sight I have seen is Netta drinking milk."

The hands of Mr. Connolly's clock were speeding to the midnight hour. I made polite gestures, signifying my immediate departure.

"No, don't go," Mr. Connolly said, "I never go to bed until two-thirty, even when I am not acting and it won't be tomorrow morning until I came to Hollywood. They're theatre hours, you know, and they have become our hours. I'll never get over it.

"And now, let's play gin and talk the hours away with Alexander Woodcock, Rollin Kirby, Odd McNulty and other cronies."

F-O polish does not crack or peel... it is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

At all 10c stores... Cuticle Remover... Creme Polish... Polish Remover... Oily Polish Remover...

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

TAP DANCING


Remove that FAT

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Female attractiveness demands the feminine, youthful lines of a graced, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours. Instead of sagging, flabby, unattractive hips, thighs, waist and breasts. Hundreds of women have reduced with our famous Sli-noane Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, without surgery. I myself, reduced my waistline by 4½ inches and my hips to 38 in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (4½) below the waist. Here is the miracle your Sli-noane has worked for me. I have actually taken 2 inches off. I am overwhelmed."

The Sli-noane treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that it is unconditionally offered to return your money if you are not satisfied with the results. 25c in one hour, and 5c in two.

Doll D'JAY to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send 25c for the full 28-day treatment. FREE from 35c per to all 28-day treatments, NOW, and I will refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied. Write for complete information. Delightful and exciting results. Dino, D'Jay's Own Premier

Photo of myself after losing 10 lbs., and retaining 4½ inches for 10 years.

(Continued from page 45)

Fame Is a Thief

publicity and money. I have little use for the latter. I detest the former. And there is a certain nature of a complaint, please understand. No one forced me to be an actor. I am an actor because I happen to like the work itself and believe in the value for any other thing else. I was one man when I went into the war. When I came out, I was an actor. And with the majority of my fellows I left the man-I-might-have-been on the battlefield.

"If I had to do it over again I would wish that I might have skipped the war. I would buy a bit of land somewhere. I would marry the right woman for me, I hope. I would raise cattle and devote my time and energies to feeding the family from the earth itself. I would certainly have children. I would do some laboratory work. I would study about things. I'd be a sort of dilettante Arrowsmith. I have lived with unrealities long enough to know that there are the only realities: home, land, children.

"Fame has, by this time, robbed me of these realities. I think I shall never marry again. Fame has conspired with events to take away, piecemeal, more than twelve years of my life which might have been lived otherwise, domestically, quietly, and without any rash haste. And I have been able to live them. I shall not try again."
FAME has robbed me of my courage. I don't dare to talk as freely as I'd like to talk. I don't dare to do a good many of the things I would like to do if I were John Doe, unknown. Reticent? Of course I am. Why not? It isn't that I am afraid of what people will say about me, nor even what they may print about me. There are more serious possibilities to be considered. You must realize that all of us in public life are excellent targets for all kinds of hysterical claims, alienation suits, blackmail of all sorts. I am afraid of those. On more than one occasion one of us has taken some young woman to dine one evening and been served with papers the next.

So, you see, Fame has robbed me of the possibility of charming friendships with charming women, which is an abnormal situation and downright theft.

"Fame has deprived me of a good many friendships with men. It has robbed me of old friendships and has prevented the development of new ones. Some old friends who have not, perhaps, done so well with the world's goods as we of the screen, feel inhibited about accepting hospitality they are not in a position to return. Or their egos very naturally resist being seen with a man who is by way of being a household word. They feel a sense of inferiority. Unjustifiable, essentially, but a normal reaction.

"It is the same with potential new friends. I meet men I like quite often. I feel that they like me. Nothing comes of it. I know that it is because they say to themselves, 'Colman seems like a pretty good sort but he's a movie actor; I can't keep up with him.' I don't blame them.

"I have a few close and intimate friends, of course. Old friends in England, Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell and Clive Brook and a few others over here. And they are the only people in the world with whom I can feel at ease, with whom I can relax, be myself. I am exceedingly grateful for them. But it is a definite limitation not to be at ease in the world at large. It is a definite torture to me to feel like a monkey on a stick expected to do his tricks when I--I have no tricks.

Swishing his Scotch and soda around in his glass, Ronnie continued, "I seem to have got going. You'll be sorry you asked me this question before I am through."

"You are breaking my heart, but go on, I like it," I replied.

"All right, then, if you can forgive me. Fame has robbed me of the things I like to do, or rather, it has robbed me of the possibility of doing them pleasantly. I might be enjoying this tea hour much more fully, for instance, if there were not a determined looking lady two tables away crying me speculatively. No, but seriously, travel, I mean. I would rather travel than do anything else there is to be done. I like to dig about in strange corners of the world. I like to walk the boulevards of foreign cities, to poke about in remote little villages, watching people. But my pictures have always been there before me. That fixes everything. I can never be the observer, I am always the observed. I can never be in the audience. I must always be on the stage.

BILL POWELL and I once tried to see London together. I wanted to show him my London. We got into an open taxi, one of the deep ones into which you can sink with only your heads showing. We hadn't gone half a mile before, from the tops of buses, from windows of shops and houses, people actually mounted on crates and boxes, were staring at us. We gave it up.

End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface. Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion..." Noxzema, the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve, Snow-white—guaranteed, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 52, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how softened it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema
"I thought I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret!"

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles.

Almost always in pain yet dreadfully seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than Piles. For Piles cannot only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment! Pazo instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. What is more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is healing, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is absorbing, which dries up any mucous mucus and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost.

If not dispensed, try Grove Laboratories, Inc. Dept. 33-M, St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from page 39)

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? Yes, Says Glenda

which ended unhappily. Probably she has, coupled with her observations, actual experience upon which to base her theories. Curiously enough, her mixture with love and marriage has made her wary for, although she has, during the last year been rumored to be in love with Robert Rivi, she is quite skeptical and insists that she has never been in a marriage that was a real one.

"Of course," Glenda hastened to explain, interrupting my reverie, "conditions are exceedingly different. Whether a marriage is true or false is also bound to be a venture to say that in the majority of homes, or at least one in an equal number, that the man is a beast and the woman is a victim of the woman who has given him a feeling of inferiority. Worse yet, I dreaded a condition, likely to cause envy which would easily separate us.

"My friend believes her marriage was saved by her effort to appear dependent. I am wondering how many other Holly- woman have been saved by some such feminine wisdom as this.

"Yes," continued Glenda, "the real men that I have known have been possessive, egotistical in a naive sort of way, and proud of their masculinity. In their youth they take pride in giving physical protection and when grown to manhood generally for the clinging-type girl who flatters them by her dependence. Later they glory in the utter dependence of the woman they have been saved by some such feminine wisdom as this.

"But certainly," I offered, "there are men to whom this does not apply. For instance men who are doing creative work who find it necessary to have all financial matters handled by another so that they can work without worry."

"I feel differently about that," said Glenda. "Believe that the business or profession a man is engaged in, his inclinations in domestic affairs are the same. This is what I would do to my husband, if he had a true one, and I would work at accomplishing that just as faithfully as I am working at my career.

"If I were extravagant, I would expect my husband to scold me. That would be his privilege as head of the house. And that is what I would want my husband to be under all circumstances."
bicycling—with just enough food to keep a canary partially nourished. At the end of the week, Vic stepped on the scales. He had gained two pounds!

At the opening of the "Milky Way" recently, Mary Brian and the mother of Jack Oakie did a neat sneak-in behind the crowd of autograph-seekers and cameramen. The reason for the secrecy came to light later. Oakie himself appeared between the narrow lines of spectators, head down and stopping for no one. The trio had been out partying together, but the "women folk" up and refused to accompany him to the theatre.

Carl Brisson and Maxie Adelbert Baer gave fight fans a treat recently at the Olympic Stadium by presenting silver cups to the winners of amateur bouts. The boys clowned a bit and Brisson let one go that Baer forgot to duck. As he picked himself up off the canvas, Carl was seen making a hasty exit.

Poor Ketti Gallian is literally and physically suffering for her art. Up at Arrowhead Springs, where the innocent girl was led to believe she was going for a rest, her energetic friends plunged Ketti into one of the famous cave "baths." They are great little reducers, you know. After that, Miss Gallian was treated to the ministrations of a bouncer-upper (passers-by to you). When it was over, she pleaded for a little piece of watermelon. To which her companions replied, "Why, you had coffee and orange juice only four hours ago. For pity sake, don't you want to get thin?"

It took bachelor Lee Tracy to solve the problem of photographing Master Dickie Walters, age two, in a sleeping scene for "Carnival" after everyone connected with the picture, including Sally Eilers, who has just joined the mother ranks herself, and

When the last scene of "Lottery Lover" had been taken, Pat Paterson dashed off to N. Y. to meet hubby Charles B. Fitz. They arrived from his native Paree. His next screen appearance will be in "Private Worlds" for Paramount.
THE NAIL POLISH
☆ OF THE STARS ☆

Dickie's own ma had given up in despair.
Lee merely suggested that the scene be taken after the youngster's regular bedtime when he would be sleeping naturally, which bit of advice saved the studio from the brink of bankruptcy and the directors from the verge of insanity.

The newest dog hero in town is none other than Michael Del Rio's white bull. It seems the star was lying on a lawn mattress reading, when Michael raced up, growling ominously. She ordered him to be quiet. Usually obedient, Michael continued his lusty warnings, and jumped over her. Dolores turned in time to see him sink his teeth into a snake, coiled within a few feet of her head. Michael held on until frightened servants appeared and now he owns a brand new collar.

Besides having a new coiffure, a new Paramount contract and a new beat, Gail Patrick is now the proud possessor of a set chair with her name on the back. And is Gail thrilled!

Woe be unto Hepburn the next time she leaves Hollywood! The news cameramen have gotten together and purchased a flock of rubber raspberries. As Katie enters the railway station or airport, she will be greeted with one big blast as the cameramen walk out with folded equipment.

A daisy or sempquin should be presented to our own cameraman, Scotty, and a photogapher pal. Recently, Paramount was on the spot on its "Wings In The Dark" opus. Production was held up and expenses mounted as a fruitless search was made for extras who could handle a camera without fumbling. The boys stepped in, became actors for the moment and eased the producer's headache. They were quite generous in praising their supporting cast, too, cheerfully lauding the efforts of Myrna Loy and Cary Grant.

Although he doesn't play a note, Eddie Robinson considers himself quite a connoisseur of music.

Recently he decided he should do something about his vast knowledge on this subject, so he hit upon the plan of creating a "Robinson Symphony." This was accomplished by purchasing forty rolls of music, taking out certain parts in each and piecing them together.

After days of labor, the masterpiece was finished. Elated, Eddie asked his wife to be his one and only guest and critic of the audition. Seating himself at the piano, Eddie began the unwinding of the Robinson special. Mrs. R. sat very quietly. After it was over, she made just one caustic remark. It was, "Enough is enough!"

Richard Barthelmess is a very shy and retiring man. (???)

At a recent football game, fans could hardly miss his bright sweater vividly monogrammed, nor his cigarette holder which carried another "R, B."—nor was his hatband neglected. However, in case anyone was still in doubt, his cigarette case bore the full name, "Richard Barthelmess."

What Hollywood male wouldn't be considered sempquin if he could crash the exclusive "Domino" (all females) Club?

But it took Snoopy, Fred Keating's purp, to accomplish this miracle. Seems Snoopy got himself lost one day and not only Fred, but some of the Domino girls, were so de-lighted at his discovery, that he was initiated as the club mascot—a male one at that!

There have been scores of stories printed about the so-called temperament of movie stars. Perhaps the most malicious is the one now circulating Hollywood about the blonde star who broke the back of one of her dogs with a poker when said pup misbehaved on her parlor rug. This story, however, is being refuted by the less evil-minded, who really are "in the know," stating that this particular star is an animal lover, her home being overrun with dogs, cats, birds and yowmen.

Because of her seeming coldness on the screen, this actress has come in for more than her share of "cracks" and therein probably lies the foundation for this tale.

Not content with being a success in the movie field, Doris Kenyon has tried her luck at opera. Here she is after her first singing performance in "The Secrets of Suzanne" at the Shrine Auditorium.
Many of the best rifle shots in Hollywood are Glenda Farrell's. When Glenda was able to shatter the "clay pigeon" with regularity, she started clearing off their stems with well-placed bullets, until now she is able to snap the black smudge off a burning candle wick at fifty feet.

Glenda's young son, Tommy, is in on the game, too, and the pair go to the beach for target practice at least once a week.

Out at Warner's studio, an electrician was rearranging a heavy lamp above the set. In moving around, a large coil of rope fell over and hit the stage with a resounding thud. As a nimble-footed extra sidestepped in time to miss the impact, he shouted upward, "Hey, you! Be careful! I ain't Von Sternberg."

George Raft has discovered a new player. One morning as he was waking into the studio he was approached by a negro boy with an ingratiating smile. The lad was looking for a job and had hitch-hiked all the way from Natchez to get it. George didn't particularly need a valet, but was so pleased with Alex Hill's personality, he hired him on the spot. Alex has taken everyone on the lot by storm, so shy and anxious to please is he. And now, Eddie Sutherland, director of "Mississippi," has given him a part in that picture.

Gene Raymond is not making any more personal appearances. Decidedly not! Between pictures recently, Gene went to Palm Springs, intending to stay several days. Shortly after his arrival he was approached by an amiable stranger, apparently a "native," who insisted he be guest of honor at a gathering of a newly organized art group nearby. Gene agreed. However, after the stranger had gone, Raymond said to the hotel clerk, "Tell me, what sort of organization is this 'New Art Colony'?"

"New Art Colony?" the clerk repeated, puzzled. "Oh! That chap who was just talking to you?" He laughed heartily. "Not 'New Art,' Mr. Raymond. 'Nude' is the word. You see, this flock of nudists have settled...."

But, Raymond was talking to thin air. Mr. Raymond had fled!

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**DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?**

At the "Milky Way" opening—the Joe E. Browns, with Lyle Talbot and his latest heart interest, Polly Walters.

It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

by Lady Esther

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A Penetrating Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop halfway.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—dissolves it—and floats to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Let your own skin tell you how different this face cream is from any you have ever tried.

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F R E E

You can post this on a penny postcard (9)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, IL

Please send me by return mail my 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City, State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
The marriage merry-go-round is in full swing again. Evelyn Laye and Frank Law-}
{ton trotted off to Yuma to say "I do" and Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, cameraman, 
also Yuma-ed it—all on the same day.

- - -

"Not a chance," has become the stock answer Alice White gives news-gatherers who 
show up on the set. Alice, busily en-
gaged in knitting between scenes, doesn't 
even look up any more when she's asked, 
"Knitting baby clothes?"

Incidentally, Miss White seems to bear 
the brunt of mishaps on the "Sweet Music" 
set. In one scene, four "takes" were made, 
showing her movie brother attempting to 
kill her. In the first, Alice rated a 
scratched face; on the second, a punch in 
the nose and on the third, she was sent 
spinning by a shoe and sprained a leg 
muscle. Alice was, oh, so careful, on the 
fourth "take" but Allen Jenkins' foot caught 
she square on the chin. She went down— 
and out—and called it a day!

- - -

When you see a picture of Norman Foster 
alone, close your eyes and visualize a 
blonde bit of femininity beside him for, ten 
chances to one, she's just outside camera 
range. The girl is Joan Gale, Wampas Baby 
Star, who wants to keep her yon for the 
actor-beau a dark secret. At the Sunday 
Night Ebell Club vaudeville show recently, 
Joan had our cameraman, Scotty, playing 
hide-and-seek among the ticket-purchasers 
trying to "snap" her. When it looked as if 
the two might be arrested for burglary, the 
game stopped and Scotty contented himself 
with a photo of Norman. However, when the 
ever-lovin' pair entered the theatre, they 
were arm-in-arm. Well, maybe no one was 
supposed to see them there, or were they 
making up to be ostriches, or what?

Incidentally, speaking of Mr. Foster re-
minds us of the attractive physician Clau-
dette Colbert is being seen about with these 
days. No one can seem to learn the 
gentleman's name.

- - -

Jack Osterman, Master of Ceremonies, 
spotted Will Rogers in the audience at the 
Ebell Show and begged the wit, editorialist, 
actor, to GIVE. But Will claimed it was 
his night off, his birthday and that rodeo-
vill wasn’t talking pitchers anyway, and 
went back to his gum-chewing

- - -

Virginia Bruce Gilbert has sorta turned out 
to be a female Lyle Talbot. All the boys 
want a date—and a lot of ’em are lucky. 
But Billy Bokwell, ’twould seem, rates first, 
which, if rumor holds with us, is said to have 
made Spencer Tracy that sore. Well, youth 
must be served—to Virginia anyway.

- - -

The Hollywood Virginia Reel would seem 
to be on again. You know—time to 
change partners and all that. Of course, 
it may have been because Anita Louise was 
in New York, but anyway Tom Brown 
took French leave of Frances Lederer's 
erstwhile inamorata, Steffi Duna. So Mr. 
L., just to prove he was heartbroken or 
didn’t give a hoot (pick your own answer) is 
going places with some of Hollywood’s 
pretties.

Margaret Sullivan, divorced from Henry Fonda several years 
ago, became Mrs. William Wyler recently when they surprised 
Hollywood and the fan world by eloping to Yuma, Arizona. Mr. 
Wyler, a nephew of Carl Laemmle, Sr., directed Miss Sullivan in 
"The Good Fairy."
Reviews

(Continued from page 55)

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking carboxylic acid as the standard for comparison, Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carboxylic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35¢ a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.

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Gloria Stuart and Ross Alexander in "Maybe It's Love," for Warners.
B: It's a Gift
(Paramount)

Another Fields-Day! Which means red-letter day on any calendar. W. C. is twice as potent as any O. C. ever invented. One moment he'll wring your heart with his pathetic dumness; the next, he is endearing in another manner, merely by a vugge mattress or a shift of the chronic cigar. Kathleen Howard is swell as his martyrized (that's what she thinks!) spouse, and Jean Rouverel's flowers do well as their indifferent offspring. Baby LeRoy seems to have suddenly reached the family-of-it-all age and is, therefore, rather tiresome.

The story drags a bit in spots, but then, so would any trip from New York to California, especially if undertaken in the dislapitated car in which the Briscoe family is stowed, plus household goods, camping equipment and the family pets. Here is really an evening's entertainment.

B: Imitation of Life
(Universal)

If you are in the market for a good cry— but not a good one, don’t miss “Imitation of Life.”

The story is a Fannie Hurst yarn with Fanny doing her human document stuff, and what a yarn to the type of material, you are bound to witness a woman come through struggles that seem insurmountable and in the end bring home the bacon—financially, romantically, socially-successfully, et al.

The picture needs a generous application of the shears. Each sequence—and especially the solution stories—is drawn out almost to the breaking point. Sentiment, too, is squeezed dry, and situations in general are inclined to be over, rather than under, done.

However, it’s very humaneness and tender moments will strongly appeal. There are several fine performances—Cladette Colbert as the business woman and mother who finally loses her heart; Louise Beavers, the suffering and sacrificing Mammy; and Fredi Washington, her wayward daughter. Fredi is distinctly a “comer.”

Neil Sparks, as usual, proves a laugh-getter in a familiar-to-him role. And Warren William comes through with a good performance.

Yes, there is plenty for you to like about this picture, much of it too intangible to describe.

C: Father Brown, Detective
(Paramount)

Just another one of those mistakes, which will happen in the best of regulated studios. Here is an excellent cast, trying in vain to make the best of a bad deal. There are too many lilies and bluebirds in this story of a criminal who is reforming himself, by the imitations of the attitudes of a village priest and the honest love of a good girl—though we must admit that Gertrude Michael could work wonders even the most callous-heartsed.

Walter Connolly, as Father Williams, strives to put a note of whimsicality into his role, but, being a non-pomposity, Paul Lukas, as the famous jewel thief, supposedly a dashling, devil-may-care fellow, strives nobly with a part that is naught but trite and banal. The picture is guaranteed to delight the most discerning con.

B: The Silver Streak
(RKO-Radio)

For engineers, conductors and anyone interested in railroadng, this is good entertainment. However, if you are not a member of this charmed circle, you’re apt to find only half of it worth-while. The picture is a streamlined, aluminum train which an ambitious young engineer (Hardie Albright), has designed. He attempts to sell the idea to a railroad magnate (William Farnum) without success. However, Sally Blane, the R.M.’s attractive daughter, prevails upon a rival firm to finance the idea. Guess why? After the first trial, the new train finally proves its worth with a record-breaking run to save the son of the hard-hearted engineer. The lad’s life depends upon the immediate use of an artificial respirator. By the time the train arrives, after a series of treacherous turns and narrow escapes from collision en route, the audience, too, could use the respirator. William Farnum and Sally Blane handle their roles capably, but honors for the best performance go to the locomotive.

C: The Curtain Falls
(Chesterfield)

As this picture opens, Henrietta Crosman, a former actress of renown, is dying, alone, forgotten and poverty-stricken. But she suddenly—and startlingly—decides to stage one last, final curtain fall.” Aha, title clue! With this announcement that she is her long-lost, wealthy aunt, she surprises a supposedly happy family. However, it doesn’t take long to discover that the household is desperate from financial reverses, intrigues and a baddie son. So Aunt Hetty busies herself with pulling the family out of the “slough of despond” forgetting her own search for happiness.

Sounds sorta Pollyannaish, doesn’t it? Right. It is. Henrietta Crosman tries to save the day by a brusque line of wise-cracks and hearty back slappings. But there’s still too much sweetness and light.

Dorothy Lee, John Darrow, Holmes Herbert and the rest of the cast do well when they have the opportunity to interrupt Miss Crosman’s monologue, which opportunities are few and far between, to be sure.

D: The Gay Bride
(M-G-M)

Just another revived gangster film with an alleged new angle which fails to live up to its promise. Indeed, when you see this you’re apt to feel as if you’re wandering around in a fog. From all indications, neither the writer nor the cast knew whether to play straight comedy, drama or slap-stick. So slap-stick got the breval and predominates throughout the picture.

Nat Pendleton, a too dumb boss of racketeers, falls for a chiseling chiseling gal who is determined never to go hungry. Carole Lombard calls upon some of her “Twentieth Century characterization” and the result is a hybrid mess. Nat Pendleton’s fiancée, gang’s henchman, is to marry her way through the gang, winding up with Chester Morris, an honest hombre who longed for nothing more than a little in the job.

Chester plays a flippant, poorly written role and carries off the cast’s first honors. Hazel Court is a sharp, competent gal. Arthur Lake, now a successful first rillo does well enough with a small part and Sam Hardy is fair as the boss’s double-crossing henchman.

What a hurry up of its fine cast and unless you are a staunch Morris-Lombard supporter, you’ll be able to say very little for this one.

C: I Am a Thief
(Warners)

"I Am a Thief" and corned beef hash
have something in common—everything's in 'em both. Of course the latter hasn't Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor but, come to think of it, that may be what is especially wrong with the hash.

As you might well suppose, even if imagination has not been your long suit, this one deals with the big fool robbery; in fact, the bigger and better fool robbery, for it takes in everyone from insurance agents to gents after the Karenina diamonds who aren't taking up time fooling with premiums and policies, either.

Of course, Mary suspects Ric and he keeps an eye on her—proud and haughty bee-cotty though she be. and Hobart Cavanaugh suspects Irving Pichel—or is it t'other way around—and you suspect the girl whose admission you just paid. No fooling, it's that exciting.

The action takes in a lot of territory; in fact, the entire cast finds themselves on the SImpson Express speeding all over Europe. Oh well, let's skip it, after giving Cortez a gold star.

C: Babes in Toyland
(Hal Roach-M-G-M)
It's grand fun, if you have your health and your youth—youth to the extent of being under ten. For, if the producer of this picture had the kiddies and the holidays in mind when he had his cameramen turn the crank, his work and contribution to juvenile jollity has not been in vain. But if he expected the big boys and girls

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To Help PREVENT Colds VICKS VA-TRO-NOL for nose and throat

A marriage between Katharine Hepburn and Leland Heywood is practically a sure thing. His wife finally divorced him for the second time, and Hepburn has been free from Ludlow Smith for several months.

George Arliss may now be among the honorary nobility of England—that is, if King George includes him on his New Year's Knighthood list this year as is expected.

Eric Linden, in case you've been wondering what in the world has happened to him, is playing in "Ladies Money" on the New York stage. He seems to be firm in his decision to remain off the screen.

After the completion of "Vanessa" at M-G-M, Helen Hayes plans to return to the East where she will resume her role in "Mary of Scotland" for a fifteen weeks' tour.

C: Limehouse Blues (Paramount)

This little number will never reach any great heights in movie entertainment no matter how you look at it, or from where you sit. Set in the misty atmosphere of Chinatown, the action creeps along in the usual slinky manner, revealing shadowy figures with long fingernails and bad intentions. George Raft, aided and abetted by a pair of slanting eyebrows (no more, no less) makes a stiff and rather unbelievable Chinaman. Jean Parker is the...
White Flower, blooming amidst the grime and dirt of the Chinese underworld, whose love choice is the sweet and unsullied owner of—a dog store, thus giving Raft a chance to do an  heroic fade-out. This final sequence is perhaps the redeeming note, if any, of the film, as it affords a little excitement and suspense, both sadly lacking in the first few reels. A rather dull evening among the celestials, if it's anything to you.

**C: Successful Failure**

(Monogram)

Like the old gray mare, this just "ain't what it otta be." In fact, it isn't even the successful failure which its title implies.

The story involves a middle-class family with the usual complications of too little money and too much bickering. William Collier, Sr., does well in spite of having to pose as a 100 per cent American. That's no mean handicap, you'll admit. Lucille Gleason makes the most of a bad deal and George Breakstone as the twelve-year-old cynic is quite convincing. Russell Hopton, news sleuth, gets the proverbial lily from Gloria Shea, blonde daughter of the house, when the wealthy gentlemen with ulterior motives shows up. Of course, in the end she takes back the ex-B.F.—though one wonders why.

If you aren't getting your quota of family squabbles at home, by all means see this.

---

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- Tender and moist and delicately flavorful inside, and nice and crumbly outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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**B: The Mighty Barnum**

(20th Century)

This picture, with Wallace Beery in the title role, somehow doesn't quite come off. It is too episodic, which is, perhaps what chiefly lets you down.

Mr. Beery plays the famous figure as a kind of Peck's Bad Boy, a lovable soul who is always in mischief. And so, it is difficult to associate him with a great showman imbued with the spirit of a Steve Brodie. Indeed, Wally has portrayed this character before. As recently, for instance, in "Treasure Island." Jenny Lind, Horace Greeley and the poet, Longfellow, contemporaries of Barnum, are all there for you to see. And there are the freaks, a parade, a fire, a banquet for Jenny, during which P. T. thoroughly disgraces himself; well, just about everything and yet it doesn't seem to matter.

Adolphe Menjou, as Barnum's aide, gives the best performance. Janet Beecher is good in the thankless role of the wife and Virginia Bruce lures a lovely Jenny Lind. When she sings, you'll get a thrill. It shows just how far synchronization has progressed.

However—and not to be a "backer-outer" either, "Barnum" should make money for its producers.

---

**B: Behold My Wife**

(Paramount)

Here is a story of hate and love, revenge and sacrifice, dealing with life among the blue-bloods and the redskins. Despite these various elements and cast, the yarn is rather weak and wandering and most of the roles sadly underwritten. Now, having given you a couple in sentences the "what's wrong with this picture," let's get right about face and mention its good points.

First of all, there are the characterizations; and to have the cast rise to and above the occasion! Gene Raymond, as a young man out to get even with his social family upon whom he blames his middle-class, sweeter self. Sylvia Sidney makes a luscious-looking Indian maiden, who completely captivates the smart set arraigned to laugh at her, and Laura Hope Crews, as usual, gives a fine account of herself.

Of course, if you've been wondering how the "other hair" live, don't take too literally the romance of the picture. There is something of the Bowery about them, but then, perhaps they're laboring under the delusion that it's swank to be cruel. At that, after witnessing each other's lives in the first part of the story, everyone sort of goes "self-sacrifice" in the last.

---

**B: West of the Pecos**

(RKO-Radio)

Out in the wild and woolly West where men are men and women are scarce, lies the locale of this picture. Due to that dearth of damsels, Terrill Lambeth (Martha Sleeper) disguises herself as a boy, when she and her father (Samuel Hinds) leave the destitute South after the Civil War and strike out for the West to seek a living. Complications begin to pile up when Pecos (Richard Dix) joins their party. His introduction to Terrill is a swift kick in the breeches, which necessitates a series of readjustments before the final clinch. Dix is a convincing cowboy and, as Martha Sleeper is excellent in a difficult role, and the entire cast is uniformly good, while the photography is exceptionally beautiful. There's plenty of shooting, wild Indians, and cattle rustling, too. Indeed, the only missing ingredient is the "Mellerdrummer" touch. In short, it's a Western that even an Easterner would relish.

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**B: La Cucaracha**

(RKO-Radio)

Here's a short that deserves a review! "La Cucaracha" is just the type of picture to which technicolor adds such charm. Director Lloyd Corrigan has captured all the flavor of old Mexico in this gay, folk portrayal of an evening in a Mexican café.

The native dances are beautifully done and accentuated by vivid costumes and settings. Dix is the fiery, black-eyed chiquita, who uses all her powers of wit, magic and beauty to hold the love of the dashing Don Alvarado.

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**THE REPORT CARD**

Short Reviews of Current Pictures

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**CLETOPHRA (Paramount)**


**THE GAY DIVORCEE (RKO)**

Happiness de luxe in the work of Astaire's divine dancier. And Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady, Erik Rhodes and Eric Blore.

**THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M),**


**GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal)**

The Charles Dickens' classic admirably enacted by Henry B on, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Jane Wyatt.

**HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National)**

Dick and Josephine Hutchinson, tails for window-cleaner. Dick Powell, Dick's songs include the hit tune, "Does My Ring Make You Sneeze?"

**THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal)**

Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Regina and Owen, and Charlotte Henry.

**JANE EYRE (Monogram)**

Victoria Horne and Ray Clive in the screen version of the Bronte novel.

**JUDGE PRIEST (Fox)**

BEHOLD MY WIFE (Paramount)

SYLIA SIDNEY as an Indian gai and Gene Raymond as a hip-hip hip, giv' me your accounts of himself. Louis Hepner Crews can't have, too.

BETWEEN THE LAW (Columbia)

A Tim McCoy thriller. Shirley Gray supplies the feminine interest.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO)

Frank... Leavens. New show, Genevieve Tolman, Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon.

CARAVAN (Fox)

It's every music and lovely settings make it very worthy while. Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Philip Holmes and John Parker.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox)

You'll enjoy Harold Lloyd's latest comedy. Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton are with him.

CHU CHIN CHU (Gaumont-British)

Something deliciously different in musicals With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal)

Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in Dumas' thrilling story. Be sure to see it.

DESIRABLE (Warner's)

Excellent performances by Jean Muir, George Brent and Vernee Teseale make this worth seeing.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount)

Concerning a temporal being down, Elissa Landi. With Cary Grant, Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynn, Frank Powell and Cecilia Parker.

EVELYN PRENTICE (M-G-M)

Myrna Loy, William Powell, Una Merkel and Cora Sue Collins.

THE FIREBIRD (Warner's)

Small murder mystery. Verene Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Anita Louise and Lionel Atwill.

FICTION WALK (Warner's)

West Front Hotel... Robert Sterling, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldredge.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (M-G-M)

Concerning the fate of four college boys, Franklin... Louis Alexander, Nick Frega and Robert Lighthart. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Overly. Pack the heart interest.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO)

Elegant mystery. Barbara Bel Geddes, Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Stanwyck, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess do excellent work.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M)

Jean Parker, Jimmy Duin, Una Merkel and Stu Ervin.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount)

Jean Louis and Genevieve Tobin in this charming picture.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M)

Charming little story, with Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

IMITATION OF LIFE (Universal)

If you want to see this, this will do the trick. Claude... Colbert, Warren William, Louise Beavers, Fresh Washington and Fritz Lang.

IT'S A GIFT (Paramount)

A W. C. Fields laugh-outer, with Kathleen Howard and Ruby LeRoy.

KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO)

Wheelers and Wessbeys do their stuff again, guided by Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland and Noah Beery.

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**MODERN SCREEN**

**KID MILLIONS** (Sam Goldwyn)

Another Eddie Cantor special. Ann Sothern, George Murphey, Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Fanny Brice, and Jack Bubba deserve praise for their work.

**LADY BY CHANCE** (Columbia)

In which lan damus, Carole Lombard, adopts a moniker, the feminine interest.

**MADAME MONNA KNOX** (Warner's)

In Dolores Del Rio in the title role of this beautiful production.

**THE MERRY WIDOW** (M-G-M)

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier will delight in this story.

**MURDER AT THE VANTIES** (Paramount)

A murder-mystery comedy, with Carrol Brian and Kitty Carlisle.

**ONE NIGHT OF LOVE** (Columbia)

One of the best pictures of the year—a triumph in Deanna Durbin, Luise Rainer, Mona Barrie, Lyle Talbot and Beatrice Atcher.

**THE PAINTED VEIL** (M-G-M)

You'll like the Garbo in her latest effort. Herbert Marshall and George Brent are with her.

**THE PRESIDENT VANISHES** (Paramount)


**THE PURSUIT OF HAPINESS** (Paramount)

Concerning the Revolutionary Days and the quaint custom of Truthing. You'll enjoy Franklyn Leder, Jean Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in this charming picture.

**ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN** (RKO)

Franz Ledebur as an immigrant boy and Ginger Rogers as a chorus girl. It's a swell picture.

**ROMANCE IN THE RAIN** (Universal)

Vice President, Herbert Marshall, Jean Smith, Tex Ritter and Victor Moore and Ethel Ralston both.

**REQUIEM** (M-G-M)

Beautiful photography and excellent acting by Jean Parker, Russell Hardee and Harry Love. Jr. make this a cut above.

**SHE LOVES ME NOT** (Paramount)

Swelling comedy. Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and Beatrice Lillie in Bloom on Broadway.

**THE THIN MAN** (M-G-M)


**TREASURE ISLAND** (M-G-M)


**THE WEST VIRGIN VANDYS** (M-G-M)

The James M. Barrie play superbly enacted by John Boles, Paul Cavanagh, Albert Coates, who, incidentally, will surprise you—he's that good.

**THE WHITE BARBARIAN** (Fox)

Loretta Young is marvellously good in this hospital story. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell.

**THESE PICTURES GET "B"**

**THE AGE OF INNOCENCE** (RKO)

John Boles and Linda Darnell are a captivating and matrimonial agency Stu Ervin, Pert Kelton. Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson.

**BACHELOR BAIT** (RKO)

An interesting story. To be handled by our matrimonial agency Stu Ervin, Pert Kelton. Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson.

**MODERN SCREEN**

**TITLE CHANGES**

**Old Title**

Backfield
Back Porch
Bad Penny
Black Hell
Burnt Ranch
Casino de Paree
Code of the West
Concealment
Girl of the Islands
I Murdered a Man
Me Without You
Mystery Blonde
A Perfect Week-End
Portrait of Laura Barlow
The Queen's Affair
Quickands
Repeal
Spring 19100
Stake Out
State vs. Elinor Norton
The Wedding Night

**New Title**

The Band Plays On
It's a Gift
The Blind Road
Black Fury
The Westerner
Go Into Your Dance
Home on the Range
The Secret Bride
Red Morning
Dangerous Gentleman
One Hour Late
The Mystery Woman
St. Louis Kid
Grand Old Girl
The Runaway Queen
Red Hot Tires
Square Shooter
The Gay Bride
Jealousy
Man of the Night
Elinor Norton
Broken Soil

**Company**

M-G-M
Paramount
Warner Bros.
Warner Bros.
RKO
Universal
Paramount
RKO
United Artists
Paramount
Columbia
Columbia
Fox
United Artists

109
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LA CUCARACHA (RKO). A technicolor short that's a sensation. Steffi Duna and Joe E. Brown.


THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century). George Arliss, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal). A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MAIZE (TayOREE). A great story. Louis B. Mayer and Allen Jenkins make this very amusing.


THE MIGHTY BARNUM (Twentieth Century). The story of the great circus man's life with Wally Berke in the title role and Adele Menjou as his partner. Janet Beecher and Virginia Bruce in supporting roles.


OUR DAILY BREAD (Vitaphone-Artists). Karin Johnson and Tom Keene.

PEACH BICAL (Sel-Lesser-Fox). You'll enjoy Jackie Cooper and Thomas Meihan in this.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount). Mary Brian, and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams and ZaSu Pitts in a mystery with laughs.


THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO). Marion Davies does beautiful work in the title role. Donald Meek and Mary Astor.

THE ST. LOUIS COMET (M-G-M). Lots of fun and some good laughs in this Jimmy Cagney picture and Pat Ellis here too.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox). The Janet Gaynor fan will like it. Lew Ayres plays opposite her.


STUDENT TEST (M-G-M). "Professor" Butterworth and Jimmy Durante will make you laugh.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox). Warren Hazard, David Niven.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn). Anna Sten, Loretta Young, and a tableau of the silent picture. "Resurrection." See it.

WEST OF THE PRAIRIE (Fox). Western with a lot of snap. Richard Dix and Martha Turner handle their roles beautifully.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia). Wallace Beery.


THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox). Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raoul Walsh head a large cast.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount). Lida Baarova, June Tracy, Helen Mack, David Holt and Helen Morgan.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

BABIES IN TOYLAND (Hal Roach). The kids with their dolls. Lucille Hardy and Charlie Henry and Felix Knight.

BREITIN GENTLEMAN (Warners). Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the film version of the popular book.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox). Warner Oland, David Niven and Mona Barrie carry on the latest "Chin" thriller.


THE CURTAIN FALLS (Chesierfield). Beauty with film stars. Sam Lee, John Barrow and Holmes Herbert.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M). Baseball party. With Robert Young, Madeleine Evans, June Pendelton, Pat Kelly and Teddy Hayden.


THE DUDE RANDELL (Fox). George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO). Fine performances by Anna Faris, Helen Jershoff and Edward Arnold.

GIFT OF THE GAB (Universal). Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Barbara La Marr, Noah Beery Sr., and 100 faces without heads.

GRAND CANARY (Fox). A week's fun. With Charlie Ruggles and Mae Evans.

HURT BELL FOR LOVE (Columbia). Bette Davis and George Brent.

HOUSEWIFE (Warner). Concerning a jewel robbery. Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners). Walter Connolly and Adele Menjou.

LIFESTYLE BLUES (Paramount). Slow-moving threat with a Chinatown locale. George escapes from Jean Parker and Anna May Wong.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners). Jean Parker, Warner Oland, James Cagney.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount). Mickey Rooney, Jeanette MacDonald, Julian Eltinge.

LOVE FEVER (Fox). Concerning the life of Franz Schubert. Nils Asther and Paul Lukas in the leading roles.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warner). Tommy Dorsey band. With Falls and Mickey Kimber, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia). Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.


RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National). John Barrymore and Helene Costello. Millions of fans will love the thrilling roles that these artists play.


SHOULD A LADY MARry? A picture with Helen Twelvetrees and Ralph Morgan try to save a weak yarn.

6-DAY BIKE RIDER (Warner). The Joe E. Brown fans will like it. Maxine Doyle, SILENT STAR.

COUPON FOR ORDERING PATTERN ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 61

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**SUCCESSFUL FAILURE** (Monogram).
Connolly, a middle-class family. William Collier, Charles King, George Brent, Russell Hopton and Gloria Shea.

**THEIR BIG MOMENT** (RKO).
Fritz and his mouse. I didn't come up to expectations this time.

**365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD** (Fox).
Sheehan, a schoolboy racket. Jimmy Dunn, Alice Faye and Mitchell and Durant.

**TRANSATLANTIC** (Merry-go-Round) (United Artists).
A musical that doesn't sell. Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, Michael Whalen, George Raft, Howard Estabrooks, Russell Hopton and Gloria Shea.

**WAGON WHEELS** (Parloa).
A Western. Wesley King, Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue.

**WEDNESDAY'S CHILD** (20th-Fox).

**YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL** (Mascot).
William Hart, Maggie DuPont, June Barnett, John Wilmot and the Wampus Stars of 1924.

**THESE PICTURES GET "D"**

**BEGGARS HOLIDAY** (Tower).
Hildey Albritton, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Benton.

**BLACK MOON** (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Fay Wray in a dull yarn.

**THE GAY BRIDE** (M-G-M).
The gangster theme again. Chester Morris, Carole Lombard, Susan Williams, Zasu Pitts, Leo Carillo and Sam Hardy try to overcome a weak story.

**I GIVE MY LOVE** (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Darby, Robert Allen and Eric Linden can't put this one over.

**THE LADY IS WILLING** (Columbia).
Disappointing, in spite of Leslie Howard's presence.

**LET'S BE RITZY** (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

**THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE** (Columbia).
Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Ronald Coover. Shum in it.

**SECRET OF THE CHATEAU** (Universal).
Pretty solo. Claire Dodd. Jack LaRue, Alice White and George Meeker.

**STOLEN SWEETS** (Chatsfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

**WE ANNOUNCE A CONTEST**

(Continued from page 6)

We are announcing a contest that will be open to any person interested in music. The contest will be open to anyone who submits a musical composition for consideration.

The prize for the winner will be a substantial amount of money, as well as a commission for the winning composition. The contest is open to any person who is a professional composer, as well as any amateur composer.

The contest will run for a period of six months, and all entries will be judged by a panel of judges, consisting of accomplished musicians and musicologists.

Any musical composition, including operas, symphonies, and string quartets, will be accepted. The only requirement is that the composition be original and unpublished.

Entries must be postmarked no later than the deadline date of December 31, 2023. All entries will be judged by a panel of judges, consisting of professional musicians and musicologists.

The winner will be announced on January 1, 2024, and the prize will be awarded at that time. The winner will be invited to perform their composition at a concert in New York City, as well as receive a prize package.

We encourage all musicians to submit their entries, and we look forward to hearing the results of this exciting contest.
words thrilling if you want to make theatrical work your career, or if you’re merely interested in amateur dramatics. Read every word carefully.

Says W. S. Van Dyke, “The first and most important piece of advice I would give to dramatic students is: this—drop all expectations of success, cultivate shatterproof patience.

Success comes as the result of many factors, both personal and environment. Some of these, by wooing it too hard you’re apt to miss it. The best thing is to forget about it and concentrate on work.”

“Clark Cable gives an example of this. He’ll tell anyone that he never expected success. He became an actor because he liked to act, because he enjoyed it. He never thought about being successful. It never occurred to him and he wasn’t much interested in it. But he did want to earn a living doing something. Today Clark is a reigning star. Was it luck, or what? Ask him. He doesn’t know, either.

“Patience speaks for itself. It is an absolute necessity, and unfortunately it must often be taken over several times. Then, again and again from various angles. If you become impatient, you lose patience and success is snatched from you. But that’s after you’re in the business.

 Before this, you need more patience. Be patient in rehearsing over and over again. Patience in learning how to stand, to walk, to talk, to enunciate—in short, learning how to change yourself from a mere individual into a highly polished performance. It’s the right or wrong scenario writer’s mood, emotion, feeling.

“People often enter the dramatic field with an assumption of doing it quickly; they seek self-expression through dramatics. They pretend to an abhorrence of commercialism, wanting to be something—‘artistic.’ This is a major mistake, and no one who continues with this point of view can possibly succeed. Although the motion picture industry is in the business of manufacturing shadows and illusions, it must be practical and down-to-earth. And so must its actors.

DON’T misunderstand me. I don’t say there’s no place for art in films. It’s what the industry needs. But art is not ‘arty’; instead, you get hard work—patience, observation, intelligence and more hard work.

‘If you wait for inspiration,’ you’ll wait until you grow grey. It comes but rarely and then means nothing if you’re not prepared for it. You must have the groundwork of technique and experience to know how to direct inspiration. If it touches you, “Acting requires the same thing as any job, including a talent for it, and including the factor of luck. Luck is important. Many good actors have no more luck just didn’t come along. But again, the important thing is to be ready for it in case it does. You cannot study, observe—train, train, train—then hope for the best.

“Further advice is: to learn the business; the business. Do not copy anything. Have a different way of doing it. If you want to act, you must learn the business of acting. No acting school can teach you the business of acting.

“Some students try to get to ‘read’ lines while lines, as a matter of fact, are no longer ‘read.’ They teach stereotyped precision gestures and technique. If a potentially good actor imitates this at a formative age, it may take him years to learn differently when he reaches professionalism. If you’re an amateur actor for life...

“Today actors don’t act; not, at least, as much as the audience does. Plays and film stories are more psychological. There is less expectation of an actor for life.

“All good actors have found that repressed emotion is far more pointed than that which is never repressed. The inner part of the eyes is apt to be more effective than a scream. Real people don’t thrust about in the dramatic moments of their lives. And neither do actors for life.

“Remember, too, that the audience is always a step ahead of you. Usually they know what your going to do or say before you do or say it. Thus you must be quick, be fast, don’t drag, hurry to keep up with them—or be ingenious enough to fold them.

“Being ingenious comes only from training. In general the following is true: Figure out how you would naturally do a thing, then do it. It sounds like a puzzle but I believe it to be sound advice. It’s a method of fooling the audience, keeping them interested by being ‘fresh’ about your slightest movement.

“Here’s an example. Say you have to respond to a knock on the door, cross the room and open it. Do it as you would naturally. You’ll find it would make a humdrum, uninteresting scene. You open doors all the time, don’t it? You would make it automatically, interestingly. Now obviously do it some other way. You’ll find you’re thinking of your every movement, and thus every movement has a certain amount of value. Your audience will be more interested. If you’re ingenuous and, possibly, stop at a table to pick something up on your way to the door, the audience will be even more interested.

“Fearlessness is important—learning to be afraid of nothing and not to care a hoot. You’ll have a grace and a swing instead of the frozen technique of too-carefulness. It’s a psychological factor that affects every word and movement.

“Cary Grant took a turn that stand on this new picture, Forsaking All Others. It’s a swift comedy and she’s playing it swiftly, disregarding any conventional touch. To do that she’s turning in a swell performance.

“Think what a job an ‘arty’ actress would have with that role. Think what would happen if she tried to get literary, blank-versy or read-y. The audience would run away with the situations while the actress stopped to moan.

NATURALNESS is the new kind of acting and it is here to stay. In real life people don’t begin speaking precisely the same way one element overlaps the other, and that’s what good actors do now. They can’t stand stiffly, for instance, and then go into a monologue. They must move about naturally and use the natural and laugh naturally.

“Now about those questions which some of my readers seem to ask you. I’ll do my best to answer them.

“Crying before the camera is an individual thing. Some actresses must get over it. And don’t you let them know that. Some can and think and themselves into the mood. It all depends, and you must work out your own way of doing it.

“If you have poise you can face any camera or audience without fear, but poise is the direct result of experience and sure-
ness. It can't be put on.

"Memorizing is also an individual matter. Some learn lines by reading the whole play or script over and over again, learning it all in a lump by some subconscious process. Some say their lines aloud until they know them. Some have naturally good memories, some naturally bad.

"And now one final word. Don't worry about 'types.' Nobody would have taken Charles Laughton for a type. A type is whatever the individual created. No matter what you look like, first learn to act! Let all other considerations follow afterwards."

Thanks a thousand times, Woody. And you will be surprised at how many thousands appreciated your talk. Mark my word, the letters of thanks will come pouring in."

And now you know, don't forget this is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything possible to teach about dramatic art. A lot of the boys and girls have founded little dramatic clubs and are having grand times with MODERN SCREEN as their guide. So write to me!

Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 8)

were one Jesse Lasky, one Samuel Goldfish (who later took the name of Goldwyn) and Arthur Loew, producers. These young men had hired as their director an actor, stage manager and playwright named Cecil De Mille. Dustin Farnum had just had a success on the stage in "The Square Man." The new group had decided to make a film version of this with Farnum in the title role.

Remembering all this, Brutton dashed to the Alexandria Hotel and presented himself to the dynamic Goldwyn. Brutton was a man of few words.

"I know the perfect place for your studio," he said.

Goldwyn was no person to waste words, either. "Does it cost much?"

And that is how Hollywood was made.

THE barn and the land did not cost much—only a few hundred dollars an acre—and in a few weeks the deal was completed and the Lasky Studio which was later to know such great stars as Wallace Reid, Claude Gillingwater, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, to name but a few of that bright galaxy, began its operations in the barn on Sunset and Vine Street.

The success of the venture led other producers to turn their eyes westward. Southern California was the ideal movie climate. The sun, as the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce will tell you today at the drop of a hat or during a cloudburst, shone continually and since all scenes, even those supposedly indoors, were taken with an artificial light, this was perfect. Besides land was cheap, there were many old barns available, lumber could be purchased for next to nothing and wages were about half what they were in New York.

By 1916 Hollywood was the center of the movie universe and with a few exceptions all of the biggest production companies were located there. And in a very few years the eyes of a great part of the world were turned toward the little subdivision where Robert Brutton had discovered a barn which he thought would make a good cinema workshop.

People from the stage and screen, taking a serious interest in the films. Mary Pickford's mother had persuaded the producers to give Mary terrific salary boosts, which paved
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Film celebrities out to make the annual Screen Guild Ball at the Baltimore Bowl a success. Bob Montgomery and Chester Morris with their wives seem set for a lot of fun.
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Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today

She did it, too, and held her chin up as she entered every night club where her very presence caused a hum of whispers and a buzz of gossip. It was a courageous gesture, courageously made from her heart.

On the same lot with Nazimova worked a kid named Rudolph Valentino. There was also Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry and Mae Murray.

Charles Ray was one of the great favorites of his day. A country boy, himself, he brought something infinitely sweet and fine to the screen as the bashful, timid lad. Having achieved tremendous popularity, Ray decided that he wanted to throw away the battered straw hat and overalls and play a part which contained real depth and drama. His experience has been repeated so often in film history that it bears telling here. And again I must return back to my original theme that the movies belong to you and that you make and break stars.

YOU were crazy about Charlie Ray as a country boy and you didn’t want him any other way—just as you love Janet Gaynor in sweet and simple roles, today, and no matter how rebellious she grows and how capable she feels of doing adult characters, you won’t let her. But at that time Charlie didn’t know what a supreme director his audience could have determined to make a great and lasting picture. He organized his own company, invested his own money in it and began the film version of the well-known “Courtship of Miles Standish.”

He put not only his money but his heart into this picture. Determined to have it accurate in every detail he hired the best research experts and historians available, it was an ambitious production but Ray had no doubt of its artistic value. It was not only an artistic but the public was shocked at seeing their beloved country boy all decked out in Puritan garb. They put thumbs down on the picture. But the venture cost Charlie not only his money but his popularity. Years later he attempted a come-back with M-G-M but he could not regain what he had lost. He wore a silk hat and was starred in a film called “Paris” which was notable only because a vivid girl, one of the M-G-M stock actresses, displayed the role of an Apache woman. Her name was Joan Crawford. The old and the new order were combined. There was Charlie Ray struggling pitifully to make a comeback and Joan Crawford struggling just as hard to rise to heights. He didn’t and she did. Now he’s playing bit parts.

You see what the starring is so highly personal, its stock in trade being personality, that once the public learns to love a star and think of that star as a certain type almost nothing can be done by star or producer to change the star in the fan mind. Think it over for yourself. Janet Gaynor is sweet, you won’t allow her to go sophisticated. And the next time a howl you would raise if Garbo decided to toss mystery aside and play light comedy. You have always been true to them from all present indications, you will continue like this through all the years of film history.

And there I go, getting ahead of my story as usual. Well, we’re not going to try to give you the real flavor of the Hollywood of 1919. It has sparkle, verve and glamour, I assure you; yet the meaning of the word “glamor” was probably not known by more than ten citizens in the whole town.

See Joan Crawford’s Gorgeous New Clothes In Our March Issue

MODERN SCREEN

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In 20 years Ted Healy hasn't worn a coat with trousers that matched—and this goes for evening dress.

One of the thrills of Elissa Landi's earlier life was the winning of first prize in a typing contest.

Shirley Temple wants to grow up to be a hairdresser. She takes lessons almost daily from the studio coiffeur.

When he had to go to a hospital recently, Cecil B. DeMille took along his office staff and carried on business as usual. The bed was moved out of an adjoining room to make way for the office.

John Crawford appeared at a recent pre-view with her hair in paper curlers.
Read "Sweet Adeline", Broadway’s greatest hit. This great story, now being produced by Warner Brothers, appears complete, illustrated with beautiful stills from the actual production in the February SCREEN ROMANCES. You will enjoy this and ten other screen novelizations in the February issue.

Whom would you pick to be Jean Harlow’s leading man? Why? That’s what the producers want to know. They want you to select someone to play opposite this glamorous star and if you are lucky enough to make the best selection and can write the best reasons for your selection, you will win a beautiful gift from Jean Harlow.

COMPLETE DETAILS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Listen to “Hollywood Highlights” reported by Sam Taylor for SCREEN ROMANCES over WMCA and Associated Stations every Monday and Wednesday evening at 6:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR; ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
AIRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

HEADS UP, FILM FANS!
...for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a PG course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery
in
WEST POINT of the AIR

with
ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture

The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!

The three mosquitoes of Randolph Field
...whose cradle was a cockpit!

The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!
I was half sick all the time

• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either gripped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 5c at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...

BY CHEWING, THE SOLUTION IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

I was half sick all the time

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Quite a Feat

In reading the letters sent to the movie magazines by the fans, one can't help but notice that the stars come in for their share of the bitter with the sweet, justly or unjustly; one letter praises, the next pans. But there seems to be one star about whom one rarely reads any adverse criticism—Irene Dunne. In the past two and a half years, I have read countless magazines and papers, looking for articles about this grand actress, and only once have I seen an adverse criticism—and, as criticism goes, it was very mild. This seems to be quite a record and one of which Miss Dunne should feel very proud.

Irene Dunne is one of our finest and most versatile actresses, but it has been only recently that her host of admirers have been given a chance to enjoy one of her greatest talents—her glorious singing voice. Now that the public knows what they can expect of her, I am sure they will not be content to be deprived of such talent any longer.—E. Shotwell, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Merely a Suggestion!

What a grand team Helen Hayes and the handsome Lew Ayres would make! Both have the same wonderful quality of sensitiveness which imparts to their roles an ideal honesty in any picture a refreshing sincerity in these days of posturing and aping mannerisms. The two of them—Hayes and Ayres—in a story done by Hugh Walpole—is my idea of a movie-goer's seventh heaven.—Helen Raether, Albion, Michigan.

Ode to Dick Powell

Who says Lanny Ross and Bing Crosby can act? That's a laugh. Why, Ross stands as straight and stiff as a poker with his arms hanging at his sides like a stuffed dummy. And when I say stuffed dummy, I mean just that. And as for Crosby, he can't act, either. His acting is very stilted. As for his singing, it's stale. Why, his younger brother, Bob, can sing ten times better than he.

Ah, but Dick Powell (pictured)! He can sing and act. And even if the story isn't so good, Dick is just the person to put the picture over with a bang. And he won't fade out with musicals, either. “Happiness Ahead,” for instance, didn't have an awful lot of singing in it and Dick proved what a swell actor he is.—Marie Rippel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Do You Agree?

The following actors are in my opinion the personification of charm. You will not notice that all of them are Europeans, I can only attribute this to their spontaneity of spirit. The American screen heroes are too staid and lacking in romance. Well, here goes: Francis Lederer (pictures), Tallulah Bankhead, Robert Donat, Fred Astaire and Maurice Chevalier.—R. M. J., Long Island City, N. Y.

(THIS WILL CERTAINLY RUSE those of you with a patriotic strain to action. Ah, but you're wrong about the Astaire gentleman. R. M. J. We'll have you know that he was born right here in these United States—Omaha, Nebraska, to be exact.)

Temperament Is Taboo

The really big stars of Hollywood haven't had to depend on temperament, indifference, assumed boredom or snobbishness to get them where they are, as Miss Hartley asserts in your January issue. Shearer (pictured), Crawford, Gaynor, Harlow, Moore, MacDonald, and even Mae West, all answer her definition of nice. These stars are allowed to the press and friends with their fans, and they're the ones who bring in the money at the box office. They don't care what they say, swear in public, or act silly. They don't have to. For, after all, a really exciting personality doesn't have to explode every few minutes to let us know she exists.—A Fan.

Potpourri

Why don't you send Garbo home? She's just wasting your good money. Joan Crawford's smile beats Joe E. Brown's all to pieces. Hot-cla-cla! Am I glad that we'll have a real actress soon, and by that I mean no one but that great flame, Pola Negri (pictured). Myrna Loy and William Powell are g-r-r-r-r-r-great. Hurry, Mae West and make a picture! You keep us in too great suspense. Jean Harlow, you're beautiful.

Do you want to vote? See page 98

MODERN SCREEN
At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

GOLD Diggers OF 1935

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . . And DICK POWELL leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL, FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT, WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE, JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL and famous RAMON & ROSITA

Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre—"Lullaby of Broadway"—"The Words Are in My Heart"—"I'm Going Shopping With You."
ELAINE DOLAN, Chicago, III.; ESTHER GEDMAP, Berkeley, Cal.; KELLA HUEBNER, Arlington, N. J.; B. F. HAWKINS, Toledo, Ohio—This time it's Alice Fay's, a young lady who's going to steal some of Harold's glory. First thing you know, she'll be in New York, Tom will be on stage, 3 years ago on a May 4 and obtained her B.A. she studied dance and obtained her first job in Broadway's Palais D'Or, after which she appeared in Vaudeville, the "Scandals" and N.T.C.'s revue as a dancer. She never gave except for her own amusement until the day when Ruby Valdez's lawyer, a friend of hers, happened to overhear her. He asked her to have a record made of her voice and thus she played for Ruby. The latter was so impressed that he insisted on Alice becoming prominent in the entertainment world. Harriet Window was the real beginning of her rise to popularity and she was in Harriet Window. Her first outing was "George White's Scandals" for Fox, her contract studio, and this year she will be in the 1935 version. She has always been a blonde, nice or less, but she is much, much more of a one now. Her complexion is fair and she has blue eyes. She can size the scales at 111 and measures 5 feet 4 inches in height. She likes horseback riding and walking, but isn't too fast for hobbles. She isn't married, but she and Dudley are the best of friends. Alice's star is rising, R. M. B. of R.D. Lake—In "Happiness Ahead" Margaret Gates was Mrs. Bradford and John Halladay, Mr. Bradford. Yes, Allen Hulbert was the chauffeur.

BERNICE C., South Bend, Ind.—This business of nudes and barbecues seems to pique the curiosity of many fans, so others please take note. Sylvia Ruber, August 8, 1940, New York City; Neil Hamilton, September 9, 1940, Lynn, Mass.; Joe Delaney, Tamara and Jeff, New York City, January 25, 1936; John Trutron, July 25, 1942, Holtsite, Ohio; Nick Spengler, April 15, 1902, Ruxton, and Katherine Yerohma was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1908.

PAI S., Aubrey N.; BETTY STONE, Seattle, Wash.; Miss F. DOLNIK, South Bend, Ind.; GLADYS COHEN, and MARGARET TANNER, Dwight, III.; DOBIS KELLY, Linne, Ill.; PAUL S. HOLLY, Hollywood, Calif. Here is what you should know about Ruff At- lons—Harold Manners to you. Far Away Haltia in Nova Scotia was his birthplace, and April 21, 1906, the day. His mother's name was Manners, so that accounts for his manly name. Ruff, film, the University of Toronto, was prominent in athletics and dramatics, but his desire to become an actor led him to the stage in order to get technical experience. Then he wanted to go to the South seas, but he never got there, for when he was passing through Los Angeles, the director of "Journey's End" met him and insisted he "try the role of Malcolm in that picture." He auditioned for his screen parts. He does his own stunts and flies. He also sleeps at every opportunity, he confesses, and likes to read, play pinochle and rummies. He dislikes diets, cuts custard and women with red fingernail nails. Astronomy and explorations interest him greatly. He is 5 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He has just finished making "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" for Universal, the address of which studio is Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him.

EUNICE McNAMARA, Torrington, Conn.—The film debut of a pretty new face in "Bright Eyes" who took the part of Joy Smythe, is Jane Withers. She made such a hit in this part that she was signed to a term contract by Fox and will appear next in "Bright Eyes" and "Once is Enough." She has just finished making "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" for Universal, the address of which studio is Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him.

FAIR LADY FAYE, Greek god MANNERS

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones are the ones where the author led him to the stage in order to get technical experience. Then he wanted to go to the South seas, but he never got there, for when he was passing through Los Angeles, the director of "Journey's End" met him and insisted he "try the role of Malcolm in that picture." He auditioned for his screen parts. He does his own stunts and flies. He also sleeps at every opportunity, he confesses, and likes to read, play pinochle and rummies. He dislikes diets, cuts custard and women with red fingernail nails. Astronomy and explorations interest him greatly. He is 5 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He has just finished making "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" for Universal, the address of which studio is Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him.

BARRIE GREENWELL, Ogden, Utah; HELEN MOST, Ithaca, Mich.—Maybe you wouldn't guess it, but Blue West, the belle of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans and what-not, is past French. Her mother was her belle, and her father was a gamekeeper. She is a lightly feathered woman. She was born in Brooklyn, and when her father died her childhood was spent in studying for the stage. In fact, she made her stage debut at the age of 8, and at 16 joined a stock company. Thereafter, she appeared in musical comedy, vaudeville and burlesque. Then she started writing her own plays and appearing in them, and in 1932 went to Hollywood for Para- mount to appear in "Three in law." As a result she was starred in "She Done Him Wrong" and you know the rest. She has platinum blonde hair and violet eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Miss West has never married, she says. She has a sister, Beverly, and a brother, Jack West, Jr. Her next...
“Spanish Blonde”  
By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, she shatters the louder the fans. • The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day. The more wickeder she is on the screen. legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful. In “Blue Angel” she played an al-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest

“Morocco” added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back hearless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain.” • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most allur-takes everything and “Carnival in Spain” unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

ADV.
Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN’S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name
Street
City and State

Some hints for changing a poor voice—or bettering a good one

BEFORE I give the message from our guest star, Sylvia Sidney, to all you MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School students, I want to tell you how thrilled I am that so many of you are organizing dramatic clubs. And I want to tell you not to despair when your letters are not answered immediately. Right now, I’m still up to my ears in queries. So have patience. But don’t stop writing. I love it and I hope everyone who hasn’t already done so will write me for the information about dramatic clubs and start a group going right away.

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

I’ve had so many letters asking me about voice culture that this month I prevailed upon Sylvia Sidney to take the class for us. There was a reason for Sylvia’s being picked, because at one time her career hung in the balance for lack of a good speaking voice. I want you to know that story to realize how important voice training is.

There were one hundred and twenty boys and girls assembled before the Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild School. Out of this group, sixty were to be retained (Continued on page 91)
Attention
PUZZLE FANS!

THE BIGGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED
FEATURING THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLE MAKERS
NOW ON SALE EVERY MONTH
BY POPULAR DEMAND

CROSSWORD Puzzles 10¢
Why not treat yourself to a real Russian dinner à la Anna Sten?

Countless thousands of words have been used in trying to describe Anna Sten, striving to catch the elusive quality that is the secret of her appeal, to plumb the mystery and the tragic memories back of those grey-blue eyes. Some have succeeded in a measure, others have failed dismally. But certainly there are two things outstandingly true about the star of "Nana" and "We Live Again"—she is lovely to look upon and she is typically Russian! And in nothing is Anna more Russian than in her love for Borsch, Pirojikis, Shashlyk and other traditional foods of her native land.

Please, at the very outset, let me urge you not to be frightened by those difficult names. They may sound mystifying but it is surprising how totally lacking in strange ingredients or condiments are the dishes Anna told me about. And if the description of these foods makes you as hungry as it made me, you'll want to join in a rousing cheer when you learn that I was able to secure recipes for all of them.

"When I first came to this country," Anna told me in her low, musical voice, "I insisted on having two hours for lunch! Those two hours were spent in consuming a full-course Russian meal. But now that I have lived almost three years in California, I eat like an American at noon—salads and light, healthful dishes.

"However, when I am not working too hard, I ask our Russian friends in Hollywood to come to the house in the evening for a real Russian dinner. I get a longing for the foods of my homeland and so do they. We want a meal that starts off with hors d'oeuvres, both hot and cold, followed by borsch with which we serve pirojikis and then on and on through the lengthy menu.

"One thing that my guests always request is a baked fish dish for which my cook is famous. The recipe is so simple that I am sure any American housewife can duplicate it successfully in her kitchen. But I am getting ahead of myself since we really should start with the complete menu."

With pencil in hand, hair tumbling about her face, Miss Sten then wrote down a menu for a Russian dinner which contains a great many of her favorite
foods. It reads like this:

**MODERN SCREEN**

**“Careless little bride!”**

**SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY**

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eying her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that tattle-tale gray look? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer...

**BORSCH** is actually a Russian variation of that good, old American stand-by, vegetable soup. I learned. Pirojikis (pronounced “pe-roush-kees,” by the way) are richly shortened biscuits filled with interesting things like chopped chicken. Shashlyk is lamb, pickled overnight, and then barbecued. Profiteroles is a delicious Russian desert consisting of pastry shells filled with ice cream or whipped cream and then drenched in a delicious chocolate sauce.

And that, my dears, is a dinner such as Anna Sten would serve to her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, and their friends, Rouben Mamoulian, Berthold and Sally Viertol, Dmitri Tiomkin (orchestra composer-conductor) and his wife, the famous ballet teacher, Albertina Rasch, and other members of the Russian colony.

The setting of the Soviet actress' dinner would be her wood-finished dining room, done in broad panels of light-hued, highly polished hardwood.

The floor of this room is covered in blue carpet and the chairs are upholstered in exactly the same shade of blue. The room is typically modern with one exception—a silver samovar of Old Russia reigns from the top of the built-in buffet.

On this buffet, for this typical Russian dinner, would be twenty or thirty kinds of appetizers to which the guests help themselves. (Unlike the Danes, Russians stand as they eat their Hors d'Oeuvres.)

Miss Sten's favorites among her country's many appetizers are the two which I am about to describe. The first may be at slight variance with the average American taste but you'll find that most men like it. It is "Marrow on Toast."

Have the butcher give you a pork, beef or lamb bone containing a large amount of marrow. Boil the bone in slightly salted water until the marrow is tender and can be scooped out with a spoon. Remove marrow from bone and spread on rounds of hot, buttered toast. Season lightly with salt and pepper to taste. Top with a small green onion and serve hot.

The second Hors d'Oeuvres is "Radishes (Continued on page 89)"
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(Continued on page 70)
At last! You can tell at a glance what the nation's most popular film critics have to say about current pictures. Ratings: favorable, plus; unfavorable, minus; zero, no review or review unavailable. Percentage rating based on number of reviews available. When adequate number of reviews not available, percentage is not given.

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Modern Screen
REGINA CANNON
New York American
REGINA CREWE
New York Daily Mirror
BLAND JOHANESON
New York Daily News
KATE CAMERON
WANDA HALE
New York Evening Journal
ROSE PELSWICK
New York Herald Tribune
RICHARD WATTS, Jr.
New York Post
THORNTON DELEHANTY
IRENE THIREP
New York Sun
EILEEN CREEMLAN
New York Times
ANDRE SENNwald
New York World Telegram
WILLIAM BOENHDEL
Chicago Herald-Examiner
CAROL FRINK
Los Angeles Examiner
MURIEL BABCOCK
JERRY HOFFMAN
LOUELLA PARSONS
DO YOU WANT a formula for loveliness? Do you want a prescription for charm? Step right up then and order yourself a definite working plan for good-grooming. You're the doctor! You can be so well-groomed that your loveliness is assured. If you don't believe it, try it. Try it with all the thoroughness of a Joan Crawford or a Norma Shearer, and you'll agree that that doesn't mean any slap-dash, lick-and-a-promise sort of routine.

Let's tear away the mystery from all this glam business. It is something of a business, you know. Think of the most glamorous women on the screen, and you'll realize they are not the ones with the perfect noses and figures built exactly to scale. They are the ones who have brought skill and determination to bear upon their natural endowments, and have willed themselves to be attractive and admired.

We're really tremendously lucky to belong to this day and age. Men's adoration of beauty and woman's determination to win that adoration has survived through the ages. But of all ages, this is the most advantageous for beauty-building. Never has grooming been placed on such a high pedestal . . . never has daintiness and fragrant cleanliness so outweighed the advantages of classical features.

Three of the most glamorous women on the screen also qualify as three of the best groomed women. Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Shearer represent three distinctly different types of glamorous feminine charm, but they are each alike in their radiant, immaculately groomed, "just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox" look. If you don't believe that good-grooming is the best formula for loveliness that ever came your way, study the stars, and you'll be convinced.

You can't start too early. Young girls will grow into much lovelier young women if habits of daintiness are instilled at the start. We talked about manicuring last month, but since that time a clever little manicuring set has been put on the market for "the very young ladies" which seems worthy of calling to your attention right now in connection with this personal grooming business. It is the neatest trick we've seen yet for encouraging children to be particular about their fingernail grooming. Many a discouraged mother who has tried threats and cajoling to put an end to fingernail biting will find this an easy solution to her problem because it appeals to the child's natural pride. The set is packaged in a way that will appeal to a child's imagination, and to her sense of possession, for it will be her "very own" in her very own shade of polish. She won't want to spoil that beautiful shiny polish on her fingernails for anything!

Norma Shearer is the personification of loveliness and good grooming.

Always impec- cably dainty and tastefully gowned is Kay Francis.

Beauty Advice

Try to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox look

By MARY BIDDLE
Here is one important point in connection with cleanliness and daintiness to which we don't give enough consideration. Perhaps some of you aren't entirely aware of it. Did you know that each one of you has a distinct "personal" perfume which is the result of the natural odors that emanate from your skin, your hair, your person? You yourself are probably unconscious of it, but that is because your nose always comes to disregard any scent to which it is habitually accustomed. The sense of smell is the most delicate of all the senses, and becomes fatigued very easily. Thus since your nose won't remember for you, you've got to do your own remembering and keep yourself irreprouachably dainty. Lovely and unlovely scents have tremendous power to attract or repel emotionally. People are affected by them almost subconsciously when they meet other people. Hence the best protection for your own happiness is a remembrance of those details of personal grooming which contribute to your natural fragrance. Keep your person wholesomely sweet, and you don't have to worry about giving offense.

Many a story and poem has romanticized the perfume of a woman's hair. That perfume is the perfume of clean hair. Clean, healthy hair has a delightful fragrance all its own. Whether your hair is inclined to be dry or oily, shampoo it at least once every ten days or two weeks. If you live in the soot-filled city, once a week is better. Brush your hair every night, and keep your brush so clean that the brushing is as much a cleansing process as a stimulating one. It's a smart idea to have a towel, or a clean piece of old linen, to wipe your brush on every once in a while during your routine of vigorous strokes. Part your hair in strands, and brush until you cleanse and burnish every strand.

I can hear your protests already about "spoil the wave." Don't put off shampooing or brushing when it's a question of healthful cleanliness in preference to a perfect wave. I know you think it's easy enough for me to say that, and you answer me back under your breath that I'm not the one who is going to have to pay for that new wave. If you have naturally curly hair, or a good permanent, let me knock over that old superstition of brushing "spoil the wave" for you. Every hair specialist who really knows his business will tell you that brushing actually helps to set a permanent or natural wave. Brush your hair, and then push it up into the waves that the brushing will help to reveal. Of course, a finger wave is a little different. It sometimes needs coaxing back (Continued on page 97)

Wen we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves...but about you and a problem of yours!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get...thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief...well that laxative must be good. When 46 million people agree on one thing, there must be something about it that is different...and better.

WHEN America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is gentle. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take...for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
Ex-Lax, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

NAME
ADDRESS

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story... the kind of dramatic entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentuckey Colonel of the hectic 70's... as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'

And the finish—guess what? A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

Shirley TEMPLE
Lionel BARRYMORE

in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in
"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller

GAYNOR & BAXTER in
"ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S
SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.
To a Spaniard there is no one more thrilling than a blonde beauty of his native country. And to Marlene Dietrich’s fans, there is no one quite as lovely as she. In her role of Concha, a Spanish dancer, in “Caprice Espagnol,” Dietrich reveals a new warmth and humanness in her acting. Von Sternberg directs her despite the fact that Hollywood buzzes with the oft-repeated rumor that the famous acting-directing combination is definitely split this time. Marlene has been seen about town with escorts other than Von Sternberg but that has happened before. Meanwhile work on the picture continues and Marlene sheds her tailored costume for some of the most gorgeous costumes she has ever worn. This magnificent white lace creation is one. In place of a mantilla, she wears this dramatic hat of lace wired to affect a brim.
Ann Sothern never dreamed, when she was signed to a lead with Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergères," that life was going to be so riotous! You see, they're shooting a French version along with the American one, and since French censors aren't so particular, it's pretty spicy. What with everyone on other sets doing "peeping Toms" and French chorus girls imported to replace modest American ones who quit for lack of proper costuming! Ann made such a hit in "Kid Millions" that she was rushed right into another musical extravaganza. Ann and her best boy friend, Roger Pryor, make one of Hollywood's most wistful couples. There's still that matter of a Reno decree for Roger, you see. Such a pretty damsel should never have to look wistful, do you think?
It’s a man’s size job to drag Janet Gaynor into the studio gallery for picture taking—that’s why a grand picture like this is a special prize. Janet is having a high old time in Central Park, New York City, in her current picture, “One More Spring,” with Warner Baxter. The fur covering, above, which may appear to be rather unseasonable, is protection against Central Park zephyrs inasmuch as Janet sleeps under it on an antique bed of Napoleon Bonaparte’s. It’s all part of the plot. Janet continues to side-step any romantic rumors linking her with a new swain. She is impartial with her escorts, frequently confounding the rumor hounds by taking her mother along to Hollywood social events which she attends.
Ole Massa Bing Crosby, all done up with side-burns and frilled shirt bosom to give the fair damsels a new heart flutter in "Mississippi." However, this sad, where-art-thou expression doesn't last throughout the picture because Bing becomes known as a bold, bad river gunman who gets into some pretty scrapes out of which he can't croon himself! Joan Bennett is the lovely flower of the South whom he wins despite his carryings-on. You can always depend upon Bing for a swell performance and that banjo gives you the idea that there probably are some songs you'll be humming long afterwards.

When Mr. Tullio Carminati looks at his leading lady with this same slightly puzzled but intrigued look, thousands of devoted wives go home to stare unhappily at the nice, open expressions on their hard-working husbands' faces! Everyone has been telling us how disappointed they were not to have Tullio sing in "One Night of Love." They were crazy about his acting but a duet with Grace Moore or even a short ditty on his own would have fixed things up. But just wait for his next picture, "Let's Live Tonight," in which he sings with Lillian Harvey. Victor Schertzinger has written two hit songs for them.
Meet King Rudolph who rules a mythical kingdom but takes time out to swap places with a screen star. In other words, Carl Brisson, the smiling and singing Dane, adroitly plays a dual role in "All the Kings' Horses." Brisson and his charming wife have become very popular in the social swim of Hollywood. They seem to have pleasantly adjusted themselves to a new home, far from their native Denmark. Carl is a grand actor whom we don't see half often enough on the screen. Perhaps this teaming of him with Mary Ellis, of opera fame, will bring him many future roles and more frequent appearances.

Quietly but expertly young Cesar Romero has stolen the picture plum of the season. After brief appearances in "British Agent" and as the gigolo husband in "The Thin Man," he emerges without previous fanfare as the leading man for Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnol." This is a marvelous chance for the handsome Cuban and it is predicted that he is a rising star to watch with interest. Already his "bit" parts in several pictures have caused the film fans to sit up when he walks into a scene. His romantic Latin appearance is a perfect foil for the blonde Dietrich and as you can see, the Spanish costuming is becoming.
There may be Hollywood sirens who do their “come-hithering” more blatantly than Claudette Colbert, but there’s none who receives more increasing acclaim from fans and box-office. It’s gotten so that Claudette can’t get a toothbrush packed for a well-earned vacation without the studio begging her to please do one more picture first. She’d hardly finished “Gilded Lily” before she was rushed into “Private Worlds” to emote opposite those two dashing leading men, the French Charles Boyer and that very American young man, Joel McCrea. Claudette can look back upon the past year with complete satisfaction. Never before has she shown such versatility and depth to her acting. From the gay, sophisticated comedy of “It Happened One Night,” to the sympathetic and understanding mother of “Imitation of Life.” A romantic interest in Claudette’s life seems to be singularly nil at the moment. Since her marriage with Norman Foster met an impasse, she has devoted herself to work and made very few public appearances about Hollywood. We can’t imagine a spinsterish existence appealing to her for long, however, and neither can any of her legion of masculine fans!
Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does more for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious cream in liquid form. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it soaks the skin with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

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I CAN think of just eight people in Hollywood who are intriguing. That is to me, anyway.

In my five years here I have been introduced to nearly all of the "big names" in the movie colony, either on studio sets or socially. I've heard the inside stories about practically all those who matter. And I am including not only actors, but the workers behind the scenes.

I am not a blase, ungrateful, cynical, either. Indeed I am thrilled to be among those present in pictures today, for automatically this puts me in contact with so many exceptionally interesting men and women. I frankly adore the stimulation that knowing them gives me.

But with all respect to my personal friends, and I rate myself lucky in having quite a few who are grand, regular sports, only one whom I know really well goes into my group of Hollywood's intriguing people. And in this, very special class I number one whom I've never succeeded in meeting.

Perhaps I first should explain my term. You find many who are attractive; you like them because an inexplicable bond of sympathy and understanding links them to you. There are certain persons whom you admire for their accomplishments; others whose characters draw your respect.

By intriguing, however, I mean something more than all that. I reserve this distinction for those who fascinate me, for those who have a strangely provocative quality that perpetually enchants me.

When you stop to carefully consider all the people in your own sphere, how many could you truthfully say possess this rare characteristic?

As I stated, I can think of only eight in all of Hollywood.

I choose Fred Astaire because his quiet humor piques my fancy. He always has a sly twinkle in his eyes and you are never quite sure of what's going on in his rapier-like brain. There is a calm sweetness about him that isn't in-the least sappy. You sense that behind his unassuming manner is real power. He never reveals much about himself, but when he does care to talk he has something worth saying. I can't think of any other man who is so kind and so gentle, and yet who has such a steely determination hidden within.
People in Hollywood!

A hard worker with a serious attitude toward his particular line, his shyness, his charm, and his unquestioned ability as a dancer combine to make him a thoroughly captivating man in my estimation.

One more important thing to his credit. I have been so pleased with the way he has behaved in Hollywood. He came here a world-famous stage star and wasn’t temperamental when the movies cast him first in a small, supporting role. A genuine trouper, he relied on merit to bring him his deserved attention. Nor did he discourse wildly on his private life to gain publicity.

I pick Joan Blondell because her amazing forthrightness fascinates me. It pervades her every move. And this proves right off that being mysterious is not a requisite for easing into this group. Joan meets life face to face and endeavors to conceal nothing.

Her honesty is so wonderfully consistent. Her wholesomeness, the fact that she is such a devoted wife and mother—these are subordinate reasons for my being intrigued by her. Primarily it’s her lack of artifices and complexities that thrills me. It’s an achievement to be one hundred per cent sincere and frank.

I don’t know Joan well, but I feel that she must have a whirlwind temper when she’s imposed upon. I fancy that, with all her sweetness, there is terrific fight in her and that she’d battle to the last ditch for anyone she loves. And she wouldn’t care what happened to herself. I shouldn’t want her to ever get mad at me!

And then I nominate Jimmy Cagney because he simply enchants me on the screen. He is my favorite actor and so I’ll admit I may be prejudiced! It’s an instinctive liking that I have for him. I often try to analyze his appeal. He isn’t handsome. But every single muscle of his seems to be taut. Jimmy is like a leopard, ready to spring. I sit through all his pictures twice because I get such a kick out of watching him.

Because his film personality “gets” me he is to me a fascinating person. We are only casual acquaintances and I run into him just at the studio and at actors’ meetings and parties. He is astonishingly quiet and modest, a strange contrast to that fiery self the camera tempts forth.

I guess it’s a good thing he isn’t as devastating “off” as “on,” for Cagney in celluloid is irresistible to me!

Next comes Greta Garbo. She is the one on my list whom I’ve not yet met. One day I was driving down the boulevard when I caught a glimpse of Garbo’s back. She was striding the other way and it was the first and only time I’ve ever seen her in person. If I hadn’t been terribly late for an appointment, I would have turned around and gone chasing after her to see exactly what she’s like.

She is alluring to me because she is so beautiful on the screen and I want to learn whether she is as glamorous in reality. There’s a different quality about Garbo that no one can copy.

I feel that although she is giving everything when she expresses her emotions for a film scene, she simultaneously is a woman apart from everyone and every-

(Continued on page 93)
YOU CAN MAKE

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Meet people with friendliness, you'll be rewarded by popularity

Loretta Young puts a ban on catty remarks about other women. You must be kind in your judgments or others will distrust you.

O BE likeable. That's the thing. To have people say, "Oh, I like her! She's swell!" To have people quick to raise their hat or hand in greeting when they see you on the street. To have voices warm when they talk to you. To have people smile when they greet you.

Of course there are some misanthropes who don't care a hoot whether they're likeable or not. But they can be left out of all calculations since they're neither natural nor, fortunately, numerous. Everybody else wants to be likeable.

And everybody can be. That's the grand part of it. Being likeable is simply a matter of acquiring understanding, of doing a good job about adjusting yourself to life.

And you can learn to be likeable. Thousands of people have done it. Among them many of the motion picture stars.

There's Joan Bennett, for instance.

Above, lovely Karen Morley gives loyalty to your own sex as first step in being thoroughly likeable.

"The first thing you must do," according to Joan, "is give people a chance to like you. If you're naturally shy, and so many of us are, this isn't an easy thing to do, I know. For the very defense you adopt to cover your shyness puts others off. For most likely they're diffident, timid and shy, too, and the barrier you present causes them to become even more defensive.

"And there you are for all the world like a couple of porcupines who meet and immediately shoot out quills."
We were lunching at Joan’s. Her dining-room, with the rest of the house, had just been done over. Joan had planned it herself, in cool, peaceful grays and beiges as a background for the intimate dinners she and her husband, Gene Markey, like to give.

Melinda, eighteen months old, was at luncheon, too. She sat beside Joan and was buckled into a little canvas swing. That morning Joan had been at the studios. That afternoon she was going to the tennis matches where her box, marked Mrs. Gene Markey, would be a favorite gathering place between sets.

And if I don’t have Melinda for a little while every day, I get so lonesome for her,” Joan explained, kissing her baby on the top of her head, beside the little blue bow that held a tuft of yellow hair.

“But,” I said to Joan, bringing the talk back to the business of learning to be likeable, “you’re a Bennett. You probably were born with a natural magnetism for people. You probably never had to learn to be liked.”

Joan just looked at me. “Don’t be crazy,” she said. “I was not born with magnetism for people. I most certainly did have to learn to be likeable.

“I was born a Bennett all right, and that for me was no help. The others all had their stride when I came along. And I was more like my mother, quiet and shy.

“Growing up, in defense, I became haughty. I didn’t think haughtiness was attractive. I never was that stupid. I knew darn well haughtiness was no fun. I simply preferred seeming haughty to seeming shy.

“I doubt that it ever is easy to be the little sister. It’s no boon to anyone’s pride to start out socially by being allowed to trail along, by being suffered, so to speak. But to be the little sister of Constance Bennett! That’s something! That means taking a back seat and sinking into oblivion. Not because of anything Connie does, but because Connie’s naturally a glittering and magnetic personality.

“Both Barbara and I grew up feeling pretty unimportant. Barbara developed sarcasm in defense of her hurt ego and had all the bother of overcoming it later on. Just as I had the bother of overcoming haughtiness before I could get anywhere, personally or professionally.”

Then I remembered Joan when she first came to Hollywood. She had been a very haughty young woman indeed. And, needless to say, not the charming and popular person she is today.

“What was the first step you took towards overcoming your haughtiness? Do you remember?” I asked.

Joan laughed. “I remember well, I took a plunge.

One afternoon, at a tea-party, I admitted how difficult it was having a brilliant, magnetic sister. I went on to tell how this relegated you to the background where—upon your ego was hurt and, confused, you proceeded to hide behind haughtiness or something else equally silly. And equally unfriendly.

“Well, several other people at that party had been younger brothers or sisters, too. (Continued on page 82)
In her "Clive of India" role, Loretta Young finds a spur to high courage and renewed faith in earthly love.

BY WALTER RAMSEY

In "Clive of India," with Ronald Colman, Loretta portrays a woman fifteen years her senior.
HEN Darryl Zanuck cast Loretta Young in the role of Meg in "Clive of India," Hollywood thought he had made the mistake of not reading the book!

Every thirty-year-old actress in town who had been "up" for the role—and several who hadn't—almost swooned at the thought of Zanuck's selection. One columnist wrote: "Another of those strange cases of Hollywood casting is the assigning of Loretta Young in the role of Meg opposite Ronald Colman in 'Clive of India.' During a great portion of the action, Meg is a woman thirty or thirty-five years of age . . . with two children. Miss Young is just barely twenty-two!"

But if the critics, the actresses and the casting boys were surprised, theirs might be called a mild case compared to Loretta's own reaction, which was just one degree short of being flabbergasted. For two or three years now, Loretta has been doing character-ingenuity's in such dramatic offerings as "A Man's Castle" and "White Parade," but even at that, the cinema life span of the leading lady seldom went over the twenty-year mark. It is not at all unusual for an actress of thirty to portray belles of eighteen, but for a girl in her twenties to portray a woman past thirty (when Hollywood is practically overcrowded with the correct-age type) was indeed something!

"I haven't an inferiority complex," smiled Loretta, who looked like a vision of loveliness in the ruffled gown of soft lace she was wearing for a scene in the picture, "but I never went into a part with such an uncomfortable feeling of doubt, wondering if I would be adequate in such a role, wondering if I would be able to look the part, but, more important still, wondering if I would be able to convincingly portray the mature emotions of Meg." Loretta and I were sitting on the set representing the London home of Loretta and her husband (in the picture) Ronald Colman. Cameramen and electricians were scurrying about "setting up" for the next scene, a very dramatic moment in the film in which Meg chooses between remaining in London with her child or once more accompanying her husband into the dangerous life he leads in India. At this stage of the story, Meg is almost thirty. I stole a curious glance at the girl who plays Meg. Loretta's own soft, brown hair was covered by a marvelously effective transformation of curls built high on her head. Soft shadows of the make-up artist's magic were discernible under her eyes, but with these outward exceptions, no other changes had been made in Loretta's own beautiful face. Later, I learned that Loretta matures in this role through sheer characterization, not by the usual trick make-up effects, using but her voice and a change in carriage to gain the effect of maturity and dignity. Certainly, no telltale lines marred the fresh loveliness of her face as we sat talking. (Continued on page 116)

Loretta Young—the most sought-after leading lady in all filmdom.
THE sole reason for relating this episode is because of the insight it affords into the character of Carole Lombard. Otherwise, it's strictly personal.

Jim and I had gone to the El Rey Club to celebrate his last night in town. He didn't want to see Carole while he was in Hollywood—that I knew. And he was anxious to be leaving the next day when he'd be beyond any hazard of a chance meeting.

His motives, at this point, must be explained. They were tragically simple. Jim had been in love with Carole for nearly five years; so hopelessly in love that he couldn't endure the ordinary friendship which she desired. Carole is staunch in her friendships and she wanted, desperately, to keep Jim as one of her closest and best. But Jim's emotions couldn't withstand the strain. He resolved, at last, to save his mangled feelings and preclude, as well, the constant probability of playing the fool.

There was only one way he could do this.

Never see her, never to set his yearning eyes on her again. So he straightway packed all his belongings, pulled up stakes and went to New York to start life over. Thus it was, more than two years later, that returning to the Coast on a brief business trip, Jim and I got in touch with each other once more. He hadn't changed. We hadn't been together an hour before I realized that his heart still was ensnared hopelessly by the blonde Diana. For his three days in Hollywood, therefore, he had to control himself sternly. It was largely because of this, his triumph over his rampant emotions, that we went to the El Rey to celebrate.

We celebrated for ten minutes when Carole entered.

SHE came in with a well known actor. As she descended the stairs on his arm, she smilingly acknowledged the sudden ripple of salutations. Before her wraps could be removed, friends eagerly surrounded her. Soon they were laughing and talking with that air of nervous excitement which she always inspires. Her bubbling spirits seemed to affect not only this group but everyone in the room. Indeed, the pulse of the whole place quickened; came suddenly and tensely alive. It was as if her arrival provided the excuse for a high gaiety for which the revelers glumly had been waiting. But during this time my eyes were on Jim. His face had turned pale. For a full, agonizing minute he didn't move. Then he grabbed his glass with shaking fingers, gulped his whiskey sour. "Let's get out of here," he muttered hoarsely.

But we didn't leave. At that moment Carole and her escort were being directed, by the beaming head waiter, toward a table next to the dance floor. As they passed close by, Jim turned his head in the opposite direction. From then on there was nothing to do but stay. From where Carole was seated she could see us walk toward the door. We stayed and drank.

And how Jim drank! The liquor brought on the inevitable result. Finally, he commenced to talk. "All about the various ways he tried to get Carole out of his blood. But this phase of his confession is strictly his private concern. What does concern us here are the rather revealing things he said about Carole. He had known her extremely well, as I inferred before, for nearly five years. But it wasn't until he settled down in New York that he really understood her. Understood, that is, the reasons for his love.

Jim swirled the amber liquid in his glass and spoke, now, without lifting his eyes. I had to lean close to catch his voice above the chattering din in the room.
"I had to understand the reason why I cared for her so," he said. He formed his words with deliberate slowness so that he wouldn't sound mawkish. "I had to. I felt that it was the only thing that would help me get a line on myself. I wanted to know why she stood out among all the women I had ever met. So I began an analysis. I decided, finally, that she possessed just four qualities, four principal qualities, which made her the most irresistible woman I had ever met. They all are ordinary. They all are exceedingly difficult to develop to the highest degree. Well, perhaps that statement is not entirely correct. Perhaps it's natural endowment. For, you see, the first quality Carole possesses is ..."

I missed the word. The orchestra had started up a rumba. The lights were dim. Couples began shuffling on the floor to that feverish tempo which pounded like blood in your veins. I looked across the floor and soon discovered a sleek, blonde head framed against the dark shoulder of her partner. The head and shoulders didn't move as she and her partner slowly glided among the other couples. "Stepping on eggshells" is the best phrase to describe Carole's dancing. It's so effortless and light; yet imbued, then, with the torrid abandon of the music. I glanced at Jim. As he stared across the smoke filled room, I could perceive that he was following her every move. His eyes were lost in that old enchantment. I touched his hand. He looked at me quickly, unseeing, like one who is under a spell.

"You were telling me something," I said.

He shook his head and ordered a whiskey neat. The muscles of his jaws flexed. He didn't look back toward the floor. It took one stiff gulp, a long pause, before he could recapture his thoughts.

"Oh yes, I was speaking of beauty. That is the first quality Carole possesses. No man ever falls in love with a woman unless she is beautiful. A woman may not be attractive to other men but to the eyes of her lover she is beautiful. And did you ever (Continued on page 76)"

Carole and George Raft team again for "Rumba," a thrill for their fans.
JOHN BEAL didn't want to tell this story. He was afraid it might sound as if he were making a bid for sympathy. As a matter of fact, he would not even have told the story to me if I hadn't stumbled upon it.

He had just finished "The Little Minister" with Katharine Hepburn which, incidentally, is going to put him right up there with the big stars, and he was raving about Hepburn's acting. Well, I know a lot about mad Kate. I wanted to know more about John Beal. So to change the subject I asked him to show me some of his drawings.

"I'm afraid they'd bore you," he said simply.

But I finally convinced him that world-famous bores had tried to make me yawn and that I could stand a couple of portfolios without falling asleep. So he brought out his sketch books.

Bored? Not much! I was fascinated. He draws beautifully—vivid character sketches, quick flashing likenesses, nice ironies, strong, sure lines.

"But these are grand," I enthused. "Why don't you do more?"

I expected the usual actor alibi "no time" and then I looked at his face and saw some curious emotional drama struggling in his eyes.

"I do as much as I can," he said softly. "It's my eyes. You see, I almost went blind once. I thought that I would never be able to see again." (Continued on page 78)
Here, above, is where you find all of sporting Hollywood when the races are being run—the beautiful new Santa Anita track. The gee-gees are lining up!

THE SPORT OF KINGS

Left above, Ricardo Cortez is snapped by Scotty as he arrives at the track. Ric’s grin indicates an advanced tip on the races. Left below, Mary Brian gives one of the jockeys her autograph. Right above, it bodes no good for the horses with this huddle going on! Arline Judge, husband Wes Ruggles and the old Maestro, Ben Bernie, tell each other what’s what. Right below, Mae Clarke (and it’s nice to see her recovered again) looks amazed at the horses George E. Stone has marked for her.
Regina Cannon on the wire!
She tells you the latest hot-
from-Hollywood lowdown!
Read all about the parties,
races, romances—not to
mention the etceteras

Mr. and Mrs. Ansunsolo pay their daughter,
Dolores Del Rio, their annual visit.

No sooner had Mary Pickford obtained her two-minute, record-
breaking divorce than the rumor hounds got busy and predicted that
Buddy Rogers would be America's Sweetheart's "next." In fact,
word to that effect even traveled across the Atlantic, where Buddy
is playing in London. An enterprising reporter there interviewed the
lad, who emphatically replied, "Miss Pickford and I are dear
friends. Indeed, I may marry, but I have an English woman in mind."

Mary was born in Canada, remember? So—are we a sleuth or
just a bad guesser?

That ace romantic, Francis Lederer, has transferred his affec-
tions from the tempestuous Steffi Duna to screenwriter Anita Loos'
charming niece, Mary Anita. But is the foreign lady taking the
change philosophically? No, indeed. 'Tis said she's been making
things around Hollywood, generally, and around Mr. L, par-
ticularly, slightly warmer than a Mexican menu! Battle-staging
seems to be the gal's forte—and Francis, himself such a pacifist!
How embarrassing, to say the least.

Incidentally, the premature announcement of the Czech's en-
gagement brought out the fact that he had once been married,
which matter came as sort of front-page news to his enthralled
female public.

Those famous wits, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, have met
their match at last, and what's more, they enjoy telling about it!
It seems that a Mr. Adams, who owns a little movie house some-
where in Illinois, sent in his exhibitor's report after running the boys'
first movie venture.

"Crime Without Passion," it read, "is terrible. The audience
walked out of my theatre when it was shown. Never send me
another like it!"

Well, what did Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur do? They sat right
down and wrote Mr. A. "Now," they said, "don't throw this note
out with your circulars. In the first place, it's probably the only
envelope bearing a three-cent stamp you've ever received. And,
we're writing in two-syllable words so that you'll be able to under-
stand, etc., etc."

To which, Mr. Adams replied, "Your letter was so swell, it is now
framed and hanging in my lobby, where it is affording my patrons much more entertainment than did your picture. You attack me as an exhibitor? Well, boys, I'm okay there, too. Remember, I got the audience in, but it was your film sent 'em out!"

Whew! One up to Adams.

Marlene Dietrich has always said that she wanted to bring up her little daughter, Maria, in an “individual” manner. So perhaps that is why, on a recent midnight, the youngster was glimpsed with her famous mother and her Egyptian escort, and her dad and his beautiful female companion at the gay Trocadero, one of Hollywood's brightest night spots. Wouldn't a lot of children, who have to be in bed by eight, love a treat like that?

The fact that most of the cast of “Shadow of Doubt” have donned British accents with their make-up may be laid at the door of the celebrated English actress, Constance Collier. Yes, indeed, the day our scout visited the set, there was cute little Isabel Jewell giving her dialogue the broad “A” with a vengeance.

Incidentally, all is definitely over between Isabel and Lee Tracy, with each displaying enough good taste to refrain from discussing the whys and wherefores. Miss J. has a brand new beau already and Lee isn’t the stay-at-home type either.

He's known to his public as Mala, and to his intimates as plain Ray Wise, and they do say he actually leans a long way toward being an honest-to-goodness Eskimaux. Anyway, 'tis whispered that Ray is tired of being associated with the frozen North and has asked that stories to the effect that he is part Hawaiian—not Four Hawaiians like Joe Cook's famous quartette—be circulated. Well, get hot, Mala! It's all right with us fans, who think you're a pretty good actor whether your manly form is draped in furs or grass! We still remember your perfectly swell performance in “Eskimo” and would like to see you soon again.

That pretty little southern belle, Gail Patrick, is at the moment slightly puzzled over life and studio casting directors. It seems that it took Gail nearly two years to lose her soft Alabamy drawl and, no sooner had it gone the way of all memories, than she was put into Bing Crosby's “Mississippi,” where she must talk like a girl from way down below the Mason-Dixon line.

Believe it or not, Dick Powell has a secret passion. Ah ha! It is not the lovely Mary Brian, nor the equally pretty Margaret Lindsay, but Myrna Loy. Yes, Dick never misses a Loy picture. In fact, he goes to see them all by himself and admits he has stayed through the same feature two or three times. Of course, the last person to know about this is Myrna herself. Incidentally, Dick has had a heck of a time furnishing his new home in Toluca Lake. Yep, almost all the furniture had to be sent back, as it proved to be just about as uncomfortable as it was expensive. Add trials and tribulations of a rich young bachelor.
If you would like to attract a little attention—or a whole lot, for that matter—why not try wearing blue denim overalls with a huge corsage of orchids pinned to the shoulder strap? Margaret Sullivan succeeded in stopping traffic on the Universal lot recently by so doing. Of course, that was her intention, and she surely made the grade! By the way, what is the other peppy little exhibitionist, Katie Hepburn, up to these days? No fun lying on the ground reading fan mail any more, what with the dirt all replaced by nice, clean cement.

Those two modest (?) numbers, Al Jolson and Ben Bernie, recently appeared together in a box at the Santa Anita racetrack. Ever with an eye to attention, the pair began discussing their golf scores and other sports achievements in voices that could be heard well nigh to Pasadena. Finally, a bored and unimpressed spectator from another box remarked, "And all this entertainment including the race for only $4.40. Why, it's a shame to take it for the money!"

Everyone in so-called hard-hearted Hollywood is thrilled over Virginia Bruce's recent success. For, there is a girl with spunk and sweetness who can "take it." Tis said by one of her closest friends that when she sent her ex-husband,
Jack Gilbert, a lovely gift lately, he returned it unopened. Even so, Virginia generously tells everybody that she wishes her baby's father good luck in whatever he undertakes.

The players over at Warners' studio have learned a great, big lesson. It seems that all the boys and girls who were not satisfied with their cinematic assignments tried to duck out of 'em by saying they wanted to be in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Well, just for that, the Powers That Be answered right back with, "Certainly, you can appear in that production and your other films, too." Now that's what you call an obliging bunch of executives, even though the actors called them something else!

W. C. Fields proves to be his studio's "problem child" when it comes to the question of interviews. It seems that the gent just doesn't like to be bothered very much by the writing fraternity. Lately, however, he consented to see a reporter at his home, but on the morning the lad was due, Bill phoned Paramount and murmured sorrowfully, "That poor fellow won't be able to get in here today because this rain has washed away practically my whole driveway. Yes, I'm sure disappointed." What the studio didn't learn until much (Continued on page 110)

(Above) The Broadway hit, "Merrily We Roll Along," picks a cast for the Pacific Coast run. Rehearsing are Erin O'Brien Moore, Douglass Montgomery, Virginia Cherrill and Dorothy Wilson. (Down the page) Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson—very excited—at the Santa Anita races. Next, meet the writer of those hits, "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill." Bob Riskin, with Carole Lombard at the Trocadero. Below them are Maureen O'Sullivan and her blond beau, Johnnie Farrow, at the same party. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Chawles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester) at the Ballet Russe. (Below) Anne Shirley with her San Francisco boy friend, Frank O'Connor, at the Grove.

All Photos by Scott
IF, almost overnight, you found yourself lifted from poverty to wealth, from obscurity and frustration to world-wide fame and the idolatrous worship of a hundred million fans; if the portals leading to the realization of all your ambitions and your desires were thrown open before you as though by magic... Would you be grateful? 

Don't be too hasty, or too self-confident, in answering. Ponder the question well, for human nature, whether in Hollywood or Tinubctoo, is a tricky, incaulcable thing and genuine gratitude is to be found more rarely than pirate gold. Remember the ancient tale of the flounder and the fisherman's wife—or, more apropos, give a thought to the ungrateful guests of Hollywood. They are legion! You can't begin to list them.

Consider, for example, the case of Greta Garbo, Hollywood, to her, has been an Aladdin's Lamp, a Fortuna's Purse. She came here, only a few years ago, a nobody; today, she is, unquestionably, the most famous woman in the world. She came here poor; today, she is—or should be—very wealthy, for her weekly salary is in the neighborhood of $10,000—more than five times that of the President of the United States. Hollywood has given her mansions to live in, servants to wait upon her, fine cars to drive, the means to care for her once impoverished family, money to gratify her least whim! Hollywood has given her fame and adoration. And Hollywood is merely a mirror—sometimes distorted, usually faithful—which reflects the likes and dislikes of the world's theatre-goers. It is you, the untold millions of yous, who have done all these splendid things for Garbo! Is the Great One grateful? Just consider the evidence:
The poor, obscure Swedish girl who found a fortune in America, as far as we know, has never applied for citizenship in America. On the contrary, she has frequently intimated that she might retire to her native Sweden whenever her screen career is ended. It's her annual threat. 

Nothing is known regarding her charities—if any. Perhaps she gives generously to the unfortunate members of that world-wide audience which has given her stardom and wealth. If so, she has kept her secrets well—for no other star, in all Hollywood history, ever has been able to conceal, completely, his contributions to a deserving charity.

HER attitude toward her adoring fans is too well known to need recounting here. No interviews, no autographs, no personal appearances, no contacts of any kind! En route to Europe, she is said to have demanded that an entire deck be cleared so that she might promenade without rubbing elbows with people. Vacationing in a mountain resort near Los Angeles, she is said to have demanded that all other guests should keep to their cabins, with their window shades drawn, while she and her small retinue registered. Since becoming a star, she has never posed for press pictures, never signed an autograph album, never answered a fan letter—in short, never expressed any sentiment toward those loyal people, her fans, except the frantic desire to avoid every contact with them.

There are those who contend, from all this evidence, that she nurses contempt and dislike for the very public which has made her a star. There are others who argue that her actions are proof indisputable of excessive humility and desire for self-effacement.

Take your choice and bring in your own verdict: "Is Garbo grateful?"

The same question can be asked, or could have been asked, from time to time, about many other stars. For instance, there was a kid named Lew Ayres—a mighty likable kid, too—who skyrocketed to stardom in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He certainly was no great shakes as an actor, but "All Quiet" was so tremendously a story, and the picture was so magnificently directed and produced that it made him a star.

And what did he do, in the first flush of his fame, but put the cart before the horse and conclude that he had made the picture. A year or so later, with Universal paying him the miserable stipend of some $1250 a week to grace with his presence one box-office disaster after another, he is said to have expressed his gratitude by ranting bitterly against the stupidity of the producers and indicting them for forcing him to play in pictures unworthy of his talents.

And, to tell the truth, Lew wasn't greatly to blame, for Hollywood actually goes out of its way to invite ingratitude by making too much fuss over its stars. There isn't a person connected with the motion picture industry who isn't fully aware of the fact that the credit—or blame—for every picture should be shared equally by the authors, the producers, the director, the film editors and the cast. But, unfortunately, of all those who contribute to the finished picture, only the actors are seen by the audience. Consequently, the studios always have concentrated their publicity barrage on their stars. And the critics, recognizing the fact that John and Jane Public have been blinded by that publicity, pretty generally follow suit.

What wonder, then, if a sudden deluge of fan mail and publicity raves, turns many a stellar head? A few reverses, a few critical "pannings" and salary-loss periods
(Reading down, left to right) How have Dietrich, Stuart, Sullavan, Garbo, Gilbert and Lew Ayres shown their gratitude to Hollywood?

usually suffice to restore the sufferer's sense of proportion.

Speaking of gratitude—or lack of it, if you prefer—Hollywood was rather flabbergasted to read a recent interview granted by Margaret Sullavan, the Laemmles' newest hope. It was entitled "I Hate Everything" and in it what a knowing that young lady gave Hollywood, the picture business and everything and everybody connected with it!

"I hate Hollywood," she said. "I hate pictures! I hate producers ... and interviewers ... and hairdressers ... and portrait photographers! I hate everything about this place but the climate!"

Hollywood was just a trifle bewildered, for it was paying Margaret a sum slightly less than the national debt each week and making her name, heretofore unknown outside a limited stage circle, a household word. The thought of all the millions of girls who would barter half of their lives for such a salary and fame becomes a melancholy reflection at times like that.

Hollywood was less shocked when Gloria Stuart went on the warpath about a year ago and is alleged to have declared: "I might have been a good actress if I hadn't gone into the movies. I might still be if I get away from Hollywood in time. I don't care if I never see another picture. I'd be better off doing nothing than the things I'm doing now. Hollywood is just a razzle-dazzle—I hate all this bickering and pretense!"

Of course, the razzle-dazzle pays Gloria pretty well. It's made her a star, it's given her fame—but after all, what's that? Gloria majored in philosophy.

And then, there's Dietrich. Marlene, legs and all, was practically an unknown, until Dame Hollywood—which is to say, you and you and you—came along and made her an idol from Nantucket to Point Arguello, and, incidentally, paid her enough in the process that she could afford such trifling extravagances as $1700 a month for the rental of three houses. Marlene was so overcome by gratitude that she informed the world that her daughter would be educated abroad. Being somewhat proud of our school system, we were hurt.

And there's John Gilbert. John was "up" for years, up to the tune of $10,000 a week—and Hollywood was a grand, wonderful and altogether lovely place. And then he was "down" for a while (Continued on page 99)
Some clues to this month's set of song titles: one of the pictures was a last year's hit, one is not so new, and the star of the third is an Englishman.

GATHER 'round, good people, and we will tell you all about this grand contest. The rules and everything are set forth in the two boxes in heavy type on the next page, but perhaps we can explain a little more fully here.

You are probably well launched in last month's installment of this contest—that was the first installment—but in case you missed the last issue of Modern Screen (teh, teh! never let that happen again!) and in case you cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to mail you a copy of that issue, if you will send such a request, your name and address and ten cents to Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We have received a number of questions regarding this contest and we think maybe some of you may be helped if we print the answers to those questions here.

**Question:** In order to win one of the prizes in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, does a contestant have to submit a complete set of lyrics?

**Answer:** No. All that is required of a contestant, in order to win one of the prizes, is to send in the complete list of songs, titles and tell who sang them, according to the rules given, and to write a composition of not more than one hundred words telling which Warner musical the contestant has liked best to date, with reasons.

**Question:** Does a contestant have to submit three compositions of one hundred words (or less)—that is, one for each month?

**Answer:** No. Only one composition of a hundred words or less must be written for the complete contest.

**Question:** Does neatness count?

**Answer:** Yes. Neatness will bear weight when the judges decide on the winners. Elaborate entries, however, are not encouraged. Keep your entry simple—and neat.

**Question:** If a contestant submits five, instead of three answers, for each month's set of Warner musical titles, will he be more favored for a prize?

**Answer:** No. All contestants will be judged on a three-out-of-five basis.

THERE now! Do those questions and answers clear up any doubtful points in your minds? We hope so.

The titles of the five pictures for this month are listed on page 43. Next month we will give you the final list of five. And as we have said, five were listed last month. Every one of these fifteen pictures were Warner musicals, produced by the same company, in which one or more popular songs were featured.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month's list, three from this month's list and three from next month's list. That makes nine in all. You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen. You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the (Continued on page 117)
The two nearest pictures contain clues to two more song titles and the picture at the far left is a scene from Warner’s “Golddiggers of 1935.”

EXTRA HONOR FOR ALL CONTESTANTS

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? We'll bet you often felt that you could. Well, here's your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article at the bottom of this page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully.

The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand on equally good chance of winning one of the prizes.

2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn’t accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.

5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.

6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.
Dates are taboo for La West. "You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along," drawls Mae.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

"I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae. Recent threatening letters are the reasons for all this male protection.

For a year Mae West has lived behind chained doors. For a year that dazzling Diamond Lil gal has gone around more heavily guarded than the crown jewels.

"Private life?" Mae chuckled. "Baby, did you ever try to have one with four special policemen shadowing you, with headquarters checking every telephone call, and no one allowed to see you without a pass? Honey, I have to be a lady now!"

"See this car?"

I did. It looked like Model A from the auto show, but that was not what Mae meant. She pointed to the especially designed safety lock on the doors. "They can't be opened from the outside, not by hook or crook. The body of the car is made of the same steel as that of..."
armored cars and the glass is bullet-proof. That gadget over there ... No, it doesn't hold cigarettes. It's a revolver case. The chauffeur totes a gun, too." She settled herself in the back seat, the tiny West feet disappearing in a thick fur rug.

"What I mind most is this subway effect in the tonneau, I used to love to look at store windows and all the life and excitement on the streets. I used to study people's faces. Why, sometimes you could catch a whole drama between the 'stop' and 'go' signs! But now I'm lucky even to hear the signals! I'm a prisoner!"

It all came about through that spectacular robbery of Mae's. Remember? The papers were full of it for days and headlines blazed across the country. There had been a series of such robberies in Hollywood and the police finally rounded up the gang. Mae didn't prosecute but she was obliged to testify as the state's witness. Then began the most weird succession of mysterious phone calls, messages and letters that any filmite has ever received. It gave everyone the jitters—except Mae. Her life was threatened, her career was threatened. It's an unnerving thing never to be sure when you pick up a letter whether you'll read those ominous words, "If you step into that courtroom, you'll get yours!" Or to hear in cold, deadly tones over the wire, "You speak out and one of these days somebody's going to throw a bottle of acid into your face."

But Mae has enough fight in her to stop a couple of armies. She didn't, however, know that when she said she'd "stick to her guns" she was practically putting herself under padlock and key.

"Me! The gal who told the world to come up and see me some time! That's life for you ..."

But the District Attorney's office and the studio are taking no chances. The chain on the door of Mae's exclusive apartment is two and a quarter inches thick. There's a grilled slot through which every visitor is inspected before being admitted. Even when they're announced by the office downstairs the butler has been trained to take this precaution for fear someone else has trailed along with them. And there is plenty of evidence that such precautions are necessary.

Just a short time ago Libby, Mae's personal colored maid, was awakened about four (Continued on page 88)
A: David Copperfield
(M-G-M)

You will see about the best that the screen can afford when you witness the unrolling of Dickens' immortal novel. Large shares of credit are due all around; the director, adapters and photographer come in for at least a gold star apiece. But best of all is the acting. Never has such a list of splendid portrayals been seen in a single picture. No stellar names; just brilliant players.

Edna May Oliver is so realistic as Aunt Betsey Trotwood that she might have just stepped from the novel's pages. Roland Young superbly underplays the "humble" Uriah Heep; W. C. Fields is excellent as the ever-hopeful Micawber; Jessie Ralph is perfect as Pegotty; Elizabeth Allan, charming as the flower-like Mrs. Copperfield; little Freddie Bartholomew marvelous as the boy David, and Frank Lawton superb as the grown-up Copperfield.

The picture is necessarily episodic and the second half tends to drag a bit, but it was no mean task to confine this lengthy tale to program-length entertainment—and such entertainment. However, there is comparatively so little to criticize, that one would be splitting hairs to do so. Yes, "David Copperfield" is a picture gem made lustrous by its many brilliant characterizations.

A: Clive of India
(Twentieth Century)

Here indeed is a picture for your "must see" list, for it offers well-nigh everything from the standpoint of cinematic entertainment. First and foremost, there is a tender love story, which is never permitted to meander in the interest of action, counterplot or colorful atmosphere. It deals with loyalty and self-sacrifice, not in a maudlin manner, but by presenting them as thrilling qualities which actually add suspense to the story. One wonders just how long Clive will stand by India, and how long his patient, devoted wife will stand by her adventurer-husband.

Richard Boleslawski can tilt his nose skyward when this film is released, for he has handled the exciting production in a thoroughly tasteful manner, giving due importance to battle sequences, characterisation, artistic touches and romantic moments. "Clive of India," replete with thrills and romance, reveals Ronald Colman at his best and Loretta Young as an actress with depth as well as rare beauty.

A: The Gilded Lily
(Paramount)

Chalk up another hit for Paramount, Claudette Colbert and an attractive newcomer named Fred MacMurray, who is a "natural" when it comes to acting ability and charm.

The story itself contains all the ingredients—some of them familiar, but who cares?—calculated to make an A-1 picture pie. There's the roving reporter and the girl who becomes internationally famous through no fault of her own, and the titled Englishman, Ray Milland, who is up to no good. There are many human notes struck, truly dramatic moments unreel and delightful accents of light comedy injected to lift you to laughter.

And, of course, it all revolves about the luscious-looking Claudette, who makes the most of every scene, by dint of convincing portrayal and divine dressing. Why gild the lily? Ask Paramount! They seem to know the answer.

A: The Whole Town's Talking
(Columbia)

This seems to have turned out to be a veritable picture-praising month and so, we add Edward Robinson's latest film to the list of hits.

With few exceptions, you'll find that this month's movie calendar insures A-1 fare...
The actor has every opportunity to score and doesn't miss a trick in a dual role packed with sinister and light comedy points. Eddie plays a meek office worker whose appearance is identical to that of "Killer" Monion, Public Enemy Number 1. Of course you realize the possibilities of this situation—and they're carried out to the fullest.

The film's most hilarious sequence takes place when the meek Robinson gets himself tangled up in the boss's liquor and "pulls off" the office force. Another "guy" spot is when the clever Jean Arthur is "taking" the third degree. There is plenty of gun play and thrills galore and splendid incident, all calculated to keep you on the edge of your chair, which indeed they do. Ethan Girardot, as the office manager, and Donald Meek, as the busy-body responsible for Eddie's troubles, come in for their share of praise. Don't miss "The Whole Town's Talking." It's packed with excitement, laughs and perfect portrayals.

And while this glowing mood is upon us, we might as well say that we're glad to see so good an actor as Robinson in a good picture again.

**B: Bordertown**
(Warner Bros.)

Here is a picture that is worth while. No extravagant praise need be sung as far as the story itself is concerned, but from the standpoint of character portrayal, it is excellent.

Paul Muni gives a brilliant performance as the Mexican lad, brought up in the picturesque but poverty-stricken Mexican section of Los Angeles. His great aim is to follow the life and teachings of Abraham Lincoln. But—maybe you've guessed it—it doesn't take long for him to discover that all men are not created equal! His struggles for recognition, for justice, and for love, afford plenty of dramatic suspense.

Bette Davis' role as the cheap murderess-wife is well acted, but suffers by comparison with her unusually good work in "Of Human Bondage." Soledad Jeminez, a Mexican actress, is deserving of a few laurels for her beautiful interpretation of the aged mother, as is the cameraman for consistently good photography.

Even if the story's a bit long-winded, we miss our guess if you aren't sufficiently amused.

**B: The Iron Duke**
(Gaumont-British)

George Arliss, as the Duke of Wellington—the magnificent warrior who loved peace—is, as always, the superb actor. We found the picture, on the whole, a little dull. There are some good short scenes—in which a slice of history is crystallized before your eyes in dramatic manner. These bits are too few (Continued on page 118)
Dale Eunson is that brilliant young man whose first novel, "Homestead," is being acclaimed by the critics. He has lived in Hollywood, knows the stars and writes about them expertly. "Marriage of Convenience" is based on a true Hollywood incident.

"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," Saunders said.

It was funny to watch them together—little, drab Bartlett Saunders, tie never quite right, shoes the grimey black that bespoke home-polishing, trousers bagging at the knee and seat, red hair graying slightly and innocent of a comb for the Lord-only-knew how long and eyes blinking behind horn-rimmed spectacles at the glitter, dazzle and veneer that was Maxine Vane. They were funny to watch even then, before the vent which could have occurred nowhere except in that exotic, publicity-scorched town masquerading under the innocuous, innocent title—"Hollywood."

It was said that Bartlett Saunders had once been a college professor, and it was easy to believe. He was so true to type that Storm Ericson, the big Swedish casting director, once spotted him on the lot and tried to persuade him to play such a part in a picture. But Bartlett refused. And that seemed perfectly in character, too.

What amazed everyone was that he had ever chanced to cast his lot with motion pictures in the first place, even in such a dull, routine office as voice instructor. People said, afterward, that it must have been that same occasional spirit of rebellion against the commonplace that enabled him to find anything attractive beneath the brittle, hard surface of Maxine Vane.

Maxine had been a star for a little more than a year when "talkies" came along. There were a dozen or more highly colored and somewhat lurid tales concerning Maxine's ascent of the ladder of fame, and some of them were undoubtedly true. A clever studio politician, it was said that she had...
known where to scatter her favors skillfully.

Be that as it may, by the time talkies came in she had boosted her salary to three thousand a week, had brought her mother and father, numberless brothers and sisters out of the squalor of a Brooklyn tenement to the pseudo-Spanish elegance of a Beverly Hills mansion. And she had perched herself in a magnificent aerie (created by an architect and decorator in a moment of modern madness). Polished chromium staircases and gee gaws jutted out and swooped dangerously where least expected, tables of steel and glass, chairs that squatted ridiculously and uncomfortably on the floor itself, and colored lights contributed nothing to the sanity of it all. It was a house that few persons could have lived in, but Maxine liked it. And since it was her home, that was all that mattered. It was so different from the poverty and filth which had spawned the bright plumage of Maxine Vane that it never occurred to her what an atrocity the place really was. When she first took Bartlett Saunders there and he exclaimed over it in somewhat horrified politeness, she said very simply, (Continued on page 101)
Here's the close-up Hollywood is most interested in at the moment—Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. This is all part of their work in "Reckless"—but off-screen, it's love, if you'll believe rumors.
THE publicity girl and I stood in Constance Bennett's dressing-room. Connie nodded briskly in my direction and then turned to the press agent. "That story," she said, "you let it go out without my okay. How did that happen?"

"I'm sorry," the girl said. "Some messages got confused. It's just one of those things that happen even in the best regulated departments."

"But a promise was made to me, wasn't it? And that promise wasn't kept. I was furious about it. You wouldn't want me to tell you that everything was all right when it wasn't, would you?"

"N—no," said the girl. "No, I wouldn't."

"All right," said Connie. And then she smiled that disarming, frank smile of hers. "Let's not let it happen again."

As I watched this little inside studio encounter, my mind raced back and I recalled a similar situation which had been handled so differently by another star. This other star had smiled sweetly upon the press agent, had thanked him for some favor—oh, if she had had butter in her mouth it would have turned to stone—and the minute he left she said to me, "Do you know what that dirty-double-crossing so-and-so did to me?" I knew all about it half an hour later.

Connie couldn't do that. There is something in her nature that makes it utterly impossible for her to say "yes" when she means "no." Connie is frank—utterly and completely frank. She stands or falls by that and you can take her or leave her.

As a result, of course, she has the reputation for being brutal. Hundreds of stories are repeated concerning her telling people off. So far has this reputation gone before her, that folks who work with her for the first time come near her in fear and trembling. Connie has the Indian sign on Hollywood. Yet to my immediate knowledge nobody has asked for her side of the story. Nobody has really wanted to know why she behaves like that. It was for that purpose that I had come to her. I was just in time to witness the scene I've described.

"Do you do that deliberately?" I asked. "Do you try to intimidate people?"

"Good heavens, no!" she said, "I only treat others as I want to be treated. But I know what they say about me. You always know everything that is said about you in Hollywood. I know that I'm supposed to be a devil. I'm brutal. I'm mean. And I'm sorry if that's what they think, but I am as I am and I can't change. I've never wilfully hurt anyone. I don't go around deliberately trying to be nasty. I've a healthy temper, I'll admit, and if I think I've been done a wrong, I go to the source. But I've never said one thing to a person's face and another behind his back. (Continued on page 123)
AN you imagine your emotions if
you suddenly rounded a corner and
found yourself running head-on
into a glittering rank of bayonets?
Icy bayonets of either the advance guard
of the new provisional government or the
retreating guard of the defeated govern-
ment, extended and ready to plunge into
the heart of any unfortunate pedestrian
cought out in the streets.

But the two little Russian girls, watch-
ing from the high parade grounds of
Kiev that fierce battle on the opposite
bank of the narrow Dnieper River, were
not terrified.

They took those bloody engagements
as a matter of course. What else had
they known in their brief lifetime?
Every other day Kiev was besieged by an-
other ill-assorted army, and the shaky
governments rose and fell almost as
regularly as the sun rises and sinks.
White Russians fighting Red Russians;
peasants fighting townspeople; and, as if
that didn’t provide enough excitement,
guerilla raids, led by savage bandit
women from the neighboring woods,
frightened citizens off the streets and
sent them scuttling to their cellars like
so many rats.

Considering the terror of those times,
and the nonchalance of these two little
girls, it was no wonder they were nick-
named “bashi buzouk.” Which is

a Caucasian expression for daredevil.

Suddenly one of them sprang up from
her hiding place behind the bushes. The
sun had set, it was growing unpleas-
antly chilly, and they could no longer
distinguish the figures on the other side
of the river.

“We must go before the soldiers reach
the town,” she said.

So they ran past the bandstand, zig-
zagged through the beautiful, cultivated
flower beds, so ghostly now in the fast
diminishing light, and down into the
narrow cobbled streets of the town. Both
were giggling at the excitement of the
adventure, but the giggles were a little
forced. For they knew that in times of
civil war there was little respect for sex
or age, and if the soldiers had already
crossed the river, they stood a good
chance of being shot down.

They began to run faster, taking the
narrow corners like polo ponies.

Thud, thud, thud, went the feet of the
approaching soldiers—and the hearts of
the two bashi buzouk. They rounded
another corner—and stopped short just
about two feet from death! Dozens of
glittering bayonets were menacingly
aimed at their beating hearts. A squad
of soldiers were marching backwards to
protect the advancing army from any
stray attacks by disloyal citizens.

But there was (Continued on page 122)
After revolution and famine do you need ask why Anna Sten finds Hollywood tame?

BY HILARY LYNN

Anna and Gary Cooper are co-starred in "The Wedding Night."
OW do you feel when people whom you've been introduced to fail to remember your name? Doesn't it make you simply furious? Most of us are annoyed at a mere misspelling of our name—an “e” where there should be an “a,” for instance. Taking all that into consideration, how do you suppose a screen player reacts when he's been in two hundred or more pictures—as many of them have—to overhear a person watching his performance in a movie say, “Who is that man?” Well, we've asked some of them and here's what we found out.

I was sitting in the roped-off preview section of a little Hollywood theatre with a friend, enjoying a grand picture. Henry Stephenson was giving a swell performance in his big scene. The debonair Stephenson, incidentally, was just two seats removed from us. It was right then that one of those whispering voices that sound like a wind in an empty barn whispered to my companion:

“Who IS that man?”

“Sir Guy Standing,” she answered. Stephenson, I think, turned purple: I couldn't tell for certain, in the semi-darkness. I do know that he choked a bit, and had to adjust his collar. I did not blame him. But later I had to laugh when I recalled an experience of only a few days back. I was lunching with Harold Lloyd. As we started for the door a feminine autograph seeker had grabbed my arm, and asked:

“Isn't your friend a picture star?”


By Harry Brundidge

That familiar face on the screen ... Oh, what IS his name?
“I knew it,” she exulted, and leaving me she grabbed Lloyd and said, “Oh, Mr. Keaton, won’t you sign my book?”

THE grinning Lloyd signed “Buster Keaton,” and because he is as mischievous as a ten-year-old boy, drew a likeness of his own famous spectacles under the signature! I can imagine what her later confusion must have been!

Lloyd got a terrific kick out of it, admitting that his bronzed and freckled mug is seldom recognized on the streets, although people do turn frequently, look again, and ask, “Who is that man? He’s in pictures, but I can’t place him.”

However, that isn’t half as embarrassing as having strangers inquire as to your identity while you’re doing a swell scene on a screen in front of them. I recalled the fact that, although I’ve known Eugene Pallette for years and years, I can never recall his name, offhand. I knew the difficulty I always experience in trying to tell whether it’s Frank or Ralph Morgan I’m looking at. And I realized that Hollywood is full of featured players—actors who rank very close to stardom—whose names the fans can never remember. We know their faces, can recite long lists of pictures in which we have seen them, but simply can’t name them, at the moment. And so I decided to call on a round dozen of Hollywood’s Best Known Unknowns, and obtain, at first hand, their experiences, and their reactions to this sort of thing. I was determined to ask, “How does it feel to watch yourself on the screen and have your neighbor ask, ‘Who is that man?’”

Because he’s a good friend, (Continued on page 80)
HIGH-HAT Hoofing

Exhausted cameraman chases Mr. Astaire thru "Roberta" dance step rehearsal!
HES the top—this Fred Astaire who looks as if he were dancing when he's merely walking across the floor. His rehearsal routine for "Roberta," RKO's newest musical extravaganza, would exhaust you to watch it but Astaire nonchalantly trips it off as part of an easy day's work. So intrigued were we by his behind-the-scenes work out that we wore out a willing cameraman getting these preview shots. In picture 1, you see Fred and Ginger Rogers in costume, rehearsing before a mirror is their favorite stunt, when they have perfected a routine as they can watch for any imperfections and correct them as they dance. 2. Here's that slick strut step that Fred does a bit better than anyone else. 3. "Ohhh! He flies through the air... etc." Supply your own words but try, just try this as a setter-upper. 4. Hot-cha-cha! That last forward Astaire step with the smile that makes the gals swoon in the aisles. 5. The pace is getting intricate now, Fred does a clever cross, slide and balance step that requires poise and concentration. 6. This is called the director-thrower—Fred skates about reading his script just to prove that you mustn't take your memorizing too seriously. 7. And just in case you thought an Astaire couldn't take it—he goes off again into the air with as pretty a leap as you'll see. The lad seems to be an-minded and don't think it doesn't take a special brand of skill to get that far from terra firma and still bend your knee like that. You can't trump the boy—he's the top as we said.
Our admiration for Rudy Vallee increased when we read this frank story by his best friend

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ITH Rudy Vallee, you always know where you stand! He wastes less time quibbling than any man I've every known, celebrity or no celebrity. And I know him well—well enough to have lived with him in Hollywood during the filming of his latest picture, "Sweet Music." Well enough to share a New York apartment with him—the apartment where I am writing this story. I know that, when I get out of line, I'll get the devil deservedly bawled out of me. For the great Vallee has a temper—oh, yes!

One of the greatest factors in his success is that Rudy spares no pains, nor any individual, to achieve perfection. And spares himself least of all. Just recently he was making a recording of "Everyday," a tune from his new
A PAL AND CRITIC TELLS

picture. When it was over he merely looked at his orchestra, the famed Connecticut Yankees, and remarked emphatically, "Your work was swell, boys, but Vallee stunk!" They made it over. And over again. Until it was the very best that he could do.

Not that he's a hard guy to get along with exactly. But Rudy doesn't mix business and friendship. All he asks of those who work with him is that they work just as hard as he does. And Vallee will work eighteen hours a day for seven weeks at a time and not complain. Every bit as shrewd a business man as he is a showman, Rudy has not one but five careers to handle—five separate businesses. Radio, pictures, night clubs, theatres and recordings. He has no guardian angel, no manager—doesn't need one and wouldn't have one. When it comes to business, Rudy Vallee is a one-man band.

No one will agree more readily than Rudy to the charge of being quick-tempered. But why he has a temper and how, strangely enough, it has become a business asset, has never been told before. He doesn't seek justification, doesn't need it.

HAVE a laugh on me and you'll understand this crooning star a great deal better. As his Hollywood contact man, I'd arranged for a place for him to live during the making of "Sweet Music." Rudy arrived by plane, following a crowded week in Chicago. The rest of the band trailed in two days later on the Chief. Five members of his orchestra lived with us and in the mad scurrying about town, I forgot to get keys for the other boys.

Well, Rudy, the servants and myself retired early that night. The new arrivals, however, decided to find out what made Hollywood tick. In the wee sma' hours, they started coming home, one by one. Arriving every hour, on the hour, with the regularity of street-cars. I was doing a Rip Van Winkle personally, (Continued on page 96)
"LET ME BE A MAN FOR A CHANGE!"

Lyle Talbot begs you to forget his Lothario publicity. He's a man's man.

I'm tired of being "The guy seen with so-and-so." I'm tired of being Hollywood's sleek-haired little play-boy written up monthly as engaged to this woman or that.

"I'm disgusted with myself for letting the world think all I'm good for is to escort ladies to night clubs and buy them engagement rings. I'm through making myself seem what I'm not, on the screen or off. A lover's all right in his place. All men are lovers at times. But men are men despite women rather than because of them. I know I'm a man, and I'm going to be one on the screen and off, for a change. Just give me a chance to show you!"

Lyle Talbot's eyes blazed as he poured out this tirade to me across the luncheon table at Warners-First National Studios. I laughed, I laughed because I knew how few people would believe him. Most writers would have said, "Hollywood bologna. Another gag for another story," and let it go at that, I would have, too, if most men had poured out such a tale.

I'm afraid it's going to sound like a press-agent story. I'm afraid my editor isn't going to believe what I have to say about Lyle Talbot. So I'm going to tell you right now, this is a press-agent story, for I was once in that capacity for Lyle!

And because I was his press-agent, I believed him. In fact, I knew all about it long before he told me. I've wondered for months how long it would be before he blew up at playing sleek lover's roles, on the screen and off. I've wondered if he was going to ride along forever upon the publicity he'd created for himself by actually letting himself become known as Hollywood's most famous ladies' man, play-boy unexcelled around town.

I suppose the world knows very little about the relations between a motion picture actor and his press agent. It's one of our untold stories, and I have little room to go into it here. But there's a close bond between the actor and the person he pays to both publicize and protect him. There has to be, because the press agent must know the truth about his client. And he must understand that truth with a humanness and a to-be-trusted spirit or he does not remain long a press agent. An actor always trusts his press agent to know all and tell only what will help create illusions.

While I was acting in this capacity for Lyle Talbot, I did many, many stories about his Hollywood personality. I learned the truth about his real one. I could not tell it, then. He was not ready for it. He had made up his mind there was only one way to become known quickly in pictures—through women. He had made five tests in New York and failed in each of them. He had come to Hollywood on his own and managed to get started. He had studied each man and how he had risen to fame. There was Gary Cooper. He'd discovered that Gary's name became a household word before his pictures had even been seen on the screen because his name had been linked with Clara Bow's, Evelyn Brent's, Lupe Velez' and that long list of others. He'd seen how Gilbert Roland had become an international figure... how women had helped to build Valentino, George Brent, George Raft, Harry Richman, Joel McCrea, Richard Dix, Max Baer, Adolphe Menjou, etc. He knew that being seen with one glamorous Hollywood woman after another meant international publicity and fame, long before a man (Continued on page 94)
Hollywood, attention! Don't "type"

Mady Christians, she's too versatile

**A** DAZZLING beauty in Vienna, Mady Christians was imported to Hollywood only to find herself cast as a drab, hard-working drudge in "A Wicked Woman."

As we chatted over the luncheon table at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I recalled that lovely Berlin-made film, "The Waltz Dream," which introduced an exciting Mady to our screens a few years ago and I wondered how she felt about drab roles.

Her reply was diplomatic, "Perhaps," she said, "it is well to establish me as an actress first, not just as a personality. We need all sides of life in our film dramas but I believe screen audiences, especially the American ones, prefer romances with glamor."

She added, I thought a bit wistfully, "I hope in my other pictures I can sometimes be decked out in peacock feathers and dazzling frocks. And I want to sing and laugh, too."

Her name, Mady Christians, intrigues one. And the girl herself, a tall, willowy blonde with exuberant spirit and sensitive moods, very definitely stirs the imagination. There's nothing exotic about her and she has no desire to envelop herself in mystery. She's a laughing, wholesome girl finding joy in each hour of the day.

She greets you with a firm clasp of the hand, like a man. She is utterly sincere and has no pretenses whatsoever. She looks straight at you when she talks—and her eyes are the bluest, most expressive I've ever seen. Fearless, independent, yet she is always deliciously feminine.

Born in Vienna, Mady is, however, a citizen of the world, a true cosmopolite. She has lived in many countries and this contact with the peoples of various nations has influenced her basic character and her emotions; her understanding embraces all humanity.

**WHILE** "A Wicked Woman," offered opportunity for her ability and one senses the power and authority of the finished actress whenever she is on the screen, this story of a Texas swamp woman and her rise in life never once revealed Mady's beauty, her humor or her glamorous personality, which is rather too bad considering how much of all three she has to give.

Nothing could have kept Mady from becoming an actress. Her father was Rudolph Christians, one of Germany's foremost actors. Her mother was an opera singer whose greatest fame was won in singing the role of Marguerite in "Faust."

So, it was but natural that this name, lovingly shortened to Mady, should be chosen by the romantic young couple for their baby.

Mady spent her childhood traveling all over Europe with her parents on their professional tours and, while she was still very young, the family came to New York where they established the German Theatre. Their home became the center of a brilliant group of artists, writers and actors. The child was reared in an environment of the finest traditions of the theatre.

Oddly enough, in view of their own successes, neither her father nor her mother wanted her to go on the stage. She explains this by saying that all actors have a sentimental yearning for a home and a quiet family life, both so impossible in their profession. With this in mind, they urged their daughter to marry, have children and settle down far from the excitement of the theatre. But already the love of the stage was (Continued on page 86)
HOLLYWOOD SETS THE TEMPO

HOLLYWOOD has to force itself to think of fashions in terms of seasons. The weather out there doesn't change as radically as it does with us. Not long ago I was discussing this with Madge Evans, who happened to be in New York on a shopping jaunt. Madge had asked me up for tea and I was replying by plying her with questions about what she had bought for spring. She gave me an amused look.

"I'm afraid you aren't going to get much inspiration from me about spring fashions because I have been doing all the resort shops."

"Are you going on to Florida or to Palm Springs when you get back to the coast?" I asked.

"No, indeed, I'm buying my spring wardrobe! We
really jump right into warm weather in California, there’s not much of this in-between sort of business you have here. In fact, we try to follow your seasons and change our wardrobes accordingly, but it is a bit of a strain. You see, there’s no need to buy heavy winter clothes, and what you term spring clothes, such as suits and light woolen dresses, we wear all through your winter season. I know it must sound confusing but it’s true.

“One of the funniest things we do in Hollywood is to start the fall season going. It means introducing fall accessories while we still need to wear summery looking costumes. But in the spring, we really have the jump on you because we are wearing spring-like clothes long before you even start thinking about them!”
What do your favorite stars wear when they are caught by the camera in their off-screen moments? Here's the answer in this group of informal shots made recently. Above, left to right, Rosalind Russell waiting for a traffic light to change and looking very chic in a tweed reefer with belted back. Madge Evans, on a rainy day, wearing a trim brown and white checked raincoat. Jean Harlow—and isn't it a lovely picture of her?—Jean wears a white twin sweater set with a gray woolen skirt. Note the printed linen scarf she wears like a tie under the small sweater collar. And Anne Shirley, at the Santa Anita racetrack, in a perfect, youthful riding habit. At left, you see Astrid Alwyn fence-sitting in a blue, white and gray striped woolen dress which boasts a trimming of ten-penny nails.

Madge went on to explain that she had been buying a whole wardrobe planned around blue and white, the blues from navy to a very soft, light tone. Many of her costumes were white trimmed with blue and complemented by blue accessories.

"I have one linen suit that I've worn for three years. That doesn't sound very exciting, does it? It is one of those grand, comfortable outfits that won't wear out and I can't bear to part with it until it does. I buy new accessories for it and let it go at that. Probably everyone sighs when they see me!"

And this is a very good point to adopt for your own wardrobe: buy one costume so good and so becoming that it can be worn for several seasons with only new accessories to freshen it up. You need never worry about anyone's commenting upon its age; if it's good, it will withstand any amount of comparison with newer and less expensive costumes.

Madge also contributed an interesting suggestion for your spring shopping scheme. She never buys her coat until after she has bought her other clothes. This is the reverse plan of anyone I (Continued on page 108)
DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I've just come in from doing that interview with Aline MacMahon, like I said I would, and as soon as I change into dry stockings and wring out my coat, I'll tell you how it was.

They were doing a rain scene for "While the Patient Slept" and I haven't seen such wet weather since the Brothers Warner made "Noah's Ark." They had an entire sound stage devoted to the vagaries of the equinox, and mighty moist the whole thing was, with the carpenters drilling holes in the floor to let the excess water escape, and me drilling Miss MacMahon with questions, and her trying to escape.

The press agent was very obliging, although he might have provided galoshes and umbrellas, inasmuch as everyone was scurrying around, busy as beavers (and as wet), in sou'westers and rubber boots, and the thunder (artificial) was clapping merrily, just like life. About every two minutes there would be a reverberating crash, like a heavenly cannonade, and then a blinding flash of lightning (also artificial). It made interviewing just dandy.

"What do you want from life?" I shouted at Miss MacMahon, right off, because there's nothing like being vital about such things.

"Why—er—I don't know," she shrieked back, with a giggle, and dodged as a clap of thunder broke over her head. "What does one want from life?"

"Well . . . security?" I said as a starter. And just then a streak of green-blue lightning bolted toward me.

"Oh, not that," she said, with a low laugh that started way down in her throat. "I've always had that. It's nothing new. I'm an only child. My parents didn't mind that I went on the stage. I never had to pinch and starve to become an actress. I've always had everything I wanted, and I never wanted a great deal. My life has been very normal, ordinary, with plenty of ease."

Her answer rolled off in a clap of thunder, and the wind machines started their deadly work of whipping the fast-falling rain into a hurricane.

EXCUSE me a moment, please," MacMahon said, "if that girl is going to walk into that rain, she will need my rubber boots and a couple of towels, and this umbrella." She pushed her way through the glistening sou'westers, and left me to my thoughts. There was only one thought, Editor, and that was: "Will my lungs hold out if I have to yell above this tropical storm?"

because by that time wind machines (huge 'plane propellers, they are), cymbal-like thunder, and flashing lightning were united in one huge Reinhardtian finale. Back came MacMahon, smiling, the ankle-length blue serge of her nurse's uniform, with its fitted bodice, whipping about her sensible black Oxfords. She plays a nurse, a cross between Philo Vance and Florence Nightingale, who solves this mystery drama.

"I understand, Miss MacMahon," I yelled, lustily, "that you are a strong-minded woman. Are you a strong-minded woman?"

"Perhaps. Am I?" she answered with a smile. It was a quizzical smile, Editor, MacMahon is past mistress of the quizzical smile, full of unspoken query, amusement, doubt.

"I mean, Miss MacMahon, (Continued on page 100)
P A U L M U N I, or Muni Weisenfreud as he was named thirty-seven years ago in Vienna, is recognized as one of the finest actors on the screen today. Perhaps you know how he rose step by step from the grind of character parts in the Yiddish Art Theatre, but the Man behind the Actor, and even more so the Woman behind the Man, has remained in a haze of obscurity as far as the general public is concerned. Over ten years ago, that woman was known as Bella Finkel, star of the same Yiddish Art Theatre where Muni rose to prominence. Today, she is known socially as Mrs. Muni, but "Bella Finkel" she remains—especially on the set where Muni’s pictures are made, for Bella is the power behind the throne.

It is perhaps bromidic to observe that in the life of every man there is always some woman whose influence either makes or breaks him. Bella has always been that woman for Paul—to her he gives all the credit for his present success. The fact that no one knows much of Bella Finkel Muni is entirely her own fault. Her husband is only too eager to tell the world about her. This petite, dark, round-faced girl has gone all the way with him, perfectly willing and content to stay out of the glaring light of publicity which has fallen upon her man and to take her only reward in the satisfaction of knowing that it is she who helped put him where he is.

Bella Finkel is not merely her husband’s inspiration. She is his stabilizer, his tower of strength, his aide de camp, his secretary, his nurse, his pal, his play reader, efforts to see that it was recognized. Under her guidance, his career began to prosper. But the going wasn’t easy. There were heartaches and disappointments for Paul Muni. Like many others who are gifted, he has a high-strung and nervous temperament. He might have gone all to pieces, had it not been for the same ministrations and counsels of his clever and unselfish wife. Fortunately for them both, her own disposition is easy-going, calm and not easily ruffled. She is the cushion which softens the hard blows; she is the shock-absorber which keeps the ship from rocking too much. She is the door which (Continued on page 101)

TO MY WIFE, BELLA!

BY DENA REED

She’s Paul Muni’s manager, advisor, pal, cook, nurse, best friend and severest critic

PAUL MUNI portrayed the role of an old man. When he was twenty-five, a producer said, "I always thought you were 60."

THOUGH they’d rather stay at home and read or dine quietly with friends, occasionally, the Munis do join in Hollywood’s gaiety.

At eleven, Muni portrayed the role of an old man. When he was twenty-five, a producer said, "I always thought you were 60."

By Dena Reed

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885—(Above, left) Dorothy Sanders in a lovely white evening gown. The cape-jacket and the belt with bow tie are nice details. Suited to both silk and cotton fabrics. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 864—(Above, right) Wearable silk or woolen jacket dress worn by Susan Fleming. Dress has monotone skirt and figured, short-sleeved top. The one-button jacket has a collar of the print. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

874—(Above) Gertrude Michael in a charming two-piece ensemble. The short-sleeved dress has a striped silk bow. The coat in smock style has shirring at sleeves and back yoke. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

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If You Could Look Under Your Skin!

There's where Lines Wrinkles Blemishes first develop. *Skin Authorities say*

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly—you will feel your skin roused. All the day's dust and grime will float right out of the pores.

The first thing every morning—during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for this cream. Use it daily, soon you will see skin faults fade. Lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look finer—smoother. Until it glows with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

**Mail Coupon today for 9-Treatment supply—**

POND'S, Dept D 59 Clinton, Conn. I enclose $0 (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company
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The new XR Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Broken-Out Skin and Lack of Energy!

No longer need you constantly "dose" yourself with violent cathartics, for a discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance for treating constipation in years" is here!

It is a far stronger new yeast...an entirely new kind of yeast...discovered by a great medical scientist in a leading American university!

It has given results to make physicians marvel. As the noted Dr. Beloux says, "It is almost unbelievable how well the new XR Yeast works! It acts by speeding the digestive juices and muscles!"

"Food," Dr. Beloux adds, "is digested better...carried through the body faster...expelled more easily. Also, skin troubles end sooner.

"It is the best remedy I know for constipation and its related ailments—such as indigestion, complexion ills, headaches and lack of energy."

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's XR Yeast today? See how speedily you feel full of pep...how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples!

See how you avoid frequent colds—with a clean system and the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, too, and hormone-like substances that aid health.

Start Feeling Better Now!

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in ½ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains!
Lonely Girl...

Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who’ll call you his “only girl”... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment... and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men’s thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I’d ever imagined I could be! You’ll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve your beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious... there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you’ll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true... as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are “certified to be pure” and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Concluding the movies’ history
Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen 'stars' way...

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them thoroughly the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder choking the pores that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh makeup during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and look it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

Barbara Stanwyck
Star of Warner Bros. "The Woman in Red"

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!
THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A Kool smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting Kools! SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Why One Man Loved Her

(Continued from page 33)

thought of what an elusive thing beauty is? It's much more than a perfect face and a bewitching figure. Some girls strike you immediately as the most stunning creatures you have ever seen. Then you realize, despairingly, that they are not beautiful at all. They merely have certain attractive features. Why is that? One girl opens her mouth and her voice is rasping. Another has an unpleasant laugh. So many are ungracious in their movements. Most of them are domineering. What has that got to do with beauty, you say? I'll tell you later, but first look at Carole.

We looked across the room. The music had finished in a primitive thrum of drums. Carole and her escort were walking back toward their table. Jim brought his head down quickly so that he wouldn't be recognized. He nervously lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and continued.

"Well, you know what she looks like. Everyone knows that she has a magnificent figure. But it's the little things that give her her genuine beauty. Her voice is alive and vibrant. When she laughs you know that she is genuinely amused. It has the mirthful quality of a silver bell that is ringing. And, then, grace! That is one of the most precious qualities a woman can possess. Beauty of movement. Is there anything more disappointing than to see a nymph-like figure that is slightly awkward? Look at Carole's hands the most time you are with her. Note the fingers. She is so alive with energy that they are constantly moving. Not jerkily, but with rhythmic vitality. She is like a gazelle. Her whole body expresses her nervous animation with unconscious grace. Then, too, she is intelligent." Jim raised his eyes to beckon the waiter. His eyes were getting bloodshot, but his voice was steady. "Bring us two more," he said.

I LOOKED over the tiers of heads to one that was shining blonde. Carole was absorbed in some conversation with her escort. Whatever they were talking about she knew it wasn't the movie she didn't like to talk shop. The orchestra leader was coming over toward her table. "What piece would you like?" I knew he would ask her. The waiter set the drinks down before us.

"Well," Jim continued, "perhaps I can best illustrate what I mean by beauty and intelligence by recalling one evening at Carole's house when you were present. Beside ourselves, remember, there was a young scientist from Cal-Tech, a chap from Wall Street, some kind of an engineer, and a correspondent of the Washington Post. Carole was the only woman. Yet I don't think six men ever spent a more enjoyable evening. Carole kept the conversation leaping from one subject to another. Every man got to talk about his particular interest, and everyone joined in. Ever stop to think why that evening was so successful? Because Carole didn't try to be the thoughtful hostess, that's why. She was genuinely interested in everything we talked about. She has a greed for knowledge. And she knew enough to keep us all on our toes. And when she didn't know, she wouldn't pretend.

"Now here's the point. When we finally left, I'll wager each man thought she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met. Why? Because she was so gorgously ornamental? Because she looked like a Kohinoor diamond framed against that old rose damask of the Empire chair? Partially that, yes. But principally because she was beautiful as a human being. She was like a stimulant. She made everyone feel alive. Her mentality was a challenge. She had the gift to make each person feel important.

CONSIDER the sirens of history. Caesar didn't tarry in Egypt because Cleopatra had a way with him. She was plump and plumpish; but she had a brain that he couldn't find among the girls of Rome; and all the others: Diane de Poitiers, Pompadour, Catherine the Great, Madame de Sevigné, Madame de Stael even had young men fall in love with her when she was eighty years old. Their intelligence made men feel that they were beautiful. They had grace. They were charming. In short, there are two kinds of beauty, two kinds of flowers, two kinds of women: those which grow. Carole has both. The cool loveliness of a painting and the glowing warmth of a vital person. Her personality supplements her appearance. She ... says, am I boring you?

I had glanced up to see some people cluster around Carole's table. The tango had finished and a few friends followed as she left the floor. My mind went back to that evening to which Jim referred. I remembered particularly how she ... but Jim was talking again.

"I'll make it snappy now. I'm overflowing with words too much, I guess. The second reason I can't get her out of my blood is—those other points I classified as one—is her captivate. An utterly feminine quality. She changes her mind in such a provocative manner. At first you think it is whim. It's not that. Not even if anyway. And I know it is which grows. Carole has both. The cool loveliness of a painting and the glowing warmth of a vital person. Her personality supplements her appearance. She ... says, am I boring you?

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"And then—what is it the French say?—she has the joie de vivre. She enjoys every moment of life. She won't permit herself to worry. Each day, for her, is too full of possibilities to allow one precious minute for worry or regret. And I guess she's that way when she's sixty years old. Always a kid, eager for tomorrow's adventure.

"But the principal reason of all, I think, is her boundless affection. Remember when I was laid up in the hospital? She sent flowers every day. And I know that the same with everyone she knows. If she hears that you are discouraged, she'll call you up. It is those little attentions, when a person needs them, that you can never forget. There are a million other things I could mention but these ..."

Jim suddenly stopped talking. Carole and her escort were coming over. Jim walked toward the door, waving goodbye to friends. Jim bent over his glass. When he looked up, he stared for a moment after his departed dream. Then he shook his head, called for the check, and got unsteadily to his feet. "Let's go," he said.

The reader, I hope, has surmised correctly. My friend's name isn't Jim. I wouldn't dare reveal his real identity.
Is your skin dull? Uninteresting? Are you going along powdering—re-powdering—with the same old powder shades that don’t do a thing for you? Now there is a new face powder that does exciting things for your skin.

Just film on this new powder—and be prepared for admiring glances, for it gives sparkle. Conceals blemishes. Lends a seductive softness. And your skin holds this radiant loveliness for hours.

Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to hidden tints scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond’s.

These hidden tints are the actual tones in beautiful skin. Read above the story of their discovery. Then you’ll know how Pond’s Powder gives your skin the one needed tone that lifts an ordinary complexion to a glamorous one.

But another surprise! This pure, clinging, flattering powder, made of the finest ingredients, is inexpensive. In glass jars, it’s 55¢ and $1.10. In gay boxes, 10¢, 20¢ and 25¢. You can get it everywhere.

We want you to try this new Face Powder, free. Rush this coupon right off. You will receive 5 different shades absolutely free. See this scientifically blended powder make a more glamorous “You!”

"All other Brunette powders made my skin dull. This one makes it sparkle—and me too!” a popular sub-deb says.

"Your new Natural gives my skin such a delicate blush—I never had such grand times,” writes a young New Yorker.
He said it so quietly, so simply and without dramatization that I begged him to tell me about it. He said he was to collect theatricals. That’s when he laid the foundation for the career which has just been climax’d so brilliantly in “The Little Minister.” But his sketch books and pencils were piled on a corner of his desk and he could not return to them.

And then a miracle began to happen. Again it happened slowly. For months he had not used his eyes at all. He had absolutely obeyed the doctor and then he began to notice as he walked. “Certainly!” he exclaimed. “My vision has come. I can see the street that the faces I saw were sharper. The blur seemed to be lifting. It came so slowly that he could not believe his tired eyes at first. He thought: “This is only the wish to see that makes me see better. This isn’t real. I simply imagine it.”

But even as he thought this he found that objects were much clearer. He went to the doctor again. Thank God, my fears were not justified. The doctor told him, “The rest has done the trick. Take it easy for a little while longer. You can’t make painting your career, of course, but try a sketch again. You will not lose your sight.”

I don’t need to describe the scenes of relief which swept over him. I’m sure there is something in your own life comparable to it. It cost him something, of course, to give up the thought of being a truly great artist, but in the meantime he had become so interested in dramatics that he felt he could find happiness on the stage. Also, the important thing, the exciting truth that was he was going blind!

You know his life from then on. You know how he came to New York against his father’s wishes—his father wanted him to be a business man—and hounded the Broadway producers until they gave him roles in their plays. You know how he worked at the Hedgerow Theatre—Ann Harding’s beloved workshop—with Jasper Deeter. And then, when fame had touched him, he turned to Broadway. He came to Hollywood and the movies. You also know that a little less than a year ago he married Helen Carlen, a beautiful and charming girl, and is now one of the happiest actors in the picture colony.

He might have been able to put those dark months when he thought he was going blind completely out of his mind, had it not been for an anti-climax which occurred while he was making “The Little Minister.”

He was doing the fight scene, standing in the midst of the extras who were hurling spears. Suddenly he felt a sharp jab of pain in his temple. There was before his eyes a terrific great white light. It was as if all the world were nothing but brilliant whiteness. He thought it was just that but that white, white light. And in that moment, before he fell to the ground, all of the torments of those months in college came back to him. He thought, “This got me this time. It was planned for me and I couldn’t escape.”

The next thing he knew the white light was gone and he was left with his brokenness. He felt his head. His eyes were bandaged. Quietly he asked the question, “Will I ever be able to draw again?”

Someone answered, “Certainly! You’re (Continued on page 89)
Sh-h! Bill had a right to be cross!

(After the party)
MABEL: I think you're awfully mean to be so critical! I feel just as badly about it as you do!
BILL: You haven't any business being so careless—do you think I can afford to buy you a new dress every day?

(In the store)
CLERK: Like all Kleinert's Dress Shields—these are guaranteed to protect your dress not only from perspiration but from friction and chemical cosmetics, too.

(Next day)
MABEL: Isn't it a shame! My new dress is all stained under the arm and Bill is furious.

BETTY: I don't blame him, Sis! You certainly ought to know by now that whatever else you use, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to feel absolutely safe.

(That evening)
MABEL: Bill, I'm really sorry I was so careless last night. I bought some Kleinert's Dress Shields today so I can promise you it'll never happen again.
BILL: That's the girl! Maybe I can dig up enough for a new dress now that I'm sure you'll get your money's worth out of it!

Whatever else you may do about the perspiration problem, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields. They have no "in-between" days—they are always on the job protecting your dresses from friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. You can buy genuine Kleinert's protection for as little as 25c a pair, or indulge yourself a bit more for Kleinert's Blue Label Shields which are specially treated to make them BOILABLE.

Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS
Moon Glow

NAIL POLISH

Try this talk-polish color by color. The great beauty of Moon Glow is that this one is achieved in a single stroke of the brush. The color is right there on the tip, ready to be applied. The result is a smooth, even finish that is free from streaks and bubbles. The color stays true for hours and can be removed easily with acetone.

Write for Sample
Moon Glow

Close up of Moon Glow's Instant Silk finish on real nails. This polish is so smooth and even that it looks like it was painted on by a professional. The color is vibrant and stays on for days without chipping or fading. The brush is easy to use and gives perfect coverage. This is a great polish for any occasion and a must-have for any nail polish collection.

The Beauty of Polished Nails

Nail polish is a popular fashion accessory for women of all ages. It is used to enhance the natural beauty of the nails and to create a polished look. There are many different types of nail polish available, each with its own unique characteristics.

The History of Nail Polish

Nail polish has a long history that dates back to ancient China. It was first used as a way to protect the nails from damage and to make them look more attractive. Over time, nail polish became a popular fashion accessory and was used in different cultures around the world.

The Importance of Proper Application

Proper application is crucial for achieving a lasting and attractive finish. It is important to apply the polish evenly and to allow it to dry completely before applying another coat. This will help to prevent streaks and bubbles and will ensure that the polish stays on for a longer period of time.

The Benefits of Using Good Quality Polish

Good quality nail polish is more likely to last longer and to look better than lower quality products. It will also be easier to apply and will be less likely to cause damage to the nails.

The Right Polish for Every Occasion

There is a nail polish available for every occasion. Whether you are looking for a glamorous look for a special event or a more subtle finish for everyday wear, there is a polish that will suit your needs.

Conclusion

Nail polish is a fun and fashionable way to enhance the natural beauty of your nails. By choosing the right polish and applying it correctly, you can create a polished and attractive look that will last for days. So why not give it a try today and see how good it feels to have polished nails?
"Well," I consoled, "I'll admit you are my very favorite Greek waiter, too."

"Thanks," said Armetta, in a mournful tone. "But dammit, I'm an Italian."

Which brings me to Roscoe Karns, Paramount player. He's been in hundreds of pictures, and yet he, too, experiences the sinking feeling of hearing people ask, "Who is that man?" He's heard the fans say, "There's Rosco Ates," and "Isn't that Lee Tracy?" Old ladies and kids, Karns feels, are his best audiences. "When I come on the screen some kid is sure to say, 'There's that guy. The kids recognize me, but don't know my name. Nor do the shoe salesmen. Only yesterday I was leaving a store, after having purchased a couple pairs of shoes, and gave the clerk, who had been most courteous, a check for my purchase. As I went to the door the clerk bowed, and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Tracy.' And this despite my check. What's a guy gonna do?"

So we come to Russell Hardie, the star of "Sequoyah." I'll agree with Hardie that it is about time fans recognize him when he appears on the screen. He had small roles in "Back Field," "West Point of the Air," "Pursued," "The Band Plays On," and sufficient other M-G-M productions to warrant recognition. But, let's allow Hardie to tell his own story:

"I can't tell you how many times I've heard fans ask, 'Who Is That Guy?' since I broke into pictures. But believe me when I tell you, that at my very lowest ebb, in Buffalo, New York, everybody seemed to know me. I had chucked in stock, in Buffalo, and then, after the company dropped, I had to go to work. I was a horse shoer, by trade, but there were few horses in Buffalo and I got a job in a department store, demonstrating vacuum cleaners.

"I used to put silver dollars and talcum powder on the floor, after which I would demonstrate how our cleaner would pick 'em up. Now, I'd been somewhat of a success in stock in Buffalo and it seemed to me that every woman who passed the home economics department in the store..."

Meet the Armettas! You know Henry, but not the Missus, or John and the twins, Louis and Rosalie. Swell family!

Dividends in every Dentyne package

You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth... and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

An Aid to Mouth Health — Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

As Well As a Delicious Gum — You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package... an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.
You Can Make People Like You

(Continued from page 29)

And they had pretty much the same experience. They pounced upon what I said and all began to talk and laugh and to confess to the perfectly horrible times we had endured.

"And I have myself the center of a lively group instead of a haughty young woman sitting in lonely splendor. I liked it and went on from there." So we come to our first rule for being likable:

Don't be haughty. Admit your fears and doubts and mistakes. All human beings have these things and feel warmer towards you when you admit having them, too.

Loretta Young and I were propped up on opposite ends of a hospital bed, drinking Coca Cola. Beyond, on another stage, the "White Parade" company was working on a scene in which Loretta didn't appear.

We were talking about a girl we both know. Alone with this girl you find her delightful, warm and understanding. But place her in a group and she soon becomes impossible. She will pick out certain people or one person in that group and milieu with whom she will and who will pounce upon any tiny flaw in a story they tell and hold it up for general inspection.

"And she actually wonders," Loretta said, "why she is held apart from and. She's surprised that she isn't a social success. I really don't believe she's conscious of the trial she proves at times."

I WATCHED Loretta wiggling her straws around in the bottle, intent upon getting the last drop of coke. And I thought how unusual it was for anyone as pretty and as young as Loretta to take the time and energy to think things out the way she does.

"Another thing," she said, referring again to the girl we'd been discussing, "more and more people are coming to the conclusion that they can trust her and when they aren't around she will make the same kind of sport at their expense that they've heard her make at the expense of others."

Whereupon we come to our second rule:

Never place anyone at a disadvantage even if it is the sake of a joke. As the Chinese put it, never make anyone lose face. People are afraid of unkindness and instinctively withdraw from those who practice it.

It was this loyalty, which too, few women possess for each other, which occupied Karen Morley not long ago as we sat over a late lunch at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

You'll hear one woman say of another: "Oh, she's just a little waitress!" Karen explained, "Oh, My Dear! If you could see her family!"

"As if the girl who earns her living by waiting tables, and the girl born to humble people were even made differently. As if they bore some eradicable mark which forever set them apart as inferior. It isn't mean to treat those whom we turn airtight feminists. But I very definitely do propose that they develop something of the fine fraternity that men have."

UNTIL this happens, certainly the woman who does evince loyalty for her own sex is going to have an advantage. She's going to be more generally liked by women and she's sure to seem warmer and kinder to men. Rule three:

Have loyalty for your own sex. It will endear you to women as a confidante to be trusted and recommend you to men as a good sport.

No story about Hollywood people who have learned to be likable would begin to be complete without reference to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia has become likable in spite of herself.

Sylvia's an independent piece with definite opinions and she has always been especially likable and this used to worry her. A rising young actress at the time, she felt she should make a mark socially, that it was important for people remember her pleasantly.

Her difficulty lay in the fact that she was too definite an individual, that she never tried to tell herself that she was having a good time or interested in things when she wasn't.

"I've never had any gift for social conversation," Sylvia says, "I can't talk about the horse-show because, not particularly interested in horse-shows. I don't go to the horse-shows for the reason that it was Freddie did at the last May-fair party. And I'm always completely in the dark about the terribly amusing things that happened at Mary's wedding or the Graves' priceless week-end."

"I," Sylvia went on, "it's important to you to be someone, too. All social conversations, it's a simple matter to acquire a smattering of all the things people rate smart. With time and effort you can sound like Michael Arlen, heroine."

"If that's what you really want, all right. Then it's time and energy well spent. It simply happens that I've discovered that by directing the same amount of energy in other directions I can acquire things more important to me. So . . . "

by Jane Heath

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara Lashpac. $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.

Beauty in the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes Lashpac. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use both on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original $1 bridge prize!
Tintex
BRINGS COLOR MAGIC TO EVERY FABRIC
Fashion's Colors — when you want them!

SO EASILY AND QUICKLY RESTORES FADED COLORS OR GIVES NEW COLORS TO YOUR WARDROBE AND HOME DECORATIONS

IS THERE any wonder that millions of smart women insist on Tintex? They know that only Tintex can give them such swift, sure, professional tinting and dyeing results. They know, too, that Tintex never fails...that, although it costs only a few pennies, Tintex saves many dollars. And then Tintex is so easy. Simply “tint as you rinse”. No muss, no fuss, no bother. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Be a Color-Magician with Tintex!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes...
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women INSIST ON TINTEX

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Tintex The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYSES
FOR BLONDE OR BRUNETTE

(Continued from page 82)

SO! Exactly! By applying herself to the things which sincerely interest her, Sylvia has become stimulating and interesting. By refusing to pretend a friendly edge of things she knows and cares little or nothing about, she has gained a reputation for sincerity and individuality which serves her very well indeed. And we find ourselves with a fourth rule:

Be true to yourself. Have the courage to be what you are, to follow your own interests. Don't attempt to make yourself into a pattern of somebody else.

Jean Harlow is another star rated especially likeable. Not because she's exciting and glamorous and all the other things you'd expect, judging by her screen personality, but because she's quite different really. Because she's warm and friendly with women as well as men.

"I received a great dressing-down the other day," Jean told me the other afternoon as we sat talking in her big white sunroom. I announced that a certain person annoyed me, and a man I know criticized me severely.

"That man whom you say annoys you, is as sensitive a person as there is in Hollywood," I was told. "You should sympathize with him if anyone should. If he's rude it's because he's afraid you won't like him and he doesn't want you or anybody else in the world to realize how much he hopes for friendship and favor.

Jean played with the zipper at the throat of her pajamas nervously, impatiently. "I was ashamed of myself," she admitted after a minute or two: "for having been so stupid and blind. I've recognized that man's rudeness for a defensive measure if I hadn't been so concerned about his behavior towards me.

"So often, of course, it's the nicest people who appear the most unpleasant. Nice people are apt to be shy and sensitive. And people who are shy and sensitive inevitably up a defensive mechanism and parade as rude or haughty, patronizing or effusive." Jean needn't have been ashamed of herself in this instance for she's not given to complaining that people either annoy her or bore her. Generally she has an instinctive understanding of people and an intuitive wisdom as to why they act one way when deep inside they feel another way entirely. Which is why Jean's as likeable as she is. Rule five, then:

Like people. Look beyond any unpleasant characteristics they may manifest at first. And you'll find you will be rewarded with more than enough warm relationships to repay you.

The other day a young girl, just starting out in pictures, came barging into Ann Meredith's. Ann Meredith's, incidentally, is Hollywood's premiere beauty salon where the walls papered with autographed pictures attest to the esteem in which the different operators are held by the stars. This girl was enthusiastic in her praise of Claudette Colbert.

"I'm mad about her," she announced. "I just met her and she was so warm and friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say."

Jean is amiable and friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say or indeed to think we are.

In those two sentences, it seems to me, that girl came pretty close to summing up exactly what makes people likeable.

The average person, as we've seen, has an interiority complex even though she may hide it fairly successfully. This must be accepted even by those who resent the labels with which the psychiatrists tag certain recognized emotions, fears, and reactions. Most of us would like to be more stimulating, attractive and glamorous than we have any reason to think we are. I know exactly what that girl meant about Claudette, who has been one of my favorite people for years. Claudette is an intelligent and alert young woman and, therefore, she has many interests. So many subjects of conversation hold importance that immediately, for her eager questions and comments, she charms people who introduce these subjects into conversation.

AMONG other things Claudette is interested in people, themselves, as human beings. She is interested in the way they go about shaping their lives, in their ambitions, in their emotions, in the valor they display a hundred different times in a lifetime.

"When I was in school," Claudette said to me, one day when we were driving together, "I remember thinking it smart to be bored by people."

"At that time it never occurred to me," she went on, "that to be bored with most people was an indication that you must be rather dull yourself. Practically every body has some charm, or an arresting point of view on some things, provided you take the trouble to bring them out. Which brings us to our sixth and last rule:

Increase your interests so you bring others attention to more brushes and amusing and, by the same token, to more people. And, above everything else, be interested in people for their own sake.

Learning to be likeable is, after all, such a simple process. We are only too eager to like you, if you're only just a bit more than half a chance. For others, in turn, are lonely and eager to be liked. All right then, let's go! Let's:

1. Quit being haughty. Admit our fears and doubts and mistakes.
2. Never cause anyone to lose face, as the Chinese put it.
3. As women, have loyalty for our own sex.
4. Be true to ourselves. Follow our own interests. And never attempt to make ourselves into a pattern of someone else.
5. Look beyond the unpleasant defensive characteristics people may manifest at first.
6. Increase their interests. And be interested in people for their own sake.

Write Mary Biddle about your beauty problems and be sure to ask her to send you her Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin, at no cost to you.
THE TWINS HELP MOTHER GET WHITER WASHES

WHAT ARE YOU TWO LAUGHING AT?

WE PLAYED A TRICK ON MOTHER TODAY

HA! HA!

MOTHER ALWAYS SCRUBS BUT WE SOAKED THE CLOTHES IN RINSO

THE CLOTHES ARE SNOWY—COME AND SEE

SHE HAD A TOOTHACHE AND PUT OFF SCRUBBING THE CLOTHES TILL TOMORROW. AND SHE'S STILL AT THE DENTIST'S

SO WE DID THE WASH OURSELVES—WITH THIS NEW NO-WORK SOAP, RINSO. IT'S ON THE LINE NOW

I USED RINSO TODAY. THE CLOTHES ARE WHITER THAN EVER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING, I'M NOT A BIT TIRED, AND FOR DISHES RINSO SUDS ARE GRAND

DON'T wear out yourself and your clothes with washboard scrubbing. Get Rinso. Even in hardest water it gives rich, lasting, lively suds that soak out dirt. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter. Last 2 or 3 times longer because they are not scrubbed threadbare. Colors stay bright. Recommended by the makers of 34 leading washing machines. Rinso will not blacken the aluminum on your washer. It's grand for dishes and cleaning. Easy on the hands. Does not give them that red, rough look. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG household package.

A DISCOVERY ABOUT LOVE

WHY, IT'S EASY TO SEE WHAT SHE MEANS, PAPA. DON'T LET YOUR BOYFRIEND NOTICE "B.O. ON YOU"

JEAN, YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S WHY BILL'S LOST INTEREST?

MY DEAR, THE ONLY SMART THING TO DO IS PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBOUy. I ALWAYS DO

'B.O.' GONE — BILL devoted!

FAN, YOU'RE NEVER AT HOME THESE DAYS. BILL RUSHING YOU?

AND HOW! THAT HINT OF YOURS WAS WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!

GENTLE, purifying Lifebuoy makes complexions fairly glow with fresh, healthy beauty. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Yet it cleanses deeply, thoroughly. Deodorizes body pores, stops "B.O." (body odor). Even in the hardest water, Lifebuoy lathers freely. Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
So Much Ability

(Continued from page 61)

in her blood.

After a brief fling in her father's company, when he reluctantly permitted her to play the part of a German girl because she could speak the language fluently, she knew definitely that the stage was her very life.

So, in 1917, after months of discussions, he father gave in and Mady was sent to Berlin where she entered the Max Reinhardt School.

BEING Rudolph Christian's daughter, made it hard, for all her father's friends expected so much of her. She didn't know it at the time, but Christians had written ahead to Reinhardt, telling him to disregard all the sentiment of their life-long friendship and make it as difficult as possible for his daughter. He wished to test her sincerity for the career she had chosen.

Mady says she was a tall, lanky girl, terribly scared but stubbornly determined. The more obstacles that appeared, the harder she worked. She knew she had to succeed not only for herself but for her father, whom she adored so extravagantly.

Now, it takes much more than a certain temperament and an inherent aptitude to develop a really fine actress. It requires hard work, hours upon hours of study. It takes experience in a variety of roles in order to learn how to visualize emotions. Above all, one must be imbued with a burning passion to achieve his goal.

Mady was diligent. She studied music and now sings everything from grand opera to the latest jazz in a rich mezzo-soprano voice. She is also, an accomplished pianist. She studied elocution, history, languages. She speaks five languages fluently and has appeared in plays and films in Vienna, Paris, Berlin and London. Already she has eighteen talking pictures to her credit and most of these were made in three languages. To show how sincere she is, she employed a Texas gardener and learned from him how to give the Southern slat to words of her dialogue for "A Wicked Woman," so as to create the authentic color and atmosphere of the Texas locale.

Mady's enthusiasm might deny that struggle and hardship trailed her path, but her triumph as one of the most brilliant actresses of Europe was won slowly and painfully. No spectacular climb to the top, no sudden applause marked those early years of struggle. Her entire career is a lesson in fortitude that should be remembered by every aspiring young actress.

ONE time, when things were going badly and Reinhardt had no place for her in any of his plays, Mady sang torch songs in a little café in the basement of one of Reinhardt's theatres in Berlin. Here she found a warm response from the patrons that bolstered up her courage and renewed her confidence—both so desperately needed at that zero hour.

A year and a half later, she was starring in a great tragedy, "Orestie," in the theatre above. Frequently during the four months' run of the play, Mady would slip down into the cellar café and sing a song just for old time's sake.

Looking back over these years of hard work, heartbreak and disappointments with an occasional bright spot, I think she is grateful that she had a hard beginning, for it built up a spirit of endurance and courage, of which she is very proud. Sudden and easy success is dangerous because it lacks foundation. She insists that to become a good actress requires a lifetime of effort.

"Among my cherished treasures," she told me, "are two yellowed theatre programs. One is of 'The Man,' the first play I did under Reinhardt's management. The other is that of 'The Son of Casanova,' my first starring play in Berlin, after four years of intensive study. That

Hollywood gaiety at the popular night rendezvous, the Trocadero.
Left to right, Frances Drake, Dick Powell and his best girl, Mary Brian, and the big horn blower, Bill Gargan.
marked the happiest moment in my life—and—my saddest.

"Father had lost his German theatre in New York after the World War and when he was summoned to Hollywood to make 'Pitiful wives' he accepted. He was there at this time and I sent him a cable on the opening night, the next morning I mailed a program and some clippings, hoping he would be proud of me. They were returned unopened; my father had died away off in California on the very day of my success in Berlin. He never knew I had won my fight."

Afraid of its memories, Mady determined never to come to Hollywood. Refusing many offers, she waited eleven years, then found that time had softened the sorrow.

It was while she was in New York last year doing Vicki Baum's play, "The Divine Drudge," and Rachel Crothers' "Talent," that she first seriously considered Hollywood. Neither of these plays scored but Mady Christians was lauded by every critic as one of the great artists of the stage. With her theory that all things work for the best, she looks upon this experience as a precious interlude in her career, for it fulfilled her girlhood ambition to return to New York as a dramatic star. Too, she considers both plays a success from a professional point, and the "Talent" closed she received ten offers from stage, films and radio.

A dozen screen tests for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent the studio executives into raves and they heralded Mady as the next great foreign star. She was immediately put under contract and given what was considered a choice role of the season, that of the tragic wife in "A Wicked Woman." Although the story was mediocre, Mady proved what a splendid actress she really is.

Now Mady is settled in Hollywood. A tiny house with a tiny garden clings to a sunny slope in Benedict Canyon is her home. It is all very simple, the only pretentious thing being an electric fountain which is her delight as it is a rendezvous for all the neighboring birds.

Hollywood being the crossroads of the theatrical world, she has met many old-time friends and has become popular with a lot of new ones. She is full of the relentlessness that has always been her curse. She is hoping that her young husband, Ewen von Muller, a brilliant writer on German national financial affairs in Berlin, will visit her soon. Their marriage is one of those rare, understanding romances where each honors the other's career with no attempt whatever at interference.

She looks to be about thirty but she is the ageless type. Her beauty and appeal do not depend upon the more perishable feminine qualities. She is strong, vital, robust and one wouldn't associate nervous with this girl. Yet, she confesses that despite her many stage and screen premieres, she has never suffered such agonies of apprehension as she did the night her first Hollywood film was to be previewed. It seemed the crux of her career.

She has the humble spirit of the truly great and is not striving for superlative fame that may be won in a single role and forgotten tomorrow. She is building to whatever is worth while in the acting art.

You are going to like her on the screen—she's so real. While laughter and bubbling merriment are always near the surface, Mady Christians is tremendously serious about her work. To her, acting is the greatest of all the Arts!

Of course, you want your adorable, lovable baby to have every possible safety and comfort. So read this:

In the last few years a new, a safer method of caring for baby's skin has been developed—a method that's now recommended by most hospitals — by thousands and thousands of doctors. Yes, your baby can now have the added protection provided by the two Mennen Guardsmen.

First is Mennen Antiseptic Oil. More than half of all the hospitals, important in maternity work, now give their babies a complete body rub every day with this Oil. They have proved it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and, above all, it keeps baby safe—guarded against many infections because of its antiseptic protection. Doctors recommend that the daily oil rubs with Mennen Antiseptic Oil be continued during at least the first six months of baby's existence. So, mother, give your darling this greater safety—will you?

And then, when you gradually discontinue the daily oil rubs, dust baby's body with the new antiseptic baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's everything a fine baby powder should be—makes the skin satin smooth, temptingly lovely—prevents chafing—and, in addition, it's antiseptic. It continues the protection which the oil gives against germs.

Now—try these products—at my expense. For the sake of your darling—just send me the coupon below—will you?

W. G. Mennen

Let them give your baby this new and greater SAFETY

Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder

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THE MENNEN GUARDSMEN

THE MENNEN GUARDSMEN

(Produced by Mennen Co., 747 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.)

Send me free trial uses of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder, Baby's Bath Powder—about the modern care of baby's skin.

(The format of the pattern.)

MODERN SCREEN
Genevieve Paddleford, "Queen of Crooks," was all of this and more. She was the international adventurer, cruel, cold-blooded but invariably charming, who left a path of broken hearts and defiled bank accounts over this country and Europe during the past quarter-century. She had five husbands... three of them millionaires... and if they escaped going to the poor house, it was through no fault of Genevieve's. When she could no longer find a lawful mate to support her in the lavish style to which she was accustomed, she forced her innocent adopted daughter to work with her in nefarious blackmail plots. No swindle was too brazen for this amazing woman; no man was too influential or too respectable for her to tackle. But she couldn't continue forever in her giddy course. Ultimately she met defeat. Now, for the first time, the intimate life of Genevieve Paddleford is revealed in complete detail. The absorbing "lowdown" on the cleverest international adventurer in history will be found in the

MODERN SCREEN

Mae West Is in Prison!

(Continued from page 45)

o'clock in the morning by a slight scraping at the door. During the last twelve months the ever-faithful Libby has learned to sleep with one ear open and a police whistle under her pillow. She ran to the door and peered out. But the intruder was too quick for her. He was already halfway down the hall. Later she described him to the guards as a "short, stocky man."

"If I could have got my hands on him, he'd be using a couple of collar buttons for vertebrae. Yes asl!" said the girl.

These guards, the District Attorney's men, go through the entire building several times during the night on the lookout for anything or anyone who looks suspicious. And, of course, some funny mix-ups are bound to occur.

There was the time when two very doubtful-looking people appeared in the lobby in the wee small hours. They were dressed in patched overalls and wore enormous red bandannas around their necks, and pulled-down caps. One of them had a patch over his eye. "Humph," said the officer, "I'd better see into this." What he discovered were two prominent Hollywood stars who had been attending a "hill-billy" party! They had apartments in the place, but even the night clerk failed to recognize them.

Mae's whole family lives there, too. Her sister, Beverly, and her husband occupy one suite. "Dad" West, when he was living had another, and the brother had one, but since the scare he's moved in with Mae as extra protection.

They're a devoted lot, these Wests. The threats on the famous daughter of the house have been pretty disturbing so that when a perfectly strange woman came meandering into Beverly's rooms looking for Mae, Mae got decidedly restless. She hadn't bothered to knock. "I've been searching every floor of this building for Mae!" she told her. Why she hadn't inquired at the desk for her wasn't explained.

"What do you want?" asked Beverly. "I'm a friend of hers."

"Well, I have never met you," asserted Beverly.

THAT'S all right," said the Unchallengeable One. "You're a New Yorker and so am I. What's the difference?"

It was at this moment that the nurse came in from her afternoon walk and the other woman went out.

Crazy or clever? And what would have happened if she had actually found Mae's apartment and had been able to enter?

It's easy to understand why even the electricians on the West set have to have passes. Her own brother can't get in without one. And each extra has a pass issued to him in the morning and taken up at night, no matter how long he works in the picture. There must be no slip-ups in protecting Hollywood's curvaceous queen of hearts!

Not that she isn't absolutely capable of taking care of herself! "I can honestly say that I have never in my life known fear," she told me once, "and I believe her. Put her in a lion's den and she'd be telling the little bastards bedtime stories. Drop her off in Zulu and the savages would be her stooges before the next ship docked. That's Mae."

The District Attorney's men thought she ought to know how to shoot. "It's, well, it's wise to be able to," they explained not wanting to scare her.

"Sure," said Mae.

They took her out to the rifle range. They gave her a gun. They spoke to her in the considerate tones gentlemen reserve for helpless ladies. "Now don't get nervous! All you have to do is just look through that sight and don't lift the gun when you shoot!"

Mae nodded. "Okay, boys. Let's start."

The target stood a good hundred and fifty feet away. She took aim... fired... Someone gulped. A bull's eye! Calmly, she pulled the trigger again. They couldn't believe it. Once perhaps, a beginner might hit the mark like that, but twice! After the third time Mae dusted her hands eloquently. "I guess that's that."

The men clambored around her. It was sensational! Where had she learned to do it? She gave them that slant-eyed West look, "Boys, I used to be a mark in a shootin' gallery." And that's how Mae established a Los Angeles "police record."

One of the things that has puzzled Hollywood most during the past year is the fact that Mae didn't "circulate." She, the "Love Director" of the screen, went out only with her business associates. Now the reason comes to light. We have to sacrifice dates. You see, it's this way. You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along. It's apt to cramp your style, if you know what I mean. Besides, it embarrasses him. So when I want to go places, someone like James Timony escorts me. He's been my attorney and manager, so he really understands."

Maybe it would take a bit of understanding at that. When Mae attends the fights, for instance, the four guards close around her. Two go ahead to clear the path and they continue to flank her inside. Picture to yourself, having a "date" like that! She doesn't stop to autograph things on the street anymore. She does it all from the safety of her car. And she's one of the few women I know who would take the trouble to sign autographs under the circumstances.

Mae does an heroic amount of work and she's never alone to do it. When she writes her plays in that white satin bed of hers at night, Libby is nearby to watch. When she's studying her script in the back of the car, there's always someone beside her. Imagine, never being alone. Place yourself in her position.

"It's true I can't go shopping anymore —and I loved that. I went for long walks by myself, too, and to a lot of movies. I like to see the audience's reaction, to find out what makes them laugh and what makes them cry. Now there's always a guard to help me!"

It would probably drive the ordinary person mad—that sense of watchful waiting, of being constantly under surveillance. But Mae isn't ordinary. She shrugs, she gives it no significance. "It's just a part of her smile of hers. "I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae.
THE MINIMUM OF MILK A DAY SHOULD BE A QUART FOR CHILDREN

CLARENCE W. LIEB, M.A., M.D.
"THE INDISPENSABLE FOOD"

Courtesy Crowell Publishing Co.

After the Hors d'OEuvres, the guests are seated and the Borsch is brought in with silver bowls of sour cream on the side. A tablespoon or more of the sour cream is floated on top of the steaming soup as it is eaten.

I learned an interesting thing about this soup course from another expert on Russian cooking, General Theodor Lodijensky. The General is very much a soldier of the old school and is the proprietor of the film colony's popular Russian Eagle Cafe, where all of smart Hollywood goes to indulge in the mysteries of Russian cookery. According to the General, soups formerly were of vast importance and often as many as ten were served at a meal—crabfish bisque, mushroom or cauliflower puree, soups made of tender young nettles and, of course, Borsch. Anna's memory, however, does not extend back to the more lavish days of Imperialistic Russia since the closest contact Anna has had with Czarist days is in her table's flatware. The Stejn-Frenke guests eat with the very knives, forks and spoons that were in use in His Imperial Majesty's palace before the Revolution.

Anna's husband, Dr. Frenke, secured this elaborate gold service, bearing the Czar's insignia, following the overthrow of the Czarists and brought the beautiful pieces to America with him.

For Anna's guests, then, but one soup, Borsch, is served. It is made the night before. With this comes Russia's most fascinating and palatable morsel. It is Pirojkiis which I described briefly before and which you will find in recipe form in "Zarevich's Modern Hostess Recipe Book." With a simple...for

Cocomalt mixed with milk provides almost twice the food-energy of milk alone

No mother needs to be told how important milk is for the growing child. Doctors have long emphasized its value in the daily diet of all children.

When Cocomalt is mixed with milk as directed it provides growing youngsters with a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D and 70% more food-energy than milk alone. A pure, wholesome, nourishing food such as Cocomalt can play an important part in the physical development of your child. Every child needs proteins for developing muscles, carbohydrates for food-energy for supporting the energy demands of the body, work and play, food-calcium and food-phosphorus plus Sunshine Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth.

Supplies important food essentials: Cocomalt is a delicious food product that supplies the food essentials just mentioned.

These food essentials often are lacking in the average diet. Prepared according to directions, Cocomalt increases the protein content of the milk with which it is mixed 50%, the carbohydrate content 170%, the food-calcium content 55%, the food-phosphorus content 70%. In addition Cocomalt is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D, which milk alone does not usually provide.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 7/4-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 1-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD. High in food value, economical in price.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA4, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk. Preparad and distributed by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of sucore, skim milk, selected barley, malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Graduated seal.)
as Russians use to broil the meat, I prefer to give you another of Anna's meat dishes which is equally good. It is far easier to prepare, too, since it calls for foods and equipment with which we are entirely familiar, even though the combination is an unusual one. This is a dish known as Beef Stroganoff. The recipe will be found in the letaflet, too.

With the Shashlyk (which originated in the Caucasus) or the Beef Stroganoff, vegetables are served. Nothing spectacular, nothing unusual, simply asparagus, beans, peas, cauliflower or Brussels sprouts cooked by the steam method with which American housewives are well acquainted. In Russia, vegetables are served as a separate course, but Miss Sten has simplified the service in her American home so that they come with the meat.

The conventional salad course is omitted (since it does not exist in the Russian style). The next course, therefore, is that dessert with the tantalizing name of "Profiteroles" and if I may be permitted a really frightful pun—it would profit you to learn about these delicious individually filled pastries. The recipe is yours for the asking, together with the Borsch, the Beef and the Pirojki—all four of them conveniently printed on cards of filing case size and awaiting but the coupon to make their way to you.

Anna Sten's wine card for this dinner is almost as elaborate as her Romanoff flatware, ranging from vodka with the appetizers on through Madeira, white wine, red wine and numerous liqueurs and including Champagne, when she is celebrating the completion of a film. With this there is an accompaniment of a great deal of gay and brilliant conversation.

It all sounds very festive and appetizing, doesn't it? Why then don't you imitate Anna Sten and have a Russian dinner complete or in part? Just send for the recipes—which are free, as always—and you'll find that they are easy to follow, even for the inexperienced cook, and deliciously different as well. Besides, think of the distinction it will give you as a smart hostess to serve a real Russian meal à la Anna Sten!

### The Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

J. E. FREEMAN, Rochester, N. Y.: VIRGINIA HELLEI, Des Moines, Iowa; H. S. CHAMBER, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. N. Y. MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Anna Sten's recipes for April, 1935.

Name: (Print in pencil)
Address: (Street and Number)

### Modern Screen Star Recipes

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. N.Y.

MODERN SCREEN Magazine

FREE Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your FREE folder C-74 of Rit Color Recipes with actual sample cards of leading Paris shades for Spring and Summer.

Name: ________________
Address: ________________
City: ________________

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### Modern Screen

The Information Desk

**NEW** and the color is actually in advance of the season—thanks to a new Rit Service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer—and Rit "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 Rit colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dying!

Instant Rit (not a soap) soaks in deeper—sets faster—and lasts longer than ordinary "surface" dyes. Insist on Rit and Rit only! For either tinning or dying.

**RIT**

TINTS and DYES

Rit is a convenient second water; easier to measure; won't spill out of the package.

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Please send me Anna Sten's recipes for April, 1935.

Name: (Print in pencil)
Address: (Street and Number)
as pupils to be developed into full fledged actors and actresses for the Broadway stage.

During the course of the afternoon, one young girl of sixteen stepped forward and did a little recitation. The girl was small, intense, charming, and in the few moments allotted to her, she showed so much repose and concentration and was able to project her mood so completely that the board of directors watched her with particular care.

They were eager to give her a chance, but there was a drawback, take it as she obviously was. They could hear her only faintly, yet they were all seated in the tenth row. The voice of the little actress was tiny—a piping, delicate voice pitched way up in the top of her head. So small was the instrument through which she tried to express her emotions that the effect of what she had to say, charming though it was, was almost lost.

THE members of the board turned to Dagmar Perkins, one of its members, and an accomplished and experienced trainer of the speaking voice. They told her that the fate of the girl rested with her. The board would admit her to the school if Miss Perkins felt she could develop her speaking voice.

Miss Perkins saw the intensity and concentration in the girl's performance and said, "The girl's a worker. If she will work with her voice, as she works with her acting, she should be able to develop it so that it's an asset, not a handicap. The girl should be given a chance."

She asked the girl her name. It was Sylvia Sidney.

Sylvia described her own piping voice to me. Yet it was almost impossible to believe that the warm, rich tones which issue from her throat, today, were not God-given. I assure you, they weren't. Sylvia gives all the credit to Dagmar Perkins and she asked Miss Perkins to be this month's guest speaker.

"In order to improve a voice," Miss Perkins told me, "you must, first of all, set yourself a standard. You must be conscious of your shortcomings. In order to set yourself a standard, it is necessary to listen to good speech and to accentuate yourself to modulations and inflections of refined speaking. Go to good plays, listen to the voices of good actors in motion pictures, over the radio and on phonograph records.

"Good speech is never exaggerated. A good speaking voice should be pitched low and should be melodious but should sound—above all—natural. A voice should be allowed to grow like a flower and, in starting to do things with the voice, you should always relax—let go the muscles of your throat. It is most important to open up and loosen the throat—and you do this with conscious concentration upon relaxation—so that the voice itself has a chance to grow.

"Here's a good exercise: Let the jaw drop. Now, try and concentrate only on voice sounds such as D, G, V, etc., focusing the tone at the roots of the upper teeth. This opens up the pharynx space and amplifies the tone.

"Remember that the voice is partly physical, partly mental and a little vocal. It is vitally necessary to hear, yourself, what's wrong with your own voice.

"It's a good exercise to take a serious WIVES KEEP MAKING THE SAME OLD MISTAKE

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitifully lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"

It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.

"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The practice of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an antiseptic providing surgical cleanliness with safety! Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Then there are Zonite Suppositories which are semi-solid, dainty white and greaseless forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: $1.00. Ask your druggist.

"NOW I'M HAPPY BECAUSE I KNOW"

Women everywhere say that knowledge and happiness came to them from the pages of "Facts for Women." Send for this booklet. Read it. Pass it on to others. It is honest. Up-to-date. Most helpful to all women. Just mail coupon.
If you feel low—

vertisement

then don’t gamble

with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs.

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you...though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gas-tric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better ‘carry on’ without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with Jife giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of ap-petizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The 82 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upland today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Be long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

MODERN SCREEN

The winners of the Agfa-Ansco Beauty Contest who are currently appearing in "Women Must Dress," with Minna Gombell, for Monogram. Left to right: Nell Rhoads, Anne Kasper, Madeleen Earle, Harriet deBusman, Anne Johnston.

If you feel low—

v no appetite
v losing weight
v nervous
v pale

 Passage from a book or a poem and read it aloud, and your own good taste will come to your aid, once you have established a standard. For instance, fancy delivering Marc Antony's oration over the death of Caesar in a squeaky voice, or through your nose. It's incongruous, isn't it? There is dignity and repose in every line.

Likewise, if you take one of the humorous speeches from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' your voice must, in the very nature of things, be light and airy and flexible. It's utterly incongruous to deliver comedy lines, even when reading aloud in the privacy of your own room, in sombre, sonorous tones.

If a young man or woman has used the voice incorrectly and his own ear hasn't told him it's wrong, then he should have a teacher, but if he knows what his defects are then he can do much to correct them himself.

"A voice is like a violin. It has to be kept in good order—it is the instrument through which emotional content is conveyed. I must as a violinst must keep his arm relaxed, so must the speaker keep his throat relaxed."

THERE—think those are some good points from one of the world's greatest voice and speech teachers. Often you will hear Miss Perkins over the radio. Her own lovely voice is an inspiration in itself.

And now I want you to have some exercises for volume and control that I have gleaned from some of the speech teachers and coaches in Hollywood.

Volume and the ability to throw the voice, so that even a slightly deaf friend on the back row can hear you, is a matter of breathing properly. When you are speaking on the stage, think that some dear friend who doesn't hear very well is sitting on the last row. Do your utmost to make him hear you.

Learn to breathe from your diaphragm. The way to do that is to lie on the floor with a book on your chest and another on the diaphragm. Breathe so that the book on your chest keeps still and the one on your diaphragm rises and falls as you breathe.

When you have accomplished that, then stand up and speak certain sounds. The vowels are good—A, E, I, O and U. Keep the tip of your tongue at the base of your lower teeth. Without moving the tongue say the vowel sounds and project them out of your mouth as if the breath from your diaphragm were hurled them outwards. Then begin practicing words the same way, except, of course, that your tongue will have to move. But get your volume by practicing on vowels alone.

FOR resonance and flexibility, sit at the piano and strike the key of C. On the note C, sing A, E, I, O, U, with the tip of the tongue held at the base of the lower teeth. Now strike the note D and repeat. Go up and down the scale as far as you can without straining. Whenever your voice becomes strained, too breathy or squeaky—stop at once.

Take the same exercise singing "bee, bay, bow, boo" as fast as you can.

Now practice this volume exercise. Completely relaxed, breathing from the diaphragm and keeping the voice low and resonant, repeat some nice passage. A good one is "Beauty is truth and truth beauty, that is all we know on earth and all we need to know." Throw the words out, letting them ride on your breath.

Repeat the same sentence, accenting various words. Now repeat it, making the rise and fall, and make the sentence rounded and meaningful—put rhythm in it, as you would into poetry.

Make your voice stronger and stronger, but do it with breathing, never, never strain the voice!

And remember to read aloud an hour a day, thinking every minute about the sound of your own voice. If you've already formed a dramatic club, it would be a splendid idea to open each meeting by having every member of the club read a short passage aloud and then have the others point out voice faults. If you haven't formed a club ask a friend to hear you read and to criticize your speech.

And don't forget that I'm ready at all times to help you with your problems. Be sure to write to me and ask for help in speech problems or ask me for any exercises that I haven't given here. Be sure to address all letters care of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Ask anything that will help you in drama-tic work and I will try to help you—but don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope or else I cannot answer you.
thing. She is alone.

Of course I have heard a lot about her through mutual friends. And her avoidance of publicity hasn't whet my interest in the slightest. I don't give a hang whether she's brilliant or dumb, or whether it's a magnificent act she's putting on about wanting to be alone.

I BELIEVE that Garbo has utilized all kinds of artificialities to enhance her film glamour. But so skillfully that she gives the impression of being a stern realist. She exudes beauty and strength.

My one close friend who strikes me as intriguing is Frances Goldwyn, wife of Sam Goldwyn, the producer. Her love of life upsets me. I've never encountered anyone with such a zest for living. She appreciates everything she has; she squeezes the good from each waking moment and detests going to bed for fear she'll miss something.

Possessing great firmness of character, a brilliant mind, wholesomeness and sophistication, she also has an essentially ridiculous sense of humor as the final touch. She understands people as well as anyone I've ever known. She's one of the best wives and mothers I know. But it's her unfailing vitality and enthusiasm that delight me most.

A director, W. S. Van Dyke, follows on my line-up. He is a Richard Harding Davis character. As hard as nails, a hard-boiled hombre, he is at the same time sincerely thoughtful of others. To me he's a steel trap with a brain allowing for reservations as to when it should snap.

Van Dyke happens to be a movie director. He is a kindred spirit to a Foreign Legionnaire. A leader of men, a soldier of fortune, he is truly adventurous in this modern, tame world. His kindness is unexpected and so all the more potent. Virile, dominating, he has trimmed the by-paths of the world and, somehow, this seeps through.

The fourth man in Hollywood who is intriguing is neither actor, director, nor executive. He is Perc Westmore, the make-up genius. He excites me because he is a man who started from the bottom and built up a splendid organization and yet has time to be absolutely crazy about children. Great tenderness in a self-made success is a very bewildering quality to me. Very thorough, extraordinarily conscientious, Perc has gathered about him in his business, people who are nice as well as artistic and capable. That's a reflection on his own intrinsic worth, in my estimation.

But I can't get away from his love for children. He has three, two of whom are adopted, and his love for them is marvelous. It denotes much that is beyond mere words.

THE other woman, among all the women of Hollywood, is Anna May Wong. She stands out head and shoulders above the crowd because of the fine manner in which she has handled her personal life. Anna May's exotic, Oriental appearance; her lovely face, hands, and figure are unique in their allure. She is in a class by herself.

Yet it is her sane rise that somehow stimulates me. I don't know her intimately, but I believe that she, more than any woman in pictures, has made the best of her opportunities. So few do, it seems. Here in Hollywood, in New York, and in London, Anna May is a gracious person. Thanks solely to her own efforts, for she easily could have gone berserk. Her problems were peculiarly complicated, but she wasn't daunted in the least.

And there you have them—!

It's really an intangible something that makes one intriguing, and it's been difficult for me to find precisely the right words to explain why only these eight strike my fancy as qualifying for this distinction in Hollywood.

My choice may not be correct. It may bring a flood of rebuke down upon my head. But, at least, I've dared to be perfectly candid about the Hollywoodites whom I honestly like and deeply admire!

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To me, Faøen (FAY-ON) is the essence of romance.

says Anne C. Parke

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Parke
of New York and a descendant of Duncan Phyfe.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for Faøen.

"To me," she says, "perfume must express romance. Faøen suggests it so subtly and yet so definitely that I really prefer it to more costly scents."

Miss Parke is right—Faøen's fragrance makes every occasion rise with romantic possibilities. There's sheer magic in the way it transforms comeliness into irresistible glamour. Let Faøen show you the way to enchantment!

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93
YESTERDAY
AN UGLY MONSTROSITY

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Charming
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AND BEAUTY

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MODERN SCREEN

Let Me Be a Man for a Change

(Continued from page 60)

could prove himself an actor. He'd gone into the game as had so many before him.

And I used to wonder if he'd stop in time. For a man may fall from grace and is never allowed the ladder he uses to create it. Look over the list of men I've just named and you'll understand exactly. It has been written many times that Rudolph Valentino really passed away just in time. The world was weary of reading about his being just a ladies' man and was ready to turn to a new romantic hero. Incidentally, Rudy knew that. He felt defeated approaching from the fair hands that had made him famous. Yet he could not change a world's mind.

Gary Cooper did change it. Others have. Would Lyle Talbot? How often I had wondered. And it was when I read he'd gone to Warner Brothers and demanded the lead in "The Brave," that he had contributed to Milly's "Silk" fame years ago, that I dashed right out to ask him if he'd really awakened in time and was going to be himself at last. Lyle Talbot is a tricky man. I often've wanted to write those little truths about him to prove it. And yet I didn't dare because what is good publicity for a man's name is not for a ladies' man!

TAKE the day he saved Margaret Lindsay's life while they were making "Fog Over Frisco." She was wearing a flimsy white dress and someone carelessly dropped a hot shower head on her. The water was in flames in a second, but, in less than a second, while the rest of the men, from prop boy to director, were thinking what to do, Lyle Talbot had his coat off and had rolled Margaret Lindsay on the floor in it. She hardly was scared and anyone present, I was there, too, will tell you that girl's life, to say nothing of her beauty.

Could we print it as a story of courage? Certainly not! Lyle Talbot was a ladies' man. He began taking Margaret Lindsay places. He had saved her life and that commenced a romance. He capitalized it. True brains are as dear to him, as one of romantic import. A part of his Hollywood campaign as he had figured it out from the very beginning.

I've listened to incidents from his life story. I have read his life stories as printed and laughed aloud. The perfect build-up for a ladies man when, in reality, he was a daredevil from the very beginning.

When his school teacher had hay-fever, he bought some panes that would make her sneeze, got it on an easer and put it on the blackboard behind her. She was in bed for several days, and Lyle got a good whippin'. But he could take it—he'd had his fun.

Eventually he got tired of that cat o' nine tails because he was always caught. So he decided to do it in the open where nobody could find it. And the moment that it was gone, there was no real reason to magnify it.

When he left home at seventeen, it wasn't necessary. A ladies' boy would have stayed around home in nice, cozy comfort, but Lyle preferred to take the road. He wanted to become an actor. He wanted to begin young because he figured you could stand starvation better when the blood of youth and spirit was starved and a life an adventure. He found it. On his "first night," while playing the old man in a wandering stock company in "Cappy Ricks," he had stage fright so badly he forgot to pull his punch and actually knocked the leading man out. Of course, he was frightened. But he refused to remain with the company—begged so hard they retained him as the stage hand who swept the theatre and cleaned up the actors' dressing rooms. He could take that, too, with all his dreams of fame! Hard as nails from the beginning.

Eventually, the actors became ill and since there was no one else, he was given a second opportunity. At the end of three years, when that company folded, he was exactly determined.

No money. He could have gone home. A sissy would have. He didn't. He became a ballyhoo man at the "Hoopla!" stand for a carnival.

There was a fire in that show, too. Lyle was in the tent with one old man. He was fast asleep. But he opened his eyes when he saw flames. He knew what a fire meant to a carnival. If he yelled, there would be panic. There were buckets of water in the compound. He went there, headed the fire, and had them fill the water and the water from the buckets.

All this, there were no women. A man—no time for women. But there was one eventually, a dancer. Perhaps you have read a little about her. But her name was Pauline Goddess. They were always reading about a romantic? Of course. Love stories are always romantic. But romance wasn't what I seized when he told me about it.

They loved madly. So madly that I wonder if Fate, who seems to stack the cards for or against us, wasn't just a little jealously of this divine love. I sometimes think that when people are too happy they simply magnify tragedy. These two did.

When happiness had crossed its sweetest lines for only a short time, Lyle lost his position. She was dancing. They had no money. He could not get a job near here.

What to do? He could give up his career as an actor and get something else. But that would mean regrets later. They would have a separate home, separate careers. But that meant tempting a happiness so great that neither could bear to think of it. What would a man do in such a situation?

A man faced the facts. Faced them with a heart so heavy, but a courage so great that if I have never heard a story exactly its equal. They would separate—legally. They would go their own separate ways, remembering bliss, before separation, or sacrifice of his career and pride, brought disillusionment. And when he was able to support her, they would marry again. They would not spoil it. When he was able to support her, he would marry again. They would not lose that chance when he had proven his ability to provide for it, forever.

What a lad! What a lad! I remember I tried when Lyle Talbot first told me that story. "I have always loved one woman," he told me. I have hoped against hope for that second marriage, and now I have hope again. I tried to imagine him in my eye. And I didn't feel sorry for the other women, either. Because I knew he'd told them about it. A man would!
I knew he'd made them understand—Sally Blane, Genevieve Tobin, Claire Trevor, Mary Brian, Billie Seward, Margaret Lindsay, Patricia Ellis. One of them told me, "I like to go out with Lyle Talbot because he never tries to maul me. There's nothing synthetic about him—he'd have to mean it. How many men can she say that about?"

But could I print that a girl was safe with a man who was building a reputation for being a sheik? Could I say that the most-engaged man in motion pictures was merely a companion, and a pal for pretty ladies? Could I tell the truth and remain his press agent?

I COULDN'T even tell his best friends, Pat O'Brien and Joe E. Brown—men's men if you ever saw one. I couldn't explain that between pictures Lyle dashed to the mountains with men pals, that he was an adroit fisherman and skillful sailor. I couldn't write that a ladies' man left the ladies on his holiday.

But then I learned that he had demanded "The Brute", that he'd refused to play any more namby-pamby heroes until he'd played some he-men.

His eyes kept right on blazing as he continued talking to me. "I've served my apprenticeship, Jewel. If I don't cut out this rot about being a sissy ladies' man, I'll end up a Hollywood gigoio. You take an awful gamble when you start that rep. I knew it then. I know it now. It's a gamble when you try to get out of it, too. People think it's a gag. You've pulled one gag, probably you're pulling another."

"However, spill the beans, now. Be a sport and make them believe it. You see, my ex-wife is coming to Hollywood soon. We're going to talk things over—"

I hope this helps do the trick, Lyle. There's something so heart-warming about a man who plays the game to win, with the knowledge he may lose. He's done it throughout his life. He's doing it now—with his career and his one woman.

"Let me be a man for a change," he leaned forward.

And I answered, as I could have answered few men about whom I've written publicity, "There'll be no change, Lyle Talbot."
so that each time the doorbell rang Windy, Rudy's dog, which was an effusive greeting to each newcomer. Waking Rudy, not me. Throwing on a bathrobe Rudy would have to gallop to the door and let them in, then, months of disruption couldn't get back to sleep for the rest of the night.

When I got up in the morning the barmaid Vallee confronted me. With a few well chosen words he told me all the events of the night before and then, with solemn face, went on to explain that I'd printed during his wakeful hours. As I recall, it was entitled "A Dark in the Dark or the Story of a Sleepless Night." It gave me a ribbing I ever received and one that neither he nor the boys will ever let me forget.

"But," you say, "why is he so unreasonable? Why get so upset by that?"

You haven't heard the whole story. That morning was Thursday, on which the first work of the picture was scheduled to begin. It was also the day of his first broadcast from the Coast, in which he was welcomed to Hollywood by Mary Pickford. If he had been a failure there was good chance the public would blame Rudy. And if a tired Vallee did badly in the first shots of the picture, he was on the receiving end of the condemnation. Not me. And yet it was all my fault.

YOU see, Rudy doesn't think so much how adverse criticism affects him, but of its effect on the whole organization, the forty-old people whose very bread and butter is the picture's success.

The hand, his secretaries, all of them are affected. And that's why Rudy will not tolerate slipshod work on the part of any one. He doesn't blame him, but by it.

The picture public or his radio sponsors might say, "Vallee's shipping!" and with his dismissal, where would the others be?

Rudy has said to me, "The boys in the orchestra wonder why I call them things when they go wrong. So very many musicians are like little children in that they have to explain every little thing to them. Usually, the better musicians they are, the screwier they are. Because our radio boys today are so near the top, the boys are content, willing to rest on their oars. They can't do it any more than I can. There are too many top-year's engagements willing and ready to replace us!"

One result of Rudy's temper and temperament is that everyone is electrified into keeping on his toes. They work harder and do better work and are more alert than they would be with some plodding director at the helm. Musicians will tell you that after having worked with Vallee they find it very easy to get other jobs because leaders know they must be very definitely. It is a thrill to be with Vallee to work for, yet when you make a mistake you're told in a sad, gentle voice that you're fired. Vallee blinks up, there and then, and it's all over with. And you're still working.

Essentially a leader, Rudy has the dogged determination that demands perfection at any cost and gets it or else. Other hands may bewail this "sweet" to work for, yet when you make a mistake you're told in a sad, gentle voice that you're fired. Vallee blinks up, there and then, and it's all over with. And you're still working.

Musicians who work with him may have forgotten his name. He has a habit of being, to fire, and he and his band were discharged from the Heigh Ho Club after almost a year of work. They were no work in sight. They sat in a band booker's office one morning, plenty downcast, while Rudy said, "Stick with me, boys, and we'll make the real top together. We've just got to hang on until all this radio work we've done helps us." Less than two months of police reserves were needed to handle the crowds at their initial theatre appearance!

THERE'S also a practical psychology to his occasional outbursts of temper. Intent on his five careers, Rudy has no idle time on his hands. He needs and his reputation for quick action and when they have business to discuss, they tell it fast. And just get as rapid an answer as they can. "There are forty-five people a day who want just four or five minutes of my time. If I gave every one the much time, we wouldn't be able to do our own work and then where would we be?"

Vallee's bark is much, much worse than his bite. To realize what he's up against, you should spend just one full day with him. We can't go into a coffee shop but what some song writer will come up to us during Rudy's break and while we try to down our coffee. Entering his office building, Rudy has to run a gauntlet through the lobby of those who are anxious to see him and, while the fellows who know a sure way for Rudy to make them some money, and all types of mysterious individuals with "some very confidential business, Mr. Vallee!" He's as good-natured as the rest of us, but how would you feel after the thirty-fifth interruption for a personal favor?

When he is recording or working in a picture, Rudy keeps his boys working constantly, never leaving their chairs for five hours at a stretch. And does he crack the whip! But when it's over, let them all out to the finest dinner he can buy. An incident which occurred when Rudy was making the "Geo. White Scandals" year ago caused a great deal of comment and not even Hollywood knows to this day why Vallee was birching the actors in the picture. There was one sequence that called for Alice Faye and Rudy to skip—and skip is the right word—across some thousands of miles. Anyway, Rudy pointed out that such antics might well be offensive to the men in the audience and certainly added no value to the picture back to work. After cajoling without avail, the executives said that they would omit the scene.

Coming to work the next morning, Rudy was amazed to learn that the company had already been shooting an hour. Going on the set he found they had taken that scene from a telegram, employing his double to do the skipping! That was the final straw for Rudy, already harassed by other troubles. And he hit the ceiling. He told the producer what he specifically thought of his promises and then went to the head of the studio and explained that there was no more of Rudy's picture. That individual was as astonished as Rudy and the sequence was to be, sure, promptly eliminated. But how many new and none-too-safe actors have been ripped to the producer, taking a chance on being blacklisted as temperamental? For Rudy was not too secure as a picture star at that time. Caution and his latest brainchild ever, when it came up against Rudy's conviction of right. He lost his temper, spoke his piece, won his point and went on to all Temper. Yes, Temperamental? No!
with a good waving lotion; and those new coil curlers which are so comfortable for overnight wear are additional wave coaxing helps. Incidentally, the latter are grand for taking care of "scraggly" ends.

DON'T you think that I fail to realize how difficult it is for many of you to squeeze in those precious minutes that have to be spent on one's daily grooming chores, but do your best to work out a system where you can accomplish the most in the least minutes. Plan to take just a few minutes each night to freshen up for the next day. While your bathwater is running, for example, you can perform hose and underthangs into the bowl, and swish them around in warm, sudsy water (always use the tissue thin soap flakes that dissolve so quickly), rinse, and hang up. You'll have fresh underthangs ready for the morrow almost in the time it takes to say, "Your bath is ready." Of course you know better than to put on a new pair of silk stockings before you've washed them out. They wear much longer that way. Remember, too, that feet give off impurities and perspiration which makes hose-washing a nightly requisite. A salesgirl gave me a hint recently about making hose wear longer. A few drops of vinegar in the rinse water once several washings seems to strengthen the silk fibre.

Your before-going-to-bed routine should include any nightly laundering that is necessary for the next day's daintiness. It should include a brushing and mending of clothes for the morrow, too, if you're going to the office, or if, as a housewife, you have any early morning plans. And it should, of course, include a thorough face and neck cleansing with cleansing cream, and then with soap and water. Many an unhappy case of blackheads is directly due to neglect of the nightly cleansing routine. Every night or morning, take a cleansing, refreshing bath. A clear skin is a fragrant skin. When you're drying yourself after bathing, remember to push back the cuticle of your nails and feet. A better helper will keep you safe when you come to your weekly manicure and pedicure.

Have a regular deodorant schedule. It does no good to be summer for perspiration to mar the wholesome fragrance of your skin. Perspiration continues, even when we're unaware of it. As a matter of fact, I think we make too much fuss about it in the summer, and too little in the winter. Right now when the weather is so changeable, and we're apt to dress warmly for a cold day in the morning, and find that the cold day has turned "fair and warmer" by noon, a deodorant is supremely important.

You may want to keep a small size of that cream deodorant in your desk drawer at the office. But, at any rate, experiment with the different types of cream and liquid deodorants, and find out which one is the best protection for you. Then use it regularly, according to instructions.

Your best safeguard against perspiration unpleasantness is cleanliness, internal and external. Make your plan of beauty include a sane routine of eating, exercising, and sleeping. Drink plenty of fruit juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice that you find easiest and cheapest to secure . . . pineapple, grapefruit, or orange juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice quota: eight to ten glasses for a well regulated system. Avoid foods that are hard to digest such as heavy pastries and starchy foods. Fresh fruits and vegetables do a

It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

by Lady Esther

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skin—actually it makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use. This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent. The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and thoroughly washing it. That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes. It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a penetrating face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths. Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy gume that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom. Second, it lubricates the skin. Reseupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible. Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small. Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write to-day for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleaning. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.
IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN NO TIME!

Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, “Nerves” with this Pasteurized Yeast

Do you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, “jumpy” nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved PASTEURIZED Yeast. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good! Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure Pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pop returns. You really live again! Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

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

MODERN SCREEN

better job of keeping your system wholesome and sweet.
I don’t know of any more appropriate expression of daintiness and femininity than the new dance and dinner frocks of filmy chiffon and airy ruffled nets. The other day as I was shopping, I chanced upon an old product in a new box; although the product itself might be termed better “new” since it features an entirely new and long-hoped for innovation which is a truly safe protection for personal daintiness at those times when you’re afraid to wear sheer, light frocks. It seems to me a particular blessing that it should be introduced now (they’ve been working to perfect it for two years) when spring is so close at hand, and we can enjoy the prospect of dancing through carefree evenings in a frock light as a spring breeze, without even a shadow of worry or fear. We can wear dainty, light colored dresses to the office without any of the old nagging, self-conscious doubt. You’ll be grateful for information about it.

Before your wardrobe starts annexing new spring frocks, give your clothes closet, down to every last sweater and hat, a good airing. If you do this frequently, your clothes won’t acquire that stuffy odor that sometimes spoils their freshness. Little sachets pinned to your clothes hangers are help to fragrant grooming. Some sweet day we’re going to devote a whole article to sachets and perfumes. Write me if I can help you with any problems of personal daintiness. I think you’ll like my beauty bulletin this month. It’s yours for clipping the coupon, and sending along a stamped, self addressed envelope.

MARY BIDDLE, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Easter Beauty ad.
Name ___________________________
Address _________________________
City _____________________________ State ____________

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 6)

Tips to Stars

Gloria Swanson: Don’t look as if posing for a tooth ad.

William Powell: Relax your facial muscles and let your weary eye droop down to its natural level.

Jean Harlow: Use more material for your clothing.

Pola Negri: We tank you should go home (not Garbo).

Ruby Keeler: Donate a part of your eyebrows to Marlene Dietrich who could very well use them.

Rudy Vallee: Consult a physician about your adenoids.

Bing Crosby: Eat less carbohydrates.—“Winchell Twins,” Omaha, Neb.

He-Man Holt

I have a small picture of Jack Holt stuck in the corner of my mirror. I’m not a hero worshiper—I do not worship clay—but the personality behind it. I really marvel at his picture for this reason: at a distance his face looks extremely wild, like a lion’s after having a big meal, and that close up he almost threatens you to come any closer. He’s all the strong men you read about—both good and bad. To me his face represents strength and I admire that in anyone. If I were an artist, I’d aspire to do Mr. Holt in oils. The picture would suggest solitude, quiet and oh, what strength.—D. H., No address.

We’re interested to know how YOU will answer these fifteen questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a future issue of MODERN SCREEN. Fill it out and send it to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. The most beautiful star on the screen is ____________________________
2. The most handsome man on the screen is ____________________________
3. My favorite female star is ____________________________
4. My favorite male star is ____________________________
5. The best dressed woman on the screen is ____________________________
6. The best dressed man on the screen is ____________________________
7. The musical I’ve liked best to date is ____________________________
8. The most enjoyable film I’ve seen recently is ____________________________
9. My favorite team is _________________________________________
10. I’d like to see ____________________________ and ____________________________
11. I’d like to see ____________________________ starred.
12. The “bit” player I like best is ____________________________
13. I’d like to see more pictures with ____________________________
14. My favorite comedian is ____________________________
15. My favorite comedienne is ____________________________

My name is ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________
and venom filled his erstwhile cup of gratitude and spilled over in some mighty nasty remarks about the same producers who had kept him a star while his pictures were losing money. He intimated that there was a conspiracy against him and that the industry was ungrateful to him. He was so bitter in his denunciations that the publicity department kept interviewers from seeing him. And then he was given another chance—and Hollywood again was second only to Paradise.

CHARLIE BICKFORD was already a stage star when he came to Hollywood—not a very brilliant star, maybe, but still a somebody. Why he ever condescended to accept the terrible salary Hollywood offered him is beyond anyone's ken. For he blasted the stupidity of producers, raved against their established methods of production, condemned the roles that were offered him, and went on salary strikes. It was all very amusing for awhile, but, finally, Hollywood lost patience—and Bickford lost his contract.

En passant, a word of advice to fan magazine writers: Don't attempt to interview Connie Bennett on that gooseneck brolie, "What Hollywood Has Done for Me," I know a scribe who tried it once and was told, "Hollywood hasn't done a thing for me, except to give me money!"

Hollywood is used to it, Hollywood expects it, and Hollywood can take it! Hollywood has taken it on the chin from at least sixty per cent of the people whom it has showered with favors. Hollywood will probably go on taking it on the chin—for human nature is human nature, gratitude is rare, and Hollywood makes the mistake of pampering its favorites too greatly.

HOLLYWOOD finds its solace in the few who are loyal. For instance, there's Joan Crawford.

"Hollywood has given me everything I have in the world," she says—and says it with feeling. "I'm deeply grateful to the people who have liked me and I want to prove my gratitude in every way."

And what did she do but endow a private charity home in a great hospital and then spend a goodly portion of her

Charming Josephine Hutchinson is now Mrs. James Townsend, and here is the happy bridegroom.

"No More Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"

THE HOUSE WITH
SHABBY SHADES, EH—THANKS TO
CLOPAYS—THOSE DAYS ARE
GONE FOREVER!

...not when
Lovely CLOPAY Shades are
Only
15¢
Each

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chinze patterns that harmonize with any decoration scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1355 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at
1/3 to 1/2 Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs 1/3 to 1/2 less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth: Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of filmy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 48-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

FABRAY CORPORATION, 1382 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio
energy in seeing that needy patients were encompassed therein.

And there's Norma Shearer, who says: "Where else in the world could I have been given all of the things which have been given me here? I'd still be a nobody without the miracle of pictures. Grateful? I had to express my gratitude or lose my obligation to all the people whose favors have done so much for me!"

And there's a guy named Gable, who says, more simply: "I'm a fool for luck—and never think that I don't know it darn well!"

Grateful guests, And ungrateful guests.

Be careful how you answer that question. Would you be grateful?

Hollywood, of its past experiences, has its doubts!

**Strong-Minded Woman**

(Continued from page 65)

that you are one player who dictates the terms of her own happiness. That is, certain parts of it. And the studio says ‘Yes, ma’am.’ Is that right? No little, dribbling vacations of a week-end, but weeks on end, and the privilege of opening them all, consecutively, in New York. That's the way your contract reads, isn't it?"

Y ES," she answered, through a clap of thunder, "Six months here and six months in New York. I do four pictures a year, when I hear, and the time in New York comes too. To New York. But four are really too many. I'd like to do one or two, and do them awfully well. I think the arrangement now is a little haphazard. Don't you think so?"

"But this time arrangement is novel, isn't it? I asked as a mock Jupiter Pluvius knocked his storm clouds together. "No other actress has quite the same provision in her contract, has she?"

"I don't believe so," answered MacMahon. "You see I insisted upon it when my contract was signed. I made eleven pictures in Hollywood before I finally signed with a studio. It was a basement sort of arrangement for that company and one for Universal. Each time I came West because Mervyn LeRoy, the director, for some reason or other. Like a passport or some contract, he insisted on being invited to sign a contract and each time I said, 'No, the distance is too far from New York, and New York is my home."

"All of my interests are in New York. My husband, my family, my friends, my activities. I work in that sort of world and I couldn't possibly abandon New York and work out here. That was why we arranged this contract."

"If you're looking for New York, Miss MacMahon," said I, gossipping like a fish wife, "what do you do for diversion in Hollywood?"

"I ride horses, and walk. There are nice hills in Brentwood, where I have a house. And I read..."

"And in New York, how do you live?"

"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"

Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

**OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS**

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 50-D
Willis Avenue, New York City

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.

I enclose my. Please send me liberal trial packages of Olive Oil. Your experiences are valued by all. Your cooperation is appreciated.

Name:__________________________

Address:________________________

City:__________________________State:__________________________

en Ce Stein, wife of a New York architect, is entirely human in her performance.

Her life (and that may explain the smooth brilliance of her performance) is completely wrapped up in the brown-haired, pleasant-faced, forty-year-old glasses, to whom she has been married for a number of years. You ask about this man and whether she has her flake for decorating, works with him in his craft, planning suitable interiors for his exteriors, and a warmth, a radiance, creeps and blinks down toward her. "No," she says, with a shake of her seal-brown head, and a little wave, invisible, but protective, around her, "I'm not a big wife, I'm guarded carefully from paying outsiders. 'He's very clever,' she says. 'And I am terribly proud of him.'"
To My Wife, Bella!

(Continued from page 66)

keeps out petty irritations and annoyances which she knows would wear him out. In short, Muni has his greatest asset. She senses his every mood, his every whim. She knows them so well that she can see the storm approaching when no one else can even detect a cloud. She arranges all his interviews (an ordeal which he detests) without his knowledge, and arranges most of them only five minutes before they take place. If he knew about an interview a day ahead, he would work himself up into a lather. Every reporter who interviews Paul Muni is warned that he will speak only on subjects which are of primary interest to him. He will talk about his travels; he'll talk about intellectual books; he'll talk about his work, but he'll glare or blow up if he's asked what kind of toothpaste he uses or what his favorite breakfast food is. Bella sees that he does not have to waste his time with the petty questions that other stars are bothered with.

No other wife of an actor holds the position on the set that Bella Muni does. Her opinion counts more than the director's. Taken entirely for granted, she sits quietly by while her husband does a scene and watches every detail of his characterization. Make-up, portrayal, dialogue—all and more must have her okay before the take is finished. At the end of every scene he turns to her and asks, "Okay, Bella?" If she says "Well, I hear, you can do better," the scene is taken over again. If her answer is, "Okay," then he knows he has done well, whether the director agrees or not. Directors and studio officials, he has observed, are all too often "yes-men," but Bella tells him the plain truth, and he knows that he can rely on her judgment.

You see, Paul Muni made a picture in Hollywood many years ago. It was called "Seven Faces" and though his characterizations were masterpieces, the picture itself was a flop. He vowed he would never return to make another one. He held fast to that promise until "Counselor-at-Law," the play in which he scored his greatest success, again brought him to the attention of the motion picture producers. After much persuasion, he finally signed a contract. But he insisted that this time it must be on his own terms—two pictures a year. Whether it is in the contract or whether there is a tacit agreement to that effect, Bella Muni has the final say on them. And more than this, she chooses his vehicles as well. It was she who insisted that he make a light comedy like "Hi-Nellie!" after a tragedy like "The World Changes" so that he wouldn't become typecast.

They lead an unpretentious life. Money in itself holds no interest for them. Their house is a simple one. It is not a huge mansion and it has no swimming pool. It is a home that has every comfort without being ostentatious. Their car is a moderately priced one. They eat simply and well, and they believe in the dishes that they like best at the Café Royal—sour cream salad and scrambled eggs. They like to travel—what Muni does and Bella goes along just to be agreeable, like a good wife will. Mostly though, they share the same interests. Both like to read good books and both have simple tastes. I look at them, and observing the way they live, one would never suspect that their income runs into four figures every week. Their scale of living is like that of any

MODERN SCREEN

Another family discovers the safe way to End CORN SUFFERING

(1) Mary, I simply won't stand for your suffering like that any more! I'm going out to get the best thing for a corn that's made!

(2) Here it is! The druggist said it's the most popular corn removal made by a fine old surgical dressing company—easy to use, and safe.

(3) That's right! After soaking the foot ten minutes you apply the Blue-Jay—and the pain stops immediately! After three painless days the corn will lift out, completely.

(4) I'm so glad you took me in hand, John! I'm never going to nurse a corn again—I'll just take it right out with Blue-Jay.

The Safe, Scientific Way to End CORN SUFFERING

• If you are one of the thousands of corn sufferers who have tried ineffectual ways of getting rid of corns—or if you are one of those who still use the dangerous method of cutting or piercing corns—we urge that you try safe, scientific Blue-Jay. For 35 years this easy, sure treatment has ended corn suffering for millions. It will do the same for you.

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug-fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the Wet-Strip adhesive strip (waterproof—soft kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

Then Blue-Jay safe medication gently undermines the corn without your knowing it—and after 5 days you lift out the corn completely. Every drugstore sells Blue-Jay—25c a package.

Read These Letters from Users

Nurse Must Have Easy Feet!

Sarah Trynes, Mt. Airy, Pa.

"It was finally due to Blue-Jay that I am now a registered nurse. About a month after nursing training I was accepted for a good job—but I couldn't help. When I heard of Blue-Jay I got a box. And oh, the blessed relief! After that, nursing was a real joy!"#1

Fast...Effective...Comfortable...BLUE-JAY

Write Mrs. Clauda M. Kendall, Wis.-

consin. "For removal of corns and ingrown

nails never found any remedy equal to Blue-Jay. I like the strip with which they remove all pain and soreness, and their efficiency in removing every trace of a corn. I like their perfect fit, which enables me to be comfortable and inconspicuous in my dance shoes."

"Bon Voyage now means Blue-Jay!" writes Miss Ruth Jacobs, teacher of Al-

gun, Illinois. "Among the packed souvenirs of my trip across the country this summer's Blue-Jay Corn Plaster Placed by France to Italy, Holland, Wales, we had many inter-

esting experiences—Blue-Jay, by protecting my feet, gave me a con-

fidence in well-being and carefree enjoyment."

EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable corn facts for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet "For Better Feet," contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Blue & Black, 2300 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Inquire cooperation government posts, or save postage. Monday and Tuesday.

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The Best Groomed Woman in Hollywood?

Mary Biddle nominates three of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses for the title of the best groomed woman in the film capital. The beauteous Norma Shearer is first on the list. Turn to page 16 for the other nominees, and for advice on how to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-a-bandbox look. Personal daintiness is of supreme importance to the woman who would star in the role of business woman, wife or sweetheart.

You will want the Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin Miss Biddle has prepared for you, so fill out the coupon at the conclusion of the article.

MODERN SCREEN

fairly well-to-do business man's. Both enjoy good music—Muni has a passion for the violin, and it is his greatest pleasure to pack up both wife and fiddle and spend a few quiet days in some out-of-the-way corner where no one will molest them.

They take no part in the gay, noisy life of Hollywood. The scandals and divorces have not even touched them. They live in a world apart from all of that. They have made very few real friends there. For him, his wife is companion enough. What greater compliment can any man pay a woman?

Here is an incident which I think best illustrates the utter unpretentiousness of Bella Muni. The last time they arrived in New York, she wore a seal coat and was carrying one of mink on her arm. Photographers were waiting to take pictures. Muni's press agent admonished Bella to take off the seal coat and wear the mink. But Mrs. Muni demurred.

"Everyone knows I've a mink coat," she said, "Why should I bother wearing it?" But the press agent insisted that the public demanded mink coats of their stars' wives.

"All right then, if it will make you happier," said Bella good-naturedly, "but I'm sure it won't make any difference in Muni's acting whether I wear a seal coat or a mink coat." She changed from the seal to the mink, just as she does many things that she doesn't want to do—to be agreeable.

It is Muni's ambition to get enough money together to be able to produce and act in plays that please him whether they happen to be box-office successes or not. Bella does not say whether she would like to give up her husband's very successful screen career, but when the day arrives that will see Muni realizing his ambition, you will doubtless find Bella at his side, still smiling, still helping with the casting, advising him about his role—still content to be his silent partner. She is always happy. Bella has made sacrifices before and I'll wager she'll still be good at it ten years from now.

It takes a mighty big and unselfish character to give up one's own identity and center it upon someone else's even though that someone happens to be one's own husband. But Muni's success, and the happiness that he and Bella have achieved together, have proven her choice of ten years ago a wise one.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 74)

As always, everything happens quickly in Hollywood. Just a few months after the coming of sound, the whole town was in an upheaval.

The physical aspect of Hollywood changed. The old rambling "silent" stages (which had never been silent) were torn down and great, cool, padded edifices were erected in which the drop of a pin sounded like the report of a gun.

Hundreds of song writers were imported to Hollywood during the "musical" flurry. But as someone wittily observed, "The Warners are trying to astonish the world. His success was an accident—like the success of so many. When a story called "The Jazz Singer" was brought out, the Warners Brothers as their most pretentious bid for talkie fame, George Jessel was approached as a candidate for stardom, but something went wrong during the negotiations and Al Jolson was given the contract instead.

Immediately upon the release of "The Jazz Singer" Jolson was the man of the hour, the white hope of the talkies, an entertainer snatched from Broadway's declining show business. There was more excitement over Jolson than over any other star since Garbo. He actually gave the talkies the terrific impetus needed to make them producers go on.

The talkies not only created stars. They snatched the crowds from stars, too. Emil Jannings, deemed the greatest character actor of them all, was forced to go back to his home in Germany (although he was Brooklyn born) because of the thick accent which it was thought, would not record.

Talkies threw certain stars into the ash-heap of obscurity. It brought others back to stardom and made them. Some—like Bessie Love—had been in pictures since 1918. She was, for several years prior to talkies, considered a has-been. She had been playing in vaudeville—theater stage of the other way on the out. But in vaudeville she learned to sing, dance and play the ukulele.
and when M-G-M was looking about for a girl to appear in "Broadway Melody," one of their first great musicals, Bebe Daniels presented herself. Her come-back was spectacular and golden. Bebe Daniels suddenly blossomed forth with a beautiful singing voice and was given a place in the sun. Conrad Nagel—a "creditable" leading man for years—was at once so much in demand, because he had had stage experience and could "talk," that he could hardly get from studio to studio fast enough. And Betty Compson who—after her popularity in "The Miracle Man" had waned—had reverted to "quickies," was discovered anew and was in constant demand.

Maurice Chevalier came from Paris to fight for honors with Lawrence Tibbett, the singing son of a California sheriff. Warner Brothers kept John Barrymore under lock and key. Stage stars, hired by fantastic stories, boarded the Century. Some of them clicked and remained to make the movies something of which to be proud. Some of them didn't click—because you didn't like them—and they returned to a sadly depleted Broadway, making snifflish remarks about those too, too childish movies. Beauty took a back seat, to watch talent and training and artistry succeed.

The great stars of the silent days who really had pluck and will power—we think especially of Shearer and Garbo and Crawford—bucked down and learned how to speak lines. Not one of those actresses had ever had stage experience, remember, and they went to the top in the talkies. Determination will do things after all.

When we think back on the best pictures which were made—enough five years ago, and contrast them with the best ones which are being made today, we become increasingly indignant with the so-called Smart Alecs who persist in regarding the movies as the poor white trash of the arts. Of "The Barretts," "Of Human Bondage," and "The House of Rothschild" and "David Copperfield" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Broadway Bill," "It Happened One Night." The great musical productions, fantastic and turbelowed, if you will, but so polished in every mechanical detail!

What will be next? What will happen when once more you demand something different? Talkies have reached a high state of perfection. Where do we go from here, from here—where do you want to go?

Half industry, half art—all make-believe. The history of the movies is certainly the most romantic story ever told.

So... transform your eyelashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, instantly and harmlessly with the famous Maybelline mascara. Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows and lashes with the specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. Maybelline preparations are approved by leading authorities for absolute harmlessness. Their sixteen-year reputation for highest quality is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty preparations can be had at any leading 10c store.

The smiling young man with Marian Marsh is Carl Brisson, Jr., son of the popular Danish actor. Doesn't Marian look sweet?
Marriage of Convenience

(Continued from page 49)

"It's a little wild, but I like it." And she ran the smooth white palm of her hand along a flat chromium surface, looked at it and admired aloud, "See, not a speck of dust!"

Maxine met Bartlett Saunders when it became inevitable that talking pictures were here for good. She had submitted to a voice test, and even she had been bewildered by the nasal raspings which had succeeding auditioned told the story. Indeed, Maxine had asked herself if she had rushed from the projection room with sobs tearing at her slender body, screaming at her mind, "Oh, through. Oh, My Gawd, I'm ruined!"

And had not come back to the studio for a week.

When she did, Abe Goldstein sent for Bartlett Saunders, who also had been treated to a running of the test.

"You think you can make a fine talker from Maxine, Mr. Goldstein wanted to be asked.

"If Miss Vane will put herself completely in my hands," he said, "for a month—six months, perhaps—I believe that she shall be able to correct the—er—defects, if I may say so, of her voice and English."

"I'll do anything you ask," she murmured huskily.

"Anything you ask," Miss Vane, Bartlett corrected. But he laughed, too, and his eyes twinkled pleasantly at the corners. Maxine thought, "He's a funny duck, but I like him."

In learning to speak the King's English, Maxine Vane applied the same unflagging persistence which had lifted her from the station she might so easily have inherited.

She took his criticism avidly, was pleased as a schoolgirl when she won his praise, grateful for the time he gave her. She took him to her home, even tried once to give him money for what he was doing.

"But you see," he said, "I'm being paid by the studio."

"That!" she cried, "That measly..."

"Stipend," he supplied.

"Stipend," she repeated. "What does that mean?"

"A salary that affords a bare livelihood," he quoted.

"Liveliness!" she snorted. "What, it ain't even cigarette money?"

"Isn't," he corrected.

"Isn't."

Don't let me get to let me do something for you. Don't you see, you're making it possible for me to go on and make a living?"

"I hope so," he said, "But you don't understand, Miss Vane."

"Don't call me 'Miss Vane.' Don't you like me? Everybody, from the juicers up, calls me Maxine."

"All right. It's Maxine, then," he said, and blushed. "You don't understand. I couldn't take money from you."

"You're a funny little guy," she said, but she never again tried to force money upon him.

He stayed on the set with her all during the shooting of the first picture she made under the terror of that new monster, the microphone, but she spoke she had rehearsed many times for his private criticism. He meticulously extracted the superfluous "r" from such words as "boil" and "goll" in her speech, and insisted upon it in "verse" and "first." That was easy compared to the hard "g," which was the last to go. She would protest, "Long," and he would "sing." She hung onto those "g's" like a bull pup to a street urchin's pants, and finally wrenched them loose from her vocabulary. It was not until long after her first picture was released that he even mentioned the nicer refinements of the letter "a." Which no one outside his circle would have known or cared about, but Saunders was determined that Maxine's speech should be as nearly perfect as he could make it.

No one knew how much or how little Saunders knew of Maxine's personal life. He never mentioned it to anyone, though each morning the readings which he made was subject to widespread and exaggerated discussion at the studio. His own dogmatic but obvious devotion to her career under the microscope about, though he pretended not to be aware of it. Once one of the writers on the lot, eager for information of the star's love life, said to him,

"You know Maxine Vane pretty well, don't you?"

"I feel that honor," Saunders answered.

"Is there any truth in the rumor that she's having an affair with Michael Robertson? If she is, somebody ought to warn her. There's a little hell..."

Saunders drew himself up to his scant five-feet six-inches and withered his interpreter with a professional glower.

"I'm sure I'm not interested in Miss Vane's personal affairs any more than she might be interested in mine. What she does with her life is her own affair. Certainly it is none of mine. Nor yours, as I see it."

That remark travelled like lightning about the studio. Even to Maxine's own dressing room. It elevated Bartlett Saunders, voice teacher, to an eminence of which he was innocently unaware but which there was a dignity about, the little man that stopped wagging tongues. When he entered a room, and he never heard the informal title one of the wags gave him—"Galahad to a Lost Lady."

Nor did Maxine Vane, for Maxine, whatever her morals, was loyal to a fault, and her importance to the studio made the job of anyone who might slander one of her friends as shabby as a Balkan throne. And that Bartlett Saunders was perhaps her best friend Maxine knew, and loved, even though there were great many things about him she did not understand. That letter to Saunders, for instance. Almost everyone else took money from Maxine. Money—or other things. And Saunders asked nothing, expected nothing, even refused what she had to give. A funny little man, but she wouldn't tolerate anyone else saying that.

It was some three years after they had become friends that Maxine Vane met Michael Robertson, an English author, recently imported by the studio. Robertson came to Hollywood, alone, and took an apartment for the term of his contract at the Wilsire Arms Apartments, where it was said, he would be joined later by his wife, a fairly prominent English actress.

It happened that Maxine was quite fancy free at the time. She really took him up—though none of her friends would have believed it. He had seemed to them so she was not to tell them—because she thought it would be good for her speech to be around a cultured Englishman and listen to him. Besides, he seemed a good enough sort. She had never known any Englishmen before, except a few impoverished members of the stage who went for her with a hastily departing literary exponent of sin on a tiger skin.

But Robertson was not that kind. He was a gentleman, and it flattered Maxine,
too, that he liked her. Just how much or why he liked her, no one ever knew, but it was presumed, by those in the know, that her flamboyancies, her ready, if somewhat vulgar wit, amused him. Sometimes an onlooker would catch him gazing at Maxine, flashing in her satins, ermines and diamonds with the long ruby pendant at her throat, as if he simply could not believe what he saw. He was to be in Hollywood for only a few months, and if this were Hollywood—well, why not make the most of it.

He would not have introduced her to his friends in England except as a curiosity, but here she was accepted, indeed, as something of a social catch. And none of Michael Robertson's friends lived in Hollywood.

Maxine went everywhere with him, to openings at Grauman's, Wednesday night dances at the Grove, parties at Minn. It was even said (gossip is seldom whispered in Hollywood) that he was seen leaving Maxine's mountain home, upon occasion, early in the morn. Of course, mornings in California are often foggy, and it is rather difficult to identify anyone at a distance of a hundred feet before ten o'clock.

It was a Tuesday night that Michael Robertson told Maxine his wife was arriving on The Chief the following Saturday.

"I hope you understand, Maxine," he said, "there can't be any more of this—this sort of thing, I'm afraid."

"You needn't be afraid," Maxine answered.

"You've been swell, isn't that the word? I shan't forget you."

"Let's not go into that. You didn't seduce me, you know."

"Good girl."

She went up to him and kissed him lightly on the mouth, threw her furs about her shoulders, and, without another word, left.

That would be the last of Michael Robertson. That should have been the last of Minn Robertson. She was at home, of course, and dozing, at nine o'clock Thursday night when Bill Wilson, head of the publicity department, called her on the telephone.

"Maxie," he said, "I'm down at the foot of the hill. I've got to see you right away. If it's anyone there, get rid of him.

"Listen, Bill," she said, "I'm dead. I can't have you coming up here tonight. I'll leave a bottle of Scotch on the door-step and you come get it and go away. Do you hear?"

"Can it, Maxie. This is important. I'll be right up."

Five minutes later he arrived.

"What the hell?" she said as he brushed past her and into the room. "Now that you're here you can take off your hat and coat."

She saw that he was excited, and reached for her purse. That usually helped any emergency.

"If you need money, Bill, why of course..."

"It isn't that. It's that so-and-so's wife."

"I don't know so-and-so's wife."

"That—that Robertson's. She's going to sue him."

"So what?"

"So you're going to be named correspondent."

"That's a nice name. This should be exciting."

Bill Wilson exploded; "Exciting! Say, for God's sake, Maxie, don't you know this is serious? She's arriving tomorrow night.

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it SAFE—harmless to hair and scalp.

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IT started from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first time she used it the difference was so much that she never went back to laxatives.

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MODERN SCREEN

Harold Lloyd
is an interesting bystander while Glenda Farrell, left, tells a bit of gossip to Mildred Davis Lloyd and Marian Nixon Senter. This group was snapped by Scotty at a recent party at the Trocadero.

been married three or four times?

Wilson thought that at last she was listening to reason, and jumped in now that he had the advantage of things.

"There's plenty of men would jump at the chance. And Lord, you don't have to stay married. A little Reno divorce between pictures is four or five months—inevitability, wife-beating or something—and everything's fine. It may cost us a few thousand, but what the hell? I'll be worth it.

"But I don't know a soul." It was so mad to be awakened at nine o'clock at night, and told that, he had to get married. It was so crazy to be thinking over all the men she knew, counting them over on her fingers, trying to pick one of them as a husband, that she began to giggle. Of course, she did not intend to go through with the thing, but it was funny to think about.

Wilson was looking at her quizically, a little disgusted with her mirth, when she saw a light dawn in his eyes. She stopped laughing.

"Don't tell me," she said, "that's in the birth of an idea in that colossal brain of yours.

"You bet," he cried, leaping from the steel-backed chair. "I've got it! I've got it! Oh, baby, it's perfect.

"You tell me. Let me be the judge.

"Hettie?" she thought. "What this man does about you, has been for years. It'll set him up, too, make a man of him.

Maxine stiffened and glared at him.

"Stop that right now," she said. "Right now, you hear? I won't even listen to such a suggestion. Why, he's—he's the only decent man I know.

"Sure he's decent," Wilson said. "He's perfect. He'll only be too glad to do it for you. Where's the telephone?

"Who're you going to call?"

"Goldstein."

AFTERWARDS we always know what we should have done. Maxine knew a few minutes later that she should not have allowed Wilson to use the telephone. She had been in tight before and had always mastered them somehow, and she thought she was doing the right thing now.

So she left Wilson completing the call, dashed out to the garage in her negligée, backed out her roadster, and slid quietly down the mountain road. She did not stop, did not even think very much until she drew up in front of the little bungalow court where she knew Bartlett Saunders...
lived. She only hoped she had reached there before Wilson or Goldstein had got him on the telephone. She had not.

Saunders, in a black dressing gown, greeted her.

"I was expecting you, Maxine," he said.

"They've called you." She sank into the one easy chair in the small room.

She was silent a moment. There was so much she wanted to say, yet she did not know how to begin. While she waited Saunders came over and stood in front of her, shyly took her hand.

"Tell me what hurt you, haven't they? You're afraid. Please don't be.

She looked up at him, and suddenly she saw him through a blur, her arms were around his thin waist, and she was sobbing.

"You're so good," she wept. "You'd let them do this to you. You'd marry me to save me."

He stroked her tawny hair shyly, like a boy. "Of course I would. I will," he said, "if you'll have me."

That made her sob the harder. "If I'll have you?" she cried out. "No, you deserve someone fine and splendid, and noble like you are, not a—"

"Hush!" he whispered. "Please don't say those things."

"But I will! I won't let them make a fool of you. What do I care for a contract? I don't need any more money. And I don't owe Goldstein anything. I've made enough for him."

She suddenly realized that the doorbell was ringing, that it had been ringing for quite awhile. "Now remember, when they come," she warned, pulling herself to her feet, "you're not to let them do this to you."

The doorbell jangled again. "Leave it all to me," he said.

He started for the door, but she pulled him back, and looked at him rather fiercely, her eyes on a level with his own, her nephews gathered close about her.

"Before they come," she blurted out, "I want you to know I think you're the finest man I've ever known." And kissed him on the mouth, shyly, like a girl kissing her first lover.

He turned from her and opened the door. He let them in, Wilson and Abe Goldstein. They were red of face and pulling from the excitement.

"So you're here," said Wilson. "The Lord be praised."

"Listen, Abe," Maxine began, but Saunders interrupted. There was something rather magnificent in his voice, a ring of authority.

"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," he said.

They were married in a little town in Arizona at six o'clock the next morning, after a justice of the peace had been routed out of bed. Abe Goldstein and Bill Wilson were witnesses. After it was over Goldstein said to Saunders: "We'll make it right by you. You'll be rewarded."

"I have been rewarded already, Mr. Goldstein. Here is my reward."

They say now that something has happened to Maxine Vane, that she is not the same woman she was. There is a sincerity and a tenderness in her work before the camera—perhaps you've noticed—that was never there before.

And she has eyes for no man except funny looking little Barklett Saunders, whom she worships. She says now that she is happy for the first time, that, last, she knows what peace and contentment and devotion really mean. They aren't empty words any longer. And for that she is thankful to Hollywood.

Because it could never have happened anywhere else.
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UNSIGHTLY SKIN

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ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

Do men look your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blemishes unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Staar's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Staar's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

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Hollywood Sets the Tempo

Where's Rudy Vallee? Here's Alice Faye, done up in gardenias and flanked, left by Jack Donahue, right by Sol Wurtzel. Patricia Lee and Jimmy Dunn, far right.

know. Most of us laboriously plan our wardrobes around one single coat, sometimes an old one from the year before, sometimes a new one which has been bought in advance. Although I think there is merit in the latter, especially if you dress to a budget, I was tremendously interested in what Madge had to say:

"I hardly ever think of a coat until after I have bought my dresses and accessories. You see, I like to be able to indulge in whatever color scheme appeals to me. I don't like to be limited constantly to thoughts of a coat. The coat can be adjusted to my new dresses just as easily. Of course, I never go very far away from a definite color scheme each season, mainly because I look best in blue and like to wear it in all shades."

You could understand this readily if you could see Madge's coloring. She has reddish gold hair and very bright blue eyes.

Since she wasn't having any pictures taken of her new clothes until she returned to Hollywood, you will have to wait for a later issue to see them. And that's when you will be most interested in them because they are more suited to your summer needs. However, don't miss the smart rain costume she is wearing on page 64. She has another one, too, which is not shown. It's an all-white ensemble of galoshes, umbrella, rain cape and hat. You know, it does rain in Hollywood despite what the old residents say!

We started talking about fabrics, too, and Madge told me that she isn't interested in a costume unless the fabric has some texture or surface interest. This is right in line with all the stylists' reports on your new season's fabrics. Everything from silks, and rayons to woolens have some distinguishing weave or surface character. And a good material with a distinctive weave or patterning can make all the difference between a smart costume and an ordinary one.

Rene Hubert, the clever French designer, at Fox, says that all design begins with the fabric. That is why he goes back to his native France every year to see what new ideas the great fabric designers and manufacturers have evolved. Just after a recent trip, he showed me some of the fascinating discoveries he had made. He never selects anything that he doesn't have some forthcoming production and one of his stars in mind.

It is to the studio designers that we look for advance tips at the turn of a new season. They set the pace, often anticipating a season by six months, regardless of what restrictions California's climate may put upon the off-screen dress of their stars.

But to get back to Rene Hubert, he showed me some fabric swatches which he had brought back with him. All of them had exotic textures. Some were shaggy with cellophone threads woven through the materials to give them a hairy look. Others were skillfully executed in stunning patterns. All his costume fabrics are selected with a camera eye—thay are chosen in textures that will photograph well and that will give you some idea of "feel" to the fabrics.

Hubert brought back a collection of hats that would have delighted you. They were so giddy, yet so flattering. Most of them had been selected with one of his stars in mind. But the one I adored was a bonnet type that he had picked out for Janet Gaynor. The crown slid back on the head and the brim was drawn up to a peak above the forehead, much like the old-fashioned, scooped-brimmed bonnet of years ago.

Incidentally, you who like the off-the-face hat but find the very broad forehead types severe, are going to be enthusiastic about these bonnets because they give your face a frame while still showing the brow. Sailors will be smart with suits and tailored dresses. And your old favorite, the little Breton hat with the turned-up, childish brim, is good.

The belt, shown on page 63, is another

(Continued from page 61)
version of one Hubert bought for Janet while abroad. Hers had her name cut into the leather, while the white one illustrated, has the name written on it in colored metal. He considers accessories a very important part of every spring costume. Even buttons and buckles must have individuality. For instance, he showed me some of the most amusing leather beer barrel buttons to be used for a sports costume. And the scarf, bag and glove set in tie silk, shown on the same page with the belt, is a favorite accessory scheme of his for suits and simple tailored dresses—these should be in interesting contrasting or harmonizing shades. For instance with navy blue, choose lighter blue accessories. And with brown, try a dash of dusty pink for retouching contrast.

HUBERT sums up spring trends for you by saying, "There will be lots of blue, especially lighter shades often with white as contrast. The draped skirt is gradually insinuating itself into the evening picture. Evening bodices are very decolleté with a veil of tulle or net. I am going to use a lot of starched collars and short straight sleeves on my daytime crepe. Wide belts will be smart. My stars and their fans should dress to appear lady-like and quietly but beautifully groomed."

Suits will be one of the biggest daytime items in all our wardrobes. Of course, Hollywood loves suits better than almost any other costume with the possible exception of pajamas and evening gowns. There isn't a smart star in the town who doesn't have suits in all styles.

Suit jackets are as variable as the wind. You can wear very short, fitted jackets like the one Carole Lombard is wearing on p. 63. This is what is known as the tailleur and it appears with the first crocus every year because it can be worn under winter coats long before you wear it alone. Carole uses a nice contrasting idea in her skirt and jacket. The jacket is black men's suiting, while the skirt, also black, has a fine pin stripe in white running through it. A suit-like this can picture an infinite variety by having several skirt changes—one to match the jacket and one or two in a contrasting fabric. Carole suggests using one of your choice of a maroon blouse and a fresh carnation in her buttonhole in the identical suit, the buttonhole being quite a rage for carnations, preferring them to the more customary gardenias and orchids chosen by other stars.

Then, the long, almost tunic length, jacket is excellent. Anne Shirley's brown and white check one is particularly flattering to slender, youthful figures such as hers. Checks are very important for suits from the small Sheikh's check to the bolder size of Anne's. Notice that Anne's coat buttons up the front—one of the newer details. And the child-like turnover collar is very flattering. All you young things will look charming in this type of suit.

A SPORTY type of suit is Steffi Duna's choice this spring. It is a grand style to keep in mind, too, when you shop—as good in town as in the country. It has the short box jacket without fastening which is popular this season. Steffi cleverly combines her fabrics by using plaid for vest, and coat, a mixed tweed for the skirt. Notice her accessories; they are beautifully chosen to complement the suit.

Besides these three types of suits, the swagger style is still very good. Also the suit with medium-length jacket which is a length between Carole's and Anne's and not quite as short as Steffi's. Capes are in again which brings the becoming cape.

**Poor Complexion?**

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**Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin**

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What it is

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Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

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Make this test tonight on both Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.
suit back on your shopping list. Your cape may be short or fingertip length. And for you who love your big revers and lappets, they are to be had also. In fact, you can wear just about any sort of suit that becomes you, the main point to keep in mind is that you must have at least one!

Blouses for your suits can be chosen in practically any fabric or style. I think you will like the taffeta ones, especially if you have some in glazed chintz—yes, very much like your best chair or sofa slip-cover! Travis Banton, Paramount's designing genius, gives you some grand ideas to get you in the swing of your spring shopping, too. He says sagely, and do follow his good advice, "The evening moiré will be a running, floating, floating trend with loads of chiffon, tulle, net and all sorts of diaphanous fabrics. Ruffles and flo出差 will be used in abundance, and the pattern combinations will develop from the normal waistline. Tiers, brief peplums and various variations of the tunic will be highly favored as they will be an outgrowth of the tunic of the past season."

Three Banton-designed dresses on page 62 are grand examples of his ideas. Carole Lombard's printed taffeta gown follows the long tunic silhouette. Her black gown is another—it has diaphanous black soufflé, embroidered with toilettte, posed over a satin sheath. The composition of the toiletttes on net is an added detail. And Gail Patrick's graceful gray chiffon introduces, not only the trailing and floating silhouette, but also, silk and chiffon to heighten the flowing line. A cape is part of this costume, too. You will be wearing lots of them for evening. And don't you admire them?

Banton says, also, "I am terribly interested in the Spanish trend which Marlene Dietrich's costumes in "Caprice Espagnol" are bound to prove. These gowns will already influenced me in many of the modern clothes I am working on. Flowers, fringe and lace are inevitable and offer countless ways of introducing a Spanish note which combines a romantic suggestion with a modern significance in these gay costumes."

With Rene Hubert telling us to be lady-like and Travis Banton advising great femininity, it looks as if we can go on quite a romantic binge for our more formal moments. And that is where the fun really lies in our new clothes, I think. We can be such fragile, romantic, floating being at night and then the next morning, we can be as outdoorsy and sporty looking as we wish.

That's why I have finished off my picture-line with his more really ready-to-wear outdoor shots of the clothes Hollywood wears at play. Jean Harlow looks utterly charming in the simple sweater and skirt classic that we all wear. And it is a pet costume of hers. Madge Evans looks like any girl who loves to dash about in the rain, provided she has a good-looking rainy day costume. Anne Shirley, to me, is one of the sweetest of the very young starlets. Doesn't she look carefree in her japdohirs, short sweater and blouses? The hand embroidered monogram on her blouse is something to copy. Her riding habit is just the informal sort all young girls adore. And Donn Russell took the picture of trim, tailored chic in her trimmed hat and perfectly fitted tweek coat. It's a grand toecap for country and one that will stand a lot of wear.

Time limits further spring clothes but here, there is so much to talk about, I have prepared a Spring Color and Clothes Chart for you. The Clothes Chart is planned with an eye to your pocketbook. Here is a well-rounded wardrobe that is not an extravagant one. And it gives you a scale of prices for each item so that you can approximate your expenditures. Just consult your request, together with the addressed and stamped envelope and both charts are yours. Write to Adelia Bird, Mayroon Books, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Good News

(Continued from page 39)

later was that the Fields' driveaway is made of good, hard concrete! Wotta taker, that Bill!!!

There are some people who feel that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant may make up, but our guess is the other way "round." For, though Virginia appeared at the preview of Cary's latest, "Wings in the Dark," and stood about to catch a glimpse of her husband, that young man finally approached, gazed at a full month directly into her pretty face without registering recognition, and walked deliberately away. Except for the few bystanders who caught the silent scene, no one seemed more surprised than Virginia.

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When "Kid Millions" was finished, Sam Goldwyn invited Eddie Cantor and his wife and children to Palm Springs for a glorius and expensive week-end. After it was over and the host and his guests were about to check out of El Mirador, Sam challenged the star to some golf ants. Eddie won the fifty cents, so his boss induced him to "shoot" again. The actor again landed the money, Sam, now at his wit's end, permitted Can to try once more. And they kept at it until the executive finally won his coin back. "You've gotta be careful of money," he explained, after footing the huge bill for the trip.

That family skeleton from the Brisson closet is due for an airing! The "skeleton" happens to be a six-foot, husky male one, whom Carl introduced around Hollywood, these many months, as his brother. Now we understand that gleam in the actor's eyes, for—shh—Carl is, in reality, his proud papa!

Bing Crosby's in the market for either a violin or a dog collar. He says that romantic hair-cut, which he sports in "Mississippi," matches well enough with his green velvets, rock coat and purple satin cravat to set the, but somehow, something seems wrong when he gets topped up in his own best clothes, with trousers, coat, and a baggy sweater. Being an actor, Bing wants to look the part at all times, so these two items head his shopping list.

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Some meemies around this town are saying that, since her association with the talented writer, Bob Riskin, Carole Lom-
barr is becoming high hat. If that is so, two would seem that Bob's success has gone to Carole's head! Mr. R., if you recall, is the gentleman who penned "It Happened One Night" and is partly responsible for "The Whole Town's Talking," two Columbia hits. Miss L. is an actress who dresses beautifully.

Since Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles have moved near the Sam Goldwyns, they get a lot of Sam's guests by mistake. Strangers ride up, ring the bell and, on beholding the cute little door-answerer, become baffled. Mrs. Ruggles is used to it now and invites the Goldwyn guests in for a drink before she sends 'em further up the hill to Sammy.

And speaking of entertaining, Director James Cruze keeps such an open house that a lot of people actually think his place is an inn. They appear unasked and order things and, when they discover they are in a private home, do their faces turn a beautiful shade of vermilion? Well, yes!

When the heretofore Infant industry began to gurgie, her enterprising bosses announced with much pomp: Garbo Talks! And, upon the recent release of "The Painted Veil," we all were edified to learn via the billboards: Garbo Smiles! But, you fans have yet to officially hear that Garbo Bathes! Honest Injun, she does, for our beautiful blue eyes—which are far too big for pictures—witnessed the Famous One purchasing a bottle of bath salts at a Palm Springs drug store. After the sale, the clerk had himself a bottle of smelling salts "on the house," so thrilled was he to have taken the lady's dollar. As a matter of fact, we've never been considerate enough to inquire as to whether the boy recovered from the nervous shock.

And speaking of Greta quite naturally reminds us of George Brent. He is still very much around, so wouldn't the joke be on us skeptics if there is an honest-to-goodness romance and not a publicity stunt after all? Yep, although George, while at Palm Springs, did not stay at Lo Quinta, where Garbo checked in, he did park his trunk five miles away at Del Taquez, from where he flew each mom to spend the day with the object of his affections.

This is worth a good guffaw! Little

It's a two-dollar bet on the bosses for that canny Scotsman, Jimmy Durante!

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The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By Lady Esther

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21. Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps it on her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueler still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailling test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is enhance it in appearance!

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make your famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

Copyri ought by Lady Esther, 1935
The Jolsons, Ruby and Al, sing and step together for the first time in “Go Into Your Dance”—and here they are!

George Breakston and his mother were coming to Los Angeles by train. They happened to meet a man who was being guided to the fate of his three beautiful wolf-hounds, who had to sleep in the baggage car. George's mother, a softer where dogs are concerned, suggested that she sneak them into George's berth, and that her youngest could sleep with her. The next morning a brilliant thought struck her. She wired her husband, “Will be home at 9 P.M., just gave berth to three dogs.”

For nonchalence, you can’t beat Bill Powell! They do be saying it's the very thing that is capturing the fickle Harlow fancy, too. Bill wandered over to her house the other day, and was told that Jean was busy. Nothing daunted, he announced his intentions of remaining until he could see her. The “business” which was so urgent with Jean turned out to be cleaning all her bureau drawers and putting around as gals will on all days, immersed in cold cream and curl-papers. Bill chatted comfortably while she puttered, and finally took his nonchalant way home. And the platinum star takes it—and loves it.

If you don't think little Freddie Bartholomew, America's newest male starlet, is the answer to a maiden's prayer, then something's out of order in your cardiac regions. He's only ten years old, but as David in "David Copperfield" he displays more charm than Don Juan. They tried to tell us that this was Freddie's first acting experience, but our trusty nose scooped out the news that he's appeared in several English pictures. He's no sophisticate, though, in spite of his experience—which was proved on the night Dickens' story was to be previewed. Freddie suddenly dropped to his knees while dressing and prayed earnestly that both he and the picture might meet with approval.

Here's an idea for bringing up father. Elliott Nugent, directing "Win or Lose," has to direct his own Dad, J. C. Nugent, in the part of Dixie Lee's good-for-nothing old pappy. "If all our kids would encourage our actors in this way instead of trying to improve our grammar, we parents would have a happier lot of it," J. C. sighed contentedly the other day on the set. Eddie Nugent is another member of this famous family.

"Quiet, pleez!" hissed around the set means just that! When singing or talking scenes are to be recorded, a deathly calm instantly settles down on everything and everybody. Even the metronome on the piano is enclosed in a sound-proof box!

But neither the blondes nor the brunettes are the most dazzling thing about that set. A long shot. For the entire dancing floor is made of mirrors—at a cost of $500 a slice! Seeing how there are at least thirty-five pieces in all, you can draw your own conclusions as to what Paramount drew on their bank. But, annaheh, 'twas worth it, since these mirrors will make the scene twice as beautiful.

Well, Jimmy Durante still has his famous nose left, even though the Santa Anita racetrack has gotten a lot of his shekels. In fact, he took such a wallowing there that he moved his gambling activities to another spot and then further on to an ex-

Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., is taking screen honors like his famous dad but as a dancer. Winifred Shaw is his partner in "Goldiggers of 1935."
exclusive club featuring the reds and blacks. However, Bad Luck went with him, and finally Jimmy handed over what was left to his wife, who promptly cleaned up. "Beginner's luck," moaned Durante, loath to give credit where it was due.

There were so many awards handed out to the aristocratic "poodles" at the recent Palm Springs Dog Show that their owners, Alice White, Bill Gargan, Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell are all swelled up to beat hocks.

Almost everyone knows that before Fred Keating became a legitimate actor, he was classed A-1 as a magician, his famous bird cage trick being now almost legendary. And so, at a recent Hollywood gathering, Fred's prowess in this direction was being discussed and praised. "Well," finally contributed Inez Courtney, "I've known him for years and it seems to me that if he was so hot as a magician, he'd have changed my Japanese mink coat into a real one long ago!"

There's a little rustic roadhouse near Palm Springs called "The Canebreaks," which features a Hill Billy orchestra. Often of an evening, just by way of giving vent to the "Turks" but to hand the natives a treat or sumpin', George Brent goes and plays the piano there. Another unprogrammed artist among those present on the night our scout appeared was Paul Lukas, who danced with a pretty little waitress as long as her heart desired—and her heart wasn't a bit backward either!

And by the way, since the famous pianist Turbeau's name has been brought up, while he was playing in concert at Los Angeles, he was seen everywhere with Ruth Chatterton, George's "ex."

Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy have built a beautiful tennis court on their property at Palm Springs with a view to "making the leftie" the center of the club. The boys even went so far with their enterprise as to put Mr. Gledhill, a famous tennis expert, in charge. It soon developed, however, that that gentleman's most difficult task was to keep his employers off the court, so that some cash customers could take a shot at the game once in awhile.

But all is well now, for two more courts have been added and a beautiful clubhouse, too, is in process of construction.

Director Woody Van Dyke has this particular type of humor. He took twenty of his "Naughty Marietta" chorus gals out on a real binge the other night—with dinner, dancing and the whole works. The revelry lasted 'til about five, and as he waved goodbye to them in the cold, gray dawn, he shouted cheerfully, "See you all at nine on the set!" Stunned, but helpless, they had to stagger some way to the studio—which they did, only to be sent home immediately by Woody, who reprimanded them severely for showing up so hogwash-like.

Of course, there is no woman but what wants the last word—and when there is twenty of them, it means a lot! So they invited Mr. Van Dyke to a party at the Clover Club a few nights later. They had asked the waiter not to provide a chair for him, he was the only one invited, and would be busy dancing all evening.

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**Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting**

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water
Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

- Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick or too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. But remember... Evaporated milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk.

Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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**FASCINATING HAIR**

Gorgeous new highlights brought out in one shampoo!

Why let drab, lifeless hair add years to your appearance—dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo with Blondex you can bring out the sparkling luster, the alluring softness your hair now lacks. Thousands report that their first Blondex shampoo made their hair look softer and prettier than in years. Originally made especially for blondes—brunettes have found it puts fascinating glints in dark, dark hair. Blondex is a delightful shampoo—rinse—not a bleach or dye. Good for the scalp—removes every bit of dust and oil-film. Try Blondex now, and see it bring your hair new life, new loveliness, and many a compliment. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpen-

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**FREE World's most amazing Cook Book!**

Roaster-pan picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including Lemon Pie without cooking! Caramel Pudding that makes itself 2-ingredient Macaroni Shake-up Mayonnaise Ice Cream (frozen and automatic)! Canned! Refrigerator Cakes! Sausage Casserole! Cooked! Quick! Breads! Address: The Borden Co., Dept.MM45, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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**MODERN SCREEN**

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**113**
HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS
—without using pads or knife

One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that
aching corn will stop all pain instantly and
for good. Then a few more drops of this safe
liquid corn gets so loose you can lift it
right off with your fingers, core and all. It’s
the quickest way known to get rid of hard
and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle
from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
Every dealer knows that—
clearly impossible for him to
watch the after half day deal for twenty-five years with his
attached ear drums. He even can day and night.
They stopped his best
listening. Purely unavailing
and uncomfortable. No wires
or batteries. Write for
TRUE STORY. Also
booklet: EAR DROWS.
THE WAY COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

PSORIASIS ECZEMA

And other obstinate skin eruptions! PSORACINE, a wonder-
ful new discovery, now relieves many stubborn cases where
other treatments failed. Try it on matter now long afflicted.
Write for sound proof and FREE information.
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519 N. Central Park
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Psoriasis, Eczema, Gunners, Ulcers, Garnet, Lichen, Rhinitis, Shingles, and color your hair at the same time with the
same bottle of PSORACINE... FOR MEN AND WOMEN...

GRAY FADED HAIR

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS

HAIR FADED FADED

GRAY FADED HAIR

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS

NOW 10c

CHARMETTE HAIR ERASING PAD

REMOVE HAIR THIS QUICK, NEW WAY

Charmette removes unattractive hair quickly, easily, safely.
No messy chemicals or sharp razors to irritate
your skin. Does not stimulate regrowth... nor clash the hair.
Try it.
At leading chain stores.

MODERN SCREEN

Bob doesn’t agree with most of these Holly-
wood natives who order a house built, and
don’t move in till every last fixture is in
running order—including the garden. So his
Mexican ranch house really expresses indi-
viduality. And the flowers and shrubbery
simply run riot all over the place, because
he believes that Mexican landscaping should
give an effect of carelessness and age.
Well—it does, all right!

Yet they say that all husbands are jealous
brutes! Just lend an ear to this tale of a
husband—Miss Minna Gombell—to be exact,
who also happens to be Mr. Joseph Sefton,
a big financial figure in San Diego.
Mr. Sefton never introduces his wife
other than in this manner: “Meet my wife
—Miss Minna Gombell.”

When questioned by startled friends (particularly other husbands) he says,
“Why not? I believe it’s her right to be
introduced as Miss Gombell. After all,
she established herself as an important
person long before she ever knew me, and
I’d be pretty selfish to belittle her accom-
plishments by introducing her by her mar-
ned name.”

Some movie actors confide their talents to
histrionics—but not David Manners! He goes
in for words, too. In fact, he’s pounded
enough of ‘em out on the old typewriter to
fill two books and several short stories.
Proof—well, a New York publisher has
okayed the proof! So any day, now, you
can expect to see the results of David’s brain
waves at your book shop.

Bleeve i or not—and we don’t think you
will—but the little blonde, who looks
“sweet sixteen and never been kissed”
and plays opposite Joe Morrison in “Win or
Lose,” is the mother of a strapping three-
year-old son and twin boys! Yep—it’s
Dixie Lee, proud mama, and wife of Bing
Crosby, too. She looks young enough to
need that nurse-maid for herself instead of
for her trio of sons.

There’s more truth than fiction in these
amazing tales of Fred Keating’s magic.
Frustration—on a recent automobile trip
difficulties developed over Fred’s colored
chauffeur. Seems the hotel managers didn’t
care to put him up in comfortable quarters.

Richard Dix is the most en-
thusiastic prospective pa in
Hollywood. Here he is with
Mrs. Dix and the dogs.
But this did not phase the astute Keating! With two turkish towels and a dime-store brooch he decorated his man Friday, and presto! Racial and social status were changed. The next hotel was "honored" to rent their two best rooms to Mr. Fred Keating and "The Hon. Anurjoshprab Singh, cousin of the Maharajah of Raiapurana"! Ingenious, what?

The "back to the land" movement has hit several of the Hollywood stars. When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot returned from merrie old England, the first thing they did was scout around for a country estate, agreeing with the English idea that home sweet home must be in the country.

Paul Kelly has a mankering for a New England farm, and recently he received an advertisement of one, stating that the house dated back to pre-revolutionary days; in fact, its Colonial owners were among those awakened by Paul Revere on his memorable ride. Looking up the location of said house on a map, he found it was over two hundred miles from Boston. Mr. Kelly couldn't resist the temptation of writing to inquire as to just when Paul Revere swapped his horse for that motorcycle!

Douglas Montgomery had all the ladies of the cast of "Merrily We Roll Along," simply gaga over him, by his daily presentation of gorgeous costumes of red and white camellias and purple violets. Fearing that he was driving himself to the verge of bankruptcy, Erin O'Brien-Moore did some sleuthing on the side. Come to find out, Doug's estate, "Edenville," is simply running wild with camellia bushes and acres of violets! So-o-o.

Billie Burke's charm enslaves men of all ages. Recently, her agent was frantic trying to have some pictures of Billie sent over from the photographer's, to use in the next day's newspaper. An eighteen-year-old lad in her office overheard the telephone conversation. "Say, listen," he said, "if you want some pictures of Billie right away, I'll just run home and get some—they're plastered all over my entire room!"

Discovered a Hollywood screen actor who looks at being called a "clothes-horse!" Tis none other than Joel McCrea, who in recent months has had the reputation forced upon him. But he's happy again, now, wearing shabby, ill-fitting clothes and an ear-to-ear grin. This apparel is for his new role in "Private Worlds" and Joel claims it's simply grand to feel "back to normal" once more.

Here's a tip—not on the market but on nursery walls. Sally Eilers believes that young mothers can be individualistic in spite of all those set formulas of Billie sent over from sun-baths to strained spinach for their young hopefuls. So in place of Mother Goose, the Three Little Pigs and Jack and the Beanstalk on the walls of her son's nursery, she has decorated it with a border of photographs of all her friends' babies. Young Master Harry Joe Brown, Jr., is going to get acquainted with his gang rather early! It's a right cute idea, don't you agree?

Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

The next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds, or to throw them off in the early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is real medication—yet is absolutely safe—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.

Note! For Your Protection
The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitators. The trade-mark "VA-TRO-NOL" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol.

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30c and 50c

Have you wondered about the young David of "David Copperfield"? Do you want to know all about this remarkable youngster, Freddie Bartholomew, who practically stole the show from all the full-fledged stars in the picture? You're right, he is different from other kids. Read about him in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Also in the same issue, an enlightening story about a certain quality that all of us would like to possess—GLAMOR. Glamor is not a gift, it is acquired. So, get your copies early and learn how to be glamorous.

MODERN SCREEN

“Sometimes a film is as good as a play.” —Mary Pickford

Three New OLIVE OIL CREAMS

Three new creations by Vi-Jon Fere. delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete facial treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores
If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Cream, send in 10c for full size jar. Some whether for cleansing or finishing. Longer sizes of 30c and 50c.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis
A Chance to Live an Ideal

(Continued from page 31)

"Mr. Zanuck was very frank when he first told me of his decision to assign me this part. He even admitted the fact that most of his associates were quite dubious about his plan to give me the role. Well, so was I. I was sure I had read the book and the script over many times. I realized immediately, though, that I wanted to play this role as I have never wanted to play another. I wanted to play Meg because I loved her so and, most of all, because it would give me a chance to live the life of my ideal woman. When I was thirty, I should want to be like Meg.

Then I began to wonder. So many things she did seemed foreign to our conventional ideas. But still I was forced to admire her, even though I might disagree at first, because she had the strength and the honesty to live her life as she thought best, without particular regard to the copy-book versions.

As Loretta talked, I thought she was not only revealing the characteristics of the amazing woman she portrays in a film—but something, as well, of her own ideals and convictions. When I suggested to her, she nodded slowly.

"I have, in a way, compared my own reactions to Meg's and, as far as we go in ages, we are alike. I have felt, only when Meg matures and makes such courageous and daring decisions in her life that I begin to wonder if I will have the same magnificent courage in facing things.

"For instance, in the early part of the film, she goes through a period of adventure when she comes to India to meet Clive, whom she has never seen in her life. He has fallen in love with her photograph and written her asking her to come. She marries him. She has led a quiet, sheltered life, but there was something in Clive's letters, some undertone of real love that caused her to ignore all the conventionalities under which she had been brought up.

"I can't help but think that there was something of that same feeling of adventure in my own romance and marriage four years ago. Of course, mine was not the daring adventure of going to a strange country to marry a man I had never seen before. But, in a way, it was a stupendous adventure to me. I, too, had been brought up to do nothing more than cared in the heart of my family. It was a terrific step in my life to run away, cut myself off from my mother's guidance at seventeen—just the way I thought (as deeply as did Meg) must be true love. There, our mutual experience ends. For Meg's was an ultimate success, mine a failure. I came back to the shelter of my family. Meg remains to share the tumultuous experience of life with a man who became a military idol of India and a great political figure in England.

"In time they have a child, and for the moment Meg's life seems a real deal. Of course she has to put up with the society gossip that says she is not the type of woman who can help advance the career of such a high-class gentleman. But it falls on deaf ears. She is too wrapped up in her home, in her husband, in her child. She is a devoted mother. But here strong womanhood becomes very surprising. When Clive is called back to India because he is the only man who can quell an uprising, it is up to Meg to choose between staying with her sick child and accompanying her husband. It is a moment of turmoil and indecision in her life. If Clive survives, then a future comes, she goes with her husband!"

Frankly, I'm going to admit that this surprised me, made me think that nothing, not even a husband, could possibly come before a child. I'd always thought I would feel that way about my own child. Even now, I am not sure that the I'm not positive what I would do under the same circumstances. I don't know if I can ever say that I would do what that will allow me to put my husband before my child, especially a sick child. Perhaps you will say Meg's maternal instinct was not as deep as it seems to be. But that is not the case. Meg loved her husband with an almost maternal love. He was a child to her. So, when it came to her choice, it was that she loved her two children. She chose the boy whom she believed needed her most, the one who had just lost his mother, the most vital and terrific problem to solve. The child died while they were in India, and it was only that great love for Clive that sustained her.

"Playing this part, I have the courage to put such a strain on marriage? I have always thought it a mistake to wrap one's life completely around one's husband? When one person fails there is nothing left. I would be frightened to trust so much to both life and happiness to another. But Meg is not afraid. She loves Clive the fullest—and, after all, isn't a tested love the only love worth knowing? The modesty that's shown when anything happens, I have this to fall back on or to fall back on, is a pretty poor substitute, isn't it?

"Even later in the story, when it comes Clive's turn to choose between Meg and another alter ego, his adventure and duty before love and home she does not think he has really failed. She knows Clive too well. She is far too wise to allow herself waiting until his little-boy world of glamour and military uniform crashes before him. She has infinite patience with him.

"Could I do that? If I made a great sacrifice in the name of love, I wonder if I wouldn't expect that great sacrifice to be repaid in kind—pound for pound and tear for tear? We women, especially those of us who have careers grow a bit selfish in our outlook. Through Meg's eyes I have come to wonder if Hollywood women ever really give marriage a fair chance. We are so wrapped up in our own problems that we have the inclination to understand one other's. Through public adulation and critics' tears, our false pride grows so strong in us, Meg had pride, too. But it was a pride within herself, not a fearful worry about what people would think. We modern women are constantly afraid of what people are thinking."

Meg doesn't care if the gossips do say that Clive has left her in preference for adventure in India. And when his critics fail to see the splendor and glory with which she is going to her husband, they become embarrassed. She knows her place is at his side. She is the one thing in life that doesn't fail him, when he needs her the most. She is as
when he needs her the most. She is as fresh and lovely and strong in her love as she was when she first came to him as a young girl."

Loretta spoke with such real feeling and sincerity that I was amazed. It was the first time I had ever known a young actress to be so deeply swayed by the character she portrays on the screen. But Loretta is a serious little girl. So many things have recently happened in her life to make her serious. 

"I hope when I am thirty I am such a woman as Meg," she said quietly. "I hope I have found such a love as she found . . . and the high courage to be true to it!"

Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(Continued from page 43)

complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

Keep each set of five until the contest is complete. DO NOT SEND THIS SET NOW—KEEP IT UNTIL YOU HAVE FULFILLED THE REQUIREMENTS FOR NEXT MONTH. If you misunderstood last month and have already sent in last month’s installment, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don’t use more. The words “a,” “an,” and “the” will not count.

Aside from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a real music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have some one—may
we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julia P. Wittmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience writing song lyrics and song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having your lyric, written about him or her, sung to you from the screen. Yes, sir, it would be a tremendous thrill for both of you and we are sure that under the above conditions you can produce.

You stand just as a good chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of $250; the second prize of $100; the third prize of $50; or the fourth prize of $25! One of the five fifth prizes of $10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of $5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description.... But—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not meet the qualifications that depend upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above criteria. The first prize winner is reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set to music and everything—in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 15, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time.

For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon request, which request must be addressed to a postscript on your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same. We advise you to keep a copy of the lyrics you submit.

Send all entries and lyrics to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of Modern Screen and employees of Warner Brother's First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of Modern Screen and Julius P. Wittmark. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of Modern Screen and employees of Warner Brother's First National Studios.

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Together again—Ed Lowe and Vic MacLaglen with Marjorie Rambeau in "Under Pressure." the thrill and suspense which this story contains. We will only say that it is all about a reckless, brave Englishman who, as the secret leader of a secret band, spirited away brutally condemned French aristocrats from under the very knife of the guillotine. Leslie Howard is called upon to play, in a sense, a dual role. As the daring leader, he is one person. As the too, too elegant, foppish Sir Percy Blakney, who hides his brave work behind a seemingly idle and worthless life, he brings much wit and comedy to the picture. Merle Oberon, as his wife, is beautiful.

C: Red Hot Tires (Warner Brothers)
Zoom! They're off! And if you're a race-track fiend, you, too, will be off in a cloud of dust for some scapping-tailing entertainment. But for the rest of us softies, the snail's pace plot dims the flying start. Not that there's any dearth of thrills, what with prison escapes,lectic love affairs, murder trials and airplane stunts! Still, at the risk of being considered pretty persnickety, we'll take our thrills in somewhat smaller doses, and frankly we just think so.
Lyle Talbot is convincingly reckless as the racer with nerves of cast-iron and heart of pure gold, but somehow the lovely Mary Astor doesn't seem to fit those mechanical's overalls. Roscoe Karns faithfully files his customary wisecracks and Frankie Darro grins his grin.
However, if you or yours are on the lookout for a powerful antidote for chronic race-track fever, here's your medicine.

B: Society Doctor (M-G-M)

Ever since "Grand Hotel," we're all yearned for dramatic tales involving the lives and loves of many people, and their strange influence on one another's destinies. And here's another picture to satisfy that craving for more cross-section squints at life.
With a great city hospital as a background, and characters from every strata of society, the story is intensely interesting—even to the chronic triangular love affair. For Chester Morris and Robert Taylor are such attractive rivals that you'll be as much a-dither as Virginia Bruce, the beautiful blonde nurse. Billie Burke is good as the prettily helpless and completely brainless patient, who simply adores operations! At that, having one's appendix removed a couple times by such a handsome doctor as Robert Taylor might be a treat.

What this picture lacks in "big names," is more than compensated for by the excellent acting.

B: Under Pressure (Fox)
"Under Pressure" presents some good, red-blooded, he-mannish entertainment with just a dash of the educational thrown in for good measure. Are you interested in tunnel-building? Have you ever thought about it? Well, you'll do a little of each when you see what men go through to dig a passage way down deep in a river bed. The risks that are run and the lives that are lost!
The story built about this great structural feat is bright enough to hold your attention, with those two friendly enemies, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, supplying laughs and love interest and plenty of action. The popular team give their by-now familiar, but nevertheless capable, performances. Marjorie Rambeau, long in love with Victor, does a fine piece of acting and Florence Rice, the object of Eddie's affections, turns in a nice portrayal.

B: Wings in the Dark (Paramount)
This is another airplane picture and, even if it does tax your credibility a bit, it is all in the interest of good, clean thrills, so who are we to complain?
The plot reveals Myrna Loy as a stunt-flyer—which type of role is outside of her usual cinematic "beat," you'll agree—and Cary Grant as an aviator who is blinded on the eve of his great flight.
Miss Loy gives a nice, even, though by no means sparkling characterization, and Mr. Grant does a fair job. Roscoe Karns, as the high-powered manager and press agent, is simply slick.

C: The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)
Metro should hang its head in shame and both Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda blush a beautiful crimson, and the gent who should run out and jump off a cliff is the picture's author. The Honor System and a Girl Scout attitude prevent us from disclosing that unworthy's name.
As its title tends to indicate, this one deals with the Irish Sweepstakes. The winning ticket is held by Leo—for an instant anyway—after which time the baby hides it so that the fun (?) may begin. If the Little One could only have missed the

Roscoe Karns, Cary Grant and Myrna Loy in "Wings in the Dark."
**MODERN SCREEN**

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**AMBRÖSIA THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER**

**'Carnival'** is a circus tale with Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers starring.

plot somewhere! But no, Life is not that kind!

Mr. Carrillo is pretty awful as the Italian barber who mixes his English phraseology along with the shaving soap and Miss Fazenda, as his Irish wife, had better stick to co-called comedy, for her emotional moments are rather horrid. Ted Healy alone, playing her ner-do-well brother, shows signs of ability.

**C: Night Life of the Gods (Universal)**

Well, you don't have to be goofy in order to enjoy this picture, but it'll certainly help! Never have we seen such a conglomeration of pseudo-sophisticated nonsense on any screen at any time. This celluloider, we dare say, was intended to abound in ultra-smart "touches," but the intentions somewhat went the way of the place that is said to be paved with 'em.

The mad—and literally that—yarn deals with a scientist who brings the Greek gods to life and they, associated with some slightly better than nutty moderns, go on a binge around New York City. No, we mean it! At the risk of being thought gaited too low mentally to get such sophisty we beg to state that we've attended as many "intelligentia" soirées, where sentences are left unfinished and licker completely finished, as the next one. And even the director, Movbray, Florence McKinnon, Peggy Shannon and Uncle Carl Laemmle for getting into this!

**B: Notorious Gentleman (Universal)**

Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—but this picture is really a mysterious mystery story! If it doesn't keep you wide-eyed and wondering to the very end, then you're the one who could make Sherlock Holmes look like a numskull.

Though too many conflicting motives are dragged into the murder, suicide hate and love cases, the originality of the situations sustains your interest. Charles Bickford is back in a suitable role—that of the lawyer-murderer who is always on the lookout for a loop-hole in the law and finally hangs himself in it. Dinal Stevens, as the district attorney, proves again that he can deliver the goods, while Dudley Digges is excellent as the old lawyer, steeped in the traditions of the South, his and its corn whiskey.

Helen Vinson's character isn't as smooth as her appearance. Seems like she takes a little too much advantage of women's right to change her mind—indulging as she does in three "grand passions" in about as many reels.

**B: Life Returns (Universal)**

Here is an entertaining picture, the story of which has been woven around the immensely interesting experiment of bringing the dead back to life, which experiment was conducted recently by the California scientist, Dr. Robert E. Cornish.

The youthful hero's dog has been apprehended and is actually "brought back" before your very eyes, in a series of close-ups. There is nothing squeamish or morbid about this; in fact, the preview audience applauded when the sign of restored breathing was disclosed.

Dr. Eugene Frenke directed, and gleaned a workmanlike job from a slim roster of'a cast of competent players. Onslow Stevens is sincere as the physician who sacrifices everything for his "great experiment," and young George Breulston proves excellent as the desperate, heartbroken boy whose pet is restored to him at the eleventh hour. Yes, we think there is much in "Life Returns" to interest you.

**B: Carnival' (Columbia)**

Bearded ladies, tattooed gentlemen, midgets, monsters and Jimmy Durante, is a good enough cast for any picture, you'll admit. But Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers are among those present, besides!

This yarn of the hard-boiled, soft-hearted folk of a traveling circus, is packed with lots of plot, laughs and macabre-threatening moments. The trials and tribulations suffered by Lee Tracy, to keep his small son out of the clutches of the welfare authorities, provides plenty of action. You won't wonder that Lee is quite frantic, when you see little Dickie Walters—for the director has let him act as a little boy should and not like a child prodigy shouldn't.

Florine Dice is attractive as the prospective mother of the child, while Sally Eilers, who finally wins the honor of being the mother, does an excellent bit of acting. When this picture comes to town, it's guaranteed to answer that "what to do this evening" question satisfactorily.

**B: The Best Man Wins (Columbia)**

This is a nice entertaining film if you like deep sea divers—and it's pretty good, too, even if you don't go near the water. For, there's a thrill every time

Jack Holt and Edmund Lowe in a polite moment from "The Best Man Wins."
a man dons a metal contraption and goes down among the seaweed with the oxygen giving out and the villan up top on the drydock cutting tubes and such-like. Yes, there's a great deal of suspense, all right! Of course, the story itself won't give you brain fog, but then, who wants that?

Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt, good man and true—at least Jack is—are in love with the same girl, the lovely Florence Rott. Being an average young lady, she is "that way" about the wrong man. However, Fate steps in and sets her right and you leave the theatre fully convinced that virtue triumphs—in the celluloid, amma-hoo! You'll be pleased with the leading characters' performances and the diving stuff.

**B: The Mystery of Edwin Drood**

(Experiment)

Here is another dish for you Dickens relishers! It isn't guaranteed to be as palatable as "David Copperfield," but Sturdi Walker has directed with care, and not attempted to replace the Dickens flavor with any of the modern substitutes. For the rest of us, though, goodly dashes of salty wisdom don't entirely satisfy. We'll take a bit more spice in our entertainment, since the painstaking, slow plot developments and character build-ups drag pretty badly in spots. David Mann, as Edwin Drood, provides the mystery in the story by his strange disappearance. Douglas Montgomery, the young man from Ceylon, is given plenty to think about when he becomes the object of suspicion, while Heather Angel, his poor little fiancée, is simply cull-racy, what with worrying about it all. Claude Rains adds to the uniformly good work of the cast with his performance of the wicked old scribe. In short, this is a movie that's to be praised in part, but not at length.

**B: Women Must Dress**

(Monogram)

If you doubt the veracity of this title, don't miss seeing the picture! Particularly if you're looking comfortably forward to becoming forty and fattish, secure in the affection of your better half. For, in Minna Gombell, you may discover, like a bolt from the blue, that friend hubby prefers 'em young and slimish. Still worse—if it's a choice between a paradigm of all the virtues and a cute little clothes-horse, he's apt to favor the latter, just as does Gavin Gordon, her erring spouse. Here, at least, the home-breaker (Lena Lane) proves beautiful but dumb compared to the wife and model of all the virtues, whose actions when aroused surprise not only her husband, but her ultra-modern daughter, and even Grandma who has long since refused to be surprised by anything. What's more, Minna's tactics will take you by surprise, too!

**C. Rumba**

(Paramount)

Do you remember the one about the fabulously rich sassy gal, the petulant fitful thrill-seeker who frequents dives just for a larf and, pardun us, even gets the bird from the beneath-her-socially gent she chances? Well, in case you don't, the familiar plot is once again unrelated in "Rumba." Of course, the story serves as a big build-up for the sequence in which George Raft and Carole Lombard execute the intricate steps of that colorful dance, and very beautifully they do it, too. But when you've seen that, you've seen about everything the picture has to offer. Indeed, the theme is about as plummy as its papier mache-looking sets, with the hero's behavior being more like that of a Bowery hokkie than a Mexican dancer. So little suspense is managed that one can even anticipate ensuing situations. Miss Lombard, looking lovely, does what can be done with a very stupid character, which isn't much. Lynne Overman, as the wise-cracking newspaperman, is good in that very familiar role and Margo, as the Lombard foil, dances beautifully and photographs attractively. Indeed, even if the order were "On with the dance," it wouldn't be Paramount's "Rumba" for us.

**A: My Heart Is Calling**

(Gumam-British)

It is a certified Czech named Jan Kiepura—you may remember him in "Be Mine Tonight"—who makes this picture as enjoyable as it is. His voice is truly magnificent and he sings a generous number of songs. Three new ones—"My Heart Is Calling," "Serenade" and "You, Me and Love." There are two arias from "La Tosca," cleverly presented, and other operatic pieces. As for the rest of the picture—the story is well enough, but we find English comedy pretty finicky. The girl, Marta Eggert, is attractive and spirited and has a pretty good voice herself, but she really should lose about twenty pounds for her American audiences. Sonnie Hale works himself up into a perspiration in his efforts to be killingly funny all the time and doesn't succeed very well. We forgot everything when Kiepura sang.

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121
A REAL RUSSIAN DINNER

If you would like to give your family a real treat by serving them a complete Russian dinner consisting of authentic dishes suggested by Anna Sten, be sure and read this month's Modern Hostess Department. Even the names of the different foods in this month's Russian menu sound exciting, and the meal itself, after you have carefully prepared it, will prove just as interesting.

A surprise Russian dinner will certainly break the routine of every-day meals. Too, your family will thank you for this treat and probably clamor for its early repetition.

Read the Modern Hostess Department every month in

MODERN SCREEN

Amazing Things Have Happened to Her

(Continued from page 53)

No wonder then that Anna's childhood and early life here during the turbulent period of the Russian Revolution are packed with more exciting suspense than the adventures of 'The Count of Monte Cristo'.

Time after time her family, more timorous than she was, would send her out to forage for food. Gigglng, she described to me the preparations for either falling up or down stairs. Just present her with a new set of stairs and she's off her feet, in a hurry. Laughing so hard that she could hardly speak, she told me of the time she was invited as guest star from Moscow to act the star role in a picture that were making in Leningrad. "She and I, along with Sten, were invited to a big party at the motion picture club there. It was to be a celebration in her honor."

As a matter of fact, it was the Cossack blood which ran in her veins that made her "so!"

More than any other member in her family, she inherited the daintless carriage and the reeklessness of her colorful forerunners, bears, who, for generations, had guarded the wild and luxuriant country around Kiev from all invaders. They were brave rebels. Actually never happy unless they were defying some law. The stories of their incredible deeds and misdeeds have become the legends of the Ukraine countryside. The very word Cossack spells romance and adventure.

Well, I was terribly excited and confused by this great affair in my honor—and when I saw the staircase, it was too much!

"All I know was that the door opened from the outside as was planned, but instead of those people seeing me enter the room grandly on the arm of the great director, they saw me sitting on the bottom step, my legs and arms flying out in four directions and my eyes blinking at them like a foolish sheep. Imagine a guest of honor getting up on the wrong position on the floor. I think I have never since been so terribly embarrassed!"

"When I think back over some of those experiences I'm rather loath to look in her eyes, "I sometimes believe that I have lived five lives in one! That is why, in Hollywood, where people always look for the same thing, people today seem a little dull." She was thoughtful.
My Cards Are On the Table

Continued from page 51

and I don't want anyone to do it to me.

"I'm eternally amazed that people ask for your opinion and don't want it. All they want is to be 'yessed.' For instance, a girl I know asked me once if I liked her. I didn't and I said so. She asked for my opinion, didn't she? Why had she asked me if she didn't want it? Yet she was pleased at me because I had said I didn't like the hat. If I had bought a hat that I adored and that I knew looked well on me, I wouldn't ask anyone what she thought of it. If I were sure how I felt, why should I? But if I didn't know, if I were doubtful, I'd certainly ask advice. And I'd most certainly want the truth. I'd want another person's opinion. Then suppose that person said, "Oh, my dear, why the hat is lovely. It looks adorable on you,"—and all the time she was thinking—"it's a dreadful hat!"—well then, why should I waste words asking?

"And if anyone has done something I don't like—I'll tell the person, myself, about it. I hope people do the same to me. I want to know. It's only fair, for if there is some legitimate explanation, it should be given. "I can't change my character. I'm not defending myself. Nor saying that's the best way. I'm not giving anybody advice. But it's my way, that's all. Perhaps other people are much more popular than I by saying one thing to a person and meaning another. So probably I'm wrong.

"So much for your private life," I said.

"But what about it at the studio? How do you get away with not 'yessing' the director?"

WHEN I'm bad in a picture," she answered immediately (Connie always answered immediately), "it's my own fault. I have no alibis. I can't blame it on the director, because I can't do a scene in which I feel no sincerity. I couldn't do it. I damned well couldn't. When arguments about how a scene should be played arise, I'll fight to the last ditch if I think I'm right. Sometimes there is compromise, and we do it two ways, one his way, one mine. Then we'll look at it in the projection room and take the best one. Lots of times I'm wrong about scenes I do. Well then, it's my own fault. I haven't anyone to blame but myself and I'll take the responsibility. But I can't do a piece of acting well in which I don't believe."

"And how," I asked, "do you cope with it when you're given a just plain, rotten story to do?"

"I can't do anything about that, except try to get out of playing bad stories. And I don't always succeed. It's difficult then to believe in a character that isn't real.

"But I'm sure I've never been able to figure out why there is so much 'yessing' in Hollywood. I think we'd all be a lot better off if people said what they really meant.

"They called her just then to go on the set. That reminded me of something. I very much wanted to see Clark Gable that day. He was working with Bennett but when I had asked to go on the set to see him, there had been a great deal of fluctuating and many shocked faces. "Oh no," everyone had said, "You can't possibly even set foot on Bennett's set. She won't allow anyone except those actually working on the picture. No, no, it isn't possible."

I'm a docile soul and had accepted that in spite of the fact that I had a dead-line to meet and that it was very important for me to see Gable.

Connie had said she believed in frankness and that she treated others as she wanted to be treated, and put it to the test.

"Look," I said, "I know—" but I don't like to have anyone on your set but it would be a great favor to me if I could see Gable this afternoon. I've a deadline to meet and there's no other time. If you say 'no,' that's okay with me. If you say 'yes,' I'd be very appreciative."

She gave me a long steady look, "The reason I won't have people on my set is because I hate to be stared at aimlessly while I'm at work. Wouldn't you hate having somebody looking over your shoulder all the time you're writing a story? That's all. I have to make the rule good and strong or it wouldn't be taken seriously. You'll be there in the business. You'll be talking to Gable."

"Then it's okay?"

Her face broke into that nice Bennett smile, "It's okay."

Some months ago I had asked a star's permission to come on her set. She gave it graciously, but later she had raised her own particular brand of Cain with the publicity department and had said I inveighed her into giving permission. I went on the Bennett set. I saw Gable. Connie didn't mention the incident to any one.

Thinking it over, I believe it's pretty swell to be frank!"
ALL JOKING ASIDE—by Oscar Howard

All the clothes for "David Copperfield" were made new then washed eight times and soaked in coffee to give them the appearance of age.

Whenever Carole Lombard has the "blues" she sits down at her dressing table and changes her hair-dress. It's a sure remedy.

Once when Leslie Howard was stranded in New York without a cent he went from house to house doing fancy card tricks and made enough money to get him back home.

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The beauteous Jean Harlow has double-jointed thumbs.
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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor

APRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor
Victor Herbert's Greatest—
The Big Musical of All Time!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement...a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty...mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance...you'll laugh at its bright comedy...and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MacDonald • Nelson Eddy

Naughty Marietta

"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"

"I'm Falling in Love—Italian Street Song"

Produced by

Hunt Stromberg

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Book and Lyrics by

Rida Johnson Young

W. S. Van Dyke Production

with

Frank Morgan

Douglas Dumbrille

She Lied to Live Her Nights of Love
How movie stars guard the natural beauty of their hair

Hollywood's loveliest screen stars guard the natural beauty of their hair like a precious jewel. For this reason DUART PERMANENT WAVES have become the choice of the stars and are featured in the finer Hollywood Beauty Salons. These salons take great pride in offering their famous patrons the protection of genuine Duart Waving Pads that now come in INDIVIDUAL SEALED CARTONS.

Duart and only Duart offers you this protection when you buy a permanent wave. When the operator breaks the seal before your eyes you know the waving pads are genuine Duart and never before used on another person's hair. For your next wave insist on Duart—the choice of the Hollywood stars.

FREE BOOKLET
Now you can wear a movie star's coiffure
Send for this booklet containing smart new Hollywood Hair Styles. 24 pages of photos showing how to dress your hair the way the movie stars do. Send FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Choose from 12 shades listed in coupon. It does NOT dye or bleach.

DUART
Choice of the Hollywood stars

Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart New Movie Star Cultures.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.

Mark your shade of rinse.

☐ Black ☐ Golden ☐ Light Ash
☐ Black ☐ Chestnut ☐ White
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Black
☐ Brown ☐ Henna ☐ or Gray
☐ Titian Reddish Brown ☐ Reddish Blonds
☐ Reddish Brown ☐ Black or Golden

NOTE: The Booklet is fully illustrated with pictures of one-and only DICK POWELL, he claims it is impossible to list the names and addresses and still have enough space left for the answers. Please look for your answer in the following:

RICHARD E. POWELL, whose real name is just that, was born a country boy in Mountain View, Ark., on November 14, 1906. (Which makes him just 30.) When he was 12, his parents moved to Chicago, and he attended grammar and high school there. He learned the organ in his spare time, to play the saxophone, cornet and clarinet, and was a member of the orchestra. He sang in a church choir, and for weddings and funerals, he voiced an unsuccessful try at vaudville in St. Louis, after which he returned to Little Rock and married Mildred Mason. Dick was having a pretty tough time of it until a visiting orchestra, the Royal Pennocks, signed him to a contract and carried him and his wife to Louisville, Ky. He had various other positions after that, finally ending up as master of ceremonies in a theater in Pitts-Forbes, Pa.

Then a Warner Brothers scout spotted him, arranged for a screen test and a contract. His first picture was "Blessed Event" which he made in 1919. Printing his work, he was interested in music, piano, golf, swimming, hunting, fishing and football games. He collects musical instruments and enjoys making his own-made master pieces. He is six feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. Shortly after he came to Hollywood Mildred Mason divorced him, and since then he has been married twice—once with Mary Brian and twice with Marjorie Howard. When a question only they can answer—and they have never been asked. Dick Powell will broadcast three times this Friday night at 9:30 P.M. on the Columbia network. See "Golden Goblet"—"Gold Diggers of 1926" in which his "Dianna" is his leading lady, he will play the part of Linus, an "All Summer Night's Dream." He is also scheduled to appear on "Broadway Lullaby" and "Radio Jamboree of 1935" with Ruby Keeler. He is under contract to Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you can write him.

JANUARY 10, 1936, New York—Let the strongest singer Alva Halle was the driver of the "Baby singer in "It Happened One Night." "

HELEN F. LETH, Los Angeles, N. J. ADDIE BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.; ETHLE MARVIN, Kansas City, Mo.; ALAN BARR, and LOUSIE PRATT, New York City; PHYLLIS FONTAINE, New York: Missed the "Invisible Man" since he has become a great favorite of the coronation. Claude Rains was born in London, England. Mrs. November 14, 1906, and his first stage appearance was on the London stage. It is said that in 1926, while he was the "Invisible Man" in London, he met his American debut. After the picture was made, Rains was given an extra scene. Since then he has been working in London and then returned to America, where he became well known. He is an imposing figure. The Invisible Man was his first picture and "Crime Without Warrant" his second. He has recently made "The Man Who Whipped His Wife," and "The Man Who Whipped His Wife." His next will be an English-made picture, "The Clairvoyant," which is to be made in 1937. Mr. Rains is an impressive figure and he is well built. His hair is black and unobtrusive and his voice is not very loud. He has been married three times— once to a Chateaubriand, a Marten, Hen-Endian and Beatrice Thompson. He is under contract to United Artists, Universal City, Calif., where you may reach him.

SUPERB!
AN TRANSMISSION FROM THE BOX OFFICE DESK

What do you want to know next?

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones rate first preference. Don’t ask questions which require too much research or infringements upon good taste, and don’t ask any of a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CLARENCE THOMPSON, Memphis, Tenn.—You've quite hit it, Mr. Aragon was in "The Invisible Man."" KATHERINE ETTAS, Purchasing, N. Y.: GLORIA GRANT in "The Silver Chalice." WERNER HERMANN, Rochester, N. Y.; CHARLOTTE CERLA, New Orleans, La.; FRANCES DE LEONARDO, Edsel City, Pa.; LOIS LEVY, San Francisco, Calif.—you know that Paul Reegan is none other than the one-time "Singing Cop" of radio! Well, he was just that before the movies claimed him. He was really a c.o., too, on the New York Police Force, and probably would still be if it hadn't been for that marvelous talent of his. This time this "lovable -law" is back in Brooklyn, May 25, 1936. This handsome, engaging Irishman, who sports a neat beard, is black eyes and black hair—so nothing of his charming nature. He has appeared in "The Key," "Homesick," "Sweet Adeline," and is also in "Into Your Dance" and "Cigarette." After these, he is scheduled for his next work, for Warner Brothers like him. You may reach him at his studio, Burbank, Calif., and maybe he will send you a photo.

BLAKE STEADMAN, Thedford, Ont.—Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer have signed the most celebrated picture contract of the year, and Norma Shearer will be in "The Private Lives," which is the "Off Own Desire," the "Devotions," "Rip tide," and "Private Lives," a play by Noel Coward first produced on Broadway under the same title. Nice!

PAULINE KELCH, Windsor, Ont.—LEONORE HEAD, Phyllis Court, Miss; AUDREY WAVEY, Ky.; BETTY POLONIATAKIS, Port Arthur, Ont.; MARGARET MARLALLE, Chicago, Ill.; ELAINE GAMBLE, Somerville, Mass.—is only listing, we suppose, that Anna-Lee's beauty should be given almost to the "saintly" as that of Dick Powell. Between them, they have 32 children and 34 years of marriage. She is now a teacher at school for "Whispering Pines," where she was starred in "Show Girl." "And they would be about the best to screen audiences, and since then life has been just one long series of "tours" for the rest of her life. The screen is her sky and retiring, duties modestly and is a great little wife, according to Al. She likes to fish, play polo and ride horseback. A typical Irish beauty, with blue eyes, brown hair, gray hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 100 and she is 5 feet 10 inches. She is single and is not in any show at present. They are a success of first picture. (Continued on page 13)
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

GO INTO YOUR DANCE with Ruby Keeler in the sweetest stepping she's ever done!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE to the tilting tunes of 8 grand songs by Warren & Dubin!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE with Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny Rubin, and other big stars!

Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Seems for the First Time on the Screen.

Al JOLSON and Ruby KEELER

in

GO INTO YOUR DANCE

Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.
WE SALUTE 'DAVID COPPERFIELD'

With this issue Modern Screen inaugurates a series of awards for exceptional motion pictures. We take great pleasure in making our first award for exceptional merit to M-G-M's magnificent production, "David Copperfield"

WE salute "David Copperfield" and all those who had a part in making it the great achievement it is. Millions of hearts have felt a great deal warmer, millions of lives have been brightened, as audiences witnessed the beloved characters of Dickens' novel so truthfully portrayed on the screen. It is a picture to see, not once, but many times, for each time one finds something new to laugh over, some new touch of pathos to stir the heart, some new memory to cherish. We are happy to join in the universal acclaim of "David Copperfield."
Mae West acclaimed Belle of the 1930's, as thousands cheer!

We'd say, Miss West, that you're doin' okay!

You proved yourself the undisputed "Belle of the Nineties" a while ago. But why limit things? Why don't we acclaim you the "Belle of the 1930's" right now? The five gentlemen who seem so anxious to light your cigarette have already cast their vote. Paramount, blissfully remembering box office receipts on your past pictures, has cast its vote. And we herewith cast ours.

Mae, you were swell in bustles and passementerie, but we've always wanted to see you in some streamline, airflow, 1935 clothes! If you could make husbands absent-minded in puffed sleeves, what could you do to 'em in a Paton? In "How Am I Doin'?!" we found out!

In this picture the girl with the hair-trigger wit sets a few new styles. She is as modern as next season's hat. She wears clothes that will make wives absent-minded, too. And she talks a Westian line of wisecracks that will be quoted by comedians, amateur and professional, for months to come.

Scallions to those who hinted that you needed an hour-glass silhouette and ostrich plumes, gentlemen in peg-top trousers, rococo furniture, and the bad, bad background of the Mauve Decade to set you off. Orchids to you for doing something different. Our hat (last season's, we must, with some sorrow, admit) is off to you!
Remember how you loved the Janet Gaynor Hungarian blouse? Well, this month we have another one for you that we think you will be equally as crazy about. It’s number 544, worn by Mary Brian. It’s a Russian type of sailor blouse with effective full sleeves and contrasting braid trimming. You may wear the collar either up or down. The flannel skirt is part of the costume and is straight with kick pleat. Pattern 541 is a smart two-piece ensemble of jacket and short-sleeved dress worn by Frances Drake. Polka dotted silk for the fabric and plain crêpe or cotton piqué for the smart collar and jacket trim. Pattern 548 is Gail Patrick’s good looking two-piece white dress with a scarf collar that is draped like a bib. The fabric is a waffle weave silk. Cape-like sleeves and fringe edge for the scarf. The skirt has a stitched-down box pleat at front. All of these patterns come in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.
The Fred Astaires arrive in high spirits for Kay Francis’ nautical shindig. Mrs. Fred was Phyllis Potter and she is pretty enough to be in pictures, don’t you think?

Back to the Kay Francis party. Above, the hostess and a guest help Joan Bennett aboard. Below, Kay graciously poses with a dirty, bearded deckhand named Cagney!

Above, Scotty gets around. This time he’s at the Cocoanut Grove in time to snap the Cedric Gibbons (need we say Dolores Del Rio?) and Whitney De Rham upon arrival.

Above, more Francis party guests. Admiral Ed Robinson with distinguished lipstick insignia on cheek! And Anna Sten. Below, the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson).
"MOMMIE," said the little girl at the movies, as a trailer flashed a vivid description of a forthcoming feature, "Mommie, what is 'glamor'?"

"Glamor," replied her mother slowly, trying to decide on a simple definition, "glamor is—well, it's what women on the screen have that makes them so popular."

"Oh," replied the very young miss with satisfaction, "then Janet Gaynor has glamor, hasn't she?"

Well, no, my dear, Janet Gaynor is not said to have glamor—nor is she ever described as "seductive," "exotic" or "intense." Why, she is not even supposed to be style conscious! But is she popular? She is, in fact, according to box office receipts, the most popular of all the women stars.

The secret of Janet's success is in the simple things that lie close to the heart. Not for her are stories that are a bit questionable, or roles that call for strange creations of the costume designers and coiffeurs. And because of this very simplicity, little girls, like the inquiring young miss of whom I just spoke, hope they'll "grow up to be like Janet Gaynor," while older women love to think of themselves as having resembled her in their youth. She is what every young man thinks his future bride will be like—and what every father hopes his daughter will resemble.

WHILE other stars "with glamor" flash like meteors across the sky and disappear into the darkness, our little Janet continues to hold the enviable position she has earned in the hearts of millions of fans.

Strange, isn't it, that despite our much vaunted sophistication and modernity we still idealize and idolize a person who typifies exactly the opposite? And since I am dedicating this article to (Continued on page 70)

Home-baked foods are Janet Gaynor's culinary pets
Sally is a little gossip... and I'm glad she is!

Ruby Keeler, screenland's sweetest star.

Information Desk
(Continued from page 6)

Ruby Keeler, screenland's sweetest star.

Sally is a little gossip... and I'm glad she is!

Ruby Keeler, screenland's sweetest star.

Sally is a little gossip... and I'm glad she is!

Ruby Keeler, screenland's sweetest star.
# Modern Screen's

|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|--------------------------|---------------|--------------------------|-------------------|------------|----------|-----------------
| Anne of Green Gables (RKO)                          | 4*            | 4*            | 5*                    | 4*                | 4*              | 3*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 4*       | 4*            |
| Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)                            | 3*            | 4*            | 3*                    | 4*                | 3*              | 4*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 4*       | 4*            |
| Babitt (First National)                             | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 3½           | 3*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Baboona (Martin Johnsons)                           | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 4*                       | 3*           | 4*                       | 4*                | 0          | 3*       | 4*            |
| Behind the Evidence (Columbia)                       | 2*            | 1*            | 3*                    | 1*                | 1*              | 2*                       | 1*           | 1*                       | 0                 | 2*         | 1*       | 2*            |
| Behold My Wife (Paramount)                          | 3*            | 1*            | 3*                    | 2½*               | 2*              | 1*                       | 2*           | 1*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 2*       | 3*            |
| The Best Man Wins (Columbia)                         | 3*            | 2*            | 1½*                   | 3*                | 2*              | 0                       | 1½           | 2*                       | 3*                | 2*         | 3*       | 2*            |
| Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)                        | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 2½           | 3*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 2*       | 3*            |
| Bordertown (Warners)                                | 3*            | 4*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 4*              | 5*                       | 3*           | 3*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 3*       | 4*            |
| Bright Eyes (Fox)                                   | 3*            | 4*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 4*              | 4*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 4*       | 3*            |
| Broadway Bill (Columbia)                             | 3*            | 4*            | 5*                    | 5*                | 4*              | 5*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 5*                | 4*         | 4*       | 3*            |
| By Your Leave (RKO)                                 | 3*            | 0*            | 0*                    | 0*                | 0*              | 0*                       | 0*           | 0*                       | 0*                | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)                 | 4*            | 2*            | 3*                    | 4*                | 4*              | 2*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Car 99 (Paramount)                                  | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 0            | 3½*                      | 0                 | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Carnival (Columbia)                                  | 3*            | 2½*           | 2*                    | 2*                | 2*              | 2½*                      | 2*           | 2*                       | 2*                | 2*         | 2*       | 2*            |
| Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)                          | 3*            | 2*            | 2*                    | 3*                | 4*              | 3*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Clive of India (20th Century)                        | 4*            | 4½*           | 4*                    | 4*                | 4*              | 4*                       | 3½           | 4*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 4*       | 4*            |
| College Rhythm (Paramount)                          | 9*            | 3*            | 3½*                   | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 3½           | 3*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 4*       | 3*            |
| The County Chairman (Fox)                           | 3*            | 4*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 3*              | 4*                       | 3*           | 3*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Dangerous Camer (RKO)                               | 3*            | 0*            | 0*                    | 0*                | 0*              | 0*                       | 0*           | 0*                       | 0                 | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| David Copperfield (M-G-M)                            | 5*            | 5*            | 5*                    | 5*                | 5*              | 4*                       | 5*           | 5*                       | 5*                | 5*         | 5*       | 5*            |
| Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)                      | 3*            | 3*            | 4*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 2½           | 4*                       | 4*                | 4*         | 4*       | 3*            |
| Enter Madame (Paramount)                            | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 2½           | 3*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)                              | 3*            | 3*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 2*              | 3*                       | 3*           | 4*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Evensong (Gaumont-British)                           | 3*            | 3*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 3*              | 4*                       | 3*           | 3*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 4*       | 3*            |
| Evergreen (Gaumont-British)                          | 3*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 3*                | 3*              | 3*                       | 3*           | 4*                       | 3*                | 3*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)                  | 8*            | 3*            | 3*                    | 2*                | 0*              | 2*                       | 0*           | 0*                       | 2*                | 0*         | 3*       | 2*            |
| The Firebird (Warners)                               | 3*            | 3*            | 3½*                   | 3*                | 3*              | 2*                       | 3*           | 3*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 3*       | 3*            |
| Flirtation Walk (Warners)                            | 3*            | 3*            | 4*                    | 4*                | 3*              | 4*                       | 3*           | 4*                       | 3*                | 4*         | 3*       | 3*            |

**Accurate reports of your favorite critics' ratings of current pictures**

- Modern Screen: Regina Cannon
- New York American: Regina Crewe
- New York Daily Mirror: Bland Johanneson
- New York Evening Journal: Rose Pelswick
## MOVIE SCOREBOARD

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(Continued on page 71)

5*, extraordinary; 4*, very good; 3*, good; 2*, fair; 1*, poor; 0, no review

New York Post  New York Sun  New York Times  
Thornton Delehanty  Eileen Creelman  Andre Sennwald  
New York World-Telegram  Chicago Herald-Examiner  Los Angeles Examiner  
William Boehnel  Carol Frink  Louella Parsons  

15
Madge Evans, beautiful as she is, isn't above wishing for what a million other girls desire—long, heavy eyelashes. And clipping them does the trick.

**by Mary Biddle**

**ADGE EVANS** is the kind of a girl who represents most any woman's wistful dream of the grown-up daughter she would like to have, or the sweetheart she would like her son to marry. Not so many years ago Madge walked into the hearts of the screen public as an adorable, curly-headed child star and now she is just the kind of a person that that child star should have grown up to be. She is lovely. She is unaffected. There's nothing artificial or made-up about her. She is one of the few actresses who is lovelier off the screen than on, because her flawless complexion is one of her outstanding charms. In other words, she's a "natural" for a selfish beauty editor's column, and I felt pretty lucky to have had an interview with her so that I might be able to tell you all about her.

This was Madge's first good-sized vacation in New York for several years, and she was having a beautiful time. Her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria was literally a bower of roses, so many were the bouquets that graced the tables, the desk, and the fireplace mantel. Some of the roses were a warm cream color with deep golden hearts that seemed to paint their petals with an inner glow...an appropriate background for Madge, as her own fair blonde skin has a very lovely golden tinge to it, a sort of radiant underglow that complements her golden hair and blue eyes. She has graceful hands (photographs don't do them justice), and small, milk-white teeth that remind one of the perfect teeth of a child.

**EVEN** though you love hearing about such Hollywood perfection, perhaps you're getting discouraged right off the reel at hearing about all this "natural-born" charm, so far as your emulating it is concerned. Well, just you wait a bit. It's a little encouraging to know that the Hollywood goddesses are only human after all. Madge

**Lovely skin and lustrous hair can be yours, says La Evans**
is a very modest person, and her modesty isn't put on: it's a genuine, refreshing thing. She honestly doesn't consider herself at all glamorous. She never wears any sort of bizarre or out-of-the-ordinary makeup, and she doesn't feel that she can "carry them off." Now, here's the point. Madge isn't above wanting new "eye-deas" about the very same thing on which I receive hundreds of queries from you. She isn't above wishing for what a million and one other girls wish for—long, heavy eyelashes.

The thing that brought up the discussion was when Madge said she wanted to explain why her eyelashes looked so "chopped off." As a matter of fact, we hadn't even noticed. Anyhow, she explained that a year or so ago she decided to find out if there was anything in the theory of cutting one's eyelashes in order to make them longer and more luxurious. As she was about to have a vacation after months of hard work at the studios, and the camera wouldn't be there for a while to catch her with its wicked eye, she cut off her eyelashes to about one-third their natural length, and went gallivanting away on her vacation trip. Well, the lashes didn't grow back longer than they were before, but they did grow thicker, so after one successful trial, she was going through the stunt again during this vacation. Madge was highly amused at herself and her experimentation for "more glamorous" eyelashes. She laughingly told about the night she was dressing for a party, and thought the occasion called for some special eye make-up; she started to apply her mascara when her mirror woke her up to the realization that her lashes had gone on a vacation, too.

NOW before you rush madly for the scissors (manicure scissors if you please), remember that it may take your lashes a good long time to grow back in again to their natural length, so unless you're having an extensive vacation, you had better not cut your lashes without due consideration. Some people's lashes grow in much more slowly than others. But if you don't mind the drawbacks, it's well worth trying. Incidentally, after the cutting, I would recommend the morning and nightly application of an eyelash grower, applied with a tiny eyelash brush and a gentle upward brushing motion.

If you want to have heavier eyelashes to sweep down over your cheeks, it naturally follows that you'll want a complexion worthy of the added glamour. Every once in a while I have to raise considerable fuss about the (Continued on page 98)

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**OUR "HOPE CHEST"**

-it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

At the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

**WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME**

Ex-Lax is a chocolate laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

**AND... THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"**

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolate laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolate laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that no other laxative has. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

**MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!**

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 190
Times-Plaza station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

**EX- LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

When Nature forgets—remember

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17
IT'S TOPS...
this year more
than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365
times greater than last year's... and what
swelegant entertainment that was! Only
George White himself could have out-
dazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's"
at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the
beauties to thrilled "o-oh's" at the ro-
mance. And you're going to dance both
your shoes this spring to the swingy
rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to
hit the cinema heights.

Alice plays her grandest role in
this picture. And what a marvelous
singin'-steppin' duo she and Jim-
my Dunn make! • As for Lyda
Roberti... well... team up Po-
land's gift to Hollywood with Ned
Sparks and Cliff Edwards... then
look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a
lavish hand. And what a great, big
hand YOU will give it!

with
ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti    Cliff Edwards
Arlene Judge    Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin    Emma Dunn

Entire Production Conceived, Produced
and Directed by George White

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moon-
light"
"It's on Old Southern
Custom"
"Hunkodol"
"Oh I didn't know you'd
got that way!"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got
shoeties!"

Hollywood cheered this masterpiece
of that master showman, George White
Meet Lizzie Gatz putting on her act of being the Countess Scharwenka! Otherwise, our old pal Ginger Rogers out-glamoring the glamor girls for her latest role in the tuneful "Roberta." Ginger and Fred Astaire have a high old time in this opus and you are going to have great trouble keeping your feet still when they dance to the haunting strains of "I'll Be Hard to Handle." It's colossal!
Ricardo's popularity is something many more meteoric stars can envy. Quietly, deftly, he handles the parts given him and each picture shows him to have greater polish and charm. His role—of the debonair Sim in "Shadow of Doubt" was just cut to order for the dashing Ric.
Everybody breathlessly awaited "Vanessa," not only because it gave them their beloved Helen Hayes but also because it gave Bob Montgomery a serious role. Although Helen hasn't said much about future plans, she's scheduled for "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."
Despite the wicked looking shotgun, John Boles seems like a pretty kind-hearted hunter. John is resting between pictures, if you can call tramping around the woods a rest! Having finished "Music in the Air," there's nothing on his schedule until "Redheads on Parade."

Rest of any kind doesn't seem to fit into Maureen's hectic schedule. She's so much in demand that she rushes from M-G-M's "West Point of the Air" to United Artists' "Cardinal Richelieu" as a loan to George Arliss. Her spare moments are loaned to one Mr. John Farrow, as you know.
We talked with Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer's lovely English wife, the day before he was landing from Europe. She was incoherent with excitement, for he had been abroad for six months making pictures. All she could talk about was what a marvelous person he is. And her enthusiasm seems to match that of his fans! Charles is the lucky young gent who replaces Francis Lederer as Hepburn's lead in "Break of Hearts." It's his second American picture.
There are so many feathers in Irene Dunne's cap these days that it ought to look like a war bonnet! Not content with scoring a great hit with her singing role in "Sweet Adeline," Irene packed her make-up kit and hurried back to RKO for "Roberta." And in it, Irene draws her first modern breath in months—she doesn't have to wear stuffy period costumes; instead she revels in an ultramodern Paris couture salon setting. Hear her sing "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."
A bittersweet story of a girl who fell in love and a man who didn't. And of a friendship which flourished because there was no fault on either side. One Girl's Hopeless

O understand a man completely, he must be seen through the eyes of a woman—a woman who loved him once and still loves him, even though he cannot love her. A woman who, in spite of this, remains his friend and counts him as a friend, too.

A certain girl—a close friend of mine—allows us this searching glimpse into the character of Bill Powell. She is not Carole Lombard—no—who loved him and was loved by him and who, since the light of that love has failed remains his friend, also. This girl's story is more enlightening than Carole's could be, because this girl suffered the heartache of hopelessness—and found a remedy. As much of a remedy, at least, as a woman can find for such sickness. I am not, of course, going to divulge her name. We will call her Georgia.

It is not easy to explain Georgia's sentiments. Mood is more important than a simple statement of fact. It would be too easy to make the girl sound less intelligent than she is. It would be too easy to make Bill Powell sound less fine and sincere than he is. And so, since the mood which brought all this into focus occurred quite recently, I must tell my story backwards, but I do not think that you will find fault with me for doing so.

Georgia and another young lady—Valerie—had gone out to Bill's at his urgent request. They had just arrived from New York. Georgia went, secretly wondering if this brief reunion would prove much of an emotional strain. Valerie went, confessing with breathless excitement, that she was on tenterhooks at meeting her favorite star. Each jittery for a different reason, they set out.

(Left) The screen's most sophisticated actor, with a young man who shows no sign of sophistication yet—Bill, Jr. (Right) Carole Lombard, who was Bill's wife not long ago and who is not the girl in this story.
(Left) The perfect Mr. and Mrs.—on the screen, that is. Bill with Myrna Loy. (Center) The dazzling Jean Harlow, who is busy dazzling Mr. Powell these days, if we are to believe the gossip columns.

LOVE FOR BILL POWELL

Bill was at the telephone when they arrived. He gayly flipped a kiss to Georgia and saluted a welcome to her companion without a check in his conversation. He gestured to them to remove their wraps and take a seat. He did not, during this dialogue of hands and eyes, lower his voice with tell-tale discretion as he talked over the phone. There was, Georgia ruefully decided, a female at the other end of the wire. Bill brought one hand to his smiling mouth and tilted back his head. The gesture was eloquent. Would his guests like a drink? The houseboy brought in three tall glasses with clinking ice during this continuous pantomime and Georgia marveled, when Valerie pinched her arm to express her delight, how one man could keep three women so thoroughly amused. Then the one on the phone finished. Bill strode over.

HE swept Georgia into his arms—in a gay, unloverlike way, of course. As he bowed before her friend and hauled up a chair, Georgia felt, for a swift instant, that she should resent his kiss. It had been too friendly. So casually friendly. Don’t men ever remember those other occasions when ... But Bill was talking. He recalled the happy times they had had together. That last time, he chuckled, when they had gone fishing. Off Laguna in a rowboat. Not a nibble all day. But it had been so peacefully indolent as they relaxed to the gentle heave of the ground swells. And a sunset which, for a few magical minutes, changed the ocean to wine ... Then these reminiscences came to an abrupt end. Bill turned to Valerie. “This is no fun for you,” he apologized. “Come on. Let’s take a look at (Continued on page 76)
GLAMOR IS NOT A GIFT

Rules for glamor by four knowing stars. Left to right below: "Be understanding," says Anita Louise. "Stay away from the wall-flowers," warns Kitty Carlisle. "Lack of beauty doesn’t bar you from glamor," is May Robson’s heartening word. And Norma Shearer begs all women, of all ages, "Hold on to your interest in men!" Such wisdom, such workable axioms, for us all.

Glamor, Hollywood’s highest priced commodity, is right within the grasp of every one of you!
When a girl or a woman has it, she doesn’t need anything else. Glamor, I mean. There are some who are born with it. And that’s their good fortune. There are others who never do have it. And that’s their fault, their lack of gumption.

Glamor is a warm magic, a brilliant sort of charm. It is something in you which ignites people’s imaginations. It is a quality which makes the things you do and say colorful, provocative and appealing. And nine times out of ten, no, nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, it is a quality born of your point of view.

You can learn to be glamorous. Beauty, for instance, isn’t necessary to glamor.

“Watch the Pretties, the Beauties lose out when a girl with a glamorous personality arrives at a party,” Peggy Hopkins Joyce said to me once. “I’ve seen men leave pretty girls high and dry dozens of times to join girls not nearly as attractive who had a warmth and personality which the others lacked.”

Because of the glamor Peggy Joyce always has possessed for men, she has become internationally famous. And, if for no other reason than this, she is glamorous to women, too.

Wealthy men have given Peggy diamonds, emeralds and sapphires so large and so flawless that they are known by name to jewellers. Hard-boiled newspaper men meeting Peggy have remembered they were rather sentimental, too. Theatrical and movie producers have paid Peggy terrific sums to appear in their productions. And they have written in roles to suit her.

The day Peggy talked about glamor, I asked her what she felt is the greatest mistake women make in their relationship to men, as far as attracting them is concerned. And I pass on her answer to you as being advice from an expert.

“Girls and women should be careful not to act silly and cold,” Peggy said. “Too often a girl, who is terribly intrigued by a man, will hurt his feelings by being defiant, over-independent and cold in an effort to hide her interest and protect her pride.

“The girls and women most glamorous to men are those who have an easy, warm manner, those not eternally on the defensive lest they appear to like a man more than he likes them.

“After all, no matter how lovely a girl may be, she’s not going to have a chance at seeming glamorous if she’s all tied up with defensive pride.”

Excellent advice that, which forms rule one:

Don’t act silly and cold with men. Don’t forever be afraid you’re going to seem to like them more than they like you.

In Hollywood there are girls besieging the casting offices who are much prettier than the girls who occupy star dressing-rooms. But the girls, who make the grade of star dressing-rooms, have glamor.

There’s Norma Shearer. I remember Norma in New York one summer’s day, coming into her hotel apartment after a visit to the zoo with little Irving. She scaled her floppy Panama hat on a chair, ran quick hands through her crisp hair and kicked off her white kid slippers. Then, twisting her legs under her on the sofa, she told us about a big black bear at the zoo who had showed off while she and Irving stood before his cage. Laughter washed her words bright. And she was glamorous, as glamorous as I’ve ever known her to be.

Norma, you see, finds life exciting. So she’s exciting—and glamorous. For glamor is an imparted excitement among other things.

I’ve talked to Norma about Hollywood’s glamorous girls. And her analysis of these girls is fascinating.

“They’re girls who follow their instincts,” Norma said. “They do things because they want to do them. They don’t dam themselves up all the time.

“People for the most part, it seems to me, would do well to let themselves go a little, and get a thrill out of it.

“Being glamorous is not a matter of a décolleté gown and long earrings. I don’t mean externals are not important—just that in themselves they’re insufficient. The thing that counts most is the interests which stimulate us.”

She jumped up and emptied a small silver ash-tray, with an easy little, “Let me fix that.” Not as if to save the arm of the chair from an overflow of ashes, but as if to give her guests comfort.

“Another thing,” she said (Continued on page 120)
At the age of ten, Freddie

THERE'S no explanation, as far as inheritance goes, for Freddie Bartholomew, the little chap you saw as "David Copperfield." No family record divulges one actor, artist, writer, clergyman or barrister, one professional or artistic grandparent or ancestor upon whom you can put your finger and say: "There! That's where Freddie gets his greatness!"

Freddie's father, Cecil Bartholomew, is in the Ministry of Agriculture. His grandfather is a retired accountant. His mother did nothing but grow up, fall in love, and get married.

Yet here is Freddie throwing critics, producers, directors, stage and screen stars into a dither of amazement by the consummate charm and the histrionics he displayed in "David Copperfield." And this in spite of the fact that his entire previous experience had been limited to appearances at charity bazaars and concerts together with two or three professional engagements in English films.

It is seven years ago now that old Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Freddie's grandparents, took a cottage at the sea for the summer.

"Wouldn't it be nice," Mrs. Bartholomew asked her daughter Myllicent, called Cissie in the family, "if we could have little Freddie down for a bit, a fortnight say?"

Freddie came. And the proposed two weeks lengthened into six, seven weeks. Seven months. Seven years.
Bartholomew is a little boy with fame in his hands

Always it was Cissie Bartholomew, a little thing with reddish brown hair and crinkly autumn-colored eyes, who pleaded with Freddie's mother and father that he be allowed to remain with them a little longer. "You have Eileen and Dimples," she would say to them. "Do let Freddie stay for another week or two. He's such a winning child. And so very affectionate. We can't bear to have him go."

In September, when the Bartholomews returned to Warminster, to their little ivy-covered house with its quaint black and white iron fence and its flower-bordered walks, Cissie Bartholomew fixed up a room for Freddie. It seemed to her he must remain with them, always. She had no sense at all of life going on without him.

Freddie returned his aunt's devotion. Whenever he came into the house to find her reading, he climbed up beside her and coaxed her to read the words out loud—even when he was told that it would be too difficult for him to understand.

"Always, however," says Cissie Bartholomew, "Freddie seemed to sense the tenor of what I read. Always he knew whether it was happy or sad and whether or not it was amusing."

"I used to read him nursery rhymes. And there would be emotion in his little face. Despair enough to bring tears to your eyes when the kittens lost their mittens. Gleeful laughter when the cow jumped over the moon.

"There was an emotional response from him always."

Gradually other books took their place on the low white shelves in Freddie's room, propped up beside his brown Teddy with one shoe-button eye missing, his leaden soldiers with bright red coats, and the gay kites he loved to sail from the lawn. There were A. A. Milne things, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Kipling's "Just So Stories." Then came "David Copperfield." David Copperfield, who was to be Freddie's very favorite book person. Dear Peggotty, horrid Mr. Murdstone, the Micawbers—all were real.

At five Freddie knew Portia's speech from "The Merchant of Venice." And when he recited it, those who heard him knew it, too, better than they ever had known it be-

(Cont. on p. 11)
Garbo, after spending an evening at the Trocadero, snapped by Scotty at some expense to his dignity. Below, the Garbo of the screen.

(Below) Has the mediocre success of "The Painted Veil" induced Garbo to seek publicity by means of public appearances?

THREE months ago an important executive of one of our big newspapers made this prediction to me: "Garbo is at the crossroads of her career. She faces a crucial point in her professional life that may spell even greater success or complete oblivion. If 'The Painted Veil' doesn't live up to the expectations of Garbo fans and the American public in general, she will be compelled to take desperate measures to recapture the place she has held in their hearts so long. My guess is that she is through, but I expect to hear of her throwing aside this mask of secrecy that has covered her life in the past and begin making public appearances. You may expect to see her at the popular night clubs, the opera, the races and, in fact, any spot where her fans may see her. Then with much of her old following regained and new converts in addition, as a result of the publicity she will no doubt receive, she will just as suddenly resort to her old tricks—secrecy and silence."

I couldn't agree with him. Garbo might be through. I didn't doubt his mature wisdom there, but to appear boldly in public—never. She lives in fear of the public. I know that. I have witnessed her reactions to crowds and people many times. She is haunted by the fear that they'd literally tear her to shreds, snatch her clothing from her body—understand—I am a cameraman.

She may be justified in her belief. Autograph hounds and souvenir seekers can be utterly thoughtless when caught in the excitement of seeing their idols within easy reach. Garbo is fully aware of this human instinct I was positive in my belief that (Continued on page 72)
TULLIO imagine The One and Only in his arms when he embraces these glamorous sirens—Tala Birell, above, and Lilian Harvey, below, in "Let's Live Tonight"?

THE WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

Though convention keeps them apart, Carminati's love will go on forever

by Martha Kerr

WHEN you saw Tullio Carminati making such suave and deft screen love to Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," I wonder if it seemed strange to you that such an obvious Don Juan had never married and had never, in spite of the fact that he has many women friends, been seriously rumored engaged.

Certainly he has a way with women. Certainly women are interested in him, but Tullio always remains polite, reserved, aloof.

I know why. I discovered the secret not so long ago and the story is so beautiful, so tender, so gallant that I think it will make you admire Tulio even more than you do now.

He is the victim of a great and abiding love, but the name of the woman he loves must forever be shrouded in secrecy. She is married. And neither she nor Tullio believe in divorce.

In fact, it was one day when Tullio and I were talking about divorce that I discovered the secret of his hitherto unrevealed love.

We were sitting quietly together in Tullio's apartment, a restful place with its walls decorated with pictures of the greatest European actors and actresses. An autographed photo of Sarah Bernhardt. Another of Lina Cavalleri.

"I do not believe in divorce," this smart, sophisticated man-of-the-world said to me. "I can recognize its importance when two people, thrown together by marriage, find it absolutely necessary to (Continued on page 98)
She looks so poised, so continental. Yet she runs, in terror, from autograph hounds

by Katherine Albert

Kitty Carlisle, after apprenticeship in two Bing Crosby pictures, will appear in "Rose of the Rancho."

VERY DIFFERENT, OFF SCREEN

Kitty Carlisle's life is as glamorous and exciting as the crown jewels of Russia. Just listen to this:

Winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera at her mother's villa, finishing school at the Princess Mestchersky's in Paris, a year in Rome—simply because she wanted to learn Italian—smart holidays in Switzerland, winter sports at St. Moritz. That's an extremely brief and kaleidoscopic glance at Kitty's activities before she came to Hollywood.

And, hearing this, what would you expect a girl with that background to be like? Elegant? Smart? Chichi? Just too, too divine, my dear, and will you have cream or lemon in your tea?

As a matter of fact, Kitty Carlisle is just a nut, but she's swell. And she's the only person in Hollywood who doesn't take the place seriously. She used to sit in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel thinking she was going quietly insane. Now she sits in her garden and reads and wonders when they will come and take her away.

You see," she explained, "I don't know anyone here. Mummy and I didn't know we were going to stay long so we didn't bother getting letters of introduction."

Letters of introduction in Hollywood! In a place where all you have to do to get acquainted is to say, "Hi, pal, what picture are you working in now?"

All this, as you can see, is a holdover from the Chateau Mont Choisi at Lausanne where Kitty went to school when she was a child, a breath of swank from the American colony in Paris. Letters of introduction in Hollywood! My word!

"It's a border town," she laughed, "simply a border town. What does everyone do?"

"My mother is no help. She's never seen anything like it before. When people come up to me and ask for my autograph as if I were some great celebrity, my mother just giggles and runs away from me."

"And you?" I asked. "What do you do?"

She opened her eyes very wide, "Why I just put my head down and run, too."

The picture of the statuesque Kitty Carlisle butting through a crowd of autograph seekers as if she were an All-American halfback bucking the line is one I can conjure up and laugh over in moments of stress. I tell you, the girl is nuts!

"I never wanted to come here. I really didn't. When I was singing on the stage in New York strange people used to walk up to me and say, 'You ought to be in pictures.' But I always answered, (Continued on page 104)
After much controversy by Hollywood and the fans, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented its 1934 awards at a large banquet. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, above left and right, were voted to have given the best screen performances in "It Happened One Night." A special award was voted to Shirley Temple. Claudette, enroute to New York, came to the banquet long enough to be given her award by Shirley. Among the guests who attended were Jean Harlow with Bill Powell, lower left. And Anna Sten with husband Dr. Frenke and a friend, Tai Lackman, lower right.
If you don't believe that history repeats itself, here is an its over which you may ponder. Remember, in the not-so-long-ago, his pre-nuptial-to-Chatterton days, to be exact, George Brent were crazy about Loretta Young. They made a personal appearance together and played in a couple of pictures. Well it ended with wedding bells for George. But this is 1935 and a new de is in order and, despite all that hectic discussion about Brent as Garbo, the gentleman often calls the beauteous Loretta for a dat. He hasn't landed one at this writing, but since "If at first you don't succeed" is his favorite adage he feels there's hope.

Much speculating has been done as to the seriousness of Jean Harlow-William Powell romance. Suffice it to say the servants at the Powell manse are worried. It seems they are averse to having "women folk" in the house. A bachelor is so damn easy-going, you know. Report hath it that if B takes unto himself a bride, the below-stairs gentility are row to give notice. Nothing against the fair Jean, y' understand it's her sex in general that they're agin.

Poor Lyda Roberti! She has so much trouble keeping her organized! When the wardrobe woman approached her,}
with an armful of luscious creations and the photographer came to snap her in them. Lydia was that pleased and proud. However, when the proofs were ready for okay, there appeared the peppy comedianne, elegant in her finery, but beneath the hem of each gown, she stood—pigeon-toed!

Everybody likes Ginger Rogers and, when you see her in "Roberta," you're going to be enthralled. At a recent premiere the little Rogers was all set to sign autograph books when Lew Ayres, her new husband, pulled her away. Ginger looked dismayed and her admirers looked disappointed; but her lord and master had spoken and she obeyed.

Speaking of autograph collectors, there is one ambitious young lady who has rung Ronald Colman's doorbell for close onto a month and as yet had no luck in finding her hero at home. However, she is still undaunted.

It looks to his friends as if Franchot Tone has gone hypochondriac! He is so careful of himself these days. Doesn't eat this and won't drink that and warns you against acid if you swallow the other thing. It must be too awful to keep track of your alimentary canal like that! At any rate, it certainly is hard on the neighbors who are constantly reminded what a potato and lamb chop might do if they should meet each other in one's tummy.

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland entered the Trocadero recently and hadn't been seated long when the lady spied the Marquis parked quietly in a corner with the lovely Joan Marsh. During the first dance intermission, Miss B. approached her husband and some brief, though perhaps serious, dialogue ensued. Anyway, Connie hadn't returned to her table ten minutes before Henri and his friend departed. If this were a contest, we'd ask you to send in the best answer to "What did Miss Bennett say?" But spare the pencil and save the time, we're just wondering ourselves.

And, while on the subject of the Troc, let us say that it is just about the gayest spot in Hollywood. Undoubtedly the quests make it so, for, once in a while it becomes that informal. For instance, just before dawning the other day, Peggy Fears, Bill Haines and Prince Felix Rigo sat around on the floor in the foyer (see page 38). Now, you know, they're too big for that, really! Probably it can all be charged to joie de vivre—or just plain joy.

Caesar Romero is the town's latest bean. All the girls are having dates with the handsome dark gentleman. And he doesn't seem to play favorites either, which makes it gay for the fair ones. The other evening, after taking Sally Blane home, he returned to the Clover Club with a pretty blonde. They danced until the wee small hours and then departed.

Was Virginia Bruce's lovely face red! It happened thisaway. She was called to the studio to make some still photos with Pinkie Tomlin, composer of "Object of My Affections" and now an M-G-M
player. Virginia arrived on the minute and for half an hour she waited, treading and fidgeting. Finally she turned to an awkward young man whom she thought was a studio electrician. "These newcomers," she exclaimed, "make me simply ill! Take that Pinkie Tomlin, for instance. He must think the sun and movie stars rise and set just for him! Don't you hate people like that?"

The bashful boy chewed his gum reflectively. "Wa-al, now," he drawled, "as a general rule these writin' fellers are a purty stuck-up outfit. But now that Pinkie Tomlin! He's one swell guy; in fact, I'm him."

"Coming! One smelting salts for a beautiful blonde!

It could only happen in Hollywood. Not so long ago, Fox declined to re-sign George O'Brien to a contract because the handsome lad desired to appear in Westerns only. And so they parted—the studio and its star. George's fan appeal was so great, however, that he decided to produce Westerns independently in which he would feature himself. The pictures are money-makers and who do you suppose is releasing them? Fox!

Well, they're up to their elbows in accents over on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set, most of 'em German, of course. Max Reinhardt, incidentally, thinks James Cagney is a gosh-awful actor, and compliments him after each scene is shot. Jimmy plays Bottom in the opus and, just to be generous or to improve on Will Shakespeare or sumpin', the scenarists have written in a character called Mrs. Bottom. No, we're not fooling! Just wait and see. Anyway, Reinhardt's chauffeur relays to Cagney the Maestro's high opinion of him. Yes, the "yah" system is present on this set, too. Must be an old international custom!

The highest praise Hollywood can bestow on a player isn't "the most beautiful" or "the most talented" or any other "most"—it is simply "a swell trouser." We had a sample of why May Robson has been so honored. On the "Strangers All" set, cameras were grinding as Miss Robson was saying her lines. With a sweep of her hand, she emphasized a statement, and in doing so knocked into a large camera. With a resounding clunk, the large glass lens fell on the actress' gray head—but not even a gasp interrupted the smoothness of her lines. A grand trouper, this May Robson, and a great grandmother!

In "Village Tale," you'll be treated to a scene of a village church, with worn pews and a genuine old-time organ that has to be "pumped" while played. The beauteous Kay Johnson, who has spent the last few months in England and the handsome Randolph Scott,
Dixie Lee Crosby protects her eyes with glasses and Bing threatens his figure with hotdogs — at Santa Anita.

Madge Evans and her undisputed beau, Tom Gallery, at the professional football game.

Christine Lee quenches her thirst and husband Ric Cortez smokes his pipe. Also at the "pro" football game.

Fred Keating didn’t mind being ill so much after he saw Jean De Mars, R.N.

And now it’s Florence Rice that Laemmle, Jr., is escorting—at the Troc. Ann Dvorak, friend Helene McAdoo and two other friends, at Dvorak ranch.

who has spent the last few years in Westerns, have the leading roles. It took exactly four hours to photograph one scene satisfactorily—where Randy nails a hymn program on the wall, while Kay marvels how clever he is. Our hero just murmurs modestly, "Oh, that’s simple!"

"Mr. Cobweb" seems an appropriately fantastic name for the head cinematographer on the set of "Midsummer Night’s Dream," doesn’t it? But in private life with Evelyn Venable, who’s Mrs. Hal Mohr, he’s Hal. To everyone in the cast, though, he’s just Mr. Cobweb—since his recent and brilliant idea of photographing forest scenes to their best advantage. This is done with a special "gun" which spins cobwebs on trees, on which diamond dust is sprinkled to make them glisten with an altogether enchanting effect.

Hal confesses he’s pretty sick of cobwebs by now, particularly after coming out of the studio commissary the other day to find his entire car enveloped in a huge cobweb! Joe E. Brown and Jimmy Cagney just happened to be standing nearby, and rushed up to offer their sincerest sympathy!

Even studies come to blows once in awhile! Paramount and RKO were the last to exchange words—and some pretty hot ones, too. Seems that RKO was all set to star Anne Shirley in "Spring in Paris," when lo! Paramount announced their new picture was to be entitled "Paris in Spring!!" Each studio changed its title—and then changed back again. We can’t foretell the finale on this nor if either studio will see Paris in warm weather.

Most movies are so easy to look at—but photographing them is a different matter! In “Strangers All,” you’ll see May Robson and Preston Foster walk quickly from the kitchen to the living-room, through the dining-room. Simple enough—but one of the most intricate "shots" the cameraman ever ran into! You see, the camera must precede them through the three rooms—which doesn’t mean a man holding a camera just backs up. It means that fourteen men must pull backward the huge crane on which the camera is hung—and it must be done noiselessly, without the slightest jerk. With such a big contraption, there’s no room for furniture in the room—but this problem is solved by several more men, each in charge of a chair, davenport or table, which is snapped into chalk-marked locations on the floor, the second the crane moves from that spot. The camera, you see, being swung overhead a couple of feet. It’s called a "boom shot," if you want to be technical.

More Good News
Edward Everett Horton is this kind of a Californian. It was raining pitchforks the other day when Vic McLaglen, head bent against the wind, passed him and yelled, "Wotta storm!" Eddie turned and cried after him, "Storm. nothing! This is just a high log!"

Katharine Hepburn has a new car! No longer does she drive around the set in that big yellow truck picking up all the studio workers for a free ride. The day after the purchase of her elegant means of transportation, Katie drove up to the studio gates with a swish, and imperiously honked the horn for admission. The gatekeeper came running up and looked carefully over the new car and its driver. "Sorry, Miss," he said, "but we've a rule here that anyone we don't know can't enter, unless they've a pass."

Miss Hepburn smiled reassuringly. "But it's all right to pass me—you see, I'm doing a small part in Katharine Hepburn's picture, 'Break of Hearts.'" The gate-keeper appeared a bit doubtful, but finally allowed the car to pass.

Charles Vidor is fast acquiring a reputation for his excellent work. On the RKO lot he's known as the "robot director" because of his mechanical actions. He is quiet, thoughtful and methodical about every bit of direction he gives—no yells of rage, tearing of hair nor wild exaltation for him over any actor's performance! The other day, while directing a scene in "Strangers All," he had ordered one scene shot seventeen times, when the assistant director, much exasperated, cried: "Well, that scene's perfect now! It ought to be."

"Not for me," said Mr. Vidor, who in private life is Karen Morley's husband, and forthwith quietly ordered another shot of the scene.

Brer—the shivers run up and down our spine at the thought of "Star of Midnight," RKO's new mystery thriller. Tis said that even Ginger Rogers and William Powell, the stars of the picture, are suffering from chronic creeps. "It's a "closed set" on the lot, which means that no one is allowed to see the picture being made—and for the main and simple reason that the solution to all the mysterious goings-on is so very unexpected and hair-raising that the studio doesn't want any news of it to leak out. Bill Powell swears that the whole business is making a nervous wreck of him, so it must be an honest-to-goodness thriller when you consider the ordeal Bill managed to live through in "The Thin Man."

"Three times a bridesmaid and never a bride" seems to be working its fatal charm on Mary Brian. Mary's one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, and has accompanied many a friend to the altar, the last one being Ginger Rogers. And she's equally popular with the unfair sex, with proposals enough to make Peggy Joyce hang her blonde head in shame. But so far, Mary hasn't been noticed poring over any "Marriage vs. Career" literature, or even a cook book. Some say that domesticity was rearing its ugly head, though, these last few

Lyle Talbot and Peggy Walters at the Mayfair Ball. Lyle hates his ladies' man publicity, so we won't say anything.

And here are Colleen Moore, Joan Blondell Barnes and George Barnes at the second Mayfair Ball.

Alice White smiles a Mona Lisa smile and husband Cy Bartlett meditatively smokes. At the Troc.

Bob and Betty Montgomery, Chester and Sue Morris. In their best Billy and tuckers at the Mayfair Ball.
months when Dick Powell looked so-o-o ardently—but Mary remains unmoved.

It may be a blessed event for Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, but it’s a cursed event for her studio. You see, Universal and Gloria were quite unsuspecting when she renewed her contract with them recently. But my, my, wotta fuss a few days later when the glad tidings were announced that Gloria would not be able to make a picture for some time now. She offered to break her contract, but the studio weren’t satisfied with that suggestion, either, since the blonde actress is too valuable to allow out of their clutches.

Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller were that surprised the other day to be the recipients of a crate of big, red apples. A card attached read, “If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, why not try these on your lawyers?” Which just about voices the feeling of most of Hollywood—except those who know the fiery little Mexican actress and her muscular spouse. It’s simple to understand their antics, these friends claim—why, Lupe and Johnny could stand anything but monotony! Therefore, his spontaneous combustion, which results in broken dishes and splintered furniture every few days, and ends in the divorce courts where the happy couple kiss and make up, is quite to be expected. But Lupe and Johnny weren’t a bit displeased with the apples. Indeed, they’re probably throwing them at each other.

The dark, voluptuous Katherine De Mille doesn’t look like a chip off the old block, for Cecil B. is white-haired and benevolent. But they say out on the “Crusades” set, that she’s as good a troup as her dad is a director. What’s more—Katherine got a leading role in this picture through hard work and not parental “drag.”

It was hard to believe, watching the crusaders steaming in their armor under a blazing sun, that Loretta Young, the star of the picture, was snowbound. Production had to be held up while waiting for the Oregon mountain snows to melt, where Loretta was on location for “Call of the Wild.”

There “just ain’t no justice, honey!” Grace Bradley didn’t need to inherit that goodly sum a-tall. She just looks like a cool million. On the “Stolen Harmony” set a few days ago, Grace appeared too demure for words, with her golden hair in little ringlets on her forehead and a simple black dress with a childish, round collar. On closer inspection the dress turned out to be chiffon velvet and the collar ermine—and lo! even the gold in her hair was genuine!

Our personal nomination for Hollywood’s most glorified bazaar is in “Paris in Spring.” It’s enough to make “Wonder Bar” look like the crockery section of the ten-cent store. This resplendent thirst-quenching spot

(Continued on page 77)

All photos by Scott
"I WORK IN A FACTORY"

Gene Raymond, eligible bachelor, can't find time for romance!

by Elizabeth Ellis

Gene relaxes between pictures. He has just finished "The Woman in Red" with Stanwyck.

Gene was then Raymond Guion and had just made his first big stage hit in "Young Sinners." He had been acclaimed the promising juvenile of the season. Every matinee was sold out to ga-ga girls and fluttery old ladies who thought he was too, too handsome and thrilling. Hollywood wasn't even in his thoughts those days and he was too shy to admit he had matinee idol potentialities. His great aim then, as it is now, was to become a really fine dramatic actor.

Mutual friends of ours, who had a charming house perched on the edge of a deep ravine, had invited a great crowd for this Sunday weenie roast. The snow was drifted high but the hardy guests were not daunted by the feat of carrying hot dogs and other ingredients from the warm house, down the side of the ravine, to a cleared place below where an outdoor fireplace was built. No one was invited who would be subject to sissy chills or such. Virility was the order of the day. The host had thoughtfully twined a rope around the trees for guests to use as hand support on the slide down—but Gene and I had been such dopes that we had loaded ourselves down with food and couldn't have held onto anything even if an escalator had been provided!

Gene lugged the firewood, cut off frozen twigs to use as roasting spears and got himself unromantically blackened by smoke. Later, he (Continued on page 95)
Redheaded Nancy Carroll tells you why you are often criticized

by Adele Clinton

ensuing years have all been attributed to the well-known Carroll tempestuousness. Nancy smiles, and she has that nice, broad smile of a good-natured Irish lass, when you mention her temperament. She declares that if she has temperament it is because publicity and press wished it on her! "You see," she said, "all redheaded women, unfortunately, are immediately dubbed combustible. We're never given a chance to show the nice sides of our dispositions because everybody is on the defensive, imagining that we are going to break right out in a pyrotechnic display.

I THINK it is too bad," she continued, "that redheads are not given a break. All temper isn't expressed in an ugly fashion. Being redheaded is to be endowed with unusual spirit. Haven't you noticed that redheaded girls have more spirit and intensity than the average person?"

I agreed.

"And what's more," Nancy was beginning to glow with some of that very intensity which she was trying to describe, "a redhead will flare up and fight for what she thinks is right. There is no anguish that I can suffer like that of thinking an injustice is being done. I get so wound up trying to prove...

(Continued on page 83)

GO BUY a bottle of henna rinse, girls—all of you, at least, who are not natural redheads! Hollywood's platinum tresses are in the dye pots, and the red wave is fast spreading. A new picture "Redheads on Parade" is in production and so scarce are real redheads around Hollywood that a quest is being conducted for the five hundred most beautiful redheads in the country. An octette of these beauties will be chosen by judges who comprise the most famous tитан-ressed stars in Hollywood. Who are the judges? There's Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Clara Bow, Grace Bradley and Nancy Carroll. And it is one of these judges, Nancy Carroll, who broke down the other day and told me she had suffered much unkind criticism—all because she is a real redhead!

As you recall, it was only a few years ago that Nancy was constantly getting unfortunate publicity about her temper, her high-and-mightiness. She was constantly rumored to have walked off this set in a huff, to have fought with that director and generally made her co-workers detest her. She was a pain to newspaper and magazine writers. All this because of the good old garden variety of redheaded temper. In fact, Paramount's not renewing her contract, and fewer roles in (Below) Nancy in "I'll Love You Always."
Red haired, and her true vivacious self.

And now look at her, below, as a blonde—can you believe this demure person is she?
HERE ARE THE RULES:

The Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest commenced in the issue before last of this magazine—the one dated March. If, by any chance, you missed the March or April issue of Modern Screen, and cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to forward you a copy. Send your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The winning contestants in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest will be those who fulfil accurately and aptly the following requirements: 1. You are to name the most popular song from three out of each set of five pictures, given in three consecutive issues of this magazine, and tell who sang the song in the picture. For example: "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," from "Wonder Bar," sung by Dick Powell.

In the paragraph below, you will find this month's list of pictures. This completes the contest. Send in all three installments together, please.

Here is this month's list: On With the Show, Big Boy, Happiness Ahead, the Crooner, and Fashions of 1934.

2. Write 100 words—or less—telling which Warner musical you have liked best to date. Give your reasons. The words "a," "an" and "the" do not count.

3. The person, who, in the opinion of the judges, most accurately fulfils requirement number 1 and most aptly fulfils requirement number 2, will win the First Prize of $250. The subsequent prizes of Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Fourth Prize, $25; 5 Fifth Prizes of $10 each; and 5 Sixth Prizes of $5 each will be awarded in the order named, to those persons, who, in the opinion of the judges, come nearest to fulfilling the requirements correctly.

4. Each contestant may send as many entries as he wishes.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. No entries will be returned.
7. Contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All entries must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.
8. The judges are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark, Jr.
9. Send all entries to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
10. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except employees of MODERN SCREEN and Warner Brothers.

Elaborate entries stand no better chance of winning a prize than simple ones. Neatness is important.
Here is an Extra Honor for All Contestants:

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? Well, here’s your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article on this page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully.

The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send in a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers, and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand an equally good chance of winning one of the prizes. You may send in the lyrics without entering the contest.

2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn’t accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.

5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for this contest.

6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.

This is the last lap in the epoch-making MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest! It commenced in the March issue. If, by any weird chance, you missed either or both the March or April issue of this magazine, and cannot beg, borrow or steal copies elsewhere, send ten cents (for each issue) to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with your name and address and your request for the copy or copies you wish.

The mails have brought us, in great quantities, one burning question during the past month from our readers: Many of them want to know if they may send in a set of lyrics without entering the contest proper. Sure—if you want to pass up a chance of winning part of five hundred dollars, you can submit a set of lyrics without entering the contest. Remember, the chance to write a set of lyrics is an extra added attraction. You may enter the contest without sending in the lyrics, you may do both, or you may simply send in the lyrics. Okay?

The rules for this contest are set forth on the opposite page. The rules governing the submission of lyrics are set forth on this page in heavy type. We will explain in a bit more detail here.

You have been given, in three consecutive issues of MODERN SCREEN, the names of three sets of five picture titles. This month’s list—the (Continued on page 75)
**** Roberta (RKO)

Dust off the volume of superlatives, for you’re going to need it as a reference book now. Yes, "Roberta" is crammed full of the stuff that goes to comprise perfect picture entertainment. A 14-karat cast giving fine performances, tunes calculated to tantalize the ear, dances created by Fred Astaire and expertly executed by him and Ginger Rogers; well, now, you have at least an idea that as good fun, "it’s the tops!"

The story itself is puncuated with laugh-inducing gags and just enough emotional moments to bring it down to earth and give it some semblance of plausibility; for, you’ll admit that having a football hero suddenly become owner of a swanky gown shop lends itself more to gaiety, rather than sound sense. But Randolph Scott, out of "westerns" and into dressingroom, makes the transition beautifully and proves he’s sorta been wasted on "them thar plains." Fred Astaire is as perfect a comedian as he is a dancer, which is saying plenty. Irene Dunne is divine as a Russian princess "in trade," and Ginger Rogers makes a pert and peppy Indiana native posing as Polish nobility.

Helein Westley plays "Roberta," the famous dressmaker, with her usual skill but, unfortunately, only lives for a few reels! And Claire Dodd, as the shallow American girl loved by Randy Scott, is okay.

***** Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)

You not only won’t want to, but you cannot afford to miss this picture. It boasts one of the finest characterizations ever seen in celluloid—Charles Laughton’s interpretation of the English valet who is lost by his titled master in a poker game and travels across the sea to a Western town to work for the rich and rowdy American who won him. His adjustment to his new life, while fraught with laugh-inducing experiences, reveals an underlying pathos that at once wins the sympathy of the spectator. And, when Mr. Laughton recites Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address to the inhabitants of a frontier saloon, a highlight in drama, seldom witnessed on the screen, is reached. The first-nighters shrieked with glee when Ruggles let out his first American "Tippin’!" Never has there been more spontaneous laughter in a theatre. We could go on for pages about this film and the characterizations of Roland Young, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, but it will all be unsaid for you when—not if—you see "Ruggles."

**** After Office Hours (M-G-M)

The producer was going to “make sure" when he put his hand to this one, and so we have a lively tale laid among the lively socialites and the still more lively newpapermen. Besides all this, we have Clark Gable in his best role since his characterization in "It Happened One Night," that of a breezy gent of the Fourth Estate who would sell anybody down the river in order to get a scoop. In fact, the gentle business of double-crossing is an art as far as he is concerned. However, since Clark solves a murder mystery as a result of imagination and snooping, all is forgiven and his reward for effort turns out to be—Constance Bennett.

The picture has its quota of laughs, although some of the gags are strained to the breaking point. The lines are bright and the thrills are plentiful. Besides the fine performances by the stars, Gable and Bennett, there is some excellent acting by Stuart Erwin and a priceless sequence of fluttering by Bille Burke, with Henry Armetta inevitably coming in for his "bit" of praise. Indeed, in the lives of this gay troupe, there isn’t a dull moment "After Office Hours."

*** Life Begins at Forty (Fox)

Right at the outset, Will Rogers philosophizes that, "At forty a man is as old as he feels and a woman is twenty-six." Which is just about the keynote to the picture’s gaiety. Of course, a Rogers picture is a Rogers picture and is invariably guaranteed to ring the boxoffice bell, and this one is no exception to the rule. It is rural and homespun and homely, studded with so many sentiments of sound sense as giggles. Will has a way of "righting the wrong" so as not to make good scoundrels seem sticky. In this one, a hag-calling family inject the hilarity and indirectly help to save the day for the unfortunate youth unjustly charged with robbery.

Besides Mr. Rogers, who takes top honors, you are going to deal out credit to Slim Summerville as a drowsy whittler who unwittingly
saves a situation or two, Jane Darwell, the portly matron who "puts up with" Will, and Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, the youthful sweethearts. If you are a Rogers fan, of course you won't miss this one, and even if you aren't, "Life Begins at Forty" still offers you top-notch diversion.

★★★ The Little Colonel (Fox)

It looks as if Baby is slated to take still another bow, for as the Little Colonel, Little Temple is as sweet and delectable as ever. Her acting opportunities are big and Shirley comes through once again as the little truant. Then, there are two dancing sequences in which the Fox starlet tears off a few more routines with Bill Robinson, who knows something and to spare about tapping. Indeed, Bill's famous stair number is now preserved in celluloid for posterity.

The story, a childhood classic, when viewed through the adult's experienced eyes, creaks a bit and is punctuated with some rather heavy melodrama which, if one went into it in a big way, would prove pretty hard to take. But, it's all in good clean fun and as such, you'll enjoy it. Lionel Barrymore is fine as the stubborn ole "Cunnel" and Evelyn Venable, sweet and capable, as the equally stubborn young mother, and Shirley—well, she's too, too lovely. Youngsters especially will devour this cinema sweetmeat.

★★★ All the King's Horses (Paramount)

This picture is just light-hearted nonsense, but worth while because of the presence of Mary Ellis and Carl Brisson. No wonder those European rumors about this Brisson persist—he has personality plus and good-natured good looks, to say nothing of a pleasing voice. Mary Ellis will charm you, too, for what she may lack in beauty is more than compensated for by her lovely singing.

It's one of those stories with a plot based on a shoe string. Even the prince and the pauper (a movie actor, in this case) who swap places, are dragged in, with Mr. Brisson obligingly playing both roles. Edward Everett Horton doesn't let down his many fans this time, either, and Eugene Pallette is still pleasingly plump.

If you are looking for the means of (Continued on page 78)
Arlene, with her arms full of Crosby twins, Gary Evans Crosby and her own son, who consider themselves big men, all of her feet.

That's the wrong end, son. You get in at the top and slide down. Michael, son of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, doesn't care.

No—it's a girl. Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. No telling which parent she will resemble.

You know the young lady on the left—Carol Ann Beery. And meet Michael, the adopted son and chief delight of Miriam Hopkins.
With some difficulty, Melinda, daughter of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, is goin’ to town on a wooden rooster as big as herself.

Connie Bennett’s adopted son, Peter, and Joan Bennett’s oldest daughter, Diane. It was a circus party—therefore the cowboy and ballet outfits.

Charles Wes-ey Ruggles announcing: I am two years old. This is a party for the Hollywood younger set. ‘You’ve met my mother? Aline Judge.’

And who is this? Look at the mouth. And the eyes. And the expression. It’s Danny Robinson, Son of Edward G., of course.
Things are always happening to George Raft, somehow. Fights, for example

THINGS just seem to happen to Georgie Raft. He has won quite a reputation in the public prints of late as a finger of fists . . . and yet, in these encounters, George has not struck a blow. Moreover, despite these reports of fisty encounters, you will find few young men more peaceable, more amiable, more genuinely eager to be liked than is George. He's actually a friendly person. "I don't try to start anything," he told me. "Honestly I don't. I want to get along with people and I try to be polite to them. But . . . things just sort of seem to happen to me!"

Things do "seem to happen" to George. I think there is a psychological reason for it. There is a certain type of male who resents a man like George. He is handsome and sleek and women pursue him. He has risen, by his own efforts and ability, from the sidewalks of New York to be a "big shot" . . . first as a prize fighter, then as a dancer, and now as an actor. He is "in the money" and that is cause for jealousy in any circle. Moreover, because of an excessive shyness and reserve, he is almost forbiddingly aloof. There is none of the genial, Jack Oakie, life-of-the-party, in George. He moves about Hollywood silently, accompanied always by his friend, Mac "Killer" Gray. That dead pan of his which actually masks a boyish lack of self-confidence, gives an impression to strangers that he is being haughty.

There was that time at the fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. George and Mac were sitting in the second or third row. A chap in front of them turned and spoke over George's shoulder to someone behind him, wanting to bet on the next event, boasting that his boy would lambaste the stuffing out of his opponent. The enthusiast could find no takers.

"Now, I like to bet as well as anyone," said George speaking of that occasion. "I leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder, politely, and said, 'I'm willing to bet with you if you like . . . ' He whirled round and snarled, 'Who the h— do you think you are?' Just like that!

"So I said, 'I'm sorry, if (Continued on page 105)"
MORE FUN

A day in the private life of La Belle Temple

Little Shirley believes that all work and no play is very dull indeed, so after finishing "The Little Colonel" she decided to have herself some fun. Above, right, we meet the lady on her tricycle and, left, she's busily engaged in feeding the fish. Then, with the irresistible Temple twinkle in her eye, she poses on the swinging gate and, below Shirley's off in her 1935 streamline mode. Off to the "Heaven's Gate" set, no doubt, capture the heart of Joel McGrea.
WAS IT RIGHT TO FILM

See if you agree with these famous lawyers,

THE GREATEST drama of the age was played in a little, old courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey, where an alien ex-convict waged a desperate but futile fight to save himself from a death sentence for kidnapping the little baby of America's best-loved hero.

And out of that quiet, country courtroom came the newsreel film that has overturned the motion picture industry and aroused nearly as much controversy as did the question of Bruno Richard Hauptmann's innocence or guilt.

Attorney General David T. Wilentz (Does that "T" stand for Tiger? If you've seen the picture, you'll agree) has threatened the producers with contempt of court proceedings. Newsreel men, on the other hand, publicly deny accusations that "subterfuge, trickery and broken promises" enabled them to get the film.

What's the real story? Only the men who made the picture know. Let's ask them.

Charlie Ford was the man who edited the film and arranged the coverage of the trial for Universal, so I went to his office. He told me the whole inside story, and showed me signed documents to back up salient points.

"There was no trickery at all," he said, as he pointed to a photograph of the courtroom. "Here's the camera, right up in the front of the balcony, and that's Dave Oliver, the cameraman, standing next to it. The camera was housed in a blimp—that's the very one, over there in the corner." He pointed to a big felt-lined wooden box, nearly four feet square and two feet thick.

"You couldn't hide that, could you? And do
You think they would have made us soundproof the camera with that, and with rubber mountings and special, silent fibre gears, if they didn't expect it to be used during periods when silence was necessary? Everyone could see it plainly.

"But," I countered, "how about the microphone? Winchell says it was hidden under the judge's desk."

"I'll let you talk to George Graham, the man who recorded the sound for the picture," said Ford, and called Graham into his office.

"Why," said the sound technician, "anybody who said that doesn't know sound recording! If it had been under the bench, you would have heard a muffled drone, with lots of courtroom noise drowning out the testimony, instead, it was clear."

"Our microphone was hanging up on the wall facing the witness stand, in full view of everybody. We had to put a piece of curved cardboard in back of it to catch the sound, and I know that some court attendants knew it was there, because one morning when we came in, the cardboard was gone, and we gave one of the attendants two dollars to put it back."

Mr. Ford resumed the story, "All five newsreel companies got together before the first witness took the stand. Here's a copy of the agreement we all signed, showing how we had a schedule of operation worked out, so that we could all take turns on the three cameras we had rigged up, one in the courtroom, one" (Continued on page 114)
She was a woman to be noticed, to be admired—to be feared. And in the end, to be reviled!

All men, it seemed, were destined to be her victims. And to that end her snares were set with careful skill. She must have learned guile in her very cradle. Learned with her earliest lessons that wit must give her what fortune had denied. But guile and wit were not Becky Sharp's only weapons against an unkind fate. Eyes whose conscious craft seemed gentle innocence. Lips whose skillful lies seemed utter truth. Glamorous vivacity. Languorous charm. Swift subtleties of thought and speech and act. And the stillness of a stalking tiger.

The meagre existence which her father, a starving artist, was able to provide was not enough for Becky Sharp. She should have high fortune, she decided long before her father's death in the sorry garret which was their home. Lords and ladies, she resolved while still a despised pupil-teacher in Miss Pinkerton's select school, should be her equals, not her superiors. And these haughty, aristocratic daughters of the rich, who were her schoolmates, should envy her.

Her first chance came through Amelia Sedley, whose sweetly plaintive nature made her treat Becky more kindly than did the others. And, with confidences wisely calculated to impress, Becky succeeded in winning an invitation to visit the Sedleys.

There she tried out her powers on Amelia's brother, Joseph. And there she met her first defeat. Fresh from school, she had not yet acquired the technique, the finesse, which were to be her defense. Her flashing weapons. True, Joseph himself was easily captivated. He was fat and rather dull, but he would, she was sure, propose. And she intended to marry him. But George Osborne, Amelia's suitor, frustrated that fond hope. He warned the elder Sedleys of the snare that was being set. And how—
Becky, with false sweetness, laughs away Amelia’s worries about George’s debts.

Too late, old Sir Pitt pops the question. Becky might have been Lady Pitt!

Becky, with false sweetness, laughs away Amelia’s worries about George’s debts.

Becky Sharp
Joseph Sedley
George Osborne
Rawdon Crawley
Amelia Sedley
Marquis of Steyne
Lady Barcares
Miss Crawley
Captain Dobbin
Sir Pitt Crawley
Pitt Crawley

Miriam Hopkins
Nigel Bruce
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Alan Mowbray
Frances Dee
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Billie Burke
Alison Skipworth
Colin Tapley
George Hassel
William Steck

—Adapted from the RKO-RADIO picture, produced in technicolor by PIONEER PICTURES. Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN. Based on the play by LANGDON E. MITCHELL. From WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY’S novel, “VANITY FAIR.” Fictionized by ETHEL M. POMEROY.


All men were destined to be Becky’s victims.
Grace Moore sang in cheap cafés before she got a break in opera or even musical comedy. Below, a painting, done when she was in the "Music Box Revue."

HOW lucky she is! Any woman born with a voice like that couldn't help but be famous."

Such a remark often follows the deafening applause which acclaims the singing of Grace Moore. And Grace will smile when she hears it. Smile? It would be more accurate to call it a look of tragic amusement.

The best vantage point from which to consider the darkest episode in the life of any celebrity is from the shining pinnacle of her career. Her moment of supreme triumph.

The crown of laurel was placed on Grace Moore's head at the party given in her honor by Conde Nast. The New York papers proclaimed it the greatest social event since the depression began. It celebrated the première of her picture, "One Night of Love."

Vincent Astor, Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith, Harold Lloyd, Amy Vanderbilt, Ma u -

The golden voice gone! The great physician said, "One chance in a thousand—if.."

Grace Moore's fame rested on that "if"
NINE brief years! An excited Southern girl was jammed in a crowded New York subway that was rushing downtown. Her eyes sparkled with joyous expectation. Unheard by the other passengers, she kept humming the bars of the musical scores which she clutched tightly under her arm. Now and then her nervous fingers found the small mirror in her bag which she held up critically before her face. She didn't know much about make-up then, but she tried desperately to bring out the generous warmth of her mouth, the na"lue"ness of her eyes. The stations roared past. Times Square at last. She jostled toward the door and almost ran up the stairs.

For three solid weeks she had practiced day and night for the tryouts for “Hitchy-Koo.” To be sure, she had come to New York to go into opera. But one didn't just walk into the Metropolitan, she ruefully discovered, and immediately become a prima donna. So she grimly stayed on in New York, refusing her father's plea to come home, and eked out a lonely existence by singing in a cheap café. Then she was called for this tryout; a lyric soprano was needed for Raymond Hitchcock's new musical comedy.

Grace hurried along the street and turned into the alleyway toward the stage door of the theatre. The doorman watched the willowy girl sweep down upon him with her face flushed and her head erect. She was the picture of confidence. Grace smiled and paused to say “hello” to the old man. Her lips opened, but no sound came forth.

Her hand flew to her throat as astonishment sprang into her eyes. Once again her lips moved. Her voice fell soundlessly on the cold air. Funny little puffs of mist, and nothing more. The doorman was gaping at her now. He stared at her face which began to convulse in frantic efforts to evoke her voice. The expression in her eyes was painful to watch. She stood motionless, transfixed by panic.

The doorman came to his senses and dashed inside to phone a doctor. When he returned she was gone.

After the lonely desolation of a sleepless night, Grace was sitting in the outer office of Dr. Mario Marafioti. Her haggard eyes imploring the girl primly ensconced behind the desk to let her see the one man who, she was convinced, could restore her life. But the girl had given her no encouragement.

Dr. Marafioti's position was unique. A graduate M.D. he had long since devoted his time and talents to the first love of his Italian boyhood — the opera. He was now the (Continued on page 100)

(Below, left) Grace Moore with her teacher and discoverer, Dr. Mario Marafioti, who virtually saved her voice by recommending a six-month silence. (Below right) An amazingly young and happy Grace Moore preparing for her next film, “On Wings of Song,” which promises to be equally as fine as “One Night of Love.”
A LITTLE CHILD

Sandy Burns finds herself pos-

by Sara Hamilton

GEORGE and Gracie, known for a very good reason, to millions of fans as Burns and Allen, have a baby.

A real, live, beautiful baby. And never have you seen such a pair of doting and adoring parents as these two. If Gracie was slightly "teched" in the head before, you should see her now. It's "Sandy did this" and "Sandy did that" till friends beg for mercy. And George is just as bad. I tell you papa and mama Burns are a team of Sandy rooters and no use trying to get a word in edgeways.

Whether Sandy, now six months old, said "goo goo" or just plain "da da" that morning, is more important to this team of comedians than the number of scenes they have in their new picture or the number of laughs they reap in their weekly broadcast.

And that, boys and girls, is somepin'.

Of course, anyone in their right mind, first gets the baby, then the name and then the nickname. Anyone that is, but Gracie. Gracie, nitwit-like, simply began at the wrong end, as usual, and worked up. First, Gracie got the nickname.

"Don't you think Sandy would be a cute nickname for a baby, George?" Gracie one day asked her patient and harassed husband.

"Yes, I think so, Gracie."

"Sandy Burns would be cuter, wouldn't it? Only what name would Sandy be a nickname for?"

"Gracie, I think 'cuckoo' would be a swell nickname for you, so figure it out."

"Oh George, you say the sweetest things. And I think 'sugar cookie with raisins' would be perfect for you."

"Gracie, you call me that just once and mind, I warn you, I—"

"Oh, I know, George. Sandra. Sandy could be a nickname for Sandra."

"And who's to be called Sandra, may I ask, Gracie?"

"Why, a baby, of course, George. What do you say

Illustrated by Hoecker

On account of it's Easter, Gracie hung up a little mistletoe as a surprise for George! Their next is "Love in Bloom."
SHALL LEAD THEM BY THE NOSE

essor of Hollywood’s nuttiest parents, Gracie and George

we get one? I’ll begin saving the coupons today.”

“Gracie, you don’t get them by saving coupons. And now will you please jump off the nearest bridge and let me read my paper in peace?”

BUT Gracie did no bridge jumping. She immediately wired a Chicago nursing home for something cute that would go with her little blue hat. Weeks later, they wired Gracie, who was then in New York, to come for her baby. The wire came at 12 noon. At two o’clock, Gracie and a friend, were on a train, Chicago bound. “But, Miss Allen, we had no idea you were so tiny,” they told her at the home. “From your pictures we imagined you much larger. I’m afraid the six months old baby we selected for you will be too large to handle.”

“Well, maybe it will shrink when it’s washed,” Gracie comforted.

“Now, here’s a little five weeks old baby we feel sure you’ll love,” they told her. And thus came Sandy to the

They must be folded just so.”

For hours Gracie struggled to fold the diapers. “I always have one end left over,” she wept, “let’s call the conductor.”

“Can you help us with these things?” Gracie asked the wide-eyed conductor. “We can’t get them to work.”

For another hour Gracie, her friend and the conductor struggled with the diapers to no avail. “Now don’t cry, miss,” he told Gracie when all seemed lost, “when the train makes its next stop, I’ll get the engineer back. He’s a new father and he’ll know how to do this, don’t you worry.”

“Stop the train now,” Gracie wailed, “this is an emergency.” Five minutes later, the engineer had flipped together a neat stack of folded diapers and the train proceeded on its surprised way to New York.

All night Gracie sat, white and tense, beside the screaming baby, afraid to close her eyes for fear the baby would disappear. At five (Continued on page 36)
"I BET I STAY MARRIED"

by Ruth Biery

This story is to be read aloud, with the reader using Miss Merkel's cunning, completely natural, soft, Southern drawl. Just replace all "r's" with "h's" and lilt the voice at the end of each sentence. Personally I haven't the courage to reproduce Una's accent in print.

"I promised myself never to talk about my marriage because—no, don't laugh at me—I'm awfully superstitious about it. (She knocked on wood.) You see, I thought I would never get married. I don't believe the gods give one person too much. They sort of balance things up. So I thought I'd never have a husband.

"That's why I said I'd never talk about it. I don't want to tempt those gods. But if you'll be awful careful not to get me in wrong with them—I do think it's sort of nice that some of us in Hollywood aren't afraid we won't stay married. Of course, I'd actually bet on mine lasting if it weren't for that little superstition. Betting is sort of making it a gamble. (She knocked on wood.)

"Of course, to understand about Ronni and me and why I sort of keep thinking about those gods, you have to begin at the beginning. You see, we got married first and went together afterwards. Just like my mother and father.

"My mother was seventeen and my father under twenty when I was born. They just met and got married on January first without any courting and then, in about a year, I came along. You see, I (Continued on page 84)"

Knocking on wood at every turn, cute Una Merkel tells why
Meet the screen's highest paid character actor, Ned Sparks.

THE MAN FROM DEAD PAN ALLEY

by Kay Osborn

MEETING the world's greatest grouch at the day's grouchiest hour—nine o'clock in the morning, to be exact— appealed to me not in the least. In fact, I must admit that I was a bit nervous about it. I could laugh at Ned Sparks on the screen and really feel quite chummy toward him as long as there were several theatre rows between us. But face to face with him for the first time, in his own apartment... I wondered!

I knocked very boldly and loudly to hide my stage fright. Then I heard the friendly, familiar sound of a typewriter, and my heart leapt. A typewriter, bless its heart, would make me feel right at home. Furthermore, I write on a typewriter... Mr. Sparks writes on a typewriter... that would be at least one bond between us.

Yes, the voice was gruff, all right, when it said, "Come in!" but I had little chance to examine the face, for as I opened the door I was practically knocked over by the friendly onslaught of a little bull terrier as she leapt into my arms.

Such an enthusiastic greeting bowled me over mentally as well as physically. I could only sit down and take the dog on my lap. "That's Betsy Ann," said Mr. Sparks. "How do you do, Betsy Ann?" and with this little encouragement the dog brought a rubber ball to throw for her.

"Isn't she cute?" I said, and I really meant it. "She's the light of my life, the apple of my eye, and the center of my universe," he said in that hard nasal tone of his, and only then was I able to look at him. I found him looking at Betsy Ann with that fixed, unblinking stare. What I used to think was a glassy look in his eyes I now saw was only a moist mirror of affection.

WHAT did you think of my angle for a story on you?" I asked him. "I wrote in my letter how one night years ago, when you were on the stage, you had indigestion, and looked so pained and sour and sad that, the moment the audience saw you, they literally rolled in the aisles. And so you have been purposely looking as though you had indigestion ever since, and have been cashing in on it?"  

(Continued on page 108)
IS IT A DREAM?

Years of struggle preceded
Joe Morrison's climb to the top

by S.R. Mook

SEVERAL years ago I wrote of Clark Gable: "Meaning no disrespect, he reminds me of nothing so much as a mongrel pup who has been kicked around all his life, making shift as best he can. Then suddenly, one day, instead of the customary kick someone gives him a pat and takes him home. He capers around, trying to make friends, unable to believe his good fortune. But, always, in the back of his mind, is a haunting fear that it's all a dream and shortly he's going to wake up and find himself rummaging for a living in life's back alleys again."

The only other person I have ever met who affects me that way is Joe Morrison. Despite his recent success, despite his cheerful grin and unfailing good nature, he has, it seems to me, something pathetic about him. He can't believe his good fortune is real.

Not long ago we sat in his living-room in front of a crackling fire. "I wonder," I speculated idly, "where we'll be five years from now—what we'll be doing?"

He glanced at me curiously but there was no answering smile on his face. "I'm afraid to think," he answered simply. "I haven't the courage to look ahead."

He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His mother died when he was three and his father promptly remarried.

He remembers little of his childhood and, from the scraps I have pieced together, I don't blame him. The biggest thrill of those years, he says, was being allowed to go out into an open field with his cousin and play Indian. I don't believe he has ever had any childhood!

When he was about twelve he entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. There, again, I cannot tell where loyalty stops and fact enters in. I have often wondered if it weren't just that a family in straitened circumstances took that as the easiest way out. I cannot visualize a person of Joe's temperament voluntarily choosing that life. Joe loves life, lights and laughter. But he insists that his embarking on such an undertaking was not a matter of expediency. "Early training, perhaps," he admits, and then shuts up.

During his second year in the seminary his father died. After the second year's training, he had to live at the seminary. The rigid rules and regulations had a depressing effect on him. He stuck it out until he had been in training for four and a half years. Then he went to the head of the seminary and told him that he didn't think he was temperamentally suited to the priesthood. It was with a feeling of vast relief he heard the priest say, "If you hadn't come to me, I was (Continued on page 118)
YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

When friends tell you this, read why it’s best to forget it!

by Paul Von Sloan
Cartoons by Riveron

YOU’VE heard that song, “You Ought To Be In Pictures!” If anyone ever sings it to you, don’t pay any attention. I know.

I am the son of a well known character actor. Naturally, at college, I took part in all the college theatricals. After every performance friends came up, slapped me on the back and began, “You ought to be in pictures.” Eventually, I came to believe it, particularly when their advice simply added fuel to the flame of a private opinion of my own.

It had been tacitly accepted by the family that I was to follow one of the more substantial professions but I had long cherished different ideas. Reared in a theatrical atmosphere, it was only natural that the theatre should be the breath of life in my nostrils. The bite of the theatrical bug is worse than that of the tarantula. From the latter you either recover or it brings a swift merciful death. From the former you never recover.

About midway of my third year I couldn’t stand it any longer so I wired Dad, “Please send me $200 Stop Leaving for Hollywood Thursday Stop Love to Mother Stop Paul.” Dad was, by the way, in Hollywood. While I hadn’t said anything in the wire about wanting to get out because I felt I “ought to be in pictures,” he must have suspected something of the sort because his reply consisted of only one word—“Why?” It wasn’t necessary to answer that at the time. He sent me the money and I was off to fame and fortune.

WHEN I had partaken of the “Fatted Calf” the inevitable question couldn’t be postponed any longer. “Why did I want to go into the movies?” There was no answer except that I wanted to. No argument could change that. Dad somewhat sadly accepted it.

Accordingly he took me around to see his agent, introduced me, and from there on I assured him my obligations were over—I would stand on my own feet. The agent appeared to like me at once. I was of the accepted juvenile type much in demand. He immediately called a casting director who was looking for a juvenile. When the latter learned who I was he was most anxious to meet me.

An interview was arranged for the following day. The casting director, in turn, seemed pleased with me and made an appointment for me (Continued on page 101)
Hollywood's young set
dates in clothes like 
these . . .

IN YOUR secret moments you may cherish a burning desire to look like Marlene Dietrich—you may mimic her expressions in the mirror and startle your family by looking rather far away and mysterious as she does! But in your clothes, it is far better for you to copy the sprightly young Maureen O'Sullivan, the gay Wendy Barrie, sweet Anne Shirley, Jean Parker or Anita Louise. They're more your type and they are every bit as exciting as Marlene, Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow.

These younger stars are exciting to you because they live much the same sort of life you do only in that glamorous town called Hollywood. Their mothers watch and advise them, they go to tennis matches, roller skate, dance and date with the young beaux in town. And many of them don't have half the fun you do, actually, because they can't indulge in a double chocolate pecan sundae on account of their strict diets—and they have to work hard when often they feel like playing!

YOUNGER Hollywood fashions shelve glamorous sophistication for “smoothness.” In fact, according to these youthful stars your whole appearance must be “smooth.” No heavy make-up, rather a well-scrubbed looking skin with a light dusting of powder and just enough rouge to give your face a naturally
Above, Wendy Barrie's three-piece woolen suit with plaid jacket. Below, Anne Shirley's cute plaid taffeta shirtwaist frock with velvet bow.

Above, Toby Wing in a smart knitted cape costume. Below, Wendy, again, in an unusual printed silk with velvet trimming.
rosey look. Your hair either boasts a fluffy, high-off-the-forehead bang or is brushed smoothly back, often tied with a ribbon, or in the evening, held by a flower. No nails dripping with bright red; instead a natural shade that imparts just the faintest glow to them. No heavy perfumes; rather something light, spring-like. And then your clothes—they will be either boyish looking sports clothes or feminine silks by day. In the evening, you will be a fragile, feminine creature in yards of misty chiffon, gay prints or organdies.

There’s your picture—the picture of you and your favorite young star. And here is what you buy to get the effect. Remember that salaries for Hollywood’s youngsters aren’t the staggering ones of their more glamorous sisters, they haven’t grown up to that yet. So a bit of budgeting isn’t amiss for either you or them!

You are going to love the colors this spring. They are just your dish, so to speak. Pinks in that flattering dusty tone, violet which you haven’t seen in years—and all tones of it, too—and your great favorite, navy and white. Then there’s all the other blues like Hyacinth, Aqua and the misty tones. Also yellows and rosey red that look elegant in sweaters and tweeds.

YOU can do all sorts of things with these colors in combining them. For instance, Anita Louise wears a dusty pink cardigan sweater over a Parma violet pull-on. And Madge Evans wears a navy blue cardigan over a plain white sports dress. Wendy Barrie, with her dark hair, looks knockout in a rosey red jacket with the palest of pink sweaters beneath.

And while we are on the subject of colors, have you thought how easily you can revive some of your last summer’s dresses and sweaters by using one of those little dyeing wafers that gives a fast color without boiling? You can combine parts of different wafers to get just the newest color scheme. It gives you the feeling of being quite an expert and the results are very professional looking. This goes for underwear, too. Since blue and pink are showing up in lingerie fashions as well as in costumes, you (Continued on Page 107)
FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES
WHERE THEY BEGIN—IN YOUR UNDER SKIN!

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

WHERE do skin faults first begin?
In the under layers of your skin.
You see, the under layers of your skin are full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep them actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—little blemishes, blackheads—as you grow older, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

Cleanse deep—keep underskin active
That is why it is so important to choose a cream that goes deep and keeps your underskin active.

Pond’s Cold Cream goes right to the underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, impurities from within the skin itself, are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores by these light, deep-reaching oils. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond’s Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it every night before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen your skin for the day, give it the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do
It is very easy to try Pond’s. Send the coupon for a tube containing enough for 9 treatments! Remember, the healthy, vigorous underskin Pond’s Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny outer skin every woman wants.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—for Generous Package including 9-treatment tube of Pond’s Cold Cream and other beauty aids.

POND’S, Dept. F-69 Clinton, Conn. I enclose 50c to cover postage and packing for special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 2 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1930, Pond’s Extract Company
NOW "I DO"
Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you...how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are 'certified to be pure' and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name: ..................................................
Street: ..................................................
City and State: ..........................................

Do you? Want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name: ..................................................
Street: ..................................................
City and State: ..........................................

What a question! How can it be answered? You see, there are no cut-and-dried rules. There is no golden path to success. It all depends so definitely on circumstances, individual breaks and luck. But it is a question that I cannot shirk. And I will tell you everything I have learned about this subject.

I seriously recommend that all of you content yourselves with the marvelous fun of amateur dramatics. If you want to attend your local Dramatic School or of Little Theatres. But many people have the urge to do professional acting and so I am going to discuss this with you.

First, I'll tell you the mechanics of it. Get all the amateur dramatic training possible. Specialize in every dramatic course your school gives you. And then, if possible, attend a first-rate (Continued on page 97)
Don't let Cosmetic Skin spoil your good looks!

So much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually spoiling her own looks.

When stale make-up is not properly removed, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, active lather sinks deep down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

Any Girl Can Have a Smooth, Really Lovely Skin. You Can Use Cosmetics As Much As You Wish If You Guard Your Skin As I Do—with Gentle Lux Toilet Soap
The Modern Hostess
(Continued from page 12)

Janet Gaynor, I am going to profit by her example and stick to the old-fashioned simple type that always has been popular, still continue to be popular and, I'm sure, will go on being popular for countless years to come. I refer to the delicious home-made foods that come out of the family oven, filling the air with the appetizing-provoking aroma of "sugar and spice and everything nice." "Cakes like Mother used to bake" (and pies, biscuits and breads as well) are famed in song and story and take precedence in Janet Gaynor's affections over any other form of home-made foods. That's why, in one form or another, they so often find their way into the basket that Janet's German cook packs to send down to her at the studio.

"I never eat in the studio commissary," petite Miss Gaynor informed me as we settled down for a chat, each in our own corner of the chintz-covered divan in the living-room of her little bungalow at the Fox Studios. "I don't mean that as a reflection upon the food they serve there," she continued, "but I find it so much more restful to eat in here."

AND no wonder, I thought, as I looked about. For Janet Gaynor's dressing-room is just too adorable for words. The same pattern of chintz that covered the divan hung in graceful folds at the window. Framed flower prints hung upon the wall, and still another note of color was brought in through gray dishes set shining upright on the shelves of the buffet and the corner cupboard.

In the actual dressing-room of the bungalow, however, which had been shown to me before we sat down, I was interested to observe that Janet had discarded Colonial simplicity and indulged in truly feminine coquetry. Windows on either side of her dressing table were shaded by Venetian blinds with satin pulls, if you please. Curtains of gingham sheerness on either side of the dressing-table, were held back by bows of satin. A true setting for a Dresden shepherdess—or a French frame for a Marie Antoinette or purity. Femininity on the one hand, tasteful simplicity on the other, in short, a visual example of the secret of Janet's success...

The modern hostess, whether she be a working woman or an amateur, should never be content to act as your home-baked goods, according to Miss Gaynor. No strange concoctions for her, no unusual fillings or combinations—just a cake put together with a light feminine touch and a simple icing.

The baked foods Janet told me that she likes are certainly not one bit complicated to make, either in the gingerbread-for instance—just plain good old-fashioned gingerbread. Janet's cook often includes a generous square of it in the basket lunch that the chauffeur brings, straight from the Gaynor home, to the Gaynor dressing-room bungalow. Sometimes, the cook puts mounds of sweetened whipped cream on the gingerbread—at other times it is taken hot from the oven, wrapped and delivered quickly, so that it is still warm when served. Janet enjoys all the surprise that is possible for eating things in her bungalow, but gingerbread, somehow, seems to taste better when it retains the original flush of its heat.

To accompany the gingerbread, when hot, the cook sends a covered glass container of icy cold apple sauce. The contrast of hot and cold foods is always a welcome one, you know.

Another huncheon dessert made by the Gaynor cook is Cheese Tarts—little, flaky pastry bits made with cream cheese for pastry and with dabs of jam for sweetening.

JANET also is particularly partial to Fruit Cake. "I'm afraid it is too heavy for noonday consumption, especially when she is working in a picture."

"That's a treat I forego until noon time," she told me. "Fruit Cake makes a frequent appearance on my home menu," she went on, "not because I order it, for I let the cook plan the meals, but because that worthy soul realizes that I'm so fond of it."

This Fruit Cake favorite turned out to be a simplified version that is neither too hard on the digestion nor on the cook's patience.

No mention of baked products is complete without referring to home-baked breads and biscuits, I feel. And when I expressed the conviction to Janet that she could make better breads, she disagreed.

"That's a feature which makes this bread easy enough for the most amateur cook to attempt with almost certain success growing her off."

At tea-time little cakes or cookies are served, if Janet is home, or knows she will be getting off the set early. I am including a recipe for a rich tea-cooky of the type she favors.

The other four recipes for Janet Gaynor's favorite cakes are included in our monthly recipe leaflet. Fill out the coupon, send it in, and recipes for Janet's Spice Gingerbread, Favorite Fruit Cake, Cheese Tart and Banana Bread are yours! Of course they're FREE—like many other good things in life.

Right here, let us leave Janet Gaynor, and go back to the matter at hand, not nearly so pleasant to talk about but very important for successful home-baking...

There are four major points about baking to be considered. I have only enough room here to go into them very briefly.

THE first is your mixing, of course. Under this heading would come the use of first class ingredients and measuring equipment. (Gracious me, here I am, either my petty hobby again and urging you, as before, to use only standard measuring spoons, standard measuring cups and lots of A1 care. And you, self, with these recipes, will you?)

The second is your oven—including an oven thermometer as part of your cooking equipment. (They can be purchased for as little as 20c.) Another consideration, under this heading, is the correct placing of your baking pans so that they do not touch the sides or bottom of the oven. This insures a free circulation of air during the baking.

A third heading is utensils. A well-equipped baker must include pie pans, layer cake pans, cup cake pans, loaf pans, deep baking dishes for thicker types of cakes, cooly sheets, a regular cooling rack and a cooling cake pan. You must have a pure and room permit, such luxuries as an angel-food pan and a spring form. With that bak-
ing equipment you should be positively inspired!

The fourth heading is the time required for baking. Nowadays baking time generally is included in the recipe directions—I know I try never to omit time requirements from Modern Hostess recipes. But, unfortunately, baking time varies for one reason or another—a different temperature than that called for in the recipe, a different size in cake or pie pans—these are but two of the many possibilities. So, besides watching your clock, you must watch your cake. A five-cent cake tester will be a blessing, too.

Here, then, is a new recipe with which to try out your skill and the truth of my statements. The recipes in the leaflet will make Janet Gaynor's name even more popular with you than ever which is saying a good deal for them, is it not?

**Chocolate Tea Patties**

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 can sweetened condensed milk (1½ cups)
⅔ cup fine graham cracker crumbs
⅕ cup chopped nut meats
½ teaspoon vanilla
A pinch of salt

Melt chocolate over boiling water in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk. Stir and continue cooking over boiling water for 5 minutes until mixture is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat. Roll out enough graham crackers to make ⅔ cup fine crumbs (or put crackers through food grinder). Add cracker crumbs, chopped nut meats, vanilla and salt to chocolate mixture. Blend together thoroughly. Spread to ⅓ inch thickness in well-greased muffin pans. (This will take approximately 1 tablespoonful of batter to each cup). Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). Cool. Makes about 18 patties.

**Quick Date Cake**

½ cup soft butter
2 eggs
⅔ cup milk
1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
⅕ cup sugar
⅖ teaspoon cinnamon
⅙ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ cups brown sugar (packed firmly)
⅔ cup dates, chopped

Allow butter to stand in bowl at room temperature until very soft. Add eggs and milk, sift in the combined flour, baking powder, salt and spices; add sugar and chopped dates. Mix together thoroughly. When mixed, begin beating and beat for 4 minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) until cake shrinks from sides of pan and cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean (40 to 50 minutes). Or turn batter into greased muffin pans or square cake pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes.

**MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES**

**HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

**MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE**

Please send me Janet Gaynor's recipes for May, 1935.

Name
(Print in pencil)
Address
(City)
(Street and Number)

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**THIS GOOD SPAGHETTI! WHERE DID YOU GET THE RECIPE?**

**ILL LET YOU IN ON THE SECRET—IT COMES ALL READY-COOKED**

I'd always felt that no ready-cooked spaghetti could ever come up to the home-cooked kind. But I certainly changed my mind when I tasted Franco-American. What a delicious sauce it has—mine simply can't compare with it. Can you wonder I always serve Franco-American now? It means less work for me and better spaghetti for all of us.”

Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste will tell you how different it is. Its sauce contains eleven different ingredients. Luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . . choice Cheddar cheese . . . delicately piquant spices and seasonings . . . blended by the skilled hand of the trained chef into a delectably smooth, rich, savory sauce that good home cooks declare is the best they ever tasted.

No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve. Saves time and money, too. You never pay more than ten cents for a can holding three to four portions—less than it costs to buy dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home!
Garbo Vas Dere

(Continued from page 32)

She must have told a dozen others the same thing.

Irritated, I inquired what would happen.

"Oh, I can't tell you over the phone," she replied, breathlessly, "but I'm so excited I can hardly wait. I'm taking a party of stars to see it all and you'll be sorry you didn't show up. Don't say I didn't warn you."

As the afternoon wore on I became hungry. "I thought you were a writer," one of mine admonished me to be there. I called the maître d'hôtel and asked him what was coming off.

"No after reading," he said. "The usual Friday night crowd. Not many reservations so far."

A flurry of telephone warnings kept me busy all afternoon. I called him again.

"Say," he said, with high elation, "I don't know what has happened. The house is sold out, more than New Year's Eve. Everybody is here or on the way. Joan Bennett, Alice White, Lupe and Johnny, the Joe E. Browns, Peggy Fears," he rattled the names off as a rapid-fire.

I checked my camera equipment and rushed over. The place was filled with celebrities.

The guests were nervous, more so than the employees. They eyed each newcomer with eager expectancy. Some jumped from their tables every few minutes to run outside and inspect one of the doormen or hat check girls, in a decided whisper, "Has she arrived yet?"

All this secrecy was getting too much for talk.

"Has who come?" I asked the hat check girl, rather disgustedly.

She flashed me a look of disastisfied surprise. "Haven't you heard? Garbo is due at ten-thirty."

"Phooey," says I, with as much nonchalance as I could muster, and hung up.

Then Felixe Rolo came. He is the wealthy Egyptian who escorted Dietrich places for so long, and incidentally boxed Huwoods. His car, a Prince, was here.

He said to the proprietor, "When she comes I want a guard stationed near our table to keep people away. I want the hordes of fans who treat her as if they were accustomed to waiting on her every day.

I want her visit to be enjoyable in every way. It is my plan."

I thought there would be a catch, and there is a strong possibility that she may not, then I don't want it mentioned that she was scared away, but rather that she comes here all the time. Don't inform any newspapers (there were eight different press representatives in the house at the time waiting for the big moment) under any circumstances."

The owner agreed.

I Stubbornly refused to believe and parked my camera behind some window drapes, which I later regretted.

Garbo arrived in Hollywood looking like a mop of hair. She was dressed in a gray, tailored suit, covered by a light, loose polo coat. The veil grazed her head. Her hair was combed straight as in "Queen Christina." And we with-
out a camera! I could have kicked myself.

The station attendant shouted to me, "Garbo ain't comin', is she?"

I "shushed" him as best I could, making grimaces with my face, trying to warn him that she stood at his elbow.

But she had heard his remark and walked hurriedly toward her car. My heart sank as I saw the last shimmering hope of a picture going away from me.

She planted one foot on the running board and resorted to woman's oldest artifice—prayer. She dashed carelessly here and there at her face in the meager light of the car. Salka took her by the hand and led her into the café. I followed at a discreet distance.

At this point, few inside believed that she was coming. The nervous tension had eased up. The house was gay and happily boisterous. As she appeared in the inner doorway to the room a hushed silence fell over the place. Alice White's eyes almost popped out of her head; Joe E. Brown's mouth snapped shut and for once the incessant chattering of Lupe came to a stop, while Johnny just grumbled something and went on about the serious business of eating. The eyes of Joan Bennett, Dietrich, Fears, Marian Nixon, the Chico Marx, everybody in fact, was directed to the table in the center of the floor. GARBO HAD ARRIVED!

She made her way to the table with the utmost ease, apparently unaware of the turore she had created. She and her party joined Felixe Rolo, accompanied by Princess Natalie Paley, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. A few feet away Dietrich sat with an old friend and admirer of Garbo's, Fritz Lang. Despite all assertions to the contrary, she nodded recognition and smiled graciously in Dietrich's direction. She smiled at many others as if she had known them for a long time. Perhaps it was only a lovely gesture to let them know she had seen their work on the screen, but she smiled. She chatted animatedly, laughed freely, smoked almost constantly. During the course of the evening she shook her head negatively to profferers of dancing. The only actual words I heard her express were when someone made a suggestion that she might like to leave and she replied, "Oh, no. Not yet. I'm really enjoying myself."

THE management prevailed upon Frank Langford to sing "Night and Day," to which Garbo responded with much applause.

From the moment she arrived until she departed, my eyes never left Garbo's face. While I enjoyed every moment and considered myself pretty lucky to have seen her, nevertheless I realized that, after all, Garbo is no different from other stars whom we see every day.

Her chauffeur sent word at two-thirty a.m. that the car was ready. It rushed around to the back exit, setting my camera distance as I ran. Fortune favored me, so I thought, by placing a huge, empty wine barrel within ten feet of her car door, where she would have to face me to enter. This was an erroneous impression for fate decreed otherwise. As she left by way of the fire escape, one overanxious cameraman leaped out of the darkness and ran toward her. She saw him in time to cover her face. As she struggled with the door handle I fired my flash and the barrel collapsed simultaneous, leaving me sprawled on the ground at her feet. As Garbo vanished into the night, four weary cameramen scurried toward dark rooms to see how much of her Royal Ladyship had been captured for posterity on photographic plates.
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Modern Screens Movie Scoreboard
(Continued from page 15)
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Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(Continued from page 45)

final list—is set forth in the box containing the rules on page 44. This list completes the total of fifteen picture titles.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month’s list, three from the list in the issue before that, and three from this month’s list. That makes nine in all. You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen. You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

We have asked you, in the two preceding installments of this contest, to keep each list until you have completed the contest. If you misunderstood and have already sent in the previous installments, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don’t use more. The words “I,” “a,” and “the” will not count. Aside from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a real music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have someone—may we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience with some of the great song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having your lyric sung from the screen.

You stand just as good a chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of $250; the second prize of $100; the third prize of $50; the fourth prize of $25; one of the five fifth prizes of $10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of $5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description. BUT—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not win one of the prizes—that depends upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above requirements. The special honor reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set to music and everything—in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set, until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the Modern-Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 13, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon receipt of your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same.

Send all entries and lyrics to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of Modern Screen and employees of Warner Brothers-First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of Modern Screen and Julius Witmark.

Please do not send elaborate, pretentious entries. They stand no better chance of winning a prize than accurate, simple entries. Neatness is important, of course.
Pretty on the TABLE... and grand for BAKING in the OVEN

Y ES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handled casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand oven heat.

So bake in them... pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in a Five, Ten or Dollar Store, look over OvenServe dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't use with any other table dishes... use them in the oven!

One Girl's Hopeless Love for Bill Powell

(Continued from page 27)

the house. Sherrill also thought that it was Gracely's own subrange that she had been told about earlier. Bill thought that the house was a little too big and that the landscaping was not quite what he had anticipated.

Bill had heard that the house was being sold by the owner's family. He decided to take a look at it. When he arrived, he was surprised to find that the interior was not quite what he had expected. It was more like a hotel lobby than a private residence. Bill thought that it was a little too formal, and that the decor was a little too grand. He decided that he would not be interested in buying the house.

Bill's friend, who had also been interested in buying the house, found it to be very disappointing. He thought that the house was too big, and that the location was not quite right. He decided that he would not be interested in buying the house.

Bill and his friend both decided that the house was not quite right for them, and that they would not be interested in buying it. They decided to look for a house that was more suitable for their needs.
wall in vain! Flattery was a useless weapon. Bill was immune. He always flattered the other person just a little more than he was flattered. With his tongue in his cheek. Then—that time just before she left for New York. In a rowboat off Laguna. That heavenly half-hour when the ocean was changed into claret. . . . She wanted to say something then. . . . To prod him, but she didn't. Bill was the type who had to make up his own mind. No. A woman would never know just how much he cared for her until he asked her to marry him. Only then would she fully enter that secret life which he had. The secret life which must hold rentful worries about tomorrow while he enjoys today.

Well, Georgia reflected sadly, even if she had been excluded from so much of this, it at least was worth a try. Bill was not a man to give himself up to conquests. And a man who really loves, seldom expresses that emotion in empty words. For a moment, she thought wildly, "Perhaps— I haven't failed. Perhaps it needs time!"

Valerie was on her feet. Bill was dashing across the lawn letting his old robe fall off behind him. "Beat you into the pool," yelled Bill. Two lithe bodies plunged in simultaneously. Georgia pulled up on her cap. "Be content, old girl," she chided her- self firmly. "There's no perhaps. And Bill makes a dandy friend."

Good News

(Continued from page 41)

is made of shining copper, and decorated in scarlet and black, while the bottles are of every shape, size and color. Mary Ellis, the star of the picture, was heard to moan on seeing the display, "Bottles, bottles, everywhere—and not a drop to drink!"

Wouldn't you expect a stony-faced, ultra correct valet of English extract to be hovering in George Raft's background? Wrong again! George is shadowed by a small cubed boy in sloppy overalls and sweater, who is squatting on his kingly head, who attends to all the gentleman's wants. Sambo was hanging around the studio gates one day and George was so attracted by his amiable toothy grin that he hired him on the spot. "Ah shu null had a rabbit foot in mah pocket dat day!" says Sambo, rolling his chocolate eyes.

"Go West young man" is easy advice to follow for any man after seeing the beauteous Mae. But in the star's recent picture even an elephant became enamoured of her! Sneaking up under her one day, he elicited her with his trunk and swung her high into the air. Mae was quite composed when finally set on terra firma, only remarking pleasantly, "Just try that one more, baby, and I'll break every bone in your body."

And did you know that the public's palsy-walsy is actually trying to out-Garbo "Garbo"? Yep—Mae will have no one on her set while emoting, any more. Says she's getting too bashful!

No wonder Joe Morrison gets ahead with such leaps and bounds—he's always on the jump! The fall is swell example for the perpetual motion theorists, too, aside from his present important position as a feminine pulp-story hero. On the "Small Miracle" set Joe was busy every minute, singing, running up and down steps, tap-dancing, doing all kinds of gymnastics, talking and laughing—and always chewing on him. And if you want to see a team which we feel justified in calling "cute," see Joe and little Helen Mack together. Helen, by the way, married Charles Irwin recently.

"Who's afraid of the big baboon, the big baboon," caroled the cast of a recent picture at Paramount, where said baboon, securely caged, was waiting to appear in a picture with Carole Lombard. But one day there was no singing—every one was too busy climbing adjacent trees. Seems that while the trainer was lost in admiration of Carole, the wily animal decided to have some fun. Being a creature of initiative, he loosened the catch on his cage, and then it began! For his first playmates he chose two portly ladies who were visiting on the set, and gaily chased them all over the lot before he was finally corralled. Which all clears up the whys and wherefores that visitors ask nowadays when they have to sign a statement that the studio is not responsible for any ill effects suffered while looking about.

Wild Indians may be a thing of the past, but scatology is still prevalent in Hollywood! You ain't no more stunned than we were on seeing the gentle art revived. It happened to Henry Wilcoxon, whom we were admiring while a hair-dresser arranged his blond locks for a scene in the "Crucades." Suddenly a shrill call came for him from the set. He leaped up and rushed off—and we were that amazed to see those blond locks dangling from the hair-dresser's hands!

Jean Arthur's capital has gone up, but her stock's hit a new low out at Columbia, since a recent pool was made up among the studio workers—electricians, script girls and extras, among others. Jean was the lucky winner of fifty dollars, and promised the whole gang a real blow-out as she tucked the booty into her purse. So, all in the party mood, the gang waited and waited—and waited. Finally, someone stopped her on the lot and asked about her party plans. "Party?" inquired Miss Arthur, perplexed, "Why, I've never mentioned a word about a party!"

Rejoice, all you Tom Mix fans! For the handsome, fearless hero of many a "wild western" is planning to stage a comeback. Tom has been financially embarrassed for the past year, due to spending all his for-
NOW the season's NEWEST UNUSUAL PARIS COLORS for old frocks
Shades never possible before in tinting and dyeing

FREE furnishing could be remarkable, yet some of you've heard about the glistening letters T. M.!

Our cameraman was attending the preview of "All the King's Horses," and Carl Brisson's new picture; both evening, when the small boy next to him tugged at his sleeve. "Y'know," he whispered, "these sure are swell seats, ain't they? I never sit in preview seats afore, have you?"

Scotty admitted he had, but asked the boy how he happened to come by this honor. "Well, y'see," came the confidential whisper, "Mr. Brisson told me I could sit here, so's I could start the applause when he shows up. "Course," he added hastily, "I promised I wouldn't tell nobody — and I won't neither."

In his private dining-room adjoining the dressing-rooms at M-G-M, Louis Mayer was entertaining some distinguished guests for luncheon. His final hospitable gesture was to invite Jeanette MacDonald to wobble a few notes for the party. She selected an aria from "La Boheme," and on reaching the chorus, a rich baritone voice joined in the singing—seemingly pouring from the walls! On investigation it developed that Nelson Eddy's dressing-room was next door.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 47)

The youngest Young steps out. Georgianna Young with sister Sally Blane and Monte Bell at the Opera.

tune on monograms. Shirts, shorts, houses, horses, automobiles and airplanes—all bore the glistening letters T. M.!

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The photography is remarkable, showing the best pictures of stunt flying and war maneuvers that we've ever seen.

★★★ The Good Fairy
(Universal)

To be sure, it's a little on the "whimsy" side, but this picture is so rapidly paced and boasts such excellent characterizations that its decidedly fairy-tale tone is somehow lost in the shuffle of probable reality. It is the one about an orphan, just emerged from the protective asylum, intent upon doing the good deed she has long been trained to perform.

Cinderella, herself, was never thrown into such a contradictory wonder world of men, some of whom mean no good by a gal and others who are overanxious to lend protection! First acting honors go to Frank Morgan as the wolf in millionaires' clothing, although Reginald Owen, Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall all give splendid accounts of themselves,
Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".

says FRANCES WILLIAMS

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . glamorous . . . appealing . . . compelling . . . call it what you will—I prefer it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show you the way to glamour!

FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

PARK & TILFORD
**MODERN SCREEN**

**My 15¢ CLOPAY New Shades**

Surely Gave Me One Big Money’s Worth!

---

I’ve found that the brilliantly colored CLOPAY window shades are the only way to go, and if they’re as beautiful as these, it’s a bargain at any price.

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The picture is replete with excitement and laughter. The story is just as it should be: simple and unpretentious, with a touch of the unexpected.

---

**Naughty Marietta**

(M-G-M)

When a picture is as good as this one, it is difficult to review. Everything concerning “Naughty Marietta” is so perfect, the acting, the music, the singing, and the dancing, that the only thing to do is enjoy the picture.

---

**The Wedding Night**

(Samuel Goldwyn)

Insofar as plot is concerned, this story seems like a hangover from the Scott Fitzgerald days, when the giddy young man tosses off cocktails and highballs like they were so cheap. However, the acting and direction are good, and the story is well told.

---

**Folies Bergère**

(Twentieth Century)

Glamor, glitter, girls and Chevalier: that’s Folies Bergère! And let it be said that the gentleman from Paris hasn’t fared so well cinematically in many a movie now. Yes, Maurice has come back and in a sure-fire dual role, which gives him every chance to shine, clawn, and excite his famous charm. The story is as light and frothy as a five-star hotel, and the morning-after effect. It’s all good fun—most of it, too. There are divine dancing routines staged by Dave Gould and Ziegfeld and plenty of cuts, for much of the plot is laid backstage at France’s favorite girl show. Ann Sothern is splendid as the temptress, and Thomas Meighan is the star of the Folies (Chevalier). She doesn’t believe in sparing the rod—indeed, this scene small, pinched, and memorable—she allows her to be recalcitrant. Merle Oberon, made up to look like a celebration in Chinitown, is seen as the other woman. Wotta woman! If this is excitement, let us root for the blue-ashed ingenue. But the picture is fun and exciting and colorful.
KINGS COLOR MAGIC TO EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC

keeps Your Wardrobe and Home Decorations p-to-the Minute in Color-Smartness

The millions of smart women who are never without Tintex in their homes have learned this vital fact: Tintex Tints and Dyes give you the color you want... when you want it...where you want it!

Tintex always gives professional tinting and dyeing results... in a jiffy... without muss, fuss, or bother. Simply “tint as you rinse” and Tintex brings fashion’s latest colors... or restores faded colors... to everything in your wardrobe...or home decorations. Try Tintex today! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes...
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women INSIST ON TINTEX

Tintex The World’s Largest Selling TINTS & DYRES

Tintex KEEPS "UNIFORMS" BRIGHT AND GAY
All your family undertakings... babygowns... undergarments... negligees... slips... dresses... so easy to keep color-fresh, color-view with Tintex.

Tintex KEEPS APPAREL SMART-WITH-COLOR
Tintex brings the latest fashions to your entire wardrobe... dresses, blouses, sweaters, slips, stockings... for men... children... to everything in your wardrobe and home decorations.

Tintex KEEPS YOUR HOME DECORATIONS NEW
Your curtains, drapes, head- and table coverings... towels... anything... can be renewed... every time... so easy to keep up-to-the minute in color-smartness with magic Tintex.

WHEN TO USE TINTEX COLOR REMOVER
Whenever you want to change a dark-colored fabric... or a light one... Tintex Color Remover. It removes all the old color... the color you wish with Tintex.
MODERN SCREEN

BABIES BY THE THOUSAND

HAVE THRONED ON

GERBER'S STRAINED VEGETABLES

Six years ago Gerber began saving young mothers hours of daily tiring work...began giving babies strained vegetables richer in vitamins and minerals, more scientifically prepared than home equipment permits.

This year's babies have a special treat in store. They'll find Gerber's Strained Vegetables finer than ever in flavor...fresher-tasting, brighter in color, more uniformly cooked because of Shaker-Cooking, an exclusive new Gerber process that shortens cooking time 50% to 60%.

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are specially grown—fresher, richer in vitamins. Air-excluding equipment further protects vitamins. Moisture regulation conserves mineral salts. Straining is through monel metal screens, five times as fine as kitchen sieves. Gerber's Strained Vegetables are unserves. Serve as they are or season slightly if the doctor directs.

Strained Tomatoes...Green Beans...Peanut Soup...Canned Peas...Green Peas...Spinach...4½ oz. cans. Strained Celery...10½ oz. cans.

Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

MOTHERS! Send for these helpful books, "Baby's Book"—practical information on daily care of baby, by Harriet Davis, R. N., "Mealtime Psychology," by Eillian B. Storms, Ph. D.—widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical suggestions in developing normal eating habits.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY

FRIMONT, MICHIGAN

(In Canada: Grown and Processed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.)

Check book wanted: 


Car 99 (Paramount)

Here is a thriller and, while it may have been designed to give the young boys a treat, everyone is going to share in and enjoy the excitement. It's all about the operations of Michigan State Police, how they get their man and how Old Man Law will catch up with you if you have anything in your past or present that warrants being caught up with.

The picture gives you an opportunity to see Sir Guy Standing in the role of a smooth, confident, cruel master mind of a criminal. He can burn thousands of dollars worth of marketable goods—without risking his life. And he and his pals come to a bad end, thanks to one Fred MacMurray, who saves the day and wins the girl. There is a thrilling automobile-motorcycle race to make the blood chuff up and down your spine and the performances of Standing and MacMurray, an excellent characterization of a dull-witted sheriff, played by Frank Craven, that is calculated to entertain you.

The Devil Is a Woman

The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)

If the outcome of this celluloid opera doesn't come as a shock to both Marlene Dietrich and the Powers That Be over Paramount way that the star needs another director—or perhaps merely a director—well then you'll never believe in Sternberg. He's responsible for the indifferent direction and the excellent photography of this picture. As a cameraman, Joe is something to cheer about, but as a megaphone-wielder—the less said the kindlier. Once again, he has subserviated everything—plot, characterization—to endless sequences of pictorial effects.

La Dietrich is gotten up like something you warn your son against at sixteen—a frowzy little number you would think that any man with the intelligence of a Lionel Atwill would run from and not towards. But, for the purposes of plot (if any) Atwill runs himself over her. Caesar Romero, handsome, personable and talented, is about to do likewise as "fins" is written to this dull piece. Poor Marlene!

Vanessa

If, once in a while, you enjoy a good cry—but a good one—here is your meat and gravy, with perhaps a vegetable or two for good measure. The result was, undoubtedly fashioned for women who weep. It is a love story—love, suffering; love, enduring; love, triumphant and just plain love.

Helen Hayes plays the title role, that of a young woman who knows her man and, despite advice, sticks to him. Through a misunderstanding their ultimate marriage is delayed until the final sequence. There are several sacrifices to be made and impulsive moral debasements. There is the hasty hasty marriage to be undone and the heroine's obligations to her insane husband. Well, you at least get the idea, by now. Miss Hayes, as usual, is excellent—sincere, direct and convincing, may turns in a good performance. Bob Montgomery is better than adequate.

Car 99 (Paramount)

Here is a thriller and, while it may have been designed to give the young boys a treat, everyone is going to share in and enjoy the excitement. It's all about the operations of Michigan State Police, how they get their man and how Old Man Law will catch up with you if you have anything in your past or present that warrants being caught up with.

The picture gives you an opportunity to see Sir Guy Standing in the role of a smooth, confident, cruel master mind of a criminal. He can burn thousands of dollars worth of marketable goods—without risking his life. And he and his pals come to a bad end, thanks to one Fred MacMurray, who saves the day and wins the girl. There is a thrilling automobile-motorcycle race to make the blood chuff up and down your spine and the performances of Standing and MacMurray, an excellent characterization of a dull-witted sheriff, played by Frank Craven, that is calculated to entertain you.

The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)

If this thriller doesn't make your blood run cold, you can give yourself credit for cast-iron nerves. For these murders aren't committed by such trite methods as guns or strangling, but mysteriously administered doses of poisons does the Philo-Vancing for this unhappy situation. Very efficiently he manages his identum too, but getting him is an unexpected emotional entanglement.

An excellent setting for the strange occurrences is the wealthy family, with its complement of butlers, maids, cooks, uncles, aunts and servants—any one of whom might be suspected of ulterior motives. Alison Skipworth is splendid as the dumbering mother, and Russell makes a lovely, harassed secretary, while Donald Cook and Isabel Jewell are outstanding as the spoiled offspring.

Mississippi (Paramount)

Somewho, it all seems like a bad dream and we heartily wish, for the sakes of director, players and producers, it was. But no, there is "Mississippi" right up there on the screen for the fan to contemplate its tangibility! There is Bing Crosby "stooging" for W. C. Fields, and poor Bill Fields doing what he can with sets of hopeless, time-worn gags and little Queenie Smith, recruited from the New York stage, wins as a comedienne, she is something to reckon with, permitted to do nothing. Joan Bennett is as graceful as a young mother—and just as successful—and even Rogers and Hart didn't come through here—and the famous "Swanee River," warbled rather effectively by Bing.

West Point of the Air (M-G-M)

Seems like the studio execs can't keep their feet on the ground anymore when selecting stories, when they are not in a piration tale! But from the flying start to the final happy landing, this one is good entertaining if a little emotional devices—triangular passions and patriotic fervor. Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone are the fond fathers of two bumbling airmen and give such convincing performances. Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Rosalind Russell manage the heart-involving quite capably. Hal Holbrook is the army school locale where West Point men come for their aviation training. The photograph of air activities is really behind, with some thrilling escapes that will ship up the most sluggish blood pressure and make every last one of you yearn to don a snappy uniform and do a little oversaults and swan dives up in the ozone. This picture is as good an antidote as we can suggest for "that tired feeling."
Especially for Redheads

(Continued from page 43)

something is unjust that I always end up by having my intensity act as a boomerang. We redheads start out being the heroes of a fight but end up being the detested heavy—the real villain of the piece!

Can't you see some of the youthful Carroll emotion and vim being interpreted as over-zealousness and downright temperament? Can't you imagine the fiery red hair adding an extra emphasis to any point? I asked her if she felt her red hair had caused her unhappiness. She said yes. She feels that she has been frightened into losing much of her native Irish spirit. She feels that the many unkind jibes about her temperament have caused her to check her emotional, volatile spirit with the result that she appears less colorful and dynamic upon the screen.

"I seem to play roles now in which I worry about everyone in the story. If I am not looking out for my little brother or an aging father, I am trying to untangle some other difficulty. I like gay parts, light comedy in which I can express the person I really am."

She is a gay soul, just made for parts that call for light, skillful comedy. Let's hop back now that she is singing a come-back, (you'll see her soon in "I'll Love You Always") that producers will appreciate this side of her.

EVEN though Nancy is a natural redhead—she has been a blonde and brunette, too! And here is where her story takes an unusual twist. Nancy is an individualist, she believes in doing what she wants regardless of silly criticism. Haven't you felt that you could make a magic change in your life if you could just become another person for awhile? The same feeling of change struck Nancy Carroll. Right at a time when things weren't running so smoothly and she was beginning to feel that her red hair wasn't such a crowning glory after all, she decided to become a blonde. So off to the hairdresser she trotted—she does everything impetuously and worries later. She emerged a blonde.

"I didn't notice that my change from redhead to blonde made such a difference with people who knew me well, but the change in the attitude of people who didn't know me was amazing. Especially among the men. They became so solicitous, they wanted to wait on me, protect me. No one ever bothered to protect red-haired Nancy Carroll, I can tell you; she could fight her own battles was the thought. I never experienced such a lovely, lulling feeling—I could feel myself mentally relaxing, not wanting to express myself quite so forcefully. In fact, I felt sweet! A sissy.

"One of the most amusing experiences I had when I was a blonde was in a golf tournament. A prominent society woman, who is an expert golfer, was instructing a group of us on our weak points. Turning to me, she said, "Now here's a little girl who will make a grand golfer. She has an easy swing and no temper. Needless to say, she had never heard of Nancy Carroll!"

Even Nancy's husband felt that she was somehow different as a blonde. "He hated my blonde hair," Nancy explained, "He didn't complain about it but I knew that he thought it unbecoming, unlike me. Then one evening, when we were out dancing, I made some little complimentary

"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!!"

"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking glass! (I'm looking very well today).... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"

"Hi, Aunt Patty! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or ollis-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick & New York

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remark to him. He stood away from me, viewed me with surprise and made the astonishing remark, "Now I know why I don't like you as a blonde, Nancy. I don't believe you when you say such sweet nothings. I keep thinking you are just giving me a line! You don't seem like yourself."

And that was when Nancy hastened back to the hairdresser to return to her own natural coloring!

A YEAR or so later, the need for change struck Nancy again—she loves change in everything. Her nature doesn't enjoy any very static state. This time it was jet black hair. Nancy said she looked like a hybrid. Not daunted by its peculiar hue, the first thing she did upon emerging from the dye, was to go shopping for every wild color she had never been able to wear as a redhead. Cerise and pink headed the list. However, people told her she looked demure and the Carroll individuality couldn't stand that. So, back to red again—and red it stays.

And here is a thought from Nancy who has been blonde and brunette but is red-headed. "Whenever boredom with yourself becomes too much to bear, go ahead and change your type. If you decide to dye your hair, be sure to go to an expert and have it done gradually so that your hair won't suffer. And be more than sure that you are brave enough to suffer the consequences of its growing back to its normal color when you are tired of the dyed shade."

In the matter of make-up, Nancy advocates the following for redheads. Use a yellowish powder, one on the yellow-copper side, this to tone down the blue-whiteness of the skin nearly all natural reddish reds possess in an orange-red lipstick. And wear colors so neutral in themselves that they make your hair stand out in contrast. Beige and brown are two of her favorites. She never wears more than two colors at a time.

Nancy's going to click again in Hollywood—and when she does it will be because of that bright red hair and the gay, fiery spirit that goes with it. Nancy's a redhead, all dye pots and experimental changes to the contrary, and Hollywood wants more of them,

I Bet I Stay Married

(Continued from page 60)

sort of raised my parents and that's one reason I thought I'd never get married. We are just a part of one another. I remember bringing them up. I'd tell mother, 'Now, father didn't mean that, mother. He'll go,' and then I'd tell father, 'Well, I don't know what I'm talking about.'

"Of course, they quarreled. Any family that doesn't quarrel must get awful bored with each other. Only Ronni, my husband, has the disposition of any of the rest of us. He couldn't live with me if he hadn't. It's awful hard to quarrel with Ronni. He won't! He just goes out and slams the door as if he's had enough of what I'm saying.

"But you understand about my mother and father and me? They were so young. And I was, too. So we all grew up together. And I thought they were all the family I'd ever have and they were enough—"

"I was goin' with another boy and he introduced me to Ronni. I thought he was awful good lookin' and dignified. And he asked me if I would go out with him and I said 'yes' and then he never took me out!"

"Late in October, two years ago, he gave a dance party. Six couples. He took Rochelle Hudson and I went with the other boy. When we danced, he asked me again to go out and I said 'yes' but he'd asked me before and then never done it. And he said he didn't think I meant it. I was in movies and all that sort of thing. But I told him, Ronni always meant what I said. And I do.

"I was working and somehow we couldn't get together. Until one night, at ten o'clock and just for awhile."

"My father was in Europe and, of course, I couldn't see too much of Ronni, anyway, until I left. What father thought about it. When he came home, I mentioned Ronni and father said, 'Oh, yes, I remember him. A nice person. I liked him.'"

So that was all right. But I was still working and we didn't get together.

THEN father and mother decided to take me to the movies for New Year's Eve to get me away. I'd been working awful hard. The only thing Ronni worries about now is I work so hard. He's afraid I can't stand it. But I have the constitution of an ox for which I am very thankful."

And father said, 'Why don't you ask that nice young chap, Ronni Burla (and please spell his name right. It isn't Burt- lapa to go along with your Ron.) And I told him and he called a lot going down and sort of decided we'd like to get married the next spring. And we wondered how we could tell father. And then I said, oh, I forgot. We changed our plans and went to Coronado. Father said, 'Now, your mother and I can see you two want to get married. Why don't you help us celebrate our wedding anniversary and do it?'

"And wait a whole year?' I asked him."

"It will be our wedding anniversary in five minutes. I mean tomorrow,' So we did. In Tia Juana, and Ronni said it looked like a shot-gun wedding with three Merkels on the wedding license. Because, of course, my mother and father were witnesses. And it was sort of fun. We had a bungalow at Coronado and mother and I had one room and father and Ronni the other. And when we came back from Tia Juana, we had to change our luggage all around. And mother and father were right there to help us celebrate our honeymoon. Only we didn't have much time. We had to come back to Hollywood the next day and an agent came in that evening and studied me up and I didn't have much chance to talk to me.

"And we thought we would keep it a secret. But we stopped on the way back to buy some fruit and we read it in the newspapers.

"And then, you see, after we were married I didn't get a lot of time to go shopping. And we still are. (She knocked on wood.)"

"Oh, I forgot. We went right in the stores and I was awful married because we hadn't told his mother and father. We went right up to see them and explained we intended to keep it a secret as much as we could. And we did it! I just can't stand it. But when Ronni's mother served us tea, I just shut my eye and swallowed hard. I was just determined to make a good im-
pression on her.

"In a week, we had bought a big house and all moved into it. I love it.

"Oh, no, it's nice having two families. I can't keep house and work all the time. And my mother and father just love Ronni. They take his part. That's a good thing. I would get awfully indignant if they didn't."

"He always falls upstairs. And I'm always getting awfully mad at him for that. He was an aviator, you know, and he's always goin' around with his head sort of in the clouds."

"Oh, yes, he went to college. Several. I don't quite understand whether he changed his mind or was kicked out or what. You see, he went to Stanford and then to some college in Oregon to take aviation and right away he was almost teachin' aviation. He was in Mexico City for two years; head of an aviation field. Then he was in a smash-up and the oil burned his eyes and he's colorblind so now he's with a steel company and they're training him to be a junior engineer.

CERTAINLY we are going to have children. My father is German and my mother is French and Irish, from New Orleans. Ronni's mother and father were Swedish, Spanish and French. His grandfather was really a Basque. So I don't know what our children will be. Probably explosions! And Ronni says we've got to have triplets so there'll be one left over for us. My mother and father will have to have one, and his mother and father. So I've just got to have triplets, but not until I can give them a little personal attention.

"Oh, no, he doesn't have a thing to do with taking care of my money. Nor my mother or father, either. I do that. I have little books—they cost a nickel—and I have every cent I ever earned in them. From the first five dollars I made posing. And until just a little while ago I had every cent I ever spent in them, too. Now, I don't put in very little item that I spend but I do put in everything I make. And nobody else takes care of anything for me. And they never interfere.

"Oh, yes, I posed. I posed because I thought I might meet some theatrical people that way. You see, I didn't know anything. But so many had started by posing. So I posed for pictures for the true story magazines and I always tried to get the serials because they lasted longer. I was 'the little country girl betrayed by the big city man.' I've been betrayed more times!

"I've always worked awful hard. Even at being betrayed. But I guess I'd work until my legs crumpled beneath me. But when I complain to my mother and father and Ronni, they say, 'If the studio didn't call you for three days, you'd be telephoning the casting office to see what is the matter.' I guess they're right. They usually are. Although I don't always admit it like this. Not when I'm talking to them.

"And I don't see why he married me. Because he just loves to swim and play golf and ride polo ponies and tennis. And I just hate them. Oh, I like to swim. Ronni would laugh at that. I went in once last summer.

"And he's a wonderful dancer. At least, they tell me he is. I don't care for it much and I'm not good on a dance floor. I guess I'll rent him around to the girls who like dancing. So you see, we don't fit, exactly, as people are supposed to who stay married. But if I weren't so superstitious I'd bet we are going to stay married even though I am a motion picture actress. He really doesn't mind that. And I don't either."

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Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

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New!

AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA
that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question. — *Louise Ross*

**MODERN SCREEN**

**A Little Child Shall Lead Them by the Nose**

*(Continued from page 59)*

minute intervals she made her reports to the worried train crew. "It's still breathing." Gracie would whisper through the door and the word "the" like lightning from baggage coach to club room. "It made a funny noise. "It yawned." It hissed in Ohio," went out the reports.

Waiting in New York was George and a reception committee including Jack Benny, the baby's new nurse, everyone, in fact, but Gracie's brother who couldn't try the handcuffs off in time to make it.

Gracly, Gracie descended the train steps with Sandy in the basket over her arm. And then a terrible thing happened.

The baby sneezed.

"Oh, now it's ruined," Gracie moaned while everyone tried to locate Sandy in her suitcase. From that moment on, life for the Burns received one, long, sad trek in search of Sandy—first once cozy room—next fast and tasty dinners had been prepared in the Burnses' kitchenette, only milk bottles were now prepared. "Out," the nurse would command the cook. "I need this kitchenette for Sandy's milk bottles." And George and Gracie would creep out to the nearest tea room.

When Gracie and George reached the ripe old age of six months, the Burnses arrived in Hollywood to make "Love in Bloom," which Gracie insisted be called "Love in Rubber Bloomers" for Sandy. Suddenly, George and Gracie found Sandy the center of attraction, while they were invited to take a hard seat in the living room. "A day?" friends would ask over the phone. And if Sandy felt like receiving, the Burnses saw their friends. If instead, Sandy wanted to "spit" up her milk alone and in peace, George and Gracie remained alone, completely ignored.

The nurse, to George's bewilderment, immediately became Sandy's mouthpiece.

"And how are we feeling this morning?" George would ask Sandy each morning. "Oh, we're feeling fine, thank you." the nurse would say, which just mixed up George more than ever.

"And how did you sleep, honey?" George would ask Sandy, taking hold of her little pink toe.

"Oh, we slept fine and don't play with our toothies," would come from the nurse, while George would reel out of the room in a stupor.

"Why, Sandy, you didn't drink all your milk," Gracie said one day. "You won't grow nice and fat if you don't drink your milk."

"I know we won't," the nurse pipes up.

"That's just what I've been telling her. If it grows, take our little we won't be rosy like W. C. Fields. I'll bet he always takes his bottle." And even Gracie felt that somewhere, something was wrong. But what?

A LOUD clamor in the hallway of their very exclusive apartment grew louder and louder. George and Gracie one day on their return from the studio. "I'll have you know we're Sandy Burnses," that's who I'll have you know we are," the nurse's angry voice cried.

"What is this? What's going on here?" George asked.

"Him," the nurse pointed to the assistant manager of the apartment house who stood by nervously wiping his forehead. "Wanting Sandy and me to go down the service elevator in our baby buggy. We're paying guests, I'll have him know, and we'll go down no freight elevator or out no back door. If dogs ride in these elevators and stand in the lobby, then out come, in Sandy," and into the elevator popped Miss Sandy Burns in her carriage, with her instant nurse.

Then came George's birthday with the cake and the presents and the invited guests. All dressed up, with a blue ribbon tied around six little hairs, Sandy made her appearance. She eyed George curiously. "Da, da, da, da, da," she gurgled and that was enough. Like a mad George tore through the apartment house rapping on doors and calling through transoms. "It's my birthday and she called me 'da da.' She knows me," he yelped.

The jealousy that goes on these days among Hollywood parents is one for the book and, have no fear, Gracie is top-notch among them all. "Poor Bing Crosby," Gracie will say, "even when his new baby arrived he was like a grandpa to a girl. And anyhow our Sandy is twice as smart as the Crosby twins."

"Quiet, Gracie," George will say, "you don't know anything about the Crosby twins."

"Ah, I know, George, but I'm just getting in practice for my sister-in-law, wait till I tell her how much smarter our baby is than hers."

Of course, Hollywood will never get over Sandy, Sandy and Sandy, that came to the studio for George and Gracie to come
Gracie Allen thought "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was about doctors until she and George Burns saw the premiere!

at once, Sandy had a tooth. "Upper or lower?" George kept gasping over the phone. "Upper or lower?"

"What's the difference?" Gracie cried, "I can't sleep on a train anyhow. Let's take a taxi."

Gracie, dressed in a Fatima costume for a scene in her picture, tore from the studio to the apartment. Guests swooned at the sight of a harem skirt swishing through the lobby with a wild-eyed man in pursuit.

"It is. It's a tooth. A real tooth. Now what do we do?" they cried.

"Bring on a newsreel camera," George phoned the studio, "we'll take a newsreel of it."

"No, I want it in technicolor," Gracie cried. "If they can make 'La Cucaracha' in color they can take Sandy's tooth in color."

They're still trying to figure out a way to take a technicolor newsreel of Sandy's tooth with music and a part written in lor Charles Laughton.

Oh dear!

If this happened just once in a lifetime a body could accept it as one of life's many crosses and go on. But no. It's going to happen all over again, for one fine day very soon, George and Gracie are planning on a little baby brother for Sandy. Gracie is busy now saving coupons. And true to form she's got the name long before the baby.

It's to be Alan Burns. "Short," Gracie says, "for Burns and Allen."

And people worry about infatuation and things!

**Becky Sharp**

(Continued from page 55)

visits to Queen's Crawley she had appeared quite captivated by the blonde gov-
ergess.

Becky did not suspect that it was her girlie's scheming which intrigued the re-
doubtable spinster. That Miss Julia was wickedly amused by her mendacious charm.

"The girl hasn't a principle to bless herself with," Miss Crawley chuckled to her outraged elderly companion, Briggs. "That's why I like her!" And, indifferent to the protests of Sir Pitt, she carried Becky off with her to London.

Becky was delighted. Though it was no easy task to cater to the whims of the elderly aristocrat, she felt sure that she contains nothing that is not suitable for a child's delicately-balanced system.

Wait! Spanking may be the wrong prescription

At times a child's behavior may call for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—no!

If your child is unduly fretful, or hard to manage—suspect that something is wrong! Often you will find it is childhood's commonest ailment—constipation.

Give him a laxative, but—be careful! A bad-tasting laxative may upset his whole digestive system. A laxative which may be all right for grown-ups, may do your child more harm than good.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. For it is safe. It is gentle, yet it is thorough. Your doctor will tell you that it con-
had won her heart. Joyously she vis-
ioned herself and Rawdon spending Aunt
Julia's money. And one evening, after
giving the matter careful thought, Becky
slipped out with Rawdon—and they were
married!

Rawdon, too, felt sure that Aunt Julia
would smile on their romance. But when
next day he came to ask her approval save what?
Mr. Crawford disdained him with cruel firmness,
before he could even break the news to her!

"Did you hope to find Becky Sharp at
home?" she asked curtly. "Yes, she
meant to say, and to be in unhe"

Tane was his name. With sinister emphasis.
She's out—gone when I last saw her.
I won't have you look at Becky,
she said, raising her thick-fingered arm.

"Aunt Julia—I assure you—" Rawdon
shivered nervously.

"Don't assure me! I'll assure you!
I have been generous with you. I have paid
your card debts. And I have been amused
at your extravagances on the principles
you have enounced by any calculating little
snip of a menial! The woman you marry
will be a lady of quality.

Rawdon's brow grew ever anxious. Like
one in an unhappy dream, he heard the
fatal words:

"Disobey me and not a penny of mine
will you get! I'll disinherit you!"

And before he could find words to frame
a plea, other visitors had come—Amelia
Sedley, Captain Osborne, and others who
beaten Rawdon in the first race. And
then Briggs burst in to report
that Becky had not come back. Her
beds were empty and a trunk was standing
in her room.

Rawdon paled as his aunt demanded to
see the contents of the trunk. But he
dared not assert his rights, as Becky's
husband, or her lover. He watch the rifling of
the trunk.

How bitter life could be, Becky thought
passionately, when you were an underling!
That Miss Crawford should dare to open the
trunk! To pass from hand to curiously
hand its treasured contents! She had
opened the trunk and seemed to be
bewitched but by the extraordinary scene.

Brown had Miss Alex
explained, over a pair of sequined
tights, "Her mother must have been a
French dancer; now you may be a ballet dancer.
Her father was a third-rate painter fel-
low—brought her up in poverty." Miss
Rawdon's outraged protest, "I don't
believe a word of it!"

BELIEVE IT, Captain Crawford!" With
icy dignity Becky advanced toward the
group. "Believe anything—" Her
eyes blazed. "But these relics—they
are mine! No hands are to touch them
but my own!" She sighed with tragic

"Yes, my mother was a dancer.
But she was an aristocrat. The finest
blood of France. Exiled. Her fortune
from her. Yes, she dreamed to tend
her—her only child!" She stole
a glance at her audience, observing beneath
their hostile curiosity a grudging willing-
ness to believe. Do you know what
voice shook with suppressed sobs, "why
I treasure these things that remind me
of my sainted mother?"

Touched, Miss Crawford and Amelia
moved toward her. But as if unaware
of them, her eyes glazed with tears, Becky
walked past out of the room, closing the
door behind her.

As she mounted the long staircase, Raw-
don overtook her. "Becky!" He clapped
her in his arm, followed her into the
room, closing the door behind her.

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"As she mounted the long staircase, Raw-
don overtook her. "Becky!" He clapped
her in his arm, followed her into the
room, closing the door behind her.
she pleaded, “I am afraid...”

“Debt?” Becky laughed slyly. “We must owe money to every shopkeeper in London. Let them do the worrying.” She patted Amelia’s cheek. “You make life happy for your George.”

“That is my only dream!” Amelia looked at her wistfully. She could not confess to Becky how it hurt that George should come here, evening after evening, while she sat at home in lonely despair.

But this interlude ended suddenly. Napoleon escaped from Elba. And Rawdon’s regiment was ordered into Belgium. He was not sorry. His winnings were a drop in the bucket, and debtors threatened prison. And besides, Becky somehow had acquired a pair of silver dice which with great glee she had shown Rawdon. They were loaded! If she should ever use them... He shivered.

Becky openly exulted at the news. “What dazzling luck!”

“Are you out of your mind?”

“I’m crazy for joy! Belgium—a new start. Officers, their wives, the best people, the richest people! Society, Rawdon! A new life!”

And as always, Rawdon felt that Becky must be right.

It did seem so, at first. Life in Belgium was a series of gay and glittering events, with no hint of the enemy creeping closer... Color and gaiety. Dancing and laughter and wine. And gambling...

With superb aplomb, Becky moved always to the front. Who knew how she contrived to be at the Duchess of Richmond’s ball? Let Lady Southdown look down her nose at a mere ex-governess.

Let Lady Bareacres offer her ineffectual smuts. Lord Bareacres asked her to dance. Lord Tarquin and Prince Peterwaradin vied for her favors. Even the Duke of Wellington asked her for a Waltz!

Becky was intoxicated with her triumph. She could scorn Joseph Sedley now. Returned from India, trying pompously to seem important—an mere civilian amid dazzling soldiery and glittering nobility. Smiling, she drifted away on the dance floor with George Osborne.

Followed by the faithful Dobbin, Amelia fled to the garden. “She is trying to take him away from me,” she sobbed. “William, how long is this to go on?”

NAPOLEON is not likely to attack for another fortnight,” Captain Dobbin kept his eyes resolutely on the ground. He longed to take her in his arms. But she thought only of George.

As we go to press the fickle Mr. Bert Wheeler is bewailing about the attractive Miss Sally Haynes, above with him.
and George, dancing with Becky, whispered fiercely, "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"Because," said Becky, "only madmen put such things in writing. What if Rawdon read it? What if Amelia found out?"

"I can't be concerned with them. You and I are going away..."

"I love Rawdon," she declared. "Always remember that!"

"I remember it daily," he said bitterly, "when I lose to him. Ten pounds. Fifty pounds. I tell myself this will buy silk for Becky. Champagne for her. You've been expensive, Becky. But I lost willingly. But now I've no more. I'm in debt."

"Have you tried to borrow?"

"There's no one left to borrow from. But it doesn't matter, does it? It changes nothing between us."

The moonlight softly folded her lovely face. But her eyes were cold.

"Oh, you're silent. Perhaps it does alter things. Is there bigger game in the offing?" His eyes followed hers, which turned away from him to the foot of the great staircase, where the Marquis of Steyne was standing. Then he laughed hoarsely. "How perfect your instincts are. Is the millionaire Marquis of Steyne distinguished enough, rich enough, to meet with your approval? Perhaps he also is fond of dice?"

Her lips parted as if to say something withering. But without a word she turned and left him. Augurished, he watched her dancing presently with Steyne. Suddenly a flare brighter than the meek moonlight lit the sky. It was followed by a low, ominous rumble. Stricklen, the dancers paused.

"Cannon!" a hushed voice exclaimed.

And now the sound increased in volume. The sky was reared with threat, only met by the meteors of fire. "The French! Artillery! Bows and arrows!" terrified voices babbled.

The lights in the ballroom dimmed. Outside a bugler sounded a summoning call. Hurriedly soldiers gathered. Women cried out for their husbands and rushed, panicly, to the entrance.

"Wait for me," Steyne said quickly to Becky. "I'll take you home. You will wait?" And, as she nodded eagerly, he hurried off.

Amelia's arms were about George's neck. "I won't let you go!" she cried.

But he disengaged her clinging arms. "I must look after my apartments."

"You'll never come back to me," she wept. "I'll never see you alive again. George... George!"

"Becky!" He hurried to her breathlessly. "You're coming with me!" His voice was shaken with passion. "I'll desert, Becky! We'll go somewhere—anywhere—"

She laughed. Drew him back to the forlorn Amelia. "George, here's your little wife—like a saint, my poor Emmy," and she swept away.

Rawdon came hurrying toward her.

"Where have you been?" Becky flung her arms about him.

"Wellington's orders..." He was breathless. "I dashed back for a moment. There's so much to tell you before I go..."

"Sh-... I cared not, I was sure. I've been happy with you. I want you to know that. I love you!" His voice broke. "We understand each other, don't we?"

"We've always understood each other," she said softly.

"Take this..." he drew some money from his pocket. "I'm not rich enough. But I shan't need it. If I catch a bullet, I'll need even less. Sell my rings. My watch. My horses. Oh, we've so many debts! All I want to keep is your locks."

"Don't think about money," Becky urged, genuinely touched. "I'll get on. Rawdon, and I'll pray for you! I've never loved anyone else! I want you back!" She held him close. Her lips were warm on his.

"I must go!" Regretfully he loosed that dear embrace. "I'll only worship you, Becky!" He kissed her again. Then, obedient to the summoning bugle, he hurried off.

"Rawdon! She was weeping now. Rawdon! I love you!" Slowly she moved across the deserted ballroom to a window. Pushing aside the portieres, she looked down into the street. Toreades flared. To the shrill sound of the fife, the matter of the drum, lines of men marched. There was a sharp sound behind her. The Marquis of Steyne stood there, watching her thoughtfully. She turned to him, eyes shining. "There they go," she murmured. "In an hour they'll be dying for their country! For a moment her eyes were far away, as if visioning that brave sacrifice. Then she laughed. "Well, I'm dying for my breakfast!"

And the Marquis of Steyne came forward and took her arm.

The Duke of Wellington won his famous victory, and the men returned from the battlefields. But George Osborne was not among them. A tablet in a London church was inscribed to his memory, and Amelia went in tragic black, her face wan with weeping. The faithful Dobbin continued untroubled to serve her, and his eyes worshiped her with a love that seemed destined always to be denied. For Amelia, lost in the dream of a love that never had been real, could not recognize the reality that might be hers.

Becky's apartment in Mayfair was gayer than ever before. And if underneath the gayety, lost and forgotten, her Dobbin, perhaps, was keenly aware of it. There were whispers about Becky. And there were debts he could not pay. But Becky was concerned only with their new position in society, their new friends. Beau Brummel, Count D'Orsay. Even, though inns were a hazard of Wales, to whom she had been presented at Court. And the Marquis of Steyne... no warning of the price she was paying for this gratifying position. Becky's complacent thoughts. They would manage somehow. Perhaps Rawdon's brother, now Sir Pitt since their father's death, would help.

Joseph Sedley frequented the gay gatherings, losing at dice with the companionship of those who say Becky adored with the winnings. Though one evening he complained to her, "I say, Becky, every time I enter this house it costs me money."

"Have you ever considered stopping your visits?" she retorted.

He looked at her languishly. "You know I could not do that."

And then the Duke of Wellington returned. Greeting him joyously, Becky dismissed Joseph. Rawdon's face was lined.

"What's happened, Rawdon?"

"Nothing... Everything..." He turned toward her desperately. "I had a nasty sight of it at the club—almost came to blows with Deuceace. He threatened me—denair... He cursed terribly. "I've been happy with you. I want you to know that. I love you!" His voice broke. "We understand each other, don't we?"

"We've always understood each other," she said softly.

"Take this..." he drew some money from his pocket. "I'm not rich enough. But I shan't need it. If I catch a bullet, I'll need even less. Sell my rings. My watch. My horses. Oh, we've so many debts! All I want to keep is your locks."

"I know. That's the devil of it!" he sighed. "After the argument—it became a matter for the club. A debt of honor. I will instruct your lawyer to proceed. Captain Dobbin is in charge of collecting it."

"Deuceace..." Becky muttered savagely. "I was here only last
week, and never even mentioned the debt. He and I gambled while you played billiards with the boys."

"Gambled..." Rawdon looked at her with golden doubt. "What did you play?"

"Dice..."

"For heaven's sake! You didn't by chance—"

"The loaded dice?" She had herself in hand now. "I promised you I never would." She laughed. "I don't even know where they are. I seem to have lost them." She drew him down beside her on a sofa. "Why do you look at me like that? What do you see? A cheat? A liar?"

"No, no!" he protested, longing as always to believe her. "But I'm worried. Becky. Where is all this leading us?"

"Who knows? Who cares? We live elegantly on nothing a year."

"We're paying heavily—little bits of ourselves!" He sighed.

"It's worth the price! Women who cut me last year would give their eyes to be where I am now. They envy me. This is what I've worked for. Oh, darling, enjoy it with me!"

"I can't get Dencece out of my mind," he said gloomily.

"I could borrow the money, from—"

"Steyne?" He stiffened. "You won't! Not from him! I won't have all London thinking that..."

"You don't trust me? Is that what you wish to believe?"

"No! I'll believe only what you tell me and nothing that you deny."

She leaned close to him. "Then believe that I'm your Becky and that I love you. And that nothing else matters. Perhaps Dobbin can be persuaded to wait..."

It would be better to go to see Dobbin, she decided. Desperate with anxiety she planned her campaign. As yet her self-confidence was unimpaired. She would bring it off somehow. She had one trump card, she thought complacently. If nothing else would serve, that would win him. Rawdon, sitting wearily beside her had no suspicion of her devious plans. If he had said that he did not trust her, things might have been very different for them both. But so long as nothing disturbed his confidence in her, Becky continued her arrogant scheming, unperturbed by the thought of a reckoning day.

Still, as she sat in Dobbin's apartment the next day, she felt faintly nervous. He was so cold, so unyielding. Her smile

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**BIGGEST STEP IN YEARS** in the treatment of constipation and related ills such as indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition," says Dr. Richard von Stenitzer, chief medical consultant at the famous Consular Academy in Vienna.

![Image of a woman and a Yeast container]

**Constipation chiefly due to lack of certain substances** in the diet. This food abundantly supplies them!

**Today**, in clinics everywhere, remarkable results are being obtained in cases of chronic constipation by a new food recently developed—the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It is the richest known source of certain "protective substances" the stomach and bowels need to work right.

**Why people get constipated**

Unless your stomach and intestines obtain from your diet a sufficient supply of these "protective substances," your food doesn't digest fast enough and wastes collect. Constipation usually results, and you suffer from colds, skin troubles and poor digestion.

No diet—not even those containing leafy vegetables and fruits—contains enough of these substances. No laxatives supply them. But this new fresh yeast is so rich in them that it "conditions" the entire digestive tract. In one great eastern hospital, this new Fleischmann's Yeast overcame 90% of constipation cases—an amazing percentage!

Begin today to overcome constipation by eating 3 or more cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a half-hour before meals—plain, or dissolved in water. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

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**TAKING CATHARTICS?** Cut down on them gradually as Fleischmann's new Yeast corrects your constipation. No other food is as rich in Vitamins A, B, D, G and other protective substances needed for health. Get this new fresh yeast today!

The Charles Butterworths arrive for the San Carlos Opera. But you didn't know Charlie was high-brow!

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SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Grew fixed as he told her the debt must be paid.

"Where do you propose I turn for the four hundred pounds?" she demanded.

"I have no suggestions to make," his voice was icy, "save this—you will have to raise five hundred, not four."

"Really!" Becky gasped. "A hundred pounds added for interest? Or for dam-ages to Denecease’s wounded feelings?"

Quietly, coldly Dobbin explained, "Mr. Denecease came to me privately. He was too much the gentleman to charge this before the club." He paused. "It seems," he went on, "he played dice with you last week and he lost a hundred pounds. You used a pair of silver dice." He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the fateful dice. "Loaded dice! He man-aged to take them with him, after the game." His eyes were dark with con-tempt as he looked at Becky.

For a moment her lips parted sound-lessly. "Really?" she managed at last. "I’ve never seen them before! You’ve always hated me. And now I’m in your power!"

"You’re not in my power. And I’m trying to help Rawdon."

O h, Rawdon, of course." She seized a straw. "You would lend the money?" Then, as he stared at her fixedly, sternly, without replying, she reached for her last card. "Well, I didn’t think you would. That’s why I came prepared—I have something to sell—something you might be interested in buying. By the way, I was broken-hearted to hear that Amelia had rejected you again!" Fum-bling in her bag she brought out George’s letter. "He proposed that we elope," she explained. "Do you remember the Duchess of Richmond’s ball, before Waterloo? We were to go away that night. It would be invaluable in your courtship of Amelia," she urged insistingly. "It’s for sale—five hundred pounds!"

"Mrs. Crawley!" he gasped. "Women like you—"

She drew herself up haughtily. "How much time have I to pay," she asked. "Till tomorrow morning."

"Oh, generous! You will have the money. I can get it elsewhere, most easily!" She smiled confidently as she departed.

But in her heart was a growing fear. Whom should she turn to now? Rawdon had forbidden her to ask Steyne. And while that alone would not have checked her, she was troubled by an uneasy sense of probable consequences. She must get it elsewhere.

She found herself walking up and down before Pitt Crawley’s hotel. At last, with sudden resolution, she went in.

He was just as always, she thought with bitter contempt, as she listened to his sanctimonious words. He would help her—yes—but on condition that she give up her "unblot and imprudent connection" with the Marquis of Steyne. That Becky could have promised. Promis-es never disturbed her. But as Pitt pro-posed to compensate her for the loss of the Marquis’ company by having her come to read sermons with him, she drew back. Pitt kissed her hand, babbling of con-science and brotherly love.

A shudder of distaste shook Becky. "At least," she murmured as if to herself, "the Marquis of Steyne has no conscience! And as for brotherly love—not an ounce of it!" She laughed, as once more she went out.

Lord Steyne promised the money ready-ly. But there was in his manner, in his words, indeed, a hint that payment of a sort would be expected. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would consider granting me that—a little supper which you have promised so long now?"

Becky temporized. Rawdon, she said, would be entertaining some friends that evening.

Lord Steyne’s eyes held hers. Rawdon, he suggested, would be hurrying to the club, to pay that unfortunate debt.

And so it was the Marquis of Steyne’s money with which Becky presently sur-prised Rawdon.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.
"Young Southdown—he just paid me five hundred he owed me."

"You never told me Southdown owed you money."

DIDN'T I?" She laughed nervously.

"Well, he did! Now you must be off with it. There's no time to lose! Our last debt, Rawdon! Once this debt is paid—" her voice broke. "Why don't you stay at the club this evening and play billiards," she added. "You need amusement."

Rawdon looked at her narrowly. Then he smiled, a thin, bitter smile, and went out.

It was midnight when Steyne called. Becky was alone, but she received him confidently. Invited him to sit at a little table before the fire and have some strawberries with her. Rawdon, she thought contentedly, would be back at any moment. But Rawdon, it appeared, would not be back at any moment. Lord Steyne explained that he had arranged for that. Rawdon had been arrested as he left the house. In the morning it would be explained as a practical joke. Till then...

Becky tried to rally all her resources. There still must be some way. She attempted casual conversation. Lord Steyne smiled.

"I suppose," Becky chattered, "our friends would hold up their hands in horror at this innocent little feast."

"This innocent little feast?" The Marquis smiled again. He rose, bending over her, fastened a string of priceless pearls about her neck. Then his arms went about her.

"My lord!" Becky gasped.

But he held her close. "How do you do it, eh? How the devil did you ever catch my fancy?" Despite her struggle, he held her firmly. "There's not an ounce of goodness and sweetness about you! That's your attraction! There's the sting to it!"

Becky trembled violently. "Didn't you hear something?"

He laughed. "You heard your own wicked little heart!"

But she was listening for another sound. Her frightened eyes observed the latch of the door, pressed slowly downward.

The door opened.

"Rawdon!" Becky's smile was ghastly. "My lord and I are just . . . We're having a little . . . Won't you—join us?"

Rawdon stood on the threshold, trembling, silent.

It was Lord Steyne who spoke first.

"So, this is a trap!" His voice vibrated with fury. "Timed to the minute! Well, sir, how much am I blackmailed for?"

"Rawdon, I've done nothing!" Becky pleaded frantically. "I'm innocent!" She turned to Steyne. "My lord, tell him I am innocent!"

But Steyne checked her contemptuously. Again he faced Rawdon. "Come, let me hear the amount. I've already given you five hundred—"

"You lie!" Rawdon's voice rasped hoarsely. His fist shot out, striking Lord Steyne savagely in the face. And as the Marquis staggered, he struck him again, laughing grimly as he fell, unconscious.

"Rawdon!" Becky screamed. "Rainbow!"

"Come here!" he stared at her. "Those pearls . . ."

She had forgotten them! Instinctively her hands flew to her neck as if to cover them. "I'll explain," she stammered, trembling.

"Take them off!"

She tried, but her nervous fingers failed to find the catch. And with an angry movement he seized them. Broke the string.

"Yes, let them go!" Becky sobbed. "I

Your hands were born to be loved and kissed! They were meant to give him a smooth soft thrill! So get that exciting lovable smoothness quickly with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream!

Hinds soothes chapping, roughness and sore cracked skin at once. Yes, it works so fast because Hinds is liquid cream. Rich in softening oils, you see. Hinds does much more than leave a slick surface-coating that lasts only an hour. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing balms and beauty oils. It softens dry harsh skin into silky-smoothness.

Keep ugly roughness, redness and chapping away—use Hinds after housework and always at bedtime! Hinds gives such economical care—25¢ and 50¢ at your drug store, 10¢ at the dime store.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
MODERN SCREEN

Jean Muir may claim she's a wallflower but Scotty caught her out with her current best, Phillip Reed.
Beautiful Eyes ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

says
DOROTHY
HAMILTON
Noted Beauty
Authority
of Hollywood

MODERN SCREEN

“I Work in a Factory”

(Continued from page 42)

(Continued from page 42)

stuffed me and everyone else with charmed hotdogs and finished off the afternoon by literally pushing several larger female guests back up the side of the ravine to the house. No posturing young actor stuff at all.

Hollywood success hasn’t changed the Raymond Guion I met then. It has made Gene Raymond a little older and wiser, perhaps, but it hasn’t stripped him of his enthusiasm or his general likeableness. There’s no posing about Gene—he hasn’t discovered the secret of new prominence—he’s what your small brother would term a “swell guy.”

I asked him how different he found his life, as a young-man-about-Hollywood, to his former mode of living in New York. He laughed. “You can’t call me any

Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.
MODERN SCREEN

Do you tire easily?

young-man-about-Hollywood. My social life is practically nil. It has to be. Hollywood is a factory. I wrap wrapped up in work from early morning until late at night. The little time there is for recreation is spent "talking shop"—everyone does. I don't mind how tired of it all you may be. "Why, you wouldn't believe it, if I de-
scribed to you your typical evening of relax-
ation in Hollywood. It goes something like this. You've been invited to a dinner party. You trudge home from the studio, dog-tired—you manage to get a seat, and then get into a dinner jacket and sprint to your hostess' house before the hurleri announces dinner. If you arrive on time for a get-back To the tall, you down two or three to get your-
self into a slightly festive frame of mind. Diner is announced and you sneak your cocktail to the side, where the long-\nsustaining of the little animation you now feel. The minute you are seated, your partner asks you how production is going on your new picture. Warily you tell her, then politely ask her how are tricks on her set. In no time, everyone's been waiting for their turn) is laun-
ched into their own song and dance on work.

"As the dinner wears on, your glow grows of and so does that of everyone else. By the end of dinner conversation is a satirist so the hostess hurries into her projection room to show you the rushes of your new film or something of one else's newest picture. This starts Hollywood's conversational ball rolling again. After you've seen the picture, return to your room and sit for a while discussing its merit or lack of it. Your hostess serves highballs and soon everyone starts saying good-night because he or she has to be at the studio mor-
ning. "But what of romantic interests for the eligible Hollywood bachelor, such as you?" I asked. Gene has been personally interest-
ed in this one and that one, but never seems to himself committed seri-
ously.

Hollywood ruins friendships! You can't be seen with a girl more than a few times before every gossip column has you headed for Yuma. You never get to find out, he says, whether a girl or not that you might feel romantic about any particular person because you or she are scared off before you have had two dates together. There were several who that liked tremendously and would like to have felt free to call up now and then, and after I had gone out with them a few times, everybody would say, "Where's she?"

Then when I called back, they began to be very busy. They didn't want to be linked romantically with me anymore than I did with them. They would have enjoyed a good average friendship but Hollywood never gave us a break."

I remember once that Janet Gaynor's name had been linked with Gene's and I won-
er if she was another good friend-
ship gone Hollywood!

"Don't you think it's a stage?" I asked.

"Yes, very much. In fact, I have had a play in mind for sometime that I have wanted to do but no opportunity has pre-
"sent itself as yet. Perhaps next year, at least, I hope so.

N O amount of picture success will ever mean Gene from his first love, the stage. And it is quite understandable when you realize that he had been on the stage ever since he was five years old up to the time he went out to Hollywood. His first work was with a stock company.

His first important stage appearance did not occur until 1921 when he appeared in "The Potters." This play ran for two years in New York and on the road, and by the end of its run, Raymond Guion's first love for Gene's actors. Gene played parts in a number of hits between the closing of "The Potters" and the opening of "Young Sinners." The latter was his play; for the first time, he actually met and was in the spotlight with any veterans of the stage, he was a full-fledged star and he made the most of his chance. It was during these two years that this ran along, that Hollywood noticed him.

Gene has turned in consistently good performances in his past few years in Hollywood, and has made a few plays so far away as to prove to some of the leading men. However, he has some interesting viewpoints on his career. "I was not quite 17 when the stage soon is because I don't want to lose ambition. Hollywood does that to young stars. You see, the psychology is all wrong. You make, say, $25,000 thousand dollars for a year, but instead of returning to the stage for awhile, you figure that you better wait until next year, having to interact with every man with stuffed 

You know." Gene continued, "an actor needs to get away from his work at the studio, to get it off as far away as he can and I tell you, he is one of the most regular people in the industry."

"I'll never forget the riot he let me and the fans when 1924 he went to New York. I was returning to the Coast and discovered that Clark and Mrs. Gable were going to stop off in St. Louis for a personal appearance that was scheduled for Clark. I kidded Clark all the way about having to interact with every man with stuffed 

THE END
Modern Screen Dramatic School
(Continued from page 68)

dramatic school. Discover for yourself—and you must use your ingenuity to do so—where are the summer stock companies or first-rate Little Theatres near you and try to get work—no matter in how small a role—with them.

Naturalness is the keynote of good acting, it is true, but you must know the mechanics of acting first. A very great actor once told me that the best rule was “Learn all the rules, all the tricks, all the technique—and then forget them.” Now why, you ask, should one learn the tricks? Because they give you a background, a basis upon which to work, upon which to develop your own technique, a technique which will give the effect of naturalness.

If you are fortunate enough to connect with some Little Theatre or stock company, you will meet people, make contacts with the directors, who will be able to advise you about real professional work. These contacts are valuable. They open the door for you.

To show you that there are no absolute rules concerning the journey to success let me tell you the various ways in which the big stars broke into pictures.

If ever there were an inspiration to those who are discouraged, Clark Gable is that inspiration! How he studied! How he worked with his voice! How many heartaches he has known! One evening he saw a performance of a certain play. He knew, that night, that he must become an actor. He applied for work numberless times before he finally got a small role. He was in and out of the theatre a dozen times. And when, at last, he came to Hollywood he was ignored for years. He had innumerable tests for roles which he didn’t get. He played many, many roles—and played them badly. And then he did one role which caught on. He gave a few moments to the screen which exposed the public and he was a success.

And there are other routes not so arduous. Take little Betty Furness, for instance. In summer, during her school holidays, she posed for commercial advertising. One of the artists for whom she worked thought she was picture material. He had a friend who worked for a studio. He got a test for Betty. She looked charming in the test and showed the vital spark. So she got a Hollywood contract.

Narrowed down, the elements of success are: natural ability and technical knowledge, plus someone who knows someone who puts you on the right road to making theatrical contacts, plus enormous talent, energy, will power and good health and ambition to forge ahead and make the most of the first break.

I cannot tell you how all this is done. No one can tell you. You must work out your own salvation. You must use your ingenuity and you must steel yourself to expect failure.

Don’t forget that I am ready to answer your personal problems. Please tell me what you want included in these pages which will help you to gain a knowledge of dramatic art. And more power to the dramatic clubs. Tell me how you’re getting along, and let me help you with your productions whenever you need me. Address: Katherine Albert, Modern Screen Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And remember that self-addressed, stamped envelope.

What Every Woman Should Know

—yet 8 out of 10 don’t

Every woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than the wrong powder, crudely put on. Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don’t. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—it’s stratified (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, so flattering and youthful.

It meets the latest French vogue of powdering to look un-powdered, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest “close-up” inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, carelessly perfumed, 50c and $1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Mearly) in gold box with white edge.

New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO
the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look
AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

The first and only book on powdering, entitled “The New Vogue in Powdering,” It shows how to look your best. The Beauty Editor of Vogue calls it, “An utterly new technique of powdering called Mello-glo Modeling.” How to attain the complexion effect all men adore. How to accent or reduce the nose or chin, etc. How to mold your face. You can become the mistress of the fine art of proper powdering. Merely mail coupon for free book.

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass.
Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 17)

DEAR Miss Biddle: I'm desperate. What CAN I do about my complexion? That's the theme song of many a letter that you write me. I think that in some cases the best possible complexion aid that I could suggest would be an electric shock every time you reach for candy, or another piece of cake, or any form of heavy pastry. Or maybe a more sugar-coated method would be to pretend you're a Madge Evans who honestly doesn't care for sweets of any kind. She really doesn't. Even as a child, she wasn't susceptible to candy bribes. And if you're susceptible to a good complexion bribe, you'll swear off too many sweets.

Madge is fortunate enough to have been born with naturally curly hair, but she has worked hard at keeping it lovely. That's a mighty valuable point for mothers to consider. As a matter of fact, the rules for children's hair health and beauty are the same as for grown-ups: plenty of sunshine and fresh air, frequent shampooing, and brushing, brushing, brushing. If more children acquired the hairbrush habit along with the toothbrush habit, there'd be a lot more crowning glories all along the line. Brushing helps to cultivate the natural wave in one's hair. Oh, I know you've heard that before but I doubt whether you've tried it. If you or your daughter have a tendency to naturally wavy hair, you can brush that tendency right into a stubborn curling streak. I've found the very hairbrush to do it, which I'll be glad to tell you about upon your request.

The other day I received a letter from a reader saying that she had naturally wavy hair on top, but that the ends and the back part refused to curl. She wanted to know if she should resort to a per-manent. Well, if she did, she might ruin her natural wave; and it seems to me that with the many excellent waving waxes we have on the market, and the type of curlers that are not only effective, but comfortable to sleep on at night, we have the right solution for the treatment of partially wavy hair.

I have set myself to work to outline some common sense, strictly practical advice for you on "what to do about your hair." I've gone over my experiences and studies of the past years; I've interviewed outstanding hair and scalp specialists; and I've put down in black and white the gist of what you can do for your hair if it's too oily or too dry or too drab...or you name it! What's your trouble? I have this information available for you in multigraphed form, and it's yours for the asking and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And, as usual, I'm at your service to help you with any other beauty problems that confront you. And a Happy Easter to you!

The Woman in His Life

(Continued from page 33)

break apart. But my religion forbids divorce. Marriage, I have been taught, is a holy thing. That is why, in Europe, I am known upon divorce and yet you will find that love is given full play without the restrictions of marriage and convention.

I saw a strange cloud pass across his face. Written upon his features was a curious emotion which I was then unable to read. There was a long silence.

At last he said: "I know what it is to love and to find that love handicapped because convention looks askance upon

romance when the loved one is married."

And then the story—or as much of the story as Tullio could tell—poured out. And I realized the greatness of that love, I realized that the story should not end here, with the few crumbs tossed him.

He met her many years ago. She was beautiful, gracious, charming. At that time Tullio was in the throes of discouragements and disappointments. He thought his career was going badly. He was just beginning to make a name for himself, and his ambition told him he might be. It was during that troubled time that he
Knowing she was married, Tullio was determined that he would not mention his love to her. And then he began to know—not through words, but through those slight gestures, the turn of her head, the interest in her eyes, all those mystic encounters apparent only to the lover—that she loved him, too.

For months they did not speak, but when they met their eyes told each other what they dared not say. And then at last they could refrain from a declaration of love no longer.

When this tremendous fact was at last shared by them they talked it over as calmly as two people desperately in love can talk to each other. Her religion and Tullio's forbade divorce. They were destined, they knew, to be victimized by unrequited love. There was no other way, but their affection is so great that it lasts on and on.

She is of high birth. Her name and reputation must remain beyond reproach. So when, for a few brief moments, they met there is always a chaperon present.

"Occasionally I write to her. And sometimes, she will reply," Tullio said. "I see her when I am abroad or when she is here. But at all times I know and realize that she loves me and that some day, some time, I will be able to go to her, to acknowledge to the world that she is the one woman I love.

"And this explains why I am content to live here, alone, happy in those few days when she comes to America or when I can go to Europe to see her."

Although I cannot tell you her name I can reveal this much. She has a title. Her husband is an important dignitary and she is widely known abroad for her kindness and her many charities.

This calm acceptance of the marriage code on Tullio's part, this bowing to a convention when he is so obviously and deeply in love amazed me. He is a fiery, vivid Philistine. How is it possible, then, for him to sit back quietly knowing that the woman he loves is married to another?

Convention forbids a divorce. In certain European circles, you see, society will condone an occasional indiscretion, but it will not forgive divorce. Yet here society will forgive divorce and clastise the indiscretions.

"That is why I cannot understand Hollywood. I feel that divorce is too free... too easy. Some people, in the path of convention, I feel that marriage is too beautiful a thing to be broken easily.

"And my personal case has nothing to do with my views. A marriage, perhaps, may be easily broken when there are no children or close ties, other than the enforced intimacy of living together. But when there are children, the family becomes important.

"Unless the parents are so temperamentally unbalanced as to make their lives together most difficult they should forget occasional differences and adjust themselves to furthering the happiness of their children. That, to me, is most important. If they then wish to find love elsewhere, they can do so. They can still be happy in their home life and find the need for romance satisfied elsewhere. That is not indiscretion—that is common sense."

"And this woman you love? When will you see her again?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. His is a great patience. "I do not know," he said, "but when I do we will know what we should do..."

HAD A HUNDRED MOODS

OUT on the tennis court... basked on the sands! Always so different... always so adorable... but he didn't know it was her softly waved hair... glistening and tossing willfully in the breezes... never needing primping or dressing... that won his heart.

Many a girl has made her own romance... and "captured her man" by simply having a Frederics Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave. So natural, so beautiful, and so easily adaptable to every modern type of coiffure. And now, there's the new discovery that makes it possible to really enjoy this beautifying process. It's the new

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where discomfort is entirely eliminated by the exclusive Frederics Thermostatically Controlled permanent waving machine, and a newly Developed Vita Tonic and Vitron Process that keeps the hair soft and moist throughout the entire moulding process. White, dyed, bleached, and hard-to-wave hair may be successfully waved by this new 50% COOLER process.

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Kindly send me free booklet and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise salons.

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99
Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON?

NO DOUBT about it... it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder won't stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids. For each of these preparations is made with a base of pure olive oil... an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to stay on longer.

Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They protect it, too! Outdoor Girl Face Powder guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is light and airy in texture. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores.

Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. Make your complexion come alive with youthful coloring and beauty.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of Outdoor Girl Face Powder you choose, you will find an Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick of the same tonal quality... to blend with your own complexion and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 55c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OUTDOOR GIRL
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I enclose 8c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light [ ] Medium [ ] Dark [ ]

Name [ ]
Address [ ]

City [ ] State [ ]

MODERN SCREEN

Six Months in Hell

(Continued from page 57)

She wired home for funds, secured some glamorous screen star in his place as the cameras click before them, the star ceased to exist and in her stead he imagined that he is holding the beautiful, titled, glamorous woman he loves.

maestro and throat specialist for the Metropolitan Opera had always dreamed of coming under the tutelage of this man who had coached Caruso, Scotti, Mary Garden, and so many other great ones, and now this country girl waited in his office with a voice that couldn't speak.

But her eyes begged. There was nothing, the girl informed him, that she could do. The doctor's time was completely booked. He couldn't spare a moment for the next three days.

Three days! She plugged into the note to ask if she could wait in the outer office. He might have just one spare moment for her.

The girl squeezed her on the shoulder. It was time to close the office. Grace clutched the collar of her coat about her throat and trudged home.

Next morning she was back. Another long weary day of waiting. But she was more resigned now. She didn't jump nervously every time footsteps approached close to the door inside of the studio office. The doctor, she was told, always came and went by another entrance.

On the third day, the information girl did something that almost cost her her job. New to the position, she was naturally fearful lest she do something to cause the disfavor of her temperamental boss. The sight of that silent young lady sitting there hour after hour finally became too much. She marched up to Dr. Marafioti and asked him to see the persistent woman.

Afterwards, Dr. Marafioti upbriaded her mercilessly for not telling him about her begging.

There is nothing so touching as eyes lifted up to receive a verdict that may mean life or death. Dr. Marafioti's wooden expression didn't relax. He stared for long minutes into her throat. Then he straightened up, took off his headlight, carefully examined her mirror, and drew up a chair and sat down.

THERE is just one chance in a thousand," he growled, "that you can ever sing again.

A clock ticked in the cold silence. The brave smile that suddenly froze Grace's lips was no more tragic than a flood of tears.

"One chance in a thousand," the accepted voice droned on. "And you'll never take it.

Grace had no need of language to ask the next question. The reply was brief.

"Absolute silence. You must not even whisper for the next six months."

Gretchen Smidt was the faithful companion and housekeeper for a courageous young lady who didn't utter a sound for six long months. These two women lived alone on Petite Boisl Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River.

It is there that Grace Moore went on the second day after leaving the doctor's studio. Her eyes tell me that she go some places where she had never been before.

And I wonder if, when Tullio enrolls some glamorous screen star in his place as the cameras click before them, the star ceases to exist and in her stead he imagines that he is holding the beautiful, titled, glamorous woman he loves.

I was bitterly cold. At night she would lie in her bed listening to the gentle rippling of the waves on the shore and the symmetry of the wind in the pines. It was the language of nature that her sensitive ear understood. And at night, riding in a boat, she would suddenly start up in a cold sweat.

One chance in a thousand! What if she never regained her voice? What if her sacrifice proved in vain?

Dr. Marafioti had pronounced it a temporary paralysis brought on by overstraining her vocal cords. She had been singing the wrong sort of way. The question was, would they ever come back to normal?

The uncertainty constantly plagued her mind and clutched icy fingers about her heart, but she became accustomed even to that. So she played the piano, and trudged along the streets in the snow, studied her French, and read the novels she had brought along.

It was in a French novel that she met her— that phantom creature from long ago who was thereafter destined to be her intimate companion in so many solitary moments of her life. Philomena was the daughter of a legendary king of ancient Greece. Her beauty and charm made her beloved by every young man of the land. But these two lovers proved false to her, jealous, poked out her eyes. But this did not alter her disposition and the magic of her voice still held sway over the hearts of towns far and near.

Her voice was the key to all the secrets of the world.
You Ought To Be in Pictures

(Continued from page 65)

to meet the director of the picture. What a cliche I thought. Is this all there is to breaking into the movies? Two days in Hollywood and already on my way to big things. Why didn't I come out here sooner?

But (my first bat) when I met the director I was not the type he was looking for. This staggered me a bit, but I took it on the chin—there were other jobs. There were, no doubt, but I was never quite the type. Naturally, after a time, when the agent found he couldn't sell me, he forgot all about me.

"Oh, well," I thought. "I can find another." I did, but when they found that I had but little experience, they did not wish to handle me. It did not take me long to find out that the only reason the one agent ever bothered with me at first was as a favor to my father. All right! Since no reputable agent wanted me, I'd get to the studio casting directors direct. I'd stand on my own feet. The only satisfaction I got was "I'll keep you in mind, Paul." What a poor memory those guys must have.

As one hope after another dwindled and faded, my fine resolve to ask no favors collapsed like a pricked balloon. I began crying at straws.

I had the entrance—through my father—to almost anyone in Hollywood I wanted to see. Not only casting directors but writers, directors, producers. A lot of good it did me. I've almost come to the conclusion that "pull" hinders more than it helps.

Finally, against Dad's advice, I managed to secure some extra work. I was convinced, in my own mind, that if I watched every scene being made, instead of playing bridge or gossiping as most extras do, the directors would notice me and wonder who the boy was who so determined to learn the technique of picture-making and acting. It didn't take me long, however, to discover that although I learned something by watching...
The stars work, the directors were also busy watching them and never even knew I was on the lot.

I had been told, over and over again, to "get into a show, let ‘em see what you can do, that’s the only chance a girl has to land a movie job." There are plenty of shows produced both in Hollywood and Los Angeles and they are considered the ideal "show windows" leading to movie engagements. I was off on a new track. I didn’t overlook a chance. Dramatic agents, leads from friends, rumors, ads from papers. And it was here the fun really began. Ten cheap rackets to one legitimate proposition.

"Casting for Musical Comedy. Wanted: actors, singers and dancers." From a local newspaper.

I WENT to the address designated. Their well-furnished offices were staffed with courteous attendants to disarm the "suckers." The agent was sure I was just the type they were looking for—I have since found out that everybody is. The salary was satisfactory. He also informed me they were negotiating with a prominent movie star for the leading role.

Later, when I returned to meet the producer of the show, I found them making the selections for show girls. There were only six for each role, and I had been at least seventy-five of them. Many were pretty enough for any musical but not so. Nor were they ever, however, that none of them were rejected. My interview with the producer was most satisfactory. The job was mine. He now explained to the entire cast that at least one hundred, that the show was a patriotic musical extravaganza, backed by an angel with unlimited money and sanctioned by the State government as propaganda for the Naval Air Corps. Rehearsals would start in two weeks.

We were warned, under no conditions, to speak about the show to anyone. We were not wanted any publicity until they were ready to release their own. I couldn’t quite see the reason for that secrecy, but the mention of the U. S. Naval Air Corps gave it an authentic ring. I had a job. The two weeks finally dropped by, and I received a contract. For a moment I was confused — would and would I please come down that evening to sign the contract. Would I? Rather.

In relays of six, we were ushered into the presence of the producer and the agent. The agent had given up his office and had become business manager for the show. He told me that a job with the Naval Air Corps would give us a well-established business to manage a show, it must be going places.

We were told that the show would open in Seattle in six weeks, but (our old friend ‘but’) the "angel" had died since our last interview. The producer’s own financial situation was rumbling and, rather than postpone the opening or allow an outsider to buy into a sure gold mine, and so on; here was his proposition: For $25.00 we would each buy a share in the shows and we would gain ownership to $100 per day, by the time you’ve paid three or four ten per cent, car fare is about all you have left. But the eternal hope that it will “lead to something better” always brings you up smiling and ready for more.

And how about the cheap movie producers? Well—here’s one racket I encountered. I heard that a small independent motion picture company was interested to give the people some of those old Collegiate Shorts. Being somewhat of the accepted "collegiate" type I figured here was a job up my alley. I went to their offices which looked to be more less of a temporary nature. There was no difficulty about seeing the casting director. Oh, yes! I was the type all right. Would I be able to help out, I mean, could I show the producer? Yes indeed I would—and did.

I thought the "quite fair BUT," but he was most anxious that I get the part, and to clinch it with the producer, advised my having new ones taken in poses characterizing the actions of my chosen type. I was very fortunate that they had on their lot a photographer who knew just what was
needed. He could get him at a very cheap price, since he would take him in the evening outside of his regular hours, at $8.00 a dozen.

I did some rapid thinking. Why jeopardize my chances of landing the job for want of proper photos? I made the appointment for the following evening and thanked him for putting me wise.

WHEN I got on to the studio stage, where the pictures were to be taken, I found a mob of collegians and co-eds there. The fact that I looked like a sophomore was not favored. I did some calculation (I was always figuring)—75 sophomores at $8.00 per throw, not bad. I decided to wait for the senior prom.

Later, I had a chance to compare notes with one of the fair co-eds, who had fallen for it, and all she had to show for her eight dollars were twelve "phantom" pictures—but no job. The company "postponed production."

One day a friend of mine suggested that there was still one avenue open to me which in many cases had led right up to and through the studio doors—it was radio! An idea! I had been told and I believed it, that I had a good speaking voice. I took up the scent. Again the old ad appeared in the paper. "Wanted. Talented young radio performers. Must be exceptionally good."

We all know that we are exceptionally good. My first interview with the casting director was most cordial, almost gushing. I wasn’t told “just the type” but a variation of the gag—"A radio personality if I ever saw one."

He outlined the proposition to me: "We are organizing a company of talented players to present thirty-minute sketches over a coast network. These programs will be sponsored by (here he mentioned the name of a reputable manufacturing concern) and the first three are in the nature of a trial. If satisfactory to the sponsor, they will contract the program for a year. Naturally, we are not paid for the preliminary broadcasts; but I can tell you that with the plays we have outlined, that contract is as good as signed now. I have you in mind for the juvenile lead.

The company was to be made up of "new voices" (that’s what is wanted) and the lack of experience was no handicap since I had engaged a well-known radio dramatic director to rehearse the people. But—this director was a high-priced man, and so he was obliged to charge each applicant $250 a rehearsal. This rehearsal period was to last from three to five weeks. When I asked him if he would give me a contract, he replied that there was no question in his mind that of all the applicants I was the man he wanted, still as a matter of form he would have to allow a few others to rehearse. Here was the same old game. I bowed out.

I heard the sequel to this a few months later. They did rehearse—some thirty of them—and after an audition on some small, out-of-the-way station. The time probably had been only too gladly given the producer to break the monotony of the regular twenty-four-hour photographic record broadcasts. Whether the “sponsors” listened in will always be in doubt, but the producer announced that the contract was passed. Among the thirty I was given my tryout pencila gain—thirty people, two rehearsals a week at $250 for five weeks equals $750. Not big but not bad.

The count on me by this time was somewhere around nine but I came up for one more blow before my knees buckled. This ad merely said, "Wanted. Radio Performers." The very brevity of it seemed to guarantee professional stability. I was

Pay no attention to them . . . get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hear-say" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don’t pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the antiseptic.

**Zonite is safe and strong**

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know Zonite? This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.

A generation ago it would have seemed impossible that an antiseptic like Zonite could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous Zonite now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe, Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, Zonite is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at $0.60 and $1.00.

**Zonite Suppositories**

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called Zonite Suppositories and your druggist has these for sale, at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.

**Send this coupon—**

**ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION**

Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

--- F i l m Facts for Women --- Use of Antiseptics in the Home

--- W r i t e Facts for Women --- Use of Antiseptics in the Home

**Name**

(Please print name) Address

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103
Have you wounded your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUTTY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book • • •

Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well-behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information, and much more is yours in the famous "Sergeant's Dog Book." 40 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your dog's name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

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SERGEANT'S

BEWARE OF WORMS!

This niddle does not become porous

Made of soft moulded rubber, Food cannot become imbedded in the walls, even after constant use. Matches and cigarettes too, are safer. Wide mouthed, easy to clean.

HYGEIA
The Safe Nursing Bottle

CRAY F Dy ED HAIR
Women girls, men with gray, floid, unruly hair. Shim propel and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPOO-COLOR." Takes few minutes. Leaves hair soft, smooth, shows no sign of color after four washings. Burgundy, Prune, Mahogany, #-blue, red, black, mink. Send for Free Book. Made in 5c bottles. 10c, 35c, $1. 30c, 11c, 25c

REMINGTON

Only 10¢ Portable


MODERN SCREEN

"Please HELP ME"

Given a short audition, which was satisfactory enough to warrant a more extended one, it was to be an electrical transcription to present me to a producer assembling a program sponsored by a nationally known product. This "electrical transcription" was one for which I had been "guessed" at $5.00. The finished article—a 25 cent phonograph record. When I came to, the arena was filled with mop-topped boys and girls, dressed in white shorts and T-shirts. They all sang: "I mean, they should. They can get me with it at a very small additional cost or maybe no extra cost at all. And I ought to be in pictures, oughtn't I? My friends all told me so.

Very Different, Off Screen

(Continued from page 34)

‘Go away, go away, I’m too tall.’ Of course, I’m still too tall but here I am.” Obviously these people, whoever they were (and probably they were the most important executives, didn’t go away, for Kitty had a screen test.

“I screamed when I saw it,” she said. “I mean I screamed with laughter. It was all too fantastic, my going to Hollywood. My God! I thought I was going to faint.”

Ah, I thought, here comes the parental objection story. It was, too, and because it had happened to Kitty it had a different angle.

They knew a lot of musicians in Paris. Kitty thought she had a voice. She took lessons with Connell and it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to sing on the stage. She made an appointment with an impresario.

Her mother was in Paris at the time. She picked up her dainty boudoir telephone and got the impresario on the wire. “I’m calling about my daughter, Kitty,” she announced. “She’s collected the most fantastic notion. She thinks she wants to go on the stage. Now when you hear her sing this morning you will, of course, tell her that she hasn’t a voice and who would dare to imitate her in this bizarre idea. I can trust you!”

I’m afraid not,” the voice over the wire came back. “You see, madame, your daughter has just sung for me. And I have told her a truth that you wouldn’t tell her in any case—that hers will be a marvelous professional career.”

“Poor mother,” Kitty sighed, “she didn’t know, of course, that her words would lead her to Hollywood. She simply doesn’t understand it. And it’s really awfully embarrassing when she comes to the studio and my director or someone is kind enough to introduce her to the stars and she looks them straight in the face and repeats their names—sometimes incorrectly because she doesn’t know who they are at all for she doesn’t go to the movies.”

Kitty’s mother looked at the trials carefully. “It would be an honor to have you, Miss Deetman,” without at all meaning to be rude, but honestly not getting the name.

In Paris, on the Riviera, at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, they knew plenty of celebrities, mostly great musicians. But these people, whose faces were not projected from thousands of silver screens could walk the boulevards or stroll along the beach without ever being followed by autograph seekers, without ever being mobbed by fans, yet they were great artists. Why then, both Kitty and her mother wonder, must picture people disguise themselves if they are to accomplish an hour’s quiet shopping?

Kitty has slightly more ideas about it than her mother. She was born in New Orleans and went to school there for a time and, perhaps, in school got something of the “fan” feeling.

Kitty loved watching movies and used to go in Paris, but she saw them only when they were two or three years old and only the films which could be appreciated and understood by a foreign audience. Her mother never went at all.

In Hollywood Kitty is a complete anachronism. In a town where boys and girls, men and women have struggled, have sacrificed, have worked to attain their ambitions, Kitty is in Hollywood. Almost every star is scarred by the pain of defeat and bitterness and disappointment—here in Hollywood is Kitty Carlisle who never had to struggle to achieve a goal and to whom stardom is not important.

SHE did work hard at her singing lessons. She studied with the best and most difficult taskmasters. And then, when she thought she was ready, she came to New York and got an agent who got her a job singing in a miniature version of "Rio Rita." It was as simple as that. And when that show closed the agent got her a job in "Champagne Sec," where she was a great success and were people always saying, "You ought to go into pictures." Then she did, and made a test made. Paramount gave her a contract to sign. It was as simple as that.

No struggle, no heartache, no defeats. She was dug. Her giggle is the herald which announces her entrance on the set. "Oh, I do wish I'd been in a railroad accident, in an awful fire, where I just barely escaped with my life. I wish something had happened to me."

You see? I told you she was a nut because she thinks winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera and Paramount contracts are nothing.

"I work—oh, don't make me laugh. Honestly, I work twice as hard as if it had been difficult for me to get jobs. I feel as if I should make up for not having had to struggle for jobs. I do work at my singing, but it's more important than pictures, don't you?"

But I didn't have a chance to answer. She was giggling again. Such a nutty giggle.

"I'm worried," but she didn't look it. "You've got me worried. Do you suppose people really want me to write my name in their autograph books? I thought it was just a joke. Maybe it was wrong of me to run away.

"But I don't know. Someone told me once that anything could happen in Hollywood."

Anything can and does happen in Hollywood. And I believe it, since Kitty Carlisle came to town. If she is bewildered by Hollywood, just imagine what Hollywood must be!
you feel that way about it, we'll just forget it.' But he wouldn't forget it. He kept looking around and saying things and one remark led to another until finally he stood up and made a pass at me. I grabbed his arms and made him sit down. By this time people were looking at us and the people next to me moved away. (I could see exactly how they felt about it!)

"Then," George continued, "he came around and sat down beside me, making more unpleasant remarks. I was getting pretty tired of him by this time and I suggested that we might step outside and settle the matter. But he wouldn't do that.

"Mac was beginning to get excited by this time and that worried me... I said to this stranger, 'Now, I never saw you before. I don't care if I never see you again! Why don't you be a good guy and just go away and keep quiet before something happens?' I was pleading with him.

And that he made a pass at me, and before I could do anything, somebody grabbed him and the next thing I knew a lot of people were shoving each other and singing and I wasn't even in it! The only part I managed to have in it was that I did pull his shirt out!"

That last item of accomplishment apparently still gives George a small and wistful satisfaction. But the morning papers had him swinging like a windmill in the midst of the fray.

Then there was the more recent occurrence in the Brown Derby.

"I had just given Mac, here, a little birthday present," related George, indicating "The Killer," "We'd had his nose fixed up a little bit for him. And I had had a scar on my ear fixed. This had taken place at ten that morning and at noon we went into the Derby for lunch. Mac had bandages and tape on his face.

"Now, there was a chop there whom I had never seen before. I didn't drink and I usually hear things better than the people who do. I had thought that I heard this chop pass a remark about me in the club. I'd never seen him before so I couldn't be sure it was meant for me. But I remembered it..."

"This day at the Derby he passed another remark... not to me. I heard him say something about, 'There go a couple of bums, trying to make themselves look pretty!' Even then I let it pass, although I was beginning to simmer inside. I suppose that it would have been better to pay no attention to him at all, but when we went to get our drinks from the parking station, he was standing in the middle of the drive and he wouldn't move out of the way when the car was brought.

"I stepped up to him and said, 'Look! If you have any remarks to make about me, you make them to me because if I have anything to say about you, you will hear it directly from me!' He was wearing glasses and I told him to take them off. I was pretty mad by then.

"Just then Mike stepped in between us and they began shoving one another and I was afraid that Mac would be hit on his new, sore nose, so I tried to separate them. By this time a lot of people had gathered and they separated everybody. "I wanted very much," George concluded, mournfully, "to hit that one!"

(Continued from page 50)
This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman

Says

GEORGE RAFT

The fragrance is April Showers, the perfume of youth. You can enjoy its luxury at low cost... in April Showers Talc, the world’s most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

April Showers Talc

Exquisite, but not expensive

CHEDAMY PARIS

Don’t Worry Over GRAY HAIR

Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can change those streaks or patches of gray or furred hair to beauty 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-three years by thousands of women. Brownstone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imports rich beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in shades—"Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need. Brownstone is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

PERSONALLY, if I were a belligerent male, I shouldn’t “choose” George without thinking the matter over rather carefully beforehand. His apparent slightness belies the strength of the wiry, light-trained, dancing-trained body. He grew up in circles where fists were important, where they were almost necessary to survival. He keeps himself in excellent physical trim and he can move with the swift agility of the well-known cat, if he chooses. Despite his customary patience, his Latin temper boils abruptly upon occasion. I should use discretion about making untoward remarks to George.

There was a third encounter of which I had not heard before and George thinks it was the most amusing of all. It happened a few weeks ago while he was in Chicago.

"I had been invited to a late party at a night club with some people whom I did not know very well," he related. "When I arrived they had been there some little time and I could see that they were a little bit tight. I had a young lady with me and we spoke to our host and hostess and met the other guests and then we danced. The dance floor was rather crowded.

"The second number, after our arrival, was a tango and one of the men at the table leaned over to me and said, 'I wish you would dance with my wife.' I told him that I should be very happy to dance with her as soon as some other people got up to dance.

"I am like that, you know. Even if I weren’t sort of in the public eye, I shouldn’t like to get up alone on a dance floor. People might think that I was condescending about my dancing. I don’t want to appear to be conceited!"

George’s shyness... again.

We can’t decide whether its the “pro” football game or Mr. Raft’s company that is making Virginia Pine look so bitter. Mr. Raft, however, looks placid and interested in the game. This romantic team is still keeping Hollywood guessing.

WELL... the man insisted. He said "I want you to get up and dance with her now!" I said, "I’m sorry. I don’t feel like dancing now, if you will excuse me. A little later..."

"I didn’t dance again that evening. When we were waiting for our cars in front of the place, I said to the lady, ‘Goodnight. I am happy to have met you.’ She said, ‘I don’t want to say goodnight to you.’"

"I said, ‘I am very sorry about that,’ and I turned to her husband, held out my hand and said, ‘Goodnight.’"

"He just looked at me and said, ‘Scram!’"

"Now," said George in real bewildement, "what would you make of that? I hadn’t insulted her, had I? It was simply that I didn’t want to make either of us conspicuous. I won’t get up in a place like that when it looks as if I’m trying to show off. I won’t do it for anybody. And that’s that..."

"He made some more remarks and I stood as much as I could, and then I said, ‘Listen! I don’t have to take remarks like that from anyone. I’m not one of the pretty Hollywood actors who has to be careful of his face. I’m not good looking and I don’t have to be afraid to tangle with anyone. I asked him to step over to the parking lot and settle the matter. But he wouldn’t come and people came between us and finally took him away. I didn’t start this argument and I wasn’t allowed to finish it!"

"It just happened!”

I think it is downright discouraging, the difficulty that George has in persuading his adversaries to step outside and let him deal with them in person. People are willing and ready to make unpleasant remarks to him, apparently, but no one has the courage to follow the matter with a real encounter. I earnestly hope that the next time anyone gets fresh with him, the bystanders will mind their own business. I think it is high time that George had the opportunity to take a good joke at one of these belligerent boys. I’ll wager that they would not be quite so free with their language again!
"Smooth" Clothes for Young Gadabouts

(Continued from page 66)

can tint your underwear to the desired shade and it gives it a new lease on smartness. Colored neckwear and gloves are going to be very big in fashion, too. So get out some of your white collars and cuffs along with some of your white, washable gloves and dip them into the dye. Be sure to read my dying chart offer at the end of this article.

I have picked four evening gowns that I thought you would love. They express the special fashion fads of the stars who wear them. And all of them are perfect for spring and summer dates.

THERE'S Wendy Barrie's quilted black crepe evening coat on page 64. Wendy, you know, is the lovely young English star who has just arrived here to make pictures for Paramount. Already, she is one of the belles of Hollywood's younger set, having a crew of young blades begging her for dates. This evening coat is a grand summer wrap—it is worn for cool nights yet light enough for warm ones. The short puffed sleeves and the wide-stitched collar are trick details. Those big lozenge-looking buttons are rhinestones.

Marina Schubert is another newcomer, and isn't she sweet? You will see her in "All the King's Horses." Her quilted crepe gown, shown next to Wendy's evening wrap, is a gem. The all-over pattern is in a variety of flower tones on a navy background. The dress is simple with the skirt fullness concentrated at the back so that Marina has a graceful ballow follow her as she dances about the floor.

The cape is shirred at the shoulders with emerald velvet used for the tie. Marina, you see, wears the high, fluffy bang I mentioned earlier.

Then on the bottom row, same page, you see Wendy in the evening gown she wears beneath her quilted coat. Here's the sort of half-way sophistication that you can attempt safely. Wendy's dress is a unique ribbed satin with a tricky collar that makes shoulder caps. Isn't that gold kid belt pretty swish?

Next to her, is Maureen O'Sullivan in a sweet, cross-harled organza. Pleated ruffles of the material provide most of the trimming, being used to edge the hem, the brief sleeves and the V neckline. Kingfisher blue velvet for the belt and the bow that ties her dark hair back from her face. That little nosegay of field flowers, pinned at her neckline, is just perfect. You will be wearing flowers, like these, tucked into the belts of your dresses, worn at the necks of your blouses, or pinned to the lapels of your jackets.

MAUREEN'S string of pearls is the nicest jewelry she could have picked. Pearls are in again for all times of the day; you may wear them even over the neckline of your sweaters, if you like.

Next, look at the daytime clothes on page 65. You could picture yourself in any of them, couldn't you? Especially Wendy's wooden ensemble. She bought this to wear out to Santa Anita to the races—the most exciting date in Hollywood these days is one that takes you out to watch the horses run. The jacket is one of those new finger-tip length ones in a plaid that can be worn with both dresses and skirts. This one of Wendy's

Tom's Mother said she was careless...
AND SHE WAS!

Betty: What's the matter?
Babs: (In tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.

Betty: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.
Babs: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?

Betty: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.
Babs: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.

Betty: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even once without Kleinert's Dress Shields.
Babs: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!

Fashion advisers recommend Kleinert's Dress Shields for every dress because the underarm is the part most likely to show signs of wear. Whatever threatens the smartness of your dress—friction, perspiration, or corrosive chemicals—a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields will give you the assurance of guaranteed protection. Genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields now cost as little as 25¢ a pair—why be imposed upon by substitutes?

Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS

When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable... Some are pinless... From 25¢ to $1.00 each... All Notion Counters.
is lined with the gold jersey of the blouse. The colors in the jacket are repeated in the gold, yellow, black, and white beaded trim of the skirt. The combination of these three different types of woolens is a clever thought.

Besides this type of jacket, everyone is wearing the short jacket with belted back and shirring under a shoulder yoke that is known as the "Clark Gable" jacket, dubbed, of course, for that high-hearted hero of the screen. This jacket is_temperature of the same name. This you wear with your skirts and it is usually in either a plaid, checked, monogram or tweed woolens.

Maureen O'Sullivan wears a Norfolk jacket in a gray check with a plain gray skirt when she dies. Since all of you are so air-minded these days, it is a good idea to know what to wear. So many of the stars have to fly back and forth from coast to coast, but they have air-travel clothes down to a fine point. Usually a suit is the choice with either a warm top or fur coat worn over it.

I was tremendously interested, not long ago, to find Lilian Harvey wearing one of the new divided or trouser skirts as an air costume. Lilian was returning to England and I wanted to boat her back to her goodbyes. There she sat, looking incredibly young with her golden hair falling loosely, almost to her shoulders. She wears much off-screen make-up and consequently, she has a very childish look. I noticed that she seemed to be wearing a beautifully cut tweed suit under her own coat, but when I commented upon it, she laughed and stretched her feet out to show me the divided skirt.

"Oh, I love it," she said. "It is the most perfect costume for flying because it is so warm around the legs. It doesn't make any difference how de luxe the air-line is, it is to be cold when we get up a ways. This skirt was a wonderful protection and the nice part of it is, no one guesses unless I show them, like this, that the skirt isn't just a nice plain one with an inverted pleat.

I asked her if she liked divided skirts better than the slinky that she and all Hollywood stars adore so.

"Oh, no," she said. "The divided skirts are grand for travel and for sports, but give me my comfortable skirts for wear to the studio and around home."

LILIAN wore a simple tailored blouse with this, also a cardigan sweater under her suit jacket. She said that she suffered so from the cold that she pined on clothing regardless of whether she looked snuffed or not.

When you see her with Tulio Carminati in "Let's Live Tonight," you will see the sort of soft, feminine costumes that she likes to wear. She likes slightly more ingenious things than many stars. All of her evening dresses, for instance, are made with sidelines and softs, leaving fullness in the skirts. Lilian is very smart in that she sticks to the type of costume she feels happiest in, regardless of whether it is the last gasp in fashion or not.

But back to our own fashion gallery. Next to Wendy Barrie's ensemble is Toby Wing's knitted jacket costume. It is three-piece with skirt and cape in yellow knit, the blouse in a rose and yellow stripe. Toby, and she is a close type, sports a woolen hat with a wired brim to match.

Capes in every form are good and they are just made for slender young figures like yours and Toby's. Try one of the cape suits or coats for early spring.

Tafteta ruffles through both daytime and evening fashions. And the one of Shirley's is a red, white and black plaid, it is made in the favorite shirtwaist manner with short sleeves and a turnover collar. A bright red velvet bow makes a gay splash.

Again Wendy crashes through with a great success, this time for the classic printed dress we all wear everyday and summer. The design of hers is delightfully cock-eyed, being made of plain squares, broad, of a patch-work quilt effect on a white background. Her collar is gathered around the throat, tying with velvet ribbon.

WELL have to start galloping over the last page in order to have time to squeeze in the hats in. Most of you with unfurrowed brows, with delight at the return of the off-the-face hats and such whimsies as bonnets—but if you are really a type. I've picked four distinctly different types that you can wear without monochrome.

There's Maureen O'Sullivan's cute polka-dotted affair to match her silk shirt-waist dress. It's casual, sporty and generally becoming to all types of faces. The soft shades of pink and blue, and the coolie hat with the brim turned up like a Breton sailor. Sounds as if I had my countries mixed a bit, doesn't it? But it's the best way I can think to describe it. This style is always becoming to youthful faces.

And last, but by no means least, the beloved off-the-face straw hat. Marjorie Reid wears one in a navy blue straw with the brim faced in white felt and the trimmings of white feathers, or of feathers. The dianas close to her face are fascinating.

And last, but by no means least, the beloved off-the-face straw hat. Marjorie Reid wears one in a navy blue straw with the brim faced in white felt and the trimmings of white feathers, or of feathers. The dianas close to her face are fascinating.

To the hat question. If you will send your name and address to me, I will send you immediately a marvelous spring dyeing chart that gives you every imaginable color combination to make things look new and smart. And it is so easy to accomplish that you will find it fun. If you want added help on your fashion problems, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope also. Write to Adelina Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York.

The Man from Dead Pan Alley (Continued from page 61)

"Where'd you hear that?" He was looking right through me as he said it. But I was beyond quibbling, Betsy Ann had shown me the light.

"I read it in a newspaper."

"That's trash, that's all, and just to prove that they're what he thought of it, he handed me back my letter, and I saw that he had scratched the word, "trash,"

in an uncertain manner right across the page. (It happens to be one of his favorite words, I soon discovered.)

"You want to tell people that the Ned Sparks they see on the screen is the result of a physical ailment, when Ned Sparks is really a mental creation that
I've worked over for twenty years! Oh, come now, have a heart. There's a well-thought-out reason for Ned Sparks. I met him first years ago in the character of a night clerk at a small mid-western hotel, one of the grouchiest, grumpiest, most inhospitable persons that I have ever seen, inside or outside a hotel. He stared at me belligerently when I went up to the desk to register. I said "How do you do?" and instead of answering he came out from behind the desk and peered at my luggage critically. Then he went back again, and as I was about to reach for the register, he took it away from me, looked at it himself for a while, and when he thought that he had annoyed me sufficiently he returned it to me. But he didn't annoy me, he amused me. Everything he did, or didn't do, was like that. Later put his character into a show on Broadway called 'Little Miss Brown.' Madge Kennedy was in it, too. Everyone knows a Ned Sparks. There's one in every town and often in every family."

YES, I've got an uncle like that," I said. "And you like him, don't you? I mean he's not terribly pleasant to have around, but you tolerate him, even think he's funny sometimes, don't you?"

I agreed. "Well, then please don't print any trash about me. Tell 'em the truth, Ned Sparks is my own conscious creation. I created him because he is a character that everyone knows, but doesn't understand, until I showed him up as somebody to be laughed at. Most of the stories that get around about me are ridiculous. About my chauffeur, for example. I am supposed to have a chauffeur just so I can be irritated at him and thus keep myself in an irritable frame of mind. Trash, plain trash. I have a chauffeur because I need someone to drive my car. What else would anybody have a chauffeur for?"

"Well, isn't it true that you have a clause in your contract that the studio can't make you laugh, or even smile in a picture, unless you agree to it?"

He gave me that dead pan again and

The very "dead pan" Mr. Sparks in one of his glummer moments with Ann Dvorak in "Sweet Music."

Norforms...
he didn't even have say to it me to let me know what he was thinking. Trash, rubbish, and nonsense. "It's true, though, that I do have a clause in my contract which permits me to write or re-write my dialogue, and to originate my own lines. So I suppose it amounts to about the same thing. I've always written my own lines, even years ago on the stage, like the time I wrote in the part of the night clerk for myself." 

" Haven't you ever wanted to go back to the stage?"

"What should I want to go back to the stage for? This movie work suits me fine."

I gasped. For once an actress hadn't gone off into a discussion of his first and last love, the theatre, at the drop of a hat.

"There are only two things I want to do now," he went on. "I want to make less pictures, so people won't get fed up with my dead pan. I made eleven pictures last year and next year I'm going to make four. Then in a couple of years I want to retire, and spend the rest of my life fishing and hunting. I like that better than anything in the world."

I had already judged that was the case since there were several stacks of outdoor magazines in the hotel room, incidentally, was as cheery and cozy and friendly as Mr. Sparks isn't on the screen. It was lined with books—not the kind that man off the shelf since a distant relative willed them to you—but the kind that are new and modern and show signs of having been read several times.

"We had someone in the old cuckoo clock ticking on the wall. A busy-looking dock in the behind which Ned sat and looked thoughtful. I think he was quite used to sitting and working there. And there were at least half a dozen small rubber animals around which I guessed were Betsy Ann's own personal possessions.

INCIDENTALLY, Betsy Ann's bed is an exact replica of Mr. Sparks', only miniature, of course. It has sheets and pillows just like a real person's bed. "Why not?" said Mr. Sparks. "She is a real person to me, and she is just like her as one. We have long talks together. She's the best audience and the best company I've ever had. I think she was sort of a misfire, till then, the time she saved my life. I've looked upon her with new respect ever since. We were walking in the mountains and I had a bad dream, and as usual, when Betsy Ann suddenly dashed in front of me, barking like a half dozen dogs rolled into one, I stopped and turned around, and there was a big diamond-back lying right in the middle of the path. I would certainly have stopped on it if it hadn't been for Betsy Ann."

"When we got home I rewarded her with a bit of filet mignon, her favorite dish. Oh yes, my dog has very highbrow tastes. The only thing that worries me is that she displays a deplorable tendency toward strong drink, and likes (usually gets a trip of sherry before dinner. Another thing which disturbs me, but which I tolerate, is that she snores most misteriously, and also has nocturnal farts. It is on this last point I can speak with authority, as she never turns me out of bed, so I really should return the favor."

"A funny thing," he went on, "most people are awfully kind to me, the first time they meet me. I have many friends who admit they were once scared to death of me. Strange, isn't it, because my fans, the people who write to me, seem to know more about me than the people I know personally. Look at this letter, for example."

Dear Mr. Sparks: 

I am in desperate circumstances and need your aid. I was born in a charity hospital for three months, laid up by an automobile accident. My wife and four children have had nothing to eat for two days now. I would go out and beg, borrow, or steal, if I were able. Won't you please send them some money, as I can buy groceries? I am writing you because you look so mean and tough on the surface that you must have a heart of gold underneath. I have been told that if you need anything to always go to the man who looks most as though he wouldn't give you anything, I will pay you back when I am able to work again. I am so sure you will send it that I am enclosing my I. O. U. for $25. Thanks a lot.

"You see?" said Ned. "They're on to me. I give away thousands of dollars every year. I haven't got much of a family of my own, but I have Betsy Ann, and we've got everything we need, so why shouldn't I be generous? It isn't really generosity. It gives me a sort of selfish pleasure."

I SUSPECT that Ned has traveled many times with only a quarter or two in his pocket. There is no way now how he so enjoys giving money away to poor unfortunates. As a boy, Ned lived in Ontario, Canada, and followed the markets as a prospectors. When he was a prospectors, Ned was a good singer. Eventually he wandered from mining camp to mining camp, as a sort of a one-man show. He had a fine voice then, and still has, though Ned hasn't yet had a chance to display it on the screen. He made his début on the stage at Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory. Later he hopped a freighter and came down to Seattle. Then he began his wandering through the West and Mid West. From one little town to the next, sleeping in cheap hotels, dining regally on 15¢ a throw. They were hard days. They lasted from 1913 to 1919. He was on Broadway in "Little Miss Brown" and from then on Ned was famous as "The Man Who Never Smiles." After that he was a feature comedian with such stars as Madge Kennedy, Alice Brady, Ethel Shannon and William Collier. In 1919 he made a silent film in New York, with Constance Talmadge. Ned came to Hollywood eleven years ago with a contract to make forty pictures (in those days they turned out that many in a few months). But he was in a bad accident, and laid up for so long that his contract was canceled and when at last he was fit to work, it was just like starting all over again.

The story of his success may be summed up in a short paragraph by saying that, though the world values Ned as one of the highest priced actors in the film colony. Few fans realize that many character actors receive more money than he does. They witness the likes of Ginger Rogers and Clark Gable, who are sometimes mentioned in the same breath as him, and who are not, and are not. But fans and admirers of Mr. Sparks are also able to hang on to their money more easily than the stars. They may live simply, entertain modestly, have only one car, and live in a house that costs nothing. And some fans may argue that it is nothing. If Clark Gable should live in a small two-room apartment and call him a miser, yet I doubt if Clark is a wealthier man today than Ned is. It's just one of the many quirks in the Hollywood system."
Lovable Genius

(Continued from page 31)

fore. He brought to this an understanding almost uncanny, and an unforgettable emotion.

In and around Warmister, Freddie became the star performer at parties and charity concerts. There always was feverish applause when he stepped out on the platform, not much more than a baby, his head covered with dark ringlets, his dress one of the pastel linen smocks his "Cis" made for him.

There was the evening he sang the song that goes, "Oh, she's sweet. See her coming down the street . . . " Evidently enough, he addressed this song to a little girl he knew in the front row, a little blonde girl named Jennifer.

She became confused, she turned scarlet, Freddie was only four but her dismay worried him. He stopped his song. He walked over to the edge of the platform.

"Don't be shy, Jennifer," he told her gently. "Don't be shy!" Then he stepped back to continue, as if there had been no interruption whatever.

Contrary to what you might expect Freddie never seems to lose himself in what he is doing. At those concerts, for instance, he always was aware of everything that went on, and conscious of the different people in his audience.

Cissie Bartholomew noticed him wink as he stood on the platform during one performance.

"Who were you winking at, Freddie?" she asked him later. "Did you see someone you knew?"

"Oh, no," said Freddie, "I just saw a friend in the audience, a man of about forty, I should judge, with fine gray hair."

Anyone Freddie likes he calls a friend. Most people he likes. People are of the greatest importance to him, irrespective of their age. He will stand beside a baby carriage, gazing rapturously at a sleeping baby, or entertaining a baby that is awake with funny faces and noises for as long as the nurse will linger. And time after time, during visits to London, he has waited to help an old lady or an old gentleman off a bus and guide them to the sidewalk.

WHEN he and his darling "Cis" came to America last summer, they hoped in their hearts that Freddie would be chosen for "Copperfield." But if he wasn't, they were satisfied to call it a holiday. Freddie was concerned, however, as leaving his grandmother for she seems to be none too well these days.

"Dear God," Cissie Bartholomew heard him pray the night before they left home, "do help Granny to get about while I'm gone. And please don't ever have Grandpa's eyes fail him. It would be too frightful to have no more cricket on the lawn. Grandpa does enjoy it so. And so do I, I must say."

God, you see, is not vague or awesome to him, but a friend, and what could be more blessed?

He turned to God again when he faced a difficulty in California. On the morning the scene where he says good-bye to his nurse, Peggoty, was to be filmed.

"Dear God," he prayed hurriedly while his aunt and governess, Miss Murphy, called that the car was waiting, "today I must laugh and cry at the same time, I mean we say good-bye to a good old Peggoty. It's going to be hard, I'm afraid so I'll need a little extra help."

"But," Cissie Bartholomew told me, "I

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston announce the marriage
of their daughter

Doris

AND there almost was no wedding to announce

NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those little big things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Lovable Genius

(Continued from page 31)
Fastidious women realize the value of perfect grooming—for hands as well as hair. Hang nails and delicate "moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids . . . well balanced, keen-edged and scientifically designed, make manicuring a simple, pleasant duty. Look for the new Improved Cleaner Paint on Wigder Nail Files. These quality instruments are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get a set today.

Rear Admiral Barthemeless tells one to the gang. Left to right, Dick, Jim Cagney, Kay Francis (hostess), Maurice Chevalier, Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

mustn’t give you the impression that Freddie is any goofy-good. For nothing could be further from the truth.” She gathered up a bag of marbles, some rubber bands and a little crotch of wood, which looked suspiciously like the makings of a sling-shot. “Put a knife in his hands and he’s none too careful what he carves. The furniture isn’t any too safe. And his pockets!” She gave a slight shiver. “I’ve pulled frightful things out of them.”

That afternoon, after Freddie had finished with his French and geography, he joined us in the living-room before the fire. At first, until he got his bearings he sat with his aunt on her chair. She is small enough so she leaves a little wedge of room. And a little wedge of room is all Freddie needs.

I asked him, when Freddie was making “Copperfield,” he had thought about the things he was going to do while he was away from the studios. I wondered if bits of action hadn’t popped into his mind when he was doing his lessons, as he was about to go off to sleep, or even when he was riding horseback with Elizabeth Allan. Riding he counts the greatest fun in the world. And he loves Elizabeth Allan.

“That happened at first,” he said. His charming infectious give all he says a faint poignance. “But I found it better not to let this happen, not to think about my work all at once when I was away from the studios, except to go over my lines with my aunt.

In the studios, you see, Mr. Cukor, the director, would explain the set-up to me and tell me how he wanted things done.

One very funny thing happened when we were making “Copperfield,” he said, appreciatively. “Remember the scene where I come down the stairs in my night-shirt, looking for my mother? Well, when we did that scene, I was truly frightened. My knees shook together.

There was no sound for several minutes, you’ll remember.

“There’s no one there!” Mr. Cukor whispered. ‘There’s no one there, David! No . . . one . . . there!”

“But,” and now Freddie’s eyes were bright with amusement, “but when I got down into the hall and looked into the door of the room that was supposed to be empty, while Mr. Cukor kept whispering, ‘There’s . . . no . . . one . . . there!’ I found myself face to face with a great crowd of people who were watching that scene being filmed.”

H e thought the saddest scene of all was the one he played at the foot of the staircase with Peggy Ott. When she stood before him and said, “The Treasure, she . . .” And he, as David, asked, “Dead, Peggy Ott?”

He would have liked it if the wreck could have been in his part of the picture, for that he found exciting.

He didn’t sit quiet for long. Before many minutes he was lying on the floor, in a typical little boy position, flat on his back, making a tent of his knees. “Have you been homesick for England?” I asked him.

“Yes, at Christmas,” he said, taking aim at a lamp shade with the particular elastic garter which he insists is lucky for his marksmanship. “You see Peter always comes for Christmas when we’re home. (Peter is his cousin, a year or two his senior, and his idol.) And we have great fun. We run a string from his room to mine, tie one end of it to his big toe and the other end to my big toe. And on each end we attach a little bell.”

Now excitement made his eyes sparkle. “That,” he explained, “is so whoever moves will awaken the other. And we can creep down and see our presents.”

“Once,” with a quick little look at his Aunt Cissie, “once we went downstairs at two o’clock in the morning!”
"That," Cissie Bartholomew interrupted, "was a little too much."

"Yes," Freddie agreed, "we were punished.

Always he turns to his aunt. The bond between them is great. He can tell, for instance, when she arrives at the studios, even before he sees her. And when you ask him how he does this, he says, "It's mental!"

It's more than simply mental, of course. This bond is a psychic quality between them. One night recently they both dreamed the same dream, Cissie Bartholomew dreamed the first half of it, Freddie the second.

Cissie Bartholomew dreamed she was in the garden of a house in which she had lived, when she was a little girl, playing with her father. I saw Freddie from being shot. While her father refused to do anything about it, insisting that Freddie, who had killed a man, must suffer the consequences.

The dream was so vivid it depressed her. She was still trying to shake it off when she went into Freddie's room the next morning.

"I'm in a bath of perspiration," Freddie announced at once, "because of a dream I had. I was dreaming I was in a garden, an English garden, it seemed. All the family sat in a row watching while I faced a firing squad. I had murdered a man.

"Since in England we do not shoot murderers but hang them," said Cissie Bartholomew, "it seemed especially strange." Yes, gather that she and Freddie are not at all upset by evidences of the bond which lives between them. But that they think it great fun. There is. And for whatever it is, they accept it.

More than a dozen people who have seen Freddie as "David Copperfield" have said the same thing to me. In substance, "He's sure to be unhappy." Adding with a little sigh, "He's so sensitive, too sensitive for his own good."

That seems logical, too, until you know Freddie and watch him. However, I doubt it to be true.

Undoubtedly, because of Freddie's intense sensitivity, he will react more keenly to things, be more acutely conscious of the sorrow in the world. But, by the very same token, he will be more aware of the beauty in the world, too. And reacting more keenly to this, he will know a keener happiness. So there the scales will balance.

Besides, because of his unfathomable wisdom and understanding, Freddie already, at ten years of age, sees life and people with a perspective seldom acquired before adult years. Therefore he runs an excellent chance of being spared that crucifying upheaval of readjustment which most of us face in the late 'teens or early twenties and from which too few emerge with unscarred eyes.

Freddie, prematurely, if not actually psychically wires, reacts to all he observes and all he feels with the sublime faith and acceptance of childhood. Life he finds perpetually exciting. People are of paramount importance to him. And all of it is wonderfully worth while.

What is it that makes him the way he is? That's the question.

Perhaps it is in his instinctive love for people which he inherits from his Irish grandmother Bartholomew that the germ of his genius lies? He may be the reincarnation of some actor who was famous in his own time? Or it may be that he never has lost that wisdom with which so many were endowed?

I wouldn't attempt to say. Only this I know, that I'll always remember his eyes. In them there lies something sublime.
in the court library and the one that was on the balcony. Everybody could see it—they could even see the inch-thick electric cable connecting the microphone to the sound recording equipment.

"If anybody was in a position to tell us to stop, it was the Sheriff, in charge of the courtroom. He didn't bother us at all. Incidentally, anyone who says he was supposed to let this recording go on is telling an untruth. He was just a regular fellow.

"Of course they knew we were taking pictures! Don't you remember the newspaper headlines when the lights all over the building went out during the early part of the trial? Well, that was because big Photoflood lights had been installed throughout the courtroom. When they blew the fuses, they were taken out and 300-watt bulbs substituted."

**THAT'S** the story, exactly as I got it from the lips of men who should know. But it's not all. I got some more data from Jim Cunningham, star reporter of the Motion Picture Herald, the "Bible" of the movie trade.

"The Hauptmann film, as you know, made its first appearance on January 31. But in the Herald of January 19, Cunningham said, "Actual photographing and recording in the courtroom is confined, by order of Judge Trenchard, to incidents taking place only when he is not sitting on the bench. The judge ruled that he will hold in contempt any person or company responsible for the making of pictures while he is sitting.

"This would seem to indicate that the movie men misunderstood the judge's orders.

"But here's another point which Mr. Cunningham told me. By the order of the court, all the special photographic electric lights in the courtroom were extinguished and the shades pulled part way down when Bruno Hauptmann took the witness stand. If this was an effort to insure against the taking of pictures, it failed. According to Cunningham, the camera was equipped with an ultra-fast lens, and special "super speed" movie film was made to order, that the pictures might be taken.

"Further, Mr. Cunningham says that the operator did NOT stand next to the camera. He left the camera switched on and sat inconspicuously by the batteries, some ten feet away, starting and stopping the camera by connecting the battery wires. I have heard this same story from other authoritative sources.

"But, whichever version is true, the main question is, "What is the value of these pictures? Should they have been taken?"

"Everybody you ask has a different answer.

"Here are what a few authorities say, together with the opinions of some people I queried in theatre lobbies.

"To get the opinion of an unbiased prosecutor—one not connected, in any way, with the Hauptmann trial, I interviewed District Attorney William Copeland Dodge. He is the brilliant, fiery lawyer who, by his forceful and accurate presentations of the evidence against law-breakers, protects the people of New York against criminals.

"Mr. Dodge, with his trained legal mind,

---

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Heavy lunches don't contribute to wide-awake afternoons. Try a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream, and fruit. Delicious! But better still, rich in energy that's quickly digested. You'll feel fresher the rest of the day.

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Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES

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Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER

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**Was It Right to Film the Hauptmann Trial?**

*(Continued from page 53)*

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**GRiffin-A. B.C.**

**for a real shine**

**EASY OPENER**

Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Read about the screen's newest rave—Nelson Eddy

In the June issue of MODERN SCREEN

Quickly relieve Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender, if they press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholls' Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief! These specially-medicated pads cushion and protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and calouses. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold everywhere.

---

**Drs. Scholls Zino-pads**

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*
looked at both sides of the question and then spoke.

"On the whole," he said, "I condemn any pictures, be they newsreels or straight dramas, which feature the activities of criminals or even of people suspected of crimes. In my opinion, such films tend to teach children, and even adults with immature minds, the false theory that there is glamor connected with crime.

"The Hauptmann Trial film, showing the prisoner taunting and miserable under the lashing tongue of the able New Jersey Attorney General, David Wilentz, is not so bad. It shows that the way of the man arrested for a crime is, by no means, a pleasant path to tread. Perhaps it may lead some imaginative persons to picture themselves gasping and trembling in the witness chair—but others may see only that this, hitherto unknown, German carpenter is now receiving nation-wide publicity.

"At all events, I do not think the picture should have been released until after the verdict was given by the jury."

So speaks a prosecutor, his opinion typical of that of States' Attorneys everywhere. Now let's see what the most famous, the most brilliant defense attorney, of the present day, thinks about that scope of the century, the film made at the Hauptmann trial. Samuel S. Leibowitz, whose duty it is to defend prisoners at the bar of justice, thinks very much as does District Attorney Dodge.

"You won't want to print my opinion," said this great lawyer, "because I'm going to tell you that I have not seen the picture and I do not think anybody should go to see it."

"I am opposed strongly to all this fare of publicity which surrounds sensational criminal trials in these United States. However, I think, if we are going to have an army of newspaper nabobs and fiction writers in the courtroom to give us their personal impressions and reactions to the witnesses, we may as well let the newsreels in, too, and get a really true reproduction of what goes on—with sight and sound. This is a much clearer report than when one newspaper reporter tells you that the defendant looked worried and near the breaking point, while another reporter writes that he seemed calm, and more confident than ever,"

"We would be a thousand times better off if we followed the English system more closely. There, trials are dignified legal proceedings, not three-ring circuses.

"I condemn any breach of faith which the newsreel companies may have committed, for the breach of a promise given to such a sterling jurist as Judge Trenchard cannot be too heartily censured. He should, I think, give the severest possible sentences to those who broke their word to him; they are certainly guilty of contempt of court."

"I have not been to see the pictures, for courtroom proceedings are no novelty to me. I urge the public to stay away likewise, for their support of these films will encourage the tendency to make a mockery of justice and a theatre of our courts.

"If we are to have trial pictures (and they are no worse than sensational newspapers' "color" stories), let us have them taken openly and only with the permission of the presiding justice, rather than in stealthy defiance of his orders. The newsreel men, if they want to make such pictures, should take off their false whiskers and come out into the open."

Let us now get an opinion from the editor of a great daily newspaper. We'll ask Harry T. Saylor, who holds the most responsible position on the New York Evening Post.

"It was," he said, "a great piece of re-
S M O O T H, rich, flavorful brown gravy—how men revel in it! How easy to make with the aid of Lea & Perrins Sauce, the original Worcestershire that gives the “chef’s touch” to the simplest home cooking. Get a bottle today. Discover the secret of perfect gravies and sauces, savory soups and meats. Mail coupon below for FREE book of 160 recipes.

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A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cordite. Ake. Kress’s

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beautifully speedily happily

Here’s that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lumb starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

**TRIAL THIS FREE**

[Image: ELASTIC HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS]


**MODERN SCREEN**

PORTING. What if it isn’t in good taste? The whole tenor of this trial was that of a circus and not a judicial proceeding. So, as long as the newspapers and radio went to such lengths, I don’t see why anyone should object to the newsreels getting as much of a share as the pictures. Trenchard did not want the court-room pictures to be taken and perhaps was not even aware that they were being filmed.

“You can’t convince me that those cameramen didn’t get in without, at least, the tacit or implied approval of certain court officials, though it is obvious that Judge Trenchard did not want the court-room pictures to be taken and perhaps was not even aware that they were being filmed.

“...the influence on increasing or discouraging crime? I think it’s nil. Pictures of that sort do not teach any lesson; they’re just exceptionally interesting pictures for an audience to watch. Rather on the macabre side, though, and in bad taste with a human life at stake.

“We newspaper men, as well as the newsreel men and the radio commentators, have overstated the bounds of propriety in this case. The cameramen are no worse than we are, so why blame them for trying to get their share of the news? After all, they are simply reporters who use a microphone and camera instead of a pencil and paper; their stories are printed on celluloid instead of in ink. Fundamentally, we’re all in the same profession, and they are to be commended on doing a workman-like job of getting the news—the reporters’ first commandment.

“If their pictures are interesting to mankind—and all those I have spoken to found them extremely interesting—they are to be congratulated on doing a good, thorough job of reporting a case which has enthralled people throughout the United States.”

When an editor, like Mr. Saylor, talks about the court as a trial reporter there is nothing for me to do but talk to the greatest reporter of them all—Floyd Gibbons, ace correspondent of the World War, feature writer for the Hearst Syndicate, and premier newscaster.

**FLOYD** said, “I think the whole case should have been filmed and made public as an unimpeachable record of the trial. The film is a good idea; the only trouble with it is, it didn’t go far enough.”

“If judges object to the cameramen making the court-room pictures, it is because they have ideas that date back to the Civil War. They might as well object to street lights and insist that the courtroom be lighted with candles, or that the testimony be taken in long-hand instead of being typewritten.

“When accused of a crime, is taken into court, he is supposed to be given a public trial. The newsreel made this the first truly public trial in our history. It did not limit the audience to the few dozen or hundred people able to squeeze into the court-room through their influence or other means. Millions of the trial, perhaps to thousands of men and women all over the country. I am sure that everybody is interested in it, not only because of the prominence of some of the principals, but also because the crime of kidnapping is one which strikes terror into the hearts of every mother and father in the land.

“The picture was illuminating. It gave a sidelong that the public could gain in no other way. When I saw the film I was particularly shocked by what I believed to be the confession which Hauptmann made to have for the prosecutor, Attorney General Wilentz, as manifested by his thrusting out his arm, like a traffic cop, and ordering, ‘Stop dat! You, stop dat!’

“I would like to see a film of the entire trial—all the testimony of all the witnesses; close-ups of all the exhibits. Not only would it be interesting and educational as..."
to courtroom procedure, it would be a valuable historical document of the most sensational trial in this generation.

An exactly opposite view was taken by H. V. Kaltenborn, also a radio newsmagazine commentator and, for more than forty years, an outstanding newspaper man.

Says Mr. Kaltenborn: "It was highly unethical for the newsreel companies to defy Judge Trenchard's decision that motion pictures not be made of courtroom proceedings, and that the cameras might be operated only during recesses and before and after court. There is no reason why any specific type of cooperation should be permitted to make a profit out of sensationalizing this already sensational trial; the dictum of the presiding justice very definitely should have been respected.

"Catering, for the sake of profit, to that class of the public which craves sensationalism is cheap commercialism, and that goes for newspapers or broadcasters who may find it applicable, as well as newsreel producers."

But how do movie people themselves feel about the Hauptmann Trial newsreel?

THE stars are scared to death to say a word about it! They're afraid to say one word either way, for fear it would hurt their box office appeal. They don't talk. And even if they wanted to, their press agents wouldn't let them! I know this to be a fact.

I could quote you a dozen critics, who say to me, it was "gratifying," or "fascinating," or "unbelievable"—but that Hauptmann "gave the impression of an innocent man, fighting against daunting circumstances," or that he was "the very symbol of guilt"—that Wilentz was "the most forceful figure in the present American court" or that he was "too dramatic, more like a prosecutor in a play." But, instead, it's go right to the home folks who saw it and ask them. I stood in the lobby of a half-dozen theaters, to see what you and you and you thought of the film. And I made it a point to keep on asking until I had answers from people whose homes were in various parts of the country. Here's the result:

Mrs. J. S. V., Kansas City, Mo.: "My God! I don't see how his poor wife can stand seeing him squirm like that! It is pitiful."

Mrs. T. O'R., Livingston, Mont.: "Why did they want to waste money trying a guy like that? You can see he's guilty just looking at him."

Miss R. J. K., Picher, Okla.: "That poor man! Who wouldn't be confused, getting shout at like that? I still think he didn't do it."

Mr. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'd like to meet that prosecutor. He did a real job. I'm a lawyer and I know."

Mrs. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'm sorry I went. I'll be worried about my children every minute 'til I get home."

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. J., Rochester, Pa.: "We wouldn't have missed it for anything. It isn't a picture; it's an experience we'll never forget."

And the funny part of the whole story is that this picture was never intended to be released as a single reel. The producers planned to make a ten-reel feature out of it. But then The March of Time announced its first picture—a sort of news review. This was competition for the newsreels!

The newsreel outfits decided to put out a film that would make people forget all about The March of Time's first release. So they gave you the Hauptmann Trial. And that is how the "Scoop of the Century" reached the screen.
MODERN SCREEN

Is It a Dream?

(Continued from page 62)

going to send for you and tell you that.
You're a good boy but you don't belong
here. You have a God-given voice. Go
out and try to do something with it.

JOE stayed around home for a year or
so after that. First he got a job "tonking"
in the railroad yards.

After a time he got a job in a filling
station. But his stepmother always felt
it was not a nice job for him. When
he was seventeen she suggested that he go
to Chicago and see if he could get a job
there. He landed in Chicago with about
ten dollars in his pocket.

After about a month he finally got a
job with the Boston Store, at $25 a
week. That was in the boom days. He
was sending home every cent he didn't ac-
ually need for himself. There was noth-
ing left for movies or an occasional malted
milk. To supplement his meager income,
he used to go around to various neighbor-
hood theatres on amateur nights and sing,
hoping to win a prize.

A REPRESENTATIVE of a music
publishing house heard him one night
and offered him a job plugging songs for
them. That meant an additional $25 a
week. Joe should have taken one job and
let the other go but he thought he could
hold down both jobs.

"Get rich quick, Morrison!" He laughs
about it now but it wasn't a laughing
matter then. A seventeen-year-old kid
putting in eight hours a day at a depart-
ment store and then working until two
or three o'clock every night plugging
songs! He kept that up for months, aver-
aging about four hours sleep a night. No
human could possibly stand up under such
a grind indefinitely. He had to give up
one job.

Devoting all his time to song plugging,
he met a lot of actors and theatre man-
gers. One he heard of had a new vaude-
ville act that was being organized. He
applied for the job and got it.

The voice never played off for you
without a moment's hesitation.

JOE finished out the week and handed
in his two weeks' notice. Eddie had to
leave town before then but before he left
he gave Joe his instructions and handed
him a signed blank check which would

A backstage trio during a recent benefit. Joe Morrison, Dick
Powell and Phil Regan harmonize with varying expressions of
artistic endeavor.

FRECKLES

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, dis-
tracting freckles quickly and
surely in the privacy of your own
room. Your friends will wonder how
you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream
removes them while you sleep.
Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50c
the complexion fresh and clear. Ask
your druggist for Stillman's Freckle
Cream today.

(Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM)
Mail this Coupon to Box 10
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

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CHANGED

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BUNIONS Reduced Quickly — like magic! 
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NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Do you know that you can get BLACKHEADS, BUNIONS, FRECKLES, WARTS, etc., from
Infestation with the harmful BLEECEPLEX WORM? This wonderful NEW DIS-
COVERED, scientifically developed, and scientifically approved, BLEECEPLEX,
acts on these harmful Worms, destroying them, and in.fact, removes old Scars, Warts
and other blemishes. BLEECEPLEX is safe, harmless, and easy to use. The
OXFORD BLEECEPLEX WORM Remedy is sent
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for the devoted maiden girl who loves nice things—they are just as
lovely! RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in small, new bleeding
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Send me FREE Trial Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial
Size Radio Girl Face Powder I enclose 5c (coin or
stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)

Name
Address

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Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And since the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of corns, corn blisters, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

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- C. ALLEN, Editor of Freezone.

- FREEZONE, 1219, New York City.

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My method painlessly prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Its quickly, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater security. Backed by 3 years of successful usage all over the world. Results are stated today.

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Artificial Ear Drums. They are invisible. No insurance. No batteries. Write for literature. Free book on deafness.

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PRINT YOUR PHOTO

Every deo person knows that Mr. W. says himself. Keep watch for the hearing aid for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear. He wears them day and night.

Artificial Ear Drums. They are invisible. No insurance. No batteries. Write for literature. Free book on deafness.

THE WAY COMPANY

F. L. FOLlett, Indianapolis.

No Joke To Be Deaf

Every deaf person knows that Mr. W. says himself. Keep watch for the hearing aid for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear. He wears them day and night.

Artificial Ear Drums. They are invisible. No insurance. No batteries. Write for literature. Free book on deafness.

THE WAY COMPANY

F. L. FOLlett, Indianapolis.

PRINT YOUR PHOTO

Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye who have been besieging ye editor with requests for a story on Robert (Count of Monte Cristo) Donat!

MODERN SCREEN announces that your wishes will be realized in a very early issue—and we mean an early issue.

enable him to pay off the debts he had contracted around Los Angeles and buy himself some badly needed clothes. Joe joined him in Salt Lake City. At the end of his act, Eddie took a bow and, instead of the customary encore, said, "Folks, my kid brother is here to visit me. I think if you coax him a little he'll come out and sing for you." They coaxed and Joe sang. He and Eddie still laugh about his costume. It was characteristic of Joe that he filled out the check for no more than he actually needed and the clothes Eddie had instructed him to buy consisted of only what he absolutely had to have.

Eddie notified his booking office that he had changed his act to a double and from the reports the office had received of Joe's initial appearance it was all right with them. By the time they had completed Eddie's booking and returned to New York, Eddie had built Joe's part up in the act to about eighteen minutes and shortened his own to two.

They got a twenty weeks booking and thought they were sitting on top of the world. But Joe contracted bronchial pneumonia and Eddie had to cancel. The talkies had arrived and vaudeville was breathing its last gasp. They presented a new act for Los Angeles with no bookings and no money.

They asked every agent in town whom they knew to give them a few days' booking so they could eat. But nobody wanted them. The bookings stopped. When the bookings stopped Joe got a job in "The Nine O'Clock Revue" at the Hollywood Music Box. The notice he got in that show were something to remember, but it didn't help them.

WHEN that show folded they managed to get another short engagement and, after that, they decided to try their luck in New York.

They spent some more lean weeks in New York. On Thanksgiving Day they played a theatre in New Jersey, known in the vernacular as "a can"—a small theatre on a cheap circuit. They were so broke they couldn't even go over to New York for Thanksgiving dinner. They had to eat in a small restaurant near the theatre. By the time they were gathering for their show, the restaurant had nothing left but herring.

How they lived from Thanksgiving to Christmas I don't know. But during the holidays an agent 'phoned and asked if he would have Joe sing at an Elks' Benefit at the Commodore. And that is still another of life's ironies. They couldn't get a booking except for benefits which paid them nothing. However, Joe was the sensation of that particular evening and his appearance there led to his being booked by WOR for a commercial program. He couldn't believe it. It was while he was singing over the radio that George Olsen heard him and engaged him as soloist with his orchestra.

Shortly after this he went on the Oldsmobile tour with Olsen and Ethel Shatta. Following that he stayed for a year on the air with Olsen and Fanny Brice on a commercial broadcast.

It was after that, while he was still with Olsen, that he introduced "The Last Roundup," the song that made him famous and which led to his Paramount contract. Then he was sure he was dreaming.

His initial appearance in pictures was with W. C. Fields in "The Old Fashioned Way." His second is "One Hour Late." Paramount has picked up their option for a third picture this year, "Love in Bloom" and, at the same time, has notified him that he will be with them for three pictures next year.

So, Joe, never mind, if you do wake up. It isn't a dream—it's true.

Thrilling! To Have The Smooth White Skin Men Adore!

SO EASY NOW! Why mask your features—under a film of dull, weathertarnished surface skin—when it's so easy to bring out a whiteness and frothiness as the whiteness of your body? An utterly natural way, too, with dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, to speed nature's own action. Just smooth this dainty creme on your skin for five nights. So quickly, it rolls away the dull, beauty-narcing film. It brings out that smooth whiteness that gives queenly charm even to women whose features are poor. Almost like growing a new skin, free from disfiguring blemishes and external pimplies.

Test Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now. Get a generous-size jar for only 50 cents at any drug or department store. Your money back if you are not delighted! Or, get the handy trial-size—only 10 cents at any 5-and-10-cent store.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A's from $35.00 to $175.00 a year. Complete training in 6 months. 300 Certified Public Accountants are employed in various offices throughout the United States. Excellent opportunity for young men or women who are interested in gaining a career in a business world.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 313F, Chicago, Illinois. The School that has Passed Over 1,250 C.P.A's.

Goodbye GRAY HAIRS!

FREE Test (shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray—you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, or blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE. We send complete Test Package. Apply single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2366 Goldman Blvd., St. Paul, Minn.

Name___
Street___
City___State___
Color of your hair___

119
First GRAY HAIR
A Signal to Get Busy

Not so long ago women gave up disheartened at the first sign of gray. Now they turn confidently to:

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy then to keep all your hair one even shade. FARR'S is easy to use in hygienic privacy at home, by brushing it through the wet hair in favor of the new method developed. But there is a danger of curling; $1.35. For sale everywhere.

--- FREE SAMPLE ---

[Address]

Modern Screen

Glamor Is Not a Gift

(Continued from page 29)

"we women do well to hold on to our interest in men. It keeps us from letting down.

Fair enough. Rules two and three:

Don't dam yourself up all the time. Get at least a hold on your interest in men. This will keep you from letting down.

THERE'S no more popular girl in Hollywood's younger set than Anita Lester. They all consult her about their activities. They always are eager for her company at tea and out shopping and excursions. And if Anita is offered a different young man every time she goes out, it's because that Tom Brown's a determined young blood. And it's common knowledge that because of Anita, for years now, Tom's walked around with his head in the clouds.

All of which I offer as incontestable proof of Anita's glamour.

Anita imparts something of the same lovely excitement which Norma Shearer gives out. Her voice has a breathless quality—and when she is uninterrupted, he what she had to say, that she hardly could wait to say it.

She's a born persuader. With her smoothly chiselled face, her eyes as blue as far away hills, and the soft shine of her golden hair. No one, however, ever has resented Anita's beauty. Because no one, attracted by her beauty, ever has felt let down, the way you do with some pretty girls.

Anita has spirit and interests and understanding. She's warm and she's human. She's the antithesis of a girl from New York whom the younger set admires so, the Puppe Puppe Club not long ago. This girl, for who the sake of kindliness would be, nameless, pretty, too. Very pretty.

But her spirit had counteracted her attraction, her looks might have carried by her tricks and affectations. She said such stuffy things as, "We don't do that way up here." and "You can't know people who live on the wrong side of the railroad tracks." She primped constantly, she always was ridiculously fain for any attentions.

There are, of course, some great personalities who have glamour in spite of stupid and unconsidered actions. They are the exceptions to whom no rules ever apply. All we can do about such people is to marvel at them and then leave them out of all calculations. So rule four:

Be warm and human. Have spirit and interests. And above everything else, try to be understandable.

Kitty Carlisle offered practical advice on the subject of glamour. Kitty, as you doubtless have read, was brought up in Rome. In Italy, everywhere in Europe, in fact, they have a different approach to life than we have in America. They're less reserved, franker about many things. I was pretty unattractive as a young girl. The idea was to start me honesty, I was sallow. I was painfully shy, I preferred to sit in a corner and read to anything else. My mother, unapproachably hostile,

For I can remember her trying to save me the hurt feelings she believed were and head of me that it wasn't important to be popular with the boys.

Kitty laughed. "When I landed in a boarding school in Rome the attitude was very different. There it was considered darn important to get on socially, to be attractive, and to have the boys like you. And you were trained to make these grades.

"I'm grateful to that school. There I was taught there is one place in a room, usually by a corner, where the flowers congregate. It was made clear to me that when I found myself alone for a minute it would be a good idea to draw into that group since there I would have someone to stand with, someone to talk to.

"DON'T!" I was admonished, And I pass that admonition along. In fact, I urge anyone, who accidentally finds herself cornered in such a group, to break away. Irrespective of how difficult it may be to do so. We're known by the company we keep. And it's downright stupid to associate ourselves with the unattractive group.

I was, doubtless, schooled in what amounts to insincerity, but that's all right. It's harmless insincerity after all, and better than unhappiness, that miserable unhappiness you experience when you have no social armor.

In favor of set rules for behavior such as I was taught at that Italian school, I think whoever incorporated them in the training was very wise. Those set rules saved many of us heartaches. They gave us a routine behavior which saved us from standing around, floundering in a way that working and working and working and working to state that our evening was ruined. They gave us a chance to appear superficially attractive until we got our bearings and made it easier than we otherwise could have been." Now then, rules five and six:

Stay away from the wall-flowers at a party at any cost irrespective of how tempted you may be to join their little group.

Give yourself a little set of rules which will govern your behavior if you want influence in society. A little set of rules which will, when put into effect, indicate that you're having a good time and not a dud.

LET'S go back to the idea that beauty isn't necessary to glamour for a minute. Long enough for me to report May Robson's comments. Sweet May Robson with her silver hair, roses in her cheeks, and a little velvet band about her throat.

"Beauty," she says, "can be a horrible menace to happiness and adjustment and glamour. In fact, I believe the very best thing a beautiful girl can do is to forget she is beautiful. Women who trade on their beauty become vain and selfish, until there's no warmth left in them, until their smile goes brittle and their eyes turn hard. They tell you when a beautiful woman is glamorous it is in spite of her beauty, not because of it. Beauty tricks women by carrying them so far without any effort on their part. To start me I'm not assuming that they're still comparatively young but too old and too inclined to indolence, usually, to find the interests and enthusiasms of the point of view of the attractive and glamorous at any age." Whereupon rule seven comes to light:

If you have beauty, do not depend upon it. If you haven't beauty, don't, for one second feel that you're barred from having glamour.
"Men," said Ann Sothern, "call for intense siren but they never stick to them. "Men adro to be comfortable. It's the girl who is easy and natural, the girl who has warmth and touches, who exerts the greatest glamour in the long run."

"Look at Constance Talmadge. Constance no longer is a celebrity in Hollywood. There are all sorts of girls in town younger and prettier. But it's on the sand in front of the Netcher (Netcher is Connie's married name) beach house that men gather, in the year's first tennis, around the Netcher table at the Grove. "She is gay. She makes men forget their troubles, ten to rate. "She is warm. She makes you feel that she gives you sympathy and understanding, that she knows what you're going through, so to speak."

"She is good-natured. She never gives the impression that she's mentally taking people apart or that she's super-critical. And I think she'd rather be found dead than naging."

Always in her description of Connie, mentioning the qualities she felt contributed toward Connie's naturalness, she said the very same things I would say describing Ann, marking the causes for her glamour. So we come to rule number eight:

Be easy and natural. Have warmth and humor. For, above everything else, men adore warm, likable people and they won't stop long enough to find your glamorousness if you are not so honest."

T
THEN there's Karen Morley. Karen and I were driving up into one of Beverly Hills' canyons. I asked her if she had done anything toward becoming a movie star.

"I did plenty," Karen said slowing down, appreciably, just beyond the Harvard and Lloyd's auto town and curving about the flank of a foothill. "I hoped fervently at this time to be as thrilling and glamorous to other people as a certain stage star's screen stars were to me."

"For instance, when Ruth Chatterton first came to California to do stage and picture work, I went to see her whenever possible. I adored her. I mimicked her inflections and her mannerisms."

"I knew," she continued, "I know lots of people who it's dangerous to imitate. But I don't imitate those others at all. In fact, I think everyone, as they grow older, mimics those who catch their imagination."

"The only thing is," she warned, "that we must have sense enough to imitate someone who is our own type. It would, for instance, be ridiculous for me to imitate someone who is active and athletic, for I'm not any of these things and never could be. In other words, I'd remember to get up and jump about one minute and the next I'd go off in a corner and sit quietly. Then I'd remember my next act and jump about again."

A new point of view about mimicking this of Karen's, and a convincing one, too, convincing enough to become rule nine:

Study and imitate those people you admire, if they are your type, for, eventually, some part of the inflections and physical mannerisms they adopt will be assimilated by your own personality and you'll be more colorful.

Now then if you aren't one of those fortunate souls born with that warm magic, that brilliant charm, that sense of exaltation without palpable, overt glamour remember there's no need for you to go through life without it. If you do, you'll be poorer by far as a personality. And it will be your own fault.
Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee were married nine times! This happened in "Love in Bloom" before the director would O.K. the scene.

Mae Clark won't sit for any still pictures at all unless she can peer into a mirror while being snapped—and a full length one.

At the crack of seven each morning Lupe Velez' maid opens her boudoir door and lets the fiery Mexican's equally fiery chihuahuas (five of them) leap into bed with her.

Margo Evans sailed on the Europa without knowing it a short while ago! Seeing Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton off on the boat it sailed before she realized it and had to be put ashore via the pilot boat.

Kay Francis' idea of an absolutely swell day is to sleep the clock around from 12 to 12.
Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

A NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK . . . A NEW KIND OF DRY ROUGE
WORK MIRACLES IN RED

Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, taunt and tempt! Truly enough (and you'll know it the instant you try them) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

SAVAGE Lipstick works differently from ordinary lipstick. Its gorgeous color separates from the cosmetic after application to become an actual part of the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and see your lips teasingly, savagely red . . . but without the usual discouraging pastiness. Imagine a lipstick like that! Better yet, experience its magic on your own lips. One or more of the four luscious SAVAGE shades is sure to be exactly yours.

SAVAGE Rouge . . . an utterly new kind of dry rouge . . . so much finer in texture than any other that it blends right into the skin itself . . . to stay, with full color intensity, throughout the exciting hours it invites, instead of quickly fading away as ordinary rouge does. You'll love it, and the shades are identical to those of SAVAGE Lipstick so that your cheeks and lips will be a thrilling, perfect symphony of maddening, meaningful red.

Then . . . SAVAGE Face Powder

And what a different face powder this is; so fine, soft, smooth and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish . . . but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES
— it was ever thus

they Satisfy

Chesterfields are milder and they certainly do taste better
Modern Screen
June '35
10 cents

Mae West

Shirley Temple's FIRST SIX YEARS

MORE PICTURES THAN ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE
LAUGH AT HEAT!  Have Cool Allure!

WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT AND loose THEIR CHARM YOU CAN KEEP Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat, have cool allure on hottest days... use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has special hot weather advantages.

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talc. Apply it generously all over your body. No matter how great your body warmth... the exquisite perfume of irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy... keeps you irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools the surface of the skin without drying and roughening the skin itself.

After bathing... or when you haven't time for a bath... rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body... it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS... each has some special feature to make you irresistible today... now... forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.
EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work... what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—
Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-65, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City __________________ State _______
LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship", Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.

Jean HARLOW

WILLIAM POWELL

in

RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

FRANCHOT TONE

MAY ROBSON

TED HEALY

NAT PENDLETON

ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER PICTURE
I was sallow
and sort of logy

• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn’t get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn’t like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn’t have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and groaning. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you’ll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25c at any druggist’s.

- CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
- THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGES- 
- TIVE JUICES AND SPREADS 
- EVENLY THROUGH THE 
- Clogged System. THAT 
- IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT 
- GIVES MORE THOROUGH 
- RELIEF, ESPECIALLY AD- 
- VISABLE FOR WOMEN 
- AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS

CHEW YOUR 
LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Pardoned

Please excuse me when I say I’m in love! It’s all because of a sweet-voiced, charming and lovable personality and altogether a grand sweetheart—Dick Powell. In my estimation he is the best male star of 1935 and will be for a few years to come. The moment he appears on the screen, my heart melts and I just seem to forget everything—Sonny Ray, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Kitten’s Whiskers

I am the mother of a trio of movie fans but seldom visit the movies myself. Today, however, attracted by the usual stir that the first showing of a picture with Ginger Rogers creates in my movie-mad household, I made up my mind that unlooked for to them I’d visit “Romance in Manhattan” and see what it was all about.

I can truthfully say I have never seen anyone so naturally charming, so delightfully unaffected as this little actress. Half the gags and jokes about the wisdom of my brood’s frequent movie-going are removed if they are getting anything as clean and charming as this film. “Gee, Ma, ain’t she the kitten’s whiskers?” breathed my eldest, as I confided my afternoon’s visit at the dinner table. If this is published and my brood see me bursting into print, I’ll be the “cat’s meow.” I suppose—Mrs. J. Sensen, New York, N. Y.

Re: “Lives…”

Have just come home from seeing “Lives of a Bengal Lancer,” and have to sit down and write this little note of praise, as such a picture is worth every bit of praise it gets.

I’ll admit I never did care for pictures with an all-male cast, but this one is superb. Gary Cooper, Frank Tone and Richard Cromwell have never been better.—Verna Holkroch, Newark, N. J.

This and That

Just a thank-you for:

The refreshing, vivid performances of Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper in “West of the Pecos.”

That delightful, fairy-tale fantasy, “Babes in Toyland.”

The fascinating Oriental setting, the fine sincerity of Herbert Marshall, and the delicacy and thoughtfulness of Garbo in “The Painted Veil.”

The vivaciousness, wit, laughter and spontaneity of “College Rhythm.”

Jean Parker (pictured), who dares to be simply young and sweet—Evelyn McLean, Cheney, Wash.

Gabbed to Death!

There isn’t enough “star variety” in our movies these days. It is a mistake to think that one star can give us all the variety we want. For instance, no matter what part he plays Clark Gable is still Clark Gable and we are being Gabbed to death. Give a few other players a break. I can’t see much in a picture like “Illicit Walk.” It is boring to have to sit through half a picture listening to a couple of not-too-clever singers drone and drag a monotonous, elongated song. Give us more drama and less of these school-boy-and-girl singing classes.

Give us more of Jack LaRue (pictured) and give him the break he has earned.—E. Sommers, Lynn, Mass.

We’re With You

Say, it’s about time we fans protested against the nauseous comedy (Con’t. on page 17)
THE BLUE OF HER EYES — THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes... carefree charmer... whose beauty blazed in conquest... while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress... who used men as stepping stones... and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background... as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen... its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life... and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam Hopkins
in
BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

A ROUBEN MAMOUlian PRODUCTION
Here are three exciting summer costumes for you, all ready to be made and straight from Hollywood to you. Pattern 748 is a beach or bicycle dress in blue cotton crepe worn by Ann Sheridan. The "bra"-like, halter-neck top and the divided skirt with high, stitched belt comprise the outfit. Pattern 751 is another beach costume or play pajama done like an overall. Grace Bradley wears it with a great floppy beach hat. It has a sunback. Pattern 521 is Joan Bennett's charming summer sports dress in two-tones of crepe, navy and white. The blouse is navy with sleeves of the white faggotted in. All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

Instructions for ordering patterns and our new Pattern Book on page 92.
HE LIVED A HUNDRED OTHER LIVES

But COULD NOT LIVE HIS OWN...

Branded by the stigma of long prison years—today, a gentleman; tonight, a criminal; tomorrow, a fugitive from a man who stalked him as relentlessly as a tiger stalks its prey...no love, no peace, no pity; only struggle and flight from a sentence that never ended!
**HOLLYWOOD SHOTS**

Right, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young as they entered the "Troc" after "Tobacco Road" opening. Below, The Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) bask in the sun at Palm Springs on a recent holiday. Nifty helmet of Gene's! And below right, Kay Francis waved M. Chevalier off on the train then hurried over to Frank Borzage's Chinese shindy. Left to right, Dick Powell, Mrs. Lew Borzage, George Brent, Kay and the host, Frank Borzage.

Margaret Lindsay and Phillip Reed bump into the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson) as they enter the Trocadero. Scotty snapped this smiling greeting. Charles has good reason to beam now that the fans are clamoring for him.

A famous threesome lines up for a few words at the 10th Anniversary of the Warner broadcasting station—Bette Davis, Dolores Barrymore and Harry Warner. Dolores was at the opening ten years ago, yet she hardly looks a day older.
Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo—the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here... every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set—and sprung—on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the stand-out for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
The Modern Hostess

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Dixie Lee Crosby and her grand cook, Blanche, have a conspiracy to make Bing eat the vegetables he doesn't like. "Backgammon," one of you gravy, is a special game, healthy Mr. Crosby, above. And also, Gary Crosby getting a preview of a vegetable casserole!

There's a new game being played in the Bing Crosby household! No, it does not boast of any strange name such as "Backgammon," "Bagatelle," or "Towie"—in fact it has no name at all unless you'd choose to call it "Vegetable Masquerade." But it's being played daily with great regularity and secrecy by Bing's blonde, pretty little wife, Dixie Lee, with the assistance of the family cook, Galveston-born Blanche.

The rules of the game are very simple. You start out with a question: "When's a carrot not a carrot?" You then proceed to answer this question in as many ways and with as much originality as possible. For instance, a carrot is not a carrot when it's inundated with a savory gravy, when it's disguised as part of a meat dish, or when it's topped with fluffy biscuits!

After you have become proficient in these first steps you go on to other vegetables, according to the season of the year, the family exchequer and the preferences of the cook. It's a great little game and many's the harassed housewife who would profit by taking it up in a serious way.

You see, Bing Crosby, Crown Prince of Croon, has one failing in common with many mere males and almost all youngsters. He doesn't like vegetables! Yes, like most food-loving men Bing is violently opposed to the inclusion of the lowly onion, the caloried carrot or the luscious tomato in his daily diet. If he had his way he'd eat nothing but flaky apple pie, sun-colored lemon pie, scalloped oysters, thick juicy steaks, ice cream and a mysterious, delectable frozen concoction known in the Crosby menage as "Mississippi Special."

You too, undoubtedly, have the same trouble with your family, so I am going to let you in on the workings of the mighty plot that originated in Dixie Crosby's upstairs sitting room and is carried out under Blanche's watchful eye in the Crosby kitchen.

BING, of course, doesn't realize that petite Dixie and their efficient cook are in league to keep down his proteins and lessen the consumption of his beloved starches and sugars by means of this "Vegetable Masquerade" of which we were speaking. But in this way they see to it that Bing's vitamin scales (A, B, C, D) are as righteously regarded as his vocal scales.

So the game progresses with Bing daily sitting down to an endless procession of vegetables, steaming and palatable, disguised in gravies, baked with fish, cooked in stews, en casserole, under puffy, fluffy biscuits.

Here's how Bing Crosby is tempted to eat vegetables!
skillfully prepared. And Bing eats them contentedly, little dreaming that he is the victim of a gigantic kitchen conspiracy! It was Blanche, the Crosby cook, who supplied me with details on how this little plot is carried out.

"Mr. Crosby never says what he wants for dinner," that efficient colored girl informed me. "Breakfast, though, is different. Sometimes Mr. Crosby, when he isn’t working, wants hot cakes, bacon and coffee. When he is going to the studio he usually orders only toast and coffee. So I never prepare breakfast for either Mr. or Mrs. Crosby until I hear what their orders are.

"For the evening meal it is Mrs. Crosby’s idea to try to include a wide variety of vegetables in the main dinner dish. Often I cook the vegetables right along with the meat and serve them saturated with the meat juices so that Mr. Crosby won’t realize that he’s eating them. Sometimes, if he has been deep-sea fishing and brings home his own catch, I make a Baked Fish à la Constanti- nope which calls for a lot of vegetables, cooked with the fish. It’s very popular both with the family and with their guests.

"Once in a while I fix up a simple New England Boiled Dinner. Or I use a left-over roast and gravy in a casserole with vegetables and cover it with sour-milk biscuits. Mr. Crosby likes sauerkraut, too, with spareribs. He likes only a few ribs cooked with the vegetable. The other spareribs he likes to have baked in the oven so that they are crisp and crunchy to bite into."

Perhaps the greatest favorite in the Crosby dinner repertory, I learned, is that famed and proletarian dish, Mulligan Stew. It has a nostalgic quality, that stew. It belongs among Bing’s childhood memories and its appetizing aroma takes him right back to his Spokane school days when the seven Crosby kids gathered at the parental board for heaping servings of a dish that is as Irish as Paddy’s pig!

“We topped it off then with a great big apple pie!” says Bing with a gleam of gustatory appreciation in his blue eyes.

Today, Blanche makes Mulligan frequently in the kitchen of the Crosby’s English-style home in the wooded Toluca Lake section of Hollywood. She buys three or four pounds of lean brisket (sometimes she varies it by using veal), pops the meat into hot water and lets it boil until the meat is almost tender (about an hour and a half). She then adds salt and pepper to taste and small, scraped (Continued on page 80)

YOU LITTLE ANGEL—YOU DON’T BELONG IN THAT DRESS—it’s FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

WE’VE SIMPLY GOT TO TELL IDA WHAT’S AILING HER CLOTHES. I’M GOING TO TRY A SCHEME.

Banish “Tattle-Tale Gray” with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is two dirt-looseners instead of one.
Richer golden soap and plenty of naptha added! Fels-Naptha doesn’t skip over dirt like “trick” soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is safer, too—gentle as can be to daintiest things. And it’s kind to hands—there’s soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

She Hates Fashion Pictures!

It's so rare that Marlene Dietrich will pose even in costumes from a picture, that this special group, designed for her personal wardrobe by Travis Banton, is news with a capital N! Reading from left to right, top row, first a striking cape costume in beige kasha and sheer brown wool. The skirt is shorter than we have been wearing them. Her full cape is trimmed with natural lynx and lined with the brown of the blouse. Next a dinner suit in black bagheera velvet with smock-like swagger coat, long slender skirt and tucked organdy blouse. Below, back and front views of a poem in white chiffon! Note the bare shoulder, the carnation cluster and the dramatic lace gloves. Very Grecian.

Dietrich wears new clothes for you
There is a charm and beauty in DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids that identify them wherever they are seen, and they are seen everywhere.

DR. ELLIS' Products give that certain "exotic" touch that makes the discriminating modern woman so glamorous.

DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids were inspired and created to make Milady more charming, and their use makes home grooming a pleasant ritual rather than a difficult and extravagant luxury.

A few minutes daily, and an entirely new sense of "exquisite loveliness" is yours.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET has stood the test! DR. ELLIS' WAVESET does NOT discolor hair. It makes hair lovely and keeps it so. Waves take on the luster of a lemon rinse and last longer. The handy "Comb-Dip" bottle in which DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID is sold has been proven the ideal dispensing unit.

For The Modern Woman

DR. ELLIS' BEAUTY AID PRODUCTS

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID ... 10c
DR. ELLIS' BRILLIANTINE ... 10c
DR. ELLIS' LIQUEFYING CLEANSING, VANISHING, LEMON CLEANSING, HAND, TISSUE and COLD CREAM ... 1/2 oz. 10c ... 4 oz. 20c
DR. ELLIS' POLISH REMOVER ... Oil and Plain ... 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE OIL ... 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE REMOVER ... 10c
DR. ELLIS' NAIL POLISH, Creme or Clear, CORAL, CRYSTAL, NATURAL, CARDINAL, RUBY and ROSE ... 10c

The above listed and other Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids may be purchased in your favorite 5 and 10 cent store or at your nearest toilet goods counter. Price in Canada, 15c.
Well, girls, how do your measurements tally with those of Venus? As you can see, Carole Lombard is modern perfection. Wotta figure!

Did you know that seeing a Mickey Mouse comedy is a regular beauty treatment in itself for you? Laughing helps to stimulate the circulation, and it also helps to develop a beautiful throat. Singing, too, is grand for developing the kind of a throat and chest that Grace Moore has, and hers is the most perfect in Hollywood.

You may have a neater figure for the bathing beach, or the dance floor, if you sit upon the seat of a bicycle that requires a lot of busy pedaling to keep it going. When you want to build up the calf of your leg, and skinny legs are enough to give anyone an inferiority complex on the beach, take your bicycle riding easy and ride slowly. Don't ride too long the first time; half a mile will probably be far enough. You can go a little farther the second day, and so on. If you want to reduce your legs and hips, however, go in for bicycling in a strenuous way. Ride as though you were going to a fire. You may even wear a pair of rubber bathing trunks and flannel shorts if you want to reduce in double-quick time.

If you haven't a bicycle, you can't use that as an excuse for not getting into action. The bicycle exercise is a good substitute, though not as much fun as the real thing, we admit. Lie on the floor flat on your back. Now raise both legs straight up in the air until you are almost lying on your neck, and, supporting your waist with your hands, make your legs go through the motions of riding a bicycle upside down.

Swimming is the finest developing exercise in the world. Golfing on the green keeps you (Continued on page 99)
fear we have to endure! Hollywood is doing a swell job of cleaning up the feature pictures, but why do we have to continue sitting through reel after reel of jnane comedy? The headache is that they aren't funny at all. All we see is a lot of worn-out gags dumped into a senseless plot and run under a loony name, while we yawn and fume inwardly. Laugh? If we do, it's because we're tired of yawning or because the boy friend happens to be cutting capers. Eighty per cent of the shorts shown, need a hearty "boo" from us long-suffering movie-goers. Can't something be done about it?

Let us have more "Our Gang" and Laurel and Hardy pictures and the priceless Walt Disney cartoons. Or else treat us to more shorts of educational interest. But, in the name of the Canadian and American public, deliver us from such pictures as those that Clark and McCul- lough and their ilk make.

Here's to it, and to the best and cleanest screen magazine in circulation, MODERN SCREEN.—Barbara M., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Westian Era

Mae West is probably the very last person in the cinema colony who needs someone to defend her but I'm here to tell "Just a Dreamer," from Gallion. Ah, that the criticism be or she wrote about Miss West was absolutely unnecessary. Mae writes and acts exactly as she believes and if American mothers become as frank with their daughters about love and sex as Mae does to be candid, they have to worry about their daughters when womanhood approaches.

We are living in a dangerous period and being frank to both boys and girls about love is going to help many of them to avoid going down for the count when they meet a real problem in life, especially that problem we can't avoid, which is sex.

I probably sound as if I've had plenty of experience—but, it may surprise you to know that you've been reading the advice of a sixteen-year-old girl who has seen two of her girl friends condemned because they went wrong and the villain in both cases was nothing but ignorance.

We need your advice Mae West, so keep on writing about the subject our nation should know about.—Ruth Bush, Detroit, Mich.

BLIND Man’s Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know beforehand how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have both thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle...so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out.

And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And...that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolateated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolateated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that no other laxative has. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

17
Preview flashes from **SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.. “OUR LITTLE GIRL”**

by Jerry Halliday

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A “must-see” picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS... TOO!

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man... (Irvin S. Cobb to you) ... who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people.

Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley TEMPLE in ‘OUR LITTLE GIRL’

ROSEMARY AMES

JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, “Our Little Girl.”
Prima Donna

Since the critics gave Mary Ellis their applause in "All the King's Horses," we await her second picture eagerly. This time Mary will join in song with Tullio Carminati in "Paris in Spring." She's dynamic.
He's that attractive, gals, and matrimonially footloose for the nonce. Who? Why Cary Grant! He'll do "jungle" soon.

Gary Cooper hates verbal posies about his looks. Finishing "Wedding Night," he dashed off with the missus to Bermuda.
Edward Everett Horton is adept at playing bumptious, fumbling nitwits. He's at his hilarious best in "$10 Raise."

For gutsy, robust humor, Wally Beery is the tops. "China Seas" with Harlow and Gable sounds like a lusty role to his taste.
Picture of two pretty stars who aren't worrying their light-thatched pates about all this to-do of redheads and brunettes in the ascendancy. To wit, Alice Faye and Joan Blondell. Both have more than a share of brains, vivacity and acting ability. Alice deftly staged a New York reunion with Rudy Vallee between "George White's Scandals" and "Argentina," the picture that brings another radio star, Tito Guizar, to the screen. Joan manages to leave Norman Scott Barnes cooing serenely in his crib while she reels off one picture after another for the Brothers Warner. "Traveling Saleslady" is the intriguing title of her latest—any good jokes, Joan?
So popular a team are Kay Francis and George Brent that they are scheduled for two pictures together, "The Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded." Kay still goes places with M. Chevalier, too!
Erratic, gay Kate Hepburn, she's back in a modern role again for "Break of Hearts." Charles Boyer, who breaks hearts on both continents, shares the male lead with the newly popular, John Beal.
She danced before she could walk and it was prophetic!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S FIRST SIX YEARS

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HE WALKED the length of that corridor and back again. Up and down. Up and down. Against those white walls the first faint wail of life had sounded, and life's last faint cry, too. He became acutely conscious of small cracks in the stone floor. And on the wall there was a water mark which looked like a duck.

Now he heard the elevator starting down from the floor above and again this sound which, sooner or later, must precede the word he awaited, acted like a vise on his nerves. What, he wondered, had possessed him and his wife to have another baby, to risk the happy security which they already had with their two boys, with John, thirteen now, and George, just ten.

A nurse came off the elevator. "Mr. Temple," she said. With a bound he was at her side. "You have a daughter. She weighs six and a half pounds. And," smiling, "until I can get a tag on her wrist you'd better be on your guard. For there's an interne upstairs ready to steal her. He's entranced with her dimples."

"Mrs. Temple?" he asked. "She's . . ."

"She's splendid now," the nurse assured him. "In a few minutes they'll have her in her room and you may see her."

A breeze soft as spring rustled the leaves of a calendar pad on the floor nurse's desk and caught his attention. Unconsciously he noticed the year, 1929. And the day, April twenty-third.

It wasn't until Mrs. Temple and the baby came home
that the men in the family felt Shirley really belonged to them. 
“Gee Whiz,” complained young George Temple on the way home from the hospital one night, “the way those nurses act you’d think they owned Shirley. You’d never know she was our baby. They give me a pain!”

It was this feeling on the part of both boys, their attitude that Shirley was their baby too, which helped immeasurably when the five-room Temple house was further crowded to accommodate her crib on wheels, the little chest of drawers in which her tiny clothes were kept, her perambulator and all the infant bathing equipment.

A different attitude and this over-crowding would have resulted in sharpening everybody’s nerves. So that, inevitably, beginning life in an atmosphere of querulous bickering, Shirley would have become a nervous baby, unable to digest her food, and been poorer for this all her life.

WITH THE Temples, however, always it had been a question of all for one and one for all. And now they were all for Shirley. To John and George, too, she was “our baby.”

When she had her bath it was an event. John would offer one of his big fingers for her to clutch at with eager hands. And George adored to twist into a ridiculous Kewpie curl, the soft gold which covered her head.

When she had her sun bath in the garden the boys would leave their batting practice or the important business of patching a bike tire to watch her stretch and gurgle. And to marvel, silently, as she grew strong on the diet and routine prescribed by Doctor Sands, a Santa Monica baby specialist, and rigidly adhered to by Mrs. Temple.

Shirley began life surrounded by love.

In the Temple household happiness was the rule. Consequently, it was natural for her to grow up imbued with a strong love of living, an innate love of life. And this is probably the most important quality she possesses today, the most important quality anyone can possess.

“When Shirley became old enough,” Gertrude Temple says, “we used to go to the Santa Monica Athletic Club on Saturdays. It gave Mr. Temple, confined in the bank all week, a chance to have the sun and to swim. And, of course, the boys loved it.

“We had a fenced-in crib we used to put up on the sand. And the most important item of Shirley’s clothing on such occasions was a big sunbonnet which protected her head and hair from the sun and her eyes from the glare.”

“A happy American family spending Sunday on the beach. A young mother and father anxious to give their three children every chance to grow up straight and strong. Never suspecting that within an unbelievably few years the speck of humanity under the big sunbonnet, intent upon sifting warm sand between her sturdy fingers, would cause them to be one of the most famous families in the land while she, herself, would be one of the greatest of all stars on the motion picture screen.”

“Hey Mom,” George Temple called one Sunday. “Mom, look at Shirley. She’s trying to stand up!”

SURE ENOUGH there was Shirley pulling herself up on her feet, clutching feverishly to the crib railing. Her pink mouth was twisted with effort but her eyes shone with excitement.

“Shh-h-h,” Mrs. Temple cautioned her husband and the boys, “let her alone. Don’t let her think she’s doing anything unusual.”

Now Shirley was actually on her
Here is a corner of the blue and white schoolroom in Shirley's studio bungalow on the Fox lot.

Shirley salutes ole Kunnel Lionel Barrymore during a tense tin soldier battle in "The Little Colonel."

feet. She kicked out one small brown foot and at the same time tilted her head, turning to her family, laughing with pleasure. Then she flopped back onto the sand.

"She tried to dance," her big brother John insisted.

"Did you see that? She really tried to dance!"

George Temple turned to his wife. "See that?" he asked, just as if they all hadn't been standing there staring.

MRS. TEMPLE nodded and smiled as women will when men turn proud. And hoped no one would notice the tears brimming in her eyes. She felt a little foolish, turning weepy. But she found something valiant in her baby trying to dance before she could stand. Also, it was as if a dream which she long since had put away—her busy life leaving her no time for dancing except in a casual, social way—had not died after all.

When Shirley was three she had her first dancing lesson.

The floor of that dancing class shone like a big piece of yellow satin. Prim chairs lined the walls. Grouped here and there were a few half-hearted potted palms. In one corner stood the piano.

"Children!" called the teacher, "Children, I want you to meet little Shirley Temple."

The girls curtsied. The boys stopped sliding across the floor long enough to bow stiffly, their hands in the approximate direction of their hearts.

Shirley stood in the doorway. Her dress of pale blue handkerchief linen tied on her round shoulders in two perky bows. She dropped her eyes and there was warm confusion in her cheeks.

The girls all watched her speculatively. They were ridiculously like women watching the new woman in any gathering. There was something faintly competitive in their eyes as they marked her dress and the soft longitudinal curl which ran across the top of her head.

The boys went back to their sliding. One boy, who wore a white sailor suit and had a whistle on a red cord about his neck which he wore tucked in his pocket, took Shirley's eye. It was this boy who finally slid clear across that floor, whereupon he blew his whistle in sheer triumph. Shirley talked about him all the way home.

And always he was her very favorite.

"Your little girl is sure to love this class," one of the mothers assured Mrs. Temple politely that afternoon.

"My daughter can't wait for Tuesdays. And Shirley is so pretty, such a dainty little lady, I imagine . . ."

Mrs. Temple looked up to make sure Shirley was not within earshot and discovered her out on the middle of the floor, surrounded by boys, her pretty shyness forgotten, she was sliding, too. Her arms outstretched like sails, doing her utmost to make better distance, and celebrating with a joyous "Whee," when she was partly successful.

Perhaps that other mother (Continued on page 110)
Ann says, “I honestly believe that having responsibilities makes one a better person.”

I have a message to all girls who “help out at home,” to all girls and boys, too, who feel too keenly the burden of family responsibility and who cry out at the injustice of it saying, “If I were only on my own. If I could only have all my money. If I didn’t need to stick at this miserable job. If, with not so many dependent upon me, I could take the chance of finding something else. If . . .” So futile.

If you are one of the great horde of noble youngsters who contribute a part, or all, of your earnings to the support of your mother or father, brothers or sisters, you probably look with envy upon the picture stars—those gay and glamorous creatures who apparently haven’t a care in the world. Well, don’t do it. And particularly don’t envy Ann Sothern, for she has been through what you’re going through now. She knows your every problem—and knows it from experience. And how she has coped with it is, to me, one of the truly inspirational, truly great stories of Hollywood.

Anne has walked along the boulevards of Hollywood, up and down Broadway, with these words ringing in her ears, “If I don’t get a job, my family doesn’t eat! If I don’t get a job my family doesn’t eat!” Do you know how she felt? Have you ever known that same desperation? You can believe me when I say that nothing you secretly have thought or felt about this circumstance isn’t known to Ann Sothern.

One day she said to me, “I honestly believe that having responsibilities is a good thing. I think it makes one a better person. Perhaps that is scant comfort. But it is the truth.”

I looked at her beautiful, young face, her clear, intelligent eyes and I thought, “Is it possible that such a lovely girl, one whose face is so free from care-lines, could have known tremendous responsibility?”

That’s when I began to work on this story. I did not get it from Ann. A few people who knew her well, who knew how courageous she had been, told it to me. I think that you thousands of brave girls like her should not be denied hearing it.

(Continued on page 120)

Ann Sothern has had her share of family burdens, too
his house,” I said to Bela Lugosi, “is it—is it—?”

“It is haunted,” said Lugosi. “Yes, please . . .” I hadn’t heard that the house was haunted or I wouldn’t have gone there.

I had approached it and, at first sight, it really looked harmless enough. A low, dull, red brick house crouched close to the earth on the edge of a precipice, shrouded in ivy, dark with trees.

The gates were locked. A “Beware of Dogs!” sign greeted me. From within came the baying of hounds.

I was admitted, finally, by a tall young person with a pale face and a pale mouth. Bela Lugosi’s fourth wife.

I awaited him in the living-room—or could one call it a living room? There was a portrait of Lugosi on the wall—that too pallid face, those pale eyes, those bloodless lips, those predatory white hands . . .

There were other pictures on the walls—of Lugosi as “Dracula” . . . pictures of women with wild faces and distraught black hair and bared breasts and wild hands . . . the Lugosi coat of arms hung over the cold hearth . . . taking up one side of the room was a mammoth couch covered with a heavy rug. There were two indentations in that rug, concealing, or so it seemed, three separate boxes. Long narrow boxes—were they coffins?

I began to feel chilled and goose-fleshy. I remembered that Lugosi had had three wives. One stayed with him for a mere twenty-four hours. Where were they now?

I recalled, too, that he had come from the black mountains of Hungary, from the little mountain town of Lugos. The black mountains where dwelt Bram Stoker’s dread hero, “Dracula” . . .

There came to my mind talks I have had with Lugosi in the past . . . the tales he told me of those vampires in the black mountains who kiss human beings into the semblance of death. Lugosi believes these stories.

All sorts of pale and monstrous thoughts crowded in on me as I waited for him. I thought of mouldering graveyards and shrieks in the night . . . the drip, drip, drip of blood—death . . . I looked up at the portrait of the man with the pale green face and the stretching hands and there was something in the atmosphere of that room.

Lugosi knows his house is haunted . . . there’s the bat . . . the
Two different poses of Lugosi. Left, as he appears in "The Mark of the Vampire," and below, Lugosi the suave, kindly gentleman.

BY GLADYS HALL

that made the little, lonely human spirit whine in its thin envelope... .

I told myself I was ridiculous. There are no such things as vampire bats and spirits of the dead... that those three things over there covered with the heavy rug were couches, of course... .

the man Lugosi was a charming Hungarian gentleman who had played "Dracula"... and yet I can swear to you that there was something about that house, something in that room, something in the face of that young fourth wife that is not as you or I... .

You who read can laugh this off, mockingly. My only answer can be to wish you, too, could stand in that room.

At last, Lugosi appeared. He has a beautiful courtesy. But I thought, his eyes are slightly sunken as with dreadful thoughts... he looks as though he never sleeps... his hair is dead against the thinness of his skull... .

I said to him, trying to be casual and offhand, "My goodness, Mr. Lugosi, this house—is it haunted?"

"It is haunted," said Bela Lugosi. "Yes, please... ."

I sat down in the nearest chair. I said, with another attempt at being conversational, "That huge couch over there—would there be coffins under that rug?"

I wished I had not asked that question, for Lugosi did not answer me. He smiled that strangely smileless smile of his—and did not answer. (Continued on page 89)

howling dogs... the weird woman... the coffin-like boxes
You'll ask, "How did they do it?" when you see "A Mid-

hey say Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with his tongue in his cheek. The simple theatre of his day could not, of course, even approximate the elaborate scenes called for by the play. And the bard, so scholars tell us, took a wicked delight in writing just about the most fantastic drama theatre-goers have ever seen from his day to ours. However, the Elizabethan audiences were quite easy to please, where scenery and props and such were concerned. A simple placard on a badly lighted stage, saying "This is a forest," and—lo!—it was a forest, to them.

Lest we sound pretty patronizing to those easily satisfied—but highly imaginative audiences—let us hasten to add that the staging of the "Dream," even in our day of mechanical wizardry, is no child's play. Which brings us to the Warner Brothers lot, where Shakespeare's "Dream" has been filmed and where a whole department of "special effects men" are wont to regard William the Great as "just another of them writers."

When Shakespeare planned his special brand of grief for "swaggering, homespun players," he hadn't figured on being aided by our local "props." He knew nothing of Max Reinhardt, of Nijinska, of Hollywood jealousies, nor of the fact that the whole country would be waiting for the screen to stub its toe on one of his tidbits.

He couldn't have anticipated that, when the movies engaged the great German maestro to interpret his work, filmdom's hat would automatically be thrown into the
summer Night's Dream." Magic? No—skill and hard work

ring, and that the American public would polish its
critical "specs."

Nor could he know that his movie future would de-
depend, not upon the verdict of the great Shakespearean
authorities and critics, but upon the reception of his
plays by the average American working-girl—that warm-
hearted patron of flickering art, whose dimes and nickels
have built movie palaces and made super-super produc-
tions possible. Girls who find neither the time nor
the patience to wade through hundreds of pages of fine
print in search of hidden gems of thought. But the
producers knew whom they must please, and were de-
termined to give these girls a thrill of beauty and fantasy,
with plenty of romance and color thrown in.
The "Dream" was going to be a super-colossal pro-
duction, to include everything from electrical research
to slapstick comedy.

So, while the lovers of unadulterated Shakespeare were
sadly shaking their heads in dismay at the casting of
ultramodern, two-fisted, gum-chewing Jimmy Cagney
as Bottom, the smart boys at the studio were capitalizing
on what they had learned from the success of the
colored cartoons and animated "Mother Goose" rhymes.

They had discovered that American audiences loved
fantasies (as proved by the popularity of "Mickey
Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonies") and were going
to make the "impossible" scenes of the "Dream"—such
as fairies popping out of falling stars and sliding down
moonbeams and humans changing into animals—into a
symphony of mystery and beauty. (Continued on page 106)

scene, believe it or not, is
entirely artificial. Not a back-
drop, either.

Anita Louise as Titania. Her
train required 91,000 yards of
cellophane.

Perc Westmore working on the
donkey's head—a most deli-
cate job.
Bob Montgomery holds forth on what to do in case of fire

It was the day before Christmas and Bob Montgomery was in no mood to be serious. Since Bob usually takes his interviewing very seriously, he was in no mood to be interviewed either. I could see that the moment I walked into his attractive new dressing-room, (pine paneled and decorated in excellent early American). His secretary was tying red satin bows on fifty (at least) imposing bottles of Scotch — and Bob was seated on the floor examining the contents of a large basket full of expensive-looking bottles — champagne, brandy, sparkling burgundy and so on. I went "Oh!" and "Ah!" and Bob said, "Do you like it? It's for Ray June, my cameraman, because he likes nice things."

And then because I could think of nothing as smart as that to say back to him, I didn't say anything.

"Sit down and have a glass of sherry, and don't ask me a single question unless you want to get thrown out! And don't cry about it either, 'cause I'll give you a story some other time, I promise. In the meantime, it's Christmas, or practically, and I haven't yet decided what to give the fire department."

A sip of the sherry had already loosened my tongue and tightened up my brain cell. "Why don't you give them some of that fire-water?" I suggested.

"YOU KNOW what I really should give them?" he said. "I should give them a swift kick in the pants for having spoiled one of the most peaceful, comfortable evenings that I ever contemplated. And also for having punctured my ego in a very cruel fashion. A lot of people have respect for us movie stars. Wouldn't you think a fire department would? Didn't I tell you about the fire I had up at my place last month?"

"I haven't been to a good fire in ages," I said. "Tell me about it. Christmas is so depressing. Maybe a good fire will cheer us up."

"Well, it was this way," said Bob.

And this is the way it was, in Mr. Montgomery's own inimitable manner of speaking:

One evening, Mrs. Montgomery's sister, Martha Bryan, was visiting us. They were downstairs in the living-room chattering—you know how women chatter—and I just had to get away from it. I went into my library upstairs. How calm and still it was there—a man's haven. I was reading peacefully, luxuriously, when the house phone beside me buzzed. I picked it up. "Yes?" I said coolly.

It was Betty. I had known it would be Betty. "Bob, dear, don't you think you had better come downstairs?"

"Betty, I said, "I am reading."

My tone was very definitely final, and so was the click of the receiver as I put it down. That would show them! I went back to my book. But the buzzer sounded again in less than a half hour. That would be Betty again, or maybe Martha. It was Martha. "Oh, Bob, why don't you come downstairs? Please hurry."

"My dear sister-in-law," I said. "I am reading!" Still controlling myself nobly, I put the receiver down again, very softly. The softness and gentleness of my refusals would impress them much more than any belligerence.

Well, this went on for at least two hours, and all through it, I somehow managed to keep my dignity intact, "No, Betty, I am reading. No, Martha, I am reading." It was like a (Continued on page 74)

Mr. Montgomery is one gentleman with a grand sense of humor.
Cary Grant took Janet McLeod to the "Tobacco Road" opening the same day that Virginia Cherrill filed her divorce suit, but now the divorce is granted and Cary is back in circulation. Next, the Cagney clan sees the Bike races. Front row, the James Cagneys, back row, brother Bill and wife (Boots Mal-lory).

It isn't Robinson Crusoe, pals, it's that old wag, Jack Oakie, trying to scare the horses at the Santa Anita track but Toby Wing spoofs him. Next to them, Nancy Carroll attends a night club opening with Van Smith, her favored escort.

Dick Powell tells Adrienne Ames Cabot and husband Bruce a good story at a recent party. Below, Sally Blane steps out to the Third Mayfair Ball with Cesar Romero and Hollywood wonders if it is a new romantic team to notice.
Who's going with whom...? Regina Cannon keeps you current on Hollywood's heart beats.

M. Chevalier and Kay Francis deny it's love but they certainly turn up places together! Above, they attend "Folies Bergere" premiere.

Jean Harlow's "reading in bed" divorce from Hal Rosson was granted without protest. Here is Jean in court with her mother, Mrs. Belle.

Well, an enjoyable time must have been had by someone at the elaborate party Kay Francis threw recently, but we doubt if that someone was the hostess. Miss F. suffered a cold in the "dose" and, after the ball was over, repaired to a hospital. Next day she rated a berating from the Health Department, which inquired as to how she could be so selfish as to spread flu germs among her guests who, in turn, would doubtless pass 'em to all and sundry. But before Kay departed for the sanatorium, she had a few words with a newspaperman whom she claimed had been uninvited by her. She went so far as to accuse a friend of bringing the representative of the Fourth Estate. The friend was duly peevd, demanded an apology for being responsible for a "crasher" and, having received a retraction, turned on her satin, spike heel and departed in high dudgeon. Then, the writing fraternity went into a huddle and claimed it had befuddled the hostess in times of stress and accident and it was a heck of a way to reciprocate favors received; that is, by insulting one of their members. Well, the whole business was fraught with "the nerve of you" and "how dare you" and what-have-you. We'll venture to predict that Miss Francis will think a long time before she stages another pah-ty, or else, she'll curb her temper or cure her cold or do just about everything she didn't do the last time.

Speaking of the lady known as Kay, she and Maurice Chevalier are thataway—or, more accurately, are still thataway. Just before the Frenchman departed this land of equal rights and unequal rights, the pair enjoyed a three-hour dinner at the Café Roxy, after which the young woman saw the object of her affections off on the train. This romance is sorta recurrent—say, like hay fever.

M-G-M is mighty proud of Robert Taylor, the youth who is going places cinematically at a rapid pace. He seems to be going in the same direction socially, too, for Bob is seen here, there and almost everywhere with the town's most pulchritudinous. Immediately before she departed for Europe, he squired Isabel Jewell to a cocktail party, from which he took her to the choo-choo and then dated Jean Parker at the King's Club for the evening. What? No Virginia Bruce?

Since Isabel Jewell's name is up for discussion, the poor child was on the verge of tears at leaving Hollywood. Her romance with Lee Tracy seems definitely and permanently over and, those in the know claim that Isabel is taking a broken heart to mend in foreign ports. The gal is a great favorite. Even the hard-boiled columnists go out of their way to put in a word for her. Just as she was about to leave, one of 'em remarked, "I read in a contemporary's column that you were out with Tracy..."
And did you know . . . ? The inside whispers, the peppy gossip is jotted down for you!

Despite continued denials of a marital split-up, Leslie Howard dines out with Merle Oberon at the ultra-swank Stork Club in New York.

the other night, but I'm sure I saw him with somebody else."
To which Miss Jewell sobbingly replied, "That's just the trouble—I wasn't with him."

Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis also are said to "care." Anna-hoo, the pair are as inseparable these days as ham and eggs, pork and beans or Crawford and Tone. Incidentally, Tullio button-holed a cameraman the other evening and reprimanded, "That picture you took of me was horrible. You should have had it retouched. Remember, I am an arteest and must have protection." Tch, tch, as if a mere photographer would have a sense of values!

"The Call of the Wild" company was in a dreadful dilemma—in fact, it threatened to be a major calamity. Though Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and several others were in the cast, one important role was not filled. The story called for a jack-rabbit, but one could not be found for love or money! Finally, after much brow-beating and heavy thinking, the director hit upon the solution. Taking a meck old tabby cat, he tied on some floppy paper ears—and it looked as wild as any jack-rabbit you'd ever hope to see! After all, "The show must go on!"

Will Rogers and Will Hays have something else in common. They're both ardent standard-bearers for the white flag of purity! The gum-chewing Will was passing on the rushes of his latest picture, "Doubting Thomas," not long ago, and looked very doubtful indeed at some shots of Helen Flint, Fox's newest import from the New York stage. The upshot was that Miss Flint was recalled for retakes—with a good inch added to the décolleté of her gowns!

But in spite of the turmoil and titters that the decency squad and their ilk have stirred up in Hollywood, it's been proved to be good business. The public these days are just as enraptured with "little women" as they were with the gay, fallen ladies of yesterday.

An eye witness to the arrival of Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Lady Ashley and party at Miami Beach, reports that Doug had more than a little trouble covering his irritation at the play everyone made for her ladyship. It seems Douglas expected the "fem" public to make a great dash for him but little did he know what admirers of titles his fan public is—so-so, her ladyship was literally mobbed while Doug stood by with a wan smile on the face! Sylvia, Lady Ashley to us, is a handsome gel in the tall, blonde, willowy-English manner. On a shopping tour, our eagle-eyed
Super mud-pie game! Shirley Temple puts her immortal imprints on cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt.

witness said that Sylvia went in for the conservative but that Doug tried to urge the more bizarre nicknacks on her at every turn.

Five-carat star sapphire rings mean nothing in Anita Louise's young life—so Hollywood and Kelly Anthony discovered recently. For the blonde actress calmly returned said nicknack when Kelly's wed-thy dad insisted that his daughter-in-law-to-be give up all thought of career after the wedding bells and become a homebody. Anita looks so irragile and sweet, that one is pleasantly surprised to hear that she has a mind of her own!

That cocktail party which Henry Willson gave in honor of Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, threatened to be a week-end party. Finally Henry announced that as soon as his guests left, he was going to drop in his tracks from sheer exhaustion—so they unwillingly departed. Everyone and his stand-in was there, but the unique part of it all was that that this is the first time in Hollywood history that everyone knew who the host was!

Three dozen guesses about who's the biggest trial and tribulation to the Paramount postmen? None other than that dimpled, blonde, Toby Wing. Yes, that gal gets more fan mail than Dietrich, Colbert or Mae West! Though she doesn't appear in many pictures, still statistics show that practically every member of the stronger sex who sees her, has a weak moment and writes to tell Toby how irre-sistibly cute she is. But there's always the tragic side to even the happiest situations, and in this case it's that Toby withers at the thought of being "cute." She wants to be intensely dramatic and emotional!

Now that Spring's arrived, Miriam Hopkins is beginning to "commute" between Hollywood and New York. She admits that she's crazy—about both places! And it's really an awful problem, she explains, to find yourself yearning for California the minute you get settled in New York, and vice versa. Evi-dently the only place Miriam can find real happiness is enroute.

That little boy of Sally Ellers and Harry Joe Brown is in a state of bankruptcy at present. You see, his fond parents gave him a small bank awhile ago, with the idea that every time there were loose pennies around, they should be dropped into it, thereby building up a neat little nest egg for the offspring. But the other day, curiosity got the best of them after Sally bet Harry that there was at least twenty dollars in it. So in the dark of night, they hastily pried it open—and found just $1.73! That's the way with banks these days.

Frances Dee and Joel McCrea make and break more records than anyone in Hollywood. Sounds like they don't have much else to do, doesn't it? But this is really a practical idea, since the records are the lines which they must memorize for their various

One of Hollywood's newest and handsomest twosomes—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern see "Tobacco Road."

It's Universal's 30th Anniversary and Esther Ralston is squired by William Morgan, her very best beau.

Mr. Lee Tracy gives Scotty the bird for taking a picture of him and his best new gal at the Bike races. She's Hilda Title.
Our own editor, Mary Burgum, lunches with Gloria Swanson and Jeanette MacDonald at the Vendome Café.

pictures. Can't you just see—and hear—one of the McCrea's quiet evenings at home? Frances' record at the moment being one that's mostly shouting and laughing, while Joel's is a tense, dramatic bit, with a few sobs thrown in—and their new son joining in with agonized howls!

Gene Raymond is back in Hollywood, slightly the worse for wear and tear, but grinning happily. He's just completed his first personal appearance tour—and did his fans turn out in a big way! In Chicago, the theatre door was shattered by a stampede and in Detroit sixteen girls "rushed" his dressing-room and departed with every detachable item in the place for a souvenir—including Gene's tie. "But, really," Gene assured us, "it was all the most hectic, happy time of my life!"

Frances Dee has never put much stock in these fortune tellers who do such a thriving business in Hollywood. But one afternoon, at the insistence of a friend, she succumbed to the lure of a crystal gazer. The seer looked long and hard into the glass ball, then said in a hushed tone, "I see a man in uniform... he is near your automobile... something will happen that will cost you money..."

Frances paid the required money, and chuckling over her gullibility, went out to her car. There, leaning against it, was a copper—who gave her a ticket for parking too long!

Paul Kelly has for years had a suppressed desire for—of all things—"Westerns"! Most actors wrinkle their Grecian profiles in disdain at the mere mention of such things, but Paul jumped at the chance to be in "When a Man's a Man," and ride a bucking bronco across the sage-brush. You see, Paul was brought up in Manhattan and horseback riding is the height of luxury to him.

For nonchalance you can't beat Fred Keating. After the big apartment fire in Hollywood the other day, in which several film folks lost valuable property, the actor and a friend were talking over what they would do had they been caught in the burning building. His friend said he'd grab his purse and account book and run, but Fred said all he'd grab would be his cane, without which he is lost. Imagine the debonair appearance that would make—Fred sauntering out of the flames, clad in polka-dotted pajamas and swinging a cane!

Tullio Carminati has always admired Charlie Chaplin, considering him the most gifted of any actor on the screen. It was beyond his wildest dreams, though, that he would ever meet the famous man—but lo! on his arrival in Hollywood from Italy, Tullio found himself in the same party as Chaplin. Later that evening, Chaplin sat next to him in the long drive home in their hostess' car, and chatted gibbly all the way. But Tullio didn't understand one word of English!

Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati at "Tobacco Road" opening. They're very old friends reunited.

It's a long climb from a coal miner to a movie star, but that's Carole Lombard catches the "Tobacco Road" performance with the attentive Bob Flikin.

The Hal Mohrs find time to take a belated honeymoon. She's Evelyn Venable, of course you know.

Gracie Allen helps a poor old radio comedian, Jack Benny, while George Burns wonders if she has any "cents!"
what George Murphy has accomplished—and his pals back in Portage, Pennsylvania, are prouder of the fact than he is. George was a mining engineer, but worked for a long time in the soft coal mines at Portage, then suddenly decided to give acting a try for an avocation. Now it’s his vacation, and coal mining’s his avocation.

Marguerite Churchill and George O’Brien are Hollywood’s Happiest once again. Since they lost their baby a while back, this happy-go-lucky couple suddenly changed into heavy-hearted people. But now they’re almost their former joyous selves because—of course!—and sometime in the early summer.

Garbo seems the name of a myth, doesn’t it? But now it’s the name of a social butterfly! Greta is finally listening to the pleas of her few close friends who have been urging her to get out and around and have a good time. The Garbo legend is dissolving into thin air as a result, for though she isn’t exactly kicking her heels and giving vent to gutteral bitches, yet she is being seen around at favorite nite spots, laughing and talking and evidently having a swelling time. What next? First Garbo Talks—then Garbo Laughs, and now—Garbo Laughs in Public!

Mebbe you’ve heard rumors of “the power of love?” But this happens to be a fact about Ruby Keeler. Do you know with what emotion she reacted on her. When her little sister had to go to the hospital for a frontal operation, Ruby decided she’d have an operation, too, just to keep her company! So she had a bone fixed in her foot, but before it was healed (no pun) hubby Al Jolson remarked that he’d like to take in the races out at Santa Anita, but not having Ruby along made it kinda lonesome. So what? Ruby calls on an ambulance, a wheelchair and a pair of crutches and goes right along with Al to keep him company!

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are really thataway, in spite of all Hollywood’s supercilious, cynical sneers. In fact, that grand sense of humor which so attracted them to each other, simply thrives on their neighbors’ attitude toward their romance. Well, it’s just that fact, the Jean’s divorce from Hal Rosson isn’t final in California until next year, may delay things.

Anita Page has always been known as “mama and papa’s girl” in Hollywood, as she is the most closely watched gal in town. But she gave the family the slip not long ago, and dashed down to old Mexico with Nacio Herb Brown, where she not only married him but divorced him—not on the same trip, though. Well, Anita’s sudden spurt of independence surprised her as much as anyone, and she also found that it was rather fun. The result is a new Page gal—and that mind of her own has added charm to her other attractive features, so much so, in fact, that local seers are prophesying a bigger and better screen future for her.

From being one of the town’s most ardent and indefatigable night-clubbers, Glenda Farrell has suddenly developed into a home-body that can’t be budged from his fireside by anything less than the homestead burning down around her ears. You see, Glenda’s just had her new house completed, which she helped to design, and which she furnished all by herself. “There’s no place like home,” is not just an idle rumor she claims.

Movie actors and boy scouts both should have “Be Prepared” for a motto. Consider the case of Jean Dixon, for instance. In the picture “Mister Dynamite,” she suddenly learned that it was necessary for her to play the piano in a scene that had to do with the solving of a baffling murder mystery. The scene could not be “faked,” either—with the result that Jean spent an entire day and night with a music instructor learning the necessary movements and timing.

But Esther Ralston proved that no boy scout had anything on her. It was in the same picture, and she was required to jump off a balcony railing. Esther surprised everyone by doing the perilous jump without a moment’s hesitation, but with grace and agility. You see, when just a little girl, she toured all over the country in a vaudeville act with her family, who were known as “The Seven Ralstons,” an acrobatic troupe. Esther, by the by, is seen constantly in the company of one Bill Morgan, and the gossip has it that you’ll soon be hearing bells any day now.

Station KFWB, the Warner Brothers broadcasting station, had its tenth birthday party recently. All the Warner stars and officials turned out en masse to celebrate. Dolores Costello Barrymore and Monte Blue, who opened the station ten years ago, were there to say a few words.

Dolores looked beautiful but sad, and it is known among her friends that she is very unhappy about John continuing to absent himself from home. It is quite evident that the separation is more than a business one, especially since Dolores did not rush to his bedside in New York when he was ill upon his arrival from England. It is really sad that this marriage seems headed for the rocks but perhaps it may yet be smoothed out.

PERSONAL ITEM: Myrna Loy, please come back to the screen soon. All your fans are waiting eagerly for that promised sequel to “The Thin Man” and you’ve never been a holder-upper before. Where are you anyway, huh?

For a young man who vehemently says that he has no time for romance, Gene Raymond certainly gets himself talked about plenty! Just as Hollywood was getting all steamed up about his beauteous Ann Sothern around. Gene quietly appears the other evening with Janet Gaynor, thus throwing everyone into a state. However, there might be a bit of publicity coincidence about two-comings with Ann in that they are doing “Hooray for Love.” What do you think? It’s a good old Hollywood publicity gag, you know.

Mary Ellis paused only long enough in New York en route to England, to see a few dozen interviewers and to have an overzealous press agent pull a fast one on her. We were sitting in her apartment when the phone rang, Mary hopped up and ran for the phone in the next room. We couldn’t help hearing her rather astonished answers to questions being put to her at the other end of the wire. When she came back, she sat down and giggled. “That is the most premature arrangement for a house-

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Grillin, complete a postponed honeymoon!

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell celebrate Warner’s tenth year on the air.

Jack Doyle, new cinema-throbbin’, takes Judith Allen to night club opening.
party I ever have had made for me,” she exclaimed. “My English agent wants to know when I can entertain members of the English press for the week-end in my Sussex country home—and I don’t even sail until tomorrow!” And they say English picture methods are behind ours!

Rarely has there been such regret at completing a picture, as was evidenced on the “Midsummer Night’s Dream” set. All the gang seemed to hate to put away their Shakespearean toggs and more than one felt it would be a great loss not to be able to caper about in the beautiful woodland setting.

Joe E. Brown, Jim Cagney and Dick Powell are such Shakespeare hounds that they are planning to form a “Midsummer Night’s Dream” club, the purpose of which is to do a stage version of the drama each year. All the cast members and the technical crew have promised to join it.

Even screen stars get bitten by the Shakespearean bug—it used to be reserved for the climax to a stage career!

Jessie Matthews, who made such a hit with her dancing in “Evergreen” must have been hearing all the American suggestions that she be teamed with Fred Astaire. Anyhow, Jessie is stalling Gaumont-British on re-signing for more pictures over there, and is said to be listening to more than one bid from Hollywood. Astaire and she would make a grand dancing pair. And it’s said that RKO realizes it and has offered the highest bid so far.

It’s not likely that you will be seeing Lilian Harvey in American films soon again. La Harvey, despite her pleasure at doing her last picture with Columbia, is slated for a good contract with her old love, UFA. She will return to them upon completion of her present London engagement. No doubt Willy Frisch had more than a little influence upon her re-signing for German pictures.

Marlene Dietrich told the New York press that she wouldn’t wear trousers while she was in town because she thought it might shock everyone. Little did she think what a jolt she gave the same members of the press with her bizarre, white-faced make-up and heavy, lacquered lashes. She’s much too good-looking to affect such a radically different cosmetic mask.

Speaking of the Dietrich, this amusing comment was heard at a luncheon of fashion editors and publicity women. Dietrich was expected to be one of the guests of honor but did not show up. However, midway of the luncheon, Irene Dunne appeared and was introduced by the inimitable Elsa Maxwell. One member whispered audibly, “How thrilling. It’s much more exciting to have Irene Dunne than Dietrich!” RKO’s “Roberta” had put Irene in the “glamor” group as far as this fashion expert was concerned!

Those rumors of a possible reconciliation between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill can be checked off permanently. Virginia received a California decree on March 25th. Virginia, pleading illness, had only a brief session with the judge, just long enough to list some of her grievances against Cary. Cary, meanwhile, has been bemoaning several local beauties about town. (Continued on page 123)

Randyl Scott is taking Vivienne Gaye places again. To the Cocomat Grove.

The Gary Coopers and Sandra’s ma, have an argument!

The opening of the new Café Roxy found Jack LaRue and Renee Torres in a smiling tête-à-tête. The girls all smile like that at Jack, he’s a real charmer!

You don’t have to guess who this smiling lady is at the right—of course, the nimble Mr. Fred Astaire’s mother. Fred is showing her the town.

Right, Alice Faye steps out with Vic Orazi in Rudy Vallee’s absence. Below, Virginia Bruce and Eddie Lowe exchange smiles.
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(Continued on page 82)

**very good; 3*, good; 2*, fair; 1*, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable**

**New York Post**
Thornton Delehanty
**New York World-Telegram**
William Boehnel
**New York Sun**
Eileen Creelman
**Chicago Herald-Examiner**
Carol Prink
**New York Times**
Andre Sennwald
**Los Angeles Examiner**
Louella Parsons
The day after the preview of "Sequoia" in Hollywood a friend of Russell Hardie met him at the studio.

"I saw you in the picture last night," his friend said.

"Did you?" asked Russell, genuinely amazed.

"How could anyone even notice the human actors in that picture? I didn't even see myself. I was too busy watching Gato and Malibu."

If you've seen "Sequoia"—and if you haven't you're missing one of the rare treats of the cinema—you know that Russell Hardie is one actor who speaks the truth.

In fact, "Sequoia" is one picture about which the truth may be told. I was disappointed when that marvelous film of the love between a puma and a deer—the deadliest of natural enemies—was released that M-G-M did not give us a little introduction, telling how the picture was made. For the story of its making is almost as beautiful as the story in the film itself. In fact, it's the same story.

When Vance Hoyt's book "Malibu," from which "Sequoia" was taken, was first bought, the studio planned to do its usual faking. The shooting schedule was twenty-one days. In order to live up to that schedule, trick camera shots would have to be used, for the story required that a baby puma nuzzle its dead mother; that a puma and a deer become friends; that a deer stamp out the life of a snake with his front feet.

Obviously, if no trickery were used, these things could not be accomplished in twenty-one days. So they planned to resort to the split-screen shot, a process whereby one-half the film is masked, a fence is placed lengthwise. (Continued on page 96)

There were no "fake" shots in this remarkable film
Frank Morgan said it might be a good idea if I didn't call him and his wife "the happiest married couple in Hollywood." So many couples have been called that just before the divorce papers were filed. Not that Frank is afraid. He is afraid of nothing concerning his romance. He knows that the beauty and depth of his marriage is something which cannot be shaken. For their tremendous relationship is built upon a firm rock, hewn out by suffering and heartache.

You see them in Hollywood today, living in a charming house across the street from Freddie March's home. They're just rounding the twenty-one-year mark of marriage and yet every small trip they make together, every week-end spent in the country is a second honeymoon. You know that they adore each other. But what you don't know is the amazing story of the early days of their romance. For Frank Morgan has never told it before. Modern Screen feels proud to be able to give you this real-life romance.

Alma and Frank met the night she was graduated from a private school in New York. At the party at Sherry's after the graduation exercises, Frank asked her for a dance. "Just cut in any time," she said. He didn't like that. It was as if someone had said, "Come to see us any time you're passing by." So he didn't dance with her.

A FEW WEEKS later they were at a party together. And in spite of the fact that he thought she was a snippy kid and she thought he was pretty proud of himself, some mysterious destiny drew them together. They sat out a dance, wandered onto the porch steps of a house whose occupants they didn't know. While they were talking, a little boy rounded the corner of the house, and said, "Come look, Mummy and Dad." And then he realized that the couple to whom he had spoken were not his mother and father. He apologized. The young couple laughed. "Do you suppose that's an omen?" Frank asked. It was.

They saw a lot of each other after that and they knew almost without (Continued on page 121)
IF A motion picture star kills her husband tomorrow morning, a five-dollar bet will get you fifty that one of the first three people on the scene will be the studio publicity trouble-shooter.

Unheralded and unsung—and darned glad of it—are the members of this small band of laborers in the vineyard of Cinemaland. To the rest of the motion picture industry their work is almost as mysterious as the real-life mysteries in which they are involved. To the men themselves it is a hybrid cross between a swell game and a confounded nuisance.

Don't get the idea that these industrious gentlemen are paid their salaries by the Hollywood studios to obstruct the course of justice. Not at all. But motion picture personalities, the stars and starlets, represent enormous financial investments to the producers. Nothing is so fragile as a Hollywood reputation; compared to it gossamer has the textile strength of sailcloth. The newspaper-reading world is always ready to believe the worst about any screen player; and, even if the subsequent evidence establishes the complete innocence of the victim, there is still a large percentage of the skeptical public that will stick its tongue in cheek and murmur something about “where there is smoke there must be fire.”

It is better to avoid unfavorable publicity at the outset than to try to establish innocence afterward. Hence, the afore-mentioned trouble-shooters. Every big producing organization has one or more of them on the payroll and there have been busy seasons when they earned many times as much as they were paid.

The requirements for the profession are many and exacting. First of all, it goes without saying that the candidate must have brains. Next, and almost as important, he must have personality. Thirdly, he must know everybody of importance—and many who are not—in Hollywood and Los Angeles newspaper, screen, civic and political circles. He must have had practical experience both in swaying public opinion and in the ways of moviedom. He must be able to keep his mouth shut, drunk or sober. And he must be available twenty-four hours a day.

POLICE captains and managing editors are the play-day pals of these lads; criminal lawyers and mayors' secretaries answer to their first names. Even the bosses of the film industry are shrewd enough to fraternize with these men—for who knows where (Continued on page 84)
A line-up on Warner’s lot of the fairest chorines from nearly every state. Pretty, wot?

"ALL ready girls! In your places!" The scene is the huge barn-like dancing stage at Warner Bros. studio. The shouting is that of dance director Bobby Connelly’s assistant. The occasion was the “call” for dancing girls to be used in the musical numbers of Rudy Vallee’s latest picture “Sweet Music.”

A disillusioned pianist (all studio pianists have that “What a life!” Neil Sparkian expression on their faces) puffs away on a perennial cigarette, barely allowing his weary fingers to brush over the keys for the necessary notes.

Feminine robes, fur coats, wrap-arounds, start flying in the general direction of a row of chairs along the side of the wall. A half-hundred of the most breathtaking examples of feminine pulchritude walk, glide and wiggle their ways saucily to the center of the dance stage. Among them, beauty queens who have won every beauty contest from the sun-tanned shores of Alabama to the snow-covered villages of Alaska. An array of luscious loveliness that would cause any Sultan to hock his kingdom for the privilege of having them in his harem. They are seductively bedecked in scanty gingham rompers, bathing suits, or a dozen and one what-cha-ma-callits designed especially by the wearer for rehearsal wear.

The moment was a critical (Continued on page 101)
Alert, up-to-the-minute reviews of the screen's latest offerings

★★★★ Private Worlds
(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

Whether this picture is a tribute to Mr. Wanger's business sagacity or not is beside the point, for its production proves that the gentleman is serious about bringing "better things" to the screen.

The theme deals with the idea that each and every one of us lives in a little private world of his own, crowded with inhibitions, frustrations, secret loves, etc., with the story itself unreeled in a hospital housing mental defectives. Thanks to Director Gregory La Cava, there is nothing morbid about the characters or situations, and the picture is studded with such fine performances that it is difficult to decide who rates the first gold star. Suffice it to say that you are going to be enthralled by Charles Boyer—charming, debonair, suave and sincere. Once again Claudette Colbert comes through with a beautiful, simply delineated characterization. Then there are Helen Vinson, Esther Dale, Jean Rouveral, Sam Hinds and Big Boy Williams—all excellent. The tale abounds in love, intrigue and suspense and rips the veil from our poor mortals, showing how petty we can be.

★★★ Go Into Your Dance
(Warners)

If you're a Jolson-Keeler fan, you're going to go for this celluloider in a big way, for when Al isn't doing his mammy-singing, Ruby is hard...
**Princess O'Hara**

(Universal)

While this picture is not particularly potent as either a laugh or a tear-inducer, it has sufficient of each to put it in the above-average-entertainment class. There's the Sweet Young Thing (Jean Parker) who would rather be independent than comfortable, the racketeer who in reality is a softie (Chester Morris) and Henry Armetta playing H. A. in his usual gay, inimitable manner.

The story itself is reminiscent of "Little Miss Marker," that is if little Missy had been permitted to live long enough to grow up, for the heroine is purer than that highly-advertised brand of soap. Although the idea seems stereotyped, the tale itself is on "original," the originality asserting itself in an unexpected finish, which will surprise and delight you. You'll like Chester Morris in this tale. Miss Parker, too, does a creditable piece of work and Mr. Armetta—well, you know Mr. Armetta—he just couldn't be anything but good.

**Living on Velvet**

(Warners)

Even Frank Borzage's direction could not save this stupid story of a woman who loves a ne'er-do-well and marries him to help him stand on his own feet. It's all very noble of Ray Francis to sit alone, silently weeping, as George Brent reels through the reels. He's just a lit-tul rascal is Georgie, what with busting up "y" formations in aerial shows and running a roadster into a crowded amusement park! Of course, an awful lot of his antics could be charged to arrested mental development, but for purposes of "characterization," he is checked off as the Peck's Bad Boy type; you know, the mischievous prank-player. Well, let it be said that it would take someone with a deal more charm than Brent to put it over. As to Miss Francis, she is indeed the popular conception of a socialite plus the vali-dation of a diction school. And her little backless bungalow aprons are something to attract at least the iceman! Warren William plays the benevolent friend who is a bound for punishment and rates almost as much of it as does—say, the audience.

**Let's Live Tonight**

(Columbia)

If you're shopping for some pure, unadulterated romance, this picture will be worth the price. Lilian Harvey is the essence of love's young dream, fragile and lovely in diaphanous chiffon with diamonds aglitter in her golden curls. The suave Tullio Carminoli is the cause of her girlish heart going pitter-patter, woeing her as he does with his devastating accent. "Tis true, he loves her and leaves her, but that is only to prove that the course of true love never runs smooth—or something.

Monte Carlo, fragrant gardens and yachts adrift on moonlit waters—the setting is completely there. And if you're not subject to attacks of nostalgia or sea-sickness, you should find it all highly agreeable entertainment.

**Hold 'Em Yale**

(Paramount)

If you have good strong ribs, you'll be safe at this show, for we give you fair warning the picture is a strain on 'em. It's packed with hilarious situations, quite a few wise-cracks and competent comedy performances by every player. In fact, you'll find yourself laughing right through the dry spots of the story from force of habit.

Patricia Ellis surprises with an intelligently played dumb heiress, who has cast her poor papa, George Barbier, many a dollar and not a few gray hairs because of her susceptibility to any man in any uniform—he it doorman, postman or policeman. Cesar Romero causes the biggest rumpus, though, when he dozes Pat with a rented aviation suit, then leaves his distraught "gang." (Continued on page 111)
"I love my husband, but—"

Norma tells why five men have stirred her. Reading from top to bottom... Bob Montgomery because he typifies every girl's beau... Clark Gable is a great lover... Herbert Marshall has charm... Freddie March has intensity... and Leslie Howard has sex magnetism.

I could have loved these other five men, too! says Norma Shearer, one of Hollywood's happily married stars.

Norma was a flame the other day. Every exciting woman is half a dozen other women combined in one. Sometimes one mood is uppermost, sometimes another.

I have seen Norma in many moods... as the vital and efficient star preparing for a new production... as the gracious hostess... as small Irving's competent mother... as a girl lazing on the beach. . .

The other day the actress was uppermost in Norma. She wore a tea-gown of some incredible shade of pale flame, gold ornaments at the throat, gold-girdled, gold-sandalled. Her lovely, rich brown hair hung loosely to her shoulders. We talked together in her new dressing-room on the M-G-M lot... a dressing-room all crystal and strange green, pervaded with that same pale flame shade... there was something in the atmosphere that day that suggested the perfumes of applause and roses, romance and strange adventuring.

Norma said, suddenly, "I shall always find men attractive. An actress, an artist should live colorfully and dangerously in his or her imagination. And, if one is in love with one man, loves deeply, that should make all men seem more attractive.

"The same is true of children. Very often children, as a whole, may..."
Norma believes that every actress should live colorfully and dangerously in her imagination.

not arouse your interest until you have a child of your own. And then, when you do have a child, when you have grown to love it tenderly through its different enchanting stages, you find yourself responding spontaneously to all children, appreciating all of their little moods and eccentricities.

"I first fell in love when I was eight. I have been in love with someone ever since. . . ."

Adrian appeared at this revealing moment to show Norma some of the dramatic sketches he has made for the elaborate costumes of "Marie Antoinette" which is to be Norma's next picture. And for which she is having headdresses made, sketches drawn, materials carefully selected. When he had gone, Norma poured sherry into two tiny jewelled glasses and said, "I remember when I was in the second grade at school . . . there I met the first object of my affections. He had red hair and didn't know that I was on earth. And then, a little later, a soft young cheek held close enough to mine for me to feel the warmth . . . asking eyes and tender goodbyes and funny little twisted gold rings worn on the 'right finger'. And still later, in New York, a little more grown-up, getting my first thrills when I was taken out by a young sophisticate, terribly impressive, with shiny black hair and dancing feet, he was a Wall Street boy. Then, hot summer nights on the Biltmore roof, Park Avenue and a rich man's spoiled son with football games and tête-à-tête teas at the Ritz . . . more farewells and promises 'never to forget' . . . and then, Hollywood!

"Hollywood with men who have been chosen from all parts of the world for their charm, their appeal. I have been fortunate. I can think easily of five men whom I have found attractive, each in a different way. Five men with whom it was easy to pretend that I was in love . . ."

"There was Leslie Howard . . . Leslie, true spiritual, who can wear the lace frills and bend the knee with such grace (Continued on page 95)
Claudette Colbert is fighting for her life—her individual life, her private life.

(Left) Lovely Claudette Colbert who has the good sense to remain a human being when it would be a damn sight easier to be temperamental and high-hat.

(Above, left) With Joel McCrea in "Private Worlds"—another triumph for Claudette.

(Above, center) Her performance in "It Happened One Night" won for her the Motion Picture Academy Award for 1934.

(Above, right) Paul and Daisy Lukas, Claudette's closest friends.
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF
CLAUDETTE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is fighting for her very life these days. Not for her physical life. But, just as important, or even more important in the long run, for her individual life, her private life.

Some girls in Hollywood ask nothing beyond their stardom; they're entirely satisfied to live for their careers. Others keep right on living their own lives, doing whatever they want to do without any regard for the way the spotlight in which they live distorts their actions. They have thick skins. They can take it.

Claudette belongs in neither of these groups. Away from the studios she is temperamentally unsuited to everything a movie star should be. Stardom in itself never would satisfy her. She needs many real and warm interests. But it is with difficulty that she maintains these interests.

For when the things she does, while living her own life, remaining true to old friends, and indulging in simple pleasures are misconstrued and falsely colored, it concerns her.

Not long after Claudette had finished "The Gilded Lily" and before she started work in "Private Worlds," Daisy and Paul Lukas suggested that she drive to San Francisco with them. They had to meet Daisy's brother who was arriving from Hungary.

Claudette was delighted to go along. She felt the need of a few days' holiday with such congenial friends and she looked forward to a change of scene after weeks of intensive work in the studios.

On their way home they were stopped for speeding. The officer took Paul's name and then learned that the car he was driving was Claudette's. They had taken her car because it offered better luggage accommodations.

"I'M CLAUDETTE COLBERT," Claudette offered in explanation from the rear seat where she and Daisy Lukas were riding. The officer smiled. The fine was paid. And they went on to Del Monte where they stayed for the night and continued on to Hollywood the next day. When they arrived the newsboys were shouting headlines: "Colbert and Lukas caught speeding; movie stars returning from San Francisco caught near Del Monte."

The story went on to say that Mr. Lukas had been driving Miss Colbert's car and that, unfortunately, the names of the other couple were not learned.

"It was pretty!" Claudette said, laughing and trying to be a good sport. "Very pretty! Well, the next time I'm in a car and we're stopped I'll know what to do. I'll introduce every last member of the party to the policeman. And hope for the best."

This may sound amusing and fairly unimportant. But it is neither of these things. It happens too often in the first place. Besides, the impression it creates is decidedly unpleasant from a personal viewpoint, as well as unfavorable professionally.

As Claudette went on to say, "The real danger about such things is that after a time you become afraid to move. You realize the unbelievable complications which can arise from the most casual expeditions and they cease to be worth the difficulties they're likely to occasion.

"Whenever you take what recreation you must have within motion picture circles where you have some protection. You cut yourself off, bit by bit, from the life that should be your reward after you've worked hard. And, worst of all, you alienate yourself from the very life you're jolly well going to need when your career is over."

It was this experience and a dozen others, too similar, which brought Claudette to New York this spring. She came eager for an interlude of life as it used to be. She wanted to see her old friends. She wanted to go to the theatre. She wanted to go to the new night clubs.

WE SAT in her suite high above Fifth Avenue. The rooms were filled with flowers and more arriving all the time. Two telephones never stopped ringing. Claudette had won the Motion Picture Academy Award for her outstanding performance in "It Happened One Night" and everyone wanted to interview her and photograph her. Shops wanted to send up models of their new summer clothes. There was a stream of messengers arriving with de luxe catalogues extolling the pipe organs and tennis courts and eighteenth-century antiques it was hoped she would order for the new home she is building. There were long telegrams telling her how enthusiastic Hollywood was over her work in "Private Worlds" previewed the night before.

Claudette stood in the middle of the floor and brushed her hair behind her ears. With the light behind her she looked very dramatic, in spite of the fact that she wore simple, dark blue lounging pajamas and her only make-up was lipstick.

"And," she said, laughing, directing the maid to place in a corner a flowering shrub which had just arrived while the two telephones rang and she slit the yellow envelope of still-another wire, "and I came East to get away from it all." It seemed ironical that she could not.

The lighting accentuated the reddish tones in her hair. She always insisted upon (Continued on page 75)
WOMEN SHOULD BE weak

Gloria Stuart, once a free-thinker and independent spirit, finds happiness in dependence and desire for protection

t some climax in our lives, we revert to type, that is to the type of person we were born to be. Always remember this in writing a novel."

This observation came from a brilliant woman who is on the editorial board of one of the most conservative book publishing houses in America. And even though several psychologists have given me the same thought, I don't think I actually believed it. I didn't grasp the meaning of it until recently, after a talk with Gloria Stuart. And I don't suppose that I'd have believed it even then, if I hadn't known Gloria Stuart long enough to realize that she was speaking the truth when she said to me, "I have decided what I really want in life is to be a weak woman!"

Gloria Stuart—a weak woman! Even now I smile as I phrase that expression in relation to Gloria. For Gloria, in the past, has been about as weak as a cactus thrusting itself sharply through the stubborn desert sand. And yet as a little girl—and that's where we have to begin in order to understand the amazing change in the Gloria of today.

Until Gloria was nine years of age, she lived with her mother and father in the country—for Santa Monica, California, was then "the country." It had not dinned its sophisticated smartness yet as a fashionable suburb of Hollywood. It's small, farm-type houses rambled helter-skelter among wheat fields and untamed beaches.

"Our family was beautifully happy. Close to the earth. My mother and father were idealists, living life fully because it was a sheer joy for them to live it together. I can remember my father saying, again and again, 'There are only three things in life that make it worth while: Happiness, health and consideration for others.' He didn't speak about money because he never thought about it. He didn't have much. He worked for a living and that was all sufficient. There were many, many families in those days like my mother and father; many homes in which children were reared upon love rather than upon ambition.

"Then—" Gloria paused to sigh, "father died." Another long hesitation. "I wonder if anyone can understand. Mother had been just mother to me. The family had been just the family. Now the head of all this was gone. I entered high school at twelve. Too young. I joined a fashionable sorority and at fourteen I was smoking incessantly. I could and would sit and spout about free souls by the hour. I knew more about it, to hear me talk, than Judge Ben Lindsey in person. I didn't know what I was talking about but I thought I did. Philosophy became a passion with me and when I went to the University of California in Berkeley, I majored in it."

A DAUGHTER of the new school. A girl who would have headed a suffrage parade, waving a striped flag, thinking she had found the reason for woman's existence. A modern, self-sustained, independent free-thinker at the time when free-thinking had become one of the bywords among women.

She could have graduated with high honors. She was considered one of the most brilliant youthful philosophers at the University of California. But Gloria decided, in her second year, she didn't care about graduating with scholastic honors. So she joined the Bohemian group, that we-live-as-we-please and think-as-we-please contingency that adds color and excitement to the routine of a fairly large campus.

Her ideas of freedom had deepened, rather than lessened, since her high school days. Love, she thought, held too important a place in the lives of most women. It made them weak, dependent upon male beings. A woman's place was not in the home, protected by broad, selfish shoulders but in the world of action and emancipation. Gloria's declarations against weak women, in those days, reverberated around that campus and were quoted on other campuses. Marriage was as certain slavery for the female as ownership had been for the blacks before Abraham Lincoln had freed them.

"I only married my first husband as a concession to my family and its traditions." Her eyes twinkled briefly as she says it. "And I didn't want children. I had an actual physical fear at the very thought of them. I epitomized, to myself, what I considered a strong woman."

GLORIA'S theories were consistent, as consistent as a truly shrewd intelligence could make them. They reached even to the economic side of life, where so many theorists become practical. She and her young sculptor-husband went to Carmel-by-the-Sea to live because that was, and is, the Utopia for free spirits. They had no money but they didn't care about money. They both worked. He on his sculpturing and she on her writing, and acting. She (Continued on page 104)
Above left, is Gloria Stuart, the calm, poised star the screen sees. Above right, is Gloria as the happy, contented Mrs. Arthur Sheekman, with her husband, the man who showed her how worth while it can be to be "A weak woman!" And right below, Gloria with John Beal, reading "Laddie," in which they appear together.
Beauteous Jean steps through the paces of a hot new dance called "La Trombosa" in "Reckless"

Beginning at the lower left and moving up and across the page, you see Jean and her partner, Carl Randall, in several moods of "La Trombosa." It will out-rhumba the rhumba when you get to know it. First Jean and Carl step forward in a sinuous glide. Then a pause with Jean giving Carl one of those burning looks! Whoops, just try this counter balancing idea above. Then above right, Jean and Carl do a real back-bender, reversing positions, and gracefully strut from view, at lower right. And just for an encore, Jean poses alone.
Fred Astaire is privately known among the Hollywood writing fraternity as “the interviewer’s dilemma”—for reasons which I hope will be made obvious. Fred is quiet and conservative, yet he is neither dull nor priggish. His home life is peaceful and contented, yet neither humdrum nor dreary. Fred likes to attend parties, though he arrives late and leaves early. He doesn’t smoke, he doesn’t drink, he doesn’t “play around”—unless the camera is grinding and the sound track registering his verbal “passes.” He has danced before the crowned heads of Europe and the bald heads of America. He remains unimpressed, but not at all blasé. He has played “command performances” and the honky-tonks and, if the audience is attentive and appreciative, he has neither complaint nor preference.

Fred Astaire distinctly “isn’t the type,” yet he is the latest contender for highest box office honors. He isn’t handsome by any standards of male beauty, but he’s got “it.” He isn’t romantic, yet the “come hither” is there in large and potent doses. Poor Fred Astaire! All he can do is dance and act—and there aren’t many, standing way up thar on the celluloid platform, who can do either, let alone both.

IT WAS written, somewhere, that he is shy. He isn’t. He has too much savoir-faire to you, and “perze” to me, for that. He’s been around, you see. Everywhere. A lot. So, as a male shrinking violet, he’s a great, big flop. He likes people unless they sit in Row B when he is dancing and give him that

“Go on now, I dare you to be good” across the footlights. Instead of that attitude summoning an incentive to please, it merely brings on an “And nerts to you, too” mood, which he can’t or won’t shake off.

Below, Fred and Ginger Rogers stepping off in “Roberta.”

Fred Astaire’s a genial guy but very short on small talk.
The day I saw Fred Astaire he was in a particularly gay mood. The exhibitors' reports on "Roberta" had just come in and he had had a letter from his sister, Adele, all the way from London. They were dancing partners for years, if you recall. Fred read excerpts aloud and timed them for chuckles. They came all right—I mean the chuckles. He touched lightly on the temperament of co-workers who had tripped the light fantastic with him. The suggestion was made that, of all of them, Miss Astaire must have been the most tractable and pliable. Fred, who adores her, emitted a hoarse laugh that might have emanated from the sleek throat of a prize entry at the Santa Anita race track—say, Spark Plug. At any rate, the general idea gleaned was that most women are difficult when on the ballroom floor, professionally.

FRED had what is known as a hard life during his early youth. He was never hungry; he was never cold. But he knew work, gruellng practice, with himself as his brutal taskmaster—and he was on intimate terms with disappointment. He danced because he couldn't help it. He never sat down and thoughtfully figured it out as a profitable career, nor as the open sesame to fame and its attendant adulation. It all began years ago when he tagged along after Adele to dancing school. Most of the pupils, like Barkis, were willing, but showed little (Continued on page 103)
The stars have had to learn ways to

Miriam Hopkins, above, says, "Forget yourself when conversing and talk only of those things in which you're interested." Sylvia Sidney, below, proffers this bit of advice, "Say what you have to say without allowing your listeners to get ahead of your story."

"If you can't think of anything to say, listen; there's no surer route to popularity. Once people take a liking to you, you'll talk," says Harlow, above.

"Shy people," advises Myrna Loy, below, "should accustom themselves to talking to one person at a time."
TO TALK well is very important. To be able to relate things so that you hold your listeners' interest. To be articulate concerning your own ideas and your individual emotions. To have your conversation fluent and provocative, not halting and dull. And, as a result, to be an infinitely more attractive personality. Surely all this is greatly to be desired.

Greatly to be desired and within everyone's grasp. That's the marvellous part of it. Within everyone's grasp if only they'll take the trouble to grasp it.

"The sound of your own voice in a room full of people can be so horrible," Myrna Loy says, with an understanding which proves Myrna didn't always talk as easily as she does today. "But it does help some, I think, to know that a great many people have been obliged to overcome this fright."

Myrna is naturally quiet. She isn't the life-of-the-party type. She isn't one of those people who feels it her duty to avoid even a momentary silence. However, when Myrna talks she talks well. She flavors even her most casual comments with her point of view. In other words, Myrna isn't inhibited about peppering her conversation with personal reactions and observations.

I LUNCHED with Myrna the other day in the M-G-M studio commissary. Next to our table was the long table at which the directors gather at noon. It was very nice to mark the warmth and fellowship with which these men, many of whom have worked with Myrna, greeted her. And to mark the ease with which she returned their greetings.

"You must have known difficulty in talking to people once," I taxed her that day. "Otherwise you couldn't possibly know that horrible sinking feeling which comes at the sound of your own voice when everyone in an entire room suddenly seems to stop everything he is doing or saying to gimlet you with his eyes."

"I did indeed know that horrible sinking feeling," she said. "Even now remembering certain experiences, I feel a little ill."

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "it was when I began to resent the unhappiness my self-consciousness was causing me that I was prodded into action, that I determined to do something about myself.

"I trained myself. Step by step. First I talked to one person only. Then I ventured to talk when I was one of a group of three. Then when I was in a group of four. And so on. Until I defeated that frightful fear I had known.

"And as it began to disappear I found myself thinking more of what I wanted to say and less of myself or my audience. As a consequence I began to say whatever I had to say to better effect. And this assurance did me a world of good."

Smart Myrna! Smart because she admitted to herself the disadvantage she was at, took herself in hand intelligently, and didn't expect to accomplish a miracle overnight.

Rule one, then, if you would learn how to talk:

If you're prone to self-consciousness don't attempt to entertain a room full of people. Accustom yourself first to talking to one person at a time, then to two people at a time, and so on and on.

COMING AWAY from Hollywood this last time I feel, as always, that I have been visiting in the most inspiring place in the whole world. Hollywood has no ancient wonders such as the catacombs of Rome. And I'm not prepared to compare the modest California Sierra Nevadas with the Swiss Alps. It isn't because of any sights that I find Hollywood so inspiring. It's because of the people, the film people. Mentally and physically they stand at a high point of development. They are a group of people who have made the most of themselves as human beings. They have developed and improved themselves in a way which must give anyone observing them pause.

And because, among many other things, the film people have taught themselves to talk well, realizing this to be a darn important part of the business of being a personality, they're able to offer invaluable pointers.

Miriam Hopkins was lying on the sunny beach in front of the Santa Monica Beach Club. Her swimming suit showed her to be at absolutely the right weight for her. Under her beach parasol lay a French book. That morning she and her French teacher had spent a couple of hours in French conversation. There also was a telegram from a firm of decorators pertinent to the New York house, previously belonging to the late Elizabeth Marbury, which Miriam 'bought. (Cont'd on page 78)
Unnoticed for two years, he's a wow in “Naughty Marietta”

ver at Culver City's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios they are wondering if they have a singing prophet, a tin god or an actor with “high ideals” under contract. The enigma's name is Nelson Eddy. He is blond, blue-eyed, stands at least six feet tall, has a round, robust baritone voice that wows the ladies and their gents, and for six months of the conventional twelve he ties himself to the hinterlands to sing for doting thousands.

On the night of February sixteen, after almost two years of waiting around Hollywood, killing time, eating noonday meals in the busy studio commissary, wondering when he'd really start to work (he had minor singing roles in “Dancing Lady” and “Student Tour”), being photographed variously, reported engaged and married to at least two blondes (neither of whom he had ever taken out socially), chafing at idleness like any ambitious, forceful fellow in his thirties (born 1901), he gave Hollywood the jolt of the month by wowing the Grauman's Chinese Theatre preview audience with the excellence of his performance as the melodious hero of Victor Herbert's “Naughty Marietta.”

The distinguished audience, made up of fellow stars, executives, directors, and press dignitaries, had come to the preview prepared to applaud loudly the efforts of their favorite, Jeanette MacDonald (who came through with a beautiful performance) as “Marietta,” and to cheer the expert work of Director W. S. Van Dyke, who filmed the picture with his customary gusto. What they remained to do, was to marvel at the performance of this “dark horse” among baritones who had been knocking about the studio so long that he had twice been mistaken for a desk.

Well known in the concert world, on the radio (Firestone Hour), in operatic circles, but unknown to insular Hollywood, the ovation that Eddy's performance invoked on the night of the formal preview of his first important film appearance was not one of (Continued on page 93)
THE STORIES BEHIND THE SONG HITS

BY DENA REED

Harry Warren and Al Dubin turn out the hits for most of Warner's musicals. They've got the song-writing formula down pat.

Ruby inspired Al and Harry to write "An Old-Fashioned Cocktail With an Old-Fashioned Girl" for the Joelson-Keefer "Go Into Your Dance."

You'll be surprised to learn how hits are written.
Hollywood often marries in haste but it has grand ideas about weddings in the traditional manner.

However, whether or not you are going to be one of those impetuous brides whose feet rush through the corridors of the municipal building to a justice of the peace, rather than wait to tread majestically down some church aisle, you must have more than a romantic interest in wedding plans.

What are your plans? Since I can't guess what sort of wedding each of you may be planning, I am going to talk about three types. There's the big church one with all the flowers and music, or the small home or church chapel one, and then, the aforementioned or Hollywood type at the justice of the peace. Don't dismiss the latter casually, either. It is just as important to look bride-like at a civil ceremony as it is at a church affair. After all, there is always the bridegroom to be considered and I have never met a husband yet who did not have an uncanny way of remembering every detail of his wife's wedding costume, years later.

BY ADELIA BIRD
Rosalind Russell is the perfect picture of a lovely bride in Adrian's ice blue satin creation. The tulle veil is the same shade as the gown and is held by a small coronet of pearls.
The big church wedding calls for quite an elaborate outlay in costumes and decorations. It is for you who feel you can make a grand gesture on this great occasion. You have to have attendants, ushers, scads of flowers and, usually, a nice reception afterwards. You pick the loveliest of white gowns, wear the family’s heirloom lace veil, and have your bridesmaids dressed so as to make a perfect setting for your dazzling whiteness.

Rosalind Russell, who was busy being a bride in M-G-M’s “Reckless,” took some time off to pose in a whole wedding wardrobe for you who are going to have a conventional church or home wedding. You see her in full wedding regalia on page 65. Adrian designed her gown, and it is a dream . . . romantic and yet quite simple enough to be in the best of taste.

Ice blue satin instead of the traditional white is Adrian’s choice in fabric. The tulle veil is in this same cool shade. A straight peplum, giving the effect of a two-piece gown, is topped by a bodice which is trimmed with two flat, suspender-like bands of the satin. The neckline is cut high in a cowl effect and the sleeves are fitted and tucked.

The skirt, slender through the hips, flares out into a great train at the back. Rosalind’s veil is held by a small coronet of pearls which is set so far back on her head that it is not visible in this picture. The shower arrangement of the lilies-of-the-valley in her bouquet is particularly charming, combined as it is with shiny dark green leaves.

Rosalind has posed on a stairway to show you how lovely this gown looks in a home setting. For a church wedding, she suggests that her bridesmaids be dressed either in soft old blue or the same ice blue as her gown. Possibly net, tulle or lace for the fabric. For a home wedding one attendant would suffice and she might wear a period gown in any of the stunning shades of the season, such as, coral, Mimosa yellow, Parma violet or dusty pink.

For a going-away costume, Rosalind has two suggestions. One is a navy blue silk, shown on page 64. The lace-trimmed jabot and organdy collar give it just the right amount of femininity to offset its tailored lines. With this she wears a small (Continued on page 91)
“Camels certainly make a difference—”

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

In Newport, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most feted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

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. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, New York

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MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

CAMELS ARE Milder!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND
You, who remember the heyday of the Vernon Castles, will feel a nostalgic twinge upon looking at this arresting picture of the beautiful Del Rio. Irene Castle used to wear just such airy costumes and posed with similar moving gracefulness. Dolores wears this thrilling gown in "In Caliente." Yards of pleated chiffon form the great skirt, while the bodice is of heavy crépe. It's the picture-of-the-month, don't you think?
Practically every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its start in the under layers of your skin!...

Blackheads come when pores are clogged by secretions from within. Lines form outside when under tissues begin to grow thin. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. Tissues sag when nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Beauty's workshop is right there in those deep layers of the underskin, where tiny blood vessels and glands carry nourishment to cells and tissue all the time.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down into your underskin. First, it flows out of your pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation. Stimulates laggard glands. Invigorates failing tissues.

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch little lines soften—blemishes and blackheads go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. A new freshness will glow in your skin and its texture will become fine and smooth.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. In the morning—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Try Deep-Skin Treatment

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin.

Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and see what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this Coupon—for Generous Package—see this cream bring beauty to your skin

POND'S, Dept. F-50, Clinton, Conn

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 5 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name:  
Street:  
City:  
State:  

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company
So—you know some one who’s planning a trip to the altar! Let’s do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deadly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They’ll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into Kurlash (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you’d better take her one.

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it’s so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. Shadette, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lustlil Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids’ lashes after the blue. (It’s a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

HOW CAN I make my personality a definite force? How can I feel at ease with people when I’m playing a role upon the stage, or when I’m called upon to speak publicly? How can I move gracefully? How can I acquire poise?

These are the questions most often asked by you Dramatic School pupils. And these are the questions that I’m going to try to answer for all of you—you who are doing amateur dramatics in school, you who have established dramatic clubs, you who intend to make acting your profession and you who want to acquire social grace.

I wish you could have seen many of the stars when they first came to Hollywood, as I have seen them. Those girls and boys who got their first lucky break (about which I talked to you last month) were, at one time, actually drab and colorless. They developed their personalities after they came to Hollywood. And if they did it, so can you.

Carole Lombard—that vivid, sparkling, brilliant personality—was once a shy little creature afraid of her own shadow, particularly her own shadow on the screen. Joan Crawford—everything that Joan has today—her power, her forcefulness, her tremendous drive—she has developed herself.

Modern Screen
Dramatic School

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Marlene Dietrich—and no matter what you think of her personality you must admit it’s dominant and definite—was a timid little German girl afraid to ask for a telephone in her dressing-room. Look at her today. She is really a figment of her own imagination.

Clark Gable—if you had known him six years ago you could not possibly have imagined that one day he would be the screen’s greatest lover.

How has this been done? In two ways. Mentally and physically. The physical tricks are definite and tangible. They consist of learning to walk, to stand, to move gracefully and to speak correctly (I’ve already spoken at length about speech). I’ll tell you more about these tricks in a moment. But first I want to talk to you about the mental attitude of developing a personality. That is really most important.

The dictionary says that the noun “personality” means “the state of being a person; personal identity. That which constitutes distinction of person.” So, if you are drab, colorless, meek and timid, decide that you will make yourself into a personality. First of all get a mental picture of what you want to be. Do you want to be strong and forceful and vital? Do you want to make people (Continued on page 98)

How to become a dramatic personality
Thrilling Words—
but nobody says them to the girl
who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to win love
—even more wonderful to hold it! So don’t let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to choke the pores that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I’LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN
If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 123. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Robert Donat's fans impatiently await his next picture.
This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by... Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
An Amusing Story About Robert

(Continued from page 34)

photograph record. At last Robert, our butler, appeared.

"Mr. Montgomery, if you will forgive me, sir, the ladies say..."

"Robert! Can't you see I am reading!" shouted Betty. Robert but at that moment I could have killed him. He seemed to sense it. "Yassir!" he said, and began to retreat toward the doorway. But I turned, I turned. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him still standing there, shifting nervously from one foot to the other. Then I heard him take a deep breath, as he prepared for the plunge. "Mr. Montgomery, there is something we all think you should know..."

"Robert! For the second time, can't you see..."

"But, Mr. Montgomery, if you will excuse me, sir. The house is on fire!"

I jumped to my feet. "You big idiot, you! Why didn't you tell me before!"

"Because, sir," he said, as he started running off down the hall, "because, sir, I could tell, you were reading."

I went down the stairs, three steps at a time, sniffing the air. I couldn't smell a thing. And the girls weren't around. Followed Robert out on the lawn. "It's the roof," he said.

AND sure enough it was the roof... our lovely roof, cracking and blazing and going up in smoke. I dashed back into the house to the phone. I remembered that on the front page of the phone book it tells you what to do in case of fire. Those instructions had always intrigued me. I opened the phone book, and read them again, carefully. (A movie star has to know the whole thing, even when his roof is on fire.) There were the important, familiar sounding words, "In case of emergency (as though any fire weren't an emergency), dial the operator and say, 'I want to report a fire.'"

"Ah! As I picked up the phone, I felt a keen satisfaction, like a man who's been rehearsing a speech for years and at last gets a chance to deliver it."

Still keeping my eye on that first page of the phone book, I dialed the operator. She answered and in my best voice that indicates something important is about to take place, I said, "I want to report a fire." I spoke very deliberately, using excellent diction.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, 'I want to report a fire,' between my teeth, this time."

"Oh, you want to report a fire. Oh, well! What's your address?"

"I told her.

"And the name?"

"What difference does that make? I've given you the address. Can't you hurry, my house is on fire!"

"I'll have to take your name."

"Robert Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you? I saw you in a swell picture the other night. Say, Bob. I've got some important things I want to have a picture of you. Do you suppose..."

"This is Bob Montgomery," I said frigidly. My mind had got away. "Okay, Bob, just a minute, Bob. Keep your shirt on, Bob." And then she gave me the fire department.

"Hello, and keep your voice. "Hello, this is Bob Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you? Hey, what is this anyway? I want to report a fire."

"A fire?"

"Here, at my house! I gave him the address, too."

"Oh, that one. Somebody up there all night."

"Ah, yes. I'm sure they've been carrying on."

"Well, don't worry, Bob. We'll be right up, we're just leaving now, as soon as the boys get dressed."

"Thank you, Bob. I thought that was mighty decent of you."

"But don't bother to make it formal. Black ties will do," and I hung up.

I went upstairs, climbed out on a balcony, and from there up on to the roof. I stood there looking at the fire, waiting for the fire engine. I had to admit it was a pretty fire, even if it was getting bigger. The row of crackling flames against the sky reminded me of the torch procession on Babylonian New Year's Day. Very artistic.

At last they arrived. And you know how fire engines always affect you. I suddenly got very excited and wished I had a rubber coat and hat, too. They propped up the ladder, and I grabbed the ends of it and held it steady while the first fireman climbed up. Reaching the top, he brushed me aside and said, "Hey, get out of the way."}

THEY passed up the hose. I reached for that, too. But the second fireman nearly knocked me off the roof. "You're in the way!"

"Darn it," I said, "It's my fire."

"But nobody paid any attention. They began 'sprinkling' the fire with a stream of water that was about as powerful as a drip out of a leaking water faucet. "You never put it out that way," I said. "Can't you give it more water?"

"Do you want your house to get wet?" one of them snapped at me.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd rather have it get wet than lose my house."

So they gave it more water. "Don't you think you'd better use a hatchet, around the edges, to keep the fire from spreading."

"You're absolutely right," I said, "but nobody suggested. They didn't fool me. Firemen had always used hatchets in every fire I'd seen.

"No, a bad idea," they said. And somebody passed up the hatchets.

At that moment I realized that not one of my neighbors had come to see my fire, the stick-up sort and so's. I guess it wasn't big enough for them. The only persons who seemed at all interested were Betty and Martha who were standing out at the front gate, looking up at us. I waved to them. Good old Betty and Martha. This would give them something interesting to talk about. I wished, too, that I could do something spectacular, but the roof showed no signs of caving in.

When the fire had been smothered, we came down to the ground, and I saw that Betty and Martha were both wearing their mink coats, and that they had had something all bunched up in their arms, under their coats. The dears, they had been calm enough to carry out our valuables. I felt proud of them. Even if the fire wasn't their fault, they would have saved our jewelry and silver.

Then they opened their coats, and I could see that each girl carried two revolvers. "Revolvers! Of all things that should have been carried out, you had to take the revolvers! What in the devil did you
Bob Montgomery visited Jim ("Bottom") Cagney on "Midsummer Night's Dream" set.

do that for?"

"Well, we were afraid that with all the smoke and heat and everything, they
might accidentally go off!"

Disgusted I went back into the house... back to the library and my hook. All
through the house I could hear the firemen mopping up. They were at it for
hours. I thought if we let them alone long enough, maybe they'd do the dinner dishes.

"Excuse me, sir," said Robert from the
doorway, "but the fire chief... he asked
if he could have your autograph."

I just looked at him.

"Yes, sir," he said, backing out. "I'll
tell him, sir, that you're reading!"

By this time I felt rosy and warm. It
was the sherry or the fire, I couldn't
tell which. I pulled myself together and
reached for my hat.

"What do you want your hat now, for?"
Bob asked.

"If that wasn't a 'story' you just told
me, I'm going to eat it," I said.

"Oh, come now, I told you I'd give you
a serious interview some time to make up
for this one."

"Sorry, old fellow, I couldn't use it.
Thanks just the same."

He was still mumbling about what to
give the fire department as I went out.

---

The Private Life
of Claudette

(Continued from page 53)

leaving it as black as it grew for years.
But the cameramen fuss so about the
shadows it threw upon her face and the
difficulty of lighting her properly that at
last she gave in and dyed it red.

Claudette's maid came in to say a Mary
Whiteman was on the phone.

"Mary Whiteman!" Claudette looked
worried. "Mary Whiteman? I wonder
if she's that pretty little critic?"

On the phone while she tried to place
Mary Whiteman she explained that she
didn't have a minute to herself for the next
several days. No, no, looking even more
concerned now, she wasn't being high-hat.

"She seems to know me well," she said
when the conversation ended. "She wanted

Learn about
bargains from her

SHE GOT THIS FREE — When she
buys her favorite gum she receives free
—a pretty mouth... a clean, healthy,
refreshed mouth. For the special firm
consistency of Dentyne exercises the
mouth in a healthy, natural way. This
helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
It prevents the cheek and chin muscles
from going flabby. Many doctors and
dentists recommend this health habit.

WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS — All
of this mouth aid she received with
Dentyne—the gum she likes best. She
adores its flavor—it is so full-bodied
and spicy, and she loves its chewiness.
All of her friends say the same thing—
Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing
gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for
your favorite gum? Identify it by the
handy, flat purse shape—an exclusive
feature with Dentyne for many years.

DENTYNE
KEEPS TEETH WHITE·MOUTH HEALTHY
Imagine having just one cleaner for every white shoe in your wardrobe! No chance of ruinous mix-ups. Jewel is safe and satisfactory for delicate Kid and Linen as it is as sturdy, coarse Canvas and Leathers! You can't go wrong with Jewel, no matter what white shoe you clean. And it really makes them white—a dazzling, show-window whiteness that won't rub off! Try Jewel today. You can get it at most stores for only 10c. . . . At Kregar Stores, ask for De Luxe White (it's a twin of Jewel). Ten cents too.

"HERE'S WHERE I SHINE" said the shoe

Whitemore's . . . who make Jewel and De Luxe White, and who have been making shoe-restorers for nearly a century . . . also manufacture Oil Pastes for leather shoes. All colors (black, tan, brown, ox-blood, and neutral) in convenient cans of two full ounces for only 10c. Whitemore's Oil Paste polishes, preserves, and softens your shoes. Will not crack the leather. It makes a mirror-like surface on wet shoes or dry! Get a can today, at most any store.

Then a small ink spot was discovered on a yellow damask chair in the library, a dreary room never used by the family. In fact I never remember seeing the door. Claudette was asked to recover the entire chair.

"That was the last straw," she told me.
"I told my manager I wouldn't do that again while I was here," I insisted. "I don't care if it costs me more than the upholstery would. I must have some rights even if I do work in men's manners."

It wasn't the cost a lawsuit would entail, her manager pointed out. It was the publicity it would receive. He reminded the head of the Whittemore, Star Sued, Landlady Claims Claudette Colbert Destroyed Property.

She gave in. She could see people reading the columnists' secrets, believing that it had been one of those proverbial wild Hollywood parties that had ruined a poor woman's home.

To make matters worse the landlady later told Claudette's secretary that Mrs. Colbert and Miss Colbert needn't have gone to all the trouble they went through and covering things. She hadn't expected them to do that at all—a check would have covered everything.

Nicer, no doubt!

TWO o'clock that afternoon, Claudette had an appointment to pose on the set of a film while the Toe-filer of another columnist pointed out the skyline to her. She got dressed and at about fifteen minutes before two sat down to luncheon, which she had in her own apartment. Claudette arrived before the columnist, left his equipment and went downstairs.

In the meantime the columnist was none too well. "Pull up another chair, Claudette said. "Perhaps he'll have a cup of coffee with us."

The columnist didn't arrive. Ten or fifteen minutes later the photographer reappeared with the editor. They looked worried. The photographer, it developed, had met the columnist in the hall and explained that Claudette was at luncheon. Apparently he had given the columnist the impression that for the moment no one was going to be around and he've sent the columnist away. A bellboy came up with a note from him later on. It read, "Sorry I had to run along."

"I didn't think you'd see what Claudette would do. It seemed to me it was her turn to become angry and temperamental. But she didn't. She went to the telephone and called the columnist's secretary. He explained to her exactly what had happened. Through no fault of her own she had been judged an up-stage, high-hat moving star, a pampered darling who couldn't be disturbed at lunchen. But she refused to remain in this unpleasant position. Claudette was judged as an individual, not as a star. And as things turned out she was right. For instead of the unpleasant breach which had been reported, the columnist sent her flowers.

"Come on," she said a little desperately later that afternoon, "let's get out of here, take a taxi and see Katherine's baby."

Claudette, you see, will have much more than money left when she gets married. For, even more important than the generous portion of her salary which she saves every week, she is saving her friendships and her interest in simple pleasures. And the day when she is through in the studios. It isn't proving easy to do this. But she's doing it nevertheless. She's fighting for her life, her individual life, her private life, for the life she knows she's going to need later on.
MODERN SCREEN

OH, DARLING!... MY NEW WASHER IS BEAUTIFUL. I'M CRAZY TO TRY IT

AND ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR SOAP, TOO?

YOU BET—NO MORE ORDINARY OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS FOR ME. RINSO WILL ALWAYS GIVE BEST RESULTS. THE WASHING MACHINE SALESMAN SAID

WELL, HE OUGHT TO KNOW. ALL THOSE SALESMEN ARE WASHING EXPERTS

NEXT WASHDAY

DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS, LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSO SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

IF YOU HAVE NO WASHER, YOU'LL APPRECIATE RINSO EVEN MORE. FOR RINSO'S CREAMY, ACTIVE SUDS WASH OUT DIRT—GET CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING. THIS SAFE "SOAK-AND-RINSE" METHOD MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER. YOU'LL SAVE MONEY. AND RINSO SUDS (SO RICH EVEN IN HARDIEST WATER) MAKE DISHWASHING AND ALL CLEANING EASIER. KIND TO HANDS.

A PRODUCT OF LIVER BROTHERS CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

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NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU, ALICE. YOU'RE JUST BLUE AND DESPONDENT. GO OUT MORE. MAKE FRIENDS

BUT, DOCTOR, I CAN'T SEEM TO. I'VE TRIED SO HARD AT THE OFFICE, BUT THE GIRLS ARE COOL AND DISTANT

ALICE, ARE YOU ALWAYS CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? I FIND SO MANY DON'T REALIZE HOW EASY IT IS TO...

CAN I HAVE BEEN GUILTY? IS THAT WHY THE GIRLS...? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY NOW AND ALWAYS PLAY SAFE!

"B.O." GONE—girls (and men) like her!

HAVING LUNCH WITH US TODAY, ALICE?

TOMORROW SURE! BUT TODAY PHIL CALLED UP AND....

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION?

A SECRET EVERY SMART GIRL KNOWS

IT'S LIFEBUOY, OF COURSE. AS MILLIONS KNOW! ITS RICH LATHER DEEP-CLEANS; PURIFIES PORES; FRESHENS DULL, LIFELESS COMPLEXIONS. YET TESTS ON THE SKINS OF HUNDREDS OF WOMEN SHOW LIFEBUOY IS MORE THAN 20 PER CENT Milder THAN MANY SO-CALLED "BEAUTY SOAPS". NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B. O." (BODY ODOR). BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBUOY. ITS LATHER IS ABUNDANT IN HARDEST WATER. IT PURIFIES, DEODORIZES, PROTECTS! ITS OWN CLEAN SCENT RINSES AWAY.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

77
You Can Learn How to Talk Well

(Continued from page 61)

This New York house brings me to Miriam’s hair for conversation. For here after the theatre at night Miriam’s friends—artists, writers, scientists and theatrical people, for the most part—gather. Besides talking extremely well, keenly and colorfully and amusingly, Miriam also has the gift of bringing other people out. And these midnight gatherings in her house on the East River promise to develop into as brilliant a salon as existed there when Elizabeth Marbury, credited with having the only real salon in America, was alive.

All of which becomes twice as amazing when you realize that naturally, Miriam Hopkins is shy. Very shy.

“I think,” she said thoughtfully, “that the mistake we’re most likely to make is to talk about things we know little or nothing about and care even less about.”

“For instance, there’s no use in discussing the European situation unless you’re sincerely interested in it and either have some personal experience pertinent to it or relate to or else are so full of some observation you’ve made regarding it that you can’t keep still. In which case you’ll be interesting.”

“Otherwise it’s better, far better, to talk about rice pudding.”

“Conversation, when you’re really interested in what you’re talking about, can be the greatest boon in the world, especially when you’re shy. It can do for you what a role does for a player. It can offer you an opportunity to forget yourself.”

Lying there in the sun Miriam was a perfect illustration of the very point she made. For as she became enthusiastic and intent upon what she was saying, the quick little mannerisms with which she invariably fights her shyness disappeared. She actually forgot herself in her interest in the subject. And while the manifestations of shyness with which Miriam is blessed happen to be charming, she undoubtedly has a better time when this shyness passes.

So! Rule two:

Talk only of those things in which you’re interested, remembering always that you’re a hundred times more attractive talking about something you know about than you possibly could be talking about something you don’t know about.

Jean Harlow is another Hollywood girl who learned how to talk entertainingly, without becoming muddled in self-consciousness.

“Always,” Jean admits, “I’ve found it difficult to talk with the people I like a lot. Because I’m naturally an idol worshipper, I suppose.”

That I count an enlightening remark. For, after all, if we weren’t impressed with people, even if it’s only subconsciously, we wouldn’t mark what we said to them or how we said it or whether we were interesting. We wouldn’t feel any obligation in the way of making conversation in their presence in the first place.

We’d be as offhand and at ease and independent as we are in the midst of our families.

“I remember a party Gloria Swanson gave,” Jean went on. “Gloria’s someone I’ve always admired tremendously. She’s so colorful and glamorous. So beautiful, too.”

“Consequently at Gloria’s party I couldn’t open my mouth. I mean I literally couldn’t open my mouth. It refused to obey my will. You’ve heard of the little fellow who asked his mother if his arms were sewed on or tacked on. Well, my mouth might as well have been sewed or tacked closed.”

“And why? I could have forced sounds out of it I wouldn’t have been able to think of one thing to say. I had stage fright at a dinner party!”

Newly weds! Helen Mack and her new husband, Charles Irwin, look over our favorite magazine, the Ambassador Drug emporium!
I don't give tennis all the credit...

Shredded Wheat teamed with rich milk and juicy fruits or berries is a high scoring diet combination. Gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—in their most delicious and digestible form.

MODERN SCREEN

Well, I remember giving myself time. I didn't try to force myself. I just sat. And little by little, I nodded at appropriate intervals. This saved me.

"Someone always will talk. And you always can catch them in the way you carry on.

And then, warned by the evidence of people liking you, you'll find something will melt or snap or come to life inside of you, and you'll talk without difficulty."

Rule three then:

Don't try to talk if you don't feel like it and can't think of anything to say. Let someone else talk. You listen.

There's no surer route to popularity, and once you feel popular you'll talk all right. Never fear.

NORMA SHEarer also says "Listen!" But there's quite another reason behind Norma's admonition.

"I can think of nothing which has helped me more in learning to talk than my work in the studio," Norma told me.

"For it taught me to listen. On the screen if you don't listen attentively it becomes very evident. And you give the undesirable impression of standing there waiting for your next line."

"The same thing applies socially, I think. If we will listen when someone is talking to us instead of thinking, 'Oh, what am I going to say when he's finished!' there's an excellent chance that something that's said will lead us to a natural comment."

"How else has your work helped you to talk?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "in the last several years I've learned a great many new things. They've been colorful lines, amusing and gay, too. Certainly they have enlarged my vocabulary, helped me to acquire a nicer word sense.

"Those who aren't actresses can acquire the same results; however, by reading. While you may not actually memorize phrases or words by reading, you will gain fluency. It also implants a greater variety of ideas and impressions in the mind."

With the result that you have more to say in time and are likely to say it to better advantage.

Rules four and five:

Listen attentively when someone is talking instead of going into a twitch wondering what you're going to say next.

Read. In order to acquire ideas and impressions and a greater fluency with words and phrases.

AND now if I may be allowed a personal observation I'd like to talk about a woman I met a span of the other day.

Neither I nor the gentleman who was with me knew this woman more than slightly. She was standing, when some woman's plate and carthen bowls she was buying for a cellar tap room she was furnishing in her Rhod Island farm house. She commented in passing upon Austria where she had spent the last few years.

"What an interesting woman!" the gentleman was with said, when we had made our way through the revolving doors and were in the street. "She certainly is getting a kick out of fixing up that tap room. I'll never forget the way she shined her eyes."

Actually it wasn't so much what this casual acquaintance had said which had made her interesting and a colorful talker. It was her animation. She was enriched by the radiance everyone has when they're keen about something they're doing, when they bring enthusiasm to whatever they are talking about.

All of which reminds one of Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia isn't at all a voluble person. She's quiet, usually, unless the conversation interests her. But when she is interested, she may be counted upon to enhance what she has to say by the warm timber of her voice, the impulsive little gestures she makes with her pretty hands, and the shine in her green eyes.

Another thing. Sylvia always gets to the point. She never is slow with her speech. She doesn't mean to establish a date if this date isn't important to her story. She isn't one of those people who say, "It was three years ago. No, it must have been four years ago. Because three years ago the baby had croup and we didn't go out during the holidays. Although, come to think of it, it wasn't during the holidays, it was later, after all."

Sylvia says what she has to say. She doesn't give her listeners time to get ahead of her story, to anticipate what she is going to tell them. Neither does she repeat herself so that she loses attention. However, Sylvia didn't always talk with ease.

YOU know, Sylvia said, "how you can start a story, but then, after a sentence or two, there's a little 'awk' sound in your throat."

"That used to happen to me. Whereupon I'd shut up like the old clam."

"But not forever. Only long enough to find fresh courage, when I'd force myself to say something else that I had to say. As time went on I got further and further along in my stories before that 'awk' happened in my throat. After a time, there were some evenings when it wouldn't overcome me at all. And finally it disappeared entirely."

Certainly if you're one of those people who have difficulty in talking because of self-consciousness, you have a fight on your hands and the sooner you begin to battle with it the better. You simply can't quit.

And this brings us to three more rules—six, seven and eight:

Bring enthusiasm to what you have to say, so the brightness in your eye and the timber of your speech and the impulsive gestures of your hands will enrich your conversation.

Say what you have to say without giving your listeners time to get ahead of your story or to turn in boredom to their own thoughts.

If you find an 'awk' in your throat when you start to talk, because of self-consciousness finish what you have to say the best you can. And don't let this experience stop you from talking the next time you want to say something.

It is so important to talk well. For being a good talker is likely to serve as a passport to success in both the business and the social world. And it is, after all, only by being able to express the things in which we're interested, those things we feel, and those things we think, that we give people a chance to know us. It isn't certainly, because we happen to wear a green dress or part our hair on the side or have blue eyes or because of any other equally superficial thing, that people are drawn to us and seek to know us better.
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AN IMPROVED
MASCARA

New Emollient Winx Widely Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes Alluring Beauty

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx is a nationwide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

1. It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

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3. It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross

Genial, dancing Jack Buchanan, star of "Browster's Millions."

THE MODERN HOSTESS

(Continued from page 13)

carrots and very small peeled white onions. A little water (even I give you a little longer to cook) and diced potatoes are added. The stew continues to cook until potatoes, vegetables and meat are tender. Dumplings serve as a delicious addition to an already succulent dish.

Another grand meat-and-vegetable combination is one that Blanche bakes in the oven, all at the same time. It consists of pork chops, with sage dressing cooked in the same pan with yams and apples, accompanied by baked tomatoes, stuffed and topped with some of the dressing. This is simply what I discovered when I tried out Blanche's recipe in my own test kitchen. The sweetened juices of the apples and the yams season the chops, and the sage dressing imparts a delightfully original flavor to both chops and tomatoes.

Another recipe is one I have named in Bing's honor, "Crosby Casserole." This is Blanche's idea of a perfect way to combine thrift with nutrition. Like all good cooks she has her own pet ideas along these lines. So, when the Crosbys sit down to roast lamb (or roast beef, pork, veal) on Stur (giving the vegetables a delicious addition to an already succulent dish.

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The World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES

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<th>Name of Picture and Company</th>
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**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**

America’s Finest 15¢ Cigarette

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

83
What Really Happened?

(Continued from page 46)

lightning will strike?

How do they work? Here are a few examples out of the now-harmless past:

All the world knows the tragic story of Wallace Reid, best beloved of the stars. After a long and valiant struggle, he succumbed to the ravages of drug addiction at the age of thirty-two, the world learned this at the time of his death. But if it had not been for the tireless efforts of a handful of studio publicity experts, the world would have known all about it at least two years before the tragic end. Reid would have been ruined professionally at the height of his career and his employers would have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in potential revenue.

Many of Reid's studio friends suspected the true condition and a few of them really knew of his dope addiction at least two years before the end. But Reid denied it emphatically to studio authorities, and there was no proof.

Then one day a quietly-dressed young fellow presented himself at the studio gate and asked for Wally. Word was relayed to Reid and he obeyed the stranger's admission to the set where the actor was at work. But he did not know that a group of Studio Feature Bureau detectives were following. When they closed in on the stranger, he tried to toss away a cigarette case filled with neat little bundles of heroin. Under cross-examination he admitted he was delivering them to Reid. And the latter admitted they were for him but insisted he was using them in "scientific experimentation."

THE dope peddler was hustled off to jail. In less than an hour a shifty-eyed lawyer called on Reid and informed the latter unless he raised five thousand dollars at once as a "defense fund" for the peddler, that gentleman would tell plenty.

Enter the publicity experts. A hurried search uncovered a friend of the incarcerated peddler. He was drafted as spokesman and dispatched to the jail house. He was instructed to tell the accused man that he would be released on bail and everything effort made to defend him if he would get rid of his shyster attorney and place himself completely in the hands of the "suppression agent." Eventually he agreed.

The next move was to enlist the services of the best criminal lawyer in town. Through his efforts bail was reduced materially. Since Reid's name must be kept out of it, at all costs, a studio executive was persuaded to loan the necessary bonds which were posted.

Now arose an unexpected complication—the young wife of the peddler was about to become a mother and the father-to-be had no means of support. The press agent in charge called on Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) and explained. From her own household allowance, she supported the expectant mother and when it was necessary for the couple to go to a maternity hospital, Mrs. Reid paid all of the bills.

But the agent for all of the arrangements was the aforesaid press agent; the Reid name must not be linked with the case in any way. To this day the heads of a certain lying-in hospital in Los Angeles believe that the childbirth of the tragic offspring of the publicity man who conducted the negotiations and ostentatiously paid the bill!

The case was scheduled to be heard by a Federal judge who was famous for the lengthy sentences he dealt out to drug distributors. An effort was made to soften him a bit by playing on his sympathies in this particular instance but without result. So it became necessary to pull a thousand strings and have the case transferred to an equally honest but more lenient judge.

Eventually, because it was the first offense and because of the young wife and child, the peddler received the extremely light sentence of only six months in a local jail (and a very comfortable one, as jails go). Deeply grateful for all that had been done for him, he protected Wallace Reid's name until the day of his death. And that came the day after Reid passed away; the peddler died a suicide twenty-four hours after the actor's death.

Fly-by-night publishers periodically have fattened on the troubles of the motion picture industry. But one offender was neatly halted in his tracks and tactfully handcuffed for all time without a whisper of unfavorable publicity.

This publisher had accumulated a half-dozen of the more commonplace whispered tales of the Hollywood of a decade ago. These had been embellished imaginatively and the names of the principals thinly disguised by such childish subterfuges as the changing of "Betsy" to "Letty."

This collection of obscenity was duly printed, bound and offered for sale on the newsstands of the country. Fortunately for the menaced film folk, an advance copy fell into friendly hands before the edition was actually in circulation.

The "suppression" agent went to work. The "publisher" was shrewd enough to ship his merchandise by railway express across the country, instead of using the parcel post. But he made one serious slip; he mailed a copy of it to the copyright bureau in Washington, D. C. That error laid him low.

The studio representative promptly got in touch with an old friend, an assistant in the office of the U. S. District Attorney. Here was a clear violation of the law covering the sending of obscene matter through the mails. Federal agents

(Continued on page 66)

Margot Grahame, English star, who just finished "The Informer" for RKO.
Helen didn't mean to be careless

MARY: Why does Helen have such a poor time at parties?

JANE: The men simply won't dance with her—it's a shame she's so careless.

HELEN: Just look, I've spoiled another dress under the arms! In spite of everything I do, I can never feel safe in a warm room.

MARY: Why don't you use Kleinert's Dress Shields? You'll never need to worry again—they're guaranteed to protect your dress.

(Next day)—

HELEN: What kind of Kleinert's Shields do you recommend?

SALESCLERK: They're all good but I think you would be especially pleased with their new Blue Label BOILABLE shields—hot soap suds get everything so sweet and clean.

(A week later)—

HELEN: There! I've put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress I own. Mary says they will prevent friction and weakening of the fabric as well as perspiration stains.

JANE: I'm so glad you insisted on Kleinert's—it always seems silly to accept a substitute when genuine Kleinert's cost as little as 25c a pair. Well—I must run along home—be sure to come early tonight, it's going to be a good party.

Regardless of anything else you may do, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to protect your dress. When genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields cost as little as 25c a pair, why should you risk your dress by even one careless wearing. Women who dress well have discovered that clothes last longer and look better if the underarms are protected from friction, staining, and weakening of the fabric by perspiration chemicals.

When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable... Some are pinless... From 25c to $1.00 each... All Notion Counters.
When I first saw Clopay 13c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they cost so little. They actually look many times their price. Dainty chintz-like patterns. Plain colors are exceptionally attractive.

Clopay's are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, peel, or ravel on the edges. Patterned crepe texture also makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tools or tacks. Used daily in over a million homes. See CLOPAY at your favorite “5 and 10” or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION 1420 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

AND THINK OF SAVING 1/2 TO 1/2 ON EVERY OILCLOTH NEED!

New FABRAY Out-Does Oilcloth

"As much as I save on CLOPAY Shades—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and wears like oilcloth, yet costs 1/2 to 1/2 less. Better still, it will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is entirely new—has the same surface as oilcloth, yet can be creased or folded without wrinkling or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as oilcloth. FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths is at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 23-24 yard roll of sheathing—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION 1420 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

AN interloctory decree of divorce was granted to Rudyb Valentino and his first wife, Jean Acker. Under the California divorce laws, neither party may re-marry until the expiration of a year, when the decree is final.

Before the year was up, Valentino fell in love with Natacha Rambova and wished to marry her. After a series of consultations with his lawyer, the actor was advised that he could be married in Old Mexico without legal complications. So across the border they came, and were duly married by a Mexican judge.

They returned to the U.S. and hid themselves to Palm Springs, California, for their honeymoon.

All might have been well but for the ambition of an assistant district attorney of Los Angeles County. Scouting headlines, he discovered the Valenstein and committed bygones.

Valentino heard of this in the early hours of the morning and, despite the rest of the night in order to be at the district attorney's office in the morning to clear himself. But again a lawyer, with characteristic professional caution, warned Valentino not to.

Immediately there was a terrific hue and cry! Valentino was a fugitive from justice, the assistant D. A. shouted in the headlines. The search was on—turning of the sort but his silence made it appear so.

Finally, the publicity trouble-shooter proposed the studio assignment the newspeople take charge of the case. Here was the screen's great lover accused of bigamy. It looked simple enough to the press agent. So the star's publicist drafted a Valentino statement for the press which read as follows:

"I may have added to my reputation by the fact that I love her more than anything in life. I did it on the advice of my lawyers who told us we were violating no law. If we have, it is a matter of the business, I will divorce my divorce becomes final and then be remarried. But right or wrong, whatever I have done, I have done for love.

That was too much for the Valentino fans. They had done it for love! They had him. Public opinion made a martyr of Valentino; he was being persecuted for love! The case was quietly dropped.

Occasionally it has been possible to turn adverse winds into favorable breezes by ballyhooing the entire incident. At the point the Los Angeles County's brief sojourn in the bastille, some years ago, on a speeding charge serves as a perfect example of this technique. Bebe Daniels made a name as Orange County's star's brief sojourn in the bastille, some years ago, on a speeding charge serves as a perfect example of this technique. Bebe Daniels made a name as Orange County's fine highways and an honest and courageous judge handled jail sentences. She was married to a lawyer, family friend, who had been arrested on a speeding charge by her husband. He had been arrested on a speeding charge by her husband. The judge bailed them out with the suggestion of a fine or a suspended sentence. Bebe Daniels and Jane Doe—

Touring through Orange County, Bebe made the grave mistake of bearing down a little too hard on the accelerator. Whereeee! And there was the charming Bebe Bebe in face to face with a visit to the house-arrest.

Once again the studio trouble-shooter moved into action. But there was precious little for him to do because there was the suggestion of a fine or a suspended sentence. Bebe Daniels and Jane Doe—

They were all alike to him. Ten days in jail and no maybe about it was the final edict.

Then one of the publicity lads came up with the winning suggestion. Of course Bebe would serve her sentence! And every man, woman, and child who could spell out simple English would read about it before, during and after her incarceration.

Bebe went to jail to the tune of the greatest publicity blast the motion picture industry had ever known. How time. Friends, sympathizers and admirers from the four points of the compass deluged her jail quarters with flowers, books and everything. A friendly jailer even permitted her to have a phonograph. The press was flooded with photos of the star en route to jail. Behind the barbed wire and the prison fare, chatting with other traffic offenders, etcetera, etcetera. Her jail diary was featured in many newspapers throughout the land. Her jail eventually developed most of the features of a three-ring circus. The studio even cashed in on this publicity by having Miss Daniels in a picture called "The Speed Girl."
The Stories Behind the Song Hits

(Continued from page 63)

'Lullaby of Broadway.' In it you'll recognize (we hope you will, anyway) the milk wagons going through Times Square at dawning, the honking of taxi horns, the ermine-coated and swallow-tailed gentry and you'll even recognize the hired silk hats that they wear when you sing, 'The rumble of a subway train, the rattle of the taxis, the daffydis who entertain at Angelo's and Maxie's . . .

'Yeah,' put in Al, 'and don't forget the swell looking theatre doormen. Gosh, please don't make us tell you any more about it. We're liable to break down and weep on your shoulder.'

IT wasn't homesickness, however, that inspired these two prolific boys to spin another hit-to-errors, for 'Gold Diggers of 1935.' There's a tune from it called 'I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You.' But let Al, who has completely recovered, tell you about it.

'There's a scene in the picture between Alice Brady and Gloria Stuart in which Gloria puts up woman's eternal cry that she hasn't anything to wear. It looked like a good spot for a song, so Harry and I put our two curly heads together, but we couldn't think up an idea. One day Bushy Berkeley, who directed the dancing, came in late for rehearsal. We asked him why he was tardy. Whereupon he excused himself by saying that he had been out shopping with his missus. You see,' Al's voice took on an apologetic note, 'he's been married only a few months and he's still foolish enough to go along on a shopping tour with a woman.'

'So-o-o-o,' it was Harry's turn, 'Bus's tardiness was good for something. It gave us an idea for a song. We wrote 'I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You,' which goes like this: 'Whenever you go shoppin' to buy a dress that's new, Honey, I'll keep my eye on the dresses you try on, 'Cause I'm goin' shoppin' with you . . .'

The songs which Al Jolson sings in 'Go Into Your Dance' were inspired by the star. The boys just had to build the

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet — and I won't be good! I'm mad!"

"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water — and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"

"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin — I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian tale — no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Here is the man responsible for those lovely lyrics in "Roberta," Otto Harbach.
numbers around Al's personality, which is a comparatively easy thing to do when the subject is someone like Jolson. All they had to do was to write a new kind of "Alamay" song for him called, "Mammy, I'll Sing About You," and they let him do the rest, permitting him to change the lyrics when he thought they didn't suit him.

"But She's A Latin From Manhattan," from the same picture, was inspired by Ruby Keeler's much talked about dance. Her costar, "I'm going to write a story about a Spanish señorita. I visualized little Irish Ruby with her pert nose and Erin blue eyes all touched out in a colorful Spanish skirt and a mantilla. Somehow the two didn't mix, you know, like Irish potatoes and Spanish onions. And there, little children, was our idea for "She's a Latin from Manhattan." Tho' she does the rhumba from Tenth Avenue..."

SAM COSLOW turned out all the hits for Carl Brisson's initial starring picture, "All The King's Horses." There's a story behind one of the important numbers, called "A Little White Gardenia," too. Evidently there are movie fans in England who are as violent as those we have in America. For Carl Brisson, while starring in English pictures, Costello received the gift of a white gardenia via florist delivery, sent by an unknown admirer. Carl happened to tell the incident to Coslow and, presto, the seed for "A Little White Gardenia," was sown, which starts out with "For I bring a little white gardenia, as refreshing as a day in May..."

"When My Prince Charming Comes Along," from the same picture, was Sam Coslow's nice gift to the star of "All The King's Horses." Brisson is Sam's idea of an airman answer to a woman's prayer. In the scene, an old man who has been ringing the bell and bringing home the bacon for nigh on to twenty-seven years, gets his ideas from situations only. Otto needs no man to prompt him, nor incident to inspire him, though he may need a couple of birds, as you'll discover if you read on. Otto inserts numbers for shows of his own invention and number presents itself automatically.

"My songs are naturally produced. If you see 'Robertina,' you'll tell the band of music on the back of the plot. With an orchestra right on the stage, a singing number is obviously necessary. I don't like the business of putting a scene in an office and suddenly having the boss open his mouth to yodel a love song to his stenographer. To me that's ridiculous and far-fetched. There may be rhyme to a situation like that but certainly no reason.

"People have asked me many times how I got the idea for 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' They thought that some wise guy might have been learning to smoke and had got some in his nose. No, I'm afraid that would have inspired a fat old lady. The idea for the song came from the plot of the story. The Russian princess is in love with a man, who, she thinks, loves another. She is miserable. I said to myself, 'Let me see if I can't think of some expression that sounds like a Russian proverb and would fit a situation like that.' I thought hard and then I manufactured one. "When Your Feet Hit The Floor, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

Harbach is a very thoughtful genius. He applies more of the technique of the business man to his songwriting than that of the artist. Many years ago he wrote "Love Nest" by simply comparing it to a dove. When Espy said that they'd go to the director and asked him to train a couple of doves so they'd fly around the stage and come back to their nest.

The director said he had enough to do to train the human birds, so I went to work and trained them myself. I got the idea of a clutch of pigeons. The pigeons agreed that the mannequins, parading their clothes, were not only lovely to look at, but lovely enough to be loved. With that inspiration, they sat themselves down and wrote "Lovey To Look At," another hit song from "Robertina," was written especially for the picture by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh. These two tunemakers conceived the idea for "Lovey To Look At" by watching the fashion show scene, one of the most vivid and thrilling of modern picture, and agreed that the mannequins, parading their clothes, were not only lovely to look at, but lovely enough to be loved. With that inspiration, they sat themselves down and wrote "Lovely to look at, Delightful to know and heaven to kiss..."

HUNKA DOLA," written by Jack Yellen, Cliff Friend and Joseph Meyer for "Scandals of 1935" and which is sung by Alice Faye, Lisa Robertson and Jimmy Dunn, was inspired by a charming maid, aged two. The boys were having trouble. George White, who conceived both books and music of the show, was at Charleston and other dance routines, invented another dance for "Scandals," but he couldn't think of a name for it. The boys had written the music, the steps had been invented and practiced, but what were they to call it? They thought and thought and thought but no title could they think of. They decided they couldn't feed their brains, they might as well feed their stomachs. So they went into a restaurant. A woman and a small girl sat opposite them. The former sang the song on a roll. "Wanta hunka dola," said the little one. Jack turned to Cliff, Cliff turned to Joe and said, "Can't you think of a name for "Hunka Dola"?"

"Hunka Dola" was the perfect title for a dance number.

Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal, who composed the lyrics and music for "Goin' To Town," had as swell a time as a guy with binoculars at a nudist colony. Their subject was Mac West and all they had to song was "Goin' to Town简约". The idea for the song, "Goin' to Town," was inspired by the original title of the picture and by an incident which happened on a soapbox.

"It was a blue Monday, and we were all in the dumps," said Sammy. "The census takers were strolling around the neighborhood, intoning 'Belle of the Nineties.' Everyone was discouraged except Mac who kept on smiling. The Liberty Bell and I were very embarrassed. Mac's lips were half cracked, too. But it meant that from now on, I'm a lady." That gave her the idea for a picture and gave us the idea for a song.

So you see how it is? An idea may come from the air, a personality or a situation. The thing to do is to think a long time, to think, think, think, the think of the poor writers who had to wrack their tired brains to get the inspiration. Think of them and give them a great big hand.

MODERN SCREEN
Do You Believe This Story?

(Continued from page 31)

I said, "Tell me about . . . the house, please."

He said, "Your fancy may crawl away from the telling of such a tale. Your readers may not believe. But in order to tell you about the house I must go back a little way. You know that I am married a fourth time. Yes, you know that. You have heard about my—my other wives. You know that I come from the black mountains of Hungary where, in the arms of my old nurse, I heard the tales of vampires and saw their victims. Ah, yes, as I grew older and could take notice of things about me I saw many a young man and young woman pale and skinny and seem to die with no cause given. I had a skeptical mind. I read widely. I made a brave attempt to laugh off such nonsense. Folklore gone mad, I told myself. I would shake off the charnel-house odors of such foul superstitions. . . ."

"And then, I met the woman. Her age was indeterminate. She was an actress. She was not outstandingly beautiful. Her hair was a pale brown. Her skin was deadly pale at times; at other times it was a blood, blood red—that was when she had been fed. Her mouth was thin and ravenous. Her teeth were tiny, and pointed. She had been married many times. There had been many lovers. One never asked what had become of them. Men feared her—and went to her at her command. Husbands left their wives because of her.

I HAD a wife, too, and two sons. Yes, I have two sons of whom I have never spoken. They are grown boys now. I have never seen them since I—I left. I have never, from that day to this, sent so much as a picture postcard home. Nor have I had one. How should I? I burned all my bridges behind me when I left more than fifteen years ago. It was safer to have no communication of any earthly kind. I wish I could say that I did not care, that the thought of those two young men of mine did not matter to me. But I do care, it does matter. However, to get back. . . . At that time I was living the normal life of a young man of the town. I had played Romeo, with some success.

"Hot Dog!" growls Bonzo as he tries to snatch a bite from Betty Furness.

"Life has suddenly become very pleasant, Toby"

For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher’s Castoria — the children’s laxative. And did he love it?

That delicious taste is important. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes—that all too often upset a child’s nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

That’s why even the taste of Fletcher’s Castoria is made especially for children!

It is also prepared just as carefully for a child’s needs.

It contains only ingredients that are suitable for a child—no harsh, purging drugs that so many “grown-up” laxatives contain. Fletcher’s Castoria will never cause gripping pains. It is not habit-

Rely on Fletcher’s Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years. Get a bottle today—look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher.

Save money—get the Family-Size bottle.
I was said to be of outstanding appearance. I had a genial disposition and a happy outlook. It was my heart. My pulse raced and then stopped. I lost control of my limbs and fainted in my speech. I was never happy in her presence. I felt sick and dizzy and deprecated. Yet I could not remain away from her. She never bade me come to her, not in words. There was never any of the cooling-off of assignations. I simply went to her, at odd hours of the day and night, impelled by an agency I neither saw nor heard.

"I lost sight. I hardly slept. I had seen other young men fade and wither before my eyes and had heard the village folk whisper the dread cause. But when it came to me, I did not know it for what it was.

"It was my mother who forced me to flee the country and never to return to it again until that woman and every trace and memory of her vanished from the sight of men."

"This is what I am telling you is the truth. It can be verified if you are curious or incredulous.

"I came to America. After a time, my health returned to me. I tried, on two other occasions, to find that woman to marry and have a home as other men have. You have heard the results. One marriage lasted twenty-four hours. . . . The other day I say that the faithful one was there and gave me to understand that if ever I felt love again, attempted marriage, she would stand between me and fulfillment.

"For many months, for years I dared not think of love or of marriage. I was determined to stay alone."

**AND then, that first night in this house and every night thereafter the bat has come. The first night I saw that bat, monstrously big and with one eye flattened against the window. . . . It began to be a monstrosity with both of us—to kill that bat. We had the feeling that if we ridded ourselves of that thing we would be free. We told Bodri to get it. We even hired exterminators to come and watch for the creature and kill it.

"We had all kinds of men here lying in wait for it. And they—only told us we were imagining it—there was no bat visible. We knew that they thought we were mad."

"Months went by and then, one night, Bodri came to warn me about him howling in the darkness. He came into the house and he had it in his mouth, limp, dead, hideous beyond words. With a sick heart and a trembling flesh, I went into the garden and there, in the dead of night, I dug a grave for it. I dug a hole deep enough to bury the Giant of Tarsus. We went to the last service.

"The next day came. We had a little festive dinner, my wife and I. We drank wine and were very gay. We even talked of the time when we might go back to Hungary, back to Lugos. In the midst of our happy talk, it happened.

"My wife heard it first. I could tell that she had heard it by the look on her face. I went to the window. The bat was back again. Not the same one, you say? But yes, it was.

"I went out into the garden with Bodri beside me. I dug up that deep pit again. The bat was gone. The ground was untroubled but the bat—was—gone.

"Lugosi rose and walked out to the hearth over which hangs his mother's coat of arms. He said, simply, "I swear that what I am telling you is the truth."

"I rose to go. Mr. Lugosi talked with me to the door, unlocked it, took me through the garden, unlatched the gate. He said, "This is a strange tale to have told you. In the town of Lugos it would not be thought so strange, nor disbelieved."

"So often and so frightful is this sort of thing over there, even today, that the townpeople of Lugos over keep their dead for days and sometimes weeks to be sure they have died a Christian death and not a half-death of the vampires. But I hope," Lugosi said, with that slight bow from the waist of his, "I hope I have not frightened you . . . I draw a deep breath of the sunshine. I tried to think. What rot?

"What utter nonsense! I couldn't—not quite. I thought of this man who lives here, to Holmwood who walks the streets and works in the studios and is charming and courteous and kind. But walks, always, with make-up or without, with that pale face and those wild, prettynatured hands and smileless smile."

"This, at any rate, is the story he told me. I have not exaggerated. I have not dramatized.

You may, draw your own conclusions.
stitched fabric hat trimmed with a rhinestone ornament.

Another choice is a suit designed for her by Adrian. It is a two-piece beige suit with the jacket collarless and tucked in an unusual way. Adrian adds a wide brown suede belt over-laced with a rope of the beige woolen. A brown felt hat, brown gloves, shoes and bag complete this. For actual traveling, Rosalind tops this suit with a tan camel's hair coat trimmed with lynx. Be sure to make note of the smart lightweight airplane luggage which is piled up alongside this coat—a perfect selection for your trousseau luggage.

Rosalind suggested that we show her a stunning three-piece pajama ensemble rather than a fluffy bridal negligee because she thinks it is the sort of thing you would all like to have whether you are planning a trousseau or not. Heavy white silk crépe for the Norfolk-type jacket and full trousers. The robe of the same material is made very tailored in double-breasted effect. Both the pajama jacket and the robe are piped and buttoned in a bright blue shade. Rosalind adds a polka dotted Ascot in the blue as an individual detail.

I have been thinking so much about weddings and trousseaux that everyone I see, I get talking on the subject. I had tea with Frances Drake, the other day and she only needed a slight prod to start off on plans for her own wedding. No, she isn't even engaged, but she would like to have a real wedding when she finally makes up her mind to be married. "Of course," she said, "the very fact that there is a beautiful old lace veil that belonged to my grandmother in our family, will probably be the very reason that I shall join the dozens of other Hollywood stars that have run off to Yuma and have been married in any old costume they had on! This veil is still in England but it has been promised to me whenever I want it. I like to design my own clothes, some of them are a little eccentric, I'm afraid, but I like unusual cut, line and color. For my wedding dress, though, I would like something quite medieval... you know, a high neckline, long, tight-fitting sleeves and the satin Women... rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories—a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three safety features to give Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually see and feel every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny... see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against

... (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!

SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit... here's a challenge! We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it! Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE
ROYER, Fox's clever designer, talked about wedding finery, too. He likes bride to look charming everywhere else. And he, like Frances, prefers to choose this style from old-fashioned sources. He described a wedding party which he had designed for a Spanish picture they were doing at Fox.

"I made the bride's gown in a heavy, luminous satin," he said. "The design was quite simple and conventional but very feminine. The dress was trimmed with an appliqué of lace at the neckline and her veil was net, appliqued with medallions of the same lace. In the wedding scene, she had to wear the veil back from her face, but I had a small veil that completely covered her face when she first appeared. The maid of honor wore a lamé dress made with puffed panniers at the hips, short puffed sleeves and a fitted bodice. Rather aopheretic effect, you see. A Watteau hat trimmed with flowers for her headgear. The bridesmaids were in tulle and satin, also somewhat on the shepherdess style of this kind. She was married in church but did not wear satin and a veil, of course, it was her second marriage and she couldn't correctly wear a bridal veil, but even so, they, too, the costume was perfect for the bride who doesn't want to be too formal. Ginger wore a lace bodice made with fitted bodice and full skirt. Her hat was trimmed with the same lace. Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, her only attendants, wore simple, long afternoon dresses in beige and blue respectively. It was simple, charming and very smart.

Any long-skirted, feminine type of afternoon gown is quite charming for the informal wedding and the color should always be a pastel or some soft shade. And now for the bride who runs off to the city hall. Any simple silk dress or good-looking suit is appropriate. You can wear a corsage, or carry a small bouquet. Rosalind Russell's navy blue silk with the gold lace and the gold shoulder bag for a costume for a civil ceremony. A soft ensemble in a plain and printed combination of fabrics is another suggestion.

Besides Rosalind's and Greta Garbo's and Trisseau, I have picked several other costumes on page 66, that fit into the wedding picture. Martha Louise has a heavenly bridesmaid's dress. It is a soft blue tulle over a taffeta foundation. The shirtwaist detail of the bodice and the white pique collar and tie, are some of those alchemical touches which very feminine dresses often affect this season. Pleating of the tulle makes cuffs and jabot. Mary Astor wears a silk jacket costume which is suitable either for an informal bridal costume or for a going-away dress for the bride who marries formally. It is done in a sheer chiffon with a box jacket having sleeve fullness at the elbow. A lace blouse, finely tucked, and in white, a chiffon veil, accompanies this. Mary's hat is a deep pink straw banded in deep blue ribbon.

For the bride's mother at the formal wedding, a full skirt and puffed sleeves are more perfect than Verree Teasdale's lace and chiffon one in eggshell white. The blouse, with high collar and jabot is of the lace. The skirt of chiffon is full, enough to give it a graceful movement. Verree's wide contrasting belt is brown and yellow silk cording.

A lovely summy evening gown for your trousseau is that of Bette Davis. Yellow and brown dotted organdy, girdled in brown velvet. The whole silhouette is one of crispness and youthfulness.

And Genevieve Tobin holds up a taffeta muff for your inspection. This is not only a grand summer evening accessory but is also a nice detail for your bridesmaid's costume. Flowers can be pinned to this, making it an individual and refreshingly different from the usual arm bouquet seen at most weddings.

I can't half cover the subject of weddings in one article. There are so many ideas, so many interesting angles to discuss. However, I have prepared a leaflet for you on "The Trousseau from Lingerie to Linens"—this covers the number of things you will need for both yourself and your new house. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and it is yours for the asking. Write to Adalio Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing (in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

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Do you want our new Spring Pattern Book? 

Patterns are 15c each Books 10c when ordered with pattern, 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 30c if you live outside the United States. Books 30c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

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Coupon for ordering patterns illustrated on page 8
Meet Nelson Eddy (Continued from page 62)

A new food supplies "Protective Substances"—your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

Hospitals are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding one food to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But one food now supplies them in abundance...is their richest source!

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of your stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast regularly! Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water...or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it time to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at green grocers, and in revolutionary—"the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label."

DR. ALAN GIRAUT, THE FRENCH EXPERT, SAYS: "Almost unbelievable how well it works!"

Dr. Girault (above) has been chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine—Is a member of leading medical societies. He says:

"I was amazed at the results. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally...A notable discovery!"

Almost unheard of...these results in a noted U. S. hospital

In hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained:

93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 85% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 85% of skin cases from other hospitals' records are:

Case of T. E. Man, age 30.

Suffered from chronic constipation. Used strong cathartic habitually. Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of auto-intoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. Easier. Felt better.

Case of K. M. Man, age 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfor-tent gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatmen-t with Fleischmann's new yeast did him good. Patient was a result. Feels better. No discomfort from action

Case of K. Q. Woman, age 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for 10 years. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal headaches. After eating Fleischmann's new yeast, appetite improved. After one week, had no headaches. Now feels normal and has natural daily bowel evacuations.

Complete corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION...
I NEVER NEED LAXATIVES ANY MORE!

MODERN SCREEN

Three men and a gal in a scene from ‘Let ’Em Have It.” Left to right, Dick Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden and Virginia Bruce.

TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast
That’s Easy to Eat

If you take laxatives to keep “regular,” you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods, it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the oldest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell 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 paste this on a penny post card
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1759 North Halsted Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name

Address

City.... State


Eddy is an only child, part Dutch (President Martin Van Buren is an ancestor), all American, with a New England father and a Southern mother. Eddy, himself, is as New England as Coolidge was, with as sound convictions. He doesn’t think much of femmes who pursue gentlemen, has never married, and prefers his women “sweet.” They don’t have to be domestic, and know how to sew, knit and cook. “My forty dollars a week will take care of that,” he says with a smile from behind the tortoise shell glasses he wears off the set.

Of all the raven, Titian and blonde-haired ladies in professional Hollywood he finds it one with whom he cares to romance. It isn’t that he’s priggish or egotistical, but he doesn’t care much about their predatory tactics. “I don’t like to have a girl ask me to take her out to dinner,” he explains. “One did the other evening and I said to her, ‘Listen, honey, I’d like to take you out to dinner tonight if I have any interest in you, but I haven’t. And I think that a man should have a little interest in a girl that he invites to go out with him.’”

“But I didn’t insult her. She thought I was kidding. She turned around to a friend and laughed at what she thought was my joke. Don’t think I’m con- ceited, but when I ask a girl to go out with me, I like to feel that we have something in common, that there’s a little flame of mutual interest. I like to have a sweetness about such things, a delicacy, and besides, the women that I go around with don’t want to be seen at the Grove or the Trocadero where the press keeps tabs on Hollywood’s romantic affairs.”

Son of an inventor under U. S. Naval commission, nicknamed “Red” in grammar school (his education was furthered by night and correspondence courses), Eddy, despite his sensational success, would be a welcome addition to Hollywood, even if it is for only six months of the year. Emphatic in his likes and dislikes, vigorous, forceful, self-assured, you are compelled to admire this realistic newcomer who is so intent upon keeping faith with his vocal constituents in Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too. It’s about time “high ideals” had a Hollywood comeback.
"I Love My Husband, But—"

(Continued from page 51)

and conviction. Leslie with those amazing blue eyes that so dreamily can contemplate the past and then suddenly become electrified with a fervent contemplation of the present, Leslie who, in 'Berkeley Square' said, 'I love you,' and said it more divinely than it has ever been said before. Leslie who, when kissing one woman, makes every woman in the audience feel as though she has been kissed, too.

Leslie attracts women because he has a great sex magnetism. Ah, that surprises you! But it is so. Leslie is the perfect combination of the physical and the spiritual. He conveys the feeling of romance which endured through the ages, of love everlasting. That is why, as Mooneyen Clare, it was so easy for me to respond to Leslie for that little, lovely while.

'And then there is Clark... Clark Gable. His beauty is thrilling. I suppose it sounds silly to call anyone as rugged as Clark beautiful... I hope he will forgive me. But he is beautiful, from his head to his feet. He is rhythmic, unconsciously alive with a powerful, effortless grace. He was the first leading man on the screen who could be cruel, even slap a woman in the face and make other women love him for it.

'Clark is the Great Lover, without any of the morbid, tragic aspects of emotionalism. He is the type with whom a woman could roam the hills and highways of the world, loving and laughing lustily. He doesn't take himself seriously in any way, which is his greatest charm. He would never die for love. He would be far more likely to laugh and ride away, like a strong wind, leaving you breathless...

'Bob,' said Norma. "Svensen moonlight and prom thrills, sophisticated young love. In our first scene together on the screen we danced on a mirrored floor to the strains of 'The Blue Danube' and I thought, then, 'A girl could dance..."

Clark Gable and Loretta Young in a chilly scene from "Call of the Wild."

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize The Appeal of Beauty

The Secret is a New Make-Up... Now You Can Share It

Y ou can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, because each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to harmonize with each other, and with individual complexion colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Thus, the appealing beauty of each type is emphasized to the utmost.

Famous screen stars have found magic beauty in this secret. So, you may confidently expect your own color harmony in this new make-up to create a lovely, entrancing, fascinating beauty for you. You'll note how the face powder imparts a satiny-smooth, clinging make-up... how the rouge gives life and color to the cheeks naturally... how the lipstick creates a color-perfect lip make-up that lasts and lasts.

Discover new beauty by sharing this luxury of Hollywood's stars, now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

FOR personal make-up advise... and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick... mail coupon below.

Gloria Stuart in Warner Bros. "Gold Diggers of 1935"
to Heaven in his arms." Our personalities react spontaneously, the one to the other, when we are on the screen. He is reverent and gay. He has the joy of living and a witty mind.

"I always have the feeling that, before I became an actress, I knew Bob or had been in love with somebody just like him. I seem to remember the lines we spoke, the moods, the very gestures we are living through together. In fact one day, during the taking of a scene, we both forgot our lines and it didn't matter in the least. We just ad-libbed our way through the rest of the scene, speaking lines we had never spoken before and the director never told us. Bob is such a difference! Bob typifies every girl's dream. Some of my happiest, craziest moments on the set have been moments spent with Bob.

"And then there is Freddie... Freddie March. The delightful, lovable Freddie of 'Sailin' Through' and 'The Barretts.' Freddie has the heart of the true actor. I am sure he would rather act than eat or sleep. I told him one day that no one should get paid for something that is as much fun as acting is to him. (He didn't agree with me!) Anyway, while I was memorizing lines and making wild rushes between dressing-room and stage, hoops flying, Freddie would be polishing up his imitation of John Barrymore. It's as though they were back in the banks, much to the amusement of the company. I would be quite likely to find him hanging from the chandelier or hiding under the couch, much to the distress of his valet, who would be keeping an anxious eye on a pair of carefully pressed trousers, which were to clothe Mr. Brownings' restless limbs for the remainder of the day.

"And yet, underneath the splendid clowning, Freddie has an intensity which is very captivating. He is the impudent Romeo. Wise-cracks and kisses, laughter and sex-appeal, that is Freddie.

"Bart... Bart Marshall," and Norma's voice dropped, unconsciously to a graver, more solemn note. "Bart is so appealing on the screen because he has a natural courtesy and he suffers so. It is easy to feel with Bart You never have to worry about how he is going to do a scene." Norma laughed, rather tenderly. "If he has to kiss you, she said, "he never fumbles, never hits your nose by mistake, never disarranges your hair, never makes one awkward move. When he plays a scene with you he makes you feel as though you are an actress who has always existed in this world. By his hands, by the very inflections of that velvety voice, by the care of his eyes, he can make you seem irresistible by doing nothing, make all women seem desirable.

"And Bart's charm doesn't stop with the click of the camera. A few moments later I have heard him speak to a script girl on the set, ask her to do some little favor for him, and he will have the same tender interest in his voice that he would have if he were begging a favor of a legendary queen.

"A woman, I think, is like a finely tuned violin, each hand draws forth a different melody. Some melodies are transient and die on the air as soon as they are heard, others are the heartstrings for as long as the heart beats.

"These are the emotions which keep our hearts in tune with life, in tune with love. So that, when we meet the man who has the combined charms of all the men we have known, it is safe to say he can play a symphony on our heartstrings and we will know that we have met the Master's touch."

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How "Sequoia" Was Made

(Continued from page 44)

with the camera lens, just outside camera range. Then one animal performs. The mask is reversed and the other animal does his stuff. This has been repeated several times. It is a safe bet you will remember. And maybe you're wise enough to realize that it looks fake, no matter how skillfully performed.

But, the master crew of camera experts watched something greater than their science. They watched those two wild things grow up together with a miraculous friendship existing between them.

Remember the scene in the picture where Gato and Malibu meet supposedly after seven years of separation? That actually happened was that they kept the two animals separated for three days. Then they set up the cameras, put Malibu by the water to be fresh, taking their morning constitutional as friendly as a couple of Pekinese pups on Park Avenue. Perhaps more so.

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TREMBLING with anticipation, the cameraman, director and crew watched to see what would happen. What transpired was exactly what you saw in the film. The first "take" was the only one necessary, for the animals recognized each other, Gato reared on the hill and the two nuzzled each other.

Silent patience was required, as you can imagine, to make these two animals love each other. But no patience in the world could make a baby and a snake become bosom pals. In that thrilling scene where the little Japanese baby is just this close to the snake, holds out his little hand to the reptile and whistles to it, a trick, but a very clever trick, was employed.
What you didn't know is that there was a thick plate glass between the child and the snake, so that no danger could come to the baby.

But deer hate snakes and Malibu actually attacked the reptile as you saw it done in the film.

Well, so much for the friendship between the deer and the puma, but how was it possible for little Jean Parker to have the courage to work with the grown-up mountain lion and the deer?

Chester Franklin, the director, began by making friends with Malibu and Gato. Before the camera crank was turned, while scouts were searching Sequoia National Park for suitable locations, Franklin visited Gato's cage every day. He poked his hands through the bars, let the baby lion grow used to his scent and the feel of his hand. Then Franklin would take Jean Parker to the cage on these daily trips. Together they fed both the puma and the deer, Franklin broke a fast Hollywood rule. Usually it is the actors who try to win the director over. In this case it was the director making a big play for his actors, the puma and the deer. And Jean Parker, who knew durn well that those cute things were going to steal the picture from her showed no professional jealousy at all. It was part of her job, she knew, to make friends with these wild animals. And it was a job she loved.

But the animals showed temperament. Gato, for instance, hated to ride in trucks but loved automobiles. One day he was in the rear of a sedan and did not want to come out and work. No matter how much they begged and cajoled, he wouldn't budge. Finally, they had to haul on the collar attached to his chain. And then he came out with the arm rail of the car in his teeth. What's more he insisted upon carrying it around for about an hour. No one could get it away from him.

He loved bright objects. On the set which represented the villain's kitchen was a gayly-colored blanket which Gato adored. He was always dragging this "prop" off the set—a very serious offense in Hollywood—and making a bed for himself out of it.

When pleased, a puma has a strange whistle. Both Jean Parker and Chester Franklin learned that whistle. And Gato would answer them. When Malibu was working one day, Gato was tied to a tree all alone. Nobody paid any attention to him. Finally Gato set up such a pitiful howl merely because he wanted company that he had to be brought close to where the work was going on, so that he could be petted.

The shots of the herds of deer required tremendous work. During an ordinary feature about twelve different camera lenses are used. In "Sequoia" there were forty-seven types of lenses brought into play. The deer were afraid of bright lights. Malibu was bright, but that's no good for photographic purposes. But the cameramen discovered that they actually liked artificial light better than sunlight. However, he had to get his set-up and then trust to luck.

The cameramen often waited days at a time, hidden in the underbrush, until they got the effects they wanted. And the shifting of the wind would make the animals rush away just as the men had started what they thought would be an excellent sequence.

The crew expected these handicaps. What nobody expected—and the circumstance that gave "Sequoia" its wonderful off-screen drama—was the fact that the puma and the deer would learn to love each other. This makes "Sequoia" unique. And it adds to its already great charm.

Start off by being definite. I cannot stress that too much, since every real personality I've ever known is completely definite. Get yourself a set of convictions—good, strong convictions. It doesn't matter much what they are as long as you make yourself believe them. Examine yourself and decide what you really like and what you really dislike. Acquire a few good hates. I've never met a person with honest and compelling vitality who didn't have some lusty, healthy hates. Have, and express your own opinions. But don't carry it to such an extent that you won't let other people express theirs. Be enthusiastic about things. Get a hobby or a fad, and ride it hard.

THINK of the many fads that the actresses have which seem like such unimportant things and yet contribute to the definiteness of their personalities. Joan Crawford's garderobs, Marlene Dietrich's tweeds, Carole Lombard's sweater, Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog. You may or may not approve of the fads of other people, but you can't fail to admit that these things—along with many others—set the stage to make them individuals who are different and not struck from the same pattern as others.

When you read articles in Modern Screen in which the stars are quoted, you will discover that these people who have risen above the common run of people have definite opinions, and don't hesitate to express them. You'll never catch a vital personality answering any question with, "Well, you see—" or "I think—"

So much for the mental attitude. And now for the poise that comes with grace of manner and movement. And those things you must learn when you decide to appear on any stage, either amateur or professional. When walking or sitting, relax. Walk in front of a full-length mirror to catch the faults of your carriage. If you are inclined to stoop, take back exercises night and morning to correct spinal fault. Hold your shoulders up and keep your head high. Practice walking up and down stairs. In walking down stairs never look at your feet. Keep your eyes directly in front of you. It is a hard trick to do, but it can be done and it is one of the rules of acting technique. Get such good control over your body that you do not need to look at your feet when walking.

Here's another stunt to practice. Blindfold yourself. Relax. Walk around your room five times. This is to give you confidence and sureness. Take off your shoes and walk back and forth across your bed—the mattress is an obstacle. This, too, will make you sure-footed.

Always try to walk naturally. Don't go in that nonsense about putting the soles of your feet down first. It is natural for the heels to strike the floor first.

When sitting, do not slump in your chair. Avoid gestures unless they mean something. Keep your hands relaxed in your lap unless you are making a definite gesture. Never fuss with your hair, or your face, or your clothes. When you are standing either in a drawing-room or on the stage, let your hands hang naturally and relaxed at your sides. Yes, I know, on the stage they feel as if they weigh a ton and are danging from your arms like hams on a rope. That's the way they feel but they don't look that way to other people.

Of course, there is nothing that gives you as much grace and vitality as dancing does. And if you cannot study dancing with a good teacher, teach yourself. Dance before a mirror, using whatever steps come to mind, whatever steps you have seen dancers use in pictures or on the stage. You won't feel silly if you're alone. Watch yourself carefully. Stop whenever you fall into an ungraceful movement and begin again. When you move your hands, try to imagine that they are leaves floating in the breeze, but always keep relaxed, easy and natural.

I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems. Write to me in care of Modern Screen Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

The dramatic clubs are flourishing. Have you started one yet? I have all the information that you need about how to begin a club. Just write me. I'll be so glad to help you. And next month I'm going to tell you about some of the many dramatic clubs that have already been formed. I'll tell you what the members are doing and discuss some specific dramatic club problem. Tell me how your club is getting along.

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, Modern Screen Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name........................................

Street.......................................

City and State...............................

(Continued from page 70)
Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 16)

in the pink of condition. Bicycle, swim, golf, play tennis, or just walk, walk, walk. And when I say walk, I mean walk as though you were striding along briskly, walking on air.

After you've walked, walked, walked, on the golf green, down a country road, or along a city street, Ginger Rogers knows a miraculous way to rest tired feet. It is simply a matter of manipulation of the foot, using a little of your own cold cream as massage cream. Rotate the foot at the ankle, bend the toes back and forth, and, most beneficial of all, rub the foot beneath the arch.

If you're a busy housewife, you probably will say that you get tired enough without a lot of extra exercise. You'll be much less tired at the end of the day, however, if all day, as you do your housework, you use your body correctly and keep a correct posture. When you stoop down to brush up crumbs, or pick up things, don't drop the abdomen down. Arch your back and your abdomen with it. Don't always bend your knees and squat to pick up things. Instead, hold your knees stiff sometimes, and stretch the back of them.

Stretching exercises keep your muscles from settling down into a rusty slump, and they keep the blood circulation stirred up. The best thing you can possibly do in the morning to wake up your circulation as well as your sleepy self is to stretch.

W e're not just housekeepers and mothers and stenographers; we're living machines made up of bone and muscle, blood and nerves. If we don't use our bodies, they grow flabby, old, and ugly. We generally think of exercise as a means of apportioning the flesh where we want it, and taking it away from where we don't want it. But exercise has a lot of other uses to which we don't give enough consideration. People of normal weight should exercise to keep awaning circulation steady and strong and clear, to send the blood flowing freely through all the veins and arteries, bringing nourishment to the tissues, and carrying away waste that the body does not need. Often it is faulty circulation that makes a skin sallow and full of blemishes.

Elissa Landi dances with Phil Reed at the Cavanagh party.

Growing fast...

AND GAINING WEIGHT, TOO

Since he began drinking milk this way

Yes, indeed—he'll soon be as tall as you are, Dad. And maybe taller. He's growing fast, and he's filling out while he grows. For his diet is right. Growing children need a quart of milk a day; and since his mother began giving him Cocomalt mixed with milk, that youngster of yours is gaining in double-quick time! For Cocomalt not only makes children adore milk but, when made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of milk!

Supplies important food essentials

Cocomalt supplies extra carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies extra specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor that children love. It's a wonderful treat for guests, too. It is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA6 Hoboken, N. J.

Elissa Landi dances with Phil Reed at the Cavanagh party.
because impurities are remaining in the blood instead of being carried away. You know how readily your hair is affected by the condition of the body. With a healthy bodily circulation as well as local stimulation of the scalp.

Ann Dworak is both an actress and a dancer, and one of her secrets is "Keep your body fit," which is another expression for keeping the body active and lubricated with a healthy flow of circulation. She is shown demonstrating one of her daily exercises for keeping limber. It goes like this. With arms extended bend forward, keep the left hand to the right knee, touch the left hand to the right thigh, and repeat the left arm and left hand to the right arm and right hand to the left knee. Repeat twenty-five times. It is appropriate that one of Ann's latest pictures is "Sweet Dinner," for the best way to take exercise is to music, for the secret of joy in exercise is rhythm.

I have three long sheets of exercises for reducing and building up "in spots," and you can pick out a few of them for general setting-up of your diet. The following are adaptations of exercises that are used in some of the finest physical culture institutions, and you shouldn't be without them. Let's work out this exercise program for yourself. Did you know that the screen stars contract to keep up or down to a certain weight when they sign their contracts? I'm sure you do. I want you to draw up your own private little contract, and agree to yourself that you're going to keep a certain weight... and a certain suppleness.

You must bear in mind, however, that this whole matter of "standard" weights, so-called, is an arbitrary one generated. Such weights take no account of racial and inherited differences, and make no allowance for people that are naturally built to be short or tall. For this reason you must not take your weight as shown on a weight table, too literally. If you weigh within ten pounds of the figure shown on the tables, you are certainly near enough the average for health and safety. Measurements, too, such as those given above in the comparison between Venus and Carole Lombard, are not to be taken too seriously for the same reason that the weights are not to be accepted as the "standard". We have some ideal measurements held up to us as a sort of measuring stick, and it's fun getting out the tape measure, and seeing how close you can get to the system. Lombard has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, and she is a good model to follow for proportion and symmetry. If you are in need of gaining weight, or of building up your vitality, you can do what the physicians prescribed for Carole Lombard. Two large bowls of dishes of spinach were included in her daily menu, for the necessary iron and additional energy. In order to gain weight she ate three large yolks of eggs a day at noon, as this is a lesser tax on the digestive organs than having the largest meal in the evening. The doctor also had her eat small meals with soup and salads, as this may burden the digestive system, but between meals, sipping it slowly.

TOBY WING, because of her tendency to plumpness, confines her luncheon to a glass of orange juice, and an array of slices of grapefruit. Which reminds us that the best way to start on any kind of a diet is with three days of exclusive fruit, juice only, or the rest of the body, the yolk of eggs, raisins, grapes, apples, and the leafy vegetables like spinach, asparagus, kale, and, of course, the thyroid glands, is important in regulating weight, and is derived from green vegetables and drinking water. We haven't time to go into the rest of the minerals, but we'll stop to mention sulphur. It is found in "the cabbage family, in cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, kale, etc. and it is an important element in keeping the
Is there Romance in Your Arms?

June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear...

- So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

NONSPI
APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
The Nonspi Company MM-65
115 West 15th Street, New York City
Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 15c (stamps or coins). Lie in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________________ STATE ____________________

The Lowdown on Hollywood Chorines

(Continued from page 47)

one for each girl in the long single line of dancers. Many beautiful "dames" are called but not all are chosen. Uncertainty sparkled through the air. The process of elimination was about to begin. A simple process, says you—merely picking out the most beautiful of the dancing girls. A

hair and nails in condition. Curious, isn't it? Perhaps you don't know that you could eat certain foods for the health of your nails, your complexion, or your hair.

Raw carrots are good for the circulation, and so are raw apples, lettuce, blackberries, cherries, beets, spinach, figs and dates. These foods are blood tonics and pep-producers, and hence they're beauty tonics as well.

Did your grandmother ever tell you to brush your hair one hundred strokes every night? She was right, too. But we've just recently discovered an easier way to stimulate hair health and beauty, and it's right in line with our talk about increased circulation. Remember that when we talk in terms of circulation, we talk in terms of truth and beauty. Well, a Swedish inventor designed a comb which has just recently arrived in America. It's an electric comb . . . an electric comb with no ugly wires or cords connected with it, with no electrical attachment necessary, and with only the gentlest electric current flowing through it, generated from the tiny battery in its handle. The electrification is so slight that you never need be afraid of any sparks or shocks. You can run your hand across the teeth of the comb, and you wouldn't even know the electric current was there. The action of this comb is simple . . . it stimulates circulation in the scalp, and thus energizes the hair to new activity. The action of the glands becomes normalized, and oily and dry conditions readjust themselves. Moreover, the comb has special curved teeth designed to increase the natural waviness of the hair. A midget pronged pocket bulb comes along with it, and the bulb will light when you test the battery by placing the prongs against the teeth of the comb. Better pocket this as an idea, and write me for the name of the comb before summer starts its drying effect on your hair.

And now I hope that this offer of diets and exercises is going to electrify you into action . . . and into planning your own Venus-wise campaign.

MODERN SCREEN
Mary Biddle, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a copy of your Nonspi booklet.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________ State ____________________

(No letter for a trial size. Just send the stamp and envelope.)

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

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simple problem it would be, too, if it were not for the fact that every girl in Hollywood is an alarmingly beautiful girl, at least, those who have gotten this far within the studio gates.

The facial line of Ned Sparks straightens his back to the extent of raising his face above the piano keyboard, but I pull out Paderewski thunder brings the feminine chatter to a halt. Pert, insidious, little "I got rhythmers" start warming up their engines, looking up their legs, tipsing little wiggles, legs flashing high over head with pony-like kicks.

An assistant dance director, wearing a black top coat, a newspaper bundled in one pocket, a felt hat turned down over the eyes, looking for all the world, like a conservative deaf worker, walks over to the girl and refreshes her memory of the steps. Black coat tails start trailing through the air as the dance director gives a practical demonstration of his instructions. Watching attentively, the girls proceed to imitate the prescribed dance steps. The dance director repeats his instructions at various intervals in front of the line of dancers, making sure that every girl has an equal chance of learning the step.

"All right let's have it!" a voice rings out. Paderewski starts thumping out spasmodical notes necessary to dance rhythm. "One—two—three—one—two—three—break!" carols the dance instructor. A long shimmering line of faultless limbs, "legs," "gams," "lover extremities" (whichever you prefer to call them) flash out almost simultaneously. Three simple steps that seem merely slow motion walking, a high kicking, hop-like spin reversing the direction, end up in a dipping swoop known as the "break."

The same simple steps were repeated monotonously for the next five minutes. Finally the piano stops. Then nuclei erupt supreme. Another assistant, holding a large schedule board, goes into a fuddle with Director Connolly, then walks among the dancers taking names and addresses. Girls start drifting back to their coats and wraps parked on the chairs near the wall. The first elimination has taken place. Piano and dancing resume as before. Another halt is called. A few more girls disappear. The lucky ones, still standing in line, are the girls chosen for the picture. Assured work for one to seven full weeks at a salary of fifty to seventy dollars per week.

SEEMS easy, doesn't it? Just follow a few steps (if you happen to be a good-looking girl, of course) simple steps that a child could imitate without any trouble or practice—and presto! The job is yours. Nor is it necessary, as many would suspect, to spend five years in dancing schools in preparing oneself to be a studio dancer. Any girl with the average grace, poise, and agility, could probably show up at a chorus girl "call" and make the grade, without any previous dancing experience.

If I am to believe the word of one particular lady of the chorus, the majority of Hollywood "ponies" learn the rudiments of rhythm and simple tap steps from sisters or friends already in the chorus business. The rehearsal hall for an aspiring dancer is usually the kitchen or spare room of her home.

Once the simple limbering up steps have been mastered, a girl has little trouble qualifying for a small chorus job. Studio directors demand long thorough rehearsals before a dance number is even thought of being shot. Metuchen rehearsals supervised by the world's most expert dance instructors, rehearsals that would make a "Ginger Rogers" out of King Kong.

Let's say that you are a Hollywood girl with the necessary knowledge of rhythm and simple dance steps to qualify for a job in a studio chorus. Now comes the really hard part—that of getting a job! You may have a stream-lined chassis that has won every beauty contest cup ever to leave a silver platter, but there is no answer. "What kind of a dancer are you?" is the constant reply. "So what?" You may be the wife or sweetheart of seven producers simultaneously, but Hollywood dance directors will only remember a girl with the camera lens, it's no go. Time was when a chorus girl could vamp her way into the publicity and stay there. Not so today in Hollywood. A girl might vamp her way as far as the try-out, but from then on she is distinctly on her own, at the mercy of so many directors who would rather run the risk of turning down an executive's girl friend than hiring her and losing his job by making a bum picture.

Sugar daddies, looking for joy-babies in Hollywood, shy clear of screen ladies with the educated toe. Studio executives think twice before they extend an invitation to a captivating member of the chorus.

THIS "poor little working girl" earning $70 a week and living on forty to fifty weeks out of the year, is financially independent. No need of a strong sugar daddy's shoulder to lean on while extracting sugar from vest pockets to fill the gap of a chorus girl's salary insufficient to keep little Nell alive.

Nay! Nay! A thousand times Nay! No more does little Nell have to sacrifice herself to the big bad nasty man in order to save the old homestead. Little Nell can write her own ticket nowadays, pay off the mortgage and keep the big bad villain as far away from her as she cares to.

And don't let their seductive abandon, pretty faces, and alacritous twinkle in a chorine's eye doesn't mean what the man in the balled-headed row might imagine. It signifies only one thing—a job that pays two or three times as much as the average stenographer's job, a job that makes one her own boss, financially independent of anyone, able to choose her own company.

From where does Hollywood get the many dance palpitations? Dave Gould, dance director for Twentieth Century's grand picture "Folies Bergere," claims that most of his curvaceous chorus came from the smaller "hick" towns. 73 chorines were used in the dance sequences of "Folies Bergere." A check-up revealed that 60% of them were sisters or friends already in the chorus business. In a recent line-up, all were between the ages of seventeen and twenty, fourteen were married, five had babies, eight girls were engaged, be it noted, for the one and only two to do as they please—and the strenuous studio routine probably left them too tired to do even doles. No lady of the chorus, like Beth Wolf, descending on Hollywood in search of playgirl companions—stay away from the studio chorines—you're only wasting your time!
Our favorite screen team, Spanky McFarland and "Pete" in a sandy close-up.

The Interviewer's Dilemma

(Continued from page 59)

natural aptitude toward threatening Pavlova's throne. Young Astaire, or Austerlitz at that time, picked up the routines the others so carelessly dropped and always had an inspiration or two of his own to interpolate. He assisted Adele in many a tedious assemblage of complicated steps, though he loyally insists that he is a no better dancer than she. The fact that experienced critics disagree upon this opinion is, to him, beside the point, of course.

And so, at an age when most youngsters would as soon conjugate a Latin noun as declare it, the Astaires were doing the several-a-day in the best and worst vaudeville emporiums of these United States. When their act wasn't cancelled, as indeed it once was when it played on a bill supporting Douglas Fairbanks, it was loudly praised. Eventually the Astaires grew up and had musical comedies planned and built for them. They became the toast of New York, the rage in London and a rare treat for any other big town in which they appeared.

Then came Adele's marriage and Fred's decision to go it alone and, just last year, his introduction to the infant industry. It was in a small role in "Flying Down To Rio," but before the six reels were unwound, even the most unobservant realized that Mr. Astaire had stolen the picture and neatly slipped it into his dancing shoes. The-Powers-That-Be were aware that this new-to-the-movies man was in a position to write his own ticket and sincerely hoped that he'd have a heart. He was "the boy"—as fine a comedian as a dancer, and just as personable as funny.

Fred's well-meaning friends were quick to congratulate his becoming a movie star, which best wishes had the effect of slighting the gentleman. You see, he has earned the right to be acknowledged stellar material since he left his teens, so when the gang came around with a "Put it there, boy, we always knew you'd do it," it naturally didn't set so well. Not that the lad is conceited—too far from that.

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By Lady Esther

If there's one thing you want to "try on," it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and makeup experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter—Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, at no cost to you!

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for you, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most yuthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

Is That How You Select Your Shade of Face Powder?

You can paste this on a penny postcard (13) for free

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name

Address

City__________________________State________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't Even Lie Down!"

The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret

WHAT a toll! Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is healing, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is absorbing, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositoires better than anything they have ever used.

Try It FREE!
Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a post card.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 19-M, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLEIN WRAP- PER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

MODERN SCREEN

We don't have to remind you that this is "Skippy" of "Thin Man" fame, but did you know the other wily gent is his stand-in, Ritzy, what? Skippy, the first, is next in "It's a Small World."

Woman Should Be Weak

(Continued from page 35)

always had a natural instinct for theatricals. She soon became the leading lady in many plays at the famous Theatre of the Golden Bow in Carmel.

You have read, of course, how later she went to the Pasadena Community Players and more or less automatically slipped, by one of the most customary routes, into pictures. She made ten pictures in the first year. And she is considered, today, one of the most promising of the younger actresses. One, who is borrowed continually by companies other than Universal because she can play any type of role from light comedy to high drama. She was considered, also, one
of the easiest actress to work with. Nothing except her career mattered. Eighteen hours a day, extra shots, extra sitting for photographs or fittings, extra time for interviews or publicity pictures—nothing was too much trouble to Gloria. All of her ceaseless energy went into the strength of that single determination to become the best actress; one of the strongest, most independent of women. She and her husband lived in separate houses because she wanted more time to concentrate upon her career. Later they were divorced.

And I honestly believe Gloria Stuart could have realized her ambition if she had continued with her pseudo self. She may even reach the same goal by her present route. But the difference lies in one single fact: she doesn't care, today, whether she becomes a great actress or not.

Of course, a man did it. Free-thinking, philosophy, independence—all the lovely theories not only conceived, but lived by this girl for ten years, skidded into a deep ditch as quickly as does a high-powered car when Gloria Stuart met Arthur Sheekman.

Gloria is twenty-four, he is thirty-four. A newspaper reporter, feature journalist and scenario writer, he had avoided marriage as astutely and perseveringly as Gloria had shunned the bondage of it. They boasted of their indifference to conventional matrimony. But there was one great point of philosophical wisdom upon which they differed.

"Since he was twenty years of age, he has worked upon the theory of doing what you have to do well, but not breaking your neck or your heart over it," Gloria explained carefully. "He would tell me, 'If you put all of your strength and your emotion, everything you have or yourself, into a job and if you do fail, you may be miserable the rest of your life. Don't say you are going to be the best actress. The chances, to begin with, are a million to one against you. If you are a good actress and have done all you can do about it, what does it matter? If you take it smoothly, giving your strength wisely rather than lavishly; your ambition wholeheartedly but not in frenzy—then, if you do become a star, it's pure gravy and you can enjoy it. The thing in life is to be happy—not to be famous!'"

AND these words, uttered, again and again, to Gloria, began to sprout little thoughts different than any she had had since she was a little girl. They began to remind her of her father: of the little house among the sands and wheat fields of Santa Monica. She remembered the quiet peace; the unruffled certainty that living actually was pleasant. And despite herself, she began to take stock of the past ten years in relation to the first nine; the entire future from the same angle.

"I counted up the actual hours I had dedicated to nothing except ambition and independence. I compared my health, as it was today, and as it was in my childhood. I faced the fact that I was always restless, asleep for much of the night when acting. I realized I was working on the average of eighteen hours a day. I counted the time I spent on clothes, alone, so I could keep up with the other Hollywood Jovities. I even counted the hours I spent in putting on make-up so I would look as well across the luncheon table as my competitors. And I tried to count the hours I spent in worry. Would the other girl get that part or would I? Had I said the right thing to that important man? Could I have been better if I'd said something else?"

It's a shame to be SKINNY When Special Quick Way Adds 5 to 15 lbs. Fast

THOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks! Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch fat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer! To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, eat out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36 Atlanta, Ga.
MODERN SCREEN

This didn't happen all at once, of course. It was gradual. But it happened, I couldn't help it.

Neither Gloria nor Arthur Sheekman knows, today, when the one decided he would like what the other even wanted. But even then, before the decision long before they told one another. Gloria knew she was in love and wanted to marry, but she felt he would not want it, he had been so determined against marriage. He knew he wanted to marry but he dared not tell her because he knew, only too well, her independent theories. So they began to avoid all discussion of marriage. Then, one night, they attended a party. A certain man guest, like to extra drink which slips one over that borderline be-

between intoxication and sobriety. His wife went to him, caddied him in her arms, slapped, his car, until him stylishly, and devotedly from the room to-

ward home. Gloria and Arthur looked on. And on the way home, she said, "Seen-

ing that scene, the devoted way she handled him, gave me a terrific urge to take you home in the same way, if the same thing ever should happen to you."

And he said, "Gloria, if you want to get married, I want to get married, too."

And suddenly Gloria Stuart was the little girl who lived happily, without worry or intensity, with her mother and father.

"I knew then, I wanted to be a weak woman. I wanted to be cared for, pro-

tected and adored."

"The utter futility of all I had been living for for ten years struck me for-
cibly. I absolutely know it can never come back to me. If I had continued to live in the same way for another ten years, just what would there have been for me? At thirty-four, I would have been too old, too happened."

I would have been perpetually restless and nervous. Ambition would have driven

every normal, feminine thought from me."

I AM so contented that it is just dis-
gusting. Often, I go to bed at eight-

thirty and sleep until late in the morn-
ing without even awakening. I have just love to sit and do nothing. Just sit.

"I have complete happiness and all the other things I worked so hard for mean absolutely nothing. And women who don't know Arthur can always provide for me so I never worry. If he should have bad luck here, he can always work on a newspaper. And you can live on sixty dollars a week as well as you can on several thousand.

"I told you I have smoked since I was fourteen but when I knew I was to have a baby. I stopped. I am so contented that the restless habit of smoking meant nothing in comparison to the health of the baby. I am beginning to believe I give more to my acting be-

cause I am thinking of my work quietly and peacefully, instead of driving my energies, at a rate God never intended them to go. And again, I want to do two or three good pictures a year. Arthur leaves that up to me. I can work or not work. Of course, I'll have more children!"

"I cook and I sew. I walk miles with the dogs. We have three of them. I used to laugh at love that makes a woman weak—"I never want to be anything but weak again as long as I live. I have learned that a woman's strength actually lies in what I thought was her weakness. You ask me whether I want to be married."

she laughed, "I know if it'll last but we never even think about it. I am too con-
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sentiment. I've reverted to the little girl I used to be. Reverted to type, I sup-
pose. I'm not going to be a horse-

ing to type. I hope. It will be a restless,

nervous, unhappy world if they don't?"

A Dream Comes True

(Continued from page 33)

beauty set to haunting music and spiced with sparkling humor.

If Shakespeare's art failed to click with Jennie Jones out in Protria, by golly his fa-
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ward home. Gloria and Arthur looked on. And on the way home, she said, "See-

ing that scene, the devoted way she handled him, gave me a terrific urge to take you home in the same way, if the same thing ever should happen to you."

And he said, "Gloria, if you want to get married, I want to get married, too."

And suddenly Gloria Stuart was the little girl who lived happily, without worry or intensity, with her mother and father.

"I knew then, I wanted to be a weak woman. I wanted to be cared for, pro-
tected and adored."

"The utter futility of all I had been living for for ten years struck me for-
cibly. I absolutely know it can never come back to me. If I had continued to live in the same way for another ten years, just what would there have been for me? At thirty-four, I would have been too old, too happened."

I would have been perpetually restless and nervous. Ambition would have driven

every normal, feminine thought from me."

I AM so contented that it is just dis-
gusting. Often, I go to bed at eight-

thirty and sleep until late in the morn-
ing without even awakening. I have just love to sit and do nothing. Just sit.

"I have complete happiness and all the other things I worked so hard for mean absolutely nothing. And women who don't know Arthur can always provide for me so I never worry. If he should have bad luck here, he can always work on a newspaper. And you can live on sixty dollars a week as well as you can on several thousand.

"I told you I have smoked since I was fourteen but when I knew I was to have a baby. I stopped. I am so contented that the restless habit of smoking meant nothing in comparison to the health of the baby. I am beginning to believe I give more to my acting be-

cause I am thinking of my work quietly and peacefully, instead of driving my energies, at a rate God never intended them to go. And again, I want to do two or three good pictures a year. Arthur leaves that up to me. I can work or not work. Of course, I'll have more children!"

"I cook and I sew. I walk miles with the dogs. We have three of them. I used to laugh at love that makes a woman weak—"I never want to be anything but weak again as long as I live. I have learned that a woman's strength actually lies in what I thought was her weakness. You ask me whether I want to be married."

she laughed, "I know if it'll last but we never even think about it. I am too con-
tented in being a weak woman to worry about anything, not even my own con-

sentiment. I've reverted to the little girl I used to be. Reverted to type, I sup-
pose. I'm not going to be a horse-

ing to type. I hope. It will be a restless,

nervous, unhappy world if they don't?"
in Max Reinhardt's ability to gamble a million dollars on it. When they discovered that he and Director Wilhelm Dieterle were outdoing themselves, that Cagney was giving the performance of his career as Bottom and that amazing harmony and good-will existed on the sets, the studio heads continued to encourage the increasing demand for more and more from the mechanical and electrical geniuses.

The things that Shakespeare wrote to tantalize the theatre gave the technicians the opportunity they had long been await- ing. Electricians, mechanics, carpenters, painters, sculptors, rubber workers, model makers, costumers, cameramen, make-up artists, sound experts and instrument makers—all were in a fever to do the things and to try the experiments they always wanted to attempt.

Everybody was happy and satisfied. They were all wearing the contented smile of the cat-that-ate-the-canary, for in his heart, every actor in the world believes he can play Shakespeare. No studio had ever hoped to attain such accord in filming such a tremendous piece of work. Never a knock or a complaint to be heard. How different from other super-productions we can recall, pictures wherein the various members of the cast were not speaking to each other at all.

And yet, with all this harmony, the sets of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" resembled nothing quite so much as a colorful mad-house.

JUST picture, if you can, the Duke of Athens' triumphant home-coming with his battle-won bride-to-be, Queen Hippo- lyta of the Amazons. They are disembarking from the royal barge. Behind the Duke are his victory-flushed retainers; before him, milling and cheering is the admiring populace of Athens. Guards in polished metal, prancing horses, knights, ladies of the court, ducers—and a great colorful array of people in costume, many carrying banners or flaming torches.

Picture that, with a battery of giant lamps throwing some three-quarters of a

Lovely Marle Oberon is vacationing before starting work on "The Dark Angel."

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

It seemed to Hermia that the whole world was up-side-down. She loved Lysander dearly and he returned her love. Yet, because her father, Egeus, had so commanded, she would soon be forced to marry Demetrius. And this same Demetrius, whom she loathed, was loved by her dearest friend, Helena. Helena was beautiful, with her golden hair and fair skin. Why couldn't Demetrius fall in love with her, instead of Hermia? Why must she be compelled to wed with a man she loathed? Because the old Athenian law said: "Either fit your fancies to your father's will, or else the law of Athens yields you up to death or to vow of single life."

Never was the Goddess of Love more confused than in this immortal love story by William Shakespeare. You will enjoy every word of the novelized version of Warner Brothers screen production, "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" in the June issue.

Included in the special features and twelve complete stories are Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables" . . . Shirley Temple in "Our Little Girl" . . . Clark Gable and Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild" . . . Jean Muir in "Oil for the Lamps of China" . . . and many, many others.

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Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself... resisting to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

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FREE Or you can try it FREE on single lock. We send complete test kit. Use coupon.

— MARY T. GOLDMAN — 2137 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Elizabethan hornpipe. The research department found a photograph and a description of one.

Then the prop department took the matter in hand. An order was sent to the wardrobe department to turn exactly the right pipe from exactly the right wood. Another order was sent out for a beef bladder, because a beef bladder was the correct wind bag for such a hornpipe.

It was delivered on the set exactly twenty-five minutes after Reinhardt said, "Make it."

That, however, was a simple requirement as compared to what the plater, make-up, costume and lighting departments had to turn out. In fact, the requirements of the wild fantasy of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" became so complicated that entirely new departments had to be established at the studio.

The rubber department, for instance, was a growth from the sculptural department, which, in turn, grew out of the make-up department.

It all began in this way. It was up to Fere Westmore, head of the make-up department, to manipulate the growth of a donkey's head on Bottom's shoulders. And it was not to be accomplished merely by putting on a pair of make-up horns. The development had to be gradual, and the change of features had to be photographed so that the audience might see the actual transformation.

The first step was to make a photographic study of a donkey's head, and to enlarge it to the correct size.

Next came the making of a plaster of Paris mold of Jimmy Cagney's head, with every detail of his face perfect. From this mold a cast was made. And on the cast a donkey's head was modelled in clay, true to the enlarged photographs, but retaining several contact points — points at which the side of the mold would contact the points of expression on Jimmy's face.

Then the final donkey's head that would fit exactly over Jimmy's own head was made. This was covered with hair, set with teeth and equipped with springs to work the lips and large ears.

It was a piece of work of which any make-up department might be proud, but still it was not complete. It had to be made to work.

This called for a strange procedure. Curious little scales and weighing devices were ordered. A scale was placed under Jimmy's chin to weigh the strength of his jaw movements as he talked. They measured his face and tested the muscles of his throat and those at the corners of his mouth. And the department prepared the "jumble of twenty-foot hornpipe. The research department found a photograph and a description of one."

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his mouth. Then a series of little springs, saddles and counterweights, were constructed.

One of these saddles fitted under Jimmy's chin when he put on the donkey's head. Two more tiny ones fitted into the corners of his mouth. Strings ran from them to weights and springs, and thence on out to the jaws and lips of the donkey's head.

These balanced so perfectly that, as Jimmy talks, the donkey's mouth operates without any strain on him, and as he laughs or smiles the lip of the donkey curls up.

Another set of strings, running over Jimmy's shoulders to a belt around his chest, makes it possible for him to wiggle the donkey's ears by the slightest movement of his head.

Then there was the matter of a gradual transformation from a human head to a donkey's head. It was decided to distort the cast of Jimmy's head gradually, and to make rubber masks of each change. So liquid rubber was sprayed on the cast, allowed to dry and then peeled off in the form of a mask.

Thus, bit by bit, and mask by mask (always retaining "contact points" so the mask would carry Jimmy's facial movements), Jimmy's head changed from that of a human being to that of a donkey.

Eight stages or degrees of the transformation were cast into these masks, and with their aid Bottom's assumption of a donkey's head seems a normal development rather than a sudden change.

No sooner was that assignment finished, when Nijinska demanded batmen. Entire costumes, including skulls, trunks and wings were made of rubber.

Next a frogman had to be created, and ten Amazon masks made. Then thirty rubber heads had to be made for another batch of dwarfs. Rubber hands and arms were made, and the fingers extended from six to nine inches.

Moth wings and dainty leaves were cast into molds and then reproduced in rubber for fairy costumes. The head-dress of the fairy queen, Titania, played by Anita Louise, was made entirely of abalone shell and cellophane and had to be put on her head with a pair of pliers.

Sets never before attempted were built for this picture. The woodland set alone took up a stage 125 by 375 feet and extended up a wide ramp onto the roof of another stage.

On this woodland set hundreds of trees were erected, many of grotesque forms. It contained tiny lakes, rapids, running streams and a waterfall which required so much water that a miniature waterworks, with a tremendous pumping capacity, was built for it. It was dotted with tiny glens, miniature gorges and beautiful caves. It contained meadows and flowers, and giant rocks of peculiar formation.

Every morning and every evening for the entire length of production, some four months, this set had to be serviced at terrific expense. The artificial grass and trees had to be sprayed with green every morning, the real branches, shrub and flowers had to be replaced twice a week, on account of the great heat of the lamps.

Special camera equipment, designed and built for the purpose, was necessary for shooting some of the midnight sequences. An entirely new camera technique had to be developed to meet the many requirements of filming this unusual picture.

For example, when Oberon was to come out of a black fog. The technical department had whipped the fog problem. It was able to make the fog rise, settle, hang low or high, or "roll over" at will.

**What's the matter with Me and Men?**

**HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio.**

*What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at -- and I love a good time!*

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

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 attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it 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. Then no one will ever have this reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.
This was accomplished by blowing an artificial cobweb over a small wooden frame and then scattering little "flitters," or tiny fragments of silver, over the cobweb. When the camera shot through this, stars danced and glistened all about them.

If you've seen the picture, you will recall the banquet scene, when the dignified lackey brings in the sucking pig. After many rehearsals they started to take this elaborate shot, only to have it stopped in the middle of the parade of incoming food by a burst of laughter from everyone watching the scene.

In the mouth of the sucking pig on the big tray was a burning cigarette. No one knew who put it there, but it certainly gave Herr Max a shock.

There is a scene in which three little Moors (colored boys to you) were supposed to give a bag of money to Joe E. Brown. They rehearsed it with Joe's stage hand, who didn't know the game for Joe to take the money they wouldn't give it to him, because it was the stand-in who had been told to hand it to.

And that is how shots go wrong. But not all the practical jokes resulted in spoiled shots. In a scene taken in Queenie's home, Joe Brown was supposed to be eating garlic. Because of Reinhardt's love for detail, shell Brazil nuts had been cut to resemble garlic buds, and Joe was eating a handful of them.

But Hugh Herbert got there ahead of him and slipped in some real garlic. He figured Joe would get it in the rehearsal. But Joe didn't and right in the middle of the "take," Joe's face suddenly began to make the strangest contortions.

"Great, perfect, funny!" joyously exclaimed Reinhardt the instant the camera stopped grinding.

"By sassifras!" declared Joe, "some Alec pay real money for that bowl."

For the next fifteen minutes Joe was washing out his mouth. But garlic or no garlic, Joe was too good a trooper to spoil a "take!"

In spite of the problems and the long hours that the "Dream" brought to the technical department and despite the exacting requirements of Max Reinhardt, every one at Warner Brothers studio is sorry it's "in the can"; that is, that the film is completed and put in the cans for shipment.

So, when you see "A Midsummer Night's Dream," remember that it has been a lot more than just another picture to Hollywood.

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**Shirley Temple's First Six Years**

(Continued from page 28)

expected Mrs. Temple to call Shirley and scold her for such an overflow of spirits. If she did, she would have to be stopped in the middle of the parade of incoming food by a burst of laughter from everyone watching the scene.

It's a pity, announced another man. "Is this the teacher agreed, "by the name of Shirley Temple?"

"Shirley," she called now. "Shirley!"

The walk across the room seemed to Shirley a long, long journey. She felt all the eyes upon her. She was aware of the color mounting in her cheeks. But not once did she turn back, even though she walked slowly, her eyes cast down. When a teacher called, you obeyed.

"What's your name?" asked a man named Charles LaMont. "Billy?"

**Dimples**

Dimples, misplaced dimples, one outrageously higher than the other, appeared. And it was as if blue stars broke in her eyes. "I'm not a boy," she told him, putting in confirmation to her curls. Softly but distinctly she told her name. Her mother's name, her father's name. She told where she lived. And if occasionally she had difficulty with a "T" or a "th," she didn't talk baby talk.

The men were enchanted. One rubbed his hands. Another sat back with a big smile. They went scours from the Educational Studios, sent out to find a little girl
to play in the Baby Burlesk Comedies. And they had looked far and wide. They had interviewed a hundred professional cuties, a hundred poor children, taught the superficialities of charm by their ambitious mothers. But not until this moment had they found that unconscious charm which springs from an inner radiance. And that is what they were after.

"And now," Mr. LaMont suggested, "perhaps you'll dance for us."

The teacher took her place at the piano.

"Tap?" asked Shirley.

The music started. She moved with it in perfect time, her tiny feet sharp and rhythmic against that shiny yellow floor. She tossed back the honey-colored curls which had escaped their blue velvet band. And, if the whole truth is to be told, she flirted with those visiting gentlemen. Unconsciously, yet nevertheless outrageously.

The Temples didn't take Shirley's appearance in those seven comedies seriously. Making them, she was in the studios only a few hours daily, and at no time were any acting demands made upon her. The weekly salary she received was pleasant, but it totalled no grand sum and little was thought about it.

One of the Educational executives had a notion that Shirley should be put under contract. And he wired to New York to that effect. But the answer he received was short and to the point, "Sign no one to anything." And that was that.

Following her work in these comedies Shirley played a small part in "Frolics of Youth" with Junior Coghlan, Harry Myers and Helene Chadwick. Then she went over to the Paramount lot long enough to appear inconspicuously with Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston in "To the Last Man." After which, as far as anyone could see, her career in the studios was over.

Life went on as before. Shirley gave tea parties under the purple-starred bougainvillea vine. With water tea and make-believe cakes. All for the sheer joy of using cups and plates on which there were pictures of Minnie and Mickey Mouse. And almost always these parties ended with everyone playing "show." With Shirley running things, because she had more ideas to the minute than all the other children put together. Or she would pedal her velocipede up and down the block until, watching her, you would have wondered that her little legs, sturdy-looking as they were, weren't completely exhausted.

"Evenings while I prepared dinner," Mrs. Temple says, "Shirley and John and George usually congregated in the living-room, where they'd turn on the radio, full blast generally, and join the entertainers in whatever song they were singing. While Shirley also would execute her perpetual tap step in the doorway.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Laurel and June Horn (right) partying.
Quick as a wink

Any time you’re hungry, a bowl of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes makes a delicious, refreshing meal. Ready in an instant. Serve with milk or cream . . . add a bit of fruit if you like.

Kellogg’s are nourishing, rich in energy. The world’s most popular ready-to-eat cereal. Each flake flotation can equal, kept oven-fresh and crisp, in the patented waxite inner wrapper. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Frankie Thomas looks out at New York with his parents after finishing “A Dog of Flanders.”

“Frequently I used to be surprised at her ability to memorize those songs. But I decided, finally, it was her association with George and John that helped her in this respect and didn’t think much more about it.”

One evening the Temples were prevailed upon to take Shirley to the preview of the last Baby Burlesk comedy she had made. Movies at night were decidedly against the rules, but an exception was made.

“You wait for me,” George Temple said, dropping Mrs. Temple and Shirley at the theatre, because he was obliged to attend a business meeting. “And if I’m a little late, don’t worry. I’ll be as quick as I can.”

Shirley walked through the lobby, holding tightly to her mother’s hand, her eyes very busy trying to see everything at once. “Do they turn on all these lights every night?” she wanted to know. “Every night do all these people get dressed up and come here to see movies?”

“Every night, Shirley,” her mother told her, smiling.

“Is this the theatre George and John come to when they ask Daddy for money to go to the movies?” she asked when they were in their seats and her mother was taking off her coat and making her comfortable in the big orchestra chair in which she slipped around a bit.

She was, obviously, trying to grasp horizons broader than those which had limited her life so far, to get a sense of the life that went on beyond her own house and garden, beyond the quiet palm-lined block on which she lived, the beach in front of the Santa Monica Athletic Club, the dancing class, and the Educational Studios.

That afternoon there had been a later and longer nap than usual, to guard against sleepiness. So Shirley was able to enjoy that preview immensely. She thought it frightfully funny when she discovered herself on the screen wearing diapers and an extraordinarily large safety pin. And she laughed uproariously at the capers in which she and the other children indulged, quite as if it were all entirely new to her.

When the show was over she could hardly wait for her father to arrive in order to tell him about everything. “I’ll see Dad first,” she challenged her mother.

And her eyes, dark blue above her flushed cheeks, searched the cars approaching the theatre.

A gentleman came up to Mrs. Temple and presented her card. “I’m Jay Gorney of Fox,” he explained. “I’ve just seen Shirley in the comedy and I’d appreciate it very much if you’d bring her over to our studios tomorrow. We’re about to put on a revue, ‘Stand Up and Cheer.’ Perhaps you’ve heard about it.”

Once again, without any effort on the part of the Temples, Shirley was offered a chance in the studios.

“What do you think, George?” Mrs. Temple asked her husband as they were driving home. Shirley was fast asleep on the back seat. “If it’s a revue, they’ll want her to dance. And goodness knows she loves to do that. She does it all the time, anyway.”

Mr. Temple agreed. And the following morning Shirley and Mrs. Temple were at Jay Gorney’s office. Had Mrs. Temple been one of the mothers who haunt the studios daily, trying to get little Josie or little Bertie into pictures, she would have realized how really unusual was the enthusiasm which greeted them.

Jay Gorney piloted them over to the studio where dances are rehearsed before they are put into execution before the cameras. And immediately, when Lew Brown, the producer of “Stand Up and Cheer,” met them, he mentally raised the top price he had considered offering for Shirley’s services.

“Lend me a band!” he ordered the leader of the band rehearsing there in the studio. “Miss Shirley’s going to dance for us.”

The band leader raised his baton. The music filled that studio. Shirley began—faster she tapped—faster, faster, faster. Her curls flew bolder—skelter. They were playing a song she knew, a song she had learned from the radio. She began to sing, too.

“Mrs. Temple,” said Lew Brown, “I want Shirley for this revue and I’m sure we can come to terms if you’ll come over to my office.”

Even his bargaining instincts, strong in any producer, had wilted under a little girl’s blue eyes and the misplaced dimples which flashed with her smile.

Now Shirley’s career really was under way. Well under way. She hadn’t been working in “Stand Up and Cheer” long, when she was called to Winfield Sheehan’s attention. Whereupon the Temples—after a long, serious conference as to the advisability of a career for Shirley and the ways and means they would use to keep her unspecked—signed, in her name, a long-term contract. This contract gave Shirley one hundred and fifty dollars a week. But it wasn’t good for long. What if she was...
earning more than ninety-odd per cent of the people in America? The unrestrained praise of all critics and the deluge of admissions which flowed into theatres throughout the country, immediately her name was displayed, made her worth ten times that, and more. So a new contract was drawn up and the old contract destroyed. The new contract runs for seven years and pays Shirley twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week, almost every penny of which George Temple deposits for her in a trust fund.

Shirley was a star. Electric lights in front of theatres spelled her name. "Shirley Temple in 'Stand Up and Cheer,'" "Shirley Temple in 'Little Miss Marker,'" "Shirley Temple in 'Baby Take a Bow.'"

Everywhere people were talking about her. "Mercy," they said, "she must be a very happy little girl." And so she was. Because she always had been. Really, except that she worked in the studios almost every day, six hours in all but only three hours before the camera, her life was pretty much the same as it always had been. She had the same meals and the same simple menus. The same bedtime, the same little pleasures and the same childish griefs.

THERE was, for instance, the morning Pinkey died. Pinkey, her very favorite Japanese turtle. She went out to her playhouse at the usual time, ant eggs clutched in her hand. Rosie, her cocker, at her heels. She sprinkled the ant eggs on top of the water and waited for Pinkey, the greediest turtle ever, to eat them. But he didn't move. Even when she pushed the bowl and the other turtles gobbled at the eggs, he remained on the bottom, terribly still.

"John," she called to her brother getting his bike out of the garage, "John! John, Pinkey's dead. He's awful dead, John. Even when I push the bowl he doesn't move!"

John knew she was fighting back her tears. Fighting hard. He was glad to see George come along.

"Pinkey's dead," he told George. "Isn't that good?" Shirley's eyes opened wide and a couple of tears fell to her cheeks. "As you and I were saying the other night, George, that Pinkey was in for trouble the way he ate. Now he's spared all that!"

"We'll have to give him a funeral," George rose to the occasion and began to rummage about for an appropriate box. "You go pick some flowers, Shirley. I think those growing in the window boxes would be nice."

Shirley wanted to invite the entire neighborhood. But the boys thought otherwise. "No." John was very firm. "This is a private funeral, Shirley. The way funerals are sometimes."

Shirley,' seemed to understand. But when everything was ready, it was discovered she had filled her carriage with her dolls. "Just," she explained, "so Pinkey won't feel bad, thinking only a few turned out for him. If you don't mind, boys."

In the studios everyone with whom Shirley works marvels at her facility with lines and her apparent understanding of the different emotions which have to be depicted. However, not even Mrs. Temple herself can explain how she does it or where she ever acquired her understanding for adult problems. For in no other way is she this precocious.

"When Shirley is about to begin work on a new picture," Mrs. Temple says, "I tell her the story in detail. I answer her childish questions to the best of my ability. Then every night, before prayers, we go over the lines she must speak the following day. And again in the morning..."
as Mr. Temple is driving us to the studios. This is all that is necessary. Shirley not only doesn’t forget her lines; she doesn’t even transpose a word.”

It was while Shirley was working with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in “Now and Forever” that she suddenly realized that she alone of the three had no “stand-in.” This concerned her seriously, not because she felt it was a mark of importance to have a “stand-in,” but that realized this was the case—rather because she has a child’s natural feeling for the fitness of things. And if it a “stand-in” was the thing to have, then she wanted one, too.

She approached the director. “I have no ‘stand-in’,” she reminded him, politely, rather intimating that the one thing must be an oversight on his part. “Mr. Gary has. And Carole has. But I haven’t.”

The director took one long look at Shirley and sent out a hurry call for a little girl, five years old, about forty-two inches tall, and weighing about forty-two pounds. Shirley wouldn’t talk if no “stand-in” was provided; he knew that. But he realized, too, that she would be a little unhappy, since she takes her “business” seriously. And under no circumstances did he want her radiance dimmed if it could possibly be avoided.

MARILYN GRANIS is Shirley’s “stand-in.” But as often as not Shirley will stand in herself while the cameraman gets his focus and the places in which she is to decide her actions.

It’s enough for her that her “stand-in” is there. And if Marilyn happens to be coloring a paper doll’s dress or doing something equally important, of course, Shirley can’t have her disturbed. These two children are fine friends.

Like the others, Shirley is quick to like certain people, to discover almost an immediate bond with them. Jimmy Dunn, for instance, she adores beyond any man except her father and her brothers. When she and Jimmy meet on a stage or on a studio street, before they speak, before they so much as greet each other with a smile, they are already in the few steps of their “Baby Take a Bow” number. It was Jimmy who thought up this ritual and put it in it.

The late Dorothy Dell was another immediate favorite with Shirley.

Dorothy’s smarter than most grown-ups,” she said. “Dorothy, you see, knew all the things grown-ups are apt to be stupid about. Dorothy could pretend.” It was fun to play tea-party with her, to pass her cups of water tea and plates on which reposed imaginary biscuits, for Dorothy always knew how brown the biscuits were and what a wonderful chocolate icing had been achieved for the pretend cake.

They worked together in ‘Little Miss Marker’ but their friendship didn’t end when that picture was over. Shirley used to go visit at Dorothy’s house and one beautiful afternoon Dorothy came to see Shirley and she was delighted with her from the Mickey Mouse dishes.

Perhaps it was because Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard knew Dorothy, too, and talked to Shirley about her so well, right off.

It was during the filming of “Now and Forever” that Mr. Cooper told her something about Dorothy, one morning. She thought it odd, especially that they looked so sad when they talked about it. And the next day, when it was morning, Wiggie Britches, without any happiness in his voice, made Shirley feel terrible.

Something must be wrong, she was sure of that—but what, what?

She did her first scene as best she could but she didn’t feel she was very good in it and she wondered away from the set, trying to find happiness within herself again. Away off in a corner Carole sat on one of those wooden horses, thinking. Suddenly, however, somewhere the words they whispered reached her.

For a minute she stood there, deathly still, living off the aura of the moment. And then she came to, as if some moment of the things being carried out into the street and packed in a big van. But the wonder of returning to a brand new house was something too. And when upon their return she discovered that she would have
at least another week's additional holiday since her next story wasn't ready, she was delighted.

There was the afternoon a big car stopped in front of their house and a chauffeur delivered a note. And later on that same big car came back and picked up Shirley and her mother and took them up to the very top of a mountain where a green house, like a palace, stood. There were all kinds of dogs and beautiful birds. And, wonder of wonders, a playhouse that looked like a picture in a fairy story and had the name "Gloria" carved above the doorway. Because, you see, it was the playhouse of Gloria Lloyd. And that note, the chauffeur had brought the first time he came to the Temple's house, had invited Shirley and her mother to spend an afternoon at the Lloyd's house. Mrs. Temple sat in the drawing-room and had tea and sandwiches with Mrs. Lloyd, while Shirley, with Gloria and Peggy and little Harold and Jane Bannister, Ann Harding's little girl, went with the Lloyd nurse to play in the playhouse.

Shirley loved it. And Gloria insisted that she be "Honorary" President of a club they had, a club which gave over its meetings to playing, "show." And then later on they went into the house and a big screen came down over the fireplace and they saw Mickey Mouse, just as if they were in a real theatre. Oh, it all was very wonderful.

"Shirley," Gloria Lloyd, going-on-ten, will tell you, "is just the way she is on the screen. We always have the most fun when she comes over. And it's funny, she don't seem to know that she's a movie star. Just like my father and Janie's mother. She doesn't seem to know that at all.

At last, however, Shirley's new picture was ready. And she returned to the studios to discover that there, too, she had moved. Now, instead of her old dressing-room, she had a whole bungalow to herself. With a dove cote built into the roof, with a garden and a tree with a swing.

The kitchen had a stove and a big ice-box. In the bedroom there was a blackboard and a white desk and seat. It was here that Shirley would work with her private tutor between scenes. And in the big living-room there were dark blue chairs fringed in white, a squashy sofa with pictures of Pass In Boots and Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue in the chintz. And, another wonder of wonders, a white piano that kept on whispering the music for ever so long after you had laid your two arms down flat across the keys.

It was Irvin Cobb who, so not very long ago, presented her with an Academy prize for having done some of the most outstanding work on the screen during the past year.

"Santa Claus" dropped you down Creaton's chimney, he said, while Shirley stood up on a table and smiled at all the people who clapped for her, "he gave to me the greatest gift of joy and happiness it has ever known. They say children's laughter is the rustling of angels' wings in Heaven, and if this is true, you may find a gift from Heaven to millions of children and millions of grown-ups, too.

Shirley thought it was great fun. But when she saw her mother and father look as if they were going to cry, she had to get down in a hurry so she could sit between them and reach for their hands, under the table where nobody could see.

And so we leave her, now that she is seven . . . What lies ahead in the years which stretch away to form the future, nobody knows. But oh, we do so hope that she'll live just as happily forever after.

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A transparent, pasteless, simply ravishing color that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

SAVAGELY lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night. Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips a wicked red, without coating them with paste. Apply it like ordinary lipstick and rub it in. Like magic, the cosmetic vanishes, leaving only the color, which instantly becomes an actual part of the lips. With Savage, your lips can be pastelessly, savagely red all day . . . or all night! Four wonderful shades from which to choose. Their freshness simply cannot be described. You must see them, and use them to know how savage they really are.

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white shoes!
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On my White Kids, I dissolve the dirt off by using ColorShine Special White Kid Cleaner (10c). It contains no sharp abrasive. It preserves the original Kid finish, polishes beautifully, or leave dull if you prefer and "won't rub off." For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at the 10c store and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chiffon Mig., Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER

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Better, lower, more lasting curl in half the usual drying time. That's what the HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLER . . . "the Curler used by the Stars," will give you. Easy to apply, comfortable while sleeping; simple to remove. Rubber lock holds hair and curler secure. Perfusions assure rapid drying. Tapered and regular models are available in various sizes. HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are used, as millions of homes, and in better beauty shops everywhere.

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115
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Till This All-vegetable Laxative
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She was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things that she was despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action. You can be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You’re so refreshed and improved—so pleasantly you’ll want to give NR’s a fair trial immediately. There is no kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They’re non-habit forming.—Further proof that nature’s way is best. The economical 25c dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE—Calor Thermometers, beautifully designed in roses and gold. Also samples TUMS Tablets for those who suffer from indigestion.

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ALREADY A 25c BOX

“TUMS” Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn, heartburn. Only 10c.

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HAIR

Without frizzing, mending, bleaching. Stays black. Shampoos and color your hair at the same time with new Corn Oil Shampoo. Leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits perming without fear. Free booklet. Marquet’s L. V. Ballinger, Dept. 30, 244 W. 39 St., N. Y.

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Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Stenstrum Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I plied my trade, reduced my model’s figure by 45 inches and my model’s figure by 20 inches in 30 days.

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Address

City


daisy Stenstrum, Forest Hills, New York

(Continued from page 17)

Between You and Me

I’d like Joan Crawford to leave drama for ones suited to it and go back to dancing ladies. I’d like George Arliss to get under the skin of the characters he portrays.

Verree Teasdale (pictured) is my idea of a real sophisticate.

Last but not least, I’d like the mails to come more often so that I would not have to sit up waiting for my copy of Modern Screen.—Lily Painter, North Sydney, Australia.

Pro-British

I have been a theatre-goer for years, but I have never felt the need to praise and see my playing in black and white till recently. It started when I first saw that masterpiece of art "Cavalcade." To my way of thinking, the best way of enjoying a picture is to see an English one. I think the best acting to be found among the English. Of course we Americans are fortunate in having our brilliant actors and actresses, witness Fredric March, the Barrymores, and countless others. Somehow my heart and mind instinctively places above these, the English actors.

I saw Robert Donat (pictured), the most fascinating and breathtaking actor in all filmdom, three different times in his picture, "The Count of Monte Cristo" and I am impatiently awaiting his next one.

The only man who can run second to him is Frank Lawton. I thrilled again and again to Ronald Colman's performance in "Cleve of India" and I think George Arliss' acting in "Ropemaker" is unsurpassed. And we must not forget that perennial charmer, Sir Guy Standing, suave and enchanting always.—Bess Chandler, New York, N. Y.

Thanks!

Congratulations on your feature, "Fashions for Men." It proves that you are on your toes and that the magazine which I chose years ago—a fine gift for any man—it is the only magazine I get regularly—is keeping up to its promises.

I would ask for, if I could ask for more, is an article on interior decoration.—Lavina Baigrie, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

About a Crooner

Lanny Ross is one of the most refreshing personalities that has been brought to the screen for some time. Although his performance in "College Rhythm" was not outstanding, his acting shows a certain restraint and enthusiasm uncommon to most Hollywood stars.

Given roles worthy of his artistic character, I cannot help but feel that Lanny will surpass his crooning predecessors, Crosby, Powell, et al, and carve a definite niche for himself in the movies.—Barbara Berch, Chicago, Ill.

Film Stars as Models

So many people to-day take different stars for their models that I think we ought to have better stars. I don’t mean to say that some of the stars we have are not fit to be imitated, but I know of some that I would not enjoy seeing a second edition of.

My idea is this: why not give bigger and better roles to stars whom we would not mind seeing copied? For instance, Juliitte Compton. To me she is all that a blonde should be. Perhaps if there were more actresses like her, they would inspire the younger generation to be more lively. She looks, talks and carries herself as though I think a lady should. With most of the younger set now, it is not "All I know is what I read in the papers," but, "All I know is what I see in the movies."—Virginia Myers, San Fernando, Calif.

Breathless Beauty

I have just seen "Forsaking All Others." Joan Crawford proved she could adapt, we in America to the comic role with her ethereal beauty and chameleon moods. She is so三亚—the other actresses. She is graceful, dresses stun-

nishingly and has a sparkling personality and glorious smile.

Joan is the only actress on the screen who can fix her hair a thousand and one ways and look breathless beautiful. She’s the perfect combination of all the saltiest points of beauty—gorgeous face, figure, eyes, hair and complexion. Crawford is a perfect lady about her sex-appeal.—"Mac," Iowa.

A Plea from the Deaf

Why don’t the movie moguls and movie exhibitors give the deaf a break?

Before the talkies came I went to from one to three silent shows every twenty-four hours. Now I seldom go except to see Wally Beppo. (He is not only a terrific actor but a great guy in private life. I have heard plenty about his charities. And dainty little Janet Gaynor is my favorite actress.)

I would suggest that the movie houses in big towns run a silent film at least once a month for the benefit of the deaf. I think it would be a paying proposition—Akron, Ohio, has over 500 deaf mates; I know there are over 200 in Los Angeles and I understand that there are about 150 in Houston, Texas.

The deaf work, pay taxes, have children and want to be treated as equals, not as poor unfortunate who are incapable of usefulness. I don’t believe there is one movie producer who gives a hoot about the deaf.—John Duke, Price, Utah.

(You have my deepest sympathy, Johnny. But we’re afraid that not very much can be done to alter the situation which you describe. There are a few theatres here in New York that show a "Silent" from time to time (The Bowery) where silent pictures are shown, but in general there is no demand for them. And as the prints now exist in existence because of more and more torn and scratched, they will be discarded. New prints will not be made, for there isn’t enough money in silent pictures to make it a worthwhile enterprise. Most of them will go to the reducing plant where they will be junked.)
Ah, But Have You Seen Nelson in 'Naughty Marietta'?

I shall not go into "raves" about your magazine. I believe that it is enough to say that I read it regularly.

But to get to the point of this letter: I went to see "Student Tour" yesterday for the second time. I did not like the picture, and I cannot stand Jimmy Durante (apologies to that gentleman); I went to see the picture twice to see and hear a person who appeared on the screen about three minutes altogether—Nelson Eddy.

I was really thrilled by the appearance and voice of Mr. Eddy. I am happy that truly great singers are now appearing on the screen. May we hear and see more of Nelson Eddy, who was the first screen player to draw a "fan" letter from me—Margaret Louis. Richmond, Calif.

Let John Boles Sing

If the producers would only cast John Boles in a picture something like Grace Moore's successful film, "One Night of Love," and give him a chance to thrill the music lovers with songs that are semi-classical like "The Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie," and "One Alone" from "The Desert Song," or cast him in another operetta on the order of "Rio Rita!"

Give him more opportunities to delight the public with his grand sense of humor and his very expressive speaking voice, and let him sing songs which are truly worthy of his glorious voice. I believe the producer would surely rake in the money in heaps and the public would throng to see the production.

The fine thing about John Boles is that the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of the feminine portion of the audience admire and enjoy Mr. Boles' talents, too. Mr. Boles is always a gentleman, and truly a fine artist, and he is never mush in his love-making.—Lillian Musgrave, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thoughts for Producers

I'd let Ruby Keeler try being housewife instead of a movie star.
I'd take Dick Powell and star him with someone that would at least be as good as he is.
I'd work Shirley Temple so hard she would have a nervous breakdown so David Holt (pictured) would get a chance.
I'd tell Irving S. Cobb to stick to writing and quit trying to act.
I'd put gloves on Max Baer and send him back to the ring where he belongs.
I'd cancel the contract of George Raft until he would agree to send pictures out free of charge.
I'd put Kay Francis in some more "doctor" pictures.
I'd bring Claudette Colbert down to earth.

Then, after accomplishing all that "Ay tank ay go home."—Betty Lenore Myers, San Fernando, Calif.
Reviews—A Tour of Today’s Talkies

(Continued from page 49)

to settle matters.
Not much sense to any of it, but it’s first-rate nonsense.

★★ Strangers All (RKO)
Too bad that May Robson is wasted in this... It’s a mediocre family drama. There’s Miss Robson, the mother, her three sons and a pretty daughter. One of the sons has the communist bug pretty badly and gets arrested for his pains. One of the sons has the acting bug—William Bakewell plays him, and we take a moment to doff our tattered hat in his direction for elevating the game as he was able. Preston Foster is the good old reliable son and he gets nothing (not even acting honors) for his behavior.

★★★ Black Fury (Warner’s)
A story to remember. A memorable piece of acting by Paul Muni. And a social document which, by means of clever writing and adroit direction, is kept clear of the propaganda charge.
Muni plays the role of Joe Radoke—illiterate, passionate, simple miner. The story itself is gripping enough, but it is the social significance behind the story, the exposure of the brutal methods employed by racketeering police in dealing with strikers, and the powerful work of Muni which lift this picture into the unusual class.

★★ Star of Midnight (RKO)
This detective yarn is guaranteed to make the tired business man even tireder, what with the constant brain-strain and plenty of chair-gripping. We have a couple of mysterious murders, which slent Powell unravels with such ease and good humor. We have not a little consumption of fire-water. We have Ginger Rogers, bent on impressing Powell with her potentialities as a female Holmes. She is cute, but ineffectual. We’ve her stuck to her dancing. J. Farrell MacDonald is grand as the chief of police.

★★ Times Square Lady (M-G-M)
Whoever wrote this story had an imagination that would make the Brothers Grimm either blush rose-red with embarrassment or turn pea green with envy. Yep, such a fairy tale hasn’t hit the celluloid boards since Hans Christian Andersen came down the pike. It’s about the bee-ootiful Iowa farmette who comes to the big city to take over her deceased Pa’s sporting activities. Pop was a great guy on the races and the fights and the slot machines. He had a nice little gang of baddies working for him, too. But Virginia Bruce decides to fix all that, and she does—in six good and untrue reels of film. The blonde lady plays sort of a mastermind. She couldn’t do it alone. Well, a lot of people feel the same way, but she does dress beautifully and is indeed fair to look upon. Pinkie Tomlin, composer of the hit song “My Afternoon in a Park,” appears briefly in this, as does the ever-capable Isabel Jewell. Robert Taylor, a new leading man, plays the hero and is a “natural.”

★★ Straight from the Heart (Universal)
Even if you are a “guessing game” fan, this picture will leave you decidedly disgruntled, as there’s just no solution to the going-on. The plot is disarmingly complicated, with only the crucial moments speeding up to a snail’s pace.
The fair heroine, Mary Astor, is picked up off the streets by the handsome hero, Roger Pryor, who proceeds to feed her French pastry and French cigarettes. Yes, you marvel—a man with no ulterior motives! But Roger is very dirty in politics! This startling disclosure leads to a sort of excitement, what with his crossing the mayor, a little child, a dead woman and his sweetheart and she double-crossing him a few times! Yes, yes, we got a little mixed up, too.
The cast struggles along as well they can, but the only highlight is the performance of Lilian Harvey, who is a surprisingly good little actress.

★★ Gigolette (RKO)
And this, little boys and girls, proves beyond the question of a doubt that honesty and purity will bring even a gigolette through life and night-clubs uncathed. Adrienne Ames is the gallant gal, who finds herself at the mercy of New York when her wealthy father commits suicide because of debts he got into. He leaves his daughter’s wardrobe, we should judge.
Ralph Bellamy is the rough and tough Broadway, whose heart, surprisingly enough, is of soft-soap. Donald Cook gives the best performance of the mediocre lot—that of the play-boy who’s out for a swell time at any expense.

★★ It Happened in New York (Universal)
Maybe it did happen there, but it could have happened in any town where there’s a girl with a boy friend, and a blonde dazzler who tries to snare him away. But at that, this is an entertaining picture, and we can’t wonder that Lyle Talbot was a bit bewildered between Gertrude Michael and Heather Angel, both looking their best and trying their hardest to catch him.
Hugh O’Connell is a riot as the press agent for Gertrude, who’s the movie idol of the world. Between soothing her tantrums, placating her public and keeping an eye on her business affairs and Félines purp, his isn’t exactly a soft job. As if that were not enough anguish, he has to contend with two determined young ladies out to get the same man.
While this isn’t anything out of the ordinary in movie amusing, the cast has handled its parts with such deftness that you’re bound to be entertained.

★★ Sweepstake Annie (Liberty)
There’s about as much chance of enjoying this picture as ever winning the Irish sweepstakes, but if you like to see how Marion Nixon reacts to having the one-hundred-fifty-thousand dropped in her lap, here’s your chance.
Just a nice little girl is Annie, but suffering from family-itis to such an extent that she sacrifices everything for the ungrateful outfit—men’s clothing with nary a thought for the morrow or a dump day. Tom Brown, Annie’s ardent through thick and thin, urges her to leave said gypsy relations and keep house for—
him. His harsh words about her flesh and blood are so irritating that Annie, though her heart is breaking, sends him away. Then she wins the lucky money and decides to live her own life—which soon includes some Russian nobility and the upper crust of the four hundred—only to find it all a tawdry, shabby bauble.

★★ While the Patient Slept (Warners)

Well, Aline MacMahon has been framed in another picture! It’s our not too humble opinion that this gal deserves a change, as does Guy Kibbee, who also puts in an appearance in this tepid thriller. Yeh, he’s sleuthing again, and she’s supplying the brain power.

The story follows the formula that is becoming familiar for murder melodramas—a dead body, an alibi, and a plethora of corpses. This one starts right out with a death-bed scene. Gathered together at this time are all the relatives of a wealthy, elderly gentleman who are to share his wealth when he shall be no more. Naturally, they’re all cut-racy about each other and you’re awfully surprised to hear that a couple of them have been mysteriously done away with. With all the suspicioning in the air, it’s no wonder that Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis suspect themselves in love.

★★ McFadden’s Flats (Paramount)

If this story was as delightful as the Irish and Scotch accents in which the principal characters indulge, it would be a top-notchler. But unfortunately, such is not the case. The actors, however, can take well merited bows on their performances. Andy Clyde, as the auld Scotch barber who sticks to the hair-lather, is life’s savings to his best enemy, proves himself an exceptional comedian. You’ll like Walter Kelly, too—as Irish as Saint Pat. Jane Darwell is lovely as his wife, with a heart as big as a washtub. Betty Furness handles her role capably.

★★ Traveling Saleslady (Warners)

This story hasn’t much point, but it’s saved by a competent cast, including Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert.

Hugh has one idea, and one only, in the picture. His brain-wave results in a toothpaste flavored with Martinis, old-fashioned, Manhattan and gin fizzes! He’s aided and abetted by Joan, who’s peeved at her rich papa’s refusal to let her indulge in a career, so she becomes a traveling saleslady and manages to put herself and the product over with the popularity which they both deserve.

Glenda Farrell and William Gargan provide a few laughs, but the real guffaws are furnished by the dumb-but-clever Hugh Herbert. If you are out for a little fun and nothing else, you won’t go wrong on this.

★★★ When a Man’s a Man (Fox)

If you like those “Ride ‘em, cowboy” yarns, you won’t go wrong on this picture. Though the story sticks to the old tried-and-true formula of Westerns, a few genuine thrills are added.

George O’Brien as the personality-plus playboy, has made short work of an inheritance acquired by the hard work of his father. He now feels that what is needed in his life is an “objective” and without the vaguest idea of what this might be, sets out to run it down, landing up on an Arizona ranch. Here everything is supplied without further ado—a villain who sweers satisfactorily, a beautiful, harassed heroine, a cowpuncher with a good heart, but a turrible temper, and a herd of cattle dying of thirst.

Dorothy Wilson, Harry Woods and Paul Kelly, do well in their parts, while Mr. O’Brien can pat himself on the back for giving his best performance to date.

★★★ Screen Snapshots (Columbia)

Harriet Parsons, collector and compiler of these newsy, intimate “shots” of Hollywood’s great and near-great, is in order for congratulations. It must take the instinct of an ace reporter and the patience of an extra bent on stardom to put together the “Screen Snapshots,” one of the most intensely interesting and entertaining reels to emanate from the camera coast. It records graphically the players’ away-from-the-camera moments—John Boles putting on an impromptu entertainment at a night club, Ben Lyon ad-libbing a master of ceremonies routine, Mae West a little bit peaved at being “caught” without make-up and with a new boy friend, Tom Mix’s circus parade, and Bing Crosby at the Santa Anita race-track. It’s alive, breezy and wholly diverting.

★★★ Baby Face Harrington (M-G-M)

It is really too bad that Charles Butterworth, who has bolstered up so many

Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy in a scene from "Gigolette."

Chester Morris and Jean Parker in a close-up from "Princess O'Hara."

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If YOU have blackheads there is dirt in your pores. To get skin clean and be rid of blackheads use Ambrosia, the liquid that cleanses pore-deep.

A famous New York skin specialist who tested the use of Ambrosia by women with blackheads reported: "In as little as three days blackheads tend to go—all complexions are clearer and brighter."

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ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF BECAUSE IT’S OUT DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Blondes why be blind?

DON'T shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky without using any special rinses. Used by millions of blondes.

To get a generous trial package of Blondex just send your name and address with 10c to cover cost of mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 1062 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store.

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119
ALWAYS WEAR PEDS!

Peds proved to Hollywood that even the ceaseless activity of movie stars need not ruin stocking feet! Now thousands everywhere—housewives, business girls—wear these amazing little "shoes" that will protect and preserve hose and stockings.

TRADE MARK PEDS.
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GEORGE ARLISS AND MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
in "TRAVELING SALESMAN"

M-G-M

The only thing actually blood-curdling about this latest vampire chiller is wasting Lionel Barrymore on such a yarn. Of course, the old horror stand-bys are used with pleasant frequency—corpse tangled in cobwebs, fat rats scuttling among coffins and plenty of fog by high winds. But not to make this look anything like a "Dracula" rehash, all the mysteries are cleared up in the end with scientific precision. Under the influence of a hypnotist, the murderer re-enacts his crime. Simple and logical, as you can see for yourself.

★★ Mark of the Vampire
(United Artists)

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FREE PEDS

To get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all you iron...no tick at all. Just see and feel the amazing difference in your things when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing magic that thousands are talking about. No sticking. No searching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.

THANK YOU--
The Hubinger Co., No. 937, Keokuk, la.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

A Message to Girls Who Help Out

(Continued from page 29)

Ann's mother, as you know, was an opera singer. Ann's father was a business man. Seldom has such a combination made a happy marriage. Those two temperamentsthe artistic and the practical—simply don't click.

Ann was born in a little mid-western town. Her mother was on a concert tour at the time. It was the nearest town that boasted a hospital. Ann hasn't been back since. You couldn't quite call her "old home town." The papers could never say, "local girl makes good."

She has an older sister. Ann is in the middle. After her younger sister—now eighteen—was born, the mother and father were divorced. And that, it would seem, ended that.

But there is no real end to a family tie. Ann missed a father. She didn't miss her mother's ex-husband, she had never known him. She simply missed having a father. Other girls said to her, "Last night my daddy told me..." or "Look at the bracelet my father gave me for my birthday." It always made a lump in Ann's throat. She wondered what it would be like to have a father.

Between Ann and her mother there was a great companionship, a great love. This fascinating, exciting woman knew all of the heartaches that a professional life brings. But she knew the compensations, too. She knew the divine ecstasy of self-expression and, in a very subtle way, she brought Ann up to be a singer.

Oh, she never precooked. She never bullied. She merely "guided." She "suggested" that Ann take piano lessons, harmony, counterpoint. She steeped her in musical lore—told her that languages
we were more important than mathematics. It was truly destiny that Ann become a singer.

The best schools were at Ann's disposal. The unknown father saw to that and then, when Ann was a girl in her teens, the father decided he wanted to see her.

He had married again and was living on the northwestern coast. Ann went to him to finish her education—the best education money could buy.

And what a curious meeting that must have been. Ann, a grown girl now, a girl with character and intelligence, stood before a total stranger who was her father. She had no quarrels, no scenes. It was a situation which both were too sensitive to overcome.

At first Ann thought it would be better when they were better acquainted—she had father and daughter were not too shy of each other. But she soon discovered that they had been apart too long, that there was no regaining those lost years. And when she had discovered this, she knew that she must not stay.

She told her father that she was leaving—going back to her mother in Los Angeles, where her mother was taking singing pupils. The father, ever disapproving of theatrical life, felt that if Ann went back she would become a part of that world, that she would make her stay with him and at last, when he saw how determined she was to go, told her that if she left he would stop her allowance.

That was something for a girl to face, but Ann faced it with the courage of a conviction that has made her life an enabling experience and an inspiration to others.

Her father's money had made it possible for her to live well, to have the best education. What her mother received for her singing lessons could not possibly keep them all. Yet Ann knew that if she were to make the most of herself as a person, she must leave.

In Hollywood, without the generous allowance, she took stock of herself. She was an able pianist—knew counterpoint and harmony. She spoke French beautifully and knew all of the niceties of polite society. But could she earn a living with these elements? Eventually, she looked at girls who had been trained in shorthand and typewriting. There was something tangible! There was a job. When these she would have had something to offer. A fine education in the best schools—what did it mean when the necessity for earning her living was upon her?

And necessity it was, too, for she knew that, if she failed, there could be no going back. Her father never made the decision. She had broken the slim thread which bound them together. She was on her own now—a free agent. And what did a free agent do?

She knew music. That, if anything, must make her a living, must help her mother and sisters. So she began taking lessons from him today the mother claims that Ann was her worst pupil. She wouldn't practice scales.

And they ran the gauntlet of an audition. She sang before a man at Warner's Studio. She got a job. It was as simple as that.

But Ann was soon to discover that it wasn't so simple as that. Theatrical jobs don't last forever. One ends, another must be found and Ann was not such a free agent as she had thought. She had an actual as well as a moral responsibility toward her sisters and her mother. On her own score she had broken with her father, which had cut them off, too. So it was her responsibility. She must not only provide for herself but she must "her out and do every duty" that she could not shirk. She didn't want to shirk it, of course, but if things had been different?

Don't you know? Haven't you said it, secretly, a thousand times?

A girl in show business must keep up appearances, must look well. But, because of her responsibilities and the fact that she had made very little money, must shop around for her clothes. Must pretend that she really wanted to walk after a strenuous rehearsal instead of taking a taxi.

In New York, after her experience in the Folies, she found herself looking for a job. She must have a job. "If I don't get a job my family doesn't eat!" If you know about that feeling, then don't envy Ann Sothern.

Or, perhaps, you should envy her—envy her courage, her ability to refrain from complaining, her delight in being able to "help" her mother. Had instead of envying you should emulate her example and try to penetrate her depth of character and beauty of soul.

Everything is fine, now. Ann at the top, and knowing Ann, I think she is right when she says, "Having responsibilities makes one a better person."

That's all she'll say, of course. She's not the kind to sob on your shoulder. And, as I've told you before, this story was pieced together with the things I learned about Ann from other sources.

But believe me, she knows your problems. She's had them!
glad—that—come some way may—they belonged to each other.

Germany was her destination. Alma and her father arrived just in time to be caught up in the web of war, and for four solid months Frank had no word or communication from her, nor did any of his letters through to her. He was, of course, frantically worried about her. But nothing he did—not even an appeal to the Secretary of State—brought any news of her.

Up to this time he had been in business with his father, but now he must have more stimulating work—work that could partially take his mind off his grief.

His brother, Ralph, had already gone into the theatre. One of Frank's friends, Edgar, had written a vaudeville sketch for Frank in which he played. At the close of the tour, Walker Stouty offered him a part in "Mr. Wu."

He played his role with half his mind and half his heart. He tormented the lines for letters. He lived only from day to day, hoping that each new hour might bring him word from Alma.

And then the miracle happened. Weary with waiting, he called up his old vaudeville agent one night and found a telegram for him. He clowed it open. "Arrived in New York this morning. Meet me on the mezzanine in the Knickerbocker Theatre after this performance. Alma," That was all, but it was enough.

His bride had escaped from Germany and had run away to him.

He gave a bang-up performance that night, but never had minutes seemed like hours before. He would see her tonight.

He would hear nothing that day: nothing that she loved him. He would hold her in his arms.

She was waiting for him at the appointed place. And seeing her, he knew that it was true. They went to pieces with love and relief at her safety and joy in her return. He was trembling so that he could not speak. It was she who opened the conversation, and her words were written across Frank's mind forever.

She said: "Wait a minute, Frank; don't kiss me. I've something to tell you. I don't love you any more."

He stepped back and looked at her. The lobby of the theatre was a white kaleidoscope. His hands and feet were numb. A gun seemed to be exploding in his brain.

"I'm sorry," she said. And then she repeated, desperately, "I don't love you any more."

He heard a voice. It was not his voice, but it seemed to be coming from his throat. "Is there—is there another man?"

She shook her head. "I just don't—don't love you any more."

And then, as his reason slowly began to come back, he said, "What is it, Alma? Tell me."

"Not here," she begged. And he saw that she was suffering as much as he.

Somehow they stumbled out of the hotel and into a taxicab.

But even as they drove through Central Park he could not make her speak. Only one thing he knew. He knew it in the taxi. She was lying to him. For some fantastic and ghastly reason that he could not penetrate, she was lying.

He begged her to tell him what had happened. To write to her with her lips she repeated, brokenly now: "I just don't love you any more—that's all.

But those same lips told him a different story.

And then, as they passed those tortured moments of his life. He had no pride. There was too much love in his heart to leave room for pride. Every Sunday he went to the country, where she was living with her family, and sat in the living-room watching her, but never touching her. He never once saw her alone. Her family was always present. For months those cruel Sundays lasted.

One night at the theatre Walker White side came in to his dressing room, and for a moment wrote a experiment. "BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—nothing but tint is put on. Eas is quickly applied—ahs. Cannot affect worn hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. Imports desired shade with normal speed. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 5c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

MODERN SCREEN

Technical Experiments in Film Making

I've been in the business of making and developing photographic processes and apparatus for many years. During this time I have cooperated with many of the leading motion picture companies, and have consulted with a large number of film producers, directors, and directors of photography on the best way to obtain the finest possible results in their work. I have also had the opportunity to work on several of the motion picture special effects that are now being used in the industry.

In addition to this, I have also written a number of articles on the subject of film making and photography, which have appeared in various trade journals and magazines. My work has been widely acclaimed by the film industry and has earned me a reputation as one of the leading experts in the field.

I am now accepting new clients and would be happy to discuss any project you may have in mind. Please feel free to contact me with any questions or concerns you may have.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Quick, Sure Relief

Maurice Chevalier arrives in New York after finishing "Folies Bergere." Next stop is Paris.

Good News

(Continued from page 41)

Rochelle Hudson spoke out of turn while in New York recently, and, as a result, has Will Rogers and her home town of Claremore, Oklahoma, on her pretty neck. A columnist quoted her as saying that Claremore "stinks." Rochelle was indignant because she says only part of her statement was used. What she said, in toto, was that the town has a bad odor because of the radium water which abounds there. "And anyhow," ends up Rochelle, defiantly, "I haven't lived in Claremore since I was a tiny child!"

Information Desk

(Continued from page 72)

Julia, Billings, Mont.—The Compton-Compton situation is one that has puzzled many, so this should clear it up. Betty Compton is the present Mrs. James Walker, wife of the ex-mayor of New York City. She was on the stage before her marriage, but never attained fame on the screen. Betty Compton is the ex-Mrs. James Cruz.

---

Nature's Own Method of Removing...Fat

You don't have to stay fat and unattractive because removing surplus weight is now easy, sure and perfectly safe.

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ALL JOKING ASIDE... by Jack Betts

GEORGE O'BRIEN OWNS A HAREM!
IN CAIRO RECENTLY, A WEALTHY EGYPTIAN MADE HIM A PRESENT OF HIS ENTIRE HAREM.
ALL THE GALS WRITE HIM LOVE LETTERS IN EGYPTIAN.

EVELYN VENABLE HAS NEVER TOUCHED A BITE OF MEAT IN HER LIFE AND IS NOW CONVERTING HER HUSBAND, HAL MOHR INTO A VEGETARIAN... and he hates every vegetable known!

GEORGE O'BRIEN OWNS A HAREM!

JOHNNY MACK BROWN HAS A FIRE GONG IN HIS HOUSE CONNECTED WITH THE LOCAL FIRE-STATION, SO HE CAN TELL THE LOCATION OF EVERY FIRE, DAY & NIGHT, AND DASH OVER!

TONS AND TONS OF MOSS WERE COLLECTED FROM EVERY GREENHOUSE IN CALIFORNIA TO MAKE A CASTLE USED IN THE "CRUSADES" LOOK AUTHENTIC.

GLENDA FARRELL'S LATEST ADMIRER LEAVES A POTTED PLANT EVERY DAY ON HER DOORSTEP...AS SOON AS SHE'S GONE TO THE STUDIO SNEAKS IN AND TENDS TO HER GARDEN...she's never even seen him!
"Every bride knows a secret that every girl should learn...she knows how to charm," an exquisite bride confided. "My beauty rules are different. I would never dream of making up without first putting on a few drops of perfume. Instantly its fragrance makes me a new person...joyous...confident...alive! Only then am I sure that my cosmetics will make me look the way I want to look."

What a marvellous method of make-up! You really won't believe what wonderful results it will have until you try it yourself with Blue Waltz Perfume.

Almost as though you were touched with a magic wand, this exquisite perfume makes you feel different...lovelier...more glamorous. The very lines of your face seem to change...become softer and more alluring!

Now you are ready to apply Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. You may be sure they will blend perfectly with your natural beauty which Blue Waltz Perfume has awakened. See how warm and luscious your lips look. Notice what fine, fresh, smooth tone this luxurious powder gives your skin. And if you cannot believe your own eyes, the admiring eyes of others will tell you the truth!

You are really unfair to your beauty...and to your natural yearning for romance...if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection they are "certified to be pure" and sample sizes are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

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Perfume and Cosmetics...FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
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Modern Screen

See Our MOVIE SCOREBOARD

$2,500.00 CASH PRIZES IN THIS ISSUE
This gorgeous, new kind of dry rouge actually stays on all day and gives you a vital, glamorous lure that's irresistible. Because of its superfine texture and special quality, IRRESISTIBLE ROUGE blends perfectly with your skin...defies detection...and looks like the natural bloom of radiant, sparkling youth.

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M A S C A R A

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The new and improved Emollient Winx brings three
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Buy a box of this perfected cake Winx today—only 10c—
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Harry T. Brundidge 32

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SHE CAN TAKE IT  Marie O’Baron talks back to Hollywood...................... Elizabeth Ellis 42
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DON’T CALL HIM SCREEN LOVER  Charles Boyer resents it.................... Carter Bruce 51
I’LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN  Ginger Rogers swears off!....................... Caroline Somers Hoyt 52

TRY THIS ON YOUR NEIGHBORS  Scavenging with Maureen O’Sullivan...... Gladys Hall 54
IT’S THRILLING TO BE AN ACTRESS  An unusual Kay Francis story........ Faith Service 56

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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire-only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment.... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan Crawford - Montgomerty

in NO MORE LADIES

with Charlie Ruggles....Franchot Tone....Edna May Oliver
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture....Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Between you and me

Has your letter appeared in this corner?
Get busy!

On the Downpath?

Can’t something be done about the situation in which Ann Hard-
ing, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis find themselves right now? They are shuffling for the last round-up rapidly because of poor stories and poor everything. Aren’t they worthy of as much attention as Shearer and Crawford? And is Ruth Chatterton (pictured) too far gone to make a comeback? She was a real actress, but those awful stories she had in her latter days were enough to kill any star.—W. P. H., Manchester, Tenn.

To Tom-Tom

Although I am a true motion picture fan, I have never had an actor or actress impress me to the point where I was over-anxious to hear more about him as well as to see him get his share of publicity. The actor of whom I am writing is Felix Knight. I believe his portrayal of Tom-Tom in “Babes in Toyland” was as nearly perfect as it could be. And what a voice!—Carole B., Chicopee, Mass.

A Toast to Youth

Here’s a toast to that up-and-coming young screen team, Dixie Lee and Joe Morrison, who sing their blithe way through “Love in Bloom.” We are charmed by their sincere acting. And how they can sing! Another point is their genuine youth. After all, we’re getting tired of middle-aged heroes singing to not-so-young heroines. But Dixie and Joe sing with the rest of youth and put over their love scenes beautifully. —Lillian Johnson, Burlingame, Calif.

Bob Montgomery’s “Biography”

“The Divorcee” who had a “Hideout” on “The Easiest Way” was “Made on Broadway” by “The Man in Possession,” who knew that “Strangers May Kiss” and that “When Ladies Meet” they speak “Another Language.”

“The War Nurses” in their “Priv-

ate Lives” are “Frightless” to their “Pug- nitive Lovers.” “But the Flesh is Weak,” so “Forsaking All Others,” they follow “Their Own Desire” and are caught in a “Ripride” as “Lovers Courageous.”

“Shipmates” and “Love in the Rough” by “Hell Below,” and “Blonde of the Follies” becomes “Our Blushing Bride.”

“So This Is College” exclaimed “Vanessa,” when “Letty Lynton” through an “Inspiration” solved “The Mystery of Mr. X.”—Katherine Skemp, La Crosse, Wis.

One Fan to Another

Few fans have re-
gard for standards of beauty. Geneva Miller, you are wrong! Jean Harlow is not beauti-

ful. Her eyes, eye-
brows, nose and chin contradict her supposed beauty. In fact, I think her entire face is unattractive. If it were not for expert lighting she would be very lonely.

Another damsel whose picture would never be hung in a picture gal-

lery for sheer beauty is Constance Bennett. Her body, starved-looking face, chilly expression and ill-propor-
tioned body are so repulsive that I can’t pay any attention to her acting. Ditto for Hepburn.

(Continued on page 9)

Results of questionnaire on page 106
COTTONS ARE the fabrics for your cool summer clothes and you have never seen such a variety of unusual textures and patterns as are available in the stores. And so inexpensive, too! You can have all three of these attractive costumes shown this month for a mere fraction of what it would cost to buy them. Pattern 907 is Bette Davis’ darling gingham evening dress trimmed with perky flutings of white piqué. The peplum is a youthful detail as is the big contrasting bow. Then you can’t do without a white linen suit like Pattern 908. It’s Claire Trevor’s favorite because of its trim jacket, fitted through the waist and buttoning with three center buttons. The skirt is slim. One of the uncrushable linens will make this a practical all-summer suit. Then we have copied Rosemary Ames’ striped lawn dress, Pattern 934, because it is the essence of cool smartness. The high, yoke neckline and short full sleeves give a nice bodice detail. The skirt is made with panels in which the stripes are used both vertically and in diagonal effect. Rosemary’s wide-brimmed hat has the same banding as her belt. All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.
By Mary Biddle

Julie Haydon's charming new hairdress is ideal for summer. Note the cool hairline in back.

How to keep your hairbrush clean: use a brush—immerse flour on bristles.

Rule 2. Never soak the bristles only.

Rule 3. Place your brush with bristles down to dry.

Rule 4. When your hair is soiled protect brush with gauze.

Here's your chance to shine! Oh, not just in your own special hobby or activity, although that may come indirectly, but to shine in the one thing in which all of you want most to shine—the art of being radiantly attractive. Summer offers you your opportunity. Summer and sunshine, the simple magic of soap and water, shampoos, brushes, new coiffures, miraculous creams, new make-up... result, new girl!

Radiance, shininess, cleanliness—how they all fit in together! And we're going at this business of making you shine, clear from the crown of your topknot to the tips of your toes, with a vengeance. We'll have to keep you on your toes until next month before we really get much below your neck, because this month we're devoting ourselves mostly to "the tops" in beauty... the coiffure and the face... but we won't forget the business of pedicures in August.

First, let's think of the shining heads we most admire in Hollywood. Think of Norma Shearer's lustrous, glossy hair that always looks as if it had been brushed and brushed and brushed—and Kay Francis' dark hairdress that is as sleek as a raven's wing; Ginger Rogers' tresses that took such a sophisticated upturn in "Roberta" and Carole Lombard's smooth, blonde cap, and Julie Haydon... Well, you don't have to visualize Julie in your mind's eye, for here she is right before you, in three lovely photographs. Her new hairdress is a triumph in coolness, freshness, charm and chic. It is a glorified version of the French twist.

But before we go into the romantic trends of new coiffures, let's get our topknots into condition. If we were to take a ribbon to "tie back our bonny brown hair, " as the old, old song goes, we could tie exactly seven knots in it, and each knot would represent an important thing to remember about our summertime topknots. Incidentally, Hollywood this summer favors the girlish effect, and more practically, the restraining effect of a ribbon on fly-away locks.

Now for the first knot: shampoo your hair often enough. You may wrinkle up your noses in disdain, and think this is an unnecessary reminder, but I can assure you that it (Continued on page 94)

It's wise to keep a cool head for summer comfort!
Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 6)

There are few beautiful women on the screen. Among these are Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Colbert, Shearer and Sten.—"Just Me."

Recognition!

People are continually arguing and debating as to who is the greatest screen actress. Granted there are many publicized stars and talented ladies, little has been said in praise of one deserving young woman who has worked to establish herself as a favorite. My hat is off to Myrna Loy. She is a fine comedienne, has loads of charm, turns in flawless performances and, above all, possesses wholesomeness. What more could one ask? Good luck, Miss Loy!—L. G. R., San Pedro, Calif.

Neil Hamilton Admirer

Have you ever stopped to think what a great actor Neil Hamilton is? Anyone who is honest enough to admit the truth will agree with me in saying that he has done more than any actor on the screen to give sure fire entertainment. What is more he has always fought his way alone. True enough some of his pictures were a flop, but through no fault of his. "Here Comes the Groom" was perhaps the weakest story he ever did. The ones I enjoyed most were "Two Heads on a Pillow," "Blind Date," "Fugitive Lady," and "Once to Every Bachelor." People are still raving about his fine performances in these films.—Marie Hughes, New York, N. Y.

What's Your Opinion?

It's about time some movie magazine did something for us movie fans and I'm glad Modern Screen (my favorite magazine) was the one to do it. What am I talking about? Why your "Movie Scoreboard," of course. All we have to do now is look up the rating of any picture to see if it is suitable enough to visit. You just can't miss this way. Not only does it save us money but also time. Yes, sir, it takes Modern Screen to think up something sensible like that.—Marie Bonafide, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I wouldn't miss a copy of Modern Screen for worlds, but I did miss "The Report Card" in the last two issues. What'samatter? Your magazine is the best movie publication I've found so far and I read every page in it.

The "Movie Scoreboard" is good but give us "The Report Card." I enjoy comparing my rating with yours and usually I agree, but I did think "The Most Precious Thing in Life" deserved a far better rating and as for "Crime Without Passion," it was a crime to have to sit through it.—Evelyn Taplett, Tyndall, South Dakota.

I purchased your March issue and found the customary directory of pictures missing. This was a department I found of much use and your comments quite dependable, i.e., your judgments were about

(Continued on page 13)
Tom Brown grins back at you.

CARLOTTA DALLE, Buffalo, N. Y.; FRANCES HARRITY, Philadelphia, Pa.; BEVERLY PARTRIDGE, New York, N. Y.; M. ELLA BLACKBURN, Atlanta, Ga.; J. R. S. PORTER, San Diego, Calif.; M. M., Lathivalence, Ky.; DOROTHY M. FISHER, New York, N. Y.; "SKE":"Tom Brown," whose smiling face graces our pages this month, in no way for "information as per your request. No matter how you look at it, he is still Tom Brown—her look is his real name—and his ancestors came from Dublin, Ireland. Born in New York City on January 14, 1901, he is the son of Harry and Catherine Brown, both Irish. Tom is a musical comedy star. At the age of 6 months he was sent to the United States. The world got to the arms of his mother before the boat left, and he has been appearing on or off in stage or screen ever since. The New York Professional Children's School is one of his educational institutions, and Brown University very nearly could have done the same. In the fall of 1921, he decided to concentrate all his efforts on an acting career. He was a well known child actor in the days of silent films and was prominently cast in more than 50 films, both on Broadway and on the road, to say nothing of his appearances on stage. In December, 1928, this popular personality arrived in Hollywood, destitute of concentrating entirely on screen work—and has been there ever since. To many, Tom is the American youth. He is modest and unassuming about his success, likes to mingle with automobilists and play practical jokes, is an ardent devotee of all outdoor sports but is especially enthusiastic about swimming and hiking. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and medium brown hair. His next picture will be "Black Sheep" which is being filmed at Fox Studios. Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif.

G. A. H. Waterville, Me.—The movies are working overtime on dual starring comedies. In "The Man Who Loved Woman," both the part of the man and that of Carla Rocero (the woman) were handled by Eugene featuring Claude. Waite. Donald O'Connor played two parts in "Follies Benzere" and Edwin G. Robinson is illuminating the role of the man in the movies and see double! You may write Mr. O'Connor regarding the best way to get the role of "The Man Who Loved Woman." MARGARET THOMSON, Washington, D. C.—CATHALINE M. BLONDEL, New York, N. Y.—LEETTE HALL, Baltimore, Md.—HELEN HURST, Hollywood, Calif.—MYRNA DUFFY, New York, N. Y.,began their parts in "The Man Who Loved Woman," and "The Little Rascals," respectively. She is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and medium brown hair. Her next picture will be "Black Sheep" which is being filmed at Fox Studios. Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif.

Free Booklet shows how to dress your hair like the stars.

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Tom Brown grins back at you.

But she did, and when she was in school. In fact, she was very proficient in athletics and still enjoys a game of tennis. After college, she entered a secretarial school and later traveled through Europe for some months. Meanwhile, she decided to take a film at the stage and what's more, was very successful and appeared in a number of New York hits. Then Hollywood, her first picture, "Confession of the Queen," hit the screen. She has been married three times, most recently to Armin Mackenna. Her baby is in Paris, with whom she is the real star's of the picture. She has blue hair and blue-gray eyes in three colors. She is very strong and weighs 125 pounds. After "The Goose and the Gander," she played "Winner." But her next picture will be "The Man Who Loved Woman." MARGARET THOMSON, Washington, D. C.—CATHALINE M. BLONDEL, New York, N. Y.—LEETTE HALL, Baltimore, Md.—HELEN HURST, Baltimore, Md.—MYRNA DUFFY, New York, N. Y.,began their parts in "The Man Who Loved Woman," and "The Little Rascals," respectively. She is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and medium brown hair. Her next picture will be "Black Sheep" which is being filmed at Fox Studios. Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif.

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I
t happened one day—that I was having lunch with Claudette Colbert in New York. Claudette was radiant! Behind her was the triumph of the Academy Award for her splendid performance in the best picture of the year—"It Happened One Night." Ahead of her was a New York vacation with all that such a vacation means to a Hollywood star—theaters and shops to be visited, interviews to be given and affectionate admiration to be received on all sides. And for more immediate enjoyment there was before us the prospect of a truly delicious lunch in the Netherland Restaurant of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. This towering structure, where Claudette was stopping during her metropolitan sojourn, stands on Fifth Avenue at the very entrance to Central Park, providing a lovely background as viewed from the large plate glass windows of the balcony on which our table was situated. From time to time, we glanced out at the passing cars and hurrying children, parkward bound. But the greater part of my attention was given to Claudette's sparkling conversation and to the delicious foods we were eating with great relish.

"It's my French ancestry, no doubt, which makes me appreciate good things to eat," Claudette was saying as dainty and unusual canapés were being passed with our cocktails. "Not elaborate foods," she hastened to assure us. "No, for I think it is an error (though a very common one) to think that French foods are always complicated to cook and ornate to behold. Certainly the French chef or maître de cuisine as he prefers to be called, can create masterpieces with spun sugar and a pastry tube. But he may (and probably does) prefer to be known for the lightness of his omelette, for the smooth consistency of his Hollandaise and for the flavor of the sauces he uses with seafoods.

Then, too, the true Frenchman brings to the table the kind of appreciation for fine foods which makes the cook's heart rejoice. Breakfast is 'of a simplicity'—to translate the phrase literally. Lunch consists generally of but one main dish, often some special egg combination, followed by a compote of fruit. But dinner—ah! That is an event—lovingly prepared and planned for in advance, whether the scene of its preparation is the hearth of the simplest Normandy cottage or the mammoth kitchens of some renowned Parisian restaurant. This meal is eaten with an air of elegance considered to be suitable for the occasion.

"MY MOTHER," continued Claudette. as the main lunchcourse was being brought in, "my mother abides by these traditions. I can remember that as a child when we were poor, mother had to do the housework. During the day she went about her tasks in simple house dresses but when dinner time (Continued on page 76)
Between You’n’ Me

(Continued from page 9)

as I might make in most cases. It is possible that this enterprise is quite costly and is not profitable to your general patronage, but it was a division useful to us.—Cecil Hahn, Denver, Colorado. (How many of you really prefer “The Report Card” to “The Movie Scoreboard”? Or don’t you care? Well, if you have any feelings one way or the other, don’t keep them a secret.—Editor).

Honest Homage

I would like to say a few words in your column about two stars who appeal to me greatly for very special reasons—Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone.

So much has been written about Jean Harlow’s beauty and her sex appeal, her so-called vulgarity and cheapness, that the very mention of these things will call forth arguments. But there is something for which Harlow “boosters” and “booers” alike must give her credit. This is her loyalty to the fans who made her a star, and her sportsmanship, her ability to “take it” which she has been displaying in these last hard months. So to you, Jean Harlow, we pay homage and say, “You can take it, and we’re for you, one and all.”

To this second star, I should like to pay homage for another reason. To Franchot Tone, for his ability to make up his mind not to talk about himself and his private affairs and to stick to his decision, goes the very largest orchestral from Winchell’s hot box. There may be better actors and handsome men, but never will there be a more sincere one or a better sport.

May the gods of the studios givethese two stars the breaks they so deserve!—Ena Grassman, Riverside, Calif.

More of Maurice

In your February issue I noticed that, according to box office receipts, Maurice Chevalier is no longer numbered among the elite of screen favorites. Perhaps in some places this is true but I am glad to be able to state that in our city his pictures fill the theatres. It is the opinion of my friends and myself that the diminishing popularity of this exceptional star is due to the nature of the films in which he is cast, rather than to any failing on the part of the actor.

Chevalier certainly possesses rare charm, an abundance of marvelous personality, acting ability—which he has proven—and an excellent appearance, though not handsome. And, believe me, his age is an asset, nothing less. One gets completely disgusted with this infantile sophistication in daily contacts, without paying to see it on the screen.

Please, producers and directors, give this delightful star an opportunity of displaying his talents in better films. Take him out of the everlasting boudoir scenes and give him a real part that is not reeking with suggestiveness. We are not calling for the role of a saint—just that of a decent, real man!—Marie Callaghan, San Antonio, Texas.

(Continued on page 17)

“ACCIDENT” PANIC!

A fear every woman knows—ended by the new “CERTAIN-SAFE” MODESS

A THOUSAND times you’ve wondered, as every woman has... “Is the sanitary napkin I’m wearing really protecting me completely from the hideous embarrassment of an accident?”

Now, you can put that worry out of your mind forever! For a new type napkin has recently been perfected, which combines three special protective features—yours only in the new Modess. You can actually see and feel the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through (2) tearing away (3) incomplete absorption.

Get a box of the new “Certain-Safe” Modess. (You won’t be risking a penny... see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you test out the new Modess in use, you’ll understand exactly how and why it offers complete protection from embarrassing accidents.

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Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5*, extraordinary; 4*,
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(Continued on page 78)

very good: 3*, good: 2*, fair: 1*, poor: 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty
New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman
Chicago Herald- Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Times
Andre Sennwald
Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons

Movie Scoreboard

15
Don't blame Henry Wilcoxon for that long bob. He has to wear it for "The Crusades" and he's pretty sick of it, too. Claudette Colbert, all fresh from a New York vacation, looks swell.

(Top) Mary Carlisle pins a posy on Richard Cromwell at the opening of the Brothers Westmore salon (see page 36 for an account of this). (Center) It's Fredric March, though you might not guess it, at the Westmore party. The haircut is for "Anna Karenina" in which Fred is Garbo's leading man.

(Below) Also Westmore party. The Westmore twins—Em on the left and Perc on the right—are shown with Kay Francis and Charles Laughton. Laughton's "Les Miserables" haircut is growing out.

(Below) All pictures by Scott!
Between You ’ n ’ Me

(Continued from page 13)

**Crosby-Ross Fans vs. Marie Rippel**

I ’ m always ready to be “up in arms” for the defense of Bing Crosby, and Marie Rippel ’ s letter in the April issue of Modern Screen made me boil. The writer praised Dick Powell to the skies and dragged Bing and Lanny Ross away down below the dumps. While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were very unjust. For me, Bing is the tops ...

—Estelle Myers, Camden, S. C. I don ’ t care what Marie Rippel has to say about Lanny Ross, but when she has the nerve to compare Dick Powell with Our Bing, I ’ ve got to protest. I saw Dick Powell in one picture and once was enough. All I could think of was a monkey on a string. I ’ d rather hear a crow caw than hear him sing. But Bing is so breathtakingly handsome and his acting so real and convincing ... all these great gifts combined with the most thrilling romantic voice in the world makes Bing what he is today, the very tops in the entertainment world ... —Janice Bronson, Watervliet, N. Y. When Bing Crosby sings it just turns one ’ s heart and soul aflutter. He has the sweetest voice and manners of any male singer I ’ ve ever heard. As for Lanny Ross, I ’ d term him just as bad as Dick Powell, who bores me to death. His singing isn ’ t even fit for the sea gulls to listen to. He has no expression or emotion ... —Romaine Fox, Santa Barbara, Calif. “ A couple of hundred thousand girls can ’ t be wrong when they say that Bing, the most popular screen crooner, is “well,” “marvelous” ...

—Sue Albizati, Bayonne, N. J. Why compare Dick Powell with Lanny Ross? It ’ s just like comparing a piece of Lambert cheese to a big, delicious Strawberry Short Cake ... —Evelyn Sachs and Estelle Bob, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dick Powell, Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross are grand and I am for them one hundred per cent. —Betsy Seipel, Chicago Heights, Ill. Surely if Bing ’ s voice is stale and his acting no good, why does he rank seventh among the big box-office stars? Dick Powell is somewhere around 16th ... —Doris Wilderunt, University City, Mo. I ’ m surprised at Marie ’ s opinion of two of the nicest young men on the screen—Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross ... —Lillian Ohr, New York, N. Y. I cannot think of anything that would improve Lanny Ross ’ s voice or his acting. —L. Nicholls, Birmingham, Ala. Dick Powell should get the frog out of his throat and put some expression into his singing. Lanny Ross is one of the ugliest and most dissipated-looking actors on the screen. He looks as if he went out on a binge every night. His singing is like Powell ’ s, only worse. But God be blessed for giving us Bing Crosby. He ’ ll stay King of Crooners until he dies ... —Loretta Thompson. (These are excerpts from just a few of the letters which indignant Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross fans have been hurling at Miss Rippel since her “attack” appeared in the April issue.)

(Continued on page 106)
PREVIEW FLASHES
FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter ... ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as 'The Cisco Kid'. So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaacho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amiselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars ... if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!

WARNER BAXTER and KETTI GALLIAN
in a fiery romance
'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'
A B. G. De SYLVA PRODUCTION
with TITO GUIZAR
Radio's Troubadour of Love
VELOZ and YOLANDA
internationally renowned Artists of the Dance
Directed by James Tinling

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breathtaking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES
FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test ... studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts before they see it. Then they check their judgment after the performance. And it's amazing how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood ... when you look for entertainment, look for the name
Behold the beautiful Crawford as you will see her in "No More Ladies." This picture is an adaptation of the great stage hit and gives both Joan and her popular side-kick, Bob Montgomery, another breezy, gayly sophisticated hit to follow "For-saking All Others." Joan's stand-in, you'll be interested to know, is none other than her own sister-in-law. And brother Hal Le Sueur is an extra in another picture on the same lot. Quite a clan reunion!
Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you’ll hear the credit line, “Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D.” • Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They’re as much a part of their owner’s anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. • From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you’ll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B.V.D. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.
Since George Brent has been known as Garbo's best beau, he hasn't been able to have a private thought! However, 'tis said Old Favorite John Gilbert is now muscling in on La Garbo's attentions. Kay Francis takes Brent's screen time with both "Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded" planned for them.
Pippo, the cat, and Skippy, the Scot, share this spotlight with their increasingly popular master, Phillip Reed. Phil is in "The Girl from 10th Avenue" with Bette Davis.
Romantic rumors are whizzing around Janet's pretty head but she keeps discreetly quiet. 'Tis said her real heart is a doctor. Meanwhile "The Farmer Takes a Wife" keeps her busy.
Rosalind Russell and Robert Taylor—write their names down now on your future star list because you are going to hear from them both. Although both Rosalind and Bob have had only small parts in several M-G-M hits, they have registered that certain something that it takes to click; they're already personalities to their audiences. Rosalind, dark, slim and aristocratic, was very good in "Reckless" and she'll feature next in "China Seas." Bob Taylor steps out in front after "Times Square Lady" and you'll think he's swell in "Broadway Melody of 1935." Watch them climb the cinema ladder!
Two grand troupers you have been hoping to see again are Bruce Cabot and Dixie Lee. Both are on their way back to stardom. Bruce became discouraged with the uninteresting parts doled out to him so he took a prolonged vacation in Europe until holidaying palled. Then he made "Let 'Em Have It!" and his career picked up. M-G-M has him slated for a bright future. Dixie, of course, had to get the Crosby twins and Gary Leon well set on a robust schedule before she could think about anything but a mother role. Now she's leading the "Redheads on Parade," a Fox production.

Comeback Bets
"How'm I doin', boys, without the bustles?" asks Mae, switching an odd Paradise feather or two on one of the modern creations she wears in "Goin' to Town." The West contours will be even more come-hither in modern dress—not to mention the inimitable Westian repartee which is streamlined!
"Hope my permanent comes out all right..."
"Wish I could be sure my hair wouldn't get frizzy..."
"If my hair only came out like the pictures..."

If these are the thoughts running through your head before you get a wave, it's good to know that you can help yourself. There's a definite guide for soft, lovely, lustrous waves and curls. See that Eugene Sachets are wrapped on your hair when you sit for a permanent. You can trust your hairdresser to set the wave becomingly ... but see for yourself what actually goes on your hair to wave it.

Each Sachet contains the exact amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. Each is filled by Eugene as carefully as a chemist fills a prescription. No guesswork, as in the home-made wrappers that often go with a "bargain wave." No harsh ingredients to eat the life out of your hair. No hazard!

So, if you would heap pretty curls on your head, look for Eugene trade-marked Sachets! Trust to their proved safety...not to luck!

One Eugene Sachet Sent You Free. Examine this sachet. Acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's. We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!" a booklet of new hair styles, with instructions about keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Eugene Permanent Waves
MIND you—I don’t always blame them, but why does it always happen to me? Not once in my arduous career of bumping my head against stars have I attempted to wheedle or extract information from an actor or actress who preferred to remain silent.

Never once if, during an interview, these luminaries prefaced a statement with: “Now, please don’t quote me—but...” did I divulge the confidence in print. And some of those parenthetical remarks would have made Walter Winchell wake up and scream, “Gimme, gimme!”

In spite of or perhaps because of my professional politeness and sympathy, I am forever running into true confessions or wonderful yarns which your favorite stars confidentially tell me although they are fully aware that I come to see them solely to get a story, and not exactly to pass the time of day.

After pouring out their hearts and a cup of tea, they permit me to depart, grateful for their frankness and good sense, and anticipating how much you, dear reader, will enjoy reading it all.

Yet, it seems no sooner has the front door shut behind me, than said star, or said star’s press agent, or advisor, or studio, or mother-in-law, or best girl friend, decides that said star must have been out of his (or her) mind to have divulged what he (or she) did. Although what was said probably was no more harmful to anyone than a screen murder.

WHEREUPON THE campaign begins—to persuade me not to print the story—or to put me on the spot if I do. Sometimes the story goes to press before it is suggested that it never should have been—which makes the situation even more tense. Sometimes... But suppose you decide for yourself whether or not to pity a poor, struggling fan writer!

A certain famous star and her husband were about to spend a belated honeymoon in Europe. They were looking forward to the holiday with the excitement of

Can you recognize the beautiful, exotic Marlene Dietrich as one of the stars who went back on her word in this very intriguing tale?

Charles Butterworth doesn’t look as if he would break his promise to anyone, does he? But he did, and you can try to identify him!
Three more who said things they didn’t want printed! Top to bottom: Clara Bow, Clark Gable and Margaret Sullavan. It takes some good sleuthing to pin the related incidents to the personalities. Try it.

a pair of kids. It was to be their first jaunt abroad.

At the jolly farewell party on shipboard I jokingly suggested to the tune of clinking ice that she keep a diary of her travel impressions and that I edit them and have them published. Laughingly, she agreed.

After three months the newlyweds returned. Tea-ing with the star, at a smart New York hotel one afternoon, I playfully demanded my spoils—the diary. Well, she admitted, she hadn’t exactly kept a diary—but she had the most complete mental notes. The trip was so vivid in her mind that she could reproduce every incident chronologically and visualize every picturesque scene.

And she proceeded to do so—talking steadily for three hours on the highlights of her stay in France, England and St. Moritz. I took notes as she chattered brightly on for she had her own inimitable way of stating things, plus a refreshing sense of humor.

“You know,” I said, “I am going to print this as your diary, and I want your permission to write it in the first person—actually as if you, yourself, had written it instead of telling me.”

“If my permission is all you want, here it is, honey,” and she wrote her name across a blank sheet of white paper and handed it to me.

“Look out,” I said, “that’s dangerous, you may be signing your life away.”

“I trust you,” was her answer.

“But,” I cautioned, “you’ll certainly want to read what your proxy has written before it’s published.”

“Oh, that won’t be necessary,” she answered. “Don’t bother about sending it all the way to Hollywood. Just write what I’ve told you, and everything will be hunky-dory.”

“What Naive trust!” thought I, amazed, but nevertheless, touched by her faith in me. I determined to edit the story carefully, even to eliminating certain expressions which might not exactly redound to the lady’s credit. She had a reputation for startling frankness which she never failed to live up to.

So I wrote the story, using her exact words except when it was necessary to trim, edit, delete, or dress up a remark. Her singular manner of expressing herself was all there, and I patted myself on the back for adhering so faithfully to the original and adding nothing of my own.

The story was duly published, and brought shrieks of delight from the lady’s thousands of ardent fans.

Came the dawn—and a telephone call from a frantic editor. The world was coming to an end—war would be declared—what should he do? “About what?” I asked innocently.

“About that diary!” he groaned. “Oh, why did we ever print it?”

“I don’t know,” said I trying to be helpful, but still in the dark. “Why did we?”

“She now insists,” the editor moaned, paying no attention to my query, “That she has been grossly misquoted. Not in her wildest moments would she have said, that the ladies in that certain country dressed without taste, that the climate was unbearable, that the houses were unheated, that she preferred living in America!”

“The—she didn’t!” I yelled, for the moment forgetting Emily Post. “But why (Continued on page 82)
HER FORMER schoolmates have eulogized the girl they had forgotten till she became famous. Fellow-actors have discussed her artistry. Doormen have praised her technique in slipping through doors. Photographers have written treatises on Garbo’s back. Sound men have penned odes to her vast silences.

In fact, Garbo has been so analyzed, psychomanalyzed, psychiatrized in public print that she couldn’t be interviewed without making someone out a liar.

Only one angle hasn’t been covered. And I might do that. Not that I’ve seen Garbo. I’ve found it just as difficult to get a glimpse of the elusive beauty as Louis B. Mayer, head of her studio, who, so they say, has managed to get her in his office only once.

Neither was I lucky enough to have a reservation at the Trocadero on that famous night when Garbo made her first public appearance. You see, the Trocadero serves straws in its mint juleps, and Yankee’s putting straws in mint juleps is what started the Civil War.

In fact, Hollywood just doesn’t have the knack of conjuring up a good mint julep. To be good, mint leaves must be grown on the grave of a Confederate brigadier. And it seems as if so many Iowans moved to California they didn’t leave any room for retired Confederate brigadiers.

But speaking of Iowans brings me back to Garbo. In my life they are synonymous. It may seem a long way from Stockholm to Oscaloosa, but the road to each crosses my back yard.

And my back yard, not to mention my front yard, is why I am one of the greatest authorities on Garbo-ana. Believe it or not, I am the head of the family who live in Garbo’s house. And I have slept in Garbo’s bed—alone.

INCIDENTALLY, it was some bed. It would have to be to hold a man of my girth and poundage. It was a huge, mahogany four-poster bed with a very hard mattress, but, of course, I like a hard mattress. Women usually don’t. But being ascetic and Nordic, Garbo apparently didn’t go in for the feathered luxuries of a temperate clime.

Sleeping in Garbo’s bed did something to me—that and gazing out of her old bedroom over the arroyo, forming Santa Monica canyon, to the green hills in the distance. When the bed went the way of all antiques—and, anyhow, it didn’t belong to us—I thought Garbo had gone out of my life forever. But fate didn’t ordain it that way. Her life crossed mine again just this morning. As I was rummaging through some drawers, I dug out another rare treasure.

It’s simply priceless. I’m going to will it to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to preserve as an eternal souvenir of the Great Garbo. No, perhaps that would be wrong; it would be unfair to my grandchildren. I may decide to leave it to them so they can bring it out on state occasions—this thing with fancy trimmings of lace and doo-dads, and tell their breathless friends how their venerable granddad’s aches and pains were soothed and alleviated by Greta Garbo’s hot water bottle.

Garbo’s hot water bottle will (Continued on page 112)
COBB, POOR MAN, BOUGHT GARBO'S FORMER HOME—SINCE THEN—BUT READ HIS PATHETIC STORY!

Hollywood mint juleps.

ILLUSTRATED BY RIVERÓN

Visiting firemen and Iowans peer glassily at Mr. Cobb's siesta.
THERE'S TOO MUCH HOOEY

Jeanette MacDonald spiritedly debunks all the so-called

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S rare beauty isn't her only refreshing quality. This lovely girl, with the golden voice and the figure Herr Lubitsch loved to undress (in every picture) and the exquisite hair, also has unusual intelligence, a keen wit, a swell sense of humor and an ability for biting and withering sarcasm. Knowing all this, it was with anticipatory pleasure that your correspondent hied away to Beverly Hills and the MacDonald homestead, to discuss with this particular soprano all the sacrifices—from love to food—which, according to the best tradition, must be made by all singers who attain importance.

The servant, who admitted me, led me to the drawing room to behold the rare picture of a prima donna who can be looked upon, as well as heard, with pleasure. She was standing there, framed in the doorway, a gorgeous picture in black and burnished gold; the black of a tea-gown, the burnished gold of what old-fashioned folks used to call a crown of glory. There was that eternal twinkling in her eyes, top—orbits sometimes gray, sometimes green, but always bright and merry. She led the way to a yellow settee of doubtful value as an antique, and after the preliminary skirmish I asked my leading question.

"What sacrifices have you had to make in order to cultivate your lovely voice and also to become a famous star?"

"SACRIFICES?" she questioned, puckering her pretty lips. "Baloney! The sacrifices singers are supposed to make are virtually 100 per cent hooey! It's mostly a lot of bunk formulated by singers who sought to legitimize as 'sacrifices' all the things they did not like and did not want to do. And such alleged 'sacrifices' became tradition. I understand this perfectly, for I too have aided and abetted in the perpetuation of some of the old traditions, and in originating new ones. I'll tell you how and why.

"When I first came to Hollywood, a greenhorn, I was taken advantage of, no end. On one occasion, at Paramount, I was worked eighteen consecutive hours and, while I was a willing worker, I might have done irreparable damage to my voice. So, realizing I was being abused, I announced I would never again work more than ten hours in one day. What happened? I regularly got a call to report for work at 9 A.M. and for days and days I leaped out of bed at 7 A.M. and began getting the old pipes in tune for 9 A.M. Usually, by 8:30 o'clock, the voice was hitting on all six and I arrived at the studio, pepped up, 'in voice' and a-rarin' to go to work. And, day after day, I stood around for one, two, three or more hours before the pipes were called upon to start piping, and by the time I got the 'go' signal I was so weary of waiting, so tired physically,

By Harry T. Brundidge
ABOUT "SACRIFICE"...!

eccentricities good singers seem to delight in

that I couldn't do my stuff as it is supposed to be done. I was, of course, upset, and believe me there is no bunk about it when I say that a singer can't sing when she is emotionally upset. The old cords tighten up and the muscles in the throat refuse to relax.

"THAT WAS an experience which led me to formulate some new bunk. Miss MacDonald made an iron-clad rule: She could not sing before noon, regardless! She not only could not sing before noon, but she would not. She made another rule: When Miss MacDonald was tired, whether it be 1 P.M. or 5 A.M., Miss MacDonald would take her voice home! Now, all this is hooey. I can get out of bed at any hour of the day or night and, after giving my voice a brief warming up, I can sing. As well at 3 A.M., if not tired, of course, as at 3 P.M. But, after my early experiences on sound stages, I decided not to loaf around sets and get upset, and, besides, I simply adore that before-noon sleep! So, you can see by my own admission, the truth of my statement that the 'sacrifice' stuff is mostly hokum. But we're only scratching the surface. Let's get serious and dig considerably deeper."

MISS MacDONALD leaned back in the settee and continued:

"Much of the hooey about the sacrifices of singers can be traced back to childhood training. I was the only one of the three daughters of Daniel MacDonald who showed any promise of developing into a singer, and because of this fact my dad watched my every movement, and viewed with alarm my every cough and sneeze. If I blew my nose, he was at my side, inquiring if I was catching cold. Elsie and Blossom, my sisters, were much more susceptible to colds than me, but he never paid any attention to their sneezes. I was the singer! What happened? Because of the power of suggestion, plus the fact that I was very conscious of this added attention, I became the recipient for any cold that was on the loose in Philadelphia.

"So it was that my 'sacrifices' to my voice began very, very early. I was guarded against draughts, warned against wet feet, and went around day and night with my throat wrapped up. I was constantly having atomizers and all manner of patented what-nots shoved into my throat and nostrils, and was forever sputtering and gargling. All of which was a lot of bunk I had to outgrow. I suspected as much quite early in my career and immediately set out to harden myself against the elements. Soon I was defying the elements instead of guarding against them, and it worked.

"Today I have nothing in common with the tenors, sopranos and baritones who talk about being slaves to their vocal cords and who stroll about with their throats muffled up and their pockets full of lozenges and gargles. I do not go in for gargles, special foods, special exercises and deep breathing, and as for mufflers—bah! I'm a firm believer in the open-throated, open-chested school of thought. And I'm not the slave of my vocal cords. True, I take precautions against abusing them; a piano player doesn't fool around with doors and windows to see if these will pinch his fingers. I will not sing after having spent most of the night dancing. I won't sing when I'm tired or sleepy."

"Naughty, Marietta" MacDonald who jeers gayly at fellow singers who give "all" to their art. She lives and loves—and even eats—as well as sings.

(Continued on page 103)
IF Joel can't do it, it can't be done," said Frances Dee with a finality that gave no doubt as to her opinion of her husband Joel McCrea's ability to do anything. The particular task that elicited this remark was milking the family cow. It seems that Joel, the big, outdoor man, who can ride a horse, rope a steer and brand a calf with the best of them, had never before attempted to milk a cow. But, for the benefit of his press agent and a cameraman, he tried. First, to the astonishment of those who knew better, he placed the stool on the wrong side of the cow. That slight but bewildering (to the cow) mistake having been remedied, Joel started milking. To the amazement of Mr. and Mrs. McCrea nothing happened. "How do you work this?" he asked and, having received further instructions, made another attempt without success, which brought forth the declaration of confidence from his pretty wife.

Such sublime faith in his ability to perform even so specialized a task as milking a cow is an indication of Frances Dee's feelings toward her handsome husband and he reciprocates to the fullest extent. These young people, after being married for a year and a half, are repeatedly referred to as Hollywood's ideal couple.

They don't wish to be held up as shining examples, having, no doubt, a superstition that talking too much about it might mar their present contentment, and insist they simply want to be themselves. But the fact that during this eighteen-month period they have had a baby and have made rapid and surprising strides in their screen careers would seem to justify reasonable satisfaction with themselves and their method of mixing movies and marriage.

Each gives the other credit for this happy state of affairs and, with no definite plan in mind for the co-ordination of their various interests, they have apparently worked out a successful solution.

"Joel has done everything for my career," Frances said simply.

Which seemed strange to me, inasmuch as she had more than once told me that when she was married she would give up her career immediately and make marriage her business. Instead, she kept right on working and even the interruption of having a baby has not interfered with her progress. With her appearance in "Becky Sharp," the first all-color feature ever made, Frances will burst upon the public as an actress of unexpected ability and breathtaking beauty. Even her (Continued on page 86)
fanfotos

(Above, left) Anne ("of Green Gables"). Shirley had her seventeenth birthday recently. RKO renewed her contract and gave her a Chevrolet. She’s shown with young Bob Hoover at her Vendome birthday party. (Above, right) Dick Powell and Joan Blondell at the Hollywood opening of "Gold-diggers." (Right) Tom Brown and Anita Louise, together again after a tilt, attend "As Thousands Cheer." (Right, below) Jimmie Gleason’s breakfast party. The host, with Karloff, Erwin, O’Brien and Armstrong. (Left, below) Will Rogers and Joe E. Brown chat at the Temple Israel Benefit.

More grand Scott shots of the Hollywood goings-on
Editor Burgum throws a party in the M-G-M executive bungalow to give Modern Screen's award to the "Copperfield" cast. All comers were welcome, so Ann Harding, Bob Montgomery and young Louis Hayward dropped in.

The Westmore boys—kings of the marcel and permanent—went very social recently and threw a big party on the opening night of their brand new beauty emporium. Everybody and Everybody's Wife—though occasionally in oddly assorted pairs—turned up to make merry. Kay Francis, looking very sleek, officially opened the famous wig-makers' new shop with a big gold key and Claudette Colbert, handsome in a brown and tan striped creation, vied with Kay for sartorial honors. Henry Wilcoxen sported a bob not executed by the Westmores. It was a snappy little shoulder-length coiffeur, which he is wearing in "The Crusades."

Speaking of hair—which is what one invariably speaks of in connection with the Westmores—Charles Laughton wandered around with a close clipped pate—souvenir of "Les Miserables." Anita Louise turned up with Tom Brown (yes, it's on again).

Sally Blane with Norman Foster—and they do say he cares—Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, Margaret Lindsay and Dick Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten and a host of others. There was champagne and music and many, many, more beew阗iful flowers than you'd meet up with at a gangster's funeral, and—an enjoyable time was had by all.

Kay Francis surely doesn't seem to be out to win any popularity contests. Probably the only person she'd even care about making a hit with is Chevalier and, those in the know claim that Monsieur isn't too impressionable. At any rate, when it comes to friendliness and cooperation, the young woman is among those absent. At Countess Dorothy Di

By Regina Cannon

Our couriers ride in breathlessly with the

36
Bartholomew, all done up in Nat Pendleton’s sailor cap, salutes Nat and a blonde beauty whom you may not recognize as Maureen O’Sullivan. It’s only a wig worn for a picture. Also “Copperfield” party.

Frasso’s party recently, La Francis wouldn’t pose for pictures and advised her friends against it. However, now she’s in Paris looking around for Maurice and the Eiffel Tower and other interesting places and nobody, it seems, recognizes her to be the American scream star—which surely has a tendency to gratify the Garbo in one.

It happened on the “Anna Karenina” set, where Greta Garbo is languishing these days. Director Clarence Brown wanted a certain effect in a scene which Greta was playing. They went over it three times. It still wasn’t right. The director called out in desperation to someone on the sidelines, “Hey, bring us a pancake!”

Miss Garbo stopped short in amazement. “I am not hungry,” she said. “I would rather work some longer.”

When Mr. Brown recovered sufficiently, he explained to the Swedish Siren that a “pancake” is a mechanical contrivance used on cameras for special shots.

When the Robert Montgomerys built their Beverly Hills mansion, they insisted on a large attic. Friends who were slightly bewildered at such a waste of space are surprised no longer. For winding through its several rooms are fifty miles of toy train track, with switches, sidings, depots and all. Three passenger trains and two freights can run on it all at once, without colliding. Officially, it belongs to his

Carole Lombard goes to the Troc with one of Kay Francis’ current escorts, David Nevins. Scotty didn’t find out where either Kay or Bob Riskin (Carole’s pet beau) were this particular evening. It’s a good old Hollywood custom!

Photos
by Scott

latest notes from our Hollywood reporter
two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, but Bob can be found up there at all and any hours of the day or night. "Just the little boy in me," he retorted when Joan Crawford teased him about his pastime, "just a lovable little boy at heart—don't you think I'm awfully lovable?" Rumor has it that Joan does.

Johnny Barrymore has cut loose and flown the coop—leaving family, home and studio in the lurch. His first move was ordering his wife, Dolores Costello, to vacate the home which they've shared for many a year—plus bag, baggage and children. The next was to thumb his Grecian nose at his studio where he was scheduled to do an important picture, and his final move was a fast one via plane to New York. The only one who's being honored by Mr. Barrymore's profile in the big city is his former wife, Michael Strange. Even Sister Ethel, aed with a shattered ankle, has seen neither nor hair of the gentleman.

Billie Burke's mantel in her drawing room is decorated with an unusually fine collection of elephants—all sizes, shapes and colors: of ivory, jade and semi-precious stones. But all that's to be seen of them is their posterior view!

Flo Ziegfeld collected them and was very superstitious about their power to bring good or bad luck on his household. To bring the best of luck, an elephant must face the East. Now, Miss Burke's mantel faces West—so what could she do but?

Score another for the American language! Tullio Carminati, as loyally Latin as spaghetti, admitted recently that he believes our native lingo is one of the most beautiful in the world—and that our slang is better than any other form of expression ever invented. Although adept in five other tongues, Tullio had never become familiar with English until he was forced to learn it when talks came in. It's rather sad, though, to think of all those years he was deprived of the pleasure of slogging slang.

Fleas! Mary Brian and Dick Powell are that way again. Seems those happy days when the Brian gal was selecting everything from grand pianos to tooth-brush holders for the new Powell mansion, were just a fluff before the storm. For suddenly Dick announced that settling down was the last thought in his head, and Mary was heard to pass a couple sneering remarks on domesticity in general. Mary picked up and packed off for a personal appearance tour through the country and—well, y'know what absence does to the hardest hearts! Dick moped and bit his finger-nails in solitary confinement, while Mary gave nary a tumble to the collich lads who swarmed about her. So what?

What Joel McCrea has often wondered, but won't know 'til he reads this, is how Frances Dee knew so much about walking

Below, Janet Gaynor with Dr. Veblin, who is her frequent escort.

Marlene Dietrich, below, as she left New York after a long vacation there.

The Mowbray party brought out both stair sitters and standees! Right, upstairs and down, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, the Alan Mowbrays, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Owen.

Right, Isabel Jewell sits on the stairs with Bill Tannen at the Alan Mowbray party but rumor says she still sees Lee Tracy, despite all words to the contrary.

Below, Phil Berg, Mrs. Gable, Leila Hyams and Clark (shut-eye) Gable at opening.
a cow! When "the perfect pair," as Hollywood has so named them since their marriage, moved to live on their three-thousand-acre ranch, and Frances who had lived in the city all of her life knew more about milking a cow than did Joel, the latter was curious. But shh—the secret of Frances' success has just reached our ears. She hired a neighboring farmer at fifty cents an hour to teach her the "art."

New York's most glorified penthouse is going to charm you in "Accent on Youth." And the most glorified view of Manhattan from the penthouse balcony high above the roaring city. But—shh!—studio secrets—it's a cardboard view! We'll swear to the penthouse being real stuff, but that panorama of gay Gotham is just twenty-five feet of "blown up" snapshots! Actual buildings in New York were photographed, then "blown up" or enlarged hundreds of times their original size, and carefully fitted together until it looks more like the metropolitan skyline than the real thing. Some fun—the studio prop men claim it beats cross-word puzzles.

Do you know what Cary Grant misses more 'en anything else in the world? No, not Virginia Cherrill, the former Mrs. G., but a tattered old sweater that's been waylaid somewhere in the Hollywood scuffle. This sweater represents all the happiest moments of Cary's boyhood in England, for it was an award of merit from the Sea Scouts—an organization like our Boy Scouts. He even wore it in Ben of P.J.'s sometimes, he was that proud of it! "The thing that breaks my heart," mourns Cary, "is that someone is no doubt using my pride and glory for a mop-rag!"

Here's a tip on fashion, girls! Dolores Del Rio, reputable businesswoman, has seven suits in her wardrobe, all of them strictly tailored in varying designs and fabrics. She admits also to what she terms an insane array of new chapeaux. From the looks of the top piece we spied her under at the Victor Hugo recently, she's quite right. It was an exact miniature of a man's straw sailor, tipped precariously on the side of her glossy locks. But Del Rio could wear a mustache and look elegant.

What with summer doing things to young men's fancies and young girls' wardrobes, there's been some high stepping around town lately. At the Brown Derby you can see the same couples lunching almost every day—so engrossed at looking into one another's eyes that they can hardly tear 'em away to study the menu. There's the glamorous Lili Damita escorted by that dashy Irishman, Erroll Flynn; Hoot Gibson and blonde June Gale, and lovely Virginia Bruce with Pinky Tomlin. Eddie Lowe seems cut-racy about two blondes—for you'll find him buying soup and salad for Mary Carlisle or Marian Marsh, and sometimes both.

(Continued on page 114)
Up early, Ann dashes out for a quick dip before breakfast. Over a skin-tight satin suit, she wraps a tricky white and blue toweling beach wrap of unique cut.

Ready for a dash into the studio. Ann wears a printed silk jacket costume. The print is bright flowers on a navy background. The dress has suede trim at belt and neckline.

ANN dresses FOR A SUMMER DAY
Resting on her ranch porch with her pet spaniel, Ann wears a cool, striped cotton shirtmaker dress. Ann loves this type of dress for the ranch because it tubs easily.

Varied and smart clothes for ranch life compose Ann Dvorak Fenton's personal wardrobe this season.

Above are two more ranch favorites, a candlewick cotton jacket costume in pale yellow. And a gardening outfit of checked pants, white blouse and kerchief.
Hollywood’s snubbing Merle Oberon didn’t faze her a bit

A OBERON hustled into her hotel living-room, swishing a Hattie Carnegie hostess gown as if it were a toweling wrapper. She looked elegant, smooth and very sophisticated in the Continental manner—just as you would expect her to—but she had the sniffles!

It seems it was this way. She had been dancing and dining at the Central Park Casino the night before, and just before departing for home, the idea occurred to her that it would be fun to walk through the park in the snow. Mr. Joseph Schenck, her escort and former fiancé, protested vehemently but gave in and loaned his galoshes. Mink-coated, with the Schenck galoshes providing a tent-like protection for her thin evening sandals, Oberon did the Park with glee. Result, Miss Merle Oberon unmistakably was blowing her nose as signal for our talk to get under way!

She looks so exotic on the screen that I was expecting to have a very bad hour with an orchidacious, slightly la-de-da beauty whose British accent would have to be cut with a knife. I certainly was pleasantly disillusioned in the first five minutes of play. She looks like she does on the screen, only less the pampered beauty—much more natural and decidedly more human. There’s a twinkle in the Oberon hazel eyes that puts you on your guard; you have an uneasy feeling that you may be taken for a slight ride. Especially if you pry too personally into her own private thoughts.

WE STARTED out with the good old chestnut about how-did-you-get-to-be-a-star? Oberon’s succinct reply was, “I needed money and it was the only way I could think of to get it quickly!”

What! No burning desire from childhood to be a second Bernhardt—no vision to whisper to her? It couldn’t be. I couldn’t imagine finding a successful film star who had worked because she needed money, not because she burned with the divine fire. But it seems that was what she meant and, furthermore, she was none too sure that acting was a God-given talent, by any means.

You see, Merle Oberon, a few years ago, was Estelle Merle O’Brien-Thompson, who, being given a trip to England from India by a kind uncle, decided that India was pretty provincial and (Continued on page 102)
HAVE said good-bye to youth," Dick said to me. And those astounding words fell upon my ears with a reverberation of incredible thunder. I thought, I must be dreaming! For never before in a long experience of interviewing actors, of hearing astonishing statements and confessions have I ever heard an actor admit that youth is gone.

They may confess that their hearts are broken, that they have murdered their wives, that they are financially ruined, anything . . . everything . . . but never, never that they are not Ponce de Leons who have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

And so as Dick made this sensational and unprecedented statement, I thought, Here is a man who would face a firing squad with a smile and a flip of the hand!

Dick was saying, "I am no longer young and I know it. I have stood at the crossroads. I've looked behind me and I've seen, down that long bright road the figures of 'Tol'able David,' of the boys who were in 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Way Down East' and others, retreat-

ing into the past. I've waved good-bye to 'Tol'able David.' I know that he is gone forever. . . ."

And Dick smiled the famous Barthelmess smile and there were admiring ladies of all ages gazing at him with warm appreciative eyes as we sat at lunch in the Victor Hugo café. And I thought of the time when D. W. Griffith said of him, "He has the most beautiful male face in the world." Just then three girls came over to our table and asked for his autograph . . . and I knew that neither they nor I could see any appreciable difference in the face that has been framed by a star for more than sixteen years.

DICK WAS saying, as I mentioned this fact to him, "But it isn't only a question of looks, you know. You say the real good-bye to youth when you stand at the crossroads and realize that you are faced with a decision. I have stood at those crossroads and I have made my decision. . . ." Dick laughed and added, "From this time forth I shall hope to (Continued on page 80)
**$2500.00 CASH**

1. Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.

2. The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells.

3. An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turkish invaders to flee.

4. A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife in the arms of another man.

5. Gabriel's son at night drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.

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### ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

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**100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS**

_Modern Screen_ offers $2,500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August, and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

Surely you have a definite opinion on this subject and as you will see this is a simple contest to enter, there being nothing to do except write your letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured alongside or, if you prefer, you may write about some other "great moment" from the story. Sit down now and send your letter while this contest is fresh in your mind. Many men and women just like yourself are entering this contest daily and everyone has an equal chance to win. You may win top prize.

Don't waste a minute! Turn to page 113 for the contest rules.
Here’s all you have to do
Write a short letter answering this question: “What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?” Selection of one of the scenes pictured alongside will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.

About the Book

Written by Franz Werfel, “The Forty Days of Musa Dagh” is the fastest selling book of the year and is creating tremendous interest all over the world. If you should desire to read this great adventure story you will find it on sale at all leading book stores. It is a moving, historical record of 5,000 Armenian men and women who heroically dared for forty days to withstand the oppressive might of the entire Turkish Empire.

For his hero the author took Gabriel Bagradian, Armenian by birth, Parisian by education and inclination, who, as the story opens, returns to his native land and, with annihilation threatening his race, leads these 5,000 peaceful villagers up the slopes of Musa Dagh (The Mountain of Moses) prepared to resist until death the Turks who were bent on carrying out the fatal decree of their war lord, Enver Pasha.

Simply, clearly, Werfel tells how the courageous little band dug themselves in, organized for battle, arranged a strange communal life, and, from a rock jutting out over the sea, flung a banner: “Christians in Need.”

In prose which keeps pace with the excitement of the story, there is described the mounting suspense of those forty days of constant struggle against the repeated thrusts of the Turks, against starvation and internal strife. (Cont. on page 113)

6 Gabriel’s wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.

7 In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.

8 Turkish forces lead a little group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.

9 The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.

10 About the Book

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh

Frances Werfel

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh

Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they’ll be killed, agree to die together.

45
Ann Dvorak, James Cagney and Margaret Lindsay in a new thriller, "G-Men." Deals with the federal war on gangs.

Here she is, at last, the only Mae West in "Goin' To Town." Paul Cavanagh is the ardent swain pictured with her.

A great classic becomes a film masterpiece. Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables."

Variety, from great drama to light comedy, is

★★★ G-Men
(Warner's)

They would have had a superb picture here if someone had just used a little restraint. As it is, "G-Men" is a long, long way from poor. It's the story of the Department of Justice boys who always get their man—even better than the Northwest Mounted of affectionate legend. James Cagney is excellent as the ex-East Side boy who puts his training in the low at the service of the government and comes through one hundred percent. Robert Armstrong is likeable in another of his hard-boiled roles. The girls—Ann Dvorak and Margaret Lindsay—don't have a great deal to do, but they do what they must satisfactorily. Our only complaint, to get copious again, was with the lack of restraint. There were just too many gangsters to be bumped off, too much noise of gunfire, too many cars tearing around curves at a high speed. Perhaps we're getting old, but we would like a little peace and quiet.

★★★ Doubting Thomas
(Fox)

The only thing doubtful about this picture is the title, for it beats all the Will Rogers side-splitters—no mean record, you'll admit. Will makes the best of this opportunity to air a few more choice bits of dry philosophy on life, love and politics in general, but the guffaws are furnished by two capable ladies in the cast—Billie Burke and Alisa Skiphworth. Miss Burke is the devoted wife and home-maker for Will, a successful sausage magnate. Miss Skipworth is the self-appointed leader of the village intelligentsia and is out to get Culture out of any cost. Being a lover of "the drama," she persuades Billie Burke that she is a second Bernhardt and awes more to the beauty-loving world than to her sausage-loving husband.

Will may be temporarily daunted but never out, so his cure for his wife is drastic but effective—with almost fatal results to the audience! As if these three expert comedians were not hilarious enough, there is Sterling Hallaway and an excellent supporting cast for good measure. Put this on your list of "hafta see's."

★★★★ Les Miserables
(20th Century)

Victor Hugo's plea for the unfortunate of the world has been transferred to the screen with great skill, sincerity and—almost—with genius. It isn't a pretty tale, of course, and whether you will like it or not, we can't tell. "Like" is hardly the word, anyway. It is almost unrelieved tragedy from start to finish. You should be greatly stirred by it. You will experience indignation and sorrow and, perhaps, horror, But we think that you will call it great.

Fredric March does the most sincere work we have ever seen him do as Jean Valjean. He has severe histrionic competition—as who has not?—from Charles Laughton. This amazing actor plays the role of Javert, the fanatic, law-driven prefect of police, who pursues Valjean throughout his life and then, when Valjean is at last within his grasp, lets him go free. In lesser roles, Rochelle Hudson, Florence Eldridge March, Frances Drake, John Beal and the splendid English actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, are all expert.
Franchot Tone, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell in "Reckless," based on a sensational news story that you'll know.

"Golddiggers of 1935" brings another cut-to-order part for Dick Powell. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest.

"Doubting Thomas" makes a swell title for Will Rogers. Billie Burke shares starring honors with great charm.

this month's movie spice . . . By Regina Cannon

★★★ Reckless
(M-G-M)

The title of this might apply, not only to the Kern-Hammerstein tune written for the picture and to Lo Harlow's dored devil character in the story, but also to the lavish manner in which money has been spent by the studio. The cast includes Harlow, Bill Powell, Franchot Tone and May Robson. In lesser, but still significant roles, we have Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton. The plot is part musical, part the Libby Holman case, with touches of "It Happened One Night," "The Thin Man" and "Broadway Bill." All this leaves the reviewer in a pretty delicate predicament. One can't exactly say that the picture is good. And—shucks—one can't say that it's bad either. We ended up thinking that it's pretty good hokum, gave it three stars because of the good that's in it and decided to forget the weak points.

Harlow's acting has improved a little. Her singing and dancing are well enough, but they won't make Ginger Rogers lose any sleep. Powell is somewhat miscast and Tone has such a weak-sister role one feels sorry for him. Rosalind Russell was grand in a smallish part. Watch this girl—she's going places. And see the picture—it's good fun, anyway.

★★★★ The Scoundrel
(Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)

Hecht and MacArthur, producers of "Crime Without Passion," have done it again. Done what? Well, they have shown Hollywood how to make a picture. Without spending untold millions, with not a single "big movie name" with which to bless themselves, and without once using the word colossal.

Everyone knows the name of Noel Coward but not everyone has seen him in action. He is the star of this picture and a new personality to reckon with in the cinema world. He plays the role of a philandering immoral (not to be confused with immoral) publisher of books. He had, we happen to know, quite a bit to do with the writing of the dialogue. The lines make you yearn for a notebook and expert knowledge of shorthand—or a good memory.

Julie Haydon, who had some small experience in Hollywood, does a fine job as the innocent young actress who loves, then regrets and at last forgives the devasting Mr. Coward. Alexander Woollcott has a few brief moments for his bland witticisms. The story slides off into the realms of fantasy in the second half—but, even though you may not credit it all, we don't think you'll mind.

★★★ Gold Diggers of 1935
(Warner Bros.)

This "glittering galaxy of stars" is just another roll call by the Warner boys. Not that we're objecting to the antics of Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert or any of 'em singly; but collectively it's too much of a good thing—and the same thing. Busby Berkeley is among those present, of course, and proves that he can make anything on legs dence, by a super-spectacle of grand pianos tripping the light fantastic. (Continued on page 70)
Henry Armetta laughs and the audience rolls in the aisles. Below, the whole family. John, the twins and Mrs. A.

LIFE has just been one bombastic explosion after another for Henry Armetta. Little troubles and big troubles have poured down on his good-natured head. which, at those moments, he always thwacks loudly with the flat of his hand. Then he garbles some unintelligible Italian and shuffles off, one shoulder high to the windward. And we—we always roar at his "screen" troubles. We can also laugh at his real troubles now—as Henry himself does—for most of them are a long way off. And today Henry has arrived—arrived at a nice salary of $500 a week, and a comfortable, sure position in the Hollywood ranks. Last year, Henry ranked fourth among the 9,000 thespians in the number of pictures and number of days acting before the cameras.

But 33 years ago, when Henry was fourteen years old, he arrived in this country from Palermo, Italy, as a stowaway. The immigration authorities were going to deny him admittance when an Italian barber, who had had a similar experience when he was a boy, offered to give Henry a home and employment. Henry worked for the barber for several years. Then he graduated to the Lamb's Club in New York, where he became a pants-presser. It was during his second year there that Ray-

By Kay Osborn

mond Hitchcock became attracted by his jovial disposition, and offered him a small part in his production of "Yankee Consul"—thus Henry became an actor. Which meant that his troubles were only just beginning. Those were long, lean, pinch-penny years. If Henry got fifty cents a day for his performances, he considered himself lucky. Some years later he came West to go into pictures. But he was still undiscovered. It wasn't until Henry himself discovered that a few of his natural mannerisms were funny on the screen. He found that people began to laugh every time they saw him. That business of slapping himself on the head, for example. He had done it often in his everyday life but it had never occurred to him to just act natural on the screen, until a doctor called it to his attention. It was this way:

The Armettas were expecting a baby. Their second. They already had one boy, Louis.

"We were broke again, disa time, too," Henry told me. "We wanna da baby, but we don' know how we gonna feed it, unless maybe I get da job. I wait for da doctor to tell me da news. He come out, and he smile, so I know everything is okay. (Continued on page 111)
ALL work and no play makes a bright star. Anyway, that's what it threatens to do in this astonishing case.

Do you realize, I wonder, what it means for a humble girl of sixteen to soar to the Hollywood heights in less than two years? Well, it doesn't mean the fitful blaze of glory nor the golden rainbow of reward, but just plain downright hard work.

To be sure, work is nothing new to Jean Parker, who began earning her living before she was seven. What she has done, then, is so remarkably short a time has been wrought out of the toiling pattern of her brief yet eventful life.

Accordingly, I wanted to know about the workaday side of her skyrocketing movie career. And as luck would have it, my appallingly industrious Westwood neighbor was, for once, at home instead of at work.

"Hi!"

An arm shot up, an arm as straight as the arrow-like body itself. There she was, down the road, a slender, vibrant figure in slate-blue slacks and tan sweater, her gypsy hair waving like a plume in the breeze.

"Come on!" she gaily cried. "I've got the whole afternoon off. Let's go some place and have some fun!"

We whirled away to a tree-shaded inn on the far side of green Brentwood. There, I learned, among other things, that little Jean Parker had—

Worked four months without a day off—

Worked sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch—

Worked until she was so tired she couldn't sleep—

Worked all day, then at night getting supper for a family of four—

Worked until she lost ten pounds—

Worked with dangerous wild animals—

Worked in the face of still more dangerous temptations—

Not a bad record for a good girl, you must agree. But I was amazed even more when I asked what had been the hardest work of all and she said:

"Studying Shakespeare on a P. E. car."

Though I knew "P. E." meant Pacific Electric, I couldn't for the life of me understand what Shakespeare had to do with it.

"That was the first thing I had to do," she explained, "and, as I was going to school at the time, I did it while riding fromPasadena to Culver City. The dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted me to learn the potion scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' then do it for him to see if I was any good."

"You have to be good to do that scene," I remarked. "You're telling me!" she laughed. "I'd read the play, but I simply had no idea what Juliet meant by saying, 'And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth.' I wasn't even sure what a mandrake was—what is it anyhow?"

"It's a kind of wild fruit that isn't very good to eat," I informed her out of my vast intelligence.

"Well," she considered, "I figured it must be wild if it shrieked, but how in the world a mandrake could possibly scream had me guessing. I was puzzling over it in that P. E. car when a man next to me got up and left his newspaper on the seat. A fat lady sat down there, then the man came back looking for his paper and was surprised at not seeing it. I wasn't, because the fat lady completely hid it. Like the mandrake I wanted to shriek, but with laughter."

She kicked up her white buckskin heels and keeled over against the wall with a merry yelp. Her head didn't appear above the edge of the table again until I brought it up with:

"What then, after you'd really started working in pictures?"

"Playing Beth in 'Little Women' was the hardest thing I ever did," she solemnly declared. "To begin with, I was scared stiff, for I'd had no real training in acting. I realized I was just an amateur among professionals, and that for the first time I was in direct competition with them. To make it harder still, I was only sixteen, while the others — Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, a wife and mother, and Frances Dee — were all over twenty-four. I did a lot of thinking about it, and I had plenty of time to do it—my, yes! You see, I had moved to Culver City, and the man with whose family I lived had to be at his work by six in the morning, so he'd drive me over to Hollywood and drop me at the RKO studio. So, while I waited there for three hours every morning, I'd keep saying to myself, 'You've got to be that girl and not let anything else enter your mind.'"

You know how well she succeeded in carrying out that determination. But there was one thing she herself didn't know. Only a day or two before I had read "A Provincial Lady In America," in which its noted English author, Mrs. Delafield, speaks—and speaks first, if you please—of Miss Parker's performance of Beth as "artistically flawless."

"Oh, that's wonderful!" she delightedly exclaimed, marveling at this high praise from a high source. "I loved Beth myself, but I didn't think (Continued on page 110)
Robert Donat fans! Read this and feel a little better. You have been writing this magazine bushels of letters asking about the good-looking English actor who made such a hit in “The Count of Monte Cristo.” You have been asking for stories about him. Well, listen: he has been in England, doing a stage play and a picture for Gaumont-British called “Thirty-nine Steps.” You’ll be seeing that picture soon. Madeleine Carroll is his leading lady—see right. Since completing the picture, the poor man has had an operation for appendicitis, which has delayed his return to these shores, where he will make several more pictures. When he does come, we’ll have our best writer at the dock to get a story on him for you. (Below, left) Mr. Donat at home with his two children, John and Joanna.
GREAT lover,” said Charles Boyer, “is the most pitiful creature in the world.” That unusual statement, spoken in French, came back to me as I listened to Hollywood gossip. A chorus of excited talk had swirled along the boulevard and through the cafés to label Boyer the latest Don Juan. It was sudden, breathless. The film colony had made a discovery.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that Boyer should be called a great lover. He’s always had the reputation, although Hollywood is still ignorant about that. When “Private Worlds” was released, the most hardened critics acclaimed his genius. This Frenchman, they affirmed, had to have a profound understanding of love to deliver such a masterly performance. Then, “Break of Hearts.” After the preview the men in the audience swelled the gasping chorus. Here was fascination indeed! Here was subtlety. Here was a penetrating charm which went straight to the heart and left it fatally weak. Here was a new, great lover.

As I listened to this whispered enthusiasm I resolved to finish a conversation which was started, and dropped long ago. When I first met Charles Boyer, in Paris, in 1931, he was playing, at the time, in “LeVenin.” I was present the opening night. The man made such an unusual impression that nothing would do but to make his acquaintance. His reputation, of course, added to my determination. I had heard it mentioned that he was the idol of the Parisian stage. In every salon where smart women foregathered he was an inevitable topic of conversation. I had always wanted to meet an alleged great lover and so, after my unexpected reaction on the opening night, I dropped everything else to search hopefully for a mutual friend. I was surprised. We had several in common.

CHARLES BOYER, it seemed, had a gift for friendship. That, in a sense, was his hobby. Quiet hours spent with stimulating friends were almost his sole recreation. Fortunately for me, he didn’t limit his acquaintance to the stage. I was informed, in fact, that he seldom associated with actors. He preferred the company of lawyers, business men, politicians, and particularly writers. It was in the literary circle that I discovered our mutual friends. Paul Hariat, one of the friends, was glad to grant my request.

It was arranged to meet Boyer in his dressing room after the performance. As we waited, back stage, I watched a perspiring call boy hurry back and forth into his room with boxes neatly tied in colored ribbons. “Flowers, cigarettes, candy,” grunted Paul, with a look of disdain. Sometimes the boy carried a scented billet-doux which he merely tossed on the table to add to the growing heap. It was fantastic. To my expression of astonishment, Paul merely replied that all women were fools.

He told me, leaning against the wall and sucking his cigarette, a little of Boyer’s history. The spasmodic applause we often heard was well deserved, he said. Boyer had earned it. He had labored like a titan. Ever since he was a little boy he had followed his single objective—to become great on the stage. Peasants and artisans always gathered in Figac whenever he recited in school. But his father was a successful (Continued on page 92)

Charles Boyer tells why he resents “Great Lover tag”
Ginger is one of those frank girls who can admit her mistakes and knows how to go about correcting them, too.

Ginger Rogers con

THIS interview was almost prevented by a horse. That was Ginger Rogers' story and it looked as if I was going to be stuck with it! It happened this way: Ginger and I had a date for lunch. She was late, twenty minutes late. But that wasn't the horse's fault—that's still another story.

I sat at a table in the RKO restaurant and tried to look interested in the menu. I know it by heart. Suddenly Ginger burst in. She sat down breathlessly. She had on blue gabardine slacks, no make-up, a perky brown tam and a gay orange and tan sweater. Ginger grinned, "I'm awfully sorry I was late, but honestly I couldn't help it!" She pointed an accusing finger. "It was all his fault." The guy whose fault it was turned out to be Bernard Newman, the designer of her costumes.

Ginger said, "I tried my darndest to get here on time, but you know how
Too much make-up is one of the youthful mistakes that she never will make again. Above, Ginger at eighteen.

As the predatory young gal in “Star of Midnight,” Ginger lifts her glass to Mr. Bill Powell, threatening him with matrimony!

**Fesses Some Human frailties She Won’t Be Guilty of Again**

It is when you go shopping. I tried on every hat in the store and looked at every dress sample that they had! Things I need for ‘Top Hat.’ We start shooting Monday.” She scanned the bill of fare eagerly and ordered a small fruit salad and a large orange juice.

While we waited for our orders, I explained to this freckled, frank young lady, “I want to know what mistakes you’ve made that you’d never make again. You know what I mean. Both professional life and private life miscues. Little things you may have done that hurt someone else or yourself. Things you’ve learned from those mistakes. We all make them. We’re ashamed of them and ourselves afterward. What have you on your conscience, Ginger?”

“Shy crinkled her nose thoughtfully. “I’ve made plenty of mistakes—I guess we all do. The difficulty is in remembering my worst ones! Number one is that, like everybody else, I’ve a tendency to tell too many white lies. I’m always so afraid of hurting someone’s feelings by telling the truth, no matter how much it should be told.

“But, I think that we actually do them greater harm in telling them what they want to hear. I’ve often fibbed when I knew that I should tell the truth and wake them up. In the end they have a lot of worries they might have been spared if they’d heard the truth when they should have. I’ll make stout resolutions never to say anything but the truth and then I’ll turn right around the next minute and double-cross myself.

“The trouble with both white lies and the truth, though, is that we carry them to such extremes. I’ve said things I could bite off my tongue for! Someone asks you to be frank and you get too frank, I imagine. We’re all afraid of hurting somebody’s feelings and when you realize that you’ve done just that you’re perfectly miserable. I know I am.”

**Just Then** Gene Raymond, who had the table across from us, pointed at Ginger and exclaimed, “I know her. She’s in pictures. I saw her walk across the screen in ‘Roberta’.” Ginger grinned back. “I’ve seen you in pictures, too! You’re Clark Gable, aren’t you?” Mr. Raymond subsided. I mentioned that I’d preferred “Roberta” to “The Gay Divorcee.” Ginger said, “It’s pretty hard to do a sequel. And, gosh, in this next picture Fred Astaire and I are making we do one routine like that in ‘Roberta’ and one similar to a routine from ‘The Gay Divorcee’! (Continued on page 105)

**By Caroline Somers Hoyt**
TRY THIS ON YOUR NEIGHBORS

By Gladys Hall

HOLLYWOOD, in case you don't know it, is scavenger-hunt conscious. Or unconscious. It is not surprising, at any hour of the day or night, to find Jean Harlow removing your grand piano or Bing Crosby in your hair abstracting kid curlers.

The Younger Set—Una Merkel and Anita Louise and Tom Brown and Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker and others—seem to make a weekly habit of scavenging the town until the gardens are denuded and the mansions of the humble and exalted are stripped bare.

They remove the food from under the eyes of their fellow stars, they rip babies from their mothers' arms, and the chin out of chinchilla coats, the mortgages off the roofs, the very make-up from celebrated faces.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have a very unpleasant definition for the noun known as scavenger: "A street-cleaner; an animal that feeds on carrion, as the buzzard" ... Which really make Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls liable to apologies to the starry scavengers of Hollywood. Not, I am sure, that they ever thought of Jean Harlow in the terms of a buzzard ...

The potency and penetration of the epidemic is all the more marked when it becomes known that Maureen O'Sullivan has succumbed. For Maureen plays a lone hand in Hollywood. She seldom ever goes around with any of the picture people. She has a girl friend to her Irish name. She never goes to parties. She doesn't more than nod pleasantly even to the people she plays with in pictures. She has no social life. Occasionally she will have a small dinner party for three or four people—on the night before the scavenger hunt she was having the British Consul and his wife, John McCormick, the singer, and, of course, John Farrow to dine with her.

IN FACT, the greatest feat scavenging has ever achieved is the scavenging of Maureen herself. More about that later on.

Did you know that when Maureen or Jean or any of the stars go on these hunts they must be accompanied by another person and are followed by a police escort—an officer astride a motorcycle. It's excellent practice for the police force. It gives them postgraduate courses in sleuthing.

Anyway, I went on a scavenger hunt with Maureen and that night of teasing thievery is not likely to fade from my memory while the brain cells function ...

We met at Maureen's apartment. Una Merkel and her
husband, Bob Montgomery and wife, Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Jean Parker and Madge Evans and Mary Carlisle and four or five others were there.

I was elected to accompany Maureen. And almost immediately we started forth on our “assignments” pleasantly pursued by an officer of the law. We set forth at seven p.m. We were to join the other hunters again at the hour of midnight.

Our first little commission was to retrieve a five-dollar gold piece which had been dropped at an earlier hour into the bottom of Freddie March’s swimming pool. Maureen had consulted her list before leaving. And she is nothing if not thorough. The night being balmy and Maureen a healthy girl she put on a swimming suit under her tweed suit and we set out.

THERE appeared to be a party in progress at Freddie’s. We left our car and pussy-footed it around the French-Normandy estate to the pool. Trailing us always—you must bear this in mind—was the officer. Maureen cast off the tweed habiliments. She made a swift and skillful dive. The silver waters were slenderly riven and some three minutes later Maureen appeared on the surface, a bit of gold gleaming between her teeth. She looked like a Nereid rising from magic waters and she had her coin!

There was an electric heater in one of the bath houses. I turned it on and Maureen dried off, while the officer discreetly turned his head the other way. Maureen donned her outer suit and we were on our way again—with the officer muttering things about his great-grandmother who had died of pneumonia from such “goings-on”...

We sped next to the home of Clark Gable in Brentwood. Maureen’s orders were to remove a dinner plate filled with dinner from the plate. So skeptical was Bob Montgomery that later when he inspected the dinner plate and contents carefully he called Clark’s home and roused Clark from his midnight slumbers to check with him as to what he had had for dinner that night. He implied that he suspected us of having bought a dinner at the Vendôme, the Brown Derby or some such place. Clark said, rather emptily, that he hadn’t had any dinner as same had been taken out of his very mouth by one Maureen O’Sullivan. But he added gallantly that starvation at such sweet hands was a paltry price to pay, although Mrs. Gable would like to have her dinner plate returned.

Norma Shearer’s house at Santa Monica was our next stop. Our orders there called for the removal of a bath brush and hand towel from the bathroom. Maureen said, “That’s because Norma always looks so clean—one associates soap and water and freshness with her.” When we arrived at the house Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg were out for the evening. The servants were at home. But not one of them could speak one word of English. We tried the sign-language (Continued on page 90)

Scavenger hunting is a favorite Hollywood pastime.
It’s fun to hear Maureen O’Sullivan tell about it

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene
It's Thrilling To Be An Actress

By Faith Service

I SAID to Kay, "Isn't it thrilling, really, to be an actress?"

Kay's moonstone eyes in the camellia whiteness of her face focused on me in that soft, sometimes unseeing look of hers. She said, "Thrilling to be an actress? Why, I'd never thought about it. "But—yes, thrilling . . ." And the word "thrilling" seems thrilling when Kay says it in that velvety, throbbling voice of hers.

She said, "It's thrilling but not, to me at any rate, in the way you probably think. It's thrilling to me, first and foremost, for this reason—because all women love to be loved and a screen actress is loved, not by one or a dozen, but by thousands and even millions all over the world. It is thrilling because all women love to be admired and even envied by other women and a screen actress, deservedly or not, is admired and envied by legions of other women.

"It's thrilling to me to go to sleep at night and feel that all over the world people are seeing me and caring about me. It's being more alive than I've ever been before. It's being more conscious of my own existence. It's so warm, this feeling. All of life is magnified.

All of love is multiplied . . . it is truly thrilling." Just at that moment, Kay was called back to the set. I had approached that set, where "Living On Velvet" was being made, a few moments before. And I had seen, as I neared the set, the figure of Kay, swathed in mink, and by her side, elegant in evening attire, gone a little gray and the more devastating because of it, sat George Brent.

Ha, I thought, I'll bet it's thrilling to be an actress! Mink—and George Brent—what more do you want? No wonder pretty little stepographers and small-town Susans envy the Kays and the Joans, as they pull on their dollar-ninety-five sweaters, hold hands with the gas-station Gallahads and sigh, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

I reached the set, all primed to ask my question about the supreme thrillingness of being an actress. Kay and George were perched on teetery stools at what was built to resemble a "Quick Lunch" counter. They were dunking doughnuts in coffee. Back of the counter stood Edgar Kennedy, regarding them with a cold and fishy eye. They themselves wore looks of despair (and dyspepsia) under their studio make-ups. Director Frank Borzage amiably was enjoining them to remember that

Kay Francis finds her life thrilling, but for different
In this scene from "Living On Velvet", Kay, George Brent and Warren William fed a dog—but there was a scene where sixty-nine doughnuts became a trial!

And here is a scene from "The Goose and the Gander"—the newest Francis and Brent team work. How do you like this pair of brunettes together?

I called to her doughnut-distracted mind the question before the house. I said firmly, "But it is thrilling to be an actress, isn't it? You know, the old glamor stuff, the back-stage mystery. Lovely ladies who are pulled through the streets in their carriages by human hands... gallant gentlemen who die with a white glove crumpled in their hands... temper, freedom, fever... that sort of thing?"

Kay regarded me with a jaundiced eye. I am afraid she murmured, "Doughnuts..."

She rallied and said, "I suppose so. The great thrill to me is as I have told you... the warm feeling of being cared about by thousands of people. Some few of them have names and identities, most of them have not. But they are there—absent lovers—and I am conscious of them. There is one young girl in England who has written me daily for years. She works and saves for a great part of her money, I am afraid, to send me charming and thoughtful gifts. That is the sort of thing I mean. In the ordinary walks of life, if we have half a dozen real friends and perhaps a dozen 'admirers,' we are very fortunate—and very popular. An actress multiplies these friends and these (Continued on page 88)
Katherine Albert tells you how Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, and others beat the school of hard knocks.

JUST OFF the teeming thoroughfare, called Broadway, in a busy theatrical office, sits a man who can point to a dozen of the most glamorous and exciting picture stars and say, "I gave them their first jobs." His name is Brock Pemberton, producer of such hits as "Enter Madame," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Strictly Dishonorable" and now "Personal Appearance" and "Ceiling Zero."

For years bright faced girls and eager boys have gone in and out of his office, each one hoping for the magic words, "You'll do"—and a chance to play a role, no matter how small.

Pemberton is noted for being a discoverer of talent. He takes untired youngsters and trains them because, he says, "It's fun." He has an uncanny instinct for knowing instantly who has undeveloped talent and who is without the magic spark. But how? What did people like Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, George Brent, Margaret Sullavan, Muriel Kirkland, Tullio Carminati and Walter Huston have which got them chosen, while hundreds of others were cooling their heels in Pemberton's office without receiving a glance from the producer?

FOR AT the time Pemberton remembers them, these boys and girls were, in appearance and desire at least, just like thousands of other ambitious ones, padding up and down Broadway looking for jobs. Yet these chosen few rose to the fame they now enjoy. They "got the break." But they had something to begin with, something that Pemberton was able to see when they sat, nervous and eager, before him. This magic spark, whatever it was, needed only a touch to release the flame of their talents.

So let's turn back the clock of Brock Pemberton's memory and look at them when they sat, young and untried, waiting, waiting, waiting in an outer office.

Pemberton was casting a play called "Puppets." The principals were all assigned to their roles but there was still a small woman's part to be filled. An actress Pemberton had used in several successful plays, a Frenchwoman, told him of a cute girl, born in France, but who had lived in this country for a long time and who had great stage possibilities. And so Claudette Colbert was given a ten minute interview with the producer.

Nervous as she was, much as she fidgeted with the end of her handkerchief, the (Continued on page 108)
"KATHARINE HEPBURN came to me in New York, with an introductory letter from a mutual friend, looking for a career on the stage. That was six or seven years ago, and what I know now, I expected then. It was her first visit to a producer’s office. She had all the earmarks of an amateur." Edwin Knopf, writer, producer, director and actor, now at M-G-M, leaned back and smiled as he reminisced.

"I dislike amateurs," he went on. "I always have disliked them, and there was no doubt about her being one the minute she walked into my office. She really looked about as unimportant as a schoolgirl can be. She was very serious and very intense about wanting to be an actress, but even that didn’t impress me. I had seen that kind before! She didn’t look as though she had anything and I very quickly told her so. I told her to go back to Bryn Mawr and finish her schooling, and then to marry some nice man and forget about the stage. She said that she would go back and finish her schooling, but she wouldn’t forget about the stage. And as for marrying some nice young man! Well, she was very scornful on that subject."

"I’LL COME back to see you after graduation," she said, undaunted. I told her not to bother. I’d be in Baltimore by then, preparing for my summer stock company. "But that didn’t seem to discourage her and she went away with the same spirit that brought her in. I shook my head in despair. Why did untalented little things like that always want to go on the stage? That was the trouble with the stage. There were too many of them on it already."

"I had forgotten about her completely until she showed up again in Baltimore. I was rehearsing Mary Boland in "The Czarina."

"Well, here I am!" she said.

"I could not even remember her name. I just looked at her.

"I came down to work for you," she said, with confidence.

"I told her to run along like a good girl. My company was complete. And I couldn’t turn it into a school of acting. It was, after all, a professional stock company.

"Then she asked me if she could stay and just watch me rehearse. I told her that I never let anybody watch a rehearsal . . . that it disturbed (Continued on page 109)
Alice Faye is an honest rough diamond in a town of polished glass

Hollywood CAN'T CHANGE ME!

"WHAT'S HOLLYWOOD taught me?" Alice Faye lifted a quizzical eyebrow, smiled a half smile and said with the husky voice that does torch songs so well, "First of all, you're a sucker if you let it change you! You notice the build-up on every new player: 'In all the world, never has there been a sensation like this!' Or 'A new, dynamic and different personality.' Sure—but just try and be different in Hollywood! "They sign you up because you're a new type of screen personality. You get one picture released and then the remodeling starts. The tearer-downers come in. Then the builder-uppers. They'll remodel you from toe nails to your teeth while you're supposed to grin and bear it." Hollywood prides itself on being able to change a gal's coiffure, character and disposition with all the ease of the guy on the flying trapeze. Publicity men gayly will furnish you with an exotic past, two ancestors clinging to the rail of the Mayflower and a background that makes O. Henry seem tame. But Alice Faye's been doin' Hollywood wrong! She ain't changed a bit.

I know what I'm talking about, too. I met her through Rudy Vallee the day she stepped into her first leading role, her first day's work in pictures. Lilian Harvey had stepped out of the first 'George White's Scandals' the day before and executives had chosen Alice for the role without even the formality of a screen test. One peek at her beauty, another peek at her in an abbreviated chorus costume, a second spent listening to her husky recording of "Oh, You Nasty Man!" and Alice was on her way. But she'd rather have been on her way back to New York and she still feels that way! Just listen to this:

"I think it's all rather silly myself! They tell you to be yourself, to sell your own personality on the screen, not to be an imitator. Then they'll turn around and explain that you ought to quit doing this and start doing that. That your coiffure is perfectly ducky, darling, but let's try it this way. They get in your hair in more ways than one! They'll even want to change your voice, so help me!"

Alice was getting up steam. She shook a Faye finger under the English schnozzle. "You've known me longer than any other writer, haven't you, Dick? You remember how I wanted to go back to New York after my first picture, 'George White's Scandals'? That was a little over a year ago. I'm just finishing my fifth picture now, the second 'George White's Scandals.' I've had a year to think it over. And I still think I'd have been smarter to have gone back to Broadway after that first one."

SHE CURLED her legs under her on the huge divan and waved a pillow at me, menacingly, I was fiddling with the olive in my martini.

"Want another?" Alice inquired. I shook my head dutifully. "This is business. I'm here to do a story on you, Miss Faye!" Alice took careful aim with the pillow.

"English, will you (Continued on page 107)
FOR A DAY

Henry Wilcoxon's greatest emotional experience

By Dell Hogarth

I WAS with her for no more than twelve hours in my life. But I'll remember her always...." Henry Wilcoxon spoke with a dreamy thoughtfulness which arrested my attention instantly. We were in his apartment. A few hours before we had witnessed the preview of "The Crusades." The thunderous applause of the audience still echoed in Hank's ears as he lolled in an easy chair with his old, blue bathrobe and his slippers providing a welcome comfort. His meerschaum pipe was clamped in his teeth. Somehow, as we idly discussed the picture, our conversation veered to the character of that hard-bitten warrior whom Hank portrayed—Richard the Lion Hearted. When this swashbuckler was swearing, carousing, and conquering in Normandy he fell in love with a simple wench. He was with her but for a day. But, thereafter, some historians affirm, her memory lingered throughout his life.

Could such a thing be? Could such an ephemeral experience endure, when longer relationships are quickly forgotten? Men, notoriously, are swift to forget. It didn't seem possible.

But Hank argued the point doggedly. Of course it was possible. He knew. He had loved someone for one day—and he would never, never forget her.

I stared at him. The argument I was about to fling back died on my lips. It was apparent that he was quite sincere. His mood had altered immediately with that declaration. As he watched a cloud of smoke curl upward into the shadows of the vaulted ceiling, his eyes assumed a far-away look. He was thinking of the past.

I pressed him to go on. To tell me the story.

"PERHAPS it will do me good to tell somebody else about it. I never have before. You see, it is the greatest emotional experience I have ever had in my life. And it will sound fantastic.

"I saw her first in Cardiff, Wales. It was for only an instant. I was walking back to my hotel after the show one night to get some exercise. The night was raw, but I chose a circuitous route which led down by the harbor. Few people were about at that hour. Fog horns tooted dismally as ships crawled up the mouth of the Severn. But, in its way, it was beautiful. Fog blotted out the ugly warehouses. It swirled around lamp posts and made the naked trees seem like twisted gnomes. I turned down a side street. As I passed a lamp post, she went in the opposite direction. In that brief (Continued on page 96)
"IF I WERE POOR"

By Julie Lang Hunt

FOUR Hollywood stars, with clothes to burn and salaries to dream about, inspired this story.

Four Hollywood stars, whose wardrobe worries, if any, can be whittled down to the slight irritation of too numerous fittings, offer four sound and workable plans to the girl who is badgered by the carking problem of dressing well on the weekly remains of a twenty-five-dollar salary, or less. And these four Hollywood stars know what they're talking about.

There is Jeanette MacDonald who hit upon a "way out" of the perennial and cantankerous clothes quandary when she was taking her first insecure steps toward a stage career.

There is Claudette Colbert, who learned from her mother the French woman's deft theorem for dressing with dash as well as with rigid economy.

There is Ginger Rogers who still can recall vividly the time when her mother managed to keep both of them fed, and Ginger, at least, decently clothe on her stenographer's stipend of nine dollars a week.

And then there is Kay Francis with a plan so subtly skillful that it can be made to work smoothly for the girl with a large or a microscopic income.

Jeanette MacDonald's solution to the twenty-five-dollar-a-week conundrum is simple—so simple it can be summed up in three words—learn to sew.

Jeanette MacDonald would acquire the sewing habit and haunt the bargain sales.

"SEWING," she says, "is the sharpest and most effective weapon the smart business girl has when she takes on the battle of wrestling rent, food and a few good clothes from the average salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

"If I were faced now with a clothes-tight budget, I would rush out and find the nearest city public school that offered a night sewing class. I would enroll immediately and even if I pricked my fingers with clumsiness and loathed the very sight of a threaded needle, I'd stick until I had learned how to copy a Chanel model so that the couturier herself couldn't choose between the original and my handiwork."

"Two or three nights a week devoted to the laborious mysteries of sewing means giving up parties, dancing and fun, and that is not easy, I'll admit. But the joy of a really adequate and smart wardrobe is worth such bitter sacrifice to most of us women."

Now Jeanette ran smack into this sewing solution rather recently when she discovered the magic wrought in the personal wardrobe of a friend who had attended a series of these night classes in costume designing and dressmaking. Jeanette learned from her that within a few lessons, complicated frocks were put into work in these classes and that by the end of a single season, tailored
Any one of the plans offered by these four stars will solve your clothes-budget problem.

Kay Francis, one of Hollywood’s best-dressed, would do wonders with an accessory wardrobe.

A clever clothes-buying system would keep Claudette Colbert in the well-dressed class.

her few frocks made by an inexpensive seamstress. During her many shopping tours for bargain materials she devised her own clever and money-saving scheme which she called “buying backward.” This plan is also simple. One merely sits tight and waits for the announcement of the early spring sales of all the succulent winter velvets, and lavish mid-January metal cloth and fine woolens. Such materials are always marked below cost just before Easter to make way for the spring and summer silks and cottons.

“It requires some staunch will power,” Jeanette admits, “to spend money on yardage that cannot be used for fully six months. But when autumn arrives, your whole winter wardrobe lies waiting in a’ moth-proof corner, ready for scissors and pins and bastings, and waiting at a tremendous bargain at that.”

CLAUDETTE COLBERT’S contribution is not so much a plan as it is a tradition, one that has been handed down through the years from French mothers to their daughters.

The true Parisienne is taught from childhood to practice the gay deception of looking like a million dollars (or is it francs?) but never, never spending the millions, even when and if they are available.

“I was taught to make old clothes do, rather than replace them with anything that was new and cheap,” Claudette explained to me. “A winter coat was made to last season after season, with a possible change of fur for the collar. Somehow it never appeared shabby or demoded, because it was an excellent coat to begin with. A party dress was made from the best silk obtainable so it would stand up under many cleanings and then a good dye job when it went into its third year. All frocks were safeguarded against the ups and downs of the mode with deep hems, and were made over at least once.”

If Claudette should suddenly (Continued on page 100)
WHEN it comes to play clothes, we get right down to the favorite subject of most Hollywood stars. Despite all the elegant and glamorous clothes worn on the screen, Hollywood, in its play hours, relaxes in just the sort of knock-about outfits that you and I want to pack into our vacation and week-end bags.

The only way Hollywood can forget its terrific routine of hard work is to get out under the sun—bicycle, swim, play tennis, sail and dash down to Palm Springs or up to Arrowhead Springs for a brief rest. And what the smart Cinema-ites wear in these out-of-role, off-screen interludes is what interests us most right about this time.

Time to pack your bags!
of the year when we're vacation-minded.

First of all, let me assure you that our pictures this month represent costumes that you can wear on almost any type of vacation unless, of course, you insist upon going to Alaska! They’re all smart and right for you girls who live in every point of the compass.

Maureen O'Sullivan packs her shorts and shirts first, then gets around to more conventional garb afterwards. Actively interested in sport, Maureen puts workman-like, comfortable clothes at the head of her vacation list—that's why she likes shorts so much. Two of these pet outfits are shown here. On page 64 you see her plaid linen crash

play suit with matching skirt which converts it into a sleeveless summer sports dress. Blue and red, the color scheme, with large white buttons on both the skirt and suit. This is a grand outfit for week-ends because it gives you the much desired two-in-one affair and eliminates the necessity of having to find a place for both shorts and an extra sports dress.

Suspenders add a nice individual detail to the usual shorts-and-shirt combination for another of Maureen's vacation costumes. Pink linen for the full short trousers and the buttoned-on suspenders. The plaid gingham blouse combines pink with several other harmonizing shades.

Summer week-ends and holidays are here again
Maureen's white canvas sneakers and white socks are worn with her play suits and with slacks. Madge Evans and I were discussing sports clothes one day and she made several very interesting observations about her preferences.

"If I had my way," she said, "I would have only two types of costumes in my closet—sports and evening things!"

I said that was my idea, too, but that our busy lives never permitted us to specialize quite so strictly.

"Well, fortunately," she continued, "our lives in Hollywood are arranged so that we can nearly have just such a wardrobe, if we wish. You see, I like to relax completely in my off-screen hours and I find that real sports clothes are the best for both lounging and playing. When I have to dress up, it is usually for formal parties where I am forced to wear evening clothes."

I asked her what she thought (Continued on page 98)
We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —

No Nerves! "Every one is gay now and almost everyone is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor! "In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first, I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!

Mildness! "Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "Every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves! Camel's more expensive tobaccos make a real difference... in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing! "Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel freshens me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift." They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

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

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDDELL, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. BYRD W. DAVISPORT, New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. WILLIAM T. WITMORE, New York

Mildness is what Miss Dorothy Paine prefers in Camels

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.
Virginia Bruce . . . one of Hollywood's most beautiful women and one of the screen's most promising young actresses. In a brief year she has emerged as a striking personality. Hollywood swains lose their hearts to her but she shows no favoritism. You'll see her next in "Let 'Em Have It" with Dick Arlen. Also in "Masquerade."
"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

An Intellligent Question Authoritatively Answered——

1 What causes Lines?
Lines result when the under tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this, nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?
Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from within the skin. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging.

3 What makes Blemishes come?
"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding under tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Can Coarse Pores be reduced?
Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from within the skin. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 When do Tissues start to Sag?
Sagging is rarely noticeable before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibers underneath the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, diminished circulation, failing nutrition of the underskin. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.

Keep Under Skin Active to keep Skin faults away

You see, from the authoritative answers given above, skin faults practically all begin in your underskin.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the under tissues vigorous and the skin clean.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world. For Pond's actually softens lines. Ward off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the under layers of the skin.

Every night, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse a second time, patting the cream briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

In the morning—during the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths.

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, brings you enough for 9 treatments. Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free.

Mrs. Richard Goodwyn says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."

Mrs. George Bolling Lee of Virginia beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious General Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my contour firm. I use it every night. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Mail this coupon — for generous package

Pond's, Dept. O 35 Clinton Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and parking) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City__________________________State__________________________

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company
Alice Brady gives her usual excellent performance, this time as the harassed widow on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And well she may be, what with a couple million superfluous dollars, a daughter (Gloria Stuart) who's beautiful but a bit for fortune hunters, and a son (Frank McHugh) who's enough to drive any woman mad. Adolphe Menjou will really put you in as the wild-eyed dancing director—particularly when he goes into that dance brandishing the meat cleaver.

It's all light-hearted—and headed—entertainment, and if you're in that mood yourself, it should prove well worth a general admission ticket.

★★★ Four Hours to Kill
(Paramount)

In this you will behold the metamorphosis of Tol'able David. In other words, Richard Barthelmess has had the courage to change his type completely. He plays a hunted criminal—a criminal caught with pathetic softness by a detective who, for a refreshing change, is neither wood-­headed nor stone-hearted. Charles G. Wilson plays the minister of the law well. Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Joe Morrison and Ray Milland do well enough in smaller parts. Roscoe Karns does a surprising serious bit. The story gets unnecessarily mysterious at points. However, it is pretty fair entertainment. And we would like Barthelmess just as well as an actor as you did when he was a hero.

★★ Party Wire
(Columbia)

Familiarity may breed contempt, but you'll find this small town story entertaining even if you happen to be living in such a place. For it deals with the humorous and tragic results of that insidious thing which even your best friend will tell you about—gossip. The moral is to tear down your back fence and tear out your telephone if you hope to escape its consequences.

You'll find the story in question here, who was once the town belle but suddenly finds herself outside the social pale, her job gone and her lover almost gone—all due to the misinterpretation of an innocent remark made via Mr. Bell's handy gadget.

You'll not only feel sorry for Jean, but appreciate her good acting and looks. Victor Jory is not so convincing as her "young man" but Helen Howell, as his aunt and the town's dictator, gives an excellent performance—particularly when she collects all the village busybodies in the town hall and gives them a liberal piece of her mind. The pay-off comes when all are chastised and repentant as they return home—but each and everyone quietly picks up the receiver for some listening in, the minute the phone rings a neighbor's number.

★★ The People's Enemy
(RKO)

The title was well chosen, anyway, for any audience would feel antagonistic towards such a yarn. It is the time-worn and tattered tale of the victory of justice. Now, we firmly believe that justice often does win out, but our feelings are hurt when it is pointed up by a melodrama. Alice Brady, whose nasty disposition has not been sweetened by three years in the state hoosegow, escaping with a sner on her face, a bundle of clothes and a fun eye, plots to wreak vengeance on her lawyer—who in the meantime has been pretty busy wooing and winning the affections of the convict's wife and child.

You may wonder just where the justice comes in, so far, but you see the lawyer is a model of all the virtues and a pillar of society. It all looks pretty bad, though, until they finally decide to clean up on the desperado and get it all done with. Preston Foster does a good job of making himself ominous as the convict, while Melvyn Douglas does a poor job of making himself likable as the lawyer. Lil Lee is adequate as the "woman in the case."

★ Mary Jane's Pa
(Warner Bros.)

This picture is just one of those mistakes that will happen in the best regulated studios, but why Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee should be the goats again, makes this domestic tale a first class mystery. What laughingly would be called the plot has to do with another of those splendidly charming able newspapermen, who finally wanders away from his family and stays eleven years. We didn't blame him for that—but then he comes back. It seems that absence makes even such gentlemen's hearts grow fonder, so imagine Mr. Kibbee's surprise to find that his wife, Aline MacMahon, is contemplating marrying another! Evidently working on the theory that the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach, he gets his hands on the family cook, just to be near his hard­­tempered children and win back his wife. For some unknown reason his wife gives him back his job and good man and takes back the pimpl, blarney-eyed Guy. Not even a "happy ever after" ending, so the whole picture is a complete waste of time.

★ Chasing Yesterday
(RKO)

We were afraid this would happen. After Anne Shirley's surprising success in "Anne of Green Gables," she was bound to be still orphaned and appealingly naive in her next picture—but the studio didn't have to cook up quite such a hasty story to capitalize on her charm.

There's a thread of plot, but it becomes hopelessly tangled by irrelevant situations. The cast does some good acting, but with such a background their efforts are to little avail. O. P. Heggie is lovable as the scholarly old gentleman who is inveigled by Anne to come to her from boarding-school where she is overworked and misunderstood. Helen Westley is histrionic as the crochety old maid principal who cherishes hopes of a marriage to Mr. Heggie's finer nature—hopes which are guilefully encouraged by Anne for her own ends. Anne herself is her usual agreeable, likable actress, given good stories and excellent direction.

Better play solitaire the evening this (Continued on page 72)
"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to 
choke the pores that trouble begins—tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores—even blackheads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks

dee into the pores, safely re-

moves every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made their beauty care for years.
**Swell Head**  
(Columbia)

Whether you’re a baseball fiend or have never been to a ball game, you don’t want to miss this yarn of the diamond boredom. And unless your heart is as tough as a baseball mitt, you may even find a tear winding its way down your nose when Terry McCall, the Home Run Special, is blinded by a fast ball and tries to “play the game” anyhow. Sure, it’s sentimental, with even pretty Barbara Kent shaking some daffodils from the audience, but there’s more’n a few good laughs, too, provided by the antics of Mr. and Mrs. Dickie Moore strutting his stuff.

Wallace Ford as Terry, gives a far better performance than we’ve come to expect from that gentleman. In fact, the entire cast knows how to “play ball.” This picture should boom the gate receipts of every ball park in town.

**Rendezvous at Midnight**  
(Universal)

Why such an inane plot should be selected for any picture is more of a mystery than the solution of the British police. There’s a small town, a trick rickety known to the movie factories to intrigue audience interest—love, hate, comedy, tragedy, etc., all jumbled up so one’s not quite sure which is which.

Valerie Hobson is the wealthy deb who pays a thousand for a gown without batting an eye but has to either oust the city police commissioner, Ralph Bellamy, He, poor man, is so blinded by duty that love hasn’t a chance—until she is accused of murder, then la passion bursts into bloom in his manly bosom and he insists that “twas he who committed the heinous deed.

The best performance is given by Catherine Doucet, as the proprietor of a gown shop which caters exclusively to the females of the Poor Hundred—each of whom she assures is her “favorite customer.”

**People Will Talk**  
(Paramount)

Charles Ruggles is still at the mercy of Mary Boland in their current matrimonial venture. The story is flatter’n the proverbial pancake except for the determined efforts of these two to provide the expected quota of giggles with a few gut-wrenching thrown in for good measure.

Mr. and Mrs. have been united in the holy bond for twenty-three years with not a single note of discord (attention, Mr. Ripley) when their daughter, Leila Hyams, announces her intention of Renovating her practically new husband. Teh! Teh! say mama and papa, no blot like that on the family ‘scethone. Rising nobly to the occasion, they decide to stage a mock runaway of their own—which turns out to be anything but playful.

The Conservation of Natural Resources committee shall urge on the public, prefer a wall of instead. However, if you’re running low on family squables at home, you may find this picture diverting.

**It’s A Small World**  
(Fox)

The director must’ve forgotten that it’s not only a small world, but a short life, with neither time nor space for such unmoving pictures. The plot is old enough to be pensioned—two young things thrown into each other’s company by force of circumstance, in this case the collision of their Ford’s. Keel romance follows—several hundred feet of it, consisting mainly of a game of emotional hide-and-seek. And for Spencer Tracy, if there is such a thing as a romantic hero, it’s far away from playful parts—and starchy. Yes, Mr. Tracy is getting just a trifle portly. Wendy Barrie, a newcomer, is not only pert and perky, but proof hiscrician ability. Charles Sellon and Raymond Walburn try hard to make the situation a bit livelier, but without much success.

**Bride of Frankenstein**  
(Universal)

Universal has gone and done it again. Another horror picture, picking up where the Frankenstein ended and creating a bride for the monster. Except for its beauty, technically and photographically, nothing much can be said for it. The picture struggles hopelessy with a poor story and the picture falls into a horrible picture class—rather than one of the top half. Half the preview audience walked out during the showing, so don’t say we didn’t warn you.

**Village Tale**  
(REO)

This is another small-town saga with the seamy side of rural life uppermost. A deep current of hatred underlies the story caused by a fool-minded man who exerts his influence over the village loafers who have nothing to do but spit tobacco juice around the post office store and for malicious tid-bits of gossip. Kay Johnson is the girl who is the victim of their groundless speculations. She is tragically married to a worthless man, who "egged on" by his cronies, does despicable things to humiliate her and "Slaughter" Scoville (Randolph Scott)—a man who is intensely disliked because he minds his own business.

There is some comedy relief by Edward Ellis, who gives an excellent performance as the old man who befriends every cat, dog and human in town who needs help. Dorothy Burgess and Janet Beecher are good in their roles as indeed is every member of the cast. With such splendid characterization, it is a pity that the story is so weak in spots that it tears down what good results there might have been. You won’t find this a very pretty tale, but neither will you leave until you see the village scoundrel run out of town.

**Call of the Wild**  
(20th Century)

Of course he doesn’t rate star billing, but nevertheless, Buck, a big St. Bernard, nearly steals this celluloid. The story is a true—very true—translation of Jack London’s famous yarn of the same name and deals with the gold rush of 1900, when the "sloggers" weren’t Broadway babies, nor Hollywood blondes, but "numbers" faithfully depicted as by type of Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen and Frank Crouse. No, not a softie in a carload! After one has witnessed reels of breathtaking snow scenes unreeled, the thin plot gets under way. There is the victim, convincingly portrayed by Mr. Owen, and

(Continued on page 74)
Modern Screen

Jiffy Kodak V. P. — gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers...a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 2\(\frac{1}{2}\)-inch pictures. Costs but $5.

Eye-level finder

Modern styling

Molded case

You simply can't show your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from $5 up; Brownies as low as $1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little?...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y....Only Eastman makes the Kodak.
Information Desk

(Continued from page 10)

a perfectly grand cast. He will also be in "Matinee on the Bump," with Charles Laughton, Herbert Mundin

MARGARET STONE, Chicago, Ill.—James Dunn was born in New York City on November 2, 1905. Clar-
dette Collet's birthday is September 13 and she was
born in Paris, France, in 1905. Gertrude Mi-
chael's home address is Tallahassee, Ala., and her birth-
day is June 13. Fred MacMurray was born in

Pauline Flynn, born in Philadelphia, is married to Josephine Sears and they have two chil-
dren. She was born in Waco, Texas. She received a

graduation from college where she was graduated in 1907.('/7)

She has been with the theaters since 1907. She has

become a member of the Players and she has a

two-woman role in "The Dawn Rider" and "Paradise

BETTY FREEMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—In "Gift of Gah,"
the title role was played by Alphonso and Florence
Young Willard. Joan Crawford's next picture will be
"The Love Lady" in Washington. The stock company at

THE SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

The comedy relief (which proves to be
very little comedy and absolutely no re-
lied) by Mr. Oakle, and Mr. Gable as

a guy who doesn't want to fall for the be-

eoty, but does. Clark, let him he said, is

becoming a first-rate actor, Academy Award of
A.A. Harris. Harris's first role is di-
hag as to diction and with highly pol-
ished finger nails, is the gal caught in the
drift—snow and otherwise. And then the
St. Bernard—marvelous! Yes, taking it
by and all, as it should be taken, "Call of
the Wild" is better than fair entertain-
ment.

★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China
(Warner Bros.)

This picture is just about as good as
they come in sincere, thoughtful screen
plays. The story is intensely interesting
with the colorful Orient as its setting and
the plot centering about a man's deep faith
in two things—his work and his wife, and
his struggles to do justice to both. Re-dig-
ition, cholera and other episodes which
might have been used for suspense are
not enlarged upon, but the constant conflict
in a man's life to be true to his respons-
obilities keeps you engrossed throughout.

Pat O'Brien is an employee of an Ameri-
can oil company in China, and believes
that the company has the welfare of the
Chinese people at heart, just as he has.
Though his wife, Josephine Hutchinson,
has suffered years from his blind, exasper-
a
ting faith in the company, she is the me-
ans in the end of shielding him from disillu-
mis Hutchinson and Mr. O'Brien give superb per-
formances.

Others in the cast are Jean Muir, Lyle
Talbot and Arthur Byron, who are capa-
ble in their roles. It's a worth while pic-
ture all around.

★★ Werewolf of London
(Universal)

If you like stories that make the shivers
play tag with you, you'll simply love this
one! But if there's a drop of skepti-
cism in your make-up, better stay away,
for even the most gullible should find
some parts hard to take. The long drawn out
horror story begins in the Tibetan moun-
tains where an eminent biologist (Henry Hull)

is searching for a rare flower, and while
picking the posy is attacked by a were-
wolf. Now, one scratch from this ac-
cursed creature turns the victim into a
biological marvel—a tall-man, half-wolf—

come the full moon. You've probably seen
strange happenings by the light of that
moon, but Mr. Hull changing to a tasty
wolf beats 'em all. London is aghast at the
mangled corpses strewning its streets and
poor Valerie Hobson, as Mr. Hull's wife,
has a pretty bad time of it, what with putting
up with her husband's antics and being in love with another.

Henry Hull gives the only good per-
formance in a role which is obviously ins-
ufficient for his ability. Warner Oland
doesn't play W. O., with his customary
svavity. But take this picture in place of
your usual—and you'll have just as good a time and perspire a little
freely.

★★★ The Informer (RKO)

Here is a very special picture, one that
you'll have to feel "up to" to enjoy. The
story is stark in its realism to the point of
sordidness. It is the character study of
a man who betrays a friend, not through
malice but through weakness, and of his
mental sufferings as a result of the im-
plausible actions which are taken by him.
It is laid in Dublin in 1922 when rebellion was run-
ning rampant. John Ford directed the picture and too much praise cannot be given
the picture. We've seen in years that this is first a movie
and then a talkie. Sound is subservient to pictorial effect, and dramatic moments
are pointed up through dramatic tricks
rather than through dialogue. The direc-
tion is so good that it almost overshadows
Vivien Leigh's superb performance of the
name role. Neville Brand has been
given such a finished, deft portrayal. In-
deed, it marks his debut as an actor of
merit, rather than a mere character actor.

Preston Foster, Margaret Grahame, Donald
Meek and Una O'Connor all come in for a
share of praise.

★★ Goin' To Town (Paramount)

Well, the pen may be mightier than the
sword, but it surely isn't half as effective
when the ink dries on the paper as when
the ink is still wet. Yep, the bloom has
bitten, when the ink is still wet. Yep, the
bloom has bitten. And yet, it's strange
that a picture which is a perfectly
flawless one, a perfect snapshot of the
time of which it speaks, should be made
in a land where there are no in-crowd
operas. Yep, the huxton blonde takes
credit for writing this one, which is about
the same as taking it on the chin. Every-
thing is laughable in it, every thing, that
is, but the story. It is a lighthearted hang
of things social, the making and
breaking of the upper crust Southampton
colony—yes, it's all there! However,
there's no doubt that if the star
doesn't get herself a story quickly, she'll
soon become a movie industry. But this
year, you sorta forgive, if not actually for-
get. Paul Cavanagh makes an incredible
role seem almost realistic, as do Marjorie
Gateson, Monroe Owsley and Ivan Leb-
edleff. Even though "Goin' To Town" isn't by any means that, you probably
won't want to miss Mae West.

Information Desk

INFORMATION DESK

MODERN SCREEN.

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of
in your department.

Name: ____________________________

City: __________ State: ____________

INFORMATION DESK.
Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the new bright Cutex Nails

- If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex Lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely fashion-right. And every shade flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now—Creme or Clear. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish

Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish. Grand quality. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. S-M7
111 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below:

Natural  □ Coral □ Cardinal □ Ruby □

Name__________________________
Address________________________

75
approached and my father was expected home. She put on her nicest gown, prettied herself up generally and waited for me at the front door to get the special train, and the ceremony of dinner was completed, and she would grace the occasion to the very best of her ability, as it deserved.

"Even now, in California, she has not accepted our easy informality in the least. Still the hostess heart. My godmother dots a hostess gown or attractive dinner gown for even a simple dinner a deux. Whereas I, knowing there will be only the two of us, may come in sport clothes or even lounging pajamas, especially if I had a long tiresome day at the studio and haven't got home late."

"Oh, Claudette. Mother will say, shaking her head reprovingly when she sees what I am wearing. I know that she feels that the evening meal deserves to be more highly honored. That I should at least make an effort to grace her table."

During this part of the conversation we were not neglecting the wonderful luncheon dish that had been recommended by the head waiter as the "Special" for that day and one of their chef's masterpieces on any occasion. This dish proved to be a combination of eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms and seasonings, which quite lived up to the advance description of its merits. Claudette was particularly enthusiastic. So much so that I decided then and there to secure the recipe so that I could try it out myself. It's simple and anyone could pass on the complete directions to Modern Hostess readers.

Parenthetically speaking, that's just what I managed to do, although if you've ever tried to extract a recipe from a suspicious chef you would appreciate my efforts in your behalf in this instance. This luncheon prize, known as Eggs Netherland, which had won Claudette's praise, is indeed the most honored achievement of the Sherry-Netherland's Maitre de Cuisine—no less! You'd surely want to try it—then you'll want to serve it often. And think of the added pleasure you'll derive from the dish originating in such a swanky place and that it has Claudette's accolade of merit besides! But let's get back to Claudette. I haven't nearly finished giving you the helpful ideas I gleaned from my delightful table companion!

INSPIRED by the fact that the Eggs Netherland we had just eaten were simply a novel version of scrambled eggs, Claudette suggested other scrambled egg possibilities that you will want to try, too. One is to fill the eggs with finely chopped vegetables—imparting a lovely color contrast as well as a delicate onion flavor. Scrambled eggs, where cream is used instead of milk, are delicious also. And all scrambled eggs are tremendously improved by being cooked over hot water instead of over direct heat. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes!

Speaking of cream and eggs, as we were a moment ago, there is a little omelette trick carried out by a Frenchwoman who is world renowned for her egg cookery. (I believe she boasts of knowing 1000 different ways of cooking eggs!) After an omelette is set in the pan and is ready to be folded over, a couple of teaspoons of cream are poured into the pan. Somehow the omelette can then be folded with a flick of the wrist and with far less effort.

However Claudette did not confine her suggestions entirely to eggs, for she also feels that you and hereself can and should be done with canapés, salads, desserts and even that lowliest of vegetables—the beet. Two of her canapé suggestions and one novel salad recipe are to be found at the end of this article. I can assure you that they are well worth trying.

The recipe for the salad, pictured at the beginning of the article, will be found in this month's recipe leaflet, together with a special French Dressing highly recommended by Claudette. Another Colbert recipe in the leaflet is for Stuffed Beets (as nice a way as I have ever heard of being both economical and dresy). Then there is another recipe in the Modern Hostess booklet you will surely want to try. It is Plums with Crème Colbert. This delicate sauce is the perfect proof of Miss Colbert's theory that dishes need not be elaborate to be delicious. This dessert is nothing but canned plums combined with a special French custard sauce. Unusual? Yes! Difficult? No! You can make it in your own home I'm sure—that is if you can have the recipe! And of course all you need to do to procure that is to fill out and send the coupon. Yes, the recipes you receive, besides the Stuffed Beets, Swiss Salad and Plums with Crème Colbert just mentioned, will include the recipe for Eggs Netherland which Claudette wants you to know about so you can enjoy them too.

Favorite recipes of famous chefs—favorite foods of a famous screen star! What a combination. And yours for the asking! Write for them now so you can try them the sooner.

AND here are those other promised recipes before we say, with Claudette Colbert—"Au revoir."

SARDEINE CANAPÉS
Cut thin slices of bread into oblong strips, each a width wide enough to hold a single boneless sardine. Fry the bread gently in butter, on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place sardine round on toast; then add to each a sprig of parsley and a slice of lemon. Serve with a combination of a couple of drops of lemon juice and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Place under broiler flame until crumbs are browned.

CHICKEN CURRY CANAPÉS
4 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup curry powder
3/4 cup chopped cooked chicken (canned chicken is excellent for this) fried rounds of bread
Cut hard-cooked eggs crosswise into thin slices. Carefully remove yolks without breaking the circle of whites. Blend eggs with mayonnaise. Add salt, curry powder and chicken (chopped very fine). Mix together thoroughly. Place bread rounds gently in butter on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place an egg-white circle on each round of bread. Add mixture. Garnish each canapé with thin slice of stuffed olive.

GREEN PEPPER SALAD RINGS
2 large, firm, green peppers
3/4 cup cottage cheese
When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

76
Helen Vinson and her mother, Mrs. Rulfs, leave Hollywood by plane. Helen will go abroad for Gaumont-British to make a picture with Conrad Veidt. This is in line with GB's plan to exchange American and English talent. Richard Dix and Walter Huston go over soon, too, while Robert Donat and others come here.

1 1/2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon grated onion, or 1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 stalks celery
1 raw carrot, scraped
6 large stuffed olives
lettuce

Cut thin slice from stem end of green peppers. Remove seeds. Cream together cottage cheese and mayonnaise. Add salt and grated onion or chopped chives. Place celery, carrot and stuffed olives in chopping bowl. Chop very fine. Combine with cheese mixture. Stuff green peppers solidly with this mixture. Place peppers in coldest part of refrigerator to chill thoroughly. To serve, cut peppers crosswise into thick slices. Place one or two of these cheese-filled slices on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Serve with mayonnaise.

1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon grated onion, or 1 teaspoon chopped chives

Cut thin slice from stem end of green peppers. Remove seeds. Cream together cottage cheese and mayonnaise. Add salt and grated onion or chopped chives. Place celery, carrot and stuffed olives in chopping bowl. Chop very fine. Combine with cheese mixture. Stuff green peppers solidly with this mixture. Place peppers in coldest part of refrigerator to chill thoroughly. To serve, cut peppers crosswise into thick slices. Place one or two of these cheese-filled slices on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Serve with mayonnaise.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Claudette Colbert's recipes for July, 1935.

Name ........................................ (Print in pencil)
Address ......................................
(City) ...................................... (State)
(Street and Number)

YOU MAKE THE BEST SPAGHETTI! BUT WHY
DID YOU STEW OVER THE STOVE ON SUCH
A HOT DAY?

BUT I DIDN'T, MY DEAR!
THIS SPAGHETTI COMES
READY-COOKED—

and the sauce is better
than I can make!

"Who wants to slave in a hot kitchen this hot weather? I'm sure I don't! That's why I'm doubly delighted to have discovered Franco-American Spaghetti. It not only saves me work, but we actually like it better than the kind I used to make. My sauce never was as good as this. I think Franco-American has the best sauce I ever tasted!"

Just try it and see!

We might recite the long list of eleven different ingredients this glorious sauce contains ... the big, luscious, flavorful tomatoes ... the mellow Cheddar cheese ... all the tangy spices and seasonings. Yet mere words can never express the most important thing of all that goes into it — the inspired chef's touch! But one taste reveals it — makes women exclaim in surprise, "Why, this spaghetti is a lot better than mine!"

Costs less, too

Serve Franco-American soon. See what a bit it makes with everybody. And remember, Franco-American is not only easier and more delicious, but more economical, too. Actually, it costs less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and burning fuel to cook them.

But that's only half the economy story. Franco-American is packed full of nourishment. It contains a rich supply of important food elements that are needed to build strength and energy, yet costs surprisingly little. Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents. Why not ask your grocer for this delicious spaghetti today?
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<th>Name of Picture and Company</th>
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**JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!**

A Visit to the Polo Grounds
New York

“Call for PHILIP MORRIS”

American Finest 15¢ Cigarettes
play such parts as Wang in 'Good Earth' if and when that picture is made... or I should like very much to play the part of General Grant, when he’s smoking his big black cigar and all if the story of the famous General’s life is filmed."

"I said, to myself, 'It is too soon... the Barthelmess face should not be whiskered—not yet.'

Dick smiled, that memorable, one-sided smile of his. He gravely said, then, that he was dying on the screen. And I was dying, not of age but of youth. Youth can become a disease if we don’t get over it in time. And I was aware of the disease and, if we do not meet that crisis bravely and maturely, we are doomed.

"I have grown weary of hearing people say to Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell, to Warner Baxter and others. ‘You gave a marvellous performance in “Thin Man” or “Give me back or I’ll put that picture!”’ I don’t mean that I am weary of hearing my friends praised or that I begrudge them their just due. It was and is something of my amazement, of my astonishment, of my recent performances which, I well know, are entitled to no such praise."

"I thought then, here is that freak of nature, the Marquetry. And then Dick thought, too, of the many years of youth this man, still in his thirties, has had. At his home in Beverly, before, we left for luncheon (the Barthelmess cook and Butler being down with flu!) I had been looking over some of the scrapbooks his mother kept for him since the day when he made the world Barthelmess-conscious by his performance in ‘War Brides’ with Alla Nazimova. In 1916, that was youth. And one particular thing, not of all the millions of words and clippings in those books stuck in my memory. A popularity contest conducted in 1921 and there, among the first three names, the name of Barthelmess. William S. Hart headed that long-time list, polling 64,556 votes. Wallace Reid came next, not very far behind, 59,824 votes and then Dick with 37,460 votes to his young credit. And then on down a list of names which included William Farnum, Warner Baxter, Eugene O’Brien, Warren Kerrigan and dozens of others. Dozens of others who are now only the shadows of shadows on the screen, while Barthelmess, Junius Brutus, Eugene O’Brien, Warren Kerrigan and dozens of others. Dozens of others who are now only the shadows of shadows on the screen, while Barthelmess, Junius Brutus, Eugene O’Brien, Warren Kerrigan and dozens of others. Dozens of others who are now only the shadows of shadows on the screen, while Barthelmess...

T H E N Dick spoke again of saying goodbye to the boy who had been himself and I thought, those others... those who still live... those who still live... they were not able to say goodbye to youth. They stood at the crossroads, too, and somehow they took the wrong turning.

"I knew," Dick said, "I knew several months ago that I stood at the crossroads. My pictures were terrible, I was terrible. I was miscast and ridiculous. People were not laughing with me."

"The reviews matched the pictures. I was dying—and I knew it.

"And so, there at the crossroads, there were four choices:

"One fork pointed to—retirement. I could retire, along with my scrapbooks and my memories and my family. And if I had so decided, I could have done so without complaint, without regret. I would have walked that fork of the road with contentment in my heart. I've nothing to complain about. I've had everything—no doubt about that."

"But I was looking at the choice of the fork of the road. 'I am just a little boy lost to the world. The path of the world is not for me to take.'"

"The second fork led to retiring from the business of acting and going into the business of directing. And I thought, too, of the many years of youth that fork I did travel, quite a little way. I considered it very seriously. I believe that I could have a most successful career, Miss DeMille, and yet I was too young to be a director. The world, of escaping the playing of your part. Very young or very much disillusioned."

"I chose the third fork."

"The third fork led to signing a contract again with another studio. I knew what that would mean... stories I should not do... parts I should not play... one complete inability to do anything about it. If I took that fork, I knew that I would lose all.”
Gratefully, really. There was that book, "Life Begins At Forty." Well, I don't know about its beginning at forty but certainly it can go on from there and become richer, riper and more worthwhile with every milestone passed.

"It's especially hard for actors and actresses—I know. It's hard because we form the habit of looking into mirrors and believing that what we see there is the whole story.

"But with me it wasn't a question of looking at myself in the mirror one morning and exclaiming, 'I am no longer young!' It was a question of something deeper than the skin. I was no longer interested in being young. I was no longer interested in the parts I was playing.

"Of course I am more mature than I was sixteen years ago, I hope so. I would hate to be the victim of an adolescent fixation. People say to me, reproachfully, 'You are heavier than you were when you were a young man.' Great Heaven, why not? A man in his late thirties cannot have the lines of a boy in his teens. That is physically impossible.

"No, because an actor says good-bye to youth does not mean that that actor is dead. It works the other way round. Many a good actor has been enthroned in his youth. And most of the men who are successful on the screen today—Ronnie, Bill, Bart Marshall and Warner Baxter are men who have never made youth a selling point.

"I shall work now—more than ever before for the joy of working. I have never taken pictures for a racket. Always I've been intensely serious about my work. I've been grateful for the things my work has given me. Money doesn't interest me any longer. I want enough to pay my taxes, to educate our two children, to buy Jessie a new coat now and then. But there won't be enough money in all of Hollywood to make me play a part unless I believe in it. Unless I know it's truly a part suited to me.

"I should say that George Arliss is the perfect example of all I've been saying. He has the one quality which can defy age, is independent of looks or sex appeal. And that is charm.

"I have said good-bye to youth," Dick said, puffing slowly on his cigarette, "and in so doing I have said good-bye to uncertainties and perplexities, to the fear of losing my way. I know, now, what I want. In my private life as well as my professional. We hope to sell our house here in Beverly Hills. We want to buy a farm in the valley, not a ranch, I won't call it a ranch—I want a farm and I'll put a white picket fence all around and call it a farm. And we'll have a pig and bees and a cow and we'll travel when we have the nostalgia for far places. I'll do the pictures that are suitable for me to do—and I'm happier than I have ever been in the course of an almost completely happy life. Which should be some sort of encouragement for those others who stand at the crossroads weeping into the mirror they hold in their hands..."

"And so, 'Tol'able David' is gone—down that long bright roadway we see his slender, pathetic figure vanishing into the sunlit distance...and watching him go, a smile on his face, stands a man with the mature face of David...a man who is brave enough to say good-bye to youth..."

The Information Desk sees all, knows all, hears all, cinematically speaking. Your questions will be answered gladly. See page 10.
the hullabaloo?"

"Because," he continued and his voice sounded as if he were pronouncing a death sentence, "the studio insists that, if somebody doesn't take the blame quickly and write a long letter of apology to the newspapers, her new picture may not be released over there. In other words, after reading that cunning little diary, every patrician newspaperman went to the bar for his insulated nation in front page articles which berated the lady in no uncertain terms for accepting their hospitality and then turning on them with this insolent criticism. Ingratitude was the mildest term they used."

"Who pays the piper?" I asked.

"You do," he answered. "You wrote it—you fix it! Someone has to get it out of the stew. Under the circumstances, no one could convince the temperamental lady that she said all those horrid things about that lovely country and its perfectly charming inhabitants!"

So I sat down to do a masterpiece—"whomever it may concern," bringing all journalist's tricks to the aid of the beautiful lady in distress. It didn't make much sense, but it was all about a bold, bad journalist to whom the innocent star had confided her European impressions—and aforementioned journalist had taken advantage of her trust.

I probably closed the letter with: "Forgive me—I knew not what I did!"

Pity the poor fan writer!

WHEN I entered his dressing-room, he was deep in a story of intrepid exploring—about an expedition up the Amazon.

"How I envy those chaps," he said, reluctantly putting aside the magazine and stretching his legs. "What wouldn't I give to change places with them? If I had my way, and a little more courage, I'd chuck all this right now." With a somewhat contemptuous wave of the arm he indicated the elaborate dressing-room, the expensive suits of clothes, all the paraphernalia of a screen star who had arrived.

"I'm no actor, you know," he grinned ingratiatingly. "I'm just a simple fellow!"

"Tell that to your fans." I chuckled, "they'd sue you for libel!" But supposing you weren't the proud possessor of all this—supposing you were foot loose and fancy free? What would you rather be?"

"Believe it or not," he said, "I'd rather be a writer than anything on earth. I envy you, and that's not supposed to be a joke. No, of course I don't envy you the job of interviewing film celebrities—you can keep all that. But I envy the ability of expressing what you see and feel in words!"

He was very serious now, even the dimples had disappeared.

"What would you write about?"

"Listen," he said, "I'm going to do something one of these fine days that you or any other writer could do if you had the nerve. I'm going to the editor of the National Geographic Magazine or one of those chaps who heads an exploring or archeological expedition. "Mister," I'll say, "let me go along on an expedition. That as your official reporter. I'll write it all up for you, and I'll guarantee it'll be worth printing afterwards. It won't cost you anything but my food, clothing, and shelter! That's what I'd do!"

"But you never will," I jeered. "Give up all this success, money, adulation. Give it up for a life of hardship and uncertainty!"

"Give up being a clothing horse and a background for beautiful film actresses, you mean? Well, you'll be surprised one of these days how much fun I can have doing it!"

He grinned again—both dimples in prominence.

"Great Screen Star Resonances Life of Easy!" screamed: "When A Man's A Man! Read all about it in tomorrow's Daily Gazette..."

"I can hardly wait to read about it," I said.

"So you think it's all a joke, and refuse to believe me? Will you take a bet on it?"

"Any time limit?" I asked. "One year, two years, ten years?"

"Well," said he, hedging. "Let's leave it this way—much sooner than you'd ever expect. You'll be advised when by telegram."

"Will I be advised where?" I asked.

"Not on your life," he said vehemently, "I want to be alone!"

And the sequel to it all? Can't you guess? Several days later, a phone call from the studio: "Mr. So-and-So doesn't want you to mention that little discussion about exploring expeditions under his name!"

"But why?" I asked, dismayed. "Oh, just because!—was the enlightening answer.

And it was Mr. So-and-So who said that he envied the life of a writer!

HER sudden marriage had set Hollywood agog. It was one of those rare occurrences which no one, not even a super gossip writer, could have predicted.

It certainly hadn't looked like a romance to me. From the beginning, it was a marriage of convenience.

Saturday evening she left the studio to a bachelor girl and returned the following Monday—a married woman! The first time she saw him, as she hurried out of her dressing-room, still smooching on her make-up, was the man to whom she'd been engaged!

He was standing behind the camera looking at her intently. She almost fainted from the shock.

For a month, she refused to marry that other man so hurriedly had been entirely on this man's account. What no one in Hollywood knew was that she had been engaged to an Easterner for almost a year. Shortly before she fell so violently in love with her present husband, her fiancée had written that he was coming to Hollywood to marry her. He had consented, for she was still in love with him.

If a soothsayer had predicted that a dark, handsome and very persuasive stranger was about to walk into her life, she would have hoisted at him. If a crisis had not squelched the contract, and a new romance she would have shrieked with laughter. She has an excellent sense of humor.

No less significant than a kiss in the dark changed the whole course of her life. As unconventional a girl as she is, she was as conventional a formula for falling in love as the one recommended in the popular songs: a moon, a balmy night, a strong arm around her waist (they were riding the roller coaster at the beach)—and a kiss!
Three days later she knew she’d been attacked by a virulent and dread disease. She was miserable. She was joyous. All at once and both together, it was like having chills and fever simultaneously.

She then gave the proposal— as sudden as the kiss. For a few miserable hours she fought with herself. How could she tell her fiancé who was already on his way to California? And what could she possibly say to him than the endless hours of explanation, recriminations, pleadings, and remorse that would be inevitable if she waited and tried to explain. Better a clean finish.

And so they stole quietly away on a Sunday and were married. As soon as the ceremony was over, she telegraphed to her ex-fiancé, who was speeding out to her on the Sunset Limited.

After the telegram was sent, she wondered whether she had been too impulsive. Should she have waited for his arrival to break the engagement?

But the knot was tied—and her happiness was great enough to counterbalance any lurking sense of guilt. Yes, it was better to have broken the news this way. In the long run it would probably hurt him less.

So she arrived at the studio the morning after her wedding, hastily applied her make-up, and walked on to the set—to find the heroics being written for her behind the camera—writing for her.

It had been a surprise which he had carefully and lovingly planned for her. There was no question. He'd sent his message aboard the train and was, therefore, still blissfully ignorant of the shock in store for him.

Yet the heroine of this romantic drama had solemnly vowed to me, only six months previous, that there were no men in her life. In fact, she knew there would be a lifetime before she'd come to see one for years to come. And I believed her!

QUITE different from that other actor who aspired to be a writer, were the views of another well-known thespian who had no envy whatever of the writing tribe. Once he had been a writer, and he regretted that he had never written a message aboard the train and was, therefore, still blissfully ignorant of the shock in store for him.

Yet the heroine of this romantic drama had solemnly vowed to me, only six months previous, that there were no men in her life. In fact, she knew there would be a lifetime before she'd come to see one for years to come. And I believed her!

A FAMOUS illustrator, who had painted some of the most renowned beauties in America, once described his ideal woman as "a balanced combination of whiskey and ovaltine!" Exhilaration and hullabaloo! A snappy definition for the perfect woman?

The star of whom I'm about to write had always seemed to me to fit that description. Therefore, I looked forward to my first interview with her with some excitement, although I had long since recovered from the heroine-worship stage.

Yet, as I sat waiting in her dressing-room, I felt sentimental, sixteen once again. A supremely egotistical, perhaps even blasé person—the fan writer turned fan!

Then she arrived and in a few moments I was completely captivated. Gracious, easy in conversation, sincere, cultivated—she soon made me forget that she was a famous star enduring one of those abhorrent duties one executes reluctantly as part of the sacrifice for being a celebrity. And she, absorbed in the conversation, forgot an appointment for a costume fitting.

We had talked openly on a number of subjects, and some of her expressed opinions she asked me to quote, I gave her my word—and kept it. I was particular to do so, since she had been misquoted more frequently than anyone else in Hollywood.

"Why must they write all that nonsense about me? Why must they continually misquote me?" she demanded, I couldn't tell her that the credit for the sensational myths was a weakness peculiar to journalists. That would have given my brethren away. Also I couldn't have told her that the credit for the publicity because the public would read anything printed about her. She was a personality plus— the sort when one is noticed. Volatile as mercury, changeable as a chameleon, a combination of whiskey and ovaltine. If I had said that, she would have thought me out of my mind.

"I hope you can make something out of our random talk," she said as we shook hands. "And, by the way," she added, "you'll let me see the story when it's finished, won't you?"

Of course, I promised to show it to her. After all, who can resist such charm? Besides, I wanted her public to see her as she really was: a simple, sincere, completely feminine person and not—

"VACATION DAYS are HEALTHY DAYS—but..."

Each toast, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.

MODERN SCREEN

SHREDDED WHEAT

"UNEEDA BAKERS"

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
an exotic, erratic prima donna.

In due time, the article was sent to her, and I awaited confidently her cachet of approval. Quite objectively, I judged it a good job of writing, and a flattering, though completely honest, portrait of this star. Certainly, she of all people, would appreciate its sincerity. But, again, I was too naive!

A message arrived from the studio, "Would I please come out that afternoon?" I found her still charming, but whereas she had been girlish and disarming before, she was now regal and distant. I soon discovered that her ladyship was neither amused nor pleased with my efforts to portray her as I saw her. Wasn't I making a grave mistake? Certainly her public wouldn't be in the least interested to read that she was just an ordinary woman with human problems and perplexities. No indeed, the article was not at all what she expected.

I should have been crusty. But I wasn't. What did she think they wanted to know about her, I demanded. Your own words give a better picture of you than any description I could write, that's why I quoted you so literally. But you must admit that I didn't mention any of those things that you asked me not to quote.

"No," she said, and now her tone was icy, "you didn't misquote me but I do not like your story. I expected something different."

Once more she was ingratiatingly exercising that fatal charm. "Surely, you'll write another story, giving in your own words your impression of my personality?"

But this time I was adamant. "No," I said, matching her tone, ice for ice. "You asked me to quote you accurately, yet you don't like what you say when you see it in print."

"It is evident," she said, "that you do not understand me!" And her glance was enough to ossify me.

No, I didn't understand her. And the editor who accepted the story as one of the fairest and most sympathetic he had read about the lady, couldn't understand me when I wired him not to publish it.

"What's the idea?" he wrote back. "Are you retiring, or isn't our magazine good enough for you?"

There was no use trying to explain. He wouldn't have understood my complications. A good newspaperman, like the colonel in "Livés of a Bengal Lancer," puts his job first. Was I growing lily-livered? He still thinks I'm either crazy or very susceptible! Pity the poor fan writer!

Magnificent was her scorn. As magnificent as Lady Macbeth's. As scorching as Electra's. After the first five minutes of acquaintance, I was as deserted as the drenched landscape without, as desolate as her two pet Australian finches who, with pathetic industry, were building a nest in their cage because it was spring in Australia.

I had only strength left to sit and listen weakly, while another tempestuous lady of a thousand audacious legends flooded my mind (what there was left of it) in a monologue which was all frankness and light!

"You asked me to compare motion picture performers to the great actors and actresses of my day, Absurd! You asked me to compare Norma Shearer to Sarah Bernhardt. Still more absurd!"

"What do such admirable young women as Norma Shearer know of the acting of my contemporaries? In the first place, they're too young ever to have seen them. In the second place, there has been a war. You knew that, I presume!"

Her eyes blazed; her hands moved with an epic gesture of contempt.

"That war made an unbridgeable gulf between the standards of my generation and the generation you asked me to comment upon."

"When I was young, a young woman who showed her legs was considered immoral. Immediately after the war, short skirts were the height of fashion. So why should I sit here and waste your time and mine by attempting such ridiculous comparisons?"

"You might as well have asked me to compare making shoes to painting. One is an industry—the other an art."

"Has anyone the right to call himself an artist whose business is to stand in front of the camera and say the same sentence over twenty-five to ninety times? First with the chin up, then with the chin down, then grinning into the camera, then pulling a long face sideways. . . ."

"Is there any art in a love scene in which the embrace is measured mathematically? While the hero clasps the heroine in his arms and mutters, 'Darling,' passionately, some make-up person runs back and forth dabbing glycerine under the heroine's eyes so that she seems to be crying?"

CAN there be any sincerity in that same passion of the hero when the director interrupts a moment of high emotion with, 'Lower your voice.' The hero tries it again. Darling, he booms in a bass gutteral, this time pitching his voice two tones lower. 'Higher,' screams the di-
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Patients in hospitals got better appetite and digestion—clearer skin—as constipation left

In one American hospital, 93% of chronic constipation cases were corrected by treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast. Similar results were obtained in 89% of skin cases of dermatitis of the body, and in 85% of those cases taken from hospitals' actual records:

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Constipated. Patient had suffered for many months from indigestion, anemia and underweight. Bad skin condition. Her eyes looked haggard. After treatment with the new Yeast every day, patient's skin improved. Patient said: "I expect to be a healthy woman again." Yeast gave patient new energy. She looks younger.

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No ordinary diet supplies enough of these substances—not even diets with fruits and vegetables. But one food is extremely rich in them. This is the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new fresh yeast increases the flow of your stomach's juice, stimulates and strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines.

As a result, your food "digests" better—elimination becomes normal—your system is freed from the bowel poisons which so often cause unnatural fatigue—indigestion—skin troubles. Begin now to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it regularly, following the rules below:

Eat three (or more) tbsps of Fleischmann's Yeast each day—plain, or in water, milk, or fruit juice. Eat it one-half hour before meals so it can start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

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At grocers, soda fountains, restaurants.

*... caused by constipation. To be sure of the cause of your condition, see a doctor.
One cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes, Jewel cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that does not rub off! You can't go wrong with Jewel. Try a bottle today. You can get it at most stores for only 10 cents. At Kress Stores ask for De Luxe White...10 cents.

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MODERN SCREEN

How Are Joel and Frances Getting Along?

(Continued from page 34)

loval fans, of which she has plenty, will be surprised at the improvement over her past performances. A new sweetness and understanding of life shows in her work, and color photography, here more marked, or less an experiment, has found her an ideal subject.

"I wanted to give up my career when I married Joel," she continued, "but he wouldn't let me. I thought marriage, a home, husband and family were all I wanted. Joel thought I was sincere in my belief but he was wise enough to realize that sooner or later I might miss my work and blame him.

"I have always said I wouldn't let my wife do anything," Joel interrupted. "In fact, I always declared I'd never marry an actress, which only goes to prove that men as well as women can change their minds. I thought the place for a married woman was at home but now I wouldn't want to be married to a girl who didn't have some outside interest—something to keep her alive and alert. I think every wife should have something besides housework and petty daily cares to think of.

I EARN enough money to hire all the help she needs at home. Frances hasn't enough to do in the house to occupy her time, even with the baby, which she doesn't want to let out of her sight for more than a little while. Anyway, what would she do if she didn't work? Spend her time at cocktail parties or playing bridge? Fortunately, she doesn't care for that sort of thing."

Frances confirmed that statement with an emphatic shake of her head.

"It is a big thing to understand women although he was never regarded as a "ladies' man." He knows how changeable a woman, particularly an actress, can be. He understands, at least, for he remembers that for six months Frances refused to meet him. "What's the use?" she asked her friends, "if you're only going to bring the two together. "He isn't the type of man I like."

But Fate was on Joel's side and they met when they played opposite each other in "The Silver Cord." Five months later they were married.

"I wasn't terribly interested in getting married until I met Frances," Joel admitted. "I had the ranch, which took up all my spare time. When I decided to marry I didn't know how a girl of Frances' type would like it. But she is as enthusiastic as I am about living in the country."

The Circle M, their thousand-acre ranch forty miles from Hollywood, is the place they call home. They keep an apartment in town, where they live when either one is working on a picture, but the minute they finish they can be found at the ranch. Rather, they can't be found, for without even a telephone they are safe from every sort of outside disturbance.

There, in their attractive farm house, which never steps out of character despite every modern convenience, they live. There, from the top of their own private hill, they can look in any direction conscious that everything within eye sight is their own. They can ride horseback for hours, which they do every morning, without venturing off their own property. They can drive out and over the hill a little way to dive into the swimming pool, which is no fancy, blue-tiled Hollywood creation but a cement-lined hole in the ground.

On the ranch they spend their time very much en famille, for they are a very close-knit set, and the friendliest people in the world, but they are very much wrapped up in their respective families. There is a suite in the home built to accommodate the two grandmothers of little Joel Dee McCrea, and it is always occupied by one or the other of them.

THEY are seldom seen at parties or at the late spots in Hollywood and when one or the other is preparing for a new picture. Many evenings are spent in studying their roles.

"Frances and I always rehearse our roles together," Joel explained, "and I hold script for each other. When Frances is giving me cues she often suggests a better way for me to play a scene. I try her way because she is a much better actress than I am an actor and is good on characterization while I am better on judging stories."

"You were very embarrassed rehearsing before each other—probably more so than we would have been with anyone else—but now we don't mind at all. By rehearsing and becoming thoroughly familiar with a role before we start a picture, our work is much easier when we go on the set to start work on a picture."

"I'm more interested in my career than ever, he continued enthusiastically, "since got me out of a jam."

"I wasn't exactly indifferent about my acting," he protested when it was suggested that he may have been more interested in the ranch than he was about anything else.

"Well, maybe I was a little bit indifferent," he admitted reluctantly, and then, who else was in the picture, all the giving enough money and getting by as a personality actor. Frances got me to go to her teacher, Samuel Kayzer, and he's done a lot for me. She said if I was going to act I ought to be a good actor. Everyone seems to think I have improved, so I owe it all to Frances and Mr. Kayzer. He's the fellow who coached Freddie March and Ann Harding and, oh a lot of well-known actors. He knows his business."

"I don't want to keep on acting until I'm an old man," he laughed. I want to quit a year before they fire me. But I don't want to stop now. I feel that I'm just getting into my stride. I'd like to be in outdoor pictures—the type of thing George Eastman would like. I'd be pretty good at that sort of thing."

At which point the little woman nodded a vehement affirmative.

"When they offered me the role in 'Private Worlds' they didn't think I'd take it because another actor, Charles Boyer, was the star. I told them I didn't care who else was in the picture. All that mattered to me was my part. I don't mind playing with a star like Boyer, Her-
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No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant “armhole odor.”

Test this by smelling your dress tonight.

EVery sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet but dry. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is not the sure way.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. No matter how little you perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

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Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for his own use. Your physician will tell you it has no harmful effect. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm in any way. It simply draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

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If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you!

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Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—the instant daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

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On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

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● To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents.
admirers almost innumerably. There is no sensation in the world, no thrill in the world comparable to the thrill of being loved.

I SUPPOSE I'd never thought much about the thrill of part of it because the thrills an actress is supposed to have are not thrills to me. In the area that my mother, Katharine Clinton, was an actress, I was brought up in a world of theatre talk and theatre people. The mystery was matter-of-fact murder by the spirit of exchange which has crept into the world of late. The calculating spirit of "She or he is going to give me something and I'll have to return it in kind." And so Kay does it all differently. All through the year, all of the time, she sends presents to the friends she happens to see something she knows that friend would really care about. If such a gift happens to present itself around Christmas time, all depends to come her way in May or June or July she sends it then. I like that, don't you?

"And then," Kay was saying, the pale smoke from her cigarette making a mist about her night-black head, "and then there is the thrill of knowing that I am having what others have, entertainment and pleasure of thousands of people. I am one of those who may be asked to have 'Mission in Life.' I believe in helping people to take their minds off themselves and their own problems, even for a little alleviating space of time.

"Oh, I've had one or two of the unexpected thrills, too, of course. Anyone who can eat sixty-nine doughnuts in the course of a morning is human, all too human. I had a thrill when I first saw my name on a four sheet, for instance. I was going by train, I remember, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. On the way I happened to see Kay Francis in the window, and there on the bill-boards, as tall as the sky, was the name KAY FRANCIS in—whatever the picture was. I don't know. I've not forgotten that I did feel a very genuine thrill.

There was the time when I bought my first and only mink coat from one. Like most other girls and women, I'd dreamed of the day when I should own a mink coat of my own. Back in the days when I was doing secretarial work, when I was working in the real estate office, even when I was 'just a housewife,' I'd dream of the sumptuous lady's wishing about in mink and things. I'd sigh, and wonder whether I, too, might own a mink . . . Then the day came when I could have one or two of the expected thrills, too, of course. Anyone who can eat sixty-nine doughnuts in the course of a morning is human, all too human. I had a thrill when I first saw my name on a four sheet, for instance. I was going by train, I remember, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. On the way I happened to see Kay Francis in the window, and there on the bill-boards, as tall as the sky, was the name KAY FRANCIS in—whatever the picture was. I don't know. I've not forgotten that I did feel a very genuine thrill.
shall. I might, in my retirement, make a picture or do a play, near and again, if I was asked to. But for all practical, day-by-day purposes I shall be retired. I'll live simply. I'll travel, I'll read, I'll have my schooner. Then, and only then, will the real thrill of being an actress come home to me—when it has become the thrill of having been an actress! "I get a thrill out of my mother's thrills. The first time my name was ever on Broadway in electric lights, Mother went down to that theatre and walked around the block a dozen times, just so she could look at it. She even took a camera with her and made a picture of it."

Kay smiled, that rich and luscious smile of hers. She said, "I hope I haven't disappointed you. I should have been able to tell you feverish tales of lovers and rendezvous—of freedom to live my own life—and temperament—of trysts and orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne massages—but we work too hard to have many rendezvous. We have less freedom than any other group of people in the world. If we have a little bit of temperament, it is from page news within the hour. Happiness is difficult to snare and to secure because happiness roots best in peace—and there is no peace. Orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne dips are the kind of thrills other people think we get. Perhaps some actresses do. I doubt it. That sort of thing is as old-fashioned as the gentlemen who died with white gloves in their hands...

"No, the thrill of being an actress is, to me, the thrill of being loved by more people than could ever have known of my existence otherwise. It is the thrill of having a job. It is the thrill of being able to make my mother's life pleasanter than it might have been without me and my work. It is the thrill of believing that I am giving my small share of pleasure and amusement to others. It is the supreme thrill of being more alive than I might have been if I did not live under a magnifying glass."

A boy staggered by bearing six mammoth boxes. The air became redolent of doughnuts. George Breet beckoned, bleakly, from the set. Kay trod out her cigarette with a white satin heel. She gathered her mink about her. She said, "If there is any thrill in death by doughnuts, I'll let you know... farewell..."
We found later that Bob Montgomery had tipped Norma off to what was going on and between them they had prepared to pretend to speak no English and to chatter gibberish so as to make it more difficult for Maureen. They reckoned without the histrionic ability of the Irish!

Joan Bennett's was our next stop-over. We were commissioned to get a baby's rattle from Joan's nursery. Joan and Gene Markey were playing some sort of a card game when we arrived. Maureen decided to use honesty instead of subterfuge in this case. She came right out and told Joan what we were doing but we wanted what we wanted. And here she met up with a fierce maternal possessiveness. For Joan would not have anything in the house just so long as we would leave the baby's rattle. Anything belonging to small Melinda, she said, was too precious to trust to a scavenger. Maureen said that this meant failure and, no doubt, the loss of the prize, but that she could perfectly appreciate a mother's sentiments and be moved by a mother's tears. If Joan would give us a diamond bracelet the head-pow-wow of the scavengers might not count the loss of the rattle against us. Instantly Joan disappeared and then appeared again bearing a diamond bracelet and we went forth into the night with the exact emotions of those who have spared a mother's heart. Even the officer was snuffling and rubbing his eyes with his coat sleeve as he barked in the doorway and watched too tenderly little scene.

We hunted down Francis Lederer next. Never mind where. We promised not to tell. Francis' whereabouts were not a part of our assignment. What we did have to get from Francis was a front page of one of his cherished World Peace pamphlets. It was all the reasonable reason after we had promised to bring up our sons, if any, without a single freecracker on the Fourth of July and total abstinence from toy guns, cannons or even a bean-shooter. Having made two World Peace converts of us, Francis ripped off the front page of his pamphlets and we stole forth from the retreat of Francis.

Maureen pressed on the gas, the officer zoomed after us and we sped back to Beverly Hills again. This time to the home of Director W. S. Van Dyke. It was an amazing experience——he has scoured all Africa and the North Pole and other outposts of comfort for the masterpieces he has given to the screen. Maureen said that she was really ashamed to go to Van Dyke's. He is known to all scavenger hunters as a willing martyr to the cause of scavenging. His weekly bills for remodelling, redecorating and furnishing his scavenged home are part of his heavy overhead. Van was dressed to the skin in a familiar and compact suit, most tasteful and handsome. He greeted us without surprise. Maureen told him, timidly, that we simply had to get three things. One was a book, with his name on it in front of his fireplace. She admitted that he could have felt no greater terror when he seared the polar bear in the Far North than he did when we made our request. Van gave his hearty, genial laugh. He said, "Go in and take the whole rug if you want it. I can go back North and get another." But Maureen is as conscientious as she is courageous. She has punctilio and she might have pneumonia. She produced a pair of tweezers from a diminutive pocket and carefully abstracted three white hairs from the recumbent bear skin.

On our way back from Van's we stopped at Bill Powell's. Bill is living in the Lita Grey Chapman house here in Beverly Hills pending the completion of his new mansion. It was a home. Alone. Reading. Maureen told him right out, with the blushes that only Maureen can richly and redly blush, that she had to get from him an autograph photograph of Jean Harlow. Bill seemed to have a mother's heart where this treasure was concerned. He, like Jeannette, offered anything in his possession if we would forego the photograph of Jean. But this time Maureen stood her ground. She said that this was a deadly serious business. It was, in a way, life and death. . . Bill finally removed a lovely smiling head of Jean from the nearest table and handed it to us, a catch in his throat and the prayer that we would return it to him before the stars should have faded from the western sky. (It was returned to him, I know. I returned it.

The officer sort of choked up over this one, too. He said that he didn't know that these here now scavenger hunts could be so important.

We drove on to Toluca Lake. We had to snare Bing Crosby. And Bing's was a honey. In a businesslike brief-case Maureen carried off of those little recording machines into which a person sings and his voice is recorded. We had to persuade Bing to make that record. Bing looked a trifle weary when, with more of the O'Sullivan blushes, he was asked to make for us an impromptu record. He said that he was really awfully busy with the Sauti Anna line. He said that he was incorporated but was seriously thinking of incorporating as the most scavenged man in town. And he finally broke down and said, "Baby's Shoes" for us—and for the record. He reminded us that it should, in his case, be titled "Baby's Shoes".

We had one funny little one to deal with a member of our own hunt. We had been commissioned to get one of Tom Brown's love letters for Anita Louise. Our orders were, delicately, that we were not to read the letter or mere than glance at it. Well, we failed. Maureen talked to Anita Louise and she told us that Tom had never written any letter to Anita Louise. They have never been separated long enough to make a letter possible. And whenever there has been distance or time between them, Tom
has used the phone. Which seemed to us to be something of a sly peep into a lovely young love. "I don't really mind failing," Maureen said, "for such a darling reason."

Of course, we had to stop at Mae West's. We invaded her apartment, guards and all—and were doubtless admitted, not on our own face value, but because of the portly presence of the officer of the law. We told her that we'd come to get a new Mae West joke. And Mae gave us this one: It seems that she met the Invisible Man on the set the other day. She said to him, "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" Whereupon he answered, "Why, Mae, I was up there last night!" Mae added that this zit might be on every tongue by morning, but it was brand new as she handed it to us.

Joan Crawford was on our list. Joan lives practically next door to the Clark Gables in Brentwood. We should have skipped over the mock oranges and gone to Joan's directly from Clark's. In our excitement we forgot to do that. So out to Joan's we went. Joan had just finished running an after-dinner picture. Franchot was there and two or three other Joan-admirers. We were commissioned to get from Joan a—guess what? A gardenia! We were hospitably invited in. Maureen cast an eager eye over the lapsels of Franchot and the other gentlemen. Not a gardenia among 'em. But Joan seized upon us with avid hands. Here, she said, was her chance. She had been considering writing a story about herself to be called "The Curse of the Gardenia." Now we had given her an "out" and would she take it? Whereupon Joan gathered up her gown and, with Franchot behind her, rushed out into the night. With frantic, determined fingers, regardless of manicure, she invaded the garden and tore from the earth, roots and all, a gardenia tree! She handed it to us without a word. But her eyes, her shortened breath, her air of inexpressible triumph and relief said more plainly than words, "This is the last of the gardenias—and forever!"

That flowering shrub won Maureen the prize. As Una Merkel observed, "You have not only brought home the booty, you have murdered a legend."

MODERN SCREEN

DON'T NURSE A CORN

The way to end corn suffering is to REMOVE the corn—safely, scientifically—with INSTANT PAIN RELIEF

Do you cut or pare corns to get relief? Don't. This practice may lead to serious infection. It gives only temporary relief. Unscientific, harsh, untried remedies are risky too. Avoid them. Blue-Jay (1) gives instant and soothing relief the moment it is applied. Its snug-fitting pad cushions the corn against shoe pressure; (2) removes corns safely. Blue-Jay's Wet-Prep adhesive strip holds the pad securely in place—so that the Blue-Jay medication gently undermines and loosens the corn without your feeling it. You walk in complete comfort. In three days, the corn lifts right out.

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Read these letters from typical Blue-Jay users

WORTH MUCH MORE THAN PRICE PAID—"I am using one of the Blue-Jay plaster on my feet several hours a day. price. Mrs. Helen Blasey, Chenoa, Ohio. I cannot praise Blue-Jay too highly. The mental as well as the physical relief they afford is worth much more than the small price paid in the beginning."

FROM A MOTHER OF SMALL BOYS—"I have two small boys, aged three and four years. That means a lot of steps, and being on my feet so much has caused corns. I heard your broadcast, advertising Blue-Jay Corn Plaster, and bought them. My corns disappeared like magic."—Mrs. Katherine Hall, Boise, Idaho.

USE BLUE-JAY TO KEEP SMILING—"My daughter is a nursery worker. I lent her some Blue-Jay. The hotel matron mant at all times wears a cheerful countenance. Now, thanks to Blue-Jay, which eased the pain instantly and completely removed the cause, smiling comes easy. My daughter has been given another corn corn are both improved."

Exercise Book FREE—Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2300 South Dearborn St., Chicago. (Please enclose coupon on government postcard saves postage.)

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Cora Sue Collins and Jean Harlow wish May Robson "Many happy returns" at her seventieth birthday party.
merchant. He merely humored his son’s preoccupation with the drama. Even on his death bed, he confidently expected that little Charles would carry on his business. Thereafter, Madame Boyer devoted her life to the education of her only child. She insisted that he finish at the Sorbonne, make his way in life, and she would consent to his choice of a career. But Charles never wavered. His ceaseless practise with gesture and voice was interrupted only by the War.

“It was that War, Monsieur,” Paul said with a sigh, “which makes him prefer tragedy to comedy.”

“He’s always serious,” Paul confided.

“But don’t be mistaken. He’s a delightful fellow. He just doesn’t like to waste time, you know, with the insincere.” As he spoke, Boyer paused to exchange a word with his leading lady. “Criticise him,” Paul admonished, quietly, “He likes it. But don’t.” He broke off as Boyer turned toward us.

The actor’s expression lost its gravity as he recognized his friend. He stepped forward, with outstretched hand. No star in France can acknowledge an introduction so graciously as a Frenchman, but at the moment I recalled what some of the literary chattering classes have always been accustomed to say about the coldness of the French temperament. He was constantly under tension. As I felt the nervous grip of his hand and caught the feverish gleam in his brown eyes I felt that, perhaps, was not so much of a gross exaggeration. He directed us into his room, showed beribboned boxes off chairs grand and after we were comfortably seated, his long fingers fumbled with a box of cigarettes. We lighted up. My eyes took in the fragrant disorder as a glance and returned to the anxious host. As he measured three jiggers of Napoleon brandy it was only his fingers, I noticed, which revealed his inward tension. Slipping our glasses, we talked for awhile about America and then, like an ass, I made a faux pas. “It must be slightly intoxicating to be attractive to so many women,” I said.

“How does it feel to be a great lover?” I was immediately aware of the unpleasant reaction. Boyer’s eyes met with a glance and a slight flush crept into Boyer’s cheeks.

“I’m not this lover.” Boyer mumbled. “And what sort of man would you want to be? Your great lover is the most pitiful creature in the world.” To my incredulous exclamation Boyer answered with an indignant smile, “You don’t think so?” he said. “Then I fear you know little about women.”

WE dropped the subject. In our subsequent meetings, in Paris and Hollywood, I never referred to it again. But after the preview of “Dawn of Hearts,” as I said before, whispering tongues were giving him the same glamorous reputation on the screen that he had in France. I was anxious to finish that conversation. To have him clarify that curious statement over which I had pondered so often. So I phoned his house. He was home. Boyer asked me to come out.

Two furiously wagging tails attached to a Scotty and a Boston Bull were greeted at the door. The Scotty belonged to Pat Paterson, Boyer’s English wife, and the American pup was his own devoted companion. They wagged joyously about our feet until the library door finally shut them out. The warm hospitality of this room, with the quiet dignity of its book-lined walls seemed to inspire friendly confidence. For, to one point, at least, Boyer could complete the amenities of a host. I recalled my unhappy remark at our first meeting. “Your reputation almost demands that I make a careful search.” I said. “You’ll have to come to some day. This is as good a time as any.”

“All right,” he said, in his slightly accented English, “I’ll make an effort.” He made no effort. I not only have no desire to be such a man, but I couldn’t be even if I wanted to. I lack several characteristics every great lover must possess. It’s not a striking appearance. Many Don Jans have been ugly men, some almost repulsive in body and face. It’s not fame. That helps, of course, but it’s not indispensable. Nor is it money. Wealth gives a tremendous advantage but so many famous lovers. Are they always really perversers. You might call it personality; yet there’s a host of personalities which fascinate women. Mussolini’s, for instance, and yet he was strong in that category. The first indispensable quality a great lover must possess is complete lack of faith in love. I exclaim I may surprise but Boyer went right on talking.

“It’s more than skepticism. It’s a natural inability to feel anything but the most casual sensations that love can inspire. This inability to really feel love enables him to pass lightly from conquest to conquest. It is the same despair and play the gallant upon any occasion. It’s a game he is entirely unaffected. And because his heart is free he can make me wonder.”

“Consider a moment; and see if this isn’t so. When a man’s really in love he’s a hopeless thing. He acts like a stricken fool. His mind wanders off in a haze of dreams, torment and ecstasy struggle in his heart, he cannot eat, it is difficult to sleep. Why? He believes what does he do? Can he gallantly carry her hand and whisper his love in compelling words?” No! He boisterously murmers Paul with a simper, with a sigh, with a burst of bursts and out into his hobby, what he wants. He hopes to do. How can such a man have the dominant assurance which makes your lover such a success? —the illusion which the woman herself has connected about the man of her dreams. He must conform to that. He
MODERN SCREEN

never can be himself. It's this everlasting pretense which makes him a slave to his every consort. And that, you must admit, is not an enviable plight."

I t came to me, suddenly, that perhaps, after all, Boyer was not so well qualified to speak on the subject. That he was speaking from theory, rather than experience. What was it Paul had said? "A serious boy grew up to be a serious man following one objective." An internationalist at heart, the war had shattered Young Boyer's most precious illusion. Returning to Paris, he entered the Conservatoire de Drama with the vague hope that, someday, the world would be his audience. As chance would have it, the first play in which he appeared was "The Battle" in which he portrayed a Japanese naval officer torn between patriotism and love. His success was instantaneous. But throughout the following, triumphant years his life had one motif. A careful plan which found him in Paris, London, and Berlin, always seeking to enlarge his audience. That is what brought him into films, that is what brought him to America. And in America he did two things to astonish his friends—he failed, and he got married.

Or rather his first picture failed. "Caravan" was a dismal flop. "It was idiotic," Charles told me at the time. "They gave me a silly role as a moon-struck gypsy. All I could do was make love with my eyes and fiddle a violin. I knew nothing about villains. I felt like a ridiculous amateur. So I bought up my contract." But although he returned to France, he left his heart behind. It was treasured, adoringly, by his wife.

Some of his friends declare that the only girl in the world he would have married is—Pat Paterson. The manner of his courtship justified this contention. He met her, wooed her, and in three days time were man and wife. His first trip was to the slyly musical comedy star, who has been the toast of London, just after they returned from Yuma. He naturally painted complexion was alive with happiness. Here, I recognized immediately, was just the adorable simplicity which would be irresistible to a man who had always been the prey of predatory women.

"The great lover," Boyer continued, "must be an artful devil. He must have an agile mind to discover whatever is susceptible in a woman; he must have the resourcefulness to apply the requisite technique. He can have no conscience. He must lie so well that he deceives even himself. Some peasant maid must be convinced that all France is hers before she succumbs to his entreaties; he must fascinate with tall stories of far-off heroism; he must breathe into delicate ears an unwavering love he has never felt; and to many, when his heart is anxiously pounding, he must act indifferent. For he knows full well, this great lover, that contrary to popular conception, many women are dominated by the thrill of the chase. So he goes through life, pursuing and pursued, and knowing nothing of love.

WHAT a strange people are the French! And Boyer the most typical of all! Believed to be an insatiable Lothario, he finds happiness only in a domestic life. He and his wife seldom go out. They spend evenings at home playing billiards or romping with their dogs. Their friends are few—but intimate. And Boyer has the reputation of being a romantic dreamer. Yet, in most aspects of life he is eminently practical. There is but one exception. He gambles. On one occasion he stood at the tables of the Club Internationale in Paris for seventy-two hours until his last sou was gone.

As far as temperament is concerned, he is vastly misunderstood. He is temperament. And not in the way Hollywood believes. He bought up his first contract, at a heavy loss to himself, not because of pique, but because he was faithful to a professional ideal. He insists on spending six months out of every year in his native France, solely because he is smothered by Hollywood's "shop talk" environment. He keeps to himself on the set, avoiding the other players, not from a temperamental whim, but in order to concentrate on the role which, for the time, he really lives. And then, in his behavior toward the feminine half of the film colony there is slight amazement. He is cordial. He is even gallant. But there is no effulgence. The reason we have already guessed.

"Consider the great lovers of history," Boyer is saying, "Casanova, Cellini, Don Juan, De Maupassant, Cagliostro, Villon. They were successful men in their lines but their memoirs reveal an agony of spirit. Pandering to every whim of a casual mistress, they were unable to have feminine companionship. And they discovered, too soon, that women are acquisitive. Difficult to win, they are more difficult to escape. Each of those men was seared by spite. A woman's vindictiveness, when scorned, can sometimes make Satan tremble. Every woman has a bit of the coquette, but in her heart she wants love to be more than a sporting affair. No, a man can play any other game with impunity except the game of love. Its thorns are sharper than its flowers are sweet."

NO MORE STEAMY KITCHENS ON WASHDAY

WHY, JIMMY... HOW IS IT THAT YOU'RE EATING OUT HERE?

IT'S TOO HOT INSIDE. MOTHER IS STILL SCRUBBING AND BOILING THE CLOTHES

GEORGE, IT'S NICE AND COOL IN HERE, MOM

NEXT WASHDAY

YOU'D NEVER THINK IT WAS WASHDAY... WOULD YOU, JIMMY? I'M GLAD I CHANGED TO RINSO

AND REMEMBER, LADIES, RINSO IS APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WHY Rinso all you need to do is make your week's wash in its creamy, active suds and wash that's 4 or 5 shades whiter, sweet as clover, bright as sunlight! That means you'll save lots of money! Try it—and see!

Little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—creams in hand, water. Recommended by makers of the famous washs, wonderful for dish washing. Easy on hands. Get the BIG package today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

93
DON'T do the half-lead job. Good hair is hard won and always worth the extra care. Use brilliantine to keep your hair clean. 

After shampooing, dry your hair. If you have a lot of hair, you should use a hairdryer or a gentle, warm towel. Use a hairbrush to distribute the shampoo evenly. 

To keep your hair from getting too oily, use a light, non-greasy conditioner. 

For best results, follow the instructions on the shampoo and conditioner bottle. 

Do not use too much shampoo or conditioner. Too much can be greasy and weigh down your hair. 

If you have a lot of hair, you should use a hairdryer or a gentle, warm towel. Use a hairbrush to distribute the shampoo evenly. 

I hope these tips help you keep your hair healthy and looking good! If you have any questions, feel free to ask.
move toward the face and off the neck in such a hairdress.

One slick, easy hairdress that I think is the essence of summer coolness is achieved by brushing the hair off the temple without a suggestion of a wave, and then turning the ends into two rolls of neat curls.

Somewhere we think of inward shininess as a sort of reflection of outward freshness and cleanliness. The sweat glands function overtime in hot weather, and you need plenty of warm water and soap to thoroughly cleanse the skin. If you're tired, if you're dusty, if you're cranky, if you're weary of "trying to shine" in the heat, take a bath. And include in that bath all the lovely perfumed bath accessories that make bathing such an economical luxury rite nowadays. Naturally, you will want to use a deodorant and dalipatory regularly during this revealing season. The underarms and legs must be kept free of superfluous hair, and there must never be a question of personal fragrance and daintiness. Just perform a pleasantly dalipatory that comes in cream, liquid, or powder form, and a deodorant that comes in convenient stick form for handy application at the beach or the dance.

THE beach and the dance... modern girls must be "devastating" at both. In fact, nowadays the only girls who go in for sun-browning are those who know it's becoming to them (generally the too-soft-delicates and the medium-bowedairied types), or those who are just too lazy to prevent it. Shining faces as well as shining heads are very much in order at the beach, for at the seaside one should exhibit a beaming countenance that shines with oil. Protective suntan oils are necessary to keep the skin from becoming too liny, and to prevent those squint lines that etch themselves into our skins so easily. Don't try to get tanned if you have the kind of a skin that freckles the first sunny day. Use a sunburn preventative, and go in for wide-brimmed beach hats, beach pajamas, and parasols. For your land pursuit in the sun, use heavy powders. The bright, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally wear, on your neck, face, and arms.

Sometimes there are beach party occasions where one wants to be particularly decorative at the beach, too. Then remember that the eyes and the lips are the features that are the feature in beach makeup. But overuse of these stages of the sun; we want a volleyball on the face, and a sunburn on the neck, to are more likely to be achieved than a sunburn on the face. If the Brandy that you use is a part of a natural line may be accentuated with a pencil whose coloring is not affected by perspiration. Watercolor makeup can be applied very lightly on the lashes. And lips will profit by the application of a good oil base lip rouge. Even at the dance, one still goes in for the avoidance of artificial makeup. Naturalness is the art we strive for... powder that tones in perfectly with our skins, and a lift that is colorful, but not dry, and do not coat the lips brilliantly.

If you are interested now in checking up your shade of face powder, I have a handy little package containing four distinctive shades, together with cream, lift, and check rouge to match, that is yours for the asking. There is no cost involved.

Read about Mary Biddle's SPECIAL FREE OFFER to mail back, and you will know how to put the proper "face value" on summer. Remember that Miss Biddle's free beauty consultation service is also open to you. Just drop her a line about your personal problems and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply.

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A Little Mistake THAT WILL AGE YOU 10 YEARS

IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By Lady Esther

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you? It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true.

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—years older than you are!

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is not to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to flatter!

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade, regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But, you say, 'must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them. All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most mothifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for you! You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at your expense.

Just mail the coupon on a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

[Image] (1)

Lady Esther, 111 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name

Address

City

State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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These lovely women prefer PARK & TILFORD'S FAOEN so will You!

I prefer FAOEN because it’s different!

Prominent society leader and after-reflection prefers FAOEN No. 44.

Some call it Glamour—I call it FAOEN!

Internationally-known stage star, now appearing in Life Begins at 40.

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN!

To me, FAOEN is the essence of Romance!

Well, three years later I saw her again. I recognized her instantly. It was easy, you understand, for I had been unconsciously searching for her all the time. I saw her in Portsmouth. I was playing stock at the Garrick and she was in the audience. It wasn’t until the middle of the second act that I caught a glimpse of her in the fifth row. I stopped, I staggered, I forgot my lines.

“I came to see Myra—she was the ingénue—trying to cover up the awkward moment by frantically ad-libbing. The stage manager was whispering hoarsely from the wings. But even in my sudden embarrassment, the woman in which she was sitting registered on my mind. Somewhere, I finished the scene. Back in my dressing-room I dashed off a note: ‘I got hold of an armlet. He promised faithfully to deliver the note without fail. Then I struggled through until the final curtain.’

Hank cleared his throat and asked if I cared for a drink. His own throat was dry. Hank poured me a generous whisky and squirmed soda in his own until it was barely flavored, my constant pre-occupation. She was, I decided, just nineteen. A girl of the streets! Ridiculous! She was probably one of a large family. A family in poorish circumstances. No doubt, she was a dutiful daughter. But was she? There had been such a fierce independence in her proud carriage as she passed me on the street. More probably, she was one of those insurgent spirits who are obsessed with a craving for freedom. A girl who was anxious to try her young wings along some strange course.

When we taxied home she insisted that the driver stop at a corner. She wouldn’t permit me to accompany her to her lodgings. It was a solid street. As we stood there, by the lamp post, that momentary vision of long ago returned. It was then that I kissed her. Perhaps it was the way the lamp light splashed on her hair, giving its ash blond texture the quality of spindrift whipped from the breaking waves. She didn’t resist the caress. I can feel, even now, the warm pressure of her hand on the back of my head. ‘Goodbye,’ she whispered, ‘I had to see you again. And I knew that someday I would. But promise me something now. Please!’ I held her in my arms as I promised. Her head came back to look for me, her eyes instantaneous into my eyes. ‘Remember now, you’ve promised. Don’t try to see me again—ever.’ She twisted out of my grasp, turned, and ran down the street.

Hank poured a spot of Scotch into his glass and squired it full of soda.

“Supernatural? I have no overwrought that I’ve ever broken. I couldn’t help myself, I suppose. And I’m glad. When the show moved on to Leeds at the end of a week, I was a nervous waiter at Forton. But no body seemed acquainted with a girl who answered her description. I never saw her myself. But finally a kabob and in a grocery market felt sure that he knew whom I meant. He led me up a side street, one less instant into my eyes, away in a flat. He pointed to a door. I gave the lad a shilling and raised my knuckles to knock. I never did. The door opened. And Dean stepped out swiftly and closed the door behind her. Her face was chalky white. From a window she must have seen us coming. Her dark lashes shadowed her green eyes which were flecked with golden points.

“I heard myself saying, ‘How do you do?’ She smiled and said, ‘How do you do?’ Her voice was softly musical when she spoke. I said, ‘I saw you once, years ago.’ ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘my name is Henry Wil-
walked down a grassy slope to spread our top coats under a cluster of yew trees. It was May. Even the commercial activity on the harbor below seemed touched by the fever of spring. Nervously belching tugs kept churning the water into soapy ribbons. A steamer hooted on the pilot, a great liner swung away from the hovering insects, blasted a warning, and proudly got under her own steam—going, I suppose, to America. Deirdre leaned against my shoulder, breathing in all this beauty. Her hair brushed my cheek.

"Why don't you marry me?" I said. My voice seemed to startle her out of some dream. Her breath came more quickly. "Suppose," she finally said, "that I begin at the beginning. You shouldn't have come. But now you'll know all."

"Her story was an unusual one. Briefly, it was this. She had fallen in love with her music teacher who was twenty years older than she. When her family suspected the romantic attachment, her father and eldest brother waylaid the maestro. He was beaten so horribly he went to the hospital. Deirdre was sickened. Her teacher had never realized her secret infatuation. When he partially recovered, his pride was shattered. He was a nervous wreck. People still regarded him with suspicion. He had to leave town. Deirdre insisted on going wherever he went. She loved him now. And he wasn't well. Internal injuries had made him susceptible to tuberculosis. Finally, he gave in to her pleadings. She could accompany him as nurse and he would continue with her music. So one night they slipped away.

His health became worse. They had only his insurance to live on. She worked on the side and saved money to take him to South Africa. His single passion had been to make her the greatest pianist in the world, but now, by the way his eyes followed her about, she knew that he worshipped her. He never uttered his love. He merely said, 'I must live until I teach you all I know.'

"And throughout these years Deirdre realized that she was responsible for his condition. She couldn't hurt him in any way. She hoped, someday, to make him proud of her.

"Well," Hank continued sadly, "it was dark when we left that hillside. Red and green lights on the steamer gleamed up from below. Driving back in the taxi I had the devil's own time making her agree to my proposition. But I wouldn't let her go until she did. Then I hurried to my hotel, picked, and hopped the next train for London. In three days I had a job. In six weeks I was able to send the necessary funds.

"That summer I lived for her letters. I received one every day. Beautiful letters from South Africa. They evoked the image of that last hour in the cab. Deirdre snuggling against my shoulder, the touch of her cheek, the warm appreciation of her hands. I devoured each letter. But what I really wanted to hear—although I wouldn't admit it even to myself—was that at last she was free.

"I didn't think for a moment that she would deceive me. But before her letters stopped coming I accepted a long-term engagement. I was desolate. I wanted to break my contract and sail for South Africa. It finally became so intolerable that I managed to be released. I booked passage. The day before I was to sail I heard from her again.

"Wait," he said, "I'll show you that last letter." Rummaging his hand through his shock of curly, black hair, he left the room. In a little while he returned. He untied a faded ribbon from his bundle of letters. He handed me the one on top and sank down in his chair, "Read it out loud," he said.

The stationery was plain. It was written in a fine, neat hand.

Dearest Henry,

Thanks for everything you've done. The money you sent I used for specialists so I couldn't live apart from Ricci like you begged me to do. I had to stay with him until the end. He died last September. But I couldn't let you know about it then. You see, Henry darling, I contracted what the doctors call quick T. B. I couldn't allow you to marry a phantom, now could I? So goodbye, sweet. The doctor is in the next room and the nurse is waiting to turn out the light. This is probably my last letter. Enclosed is the only thing I have left to give. Keep it always.

Love,

Deirdre.

There were several blots on the last few lines. I stared at them for a moment, and then returned the letter to Hank. Without a word he handed me a small envelope. "I didn't think you were much of a 'storyteller,'" he said, speaking more to himself than to me, "those few times we were together were less than one whole day. Yet it seems that I've known her always ... and always will."

I fingered the crucifix gently and then handed it back. I could think of nothing to say. So I muttered something about the hour and we said good night. Hank probably needed some sleep.

Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

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1759 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

MMT-35

Name,___________________________________
Address,_________________________________
City,____________________________________ STATE,__________________________
Vacationing? Here's What to Wear

(Continued from page 66)

of the culotte, or divided sports skirt as it is more popularly known.

"I don't like them at all. They seem like a bad compromise between skirts and trousers and they certainly are cumbersome to wear. I love both pajamas and shorts. The most feminine sports costume is one that I buy in all colors from the shop that Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher run. I will send you a picture of them because they are so practical and so easy to copy."

What's more Madge kept her word and sent the picture, which you see on page 64. A short-sleeved shirt and either slacks or shorts make up the costume. Unbleached muslin is the inexpensive fabric used—the beautiful part being that you don't have to iron them after washing. Madge buys them in natural shade and in various colors and they are trimmed with bright buttons which are tied on with string! A colored belt to match the buttons is an added detail. As you can see, Madge wears them for tennis, and she ties her white woolly sweater about her neck to form a shoulder protection after the heat of a fast set.

Another combination that Madge likes especially is a navy blue ribbed silk pajama suit. The short-sleeved shirt has two patch pockets, the left being decorated with Madge's monogram in white.

WHILE on the subject of pajamas, I have to tell you about those that Pat Paterson wears almost constantly at home and at the studio. Pat, being an English girl, said that she was amazed at the formality of Hollywood dressing when first she arrived over here but after a few days at the studio, she couldn't see why so many actresses preferred to wear either slacks or pajamas—they are not only comfortable but highly practical.

"I actually find it hard to dress up any more," she said with a slight grin at the direction of her closet which was bulging with the new wardrobe which René Hubert had designed for her. She loves Hubert's clothes which he has designed so cleverly for me, of course, but really I have become so devoted to my daytime costume of black satin slacks and red satin jacket, that I almost want to wear them on the street! I can't do that, though, because my husband won't let me!"

She giggled as she said it but you could see that she was in dead earnest. Her husband, as you know, is the very attractive Charles Boyer and he, being a Frenchman, frowns on the too casual costuming of Hollywood.

"You really mind then what your husband likes and dislikes in your wardrobe?" I asked.

"Oh, goodness yes, I wouldn't think of wearing anything that Charles really dislikes. It seems silly to me for any woman to defy her husband's tastes in things. After all, what's the fun of dressing, if you don't achieve admiration from your husband? He hates all crazy colors, and if he had his way, completely, I'd only wear the simplest black clothes, in the best French tradition. However, being English, I do digress, as you see."

She waved an airy hand toward the aforementioned closet. It was jammed full of attractive things but, frankly, I was more intrigued with her trouserlike lingerie. And since lingerie goes into every vacation bag, I'm going to take time out to tell you about a few things.

There was a peach satin nightgown with long, full sleeves and a demure Peter Pan collar. Its sole trimming was not lace but beautifully done featherstitching! On the left side her own name "Pat" was written casually in her own handwriting, embroidered on, of course. She laughingly admitted that some of her more intimate undergarments bore the written tag "Shrimp" which is her husband's very elegant pet monicker for her!

A black lace nightie had the same Peter Pan collar but short sleeves and was very feminine with its high Empire waist. Still another was a very bridle confection in white satin with pale beige lace and had a brief but very lovely jacket topping it.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, another English star who has taken Hollywood's brand of sports clothing seriously, wears very full white flannel slacks with a navy blue flannel jacket for yachting or sailing. You can see it at its breezy best on page 64.

Elizabeth tucks a polka-dotted Ascot scarf into the neckline of the white manish blouse she wears with this—the beret she contends is the most practical sailing headgear.

To digress from the active side of our vacation program, take a look at the stunning crash linen suit which Dorothy Tree is wearing on page 65. It's grand on or off a vacation schedule and you will find so many uses for a suit that you always will have on your summer list henceforth. The old bogey about linen being impractical and wrinkly is practically a myth now because the new weaves are so skillfully executed that nearly all wrinkling and mussing is eliminated. Dorothy's suit is the classic tailored with single button jacket, rather wide lapels and a fitted waist. Her accessories are perfect complements from the wide-brimmed panama with green wicker cord trim to the green blouse, white "air-conditioned" pigskin gloves and trim white pumps.

Leave it to la belle Lombard to take the dramatic viewpoint of beach clothes! It takes dash and daring to uphold the "best dressed" title in beachwear or anywhere else, remember Carole's famous predecessors Lil Tashman who never let a good fashion trick go by? Carole's beach skirt and top, divorced enough to show a daring streak of her slender waist in the flesh, are an Americanized version of a Tahitian beauty's best dress! Navy blue linen is set off by bright buttons and a gay colored band on the skirt—the latter doesn't show because Carole's swagging walk shows the slit skirt instead, not to mention her lovely limb, the knockout extra in the picture. And don't miss her shoes because they are the newest things in footwear over the country. Interlaced strips compose the entire shoe, created to give a step-in pump effect with bare toes. Kid, cotton and silk combinations are the mediums used for this clever footwear.

And speaking of beach hats—or sun hats, as you prefer, Ann Dvorak's favorite one follows an off-the-face notion. Ann likes to get tanned, so the hat is nothing more than a decorative gesture with her. You will see it in page 65. It's tough enough to be worn and yet it has a great sweeping brim fastened back off the forehead. It has quite a swashbuckling air.
Clothing—what a vast field for thought! Really, there is hardly a clever idea in this category that hasn't been developed this season. You can have the biggest, most practical of swim togs, or you can go to the other extreme and choose a taffeta fancy that just sits and suns but never swims! If you like to swim, you will pick some really useful suits like those I have shown on page 66. These aren't afraid of any amount of water, and they are practical, yet styled with originality and an eye to flattering your figure.

The dressy group, those gay cottons, crépes, taffetas and others which catch the eye of the "beached" crowd, can be had in a myriad styles. Nearly all of them can be worn in the water, but as you know, a real swimmer scorn's frilleries. As desirable as cellophane sounds, strangely enough it combines with lastex to make one of the most popular suits this summer. And it is the slicest looking thing. I mean slick in the shiny, shimmering sense of the coat of a wet seal emerging from water. Jean Parker simply adores her cellophane woven suit and has proved its practicality by many dips in pools and the Pacific. These suits aren't scratchy, as you would think, but are soft and pliable.

Elizabeth Allan prefers the bandeau "bra" and trunks type of suit. Her brown shorts are in a heavy knit and the top has a halter neck, also brown but plaided in green and orange.

Both Betty Furness and Jean Parker like the knitted suit with brief attached skirt over the trunks. Betty's suit is white in a rib stitch with brown trim. The back is cut low, the front in square effect with straps.

Jean's suit is very conservative, being in Kingfisher blue rib knit with contrasting braid trim. Again a skirt covers the trunks but is part of the suit.

The peasant beach dress is a great favorite to wear on your suit when out of the water. It is usually made with a buste top and full, ankle-length skirt. Bright cottons in gay prints are the popular fabrics for this. A lot of the younger crowd wear kerchiefs tied over the hair and under the chin, à la Russian peasant women when they work in the fields. It's an amusing idea and keeps your hair smooth without having to wear a beach hat. The Tahitian influence, like Carole's costume, is also much in evidence. Of course, you old-dyed-in-the-wool pajama and slack gals need no qualms about continuing to wear them because you have half of Hollywood on your side. It just depends upon your school of thought. You can have one of each, you know; one for practical purposes and the beach dress for glamour plus!

When you go off for a week-end or a vacation, pack your bag with the least number of extras. There's hardly a place, unless you are going to a very grand hotel or a swanky private summer home, where you won't live almost entirely in sports clothes. One dinner dress of some gay summer cotton or silk and one simple afternoon dress will suffice for an average short vacation trip anywhere. Of course, if you are going to be traveling constantly, rather than to be idling in the sun, you had better send for my list of clothes for various types of vacation trips.

I have prepared a summer vacation fashion schedule for you that includes cruise, resort, country and travel suggestions in clothes. Just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, and write to Adelphi Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.
find herself, faced with the perplexing business of living and dressing on twenty-five dollars a week, the harridan goblins, at least, wouldn't have her baffled or smirred. She would pick up her girlhood training in clever economy right where she left it when she went on the stage.

"I would get along somehow until I had saved enough for just one tailored suit, but a good one, mind you. I would hire-sale financially again until I had enough for one excellent pair of shoes. I'd be willing to take a risk on a cheap blouse and hat because these are smaller items that can sometimes be successfully camouflaged for a long time."

"I'd follow the same routine for a coat. I'd stamp out temptation when I passed shops flaunting cute, cheap little dresses I needed, so do as certain wise women do. I'd buy a few lunches, but in the end I would own one lovely black coat with straight lines that could not possibly be annihilated by any sudden surge in the style market.

"But when I could afford a party frock, I might relax my rule slightly and look for an inexpensive one because evening things receive only slight wear, and the dim lights of night are usually very kind to the uncertain seams of the catchpenny gown."

And then Claudette offers her own shopping chart, one she used not so many years ago when she was collecting her first adolescent frillies.

The Colbert chart is divided into two separate listings. The first group itemizes the apparel that must always and under all circumstances be the very best. This list includes all daytime wear, suits, dresses, coats, both tailored and dressy, shoes, and hats.

The second group is titled "Safe Cheap" with an admonishing footnote that says, "But watch your step. This listing indicates that a laborer's bodice, a few leftover lingerie, handbags, blouses, hats, dinner and evening frocks, and a bargain wrap.

KAY FRANCIS would meet our twenty-five-dollar-a-week challenge with an "accessory wardrobe."

"I could manage to hold my own in any fashionable circle with exactly three well chosen costumes," she told me. "However, each of the three costumes would do triple duty and do it with chic and éclat by the sheer sorcery of the accessory plan." Kay is absurdly proud of her suggestion, because she made it work throughout one entire Hollywood season when an overloaded schedule precluded shopping forays. All this occurred about three years ago when Kay was winning her first recognition from a host of Parisian couturiers as Hollywood's best-dressed woman. During that very winter, she made one black crepe frock see her through the long, cold, string-of-engagement, and one gray suit and a black afternoon dress meet all her daytime sartorial needs. She actually fed the film colony's fashions face with three outfits.

And that is why Kay can offer you this very shrewd set of wardrobe blueprints. She says: "I would manage somehow from my twenty-five-dollar salary one good suit for business wear. It would be made to measure because that is the only way to purchase a dress that will have my dressmaker or tailor add to the usual jacket and skirt, a jumper of the same material, thus turning my skirt into a trim two-piece frock for the office.

"Instead of expensive and perishable batiste blouses, I would select several lightweight sweater in bright and dark colors, and one silk blouse shot all over with threads to dress up the suit for luncheon and matinee dates. This would give me one tailored two-piece frock and one semi-dress outfit."

"The second garment of my three-costume collection, would be an afternoon frock and it would be in a color complementary to the suit so that hats, gloves and shoes could be interchangeable. If the suit were black, Oxford gray or navy, I would have this frock to match it.

"This outfit should be a two-piece affair because the dress you can divide into two equal parts is the one that lends itself gracefully to day time wear. There should be one pair of inexpensive but well-made clips to change the neckline of this frock. And there should be one three-quarter length tunic of a contrasting shade, preferably a bright jewel color with which the outfit is entirely transformed. And then there is that blessed separate skirt, I would sometimes wear it with my silk metal-shot blouse for informal Sunday evening occasions, the movies, and the bridge gettogether."

And now we come to the evening frock, which is so important to the girl with many dates and a slim income. It should be black, this evening gown, and not too extreme in cut to help defy that "dated" look after its first season. I should own a long-sleeved jacket of the same material, or if I could afford it, an extra metal cloth jacket. When worn with my little coat, the deeply décolletage formal becomes the perfect outfit.

"To my jacket I would sometimes add a bright scarf of emerald green or wine red satin and I would tie it Ascot fashion for an evening at the theatre."

"For those big nights when my black gown must do formal duty, I would collect two or three bright and enormous flowers to change the effect of the waste, the shoulder line and the very back of the décolletage. I might even buy a remnant of brilliant silk and sew it into the back of the waist and let the ends fall down the back into a gay train. I would certainly treat myself to one enormous clip that could be effectively snapped at varying points of the neckline and waistline and would look effective against a black background."

Kay Francis candidly admits she has no accessory plan. She knows that she can carry it out tomorrow, if necessary, and still walk in the ranks of the impeccably groomed. She has to. Her own was a bit of Hollywood's unbridled extravagance she has made this three-costume-and-Accessory plan for her stunt function. I might add, benefit night."

GINGER ROGERS offers the most unique solution of the quartet.

She practiced what she is about to preach way back in the days when she...
helped her mother scratch out a budget
for her school-girl clothes from her
mother’s nine weekly dollars.

“Mother’s earning capacity grew
healthier by the time I thought I was a
young lad, but I still suffered mental
agonies over my lack of clothes,” Ginger
told me. “Nice things are so darned
important to any girl, especially the young
ones who are just sprouting their social
pinfeathers.

“I finally solved my own gruity problem
with my cousin, who was my size and age
and usually agreed with all my clothes
selections. We decided to pool our slender
budgets and buy a single but complete
wardrobe between us.

“It worked something like this: instead of
one last year’s evening frock, made
over, we had two new ones owned between
us, and in place of my mother’s hastily
revamped jet basque, I had a half interest
in one honest-to-goodness evening wrap.

I had the use of three hats instead of one,
two winter coats instead of one, and
so on.”

Of course, Ginger realizes that con-
vienent cousins are a great scarcity, but
in theory her plan could be made to work.

She suggests a girl friend who travels in
a different social set, and one who can
wear the same size, and who will always
be a good sport when it is her turn to
have the frocks cleaned and repaired.

And then Ginger offers a second plan,
one that is practiced with huge success
by the girls who play bits and extras in
pictures. These girls need large and varied
wardrobes for their work and they usually
keep themselves well stocked by purchas-
ing, at nominal prices, the slightly used
personal gowns of a number of stars.

Ginger believes that this procedure
should work for the wardrobe-weary girl
in any town where there are a number of
smartly gowned, socially prominent
women. If a personal introduction to such
women proves impossible, a businesslike
note outlining the plan, making it very
clear that all selections will be paid for,
should bring results.

“Surely,” Ginger says, “there must be
at least one wealthy, well-dressed woman
in every city who would warm to the
idea of making some girl gloriously happy,
and at the same time reducing some small
sum for bridge or charity from her pro-
digious seasonal wardrobe expenditures.”

And now I am certain that you can
understand why our Hollywood stars,
tooted with livery, can offer their prac-
tical and amazingly applicable wardrobe
plans to the thousands of girls who are
beset by the bleak vacancies in their daily
rainment.

MODERN SCREEN

IT’S HARD TO BELIEVE
THEY ONCE CALLED ME
SKINNY!

Thousands are quickly gaining
5 to 15 lbs. this new easy way

DON’T think you’re “born” to be skinny and friend-
less. Thousands with this new easy treatment have
gained 5 to 15 good solid pounds, attractive curves they
never could gain before—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast for health.
But this new yeast discovery in pleasant tablets gives
far greater tonic results—builds health and also adds
solid new flesh—and in a far shorter time!

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bring-
ing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from
constipation and indigestion, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times
This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from
special brewers’ ale yeast imported from Europe—the
richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new
scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times
more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast
is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch
flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin
clear to beauty—you’re an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous
new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks
as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the
very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right away, we make
this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized
Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us
with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fasci-
Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or
money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc.,
Dept. 97, Atlanta, Ga.

Photo by professional movie

Dolores Barrymore steps out
with her sister, Helene Cos-
tello and Frank Craven for
first time since divorce rumors
NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY

...or all night!
Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a gradacial finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself...refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickenning color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE  •  FLAME  •  NATURAL  •  BLUSH

20c  •  at all 10 cent stores

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DRY ROUGE

WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER

THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY

ZIP SPAILTOR—IT'S OFF BECAUSE IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, freckles and age spots disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Phlebitis removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite—Reduces wrinkles and other age spots. Slowly dissolves one ounce Saxolite in half-glass warm liquid and use daily as face lotion.

MODERN SCREEN

She Can Take It

(Continued from page 42)

She Can Take It

small-town. It was swell for Merle to think so—but there wasn't quite as much foster an indefinite stay in London. And, too, her uncle was pretty upset. He was responsible for this cool, determined young niece and he didn't dare return without the O'Brien-Thompson off-spring because then her family might be a trifle upset, too!

Having done a bit of acting with the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, which staged pantomimes, Merle decided that she could hold her own as an actress in London. Also, a number of people had told her that producers fell for a beauty such as hers. She kidded her uncle into thinking that she had a good chance to land a job, so he, being a good sport, gave her a return-trip ticket to Calcutta and enough money to last her a month. If, at the end of that time, she was not located with some theatrical company, she was to return home.

MERLE never used the return ticket, she cashed it in when funds ran low! She didn't have the faintest idea how to get along in either the theatre or the films, but she determined to make the grade. She scribbled along on her uncle's stipend, meanwhile doing the non-stop listening to hear of a job. Finally, she heard that the H. M. V. Film Company was holding an audition for players at the Café de Paris. She discovered upon arrival at the res- rant that about fifty other girls had an- swered the call and she didn't have a chance.

However, a rather authoritative looking gent came up while she was there and asked her if she would like to dance in the Café. She accepted the Café and the Cafe de Paris. She came for a good-need money desperately but she had heard stories about café dancers, so she declined. The man was persistent, despite her re- fusal, and asked her to come a few days later at the Café so that she could meet some of the others dancers. He thought it would change her viewpoint. By the time that day came she was so hungry that she went reluctantly. Result was she got a job as hostess and stayed there for three months until she was offered a part by her frufratic mother who arrived from India to find out why she hadn't come home.

Merle won her mother over to her side enough to have her linger on in Lon- don with her and provide a home while she continued to look for a theatrical job. By this time she had decided that films were the quickest money-makers. Through friends made at the Café, she finally ob- tained extra work with British-Gaumont. It wasn't until two years later, however, that Alexander Korda, the great European director, saw her at lunch one day and offered her a part. In fact, it was her agent, Mrs. Korda who called his attention to her, thus interesting him so much that he sought out the set where she was working and watching her for the next day. Result was that she started work for him and soon became one of his most talented finds. Her first leading part was with Roland Young in "The White Headstuff". You probably remember her first with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies," and later as Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII.

She and Leslie Howard have been great friends ever since the first picture in which they worked. She is one of his staunchest admirers. At the time we met in New York, Leslie was appearing on the stage in "The Petrified Forest." Merle told me that she hoped she would have a chance to return with his cast to London and the intimate lead with him if it opened there.

"I would like to do the part of the girl in Leslie's play," she said. "I've had a very real character and I think it would be excellent for me to get some stage experience. And playing with Leslie, I think I would get the self-confidence I would need to attempt any first stage role. I have worked with him so much and he knows the stage and its require- ments so thoroughly."

"I like film work but I feel that I need contact with audiences, too. The stage would give me that."

I asked her if she liked working in Hollywood for the first time. She made a slight grimace.

I HAD a perfectly grand time the last two weeks I was there," she said. "But I went into seclusion the first six days. I didn't know whether anyone presented the fact that I was being engaged with Mr. Schenck, who is very popular out there, or whether Hol- lywood expected of me, because I had attained enough importance in their eyes to lump up as a menace!" She secreted as she said this and it was just secretly believes she is that just a number of dazzling Hollywood beauties through.

"I really was bewildered," she con- tinued, "at everyone's hostility. It fright- ened me and so I took to hiding. As far as Mr. Schenck and I were concerned, our attitude was silly, inasmuch as broken engagement or not, we see a great deal of each other and are the best of friends. I understand that I became so terrified at the disapproval evidenced for me, that when I finally took courage and accepted an invitation to a party, I stayed close to one friend in the room, asking what man I should smile at and what one I shouldn't!"

If you believe Merle Oberon did this, you are crazy, because all the time she was telling me, that twinkle, I men- tioned earlier, was wickedly glinting. And what's more, I can't imagine Hollywood scarifying the Oberon for very long. In fact, a little later, in our conversation, we veered off on clothes, and she told me what a sensation a gown, designed for her by Norman Hartnell, made when she appeared in it at one of these very Holly- wood parties. You don't wear dresses like that to appear as a shy, retiring soul! Merle doesn't think anyone in Holly- wood seems to be happy. She thinks pictures out there that people.

"I think your stage people and our film people lead a more normal life than the Hollywood stars. I mean by that the stars rarely have personal experience of much. You don't feel that you have any private life in Hollywood, or when you become a Hollywood star. Yet I wonder what the others see of the great fun of the "Folies Bergere" set. Of course, I adore Maurice Chevalier, he is one of the kindest men in the world and I wish the nicest to work with. I have known him for so long that I felt quite at home while working. I am going back to make "Dark Angel," and I feel sure that I
shall have a good time—the last two weeks of fun I mentioned, convinced me that you can have a good time in Hollywood when everyone relaxes. I wouldn’t want to live there permanently, ever, but it is nice to go out for a few pictures a year.”

We got onto the subject of happiness, and Merle shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t think you find happiness in being an actress. Perhaps some day, I can only speak for myself. I can’t understand how young girls should leave nice comfortable homes to battle their way up to an uncertain success. I was so young and so silly that I thought I couldn’t stand the small confines of my home in India. I was born in Tasmania, you know, but I had been educated in Calcutta. It seemed as small a life to me as your smaller cities must seem to your young American girls.”

She looked very serious when she said this, I felt she meant it honestly. And as if, half-talking to herself, she continued, “I had never been hungry, never without nice clothes, until I started struggling for a career in London. Perhaps that is why I am so extravagant now. I made my own clothes because I couldn’t afford to hire others, and I refused to look at fabric counters. I was looking for a job. I found I could pick up good remnants when this season was nearly ended and I would save them for as long as six months until the season was suitable, then I would make them up into a simple costume that I knew, at least, was good because of its nice fabric. It didn’t matter if my sewing was am
terrible or the style none too smart.”

Merle doesn’t stint any more. I can tell you, having looked long and enviously at a closet jammed full of lovely clothes, many of which were birthday presents from her favorite designer, Norman Hartnell of London. She likes black best, brown next. She hardly ever wears colors, she doesn’t think they become her. She has a mania for hats, pays wild sums for them. The lovely ice blue of her Carnegie satin hostess gown, she looked upon as an indiscretion, she had never tried that particular shade before. It was very becoming.

She is a delightfully inconsistent person. She tells you solemnly that she is amazed at her popularity over here, yet you know she is calmly steering her own bright destiny with a deft hand. She is deliberately naive one moment, cooly sophisticated the next. I believe her skepticism about happiness because I think she would be miserable if she found life too placid, too lacking in its recurrent sting and uncertainty. And I think, too, that her slight antipathy to Hollywood is merely the shadow cast by an enormous curiosity to take the place apart and see how it ticks!

There’s Too Much Hooey About “Sacrifice”

(Continued from page 33)

Now another one of those fantastic notions so popular among singers is the one about talking. A singer about to sing, must not talk! The singer, if something must be said, must whisper!
Oh, the whispering sopranos, and tenors and baritones, too, that I've met! Just try to talk with one a few minutes, or a few hours, before he burst into song. With quiet dignity they will whisper, "Mustn't talk. Singing, you know." The white woman's job is that it causes just as much strain as ordinary conversation, if not more. The only logic to be found in this pet superstition is that singing, speaking, or riding a horse, requires some physical effort and if a singer talked long enough, and loud enough, he or she might, eventually, become so tired physically as to be 'out of voice.' But talking before singing never hurt anyone.

Miss MacDonald scratched her pretty back. "I'm sort of meditative, oh, yes! The sacrifice for the figure. Nine out of ten singers tell of the sacrifices made to their figure by the over-development of the diaphragm, that partition separating the chest from the trouser, and the consequent big tummy. Most coaches actually spend a lot of time seeing to what extent a pupil's diaphragm can be developed. I had one teacher who held to the belief that if I could hold my breath and say my A-B-C's two or three times while I was doing a song, I was doing splendidly! Bumk! That might be great training for deep-sea diving, or underwater swimming, but not for singing.

The rawness in the throat and it is not necessary to have such a big wind-bag, below, in order to make noises out of such a little opening, above. The sacrifices made for the throat, by the over-development of the diaphragm and the tummy, nine times out of ten, are nothing but an apology for having wrestled with too much spaghettii and ravioli! Bunk! Brings me to the subject of a singer's diet, about which much has been written. This, too, is the bunk! I never take my voice into consideration better of food. I eat what is good for my stomach, and do not eat things that are bad for it. Diet for singers? Baloney!"

"Then there's love! A lot of singers, male and female, have told of the sacrifices made to their voices and most of them have used the phrase, 'I had to give up love.' They really mean that, and I believe that to that assertion is that none of us are singing all of the time.

"These same people assert they must forego love as one sacrifice to their art. That, too, is assinine. If a singer really did that, such a singer would become so warped mentally that it would automatically have a very bad effect upon a performance."

"Life should be made a joyous thing, not a burden, even by singers."

I was then that we entered upon a discussion of temperament, and Miss MacDonald broke down and confessed that she, too, has more than a fair share of it. "I have not always agreed with my superiors," she admitted, "and when you fail to agree with something you've been called—well, a bit difficult, I am! But I've never shown any sign of temperament, never been difficult, with persons whom I have authority over, that, in my opinion, is showing off, and a sure sign of an inferiority complex. If I do not like some piece, I am not going to have him thrown off because I do not like him, as some temperamentul persons have done. And until recently I thought I had done some of my childhood training which had to do with concealing my emotions. On this recent occasion I found I wasn't quite cured. I'll tell you about it.

"Ernst Lubitsch hurt my feelings—and I cried. It was just before I was to start singing. Then, every time I started to sing, I'd think of my injured feelings, and while I was singing I had my throat tied up in a knot, and couldn't sing a note. For, I repeat, there is no one with whom I am able to sing when emotionally upset."

"Then, recently, during the recording of a big scene in 'Naughty Marietta,' I was crying when I started singing. My voice was physical, it seemed, as if I was not at all. That, of course, I was."

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(Continued from page 53)

“But we were talking about my faults, and fibbing in particular. I get the biggest kick out of Mother when she tries to lie! It almost kills me! You know how mothers tell white lies to get their children to do things? Well, I've been on to her for years! The other night she was trying to sell me an idea by telling a whopper and her expression was a dead give-away! And I guess that most of our mistakes are give-aways about us to others!”

A piece boy brought a phone to our table. Miss Rogers was wanted on the phone. She talked rapidly into it, jumped up and exclaimed, “Excuse me a minute, will you, Caroleine? I have to ride a horse in the picture and they've got several lined up in the street and I'm to pick the one I want. I'll be right back!”

I tried to look nonchalant in this dining-room of strangers. A publicity man came up and asked for Ginger. I explained politely that Ginger was out in the street looking for a horse to ride in a picture. He gave me a startled look and almost fell over Gene Raymond as he backed slowly away from me.

Suddenly she was back again. “Well, that's over,” she announced triumphantly. “I even rode him! Now all I have to do is take a make-up test this afternoon and the day is over.” I suggested that we learn the rest of her mistakes before a horse stuck its head in the window looking for Ginger. She was game, for she smiled and said:

“Have you ever seen girls that wear too much street make-up? Well, I need to belong in that quota. Every kid that wants to go on the stage seems to think that she has to look and act like an actress. You only have to glance over the day after you've been around a while you know better!”

I started stage work when I was fifteen, winning the Texas state championship during the Charleston craze. But I'd been addicted to too much make-up long before that! Instead of attracting favorable attention like you want it to, it's very liable to have just the opposite effect. Why, when I was seven, I was make-up conscious. You ought to hear her tell about that.

“Mother and I were in New York then. We were living in a hotel on Fifth Avenue and one day Mother rushed in, grabbed me by the hand and hurried me down the street to where she had a business appointment. She noticed that people were staring at us and, when they got near us, their snickers eventually got too frequent, she stopped to glance at little Ginger. One look was enough!

“I'd been arraying myself in all the make-up and props I could lay hands on. Not that I was laboring under the idea that I was going to be an actress. Simply craved make-up! So, there we were on Fifth Avenue, my lips painted a bright red, enough rouge on to supply a dusky and, to top it all, decked out in my mother's long jade earrings.

Mother took me over into a dark corner and did she scrub that make-up off with a handkerchief and her underskirt! It's a family joke now, but one time—and not so awfully long ago—my use of cosmetics was something of a professional and personal handicap. I imagine

He gave nothing in return!

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Results of Popularity Questionnaire

(Continued from page 13)

Title | First Place | Second Place | Third Place
--- | --- | --- | ---
Most Beautiful Star | Claudette Colbert | Norma Shearer | Loretta Young
Most Handsome Man | Clark Gable | Frank March | Gene Raymond
Favorite Female Star | Joan Crawford | Claudette Colbert | Greta Garbo
Favorite Male Star | Clark Gable | Joan Crawford | Bob Montgomery
Best Dressed Woman | Kay Francis | Dick Powell | Adolphe Menjou
Best-Dressed Man | William Powell | Joan Crawford | Arabella
Musical Liked Best to Date | The Gay Divorcee | Clark Gable | Roberta
Most Enjoyable Film | The Gay Divorcee | Flirtation Walk | The Gay Divorcee
Favorite Team | Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell | Lives of a Bengal Lancer | Forsaking All Others
I'd Like to See Teamed | Mary Pickford-Dick Powell | Joan Crawford-Clark Gable | Myrna Loy-William Powell
I'd Like to See Starred | Gene Raymond | Marie Doro-Clark Gable | Jane Darwell-Gene Raymond
Bit Player Liked Best | Harry Armetto | Maurice O'Sullivan | David Manners
Would Like to See More Pictures With | Fred Astaire | Frank McHugh | Nat Pendleton
Favorite Comedian | Eddie Cantor | Charles Butterworth | W. C. Fields
Favorite Comedienne | Zuzu Pitts | Patsy Kelly | Una Merkel
Hollywood Can't Change Me!

(Continued from page 60)

quit being dignified?" she demanded. I compromised and bowed my head, suggesting, "I haven't won an argument with her yet!"

Peace restored, Alice went on with the conversation. "Maybe it's just me that doesn't recognize it, but I always thought that the best times I ever had in my life were when I was in the chorus. I used to go window shopping between shows and I got so kick out of doing it being able to buy things now. You hear a lot of gags about people being tired of it all.

You know in my case, I've been telling the truth when I say I happen to prefer New York to Hollywood. Nothing personal, understand. That's just the way I feel. Broadway's my home. I belong there, I don't here.

"What I can't understand, Dick, is much of the hokum about being a picture actress.

I've worked in night clubs, done personal appearances. You can be yourself—you go out, do your job and it's over. But here time is yours. But I feel like part of a parade twenty-four hours a day. They worry too much. "Where're you going? "What'll you wear?" They always think on that last one! If you've got nothing on your conscience why should you have to worry about what people think?

"The happiest two weeks I've had since I've been in pictures were spent two thousand miles from here. I did two weeks of personal appearances in Chicago and it was swell. Everybody was swell. I'm old Grandma herself when it comes to those stage jitters but just the same I enjoyed it. Out of course, you have to remember that if it weren't for pictures there would be no personal appearances. But even if I do get so scared by an audience that I have to lean on a piano for a prop, I like it. You've an audience to work with and not a big bunch of lights that are doing it for you.

Alice looked out of the window at the traffic streaming along Sunset. Half aloud she said wishfully, "I'll be going East in a week and, gee, will I be glad to be back home! Looking at her I felt I knew that I knew just how she meant it. Life hasn't been any bed of roses for Alice. She started her picture career under the handicap of unpublicized beauty. She sold herself when the picture was released, simply because Alice Faye didn't fit in with the situation that had been foisted upon her. Then after her contract had to go to work at fifteen. About her long rehearsals and shows as a Chester Hale chorine. She knows what it means to ride home to Brooklyn on the subway at three in the morning after working all evening in a night club.

The best thing about her, from Hollywood's point of view, is her lack of pretense. That alone sets her aside. She won't pretend to be a lady of elegance or of bloodbdden ancestry. No smart quips fall from her lips but plenty of horse sense does.

Alice was saying, "Sometimes things just don't suit me. Guess this is one of those times. If I changed, I wouldn't be Alice Faye so all I can do is try to get along by being myself. Maybe, I'd be better just the way I came from the legitimate stage. But as it is, I'm embarrassed working in front of a chorus—I feel more at home in it and I'm not kidding!"

"You guess it, I guess it. That's why she's my daughter. I know how you feel about my folks."

Another thing I've learned here is that if I should ever get married, I'd certainly marry an actor! You have to, in self-protection. You have to marry someone that talks your language, that knows what you're up against. So many marriages have two strikes on them to begin with that if you're smart you'll fall in love with someone in your own profession.

Movies and0arders don't seem to click so well. Nor with society people for that matter. She grinned. "Not that Faye would be knowing society people! But if you have a common background and about the same type of interests it'd seem to me that there's a better chance of making the grade together. You mightn't believe it, but I'm nigh on to twenty-two and I've never had a proposal in my life! So I guess Faye's need to be getting wrinkles on that score."

As you see, Alice doesn't pretend to know all the answers. She doesn't mingle with the local intelligentsia, if any. Her pals are people who knew her in New York. But she does know all the answers about little Miss Faye, who sings for her supper and her family's.

You can't kid her and she won't kid herself. I remember when the studio thought she should do things in her lines to improve her dicton. Alice went to the high mogul of the studio and said simply, "Listen, do you think people are going to go see pictures to see how to speak like a professor in five easy lessons? You told me to be myself. I'm trying to stay that way. Do you want me to sing songs in Little Old New York, with a Nasty Man? It's silly, I'm not going to do it." That was that. She didn't. Three pictures ago, as Alice walked reekiong time, that was. And she's been made a star in her latest one.

I glance around Alice's apartment. From her porch you can see the ocean. One of the finest suites in the most exclusive apartment house in Hollywood. Beautiful furnishings, an expensive radio, her mink coat thrown over a chair. "How about these?" I inquired, nodding at the varnished cherry wood that looked so much like Holly-wood for what it's given me. No matter how hard you work to have to remember that it's certainly Hollywood and the studios that count for everything. Let me tell you something. You know how I feel about my folks."

"Another thing I've learned here is that if I should ever get married, I'd certainly marry an actor! You have to, in
When They Were Job-Hunting-Part I

(Continued from page 58)

wise eyes of the stage man saw that the girl had tremendous vitality and intelligence. As he talked to her, he discovered the alertness of her mind and the keenness with which she absorbed everything. He pronounced the magic words, “I think you’ll do” and Claudette was sent, like every other girl, to read the part before the stage director.

They saw that she was good and, after several weeks rehearsal, the company opened out of the Broadway theatre, and the new faces. All the influences were at work over which Claudette had no control. There were large holes in the play. Scene after scene had to be re-written and by the time that this was done, Claudette’s part was so changed that she was no longer the type to play it.

Y.E.S., she had got her first job. Her vivishness had impressed a producer and now she was thrown into the depths of despair. To any producer this is just a “bad break.” And Pemberton was too busy languishing over his sick play to bother about it. But he had a great eye for talent and, until years later—perhaps he has never known—that Claudette’s heart was broken. You see, she did not mind the change there was in the thing that had caused Pemberton to give her the part. ‘The thing that would get more roles for her. The thing that would make her a star, was a chance meeting with Katherine Cornell at a party. The great Cornell, already an established actress, looked deep into the girl’s eyes, and the girl was young and untried. You are so young. You will have a hundred more chances. If you have the ability, there is nothing that can keep you back.’

But while Claudette was losing her role in “Puppets,” a very earnest young man was working like a slave to fit himself for the stage. He was brought to Broc Pemberton by an agent, as a fellow who showed promise, and given one of the male roles in “Puppets,” without his being aware of it. Pemberton saw in him the vital spark and gave him his chance. But he had trouble making himself heard beyond the first few reperfections. It was not that Pemberton had no sympathy in his voice. What lacked was volume. For weeks he took the most strenuous exercises under a competent teacher and, by the time the play opened, his voice was firm and resonant.

But Pemberton was having more trouble with “Puppets.” The girl who had opened out of town in the role similar to the one Claudette Colbert had and which the rewriting had changed, became ill. They realized that she must be replaced by another girl. Desperately Pemberton wired to New York to have someone for an interview the day he arrived. Worried and harassed he came into his office and was instantly greeted by the most charming smile he had ever seen. It beamed at him from a piquant figure and sparkling eyes, together with golden hair. His secretary said, “This young lady was sent up by the agent. She’s done a couple of small bits in musicals, but never had a part. The agent saw your ad.”

And all during rehearsals it was that smile that the producer and director and other members of the cast remembered.

Most of these young players were, as I’ve told, sent to Pemberton by someone who could vouch for them. Very seldom has the producer time to interview those fellows, would-be actors and actresses who come up off the street, wildly hoping for a chance for a word with him.

However, one day he noticed, amongst the litter of letters and notes, which very ap-
When They Were Job-Hunting—Part II

(Continued from page 59)

my direction and it annoyed the actors. But she didn’t seem to understand English, for she took off her hat and made herself understood. Finally, because I thought she would annoy me less on the stage than she did sitting right there on my elbow, I told her she could be one of the ladies-in-waiting. She seemed very important, colorless. Katie had something about her that you just couldn’t miss. I didn’t know what it was then. I started. This was more, but I knew I had to either throw her out of the company altogether, or give her a better part, decided to do the latter.

Mary Boland was also responsible, in a way, for my giving Katharine Hepburn a chance at a good role. You see, Katie adored Mary. She was a great friend to Katharine. She would follow her around, watching her every gesture, listening to her every intonation, getting in her way and under her feet, in short, preserving until poor Mary could stand it no longer.

“For heaven’s sake!” she would say, “Why don’t you give this girl a big part and keep her busy and out of my way?” So you might say that Mary, too, helped Katharine to get started in her career.

Patriotic, in a way, was the actor for anybody to say that they discovered Katharine Hepburn. She discovered herself. She knew she had something to offer before anyone else. She was the only one who knew that she had to get on the stage for that something to be seen and appreciated. She arranged that through her own will and determination, that was easy. When a girl like Katie hangs around the footlights, you just have to put her back of the others.

“Here is something interesting about her that I don’t believe has ever been told before. Following two summer seasons at Baltimore, I decided to produce a play on Broadway. That play was ‘The She-Pond’ and I gave Katharine a chance at the leading role. She worked like a Trojan on that part. We rehearsed for several weeks, and opened out of town, at Great Neck. By that time we were all certain that Katie was promising material. But she wasn’t ready yet. She had the necessary training and experience. And after a week in Great Neck, I had to tell her I was afraid to be devil about it, but I had to tell her that she just wasn’t ready for Broadway.

Well, she took it beautifully. There were no tears. There were no angry outbursts. In fact she said and did something, the like of which I had never heard before. She said, ‘I understand. But if I can’t do the part on Broadway, I’d at least like to understand it.’

And so Katharine Hepburn understood the role she had just been playing. It was one of the most amazing indications of good sportsmanship that I have ever witnessed. And she stuck with us, too, through the length of the show’s run on Broadway.”

But Mr. Knopf was introduced to even other examples of good sportsmanship, in his own Baltimore stock company. Most stock companies at that time were operated on the star system. Each company usually boasts one or two well known actors, or actresses who had been well known on the Broadway stage. These actors received six or seven hundred dollars a week and the rest of the company received practically nothing, in comparison. So, also, did the producers. For this reason, Mr. Knopf decided that there would be no stars in his company. Even the well known players, who might like to come down to Baltimore for the fun of the thing, would never receive more than two hundred dollars a week, to supplement. Supporting players would, on the other hand, receive better-than-average wages. There would be no names in the program. The ladies-in-waiting, shown in any way. It was just to be one big happy family.

Strange enough that is exactly what it turned out to be. Even Mr. Knopf was surprised. It didn’t seem that so much talent and so much temperament could be thrown together and still live to tell the tale. In addition to Mary Boland and Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Montgomery and Bob Montgomery were also members of that company. If one of them played a leading role one week, he played a bit part the next. The dressing-room question was handled a bit more casually. The biggest and best dressing-room, which was the one always nearest the stage, was occupied each week by the person having the most costume changes. In the two weeks that our group of a company existed not one actor asked for a raise. Not one actor complained about that. Each one insisted on more publicity. Not one seemed jealous of anyone else—and there were no nasty outbursts of temperament.

“Of course,” of the four people mentioned, three of them were comparatively unknown then, Mary Boland was the exception. It’s interesting that in spite of the warnings you can’t be stars here! that’s exactly what they all turned out to be! Which is just another way of proving that you can’t keep a good man down.

Douglas Montgomery was one of the first to open with this Baltimore stock company early in its first season—and the whole town went mad about Douglas. At least, the ladies did. He played juvenile parts and hearts both young and old went pity-pat every time he appeared on the stage.

After the end of the third or fourth week, a few of the more enterprising matinee houses got together and formed a ‘Douglas Montgomery Club.’ What was its purpose? What is the purpose of any club? They wanted to meet their Douglas. They wanted to shake his hand. They wanted to twist the buttonhole in his lapel. And, since they had organized a club in his honor, it was only polite that he should invite them to tea, or at least come out into the audience to greet them after the performance was over. They had special stationery printed. They sent Douglas the joyful announcement of their organization and, of course,
DID it turn his head? Did it turn the heads of the other members of the company away from him? Quite the contrary. They laughed and kidded him about it but no one seemed jealous. Everything went along just as smoothly as before.

"At the end of our first stock season in Baltimore," Mr. Knopf went on, "Douglass Montgomery received an offer to appear in a New York play, and left us. Which meant that I had to look around for another juvenile. It was about that time that Bob Bullard came to see me. I liked him, in spite of myself—you see, he, too, was at that time, little more than an amateur.

"From the beginning Bob worked against tremendous odds. Remember that Baltimore had been crazy about his predecessor, Douglass. Though he liked Bob, they were always wishing that they had their little 'Dougle' back. The newspaper critics were always comparing the two to avoid any tedious procedure. Patrons wrote us letters, asking about Douglass. Why hadn't he come back? Where was he playing at the moment?

A few even insisted that I had purposely hired Bob because he had the same last name that Douglass had. Insinuating, too, that in this way I had hoped to entice Douglass Montgomery fans into the theatre—under false pretenses.

"Bob was a bit discouraged at first, but as time went on he saw that he was gaining a foothold himself. The strain of trying to take Douglass Montgomery's place was lessened. By the time he had won over many of his predecessor's fans and had gained hundreds of new ones for himself.

"It was at about this time that the play 'Broadway' closed on Broadway and came to Baltimore. They opened in a theater out there. Douglass Montgomery, the lead in that play, Bob Montgomery came to me one day and said, 'There's a swell little actress playing the right next door. I want to see her. Maybe we could have her here in the company with us.' Accord-ingly, Bob took me next door to meet Elizabeth Allen. He had not known her very long, then, himself, but it was easy to tell that Bob was in love. He didn't tell her, too, and told her to come and see me when she finished her run in 'Broadway.'

SO, several weeks later, Bob Montgomery and his future wife, Betty Allen, appeared together in one of our plays. They were married, I believe, before the year was up, although in which they acted together was 'Clarence,' with Bob playing the juvenile role.

"Bob, too, showed what kind of stuff he was made of during my early association with him. After 'The Big Pond' I directed another play on the road with the hope of bringing it into town later. The producer, Arch Selwyn, wanted Douglass Montgomery for the leading role. But Douglass wouldn't be free for several weeks. So made Bob a proposition to play the role during the road try-outs with the understanding that he would give it up, as soon as Douglass Montgomery was free. Bob, as usual, was swell about it and he had so thoroughly proved himself a fine actor that when I went to the Selwyns I was pretty sure they'd let him have the role.

"Following the production of the play, 'The Big Pond,' was bought for Maurice Chevalier to play with the Selwyns. I was sent out to Hollywood to do the adaptation, I lost track of most of the people with whom I had worked. But to prove to you that there is such a thing as a grateful actor I want to tell you that when I did meet Bob Montgomery again, I needed his help—and badly. Let it be written in the book, if those who deny to actors the quality of gratitude—he came through, and generously.

"Those people have been gone a long way since those early days. When we hear today that Katie Hepburn fights with her director we surely cannot blame it all on her disposition. The word 'topsy' means quite the opposite. Some people are born good cooperators. They get along pretty well even though they may have to play all the backwoods towns ... sleep in tents, carry the water, and peddle food and live on a few dollars a week. They get to the top even though they have been told that they can't start! At least, that is what I have been told of!
over with me. He thought, and so did I, that as the Princess Maria I should look more than I was, simply. I just accentuated my looks by sticking back my hair and wearing a switch, then making my mouth wider and straighter by forcing the curve out of it. I never have anyone put on my make-up and I always do my own hair.

As you may surmise, this uncommon youngster gives the impression of being a thoroughly competent person. There were no silver spoons lying around loose when she was born, so she soon learned to make herself useful with the kitchen variety, and what's more she never did any crying about it. She feels pretty much the same about picture-taking.

"It isn't that I can't cry easily," she assured me. "But I don't believe a tense scene in a picture goes well with tears. They should be held back, and if the audience is made to feel the scene strongly they will do the crying. I know girls in pictures who can cry at the drop of the hat, but there must be more than mere surface emotion, something deep down inside you. Before I tried it I thought acting in pictures was much more artificial than it is. But it's really like paying you to play house sincerely."

"And paying you well," I suggested.

YES, that's true," she assented. "But good shoes and good cars are all I care about. Maybe I'm crazy."

She grinned impishly over her salad.

"Is it easy to play house sincerely?"

I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, "it really isn't. With normal intelligence a girl must have good health, otherwise she won't be able to stand it. Then everything depends on her training, and last of all, something has to be done about my thin little voice. The teacher I went to said, 'I want to treat you like a woman should start at the roots, then you will bloom.' That sounded lovely, but somehow I couldn't help feeling that my voice ought to be pulled up by the roots."

"That's a thoroughly unsound idea," I told her. "It came in handy for yelling purposes in my first picture, 'Divorce in the Family.' I had to fall out of a canoo into dirty water three times—and did I ever yell! When I got through making a mess of myself I looked mighty like, not a rose, but an old primrose bag! She hopped up and ran her hands down her straight lips.

"Did work do that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it did," she admitted. "This is the first day I've had in four months. I worked in three pictures—'Caravan,' 'Have a Heart,' and 'Sequoya'—without a break, something working twenty-four hours at a stretch."

"Did you mind getting up at five, which I had to do," she confessed.

"You put in a pretty long day."

"But an interesting one," she added.

"And did it end with your work at the studio?"

"Not quite," she hesitated to say, "you see, when I got home at seven o'clock I had to get supper for the family—five of us altogether."

"Have you ever felt in danger of temptation?"

"Not," she promptly answered. "It would be silly of me to say I haven't had any temptations in picture work, and I know that the movies are an orgy of temptations—money, greed, vanity, rivalry, passion. But yielding to those temptations is an individual matter. Before I went into pictures I was in love with a boy, and I'm still in love with him. He's everything in the world to me, and some day I expect to marry him, have a home of my own and babies. Those are the things I want and value above everything else in the world. Meanwhile the only thing in pictures that interests me is my work."

There seemed nothing more to say and nothing more to do than offer her a ciga-rette.

"No, thank you," she smiled.

Jean Parker doesn't smoke, and she doesn't drink, but she is hopelessly addicted to—work.

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He's Naturally Funny

(Continued from page 48)

I say, 'What is it? A boy or a girl? The doctor, he laugh and put me on da shoul-der. 'It's better dan dat,' he said, 'It's a boy and a girl!' At first I don't un-derstand. He say again, 'Mr. Armetta, it's twins!'

"Holy Mother! I was upsidedown. I hit myself on da forehead, like I always do. He say, 'I don't know.'

"I say, 'You tink maybe it's funny—two instead of one?"

"Oh, no, dat is not funny," he say. 'Dat is wonderful. I laugh at you. You are funny, hitting yourself like dat."

WELL, it seems that Henry was too confused by the arrival of the twins to think twice about what the doctor was saying. He calmed down after a while, however, when he saw the twins, and saw how cute they were. And the next day or so, Henry did get a job. It was while he was waiting to do a scene, that he re-membered what the doctor had said about his looking funny. He went to his dress-ing-room, stood in front of a mirror and slapped his forehead again. Yes, maybe it was funny. He went back and tried it in front of the camera.

"Da director, he laugh. Everybody on da set, dey laugh. Da people in de audience ... dey laugh at de preview. And I laugh, too. Not because I tink I am funny," Henry hastened to add. "But I laugh because now I tink maybe my troubles are over."

And that was about the size of it, too ... particularly after he added that funny walk of his, to the throbbing business.

The walk, with one shoulder high in the air, was not natural however. Henry worked that out for himself.

"One day I sit in da house, tinking how I can be more funny, when I see a pillow on da couch. Well, I tink dat may-be I am too tin. I was ver tin. Yes, you don know dat, me? I show you pic-tures. I tink, maybe I should be fat. I put da pillow under da vest, and look in da mirror. But I say to myself, 'Henry, if you are fat, you walk different. You have more to walk wit.' So I walk different ways. But it not ver funny dat, da pillow, be slip a little to one side, and I jus naturally lift my shoulder to balance him. Now, dere! Dat, it is funny! The director he say so, too. So, for a couple years, I been walk-ing sideways. I get fatter, we make da pillow smaller. Now, I don use da
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pillage anymore at all. My stomach, he is all men, in person."

And speaking of Henry "in person," he

is just as charming and delightful and as enjoyable to talk with as ever. Of course, not quite so exaggerated. We had lunch together at one of Hollywood's finest restaurants and I must say that I have never met anyone who received more deferential attention and courtesy than Henry did. Perhaps it was because the waiters have seen Henry waiting on tables or cajoling many times and have seen him spill soup on some of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Perhaps they knew he had been known to do so. They did not seem to stay out of trouble, and they were, therefore, twice as courteous and courteous. (Henry has the reputation for being the funniest character waiter in the business. You have also seen him as restaurant and hotel proprietor. Not to mention his roles as cab driver, street sweeper, etc.)

BUT I rather think that there was more to

their attention than that. Henry is the sort of man that you can't help liking. A man who once worked for fifty cents a day and who now makes $500 a week and who is still as sincere and modest as he was in his grudging days. He has a face on which only friendly thoughts register. He is a genial and generous host. You can't help liking a man like that.

Speaking of being a host, Henry has a specialty... barbecues. Henry has never owned his own home in Hollywood because, as he says, he prefers to move around. But the first thing he does when he moves into a house, is build a barbecue pit in the back yard. Consequently, Henry "owns" almost the whole of Beverley Hills with barbecue pits, and they are beautiful, expensive ones, too. In fact, when Henry moves out of a place, the owner always is certain of getting at least $20 a month more rent from his next tenant. When he gives parties, which he does often, he always serves barbecue steaks and a big dish of spaghetti which he prepares himself. "I save no money," he told me. "If I get a couple dollars in my pocket I say to myself, 'I've got to go to some swell restaurant, and eat swell.' We have a big meal. Maybe with champagne. I don't care. I'll save it for other times. When we got money we enjoy it. Extravagant? No! Only, you know, good food, good wine, dat is fun. Dat is da best life."

Six years ago Henry bought his first circular second hand "36" coupe for which he paid $280. Today he owns the most modern of modern cars, a new streamlined Chrysler. It's his pride and joy and there's an interesting story connected with it, too.

Not long ago he decided to do something he has always said he was going to do. "You know," he was saying, "Someday I'm going on a roughing trip. All by myself. I am going to buy a little family and go off into the woods and eat beens and bacon cooked over an open fire!" Well, at last Henry was going to do it, but he was going to do it in style. As he says, "I don't want a new car, but I don't want the chauffeur drive it. I wanna chauffeur. He drive me and I sit in the back seat and be comfortable. Well, we start off. I lean back and try to get comfortable."

"But I get so nervous to have somebody else drive my beautiful new car! And da chauffeur, he was yer' reckless. I have no fun at all. So I tell him to get out and sit in da back seat, and I don't. Well, I drive the car myself. I was driving again when, all of a sudden I smell something burning. I look in da back seat and dere is my chauffeur asleep—and his cigarette bun up all da back of da seat. At time I hit myself on da head good—to stop myself from hitting him. After dat I don' let him smoke, not any more. But I was also yer' much afraid something else happen, so I turn around an' we come back home. Chauffeur, baw! I tink dey just are not for me. Maybe be more normal cars not either. I don' know."

He shrugged.

"Well, you've got to do something with $500 a week," he said.

"Oh, don' you worry about dat, I can do somethings," he laughed. "Yep, dat is yer' excellent idea."

Henry motioned to the waiter and whispered something in his ear. When the waiter arrived with the champagne he said, "You want me to make a noise when I pull out the cork? Mr. Armetta:"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Armetta with that quick funny little gesture of his. He put his finger to his lips. "Shhh," he said.

I smiled with approval. Most any other actor would have said, "Of course, by all means, do the joyous thing." And they'd only be hoping that there was somebody important there to see, and hear! 

Garbo Is Driving Me Nuts

(Continued from page 31)

come in mighty handy at my house for

Garbo left me headaches to go with the hot-water bottle.

If I'd known the job it would be to follow her footsteps, I might never have bought the house. But I got so tired of being asked how I liked Los Angeles that I decided to tell the truth. I was, of course, I'm not sure if she was kept there all the time or

Daisy Stromberg, Dept. E-7, Forest Hills, New York

I don't really know which is worse—insurance salesmen or sightseers, unless it's the two ant exterminators salesmen who fought over me. Why, if they fought ants as they fought over me, there wouldn't be an ant left in Southern California—or an ant exterminator either.

I told them fellows I'd make a sale if they would figure some way to exterminate the sightseers, but they admitted that it was science they hadn't mastered.

I haven't a single suspect there was a house here. A huge ten foot cypress hedge hides all evidence of habitation. The only entrance is by the driveway which runs through the hedge. You'd think Garbo could have hidden in here as long as Dillinger kept hidden.

But, at the rate sightseers pour up that driveway, I sometimes think a "Wel-
MODERN SCREEN

come" sign hangs in front. Tourists drive right up to the house, park by the garage, and when they've figured out where Garbo's used to walk, decided she couldn't go swimming in the fish pond, and wondered where she took her sun baths, they drive out again.

When one Middle Western woman spied me, she sighed dejectedly, "I guess she doesn't live here any more."

Another woman was sorry Garbo had moved. "I wanted to tell her about the sinking of the Titanic," she explained to me. "Hope she got out so distasteful."

There's some recompose, though, in the packages we sometimes find on our doorsteps addressed to "The Beautiful Swede," or the "Mysterious Garbo." If it's cake, I don't bother to forward it.

The straw that broke my back, however, was the car full of Iowans that pattered up the drive to a stop. I was lounging in the patio basking in California's well advertised sun. Out of the corner of my eye I observed them looking me up and down.

Now I wasn't trying to appear furtive or mysterious. I wasn't posing as Garbo. I was slouching comfortably in an easy chair, and I was wearing a black artist's smock with a slouch hat pulled well down on my forehead.

"Humph," snorted a woman in the back seat as the gears ground into reverse. "I don't think so much of Garbo's new disguise."

That was the final straw. I believe in Southern hospitality, but when in Santa Monica, I decided to do as the Los Angelenos do. I built a retaining wall, shutting off the patio from the drive. Now when people come in, all they get is a good view of the chauffeur and the kitchen.

If my experiences are but a sample of Garbo's no wonder the poor hunted beauty was frightened away by cross American curiosity.

At heart, of course, I think almost everyone who's had a taste of fame really likes it. Once you've started to attract public attention, there are two ways to take it. One's to be affable and put yourself on exhibition. That calls for handshaking, greetings, autographs. I've done my share. Of course, it's easy to recognize me. Almost every caricaturist has taken a stab at me and the last the caricaturist, the better the likeness. Friends have asked if it doesn't bore me. "It does," I confess, "but if you really want to see me bored, wait till people stop noticing me."

It's like a movie star who was dining with a friend of mine. Suddenly she turned to my friend and asked, "What's the matter with everyone tonight? Nobody's annoying me by staring at me."

My friend could have observed, but didn't, that a fading celebrity is like a betrayed husband—the last to hear the bad news.

The other way to accept fame is to try to become as Garbo—remain aloof and become even more mysterious and glamorous. Whether Garbo's solitude is sincere or affected, it's made her ten times as fascinating.

It worked with her. But imagine the embarrassment of Garbo's imitators. They've tried to hide away from the world and found that no one cared. And if this isn't the end of Garbo stories, it's the end of this one. Ah tank ah go to bed!

$2500.00 Cash Prize Contest

(Continued from page 45)

As for the overpowering climax, only Werfel can recount the happenings of that fortith day when the Turkish forces gather for a final not-to-be-nursed onslaught, and among the remains of his decimated forces, hears the sound that rose from the off sea. . . .

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Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words should fit into the upper right-hand corner.

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PAUL RIEGER, 225 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

MODERN SCREEN

Good News

(Continued from page 39)

Paul Kelly's one of the most popular young men in this town—but it isn't due to his nice smile nor correspondence school charm. It's all due to his latest screen success, Hollywood's highest and mightiest mogul angle shamelessly for an invitation to the Kelly home just to sample and re-sample his work of art. Paul's favorite hang-out is his kitchen where, armed with a huge copper kettle and a two-foot wooden ladle, he brews his mysterious concoctions. Paul's awfully helpful to those who want the recipe. "Just line up all the ingredients on top of the stove," he advises, "and throw 'em in as the spirit moves you."

Besides the talented Katherine, Cecil B. DeMille is the proud papa of Agnes, who's earned herself an enviable reputation both here and abroad as a dancer. Katherine's an adopted daughter, but Aggie's a real "chip off the old block"—so much so that in fact, that's apt to be the thrust of her performances. F'rinstance, the director had the brilliant idea that his dancing daughter would be an asset in his picture, "The Crusades." And so did Agnes—until she found that the stunt was a bore. It took a trip to New York to calm the lady—and the ball in the picture without Miss DeMille.

What with almost every junior contract player at Paramount drafted for "College Scandals," you can expect something pretty lively if not actually scandalous. Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie and Willa Benedictine are just a few samples—and what that trio can't think up has never been thought of! Nothing, it seems, can dim that devilish sparkle in Arline's black orbs. Even when a two hundred pound beam fell on the set, crushing a davenport—the other end being occupied by Miss Judge—she cheerfully reflected, above the rattle of her knees, "Humph! That almost knocked the giggles out of me!"

"Happy birthday to you," caroled everyone on the M-G-M lot recently in honor of the studio's oldest and youngest stars—May Robson, who was celebrating seventy years of accomplishments, and Cora Sue Collins who had reached the venerable age of seven. The party was given by Louis B. Mayer, and the guests included all the old-time troupeurs and the youngest hopefuls on the lot. Lotsa fun, made merrier by two elegant birthday cakes—one a three-tier, five-foot high confection, surmounted by a bird cage with a live canary chirping a gay greeting. On top of the cage was the number seventy in bright spun sugar. Then there was a tiny but equally beautiful cake, frosted in glistening white, and bearing seven pink candles in rosebuds. And we join in to wish you both many more happy and successful birthdays!

Frank Borzage has at last met his directorial Waterloo. Beneath his magic touch many actors and actresses have given their best performances. There has never been anything or anybody that Mr. Borzage could not direct with success—until now. Out at the Uplifiers' Club, for the last month, you've been hearing and seeing every almost every day with a group of half-broken Mexican ponies. It was the director's fond hope that these spirited mustangs could be developed into valuable additions to his polo string, and that he would become the envy and despair of Will Rogers, Bob Montgomery, Odet Morris, Gene Raymond and his other polo competitors. But the only development so far are numerous bruises on Mr. Borzage and some wrecked Santa Monica landscape. "I've softened some of the wildest tempers in Hollywood," reflected our hero, as he ate his lunch from the manteau. "but my charms are to no avail on a Mexican mustang!"

There's just one person in this country who is not conscious of the fact that Shirley Temple is a child wonder—and that is Miss Temple. Thanks to her wise mother, this small girl is more unspoiled than many a child of her age. She plays every day with her friends in the neighborhood of their modest Santa Monica home; she has very few toys, most of the

June 'n' January! Here's a familiar and baffling two-some seen everywhere. Toby Wing and Sir Guy Standing.

Joe E. (ten gallon lid) Brown and Roscoe Karns have a swell time at Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo.
New Hollywood romancers, Norman Foster (Claudette's ex) with Sally Blane at Westmore's opening.

More Gibson rodeo-ites, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and Noel Madison and his wife. Mrs. R. at left.

The European situation may be settled, but the Hollywood situation's attracting more attention and causing more anxiety around these parts. To move or not to move, that is the question. It seems that in the long run the studios will save an amount of lucrative yearly that can't be sneezed at, by moving East; but on the other hand, there's millions of dollars invested here in property and a couple million dollars worth of climate. So what? Anyhow, all the stars and producers have stopped even planning till this question is settled for once and for all—which may mean a couple of years or a couple of days. No wonder the town is kinda het up!

You can't serve fish or say fish to either Marian Marsh or Dick Cromwell these days. In a recent picture, several sequences were shot at the wharves. It was necessary to have a boat full of fish for local color—but said fish provided more than local color after the famous California sunbeams had warmed them for ten days. The day the studio gave wagon brought fleet of sole as the main hunchon dish for the company, Marian and Dick hastily retired to the nearest hot-dog stand for nourishment.

Many of the stars out here believe in sporting symbolic weather vanes on their homes. Atop Ken Maynard's palatial shack in Beverly Hills you'll see a bucking broncho and a dashing cowboy astride, silhouetted against the sky. But some of our well known actors don't take themselves quite so seriously—their roof's flamboyant weather-vanes showing flippant fish and cuckoo birds!

They do be saying that there's another Astaire in the offing in the person of George Murphy. We can't exactly believe that but we will vouch for George's ability to trip the light fantastic. For years he has done professional dancing in this country and Europe, but, on running his dance gam by marrying his partner, he succumbed to the lure of the Klieg lights. "These flickers aren't exactly a soft spot," George said ruefully, facing up his twenty-eight pair of dancing shoes on the "After the Dance" set, "for the shoe industry it's a snap and a half, though.

Fred Astaire seems determined to keep the country dizzy. Every man, woman and child with two legs rushes home after seeing the Astaire do those twists, turns and slides so effortlessly, determined to execute the same maneuvers. And just when they're too exhausted to go on contortioning, Mr. Astaire springs a new dance and it all begins over again. First, the Carluca swept the land, then the Continental and now—the Piccolino! You'll see the last named in "Top Hats."

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Leo Carrillo and Luis Alberni are genuine hot-headed Spaniards—but in pictures they're always Italians. In desperation, finally, Señor Alberni appealed to a prominent director for a Spanish part in one of his works of art. "Not a chance," said the director promptly. "I want a Spaniard to play this part that's a real Spaniard—one who can even speak the language."

Talis broke into a desperate valley of Spanish, but the director walked wearily away saying, "Nope, Italian never did sound like Spanish and never will.

King Vidor was a daily fan at Santa Anita all season, but it wasn't the horses
Hollywood a short time ago, found herself a rage after her first picture. Miss Coller has that certain sump'n which movie audiences go for in a big lady. The lady looks happy! "I expected Hollywood to be a mad, hectic town," she complained, "and I came prepared for a nervous breakdown from overwork." Her first picture was completed calmly in three weeks and I was told that I could rest and vacation for another month at least before starting my next.

That's a brand new complaint from an actress. Why, even the lady's recreations would prove hard work to most of us. She goes in strenuously for writing, composing music, motor-boating and is a constant spectator at racing matches, polo, tennis and aquatic events, to say nothing of instigating her fondness for cooking large spreads for friends at any hour of the day or night. Seems likely she'll have that breakdown— from too much recreation.

Here's something new in fan devotion. Fay Wray and her husband, John Moul Saunders, write that they are entranced with the English way of showing admiration for stars. Fay has been in England doing a role and an escort of boys on bicycles every evening when I go out," she says. "They follow my taxi to the theatre, shouting at or wherever we may be going. And when we arrive, they stand and smile until we've gone in—and that's all. They're extremely polite about the whole matter and have nothing at all to say."

Frank Capra was just starting work on the difficult script for "Lost Horizon" when he won the Academy Award for the best directorial work of the year on "One Night of Love." Chances to work after that were as scarce as hen's teeth—so Mr. Capra in desperation packed his suitcase and himself off to Palm Springs. Instead of a desert, he found public proved just as smart; he couldn't outrit them, it seemed, until he struck the happy sight of playing hide-and-seek. He immediately left for Hollywood, stayed a day and left for the desert. That night he returned to the Hollywoods—and continued taking important phone calls at Palm Springs! Had 'em routed, y' see. Well, neither did we at first. Anyhow, only Mr. Frank Capra knows where he is now.

Peggy Fears has devoted her time to starting staid Hollywoodites since her arrival here some time ago. Between outlandish garb, sable bedsprings and nine greyhounds on a leash, the gal's succeeded nobly, too. But her latest idea of midnight, airplane jaunts to Palm Springs and other points of interest in the state have not made such a hit with her friends. Last week her party narrowly escaped disaster when the plane made a forced landing in the desert, with a landing wheel knocked away on a ledge of rock as they came down. It took the party several hours of struggling for Peggy and pals, but it was the first time that the entire group of them were found shivering in a disabled plane, listening to coyote howls until the sun, gray dawn.

Peter Lorre, that wild-eyed Hungarian who sent the shivers up and down your spine in "M," was asked byorenz Waxman, musical director at Paramount, if he had any power of scaring people off the screen. Lorre said that of course he could—he was born scary. Waxman bet him twenty-five dollars that he was unscareable—but in less than three minutes he was rushing madly out of the room, after Peter had "turned on" his hypnotic, lurid leer. Nor was the check pagelbom who personally—Mr. Waxman mailed it.

Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's adopted daughter, is about as cute as they come in the line of little girls. Wallace finally had to make good his promise to her, given in a rainstorm, that she could appear in a picture with him. So the three-year-old was given a part in "China Seas," a little part, which is soon completed. But Miss Carol Ann, once "in the movies" was not to be ousted so quickly. Every day she appeared at the studio, insisted on donning greasepaint and sailor suit, and staying on the set—confident that her genius was indispensable to the picture.

Francis Lister, from latest reports, is considering changing his name. The dignified pagechanger says it is no gag, but a matter of considerable moment. It seems that since publicity was sent out revealing the fact that his uncle was Lord Lister, the man in whose honor Listerine was named, Francis has been bombarded with letters from fans asking if he can use his influence and get them free samples. "My fans seem more interested in their gargling than in my acting," said Francis mournfully.

Binnie Barnes, England's newest import of feminine charms, has fallen in love over here. Maybe you've heard that it's with Buck Jones—but 'tain't so! She's enamoured over a little gosling which Buck picked up half starved and nursed back to health at his ranch. When he brought it to the studio, Binnie became so fond of it, that Buck presented the bird to her. She promptly sent it to her mother who has a country place in England. Buck is a bit surprised, to say the least, "I never expected my yard to have such advantages," he said, "for even travel and an English edification is more'n I ever got!"

Children's day at the circus—
the Dick Arlens and son with Helen Twelvetrees and her young son, Frank Woody, Jr.
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Chesterfield paper must be pure
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It must have no taste or odor

CLEAN WHITE CIGARETTE PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS...

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—the cigarette that TASTES BETTER
This gorgeous, new kind of dry rouge actually stays on all day and gives you a vital, glamorous lure that's irresistible. Because of its superfine texture and special quality, IRRESISTIBLE ROUGE blends perfectly with your skin...defies detection...and looks like the natural bloom of radiant, sparkling youth.

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"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR
"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently. "An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

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**IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums**
MODERN SCREEN

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BETWEEN YOU AND ME ............................

ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

WILLIAM POWELL in
Escapade
with
LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

★★★★ Break of Hearts (RKO)
The Hepburn fans have a treat in store, for in this her latest, Katie has an opportunity to run the gamut of her emotions—and it isn't all the way from A to B, as a wisecracker once put the range of the young woman's histronics. This time she takes in the whole twenty-six! Also, she looks radiant—which means that the camera's a ringer or the cameraman, an expert. But—and be still you thumping female hearts—the pièce d'résistance of the whole bloomin' business is one Charles Boyer. Not much on the profile, but oh, the charm and acting ability! John Beal, too, does a fine job in a secondary role—that of a champagne-drinking playboy—which is a far cry from "The Little Minister" and is one up for Mr. Beal's versatility. The first part of the story, which deals with the meeting of an ambitious music student and a great musical conductor, is thrilling in its beauty and realism. Then all of a sudden, something goes boom and, once again, we have the one about two rich, temperamental people chasing each other all around Robin Hood's Bar (not a typographical error), not to mention the great Atlantic. There is the conventional hoppy ending which, in a picture with such initial startling story possibilities, also comes in the nature of a let-down.

Preview Postscripts
During the making of this picture, the set was closed to visitors. Katie always insists upon this. It's probably the Garbo in her. The set is not only closed to visitors, but to columnists. Those are the baddies who insist that a star is invariably "that way" about her current leading man. Sometimes they're right, sometimes they're wrong. At this writing, Charles Boyer is in Paris with his wife. Mr. B. is slated to do things to the female public. They in turn will do things to the male public. They'll say, "Why aren't you like Charles Boyer? Why aren'tcha? Why aren'tcha? And then the male public will pick up its morning paper and leave without kissing the female public good-bye. John Beal may not cause much havoc, but he has his share of charm, though it's not of the "what I want, I take" variety. He comes to us via the Broadway stage, where he has several "hit" performances to his credit.

★★★★ The Flame Within (M-G-M)
Unless you have a passion for psychiatry or Ann Harding, this picture may leave you quite cold. The story involves little action, but a great deal of profound meditation, sharp repartee and mental anguish. Miss Harding can always be depended upon to "do" something; so having painted, written and played the harp in former years, she is now a nerve specialist, intent on untwisting the knots in people's personalities and snaring her own up in the meantime. It takes Herbert Marshall to untangle her—in fact, it takes him four years of silent suffering before the independent creature sees the light. In spite of such troubles, though, they both do some convincing acting. But Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward, as the doctor's patients, outshine the stars with their performances. Maureen is the spoiled, spunky daughter of millionaires, who tries to escape Life via wrist-slash and window-leaping. Hayward seeks solace for his woes in dat ole dabbil drink. As a thoughtful psychological study this celluloider is okay, but it's too thoughtful to be classed as excellent entertainment.

Preview Postscripts
Mr. Edmund Goulding must not have been satisfactorily psycho-analyzed, for he became such an ardent student of psychiatry that not only did he direct this opus, but the story itself is the result of a Goulding brain-wave. (Continued on page 8)
"Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September? Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth"... As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall... Which man shall she choose?... That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.
REVIEWS
A tour of today's talkies

Bob Woolsey and Bert Wheeler doing justice to "The Nit Wits." Believe us, it's hilariously funny.

Handsome Ray Milland is Sally Elters' leading man in "Alias Mary Dow," a universal picture.

Beautiful photography, a swell rumba number and Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian in "Under the Pampas Moon," make it a must.

George Raft comes into his own in this exciting murder mystery, "The Glass Key," with Edwin Arnold and a grand cast.

(Continued from page 6)

Besides looking "mental" enough to qualify for Mr. Goulding's heroine, Anna Hordern also beats all the other fillum ladles on that "sassyly upward-lash"—and she comes by it honestly. She's right up in military circles, Anna even knows how to take orders—at Mr. G. But don't ask Harry Bannister, her first love—and lost, to date. He's too busy asking the courts, anyhow, about who's getting the custody of their small daughter, to pay much attention... Herbert Marshall's the bone of contention in these parts—seems all the brightest stars crave strong, silent men for reel lovers. So much so that real wife, Edna Best, packed up and sailed for merry England recently, leaving Bert at the mercy of Garbo, Shearer, Bennett and Swanson. Since Maureen O'Sullivan left the Emerald Isle, she's changed from a wild, Irish rose to a hard-working, dependable actress, who-working, dependable actress, who is now more in demand than almost any other young player. Maureen claims that everyone on this picture had a "ravelling good time," for the set looked like an old-fashioned kitchen, but that's at the cost of the time, with every feminine player making a dive for her knitting when a "shot" was over.

★★★ Our Little Girl (Fox)

It's another Shirley Temple picture, which means A-1 entertainment for the kiddies, a fair show for grown-ups and a great clanging of the box office bell. If one wants to register a criticism against little Miss Curley Top, it would be that she is beginning to act just a little bit too much and seems quite camera conscious at this stage of the game. But who could register a complaint against that endearing dimple, that enchanting smile and the sturdy bit of babyhood that is our Shirley?

This time the Fox story plays the daughter of a country doctor who unwittingly neglects his pretty wife for experiments, urgent hospital calls and the like. There is another man—of course, there always is—but he's not a baddie by intent; well, he's Lyle Talbot! However, Shirley saves her parents' marriage through her winsomeness. The child's supporting cast—Joel McCrea, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Rosemary Ames—do what they can as the boy's mother, Rosemary Ames, who's the wife of Abner Stillwell, who does big business in Chicago, get special permission from the groom to make this, her final appearance on the screen... As for Lyle Talbot, this gentleman did a little sulting about the set as he was once tops in Shirley's affections. It isn't easy to be supplanted, but time is a great healer... Erin O'Brien-Moore, one of Broadway's findest stage stars, ought to be done something about, She's movie material plus. Somebody ought to throw a good role her way or at least a little decent lighting and then would she go places... Let's not forget to mention Sniff. He's the Scottie the whole cast seemed to adopt when the shoot was over. However, he's through with acting. It's too hectic. Maybe that's because he caused so many re-takes, it's invariably the feller that's in the wrong that does the yipping. (Continued on page 92)
Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures. These stars are now with GB... because GB Productions have individuality, glamour, and a tone all their own.

Watch For These Pictures!
THIRTY-NINE STEPS
THE CLAIRVOYANT
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KING SOLOMON’S MINES
FIRST A GIRL
BORN FOR GLORY
ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND
A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL

*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The Modern Hostess

If you were a guest in Myrna Loy's home, the menu would include a crisp, tangy salad. Perhaps an Avocado or a Sour Cream Salad, the ingredients for which are pictured at the left, below. Simple to make, a treat to eat.

By Marjorie Deen

Humor, originality and sex appeal are outstanding characteristics of lovely, laughing, alluring Myrna Loy, as we all know. And those same qualities characterize the salads that are whipped together daily in Miss Loy's kitchen for her special enjoyment.

"Sex appeal, humor and originality in salads? How is that possible?" you inquire incredulously.

Well, and why not? I know I was completely sold on just that possibility after hearing Myrna Loy's ideas on the subject of salads and after listening, fascinated, to the recipes and salad-making directions generously given me by Miss Loy's French-Spanish, Mexican-born secretary de luxe and feminine major-domo, Carolina Pradeau. From the efficient Carolina (pronounced Cahr-o-leena by Miss Loy) I managed to find out a good deal about new ways to fix and serve the different greens and dressings that comprise the salad course. But of even greater importance is the fact that I discovered during our conversation the kinds of salads that Myrna Loy demands.

"I loathe sweet salads, all thick with gooey fruits, cherries and whipped cream.\" redheaded Myrna informed me. "I like salads that are crisp, tart, full of green vegetables and drenched with a spicy dressing—a French dressing, maybe, or Thousand Island, or the Special Mayonnaise that Carolina makes. Down with sweet salads!\" she declared with an impish smile.

And won't the men folk cheer at that declaration!

For Myrna's words, I am sure, echo the protest of most of the males of the nation. Down with sweet salads indeed—men, like Myrna, want greens that are crisp and dry, vegetables that are fresh and crunchy and dressings that are tart and tangy.

Of course, it's not at all surprising that the men would approve of anything that Myrna favors, for as Loy goes so goes the masculine nation. Yes, since playing the humorous, companionable, entirely urbane wife in "The Thin Man" Miss Loy has become, in a comparatively short time, the Number One Glamor Girl of the films. Which merely proves that the exotic is out of date!

YOU REMEMBER doubtless when this very popular young star from Helena, Montana, self-christened Myrna Loy to match slanting green eyes, auburn hair and a striking appearance, played only sirens, without achieving more than a moderate success. Then along came another type of role completely and she discovered that a nice, healthy sense of humor gets a girl much farther these days!

But how to inject a sense of humor—not to mention sex appeal and originality—into a salad? Well, that's a problem that might well stump the average housewife. So let's see what hints we can collect from the imaginative Loy kitchen. I'm pleased to relate that while doing so we can also pick up some working plans for a couple of light summer dishes which Miss Loy dotes on.
These include one jewel among gems—a Mexican dish on which Carolina prides herself no end. It is Myrna's favorite concoction and is called "Taquitos"—but more about that later.

On those days when her many other duties allow her time to go into the kitchen, Carolina proves to be a splendid all-around cook. And, according to Myrna, she's a past master at salad-making in general, having very definite ideas about the ingredients that go into her salads.

"More salads are ruined in the making than in the serving," she says very wisely.

"Never," says Miss Loy's Carolina, "do I let metal touch the salad greens—whether lettuce, romaine, chicory, endive or water cress. Many people shred greens with scissors, you know, or chop them with a knife. Not I! I always tear salad greens with my fingers."

How many times, in restaurants, have you marveled at a salad's firm, fresh beauty? Well, to achieve the crisp, dry perfection of a professional chef's salad, according to Carolina, you place your greens in a sieve or colander, wash them thoroughly in cold water, shake the water from each leaf and place the greens in a dry napkin. Then place them in the refrigerator for three hours or so. This eliminates the necessity for freshening greens with ice cubes or any danger of waterlogging them.

Another Carolina precaution is never to put the salad dressing on greens and vegetables until the last moment—just before serving, in fact. As you have probably learned from sad experience, nothing ruins a salad more quickly than adding the dressing an hour or more before serving and popping it into the refrigerator for safe-keeping. Your salad comes out as limp as a post-Christmas pocketbook!

HAVING found out that Myrna is extremely fond of salads, I set about discovering her favorites from Carolina. One, I found out, is Sour Cream Salad; another is a delicious concoction called Salad De Luxe, the recipe for which Myrna begged from the chef of Musso-Frank's Café, a popular and informal Hollywood restaurant. Still another is a rity Salad Caviar, and the fourth is a pictorially perfect dish utilizing an avocado (alligator pear, you know) and a hard-boiled egg to achieve a handsome effect and a dashing color scheme.

Salads, in the Loy household, frequently take the place of desserts, appearing last on the menu, followed only by a small (Continued on page 90)
When is a husband not a husband? Yep, you're right! When he's Mae West's. However, all this talk about wedding rings, rice, old shoes and the event that is supposed to have come off way back in 1911 isn't getting the buxom blonde down. Indeed, 'tis said that the handsome dark led with eyes like coals of fire (just the poet in us, pals) who led the lion cub on a leash before the Brown Derby recently is the present object of Mae's affections. Anna-hoo, the fans armed with autograph albums and fountain pens, bent on collecting the "John Hancock's" of their film favorites, retreated when the miniature Leo made his personal appearance, and the doorman at the B. D. beat a hasty retreat into the adjoining auto park, as your reporter dropped the pound of steak she was carrying in order to keep the African puppy busy while she looked for a hole in which to hide.

Well, whoever said that there is nothing left to hunt in the jungles these days except the Martin Johnsons surely knew what he was talking about!

Just to prove that we're generous or foolhardy or sumpin', we give any of you who may be embryo lyric writers a lead on a new song. Howz about "When it's casting time at Metro, then the stars begin to sulk?" Never mind, never mind, you're welcome! Seems that that great big Wally Beery just didn't like the role assigned him in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," so he up and flew away to parts unknown until the Powers That Be decided to coax him back. Yep, they didn't even know Wally had gone until the hangar in the airport was found empty.

Then Myrna Loy, so full of "perze" and aplomb, didn't care for her part in "Lie Like a Gentleman," so she took a train and a boat and wound up in dear ole Lunnon. That was going far enough away from an unpleasant situation, you'll admit! However, all's well that ends well and, at this writing, the two problem children have returned to home and filmside with a vacation apiece to the good.

Moral: If you want a thing, don't ask for it—just take it!

Well, it may not have been orchids to Ann Sothern, but it surely turned out to be a big corsage of scalions for Gene Raymond! It seems that the story got around Hollywood that this pair were "that way" and that the platinum geni had sent Miss S. a dozen orchids to clinch the deal. Instead of being grateful that he was accused of being such a spendthrift, Raymond em-
phatically denied wherever possible that he even so much as presented the lady with a posie. Gallant—eh, wot? Naturally the woman in the case became much embarrassed. But Gene explained it all away by saying that if the false rumor got around to Janet Gaynor she might be angry and perhaps even jealous. Now, pull-eez! Janet with her dentist-beau, her impacted wisdom tooth n'everything!

You're gonna fall for Luise Rainer, Metro's latest importation, when you see her in "Lie Like a Gentleman." La Rainer was discovered in Hamburg (a city in Germany, not to be confused with the product of a hot dog stand) and is totally unimpressed even by genius.

A charming gentleman approached the table when we lunched recently and after he departed, Luise remarked, "He eez so sweet. He play to me on the boat coming over when I am so-o seasick. He play well, too. Heez name is Mischa Elman." And how are you getting along with your music?

Did you know that Shirley Temple has two false teeth? Yes, yes, she's getting along now, is our little girl. In order to fill the space left by two departed baby molars, a dentist inserted tiny china ones and Shirley had her troubles keeping them adjusted during the filming of "Our Little Girl."

The English colony here are certainly augmenting our vocabulary! Someone asked Herbert Marshall why he didn't buy a home in Beverly Hills and really settle down.

"My dear," he replied, "I can't stand coping, that is why. Coping with mortgages, coping with taxes, coping with servants!" However, luckily for the real estate agents, there are plenty of Americans who like to cope!

Those old meanies who predicted that the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey matrimonial bark was heading for disaster are now just as busy pretending that they don't know what is being talked about when the molder is accusingly brought up. You see, when Joan tripped to New York all by her lonesome recently, it was to visit her oculist and not for the gay vacation that was reported. This news is perhaps disappointing in some quarters, but nevertheless true!
Ginger Rogers shows a distinguished guest about the "Top Hat" set. Col. Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Ginger's sea-going costume is nifty, don'tcha think?

We wonder if Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames like to play Indian. At a recent preview of Bruce's latest picture, "Let 'Em Have It," he entered the theatre lobby alone and twenty paces behind (or four tomahawks) his "squaw" sauntered. Two nights later at a big preview, along came Bruce, all dressed up and on parade seemingly by himself. And again, Adrienne brought up the rear. What goes on? The Cherokees vs. the Cow-anches? No prize will be given for the answer, no matter how nearly correct you hit.

Pat Ellis was seen for the first time in his many moons, stepping out to the Trocadero with Earl Blackwell. Theirs was one of those romances that "bivvered" as Hollywood romances have a way of doing, but it looks as if all's well again with this handsome young couple—for the time being, anyhow.

Speaking of constancy, if you think that sudden fame and fortune necessarily change a young man's affections, you'll be surprised. Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor, lads who will go far historically and financially, are still cult-razy for the gals who "knew them when." Fred still knows that the beautiful model in a Los Angeles department store is the only one for him and Bob will tell you any old time that a "bit" player on the lot—and not Jean Parker or any other Jean—is the feminine tops.

No, now don't get excited! Bill Powell isn't dating Joan Bennett Markey in place of Jean Harlow. They just were snapped this way at a recent benefit. So that's that, my dears.

You'll find it's the biggest, boldest, baddest he-men who carefully walk several feet out of their way to avoid going under a ladder. So we weren't surprised to hear that Buck Jones is superstitious. His famous horse, "Silver," is getting along in years, so has had to have several doubles for difficult feats. And each and every one of his new stand-ins must answer to the name of "Silver" before Buck allows him to appear in the picture! Claims that name has brought him nine-tenths of all the luck he's ever had.

Can you imagine it? We always thought the best place to study the Hollywood stars was right on Hollywood Boulevard, but Doris Kenyon, Fritz Leiber, Joan Crawford, Billie Burke and many other of the movie colony folks go to Griffith Park these days where the world-famous planetarium has just been completed. They claim it's the best place in town to study the stars.

You know how you get the jitters when someone literally sits on the horn of their car in front of your house? Well, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot know how 'tis, anyhow, for the other day they were entertaining Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, when a loud and persistent tootling started up from the front drive. Finally Evelyn reached for her hat, claiming that she was slowly but surely losing her mind—and she'd rather lose it at home. So the Hal Mohrs' started for their car, only to find it hidden in a cloud of smoke, with a valiant crowd of neighbors dousing buckets of water on it and frantically honking the horn for the owner!
Adrian, who designs smart gowns and snappy accessories over Metro way, had a long dress assignment on his hands recently. The order was to think up something gay and colorful in the way of lady's apparel for Stuart Erwin. No, your eyes are not deceiving you! It seems that Stu is to play a female impersonator in "Broadway Melody." Try as Adrian would, his client got twisted up in every length of silk he put on and, no matter how conservative the model, Mr. E.'s freckled face beaming atop it, gave the frock that tinkle, silly look.

Speaking of the Erwins, this happy pair threw a spook party not so long ago, at which the women became so hysterical that it was called off in favor of bridge in short order. Among those fright- ened were the Paul Kellys, Pat O'Briens, James Cagney and Frank McHughs—all Persians!

The making of "Diamond Jim Brady" rated Hugh O'Connell a couple of sprained leg ligaments. It seems that Hughie was required to bounce a Gay Nineties belle on each knee in the bar-room sequence. The gals hadn't even a bowing acquaintance with lamb chops and pineapple—or any other diet you can name. Mr. O'C. must have bounced too realistically and—well, you know the rest! He was carried home only to find that more ill luck had overtaken him. His Chinese cook had heard about their needing extras for "Oil for the Lamps of China" and swiftly departed Warner- way to be an actor without so much as a "by your leave" from Hughie. It never rains, but it pours!

Jean Muir is just climbing the ladder of success. But she's climbing in her stockinged feet! Before going into any of those tensely dramatic scenes, for which she's gaining such enviable reputation, Jean kicks her shoes into a corner on the set. Then she proceeds to emote. "I feel so much more more soulful this way," she explains.

If there's anything that makes the husky men of the screen grit their molars and see red, 'tis when some lissome lassie sighs enviiably, and says, "Aren't they lucky—never having to diet for their screen figures?" For—shh!—even the gentlemen of the fifth estate have to watch that third dimension. Clark Gable, Richard Dix, Pat O'Brien, in fact all of 'em—are subject to waistline scrutiny by their directors. The latest actor to go on a rampage of pineapple juice and an occasional lettuce leaf is Jimmy Dunn who was advised in no uncertain tones to part with ten pounds before showing up for the lead in "Song and Dance Man."

In "Orchids to You," John Boles' latest flicker, you'll see the world's most beeYOU-tiful set—in fact you'll almost smell it! It's a florist shop built of chromium and glass and housing millions of lovely flowers. There are American Beauties, orchids, violets, lilacs, camellias and—well, every variety of bloom under the sun. Such a profusion of posies we'd never seen—and wouldn't believe it, every one is artificial! Special studio flower-makers have painstakingly patterned each bloom into such an exact replica of the original that only by feeling the paper leaves and sniffing the pasty perfume could we believe that our eyes deceived us.

Fay Wray just can't keep her feet on the ground any more. After flying from New York to Hollywood, following her return from London, where she was kept busy by Gaumont-British doing "Clairvoyant" and "Bulldog Jack," Fay spent just two weeks in sunny California, then flitted back to New York enroute to foggy England. "I just don't like terra firma," Fay explained to the crowd seeing her off at the airport. "Well, as for me," hopped Bob Montgomery, "the more firma the less terra."

(Continued on page 54)
A vacation can do wonders for you—from a beauty standpoint

Grace Moore, off to Cannes for her vacation a while ago, knows the value of "getting away from it all." Why don't you, too, catch up on your beauty while you're vacationing?

by Mary Biddle

ROUND about this time we read snatches about the stars "getting away from it all," and tripping off to Europe, or the Bermudas, or retiring to their own "little" place in the country. For sheer vacation glamor we hand the palm to Grace Moore and her handsome husband, Valentin Parera, who celebrated the occasion of their fourth wedding anniversary in Venice, in the very "Palazzo" overlooking the Grand Canal where they spent their honeymoon. The glorious Grace sang at the King's Jubilee in London, and spent some time at her home near Cannes in Southern France, so she is our idea of a cosmopolitan vacationer de luxe.

Ah, me, we sigh in envy, and wonder how it would feel to plan a vacation such as that. But here we are up to planning our own vacations, so we can't be very envious. Do try to make your vacation as different as possible this year. We all need a change of scenery, a "getting away from it all," once in a while. A vacation is the greatest wrinkle eradicator in the world. The fatigue lines that make our faces haggard, and develop those nose-to-mouth furrows, the frown wrinkles that etch themselves through worry and tenseness, all get smoothed out miraculously.

All right, you say, it's all very well for her to talk, but we can't very well make a vacation different unless we have a different budget. Well, what if you only get a vacation in the country, you can make it a real beautifying vacation, anyway. Take long hikes along country roads and sweet smelling woods. "Go Hollywood" and wear shorts. Climb fences and jump brooks. Ride horseback. Climb haystacks and slide down them. All those things are going to accomplish marvels with your figure. The spare tire around your waistline will be punctured before you know it. You'll have to take in deep breaths of the fresh air, and there is nothing better than deep breathing exercises to round out a hollow neck and flat chest, and make you desirable looking in a décolletage evening gown for later on. You have soft water in the country, too, which your skin will appreciate. You'll come back from your vacation looking so healthy that you'll gasp at your-
Whatever your vacation, whether it be spent at the seaside, in the mountains, or in the city “doing the sights,” you generally have to make your trip by train, auto, or boat. (Unless you’re like Miriam Hopkins and a lot of the Hollywoodites who go in for air travel almost exclusively.) So you’ll want to have a complete, compact, convenient, ready-at-a-moment’s notice beautifying kit. Suppose you should discover Robert Montgomery or Ronald Colman back on the observation platform of your train. Don’t whip out your compact, and apply fresh powder, rouge and lipstick over stale, grimy make-up. Hie yourself to the dressing-room or turn an implacable back to curious onlookers. Apply your cleansing cream with quick but thorough fingertips. A quick cleanser is one of the most important things your beauty kit should hold. A liquefying cleanser that melts right down in your pores in a jiffy is a grand quick cleanser. Remove the cream with soft facial tissues. And do carry a large supply of the latter on any and all traveling occasions. (Use them double thickness and you’ll find them the most sanitary handkerchiefs in the world . . . you know how grubby looking handkerchiefs get in a short while.) After removal of the cream with the tissues, wipe away every last trace of oil with skin freshener. If you’re feeling hot and sticky, a skin freshener or mild astringent is a beautifully refreshing face tonic. Pat the freshener on with a small cotton pad which you can throw away afterward. You can get a small box of cotton pads at the ten-cent store, and they’re a worthy traveling investment. Use them for patting on your powder, too. Some of the powder puffs I’ve seen traveling have been so grimy enough to make strong men shudder.

RAQUEL TORRES, who married Stephen Ames a year or so ago, and has since had about four or five honeymoon trips, says that the success of keeping fresh looking while you’re traveling depends on the frequent cleansing of the skin. And that’s one time when you can’t say, “Oh, I just don’t have time for it.”

If you can manage it in your vacation budget, an overnight kit is a convenient thing to have for carrying all your beautifying aids; the kind with a mirror in the top so that it becomes a regular portable dressing-table. When I say all your beautifying aids, I’m not prescribing (Continued on page 77)

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints—the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged “washable with Ivory Flakes.” And listen to what other creators of America’s smartest daytime clothes say—“We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions.” Of course, Ivory is pure—that’s why it’s an “Ivory-washable” season!

Good news for you—and good luck for your pocket-book! You get 1½ more flacks for your money when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!
An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

"CAN'T CHAFE"
Means much on active days
To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"
Is important, too
Security means much to every woman at all times...and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"
Gives evening peace-of-mind
The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself! With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT, Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

QUEST
the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness
A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex...and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex...only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.
A triumphant encore to "One Night of Love" is Grace Moore's new Columbia picture, "Love Me Forever." Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett, a new singer, provide the love interest for the lovely diva in this opus. Grace finished work on the picture and then rushed off to New York and a sailing for England in order to keep her date at Covent Garden on June 6, when she warbled for the King and Queen as part of the Jubilee celebration. Any prolonged stay in Europe will depend upon how soon Columbia will need her.
Bette Davis need no longer doubt that Hollywood thinks she's a swell actress since all the Academy Awards stir. Evidently undismayed by the clamor, Bette steals a sun bath between shots on "Front Page Woman."

After an Hawaiian vacation that stirred up romantic wedding rumors about an Army officer, Ann Harding is back at work, looking lovelier, if possible. Her next role is in the famous play, "The Flame Within."
Here he is, girls, the blond young gent who is giving all Hollywood’s he-men a bad case of migraine since you fans went wild over him in "Naughty Marietta"! Nelson Eddy—a magnetic new personality, grand voice and—well, the editorial staff is out of adjectives! He and Jeanette MacDonald will team soon again for M-G-M.

And to the right, another new face that is causing a great flutter whenever it flashes on the screen—Fred MacMurray. Perhaps it’s because Fred considers all the acclaim just pure luck, that he gives a very genuine, unaffected portrayal to all his roles. "Men Without Names," a new one of the G-men thrillers, is in work now with Fred in an important role.
You don't need any introduction to this suave, charming gentleman who adds a distinguished touch to every picture he appears in. Sir Guy Standing, of course. Incidentally, Sir Guy has had Hollywood's tongues twitting about his frequent public appearances with Toby Wing. You'll see him next in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

That zany, Charlie Ruggles—he manages to get into more baffling situations than any other comedian on the screen. It's probably the wrong number that he's toying with here, but you'll have to see him in "No More Ladies" to make sure. Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Franchoit Tone are Charlie's playmates in this opus.
She may be a mother and one of Hollywood's most respectable matrons, but to her fans, Arline Judge is the collegian's delight. Her lively wise-cracking netted her her eighteenth campus flapper part in "College Scandal." And if you don't think it takes skill to be a perennial collegian—try it!
This gay young miss has a way of stealing more than her share of applause in about every screen role she has. Jane Withers isn't quite ten yet but she is a swell little actress. Meet "Bubbles" who poses with Jane and is her pet blue Persian kitten sent by a fan. Jane's in "Ginger" with Jackie Searle.
First part in the charming story of a plain freckle-faced Montana girl who became Hollywood's leading exotic lady

A little girl of thirteen stood alone in a strange room and said to herself, "My Daddy is dead." And, as that thin, chill knife of dread certainty entered her heart, it cut her life right in half, as near an incision as ever was made.

For on one side of the knife-cut stretched thirteen sunny, secure years for little Myrna Williams, daughter of David and Della Williams. Happy home life in the pleasant spacious house in Helena, Montana.

Helena was a wealthy community, for many of the Gold Rush families were still living luxuriously and gaily upon the wealth the Gulch had once given up to them. They were the comfortable custodians of the Gulch and life was lived spaciously there, substantially and well. And the Williams family, while not conspicuously wealthy, were comfortable, too.

The small Myrna's first thirteen years were lived in a peaceful, plentiful home of her own, with a room of her own and pretty clothes, books and toys plus good times with a young brother, David, to tease and be teased by. The Montana ranges were their playground and on those magnificent acres she grew robust, hearty and fit.

Myrna's grandparents were pioneers, stalwart men and sturdy, child-bearing women who had come over the plains in covered wagons, taking the day as they found it. From them, Myrna believes, she has inherited her belief that to live for the day is sufficient unto itself. As those hard-living pioneers laid them down to rest, giving thanks for a day of food and safety, so Myrna lives only for the day and does not reckon with tomorrow, and tomorrow. She takes good care of the present. She leaves the future to her Presbyterian God.

Once, when she was very small, a visitor teased her and said, "What nationality are you, Myrna?" And the child answered, soberly, "I am Presbyterian."

And she was. Very Presbyterian during her adolescent years. Given to reading the Bible for hours at a time and saying long and earnest prayers, very preoccupied with the rigors of observing the Ten Commandments.

Her father's people were Welsh, her mother's people came from Scotland and Sweden. Only last year her mother returned to Scotland to visit and brought back interesting tales of the eighteen sons and daughters of the maternal great-grandmother who are settled the length and breadth of the Scot domain.

MYRNA NEVER saw her father's mother but she is said to resemble her. From the paternal grandmother, she has been told, come those wide cheek bones and slightly Oriental eyes, that Celtic something in that calm provocative face. Strange and haunting are the tales told of Grandmother Williams, of her fascination and courage, her Welsh wit and wisdom, the aura of mystery that always hovered over her. The "Mystery Woman of Hollywood" must be legend derived direct from the "Mystery Woman of Wales!"

But it was Myrna's maternal grandmother who most influenced Myrna's childhood. Myrna's mother and father were gay and sociable people. They had a great many friends, a great zest for life and entertained and were entertained lavishly. And many a time Myrna and the small David were sent to Grandmother Annabelle's for the night or for a week at a time. And Grandmother Annabelle was a memory-making grandmother. The kind of a grandmother who had a storeroom full to overflowing with jams and pastries, and cookie jars full of ginger cookies and a reticule filled with peppermint lozenges and a heart full of the old lore of the days when she had crossed the country in a covered wagon.

"She never took anything as a hardship," Myrna told me, "and I think that if I have any independence of spirit I owe a great deal of it to Grandmother Johnson. As a child she gave me to understand that there is something nasty about people who whimper and whine, even when those people have a real right to scream and cry. She had a lusty fearless joy in life and hardships were a part of life and you took them—standing up!"

Myrna's father was her pal, too.

He was a gay person, Myrna told me, a man who made a lot of money in Montana lands and believed that (Continued on page, 63)
Above, Myrna as the daughter of Fu Manchu, one of the many oriental roles that first typed her. Below, as a dancer in an early picture—she expected to dance to fame.

Left, Myrna, the finished actress of today who will soon do a sequel to "The Thin Man." And below, Myrna Williams, as pretty a baby as ever opened her eyes in Montana.
ALL ABOUT THE GREAT MAE WEST MARRIAGE QUESTION

Is Mae married or not? Evidence gathered for this story answers "No."
But what do you think?

By ROBERT EICHERG

WHEN MILWAUKEE relief workers, reassembling
municipal files, came across an application for a
marriage license dated April 11, 1917, and made out
to "Mae West" and "Frank Wallace," nobody was
at all interested at first. It might have meant some
Mae West (there was one in burlesque some
years ago and another in a colored girl
living in Harlem today)—or another Frank Wallace.

But when closer inspection revealed that the mar-
fied Mae gave her birthplace as Brooklyn, her
father's name as John, and her mother's maiden
name as Matilda Diiker, born in Paris, the whole
world pricked up its ears. For our own curvaceous
Mae's father was Battles West, and her mother
fit the other description. Then, too, Mae was born
in Brooklyn.

Immediately the press of the nation went mad.
They printed a denial from Mae, who said, "I never
heard of the guy." A statement from Jack Linder,
who produced her big stage hit, "Diamond Lil," say-
ing she got her big job in the show. They
were together a lot. But he died a couple of years
ago.

Another from a Frank Wallace who is a dancer
in vaudeville, saying, "I'm the man Mae married
and I can prove it." A facsimile of Mae's sworn state-
ment can be corroborated by giving an immoral
performance in her show, "Mrs. West," shows that she then
was still married.

This, apparently, clinched it, so M. O. Shear sent
me up to interview Wallace.

He made an appointment to meet me in the room
of his dancing partner, Triste La Mae, in a theatrical
house on West 45th Street. It was one of the strangest
places I have ever seen—a brilliant crimson dressing
room with a mammoth scarlet ring set—a depressed little
monkey gibbering in a big arm—two monster couches
and an atmosphere so full of cigarette smoke you
needed a gas mask.

MISS LA MAE, a tall slender blonde with a
burned mouth, introduced me to Wallace. He is tall, dark,
partly built, and very thin, with deep-set blue eyes
and a nervous manner. The first thing he said was,
"I can give you a swell story. I can tell you all
about it. But I've got to go and see consideration
about it. I'll even check the story with you before you print it."

"Well," he said, "I didn't mean that. I meant for
expenses. Like for pictures.

"You won't have any expenses. We'll take any neces-
sary pictures."

Then it came out. Mr. Wallace would give us any
story of our choosing. We didn't have to pay him any
money at all. We didn't have to pay for any pictures.

We learned that any story he was paid to give
wouldn't be worth printing, because he would be
very much too busy trying to earn his living, and he
wouldn't be able to go to the scenes, and make him pay for
the pictures. We did agree, however, to pay him twenty
dollars for any old photos that he had of himself and
the press. Outside of the one picture already published
in the paper.

He told us several interesting stories of life in
New York, but we decided that these pictures couldn't be
published, because they were up at his mother's in Albany and
would be quite a bit to go there and search for them. Then he
suggested that pictures could be "faked."

To be fair about it, I don't (Continued on page 92)
Here at the right are some of the pictures which may influence your answer to our question. First the marriage license that came to light in Milwaukee and started all the fun. Below, at left, is Mae in "Diamond Lil" when a Frank Wallace was the "singing waiter" shown with her. And, next right, the same Frank with the two who made up his trio in the same play. Last row, Mae as she is today in "Goin' to Town." And last, a dark-haired gal looks like our blonde Mae.

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<td>Mae Vent</td>
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**MARRIAGE RECORD**

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<td>John Wallace</td>
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<table>
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<th>Certificate of Person Performing Ceremony</th>
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<tr>
<td>Frank Wallace</td>
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**WITNESSES:**

- Martin Plehn
- Martin Plehn (County Clerk)
MODERN SCREEN is proud to present this unique series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. So many extra girl stories come from embittered, disgruntled girls who haven't seen Hollywood for years. But this young lady will give you the true picture of Hollywood today, discuss the chances of an unknown's getting into the movies, and give you intimate "set" gossip of the stars. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confessions remain anonymous—now, begin her story...

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, about five years ago, I was given a lot of different kinds of advice. Although I had done a little work in a summer stock company not far from home and, therefore, felt that I would be just what Hollywood wanted for the talkies (for the talkies were new old then), my father believed that Hollywood and all of show business was sinful and wicked. He had not minded the stock work because the director of that was very nice and had been to our house for dinner, but, when I said that I was going to Hollywood to go into the movies, he hit the ceiling!

I don't know where he got his information but he told me things about Hollywood that made me blush. But I was blushing more easily then than I am now, for I was only eighteen. Although I did not have sense enough to ask Dad where he got his information, I did not believe him. I believed what I had read in the movie magazines—namely that Hollywood was just like any other town and a girl could be good or bad, because men were not any more "on the make" in Hollywood than in Podunk.

So, imagine my embarrassment or amazement or something when, a week after I arrived in Hollywood, I had a proposition. And the man was a director, too!

He worked for a cheap little independent company. I know now that they are called "quickies" but I did not know that then. Then, every company was alike to me. They all made movies and I wanted to be in the movies. The only difference, I thought, between this company and Metro or Paramount was that I had been out to Metro and Paramount and couldn't see anybody, whereas, at this little company I was able to see the director.

Well, we sat in this cheap office on one of the studio lots that rent space to the quickie companies. The director had on a tweed suit that was baggy at the knees and his fingernails were not clean, but he was not, actually, a bad looking man.

THERE WASN'T anything in the office but a desk, two chairs, some files, a couch and the director. When I went in he stood up and shook hands with me. I thought that was wonderful because at Paramount and Metro nobody had stood up because I never could get to see anyone.

He said, "How-do-you-do, Miss Andrews" (that's the name that I'm going to call myself), "sit down."

I sat on one of the chairs. He smiled and said, "Now tell me all about yourself." I said, "Well, I have had some stage experience and I know that I can act." And then I told him about the summer-stock
company and the parts I had played in the various plays. He smiled and nodded and I thought that meant he was pleased and would make me a star right away. He looked over some papers on his desk and said, "Yes, I think I have a little part for you—not a big role, understand, you shouldn't put yourself completely in my hands and do everything I say. How about having dinner with me tonight? I'll read the script to you."

**BUT BY** this time I was crying and I realized that I wasn't going to get the part and that this was the Hollywood Dad had told me about. I ran out of that office as fast as I could, with my hat over one eye. And I was so disappointed I thought I should die.

Now that was five years ago. The man was a little quickie director. And that is the first and last time in Hollywood that a director of any sort has ever behaved that way. So I guess Hollywood is like any other town after all, because girls get propositions even in Podunk.

I've told about this first because I thought it was so strange that this should happen to me in Hollywood and then not happen again. But now I'll go back and tell about my starting to Hollywood, although I don't know whether that is interesting or not. But here goes.

I had read that a girl shouldn't go to Hollywood without enough money to live on for six months. My Dad, as I've told you, didn't approve. But my Mother, who had always wanted to be an actress, gave me my railroad fare and five hundred dollars. And with my stock experience, I thought there was nothing else I needed.

I had read of the Studio Club but I didn't want to live there. I've always been a girl who likes living at home, and I liked to cook, too, so I wanted a little apartment with a kitchen.

My train arrived in the morning and I had sense enough not to take a taxi to Hollywood because I knew how far away... (Continued on page 97)
Above left, Norman Scott Barnes and his doting parents. Right, Joan Blondell, a star who is proud of her motherhood.

"I want to talk about my baby!"

Says Joan Blondell, smashing Hollywood’s pet taboo

I've just never occurred to me to seek out Joan on the subject of her baby—for publication, that is. It's sort of understood here that women stars with babies don't like to talk about them to the press. A lot of other writers weren't asking about the baby either, because they, too, considered the subject taboo.

I ran into Joan one day and asked her about the baby, carefully explaining that my interest was personal, not professional. I told her I knew she didn't want to have a story written about him. So you can imagine my surprise when Joan protested, "Who says I don't?" and her blue eyes flashed.

"As a matter of fact, I've been quite hurt that nobody has come to me wanting an interview about me and my baby. What is this, anyway? Doesn't anyone want to hear about him? Of course I'll talk about my baby! He's the most important thing that's ever happened to me, or ever will happen!"

"This business of a baby spoiling the fans' interest in a female star is all the bunk. Audiences today are more intelligent than they used to be. They like to see an actress give a good performance, more than anything else. And a baby helps a woman to become a better actress. My baby is helping me. He takes me out of myself. Makes me understand many more emotions than I have ever felt before. Why shouldn't I talk about him?"

Well! We plowed into the nearest chairs, and, believe it or not, I never got another word in edgewise.

It seems that Joan’s baby is the cutest, the cleverest, the prettiest and the healthiest baby that ever shook a rattle. Oh yes, I know you’ve heard that story before. But this time it’s so, says Joan.

"Do you know that right this minute, and at this minute he is exactly five months, three days, and five hours old, he is every bit as big as a year-old baby? Why, he never could wear any of the lovely things which were given to me at my shower. I’ve had to give all his presents away. The doctor comes in to look at him on his weekly visits, and laughs. Just laughs! And Normie laughs right (Continued on page 75)"
No Success as a Playboy

WHEN THE alarm clock rings at seven-thirty and you know you can't roll over for that extra snooze or you'll be late for the office, how many times have you said, "Oh gosh! Wouldn't it be swell to have all the money you need so you'd never have to work again?"

And when work is particularly arduous and confining do you ever think longingly of the Riviera and Paris or the South Sea Islands or Shanghai? You wouldn't be human if you didn't.

This story is for all you who have strained at the yoke of a job. It is the story of a man who had worked hard all his life, had made enough money to quit—and didn't. And it's as exciting a little journey into human psychology as any I've run across in Hollywood.

A good many years ago I was assigned the task of getting together, for a magazine, a group of photographs of the stars in the roles they had always longed to play. One girl was mad to play Portia and had her picture taken in the classic Shakespearian costume of the first lady lawyer of fiction. Another girl had a secret yearning to do Peter Pan—and got pretty cute all over the place in a leather doublet. One of the men thought it would be wonderful to be Hamlet and struck the well-known attitude.

When Bill Powell's photograph came in I thought he had got the idea all wrong. There was Bill, attired in a natty modern lounging robe, lolling back in an easy chair with a highball on a nearby table. This looked very unfamiliar. And then I read the accompanying note: "Role I most want to play. Wealthy, retired motion picture star, living on the Riviera." Signed Bill.

I thought it was a funny gag—and that was that. Several years later I happened to mention it to Bill and I asked him if that were still his ambition.

He shook his head. "I tried it," he said. "It didn't work."

And then he told me the story which is for all of us who long to kick our jobs in the face.

Bill had worked hard for stardom. And, after he became a star, he discovered that fame was pretty empty and that all it got you was a lot of worry and grief. He had enough money to last any man a lifetime. Hollywood made his nerves jingle.

He told his friends that he was going on a trip to Europe. Actually, it was his plan to retire from the screen and come back to the United States only for a visit. Fortunately, he did not make such an announcement. But in his heart he knew that he was through—through with work forever, through with pictures. Hadn't he earned the right to enjoy a little leisure? Wasn't it about time that he lived life instead of playing it before a camera?

HE WENT straight to the Riviera—that glamorous vacation spot where the wealthiest and most spectacular of Europeans gather to loll in their gay cabanas, go to bed with the dawn, wear smart clothes, dance and gamble.

Bill thought it was the most entrancing place he had ever seen. Nobody to call him to the set at nine A. M. Nobody to give him scripts to read. No wardrobe and no make-up tests. No endless waits if the film in the camera buckled. No grinding work under the glaring lights. Nothing but clean white beach, lovely sunshine, amusing people, gayety.

(Continued on page 72)
Above, three of the best looking figures in Hollywood—Bennett's, Crawford's and Harlow's. And right, the tiny lady who can make your figure look thataway, too—Madame Sylvia.

We wish to make an Announcement

Dear Readers: Please be advised that, commencing with our next issue, Madame Sylvia of Hollywood joins our ranks. Read details below and get your pictures ready!

Her name is as well known as that of President Roosevelt, Mickey Mouse and Garbo. Sylvia at Hollywood has brought more beauty to a beauty-starved world than all the jars of cold cream on the cosmetic counters. She is going to write a series of articles for MODERN SCREEN. The first one will appear in the September issue—so don't complain that you weren't told.

Now, here's what Sylvia wants you to do. She wants to be of real assistance to you. She wants to take, with each article of her series, one general type of face and figure—point out its defects, its need for improvement and tell you just exactly how such improvement can be achieved.

For example: How many of you are—in a general way—the Jean Harlow type? Does your mirror or do your friends tell you that you "look sort of like Harlow"? Blonde, curved, voluptuous. Would you like more perfectly to achieve the sveta and lovely Harlow lines and fight off the plumpness which that old moonie, Nature, delights in wishing upon this particular type of beauty? Sylvia will tell you how to do it. She did it for Harlow and she will do it for you.

Here is what you must do: Send your photograph to Sylvia in care of this magazine. A full length photograph, please, in a bathing suit or a close-fitting dress. A snapshot will do. Send it as soon as possible. In her second article, Madame Sylvia will choose the girl who looks most like Jean Harlow. She will also pick, from the photographs sent in, several other near-Harlow types, criticize the bad points and tell just how they can be improved. Mind, you need not look like Jean's twin sister in order to benefit by this. We are speaking of a general likeness of face and figure.

So—Harlow-girls, send your pictures to Sylvia. And next month we'll tell you the second type Sylvia will overhaul. Believe us, if you listen to Sylvia and do what she tells you, you won't be sorry. We know. There is a large safety-pin taking in the slack of the skirt we're wearing. We're very proud of that safety-pin, because it indicates a reduction in poundage—all thanks to Sylvia! You can be equally as proud if you follow her advice.

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Loretta Young had been running about the Paramount lot in the medieval trappings of "The Crusades" for so long that when she had a day off she went on a shopping binge! Above, left, is a charming silk ensemble—a black crêpe dress with unusual hemline is topped by a gay floral patterned, three-quarter length coat. The popular cape theme is stressed in a blue and white polka dotted silk ensemble. Red and white dotted silk is used for the flowers and belt. There's a deep veil on her straw sailor hat. Radishes make a perfect trimming for a lady gardener's costume! Bunches of them trim Loretta's wide-brimmed hat and her pale pink linen cape frock. Note big front pocket for gardening gadgets.
Since evening is the time when Loretta really has a chance to relax during work, she went in heavily for stunning formal costumes on her recent shopping trip. At the extreme left, top and bottom, you see two charming ones. A great-skirted lilac taffeta gown with violet corsage at the waist and over it a blue taffeta wrap with corded detail. If you will look across the page you will see this same gown without the wrap. Isn’t it charming? Especially the sweep to the skirt and the flesh-colored revers. Back to the left again, and below, Loretta wears a black and white printed satin gown with an interesting décolletage that is outlined with a flaring ruffle of the fabric. Again the wide skirt is emphasized—this is one of her pet evening details. and since she is tall, she can carry the extra width off with perfection. Ombré-toned fringe is a striking trimming for a simple eggshell white dinner gown. The fringe forms a capelet and makes a hemline of unusual gracefulness. And last, looking forward to fall, Loretta selects a two-piece dinner gown of double-faced satin. The crépe side is used for the blouse, the satin side for the skirt. Huge pink flowers at her waist.

Clothes from Nina Foley’s Shop, Los Angeles.
Paul Lukas answers a question you all ask at some time

Can a man be true to one Woman?

By Gladys Hall

... class. She had worked havoc with other men, I knew. She was, from the very beginning, unfaithful to me and I knew it. But I loved her with such a desperation, such a hunger, such a blind hopelessness of passion that I shall never forget. For three and one half years this savage, sinister thing possessed me. I couldn't help myself. One ugly thing after another she did to me. And then, one morning, I awoke and it was gone. Gone as though a poison had been drawn from my blood. The woman had become a stranger to me, a stranger for whom I felt nothing but repulsion. I now believe that because she did so many ugly things to me she herself became ugly in my eyes.

“But she did teach me,” he said slowly, in that rich accent-ed voice of his, “one thing which helps me to answer your

question. She taught me that if a woman is ‘rolling gold’ she may hold a man for most of his life. This woman was ‘rolling gold’ and if she had had that one other quality I might never have escaped her.

“Now I will explain to you what I mean by the term ‘rolling gold.’ Shortly before I left Berlin, where I had worked under the direction of Max Reinhardt as guest artist in the theatres of Vienna and Berlin, a slight mis-adventure befell me. I had carried, in the pocket of my overcoat for many months, a gold-piece. I had

...
Three score years and ten

WHAT do you really know about that superb actor, C. Aubrey Smith?

You know that in almost every good picture you see, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "The Crusades," "China Seas," dozens of them, there is a tall, virile, kindly Britisher who looks as though Galsworthy might have written him into "The Forsyte Saga" (he could be old Jolyon to the life). You know that you are always glad to see him, that he adds richness and authenticity of character to every part he plays and that you carry away with you, invariably, a warm and grateful memory of him.

But isn't that about all you know of C. Aubrey? Did you realize that he is seventy-two years old and that almost fifty of those years have been spent on the stage and that these three score years and ten constitute a stage in themselves—a stage upon which have walked the greatest beauties, the most famous men and women of their colorful generation? Ellen Terry and Lily Langtry, our own Maude Adams, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Charles Frohman, Sir James Barrie, George Bernard Shaw, and Victoria, Queen of England. No wonder he says, politely, that the theatre is not what it used to be, nor great artists what they were in the days when Ellen Terry rehearsed some six and eight weeks before she spoke a line before an audience.

Did you know that he has been married, and to the same wife, for over forty years and that he has a married daughter and that before the summer wanes there will be a first grandchild.

It is going to be hard to get three-quarters of a century of rich and robust living into the confines of one short story, but I'll do my best. For it's a long, long way C. Aubrey Smith has come from his father's surgery in London to the studios of Hollywood. A long way and a good way and as he enters his three score years and ten he says, "The most and the best of life is to love what you are doing, and to be kind."

SOME SEVENTY odd years ago, a small boy was born in London to a proud young doctor and his wife. He was christened C. Aubrey Smith. Then two sisters come to the Smith home and they grew up in the Victorian Era when the widowed Queen ruled the realm with a child-sized hand and influenced her time and time to come with Victorian virtue. An age when all things gaudy and theatrical and gay were frowned upon by the little prim lady in Balmoral Castle and so by her subjects.

C. Aubrey Smith remembers the funeral of Victoria—sees in his memory that tiny coffin, flag-draped on the gun-carriage, while all of England mourned and the whole world was at half-mast. He (Continued on page 78)

C. Aubrey Smith looks back on a full and dramatic life

C. Aubrey Smith today at seventy lives a busy, fruitful life. His next picture role will be in "China Seas."

Beautiful Lily Langtry is one of the many famous women C. Aubrey recalls.

And prim little Queen Victoria set the tempo of his early years.
ANN DVORAK was walking down the dirt road leading from her home in the country. Thinking of nothing in particular except the clean sky overhead and the soft air around her. It was good to be alive. It was marvelous to know fate had done so many kind things for her.

A sound. Ann could not place it. What made it? She looked around her. A young girl was running the lawn-mower over stubby ends of grass not far from her. Ann noticed the grass was stubby, wild, unwieldy. Why was this child trying to mow it?

Ann looked more closely and drew a sharp breath. Here was beauty! The dirty slacks, the mussy hair, the roughly tanned hands and arms, the huge blue eyes and the length of black eyelashes for which most women, whom Ann Dvorak knew, paid big sums in beauty parlors. And suddenly Ann wanted to know her. How could she make her acquaintance? She looked around hurriedly.

"Eggs for sale!" She smiled. She had her own eggs; she raised her own chickens. But the cook could make an angel food cake—

That was the first trip. Ann made several. She took her husband, Leslie Fenton, with her. Always to buy eggs. Ann and Leslie grew weary of angel food cakes in the two weeks which followed.

But it was when she was alone that Ann, suddenly, asked the girl, "And what do you mean to do with your life? Are you planning to spend all your days out here mowing wild grass that should never be cut, talking to white leghorns which can’t understand you?"

THE GIRL shrugged. "I don’t know. What can I do? What is there for me to do? I graduated from the Van Nuys High School. I tried teacher’s college. I always wanted to be a writer. I took a little journalism at the University of Southern California but I couldn’t keep it up. There wasn’t enough money. What is there?"

"But you are beautiful!" Ann spoke impulsively.

The girl shrugged. "Am I? What has that got to do with it?"

"But you just can’t stay here and do nothing!" Ann was insistent. (Continued on page 81)
A great actress puts on a great act

By Katherine Albert

THEY SAY that she's shy (she says so, too). So shy that she trembles with fear before she steps on the stage to give a performance. So shy that she's afraid to see her own films after they're completed. So shy that the very sound of an interviewer's voice (and her own voice answering) is enough to depress her for days.

That's Elisabeth Bergner. That's the girl who is hailed as the greatest actress since Bernhardt, the girl whose stage gaucheries have knocked New York for a loop, whose picture, "Catherine, the Great," made in Europe, thrilled you and whose future productions you will see as they come across from abroad (for she will not make films in Hollywood). The Viennese glamor girl. The acting queen.

So shy. Useless to try for a personal interview. Useless to meet her in her dressing-room or at her hotel, draw up a couple of chairs, smoke a couple of friendly cigarettes and chat together like two human beings.

Instead Miss Bergner is persuaded by Joe Schenck, through whose company her pictures are released, to "meet the press"—a gesture which went out with Pickford curls and "Shakespeare is my favorite writer, my dear." So the girl who is too shy to be interviewed, to have a cozy tête-à-tête, "meets the press"—a couple of hundred of them—at a cocktail party in a regal apartment at the Ambassador.

Let us see just how this shy flower behaves when "meeting the press."

IN THE FIRST PLACE the apartment looks like a movie set. It is all done in cathedral-like grandeur and would remind one of a cathedral were it not for the fact that at the end of one enormous room there is an elaborate bar and standing before it is Elisabeth Bergner.

Her hair is straight and blonde, parted on the side and sweeping across her head, leaving the brow exposed. She wears a dark blue skirt, a loose printed blouse and a dark blue tie. There are but three or four people in the room when I arrive. The bartenders are the only ones who seem in the least busy. They have nice honest jobs. They don't deal in emotion, except in a very roundabout fashion.

Schenck, to relieve the tension, offers La Bergner a large dish of steaming spaghetti. "What iss diss?" she asks.

Schenck tells her.

"No, no, t'ank you."

He offers her some chicken à la king.

"And diss—what iss diss?"

He explains.

"No, no t'ank you."

We are standing. Schenck suggests we sit and, in (Continued on page 88)

Meet La Bergner, of "Escape Me Never"
HE really successful people in this world are those who waste neither time nor energy grouding over the conditions which exist in their lives but, instead, get busy and shape them into a happy pattern.

Which brings me to Irene Dunne. For Irene has taken her marriage, which circumstances projected into a pretty difficult pattern, and made something darn swell out of it. A husband and wife separated most of the time by three thousand miles might be expected to grow apart. But, after four years of this state of affairs, Irene Dunne and Doctor Francis D. Griffin are as close and as good friends as any two people you know. And far closer and much better friends than entirely too many married people you know.

The first evening Irene and Frank Griffin were in New York this last time, after their trip from California by boat, he took her to the theatre.

"Let's run over and see 'Personal Appearance'," he suggested at about eight o'clock when the last of the friends who had dropped in to see them had left. "Not dress? Okeh. I'll call down and have them reserve seats." And he was on the telephone.

"Personal Appearance," one of Broadway's most successful comedies is, you know, the story of a movie star, a flamboyantly temperamental upstart who mushrooms to fame. There are many who feel there has been no star, like the lady Gladys George portrays in this play, since the talkies. Claiming, therefore, that the play is dated. Be that as it may, it remains good fun and no one laughs harder than the movie stars who go to see it.

The Griffins sat well down in front. But because they hadn't dressed and because they had come in quietly no one recognized them. They were as alone in that theatre as any other couple who moved closer and reached for each others' hands when the lights went down.

EVERY TIME there was a little jibe at the expense of the movie star, Frank Griffin would turn to Irene and she would feel his eyes bright with laughter.

"Must I do everything myself?" the movie star in that
Above left, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, in New York. Their first long trip together in four years. Irene says news pictures don’t do Frank justice. Above, Irene in her great success, “Roberta.” She will make “The Magnificent Obsession” and “Show Boat” on a loan to Universal.

Oftens Irene Dunne feels, we dwell too much on love and forget that husbands and wives can also be friends

play asks in an harassed moment while at least six people wait on her, hand and foot.

Irene felt a nudge in her side. And she remembered times, when her secretary had neglected to send a check for the telephone bill or her gardener had failed to tie up the chrysanthemums against the tugging wind, and when she had said something very similar.

She pretended, however, that she didn’t know what that nudge meant. She continued to sit there very seriously for a second or two. Then, as usual, unable to resist his salty laughter, she began laughing, too. And when she couldn’t find her handkerchief he had to give her one of the huge affairs she has made especially for him, since those sold in the shops rarely come large enough to please him.

As the final curtain fell they hurried out into a taxi and back to their hotel. Then, while Irene went in to change into something comfortable, Frank Griffin lit the electric grate fire. For the sake of cheer.

“You wouldn’t have any good Irish reason for taking me to that particular play on our first night in New York?” Irene challenged him over their cheese sandwiches and beer.

HE SHOOK his head soberly. “Certainly not!” He was as innocent as Irishers can be when they’ve been up to tricks.

“That’s what I thought,” Irene said sweetly. It was a game two could play. “That’s exactly what I thought!”

I lunches with her on one of her crowded days in New York. Her suite had the atmosphere it always has. New books were about. Music stood open on the piano which is moved into any suite she occupies, simultaneously with her trunks. Red tulips and purple lilacs were lovely against the pale green walls. And the jonquils which filled a silver bowl were no brighter yellow than the sweater Irene wore with a black tailored skirt.

She shuffled a batch of photographs which had arrived, photographs taken of her and Frank Griffin during their voyage from California—on (Continued on page 46)
Joan Crawford, beautifully gowned in pleated gold brocade, is out to bewitch these two charming gentlemen, Bob Montgomery and Franchot Tone, with particular attention to the former. It all takes place in that delightful comedy-drama which was such a success on Broadway, "No More Ladies." Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Denny and Gail Patrick also take part in the merry goings-on.
Gable Flipped a Coin

Five times, that big little word "if" changed Clark's destiny

OME philosophers believe that there is a destiny which guides us, a fate which overtakes us and that despite anything we do our lives are mapped out for us.

Others contend that chance is the true goddess and that your life and mine is a succession of "ifs." "If I had not made a mistake and taken the road to the right, my car would have been hit by a truck." "If I had not come down with influenza I would have taken the plane which crashed." If, if, if. And certain things which seem to be hard luck at the time happen to turn out to be the best luck one can have.

As proof of all this let's turn the spotlight on the astonishing life and career of Clark Gable and see how great a part chance has played. The "ifs" in his work loom larger than an executive's power. And what strange "ifs" they all are.

Number one: If he had not been almost penniless and terribly lonely in a little Ohio town he would not have become an actor!

Having no money and no friends seems to be the worst fate that can befall a person. Yet that was what opened up the way to the exciting road Clark was to travel.

He was working in a rubber factory by day and attending medical school at night. He was set upon becoming a doctor. And then a tawdry, down-at-the-heel stock company camped in a tent on the outskirts of the town. If Clark had had the money for more lively entertainment he would never have gone to that show on a Sunday night, the only evening he had free from medical school. And if he had not been so bitterly lonely and depressed, he would certainly have seen no glamour in that miserable tent show.

BUT BECAUSE of all these things he saw in that tent the release from his hum-drum existence. His life, at that time, was completely devoid of glamour, and the company represented freedom and a full emotional life. He came to know the actors and when the pitiful little troupe left town Clark left with them, as a sort of handy man who occasionally was allowed the delightful experience of playing "super" and sometimes bits and small parts.

Number two: If a man had not become ill Clark might have been the stock company handy man all his life.

In bits and small roles and sometimes a second lead, Clark saw no chance for advancement. The stock company leading man was a great favorite wherever the company played. And then the man became ill. With great misgiving, the manager handed Clark the leading role. He was tremendously successful. And even after the erstwhile star recovered Clark continued in the top spot.

Number three: If he had not ripped his coat on a nail, he might this very minute be a second-rate vaudevilian.

He had been out of work for some time and needed money badly when an offer was made to him to play opposite Dorothy Davenport (Wallace Reid's wife) in a personal appearance vaudeville tour.

Much as he needed money Clark deliberated. He was trying hard to make a name for himself in the legitimate theatre and he knew that if he took this job it would only afford temporary financial relief and would not help him in the advancement of his career at all. He wanted to act on a real stage, not simply be a stooge in a vaudeville act. Broadway was his destination, he felt, not the little towns into which the circuit (Continued on page 90)
WIN A

Dress!

Four smart star fashions free!

Read all the details below

1. Write a description, fifty words or less, of the model on these two pages you would like best to own—and tell why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.

2. Mail your letter to Adelia Bird, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. The contest closes on midnight of August 15, 1935. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.

4. State your size and preference, according to the description of the gowns given here.

5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.

6. The four best descriptions in the opinion of the judges will win, in each case, the costume best liked by the writer.

7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.

8. In case of duplicate entries of prize-winning merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

(Above, right) Joan Blondell models for you a trim and trig spectator sports costume in the very popular contrasting jacket and skirt theme. The jacket is heavy white linen, very broad of shoulder and very nipped-in of waist, with four big pearl buttons. The skirt is black linen with a thin white stripe. Both skirt and jacket can do double service with other skirts and jackets in your wardrobe, proving that this is a handy outfit as well as a smart one.

(Next page, on the left) If you are yearning for a very romantic frock, here it is. Blonde Glenda Farrell shows you this dinner dress of black net, banded with narrow inserts of black cire satin ribbon. There is a swishy taffeta slip underneath and a demure rose at the waistline. The graceful and filmy double capelet is detachable. This sort of dress is always in good taste—dressy enough, but not too dressy, when your hostess says, "Just an informal party."

All you need is fifty words, an idea and a stamp.
One can't go wrong on a good-looking print dress. Margaret Lindsay's dance frock is heavy printed silk crepe in shades of purple, fuschia and green in contrast to the dead white background. The panelled skirt is ankle length, with a slight dip in the back, while the blouse top has a draped elbow length sleeve treatment. Worn with a huge cartwheel hat and sandals to match, it would make a grand summer dinner-and-dance ensemble.

(Right) A dainty afternoon dress, worn by Margaret Lindsay. The model shown is in a misty pale blue chiffon, made on softly tailored lines. Navy blue binding on the sleeves and collar and down the front of the bodice provides a contrasting touch. Navy blue grosgrain ribbon is looped through two slashes in the collar and tied in a small bow. There is a stitched navy belt and deep tucks in the skirt—front and back—which are released at the knees.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And furthermore, it is!
You can look cool, even if you don't feel it! That is the best platform for your July to September dressing. And if you can't find clothes that create an illusion of cool detachment from the toread atmosphere, it isn't the fault of the designers and fabric manufacturers this season. Crisp, sheer and airy are the summer textures—cool, practical and wearable are the results of clothes fashioned from them.

Hollywoodites are especially expert at getting their wardrobes down to the coolest possible terms. As you know, California sun gets burning hot in the daytime, even though evening usually brings a refreshing breeze. Linens are prime daytime favorites, while chiffons, organdies and sheer cottons are evening pets.

Cool colors dominate the Hollywood scene. White, alone and in all sorts of combinations. Pinks, blues, greens and natural tones. Many of the light shades are contrasted with dark tones in the same color range such as pale blue with navy and pink with deep wine red. Such combinations give you a very fresh, cool look. It is amusing to notice that so many wintry colors are being used, too, and that combined with white or some pastel shade, they look as summery as the pure whites and pastels. For instance, a deep wood green is becoming very popular when accented with a light lime green or white. And Dubonnet red, a true wine tone, is another color that used to be relegated to the fall and winter color card but is showing up with fetching results as an exciting summer shade.

A number of your favorites have contributed their cool thoughts to our fashion tale this month—and they should give you inspiration for your clothes, accessories and even your hairdress!

Since nothing makes you forget a hot day quite so completely as dressing up and trotting off to dance in the cool of the evening, I have dedicated pages 48 to 49 to summer evening gowns. These are pet costumes of each star pictured and are suitable for either country club parties or city roof gardens. Let's look them over carefully.

Joan Crawford's detachable starched piqué collar gives a sharp, crisp accent to her pale blue satin gown. Its creases and jutting points are definitely reminiscent of the headpieces of a certain French order of nuns. I wouldn't be surprised if it actually drew inspiration from such a source. And when you think how cool nuns manage to look in their dark robes, even on the hottest day, you can see why this idea has merit. Joan's train really is too exaggerated for a summer evening gown for all of you but that is one of the dramatic licenses a designer has to take for scenic effect. The vest, also of starched piqué, is accordion pleated and the clips are placed adroitly. Joan wears this gown in "No More Ladies."

Gertrude Michael chooses a sheer black gown for her California evenings. It is a dramatic one with its full tulle skirt and short capelet with little hoods to pull up over her locks. These hooded capes are...
Weather report—heat wave to continue! So as you read that in the paper, turn your eyes to the cooling pictures on these two pages. Extreme left, Joan Crawford's crisp starched piqué collar and vest topping a blue satin evening gown. Next, sheer black tulle for a gown and hooded capelet of Gertrude Michaels'. Dolores Del Rio's striped "sari" worn over a white gown gives her a new elusive personality—nice wrap for cool evenings. Frances Drake a cooling sight in sheer brown and white polka dotted net. Huge, colorful chiffon flowers at the bodice. And above, the incomparable Kate Hepburn in pale pink satin with cape of rose tulle. This is the stuff out of which Hollywood fashions its illusions of refreshing mid-summer coolness.
And for daytime freshness, here are some more grand thoughts. Left above, Maureen O'Sullivan's pale yellow linen with bright red accessory accents. Next, Pat Paterson in a satin, candy-striped chiffon negligee of soft blue. And Mona Barrie in a coarse blue and white peasant linen jacket costume. Right. Carole Lombard in navy blue and white dotted shorts with an amusing long white linen beach coat over it. And last, Kathleen Burke in a charming pink dotted Swiss garden frock, her arms full of dogwood.

grand innovation, don't you think? How many times we all have rummaged through our dressers to find some scarf or piece of material to wind around our heads, and usually, whatever came to hand, looked so makeshift that we discarded it outside the club house door. But these capes are decorative—and so-o flattering. All you need is a few yards of net, tulle or chiffon. Most of the stores are full of them, very moderately priced, too, for such a new stunt.

Dolores Del Rio never hesitates to adopt the most unusual ideas from each new season. Her sheath-like white gown with its striped "sari" is very new and stunning. These saris are an East Indian head scarf worn by native women. They impart a feminine and most un-modern air. Dolores is wearing one designed by Orry-Kelly that is a more fullsome version of the real native sari. Hers is to be used either as a cape wrap or in the sari manner as shown in the picture on page 48. The draping of the sari is half its charm—and I think it takes an exotic person like the Del Rio to carry it off with dash. You'll find saris in the shops made of all sorts of materials, many diaphanous as befits the season.

Kalloch has designed a sari costume for Grace Moore to wear in "Love Me Forever." He made the dress with drapery in the skirt to give it a slight East Indian flavor—this in black with a sari scarf in emerald green. And a very grand extra gesture is a rajah coat of gold tissue on organdy which Grace may wear over it. If this keeps up we will all look like maharajas!

FOR a youthful and very wearable semi-formal frock, you can't beat Frances Drake's. Brown and white polka dotted net with an off-the-shoulder neckline and brief ruffled sleeves. The use of brown dots on white for the skirt bands and the reverse color scheme for the dress, is smart. The skirt fullness comes below the hips—and for actual dancing, the dress should be shorter than the length Frances is wearing.

Seven layers of rose tulle is the frosting Bernard Newman has put on a pale pink satin confection that Katharine Hepburn wears in "Break of Hearts." The tulle forms a cape which boasts an alluring collar of hand-made roses tied on with long satin streamers. It's sheer summer romance. And as a practical thought, (Continued on page 70)
$2,500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Here's all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes pictured below will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.

FRANZ WERFEL
THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH

ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

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100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

Modern Screen offers $2,500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August, and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.


Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in their fight for their lives and faith.

The peasants before leaving their homes hear the Church bells in the graveyard.

An avalanche comes down the mountains and forces Turkish invaders to flee.

A child leads Gabriel to a spot where his son is kept prisoner by his wife in the arms of another man.

Gabriel's son at night eludes a platoon of Turkish soldiers and captures their howitzers.

Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.

In Constantinople the Turkish warlord refuses mercy to the Armenians.

Gabriel and a peasant flee to the mountains, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.

Turkish forces lead a group of Armenian peasants into an unwilling exile.

The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.
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Read famous critics’ ratings of current pictures—5*, extraordinary; 4*,
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(Continued on page 68)

very good: 3*, good: 2*, fair: 1*, poor: 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty
New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman
Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Times
Andre Sennwald
Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons
Comedians' get-together! Jack Benny, lovely Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Gracie Allen and George Burns at the Beverly-Wilshire. Mr. Burns seems to be master of ceremonies.

On completing "Under the Pampas Moon," Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian gaily exchanged farewells and best wishes for luck in the next six months 'til they should meet again. Warner hopped a plane for Mexico City and the next a.m. Mlle. Ketti took wing to New York. Three days later they drolly greeted one another on the set. Frantic wires had brought them both back for a take on the picture. Just a sample of Hollywood's idea of vacations!

Hollywood's star host and hostess are Mr. and Mrs. John Boles. But they don't reserve their charming hospitality just for the Pickfords, Garbos and Swansons. The other evening they entertained five couples with an elaborate dinner-dance at the swanky Cocoanut Grove—the five girls were the "extras" with whom Mr. Boles dances in "Redheads on Parade" and the five men were their best boy-friends!

"Don't laugh at 'puppy love,'" warns Constance Bennett, since her son Peter, aged six, became stricken with the charms of Miss Shirley Temple. After an afternoon spent playing with the Baby Blonde at Palm Springs, where the children's respective parents had them vacationing, Peter could not eat a mouthful of supper. When he looked disconsolately at his spinach, Connie wasn't much alarmed, but when Peter flatly refused ice cream, she began to view his heart trouble seriously!

"Tis said that Garbo's favorite director is Woody Van Dyke and perhaps a reason for this is that Woody "takes nothing from nobody now." It just doesn't matter who you are, the director gives the orders when Mr. Van Dyke wields the megaphone. In the picture he made with the Great One, Mr. Van D. requested her to descend the stairs on the left side. Greta decided on the right, whereupon the camera was immediately moved to exclude her from the picture. Miss Garbo meekly moved left as she meekly remarked, "I guess I come down his way."

We've always been practically sea-sick while watching one of those pictures showing a giant ocean liner plunging through the wild waves of a stormy sea. But other day watching a similar scene being "shot" we were really sick—with disillusionment. What's more, we don't intend to suffer alone, so we've made up our mind (shush) to tell all. Happening on a puddle of water in Paramount's back yard, we stopped to look at a toy ship, about four feet long, floating around in it. Twas then we spied the cameras and learned the awful truth—they were photographing a storm at sea! Electric fans were kicking the water up into ripples, and two bored looking men were standing on either side of the puddle. In their hands was a rope which was attached to either end of the boat, and this they yanked on, every now and again, causing the craft to look as if it were really at the mercy of Father Neptune!

First of all, we hasten to assure you that this just happens once in a polka-dotted moon! But this really happened to Nan Gray, a sixteen-year-old Texan school girl. Nan was summer-vacationing in the Hollywoods, and having nothing better to do the day before she left for home, she accompanied a friend on a trip to the Brothers Warner studio. She'd just put one size three, triple A. across the doormat, when she slipped on the other and fell ker-plunk into the arms of a W. B. director. He finally let her go, but not without a contract! You saw her in a swell starter role in "Mary Jane's Pa" and you'll see her from now on—and on. Or we're wrong again.

Glenda Farrell, having punched the Warner time-clock the other a.m., spied Joan Blondell ahead of her on the set. "Hi!" she called out, "How's the baby?"

"Swell!" came a deafening chorus—being composed of the lusty vocal chords of Pat O'Brien, Al Jolson, Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh! By sneaking up on these people in days past, we used to be able to glean a few choice gossip tid-bits, but since they've become dating parents, all we get for our trouble is the latest scientific formula for strained spinach.

Miss Gloria Lloyd, sub-deb daughter of the Harold Lloyds, recently celebrated her eleventh birthday by entertaining a group of school friends for luncheon. For weeks this gala affair was the one and only topic of conversation about the Lloyd home—Gloria's first long dress was discussed at great length; long and heated arguments over whether she could wear "just a little smidge of lipstick" took place; hours were spent planning entertainment that wasn't "too childish." At last, still game, Mildred Lloyd brought up the question of the menu with her small daughter.
Meet the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Doyle. She's Judith Allen of the films.

Henry Wilcoxon, still wearing the longish hair bob necessary for his work in "The Crusades," goes nightclubbing with Frances Drake.

"How about chicken and creamed potatoes, darling?" she asked. Gloria favored her with a long, cold stare, then replied loftily, "I should say not! We'll have turkey and mashed potatoes."

Mrs. Lloyd admitted that she couldn't see a great deal of difference, but then she's only a mother!

After gaining nigh onto twenty pounds while hibernating in the mountains for the "Call of the Wild," Jack Oakie had despaired of ever seeing his knees again. "Not that there aren't knees I'd rather see," Jack explained, "but one rather likes to feel that one has some of one's own." Whether one does or one doesn't, at least Jack lost a couple dozen pounds when back in civilisation again—and what's more beauteous, he's lost that superfluous new vocabulary which he was aching with such pride.

As if California doesn't have beautiful enough gardens, and all the year 'round, too, to suit any picture! But no, Paramount's just built a mammoth indoor garden, covering two acres to use for a garden-party scene in "Accent on Youth." Huge oak trees, rambling vines, masses of shrubbery and blooming flowers have all been transplanted on the "set," while fountains and arbors have been specially constructed and landscaped. Sylvia Sidney's the star who is going to scintillate in these surroundings.

Fred Keating had just about made up his mind that Loretta Young was really cross-eyed after all. For days he'd been noticing on the set of "Shanghai" that every time Loretta talked to him, she seemed to be glancing over his left shoulder. He was beginning to almost weep at night thinking of the poor girl's handicap, when he discovered the cause of Loretta's wandering eye.

Seems that the oldest "Young" sister is more intent on getting a favorable angle on her neck than on her acting, hence she has convenient mirrors placed all over the set so she can see the effect of the lighting on her lovely features. So far, we'll halite adm, Loretta has shown a good eye for beauty!

Some Foxy business involved that studio deep'en they'd figured on. Their publicity department conceived the brilliant idea of staging a hok'heavy love affair between the blon'ly beautiful Alice Faye and handsome Nelson Eddy. 'Course, this was to be strictly on paper, and that's were Eddy kept it—but not Alice. The studio finally had to announce that Mr. Eddy had outrageously insulted Miss Faye. Seemed the best way to get out of it all for all concerned.

"Everything Happens at Once" is the name and a brief résumé of what goes on in the latest W. C. Fields side-splitter. Mr. Fields spent the first day on the set tearing up the script; then noting a slightly peeved expression on the author's face, he sat down and wrote another complete version. But still the director looked a bit disgruntled, so W. C. took over the directing of the picture, too. No matter how you look at it, this is certainly a Fields, Inc. film. Mr. Fields believes in writing from personal experience, so you'll see a corner of a scene with Bill and his nose peering out of the bars in the town jug.

In the "Big Broadcast" you're gonna see Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti and Henry Wadsworth in an awful fix. Lyda's just cub-ray about both of 'em, and simply can't decide on which one to marry. While rehearsing the other day, Jack said, "If I married you it'll be darn big o' me." "Yeh," responded Lyda, "but I'll marry both of you and make it darned bigamy!!"

If you could see Bette Davis at the "Cotton Club" these starry nights, you'd know why the news had been circulating that she's the most frivolous flirt in Hollywood. For the dazzling Bette, whether dining, wailing, or dancing, is always surrounded by a group of handsome young men. But the truth will out! So here's the low-down. "Ham" Nelson, the orchestra conductor, is none other than Bette's own husband, and all the gallant gentlemen who vie for Bette's favor are none other than his best friends, trying to help the little wife to kill time while waiting for her husband to quit work and take her home! Spikkin' devotions, that's almost the tops. But the real tops was a while back when "Ham" was playing in a San Francisco cafe and living in an auto camp to save money. Bette asked for a vacation at the studio, packed bag and baggage off to the aforementioned auto camp, and proceeded to cook, scrub and mend for her husband 'til that job was over. That's what we call love—in capital letters.

(Continued on page 83)
Has your letter been published in this corner? If it hasn't, get busy, boys and girls, and drop us a line.

Is Mary too Placid?

Why do some players who have a large and loyal following of fans and more ability than the average actor or actress ever seem to drop from sight? Who decides that we do not want to see them any more?

Take Mary Brian for instance. She has a large fan following and is capable and popular. Her fans want her back. Why can't we see her more often in good parts in good pictures? She is much better than most of the actresses we have to see over and over again. We love her. Why not give this little girl a hand or must she be forty or a gay divorcee to succeed? Or are they so busy with the foreign stars that they have not time for the modest sweet home people who have no temperament? And I guess Mary Brian is the only one who fills that description, at that, whether foreign or domestic. — Jack Wheeler, Canandagua, N. Y.

Nice Girls Don't Smoke

My favorite actress used to be Ruby Keeler, but since I discovered that she smokes, she has gone down considerably in my estimation. Girls who don't smoke like to be able to look up to at least one star and be able to say, "There's a swell person who has no use for cigarettes either." So a word to Ruby: nice girls don't smoke and if you don't want to lose your popularity, you had better quit it.— Virginia Kendall, Seminole, Okla.

Charming Mr. Vallee

Rudy Vallee is the most delightful personality to hit the screen in ages. His performance in "Sweet Music" was the most appealing of the year in my opinion. For the first time in movie producers have given the long-popular radio star a break and Vallee made the most of it. He went through the piece with a naturalness and charm that struck an entirely new note for the screen. His singing was more wonderful than ever, his acting and comedy great; and from start to finish he completely won and held his audience. That should definitely prove that the Vallee charm is no myth, but a reality.— Nina C., Savannah, Ga.

She Wonders Why

You ask us to write to you, telling you what we think and what our own opinions are toward the movie people; then you'll publish them. Well, I've wrote several letters and not one of them has ever been published in a Movie Screen Magazine as I get one every month on purpose.

Honestly I believe you're worse liars than some of these crooks that run loose on Fifth Ave., in New York. It would be far different if you would publish one letter at least from every person that writes. Then maybe people would believe you.

Personally, I doubt very much if you ever print letters that are written by outsiders. I believe you write your own letters about the people you care about, then sign some dizzy name to them and publish them. That will be all for this time.—Modern Screen Fan, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Case of Franchot Tone

May I enter my protest against the extremely poor roles Franchot Tone has been drawing lately. I see no reason for consistently typifying him as a rich cad who likes his liquor. Of course, he does that sort of role very well, but he is a versatile actor and should be given a greater variety of roles. Witness "The Stranger's Return" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That boy has the goods and he should not be wasted in roles the average young actor of indifferent ability could do.—J. Hunter Nor, Baltimore, Md.

Change of Mind

I have just seen "The Wedding Night" and as I left the theater, my thoughts were not with Gary Cooper nor Anna Sten, but with Mrs. Vinson, the actress who is forever being cast as the cold, heartless wife.

I always thought she had been cast perfectly before, as I thought she even "looked the part," but that just proves what a real actress she is, because in "The Wedding Night," she had a chance to be a little human and she showed us how really charming, lovable and cute she could be when given the chance.—Hess Harrison, Muskogee, Okla.

He is better than Clark Gable! He is grand, colossal! My heart thumps wildly whenever he appears on the screen. I wouldn't miss any of his pictures nor his radio program for the world. What a smile, what a voice and what a boyish personality! Who is he? Why that Dick Powell boy, of course. I just can't see or hear enough of him.—Florence Blair, Boston, Mass.

Knocks and Boosts

I am glad that, in cleaning up the movies, the producers are also breaking up a few of these screen teams. The best thing they did was to separate MacDonald and Chevalier (pictured). His croaking is an insult to her glorious voice. Why, oh, why must we have such an overabundance of lip cast upon us. If he is what they call effervescent then I'll take ZaSu Pitts.

Having just seen "Naughty Marietta," I can't stop raving about the superb performances turned in by the ravishing Jeanette and that he-man singer, Nelson Eddy. The picture is in its second week in New Haven and, believe me, a picture has to be real good to do that in this critical old town.—Frances Holmes, New Haven, Conn.

Wants Sweetness and Light

Sometimes I sit and wonder just what it is that makes some screen stars great. They must have something, but I go to their pictures and fail to see it. Greta Garbo with her silly remoteness; Crawford with her going. Those stars don't seem real to me. I like to see an actress on the screen who is pretty and charming and real. I'm afraid I couldn't apply any of those adjectives to Garbo, Crawford or Mac West. Enough for the brickbats.

I saw Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She was delightful. And there's lovely Jean Parker (pictured). Just to see her face on the screen makes one believe in the three virgins. Faith, Hope and Charity.—Rosetta Wyninger, Anderson, Ind.

(Continued on page 62)
If you could look Under Your Skin
— you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When they grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!

LINES form where oil glands underneath fail to nourish, underskin grows thin and wasted.

PORES stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.

BLACKHEADS form when pores remain clogged with secretions from within the skin.

BLEMISHES follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.

DRI SKIN occurs when glands slow up, cease to supply oils that make skin supple.

TISSUES SAG when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, fibres lose snap.

When Underskin fails to function, expect Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

Do you know what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands underneath it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerves and muscle fibres just below the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the underskin.

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just under your skin!

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults with a cream that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action — Pond’s Cold Cream.

And here’s the simple way they use it:—

Every night, apply Pond’s Cold Cream generously, putting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, softens and flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away.

Put in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs, Oil glands are awakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

In the morning, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.

But, most of all, you’ll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can avoid blackheads and blemishes. Reduce enlarged pores. Soften lines. Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond’s offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond’s Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.

The Countess of Warwick admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: “Pond’s Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin.”

Pond’s Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

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POND’S, Dept. H-50, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose 50c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

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Street__________
City__________

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57
Our guest teacher this month is this charming person, Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount’s "Charm School."

Modern Screen
Dramatic School

By Katherine Albert

A LOT of you Dramatic School students—you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in amateur theatricals, who want to make the stage your real career or who are simply interested in the art of drama as a means of enriching your lives—tell me that you’re having trouble with the sheer mechanics of bodily movement.

“What can I do with my hands?” you ask me.

“How can I stand up and sit down gracefully on the stage?”

“What is the correct way to walk?”

Last month I told you that I was going to discuss some of the individual dramatic club problems (and there are now hundreds of clubs formed throughout the country, but there is still room for more). Your big problems seem to be posture, walking, sitting, standing and gesturing. So let’s start off by learning about them. And certainly I can bring you no better teacher than Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount’s “Charm School.” This month you are going to receive the benefit of her vast knowledge. You are going to learn exactly what she teaches the young Paramount players who are about to be launched upon screen careers. I think we’re darned lucky to have her as our guest.

Her own story is pretty fascinating in itself. She was one of the most beautiful girls in the “Follies,” but when she came to Hollywood she had a run of bad (Continued on page 75)
SUMMER sun and frequent launderings will fade the beautiful colors in your apparel... and in your home decorations, too. But never mind. Just do as millions of other smart women... use Tintex! In a jiffy... and without muss or fuss... these famous Tints and Dyes will restore the original color, or give a new color if you wish, to every washable fabric.

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“SO SORRY”
"I'm such an awkward dancer—
I'm afraid I ruined your shoe!"

DON'T WORRY
Shinola removes dirt and stains quickly—leaves shoes white as new!

GLADYS B., MILDRED COLLISON, IRENE B.-
WIRE, Claire, JUANNE SCHULZ, JILL, TOSYMB, Pat; ELEANOR WECHSLER, (Boy-
, BAKER, Eugene, DOROTHY RICHARDSON, NADIA ALI,
REILICH, New York City; RUTH AYRAM, FL.
Thomas, KY; EMMA RILEY, DOROTHY, RO-
ville, MI; JANET GUIO, FLORENCE KRAMER, ISABELLE BURRA, (Pittsburgh, Pa.;
NORMA SUMMERS, CAVERTO, KY; ROBERT MORI,
SCHAPIRA, Silver Spring, Md.; JERRY AND
BEATRICE LEVY, Philadelphia, Pa.; GINGER
MCINTYRE, Des Moines, Iowa; FRANCES, SHI-
JUMBA, S. C.; MARY GALAROWICZ, Detroit, Mich.; BETTY CRY-
JENSEN, Shoonover, Wis.; MIRIAM TYSON,
Atlanta, Ga.; MARGARET RILEY, Detroit; CAN-
—Not that this news is of particular significance, but the people involved in the
realization of the present and recent survivors of the first stage appearance
at the age of two, was educated in New York public schools, and in 1908, she
married to Roebuck. At any rate, they are to
gether a great deal.

VIRGINIA WINSLOW, Wallinga, Mass.; BERNICE
BLOOMFIELD, Detroit, Mich.; MARIE MENTEN;
ELEANOR SALAY, Hackensack, N. J.; M. WALDEN, N. Y.; and now for Janet Gaynor—"Vital
Salvage."
—Real name—Laura Gaynor; Birthday
—October 6, 1907; Birthplace—Philadelphia, Pa.; Height—5 feet; Weight—100 pounds; Coloring—
Brown eyes, copper brown hair. She has one sister. When Janet was 6 years old, her family moved to Chicago
where she attended the Grauman Street grade school. When they moved again to San Francisco, Janet
attended the high school. She was teaching High School, and worked in a shoe shop
and then as a seamstress in a movie theater. The day
after Christmas in 1928, she obtained her first job
as a hotel in Hollywood. Work was scarce so she
took up secretarial training, but gave it up believ-
ing that she was no good. After her first trial role in "The
Junktown Follies," the rest is history. She
is divorced from Lloyd Peck and her best friend is
Margaret Lindsay. She plans the piano and skates
and her favorite sport is swimming and golf. Her
favorite color is yellow and she dislike all
colors other than yellow and blue. She dislikes exhibits
and is only quite interested in public functions.
Hobbies is collecting antique glass,
and arranging "floralistic" scenes. She
is under contract to the Fox Studios; Movietone
City; Citing, Calif.; her next picture will be
"The Farmer Takes a Wife."

VIOLET CONNORS, Harrison, N. J.—Grace Moore's
birthday is December 6. She is one of the hard
working girls who has been with the studio for 3 years. About 6 feet tall and 190 pounds.
She is under contract to the film company, and her next picture will be
"The Farmer Takes a Wife."

NO RUB-OFF
* Properly applied Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.

ANNA AMEN and ALICE M. WEBER, New York
City—Our best W.O.W. for next week is
FRIEND BECKER, Clearwater, Mich.; JU-
HART, Walpole, Mass., LIL AND BELLE, BOY-
—Fred MacMurray is napped after his letter, the
nicked cornered woman. He was on the guest list at the Waldorf Astoria, on August 30, 1938, and after a few weeks his
passion was revealed at a party in Madison, Wis., where they
settled for a few years. Her Fred attended grade and high school. He also went to high school in Madison where he won 10 letters for his athletic prowess in baseball, basketball. He later enrolled at Carroll College in Waunakee, Wis., where he married a
woman, who was his high school sweetheart. Then to Chica-
go as a saxophonist and soloist in a dance band. Following his marriage he took up the stage and at the end of his career
he was featured in a song with his wife. His career was
brief, but he is still remembered.

Facts about films and your favorites

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department,
fill out and send us the coupon on page 67. General questions of "What will be
an answer here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones
receive first preference. And not too many at a time please. For the next five
Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149
Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
- How precious a simple snapshot can be... Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

This day will never come again—save it with snapshots
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A truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow straggly eyebrows and pale, smoky lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply darken your lashes into long-lasting, luminous graces with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smearing, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelid, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before removing. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purses are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10¢ stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.

**Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

Address your letters to: Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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**Modern Screen**

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 56)

Rescue Kent Taylor

I want to start a "beef" because more hasn't been done for that perfectly grand person, Kent Taylor. If he were given some good parts in pictures, rather than these mambly-pamby sweetheart roles, I'm betting he would pass Clark Gable in no time. And please don't co-star him with Evelyn Venable. Give him someone who is alive.—Betty Hayes, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Silly!**

Just what does Regina Cannon mean by calling Katharine Hepburn an exhibitionist? If any one is an exhibitionist it is Greta (silly) Garbo. What do you suppose she is acting the way she does for? Just to get writers like Cannon hot and bothered. Garbo can do all the smiling in public she wants to, but it's going to take more than that to get her fans back. Garbo has been putting on this little show for a long time, but when she saw that Hepburn was crowding her out, she took herself to the press and let them know she was going to be back. I know all about this big Garbo mystery act and it's time you woke up to the facts (don't be so darn silly).—Ardent Hepburn Fan.

**All Agog**

I want to thank you for your article about Nelson Eddy in the June issue. He is all that you say, and more, as I can testify after seeing and hearing him sing in person here in my home town four weeks ago. I was still running around in circles four days later when I went to see "Naughty Marietta," and after viewing the picture there was no more argument about the matter. In my opinion he is the perfect formula for screen success, and if he does not become the most popular hero in the history of the screen then I am a poor prophet, as he has an equal appeal for both men and women. It is a pity that the silver screen does not do justice to his unusual good looks; however, he will come into his own in color pictures and then his fans will see him as he really is.—Lois Williams, Dallas, Texas.

Just a word of congratulation for Nelson Eddy. "Naughty Marietta" was held over in Atlanta for two weeks. I saw it five different times Nelson Eddy is a perfect combination of gentleman, lover, and singer. Three cheers for Nelson Eddy.—Jane Colby, Atlanta, Ga.

Here at last is a real man who doesn't look sissy when he sings, yet has a truly wonderful voice. May we hear more of this new sensational star, Nelson Eddy.—Ann Cain, Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Eddy meets her son Nelson on his return from a concert tour. He'll do another musical with La MacDonald soon.

**Complainin'**

I'm tired of seeing Crawford, Colbert, Harlow, Dietrich, Bennett and the rest of the same chosen few forever overpublicized. Give the others a chance. I used to buy a number of movie magazines each month, but lately have not because I am too fed up reading about the same stars all the time.

I'd like a respite from those silly, animated cartoons and "comedy shorts" infiltrated upon us along with a good feature picture. Does an exhibitor have to show all that tripe when there are so many wonderful novelty sketches that could be substituted?—Ethel Carlson, Chicago, Ill.

**In all Fairness...**

Fred Astaire deserves all the praise he is receiving for he is the greatest screen discovery in the past few years. But in mentioning him, let us not forget Ginger Rogers who has risen to fame alongside of him. She is the sweetest and most adorable personality on the screen today, I hope RKO never stops making pictures with them for we will never tire of them. I can hardly wait for their next one.—Betty Wexler, Bronx, N. Y.
The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(Continued from page 26)

money was made to be spent—and spent it. He read books with Myrna and rode over the ranges with her and laughed at her early ambition to become a dancer.

This ambition was born, Myrna believes, when, at the age of six, her mother took her to see Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." The children who danced in that pageant danced straight into Myrna's heart and with their unconscious grace moulded an ambition.

But Father Williams didn't really sympathize with his small daughter's avowed career. He was of the school who thinks the theatre no place for a daughter of his. Not that he worried about it. He didn't have time.

And so, for those first thirteen years Myrna went to public school and played games in the afternoon. She made friends with girl friends and read Louisa M. Alcott, "Lorna Doone," "The Wide, Wide World," and Tennyson's poems—and dreamed. She studied hard and successfully only the things she wanted to study. And the things she wanted to study were the subjects she thought would be of use to her when the world should applaud her as a premiere danseuse. History and English were her favorite subjects. From history she could draw upon the stately images of queens and reconstruct scenes at Versailles and the pomp and vanity of the French and Viennese Courts. From English she could absorb the living thoughts of dead poets, the immortal dreams of great men—and all of this would live again in her Art. She loved dramatics, too, of course. And gym because she knew that she must keep her body supple and fit.

She had a great many girl friends but no boy friends at all.

"I was," Myrna laughs now about it, "a very plain little girl, to put it kindly. Curly hair, Freckles then, as now. Light eyelashes and eyebrows and unpleasingly skinny. I was a tomboy, too. Grubby hands and knees, torn dresses and socks. Not a shred of dimpled appeal. No one ever called me a 'little angel.' I was really quite hopelessly plain. It must have been hopeless if my mother gave up and did nothing about me. She evidently felt that you can't make a glittering brocade purée out of a little freckled sow's ear. She just saw to it that my hands and face were immaculately scrubbed at least once a day, my dresses mended and my reddish hair tightly braided into two pigtails for neatness' sake. And let it go at that.

"And I suffered agonies in silence. I always have been articularate when it comes to personal pain. I wanted, passionately, to be beautiful. I read of Elaine and Guinevere and childish heroines like the little Colonel and covered the pages with great globsy tears of self-pity.

"I suffered all the more because of all things I had chosen for my best friend the little girl who lived next door. And she was a curly, golden-haired cherub who wore ribbons and ribbons. She had a peaches and cream skin and wore a freckle to her face, and a gurgly little giggle. She was feminine, soft and lovable—everything that I was not. She was a lace-paper valentine, I was the comic..."

She was a pretty girl—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a cheap powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

To find out just what hidden tints gave beautiful blonde skin its enchanting transparency—what gave brunet skin its gorgeous warmth, Pond's color-analyzed the skin of over 200 girls.

They found the answer in the most surprising tints hidden in skin—bright blue in blonde skin, brilliant green in Brunette. These tints they blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades. Now no one need have dull, faded skin. These new shades bring to your skin just the color note it lacks.

If your present powder is not helping you, see what Pond's scientifically blended shades will do for you—

Rose Cream—gives an enchanting radiance and a clear blonde coloring...
MODERN SCREEN

FAOEN No. 64 is warm and vivid. It suggests romance or fall by the fire. It also eloquently states that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.

FAOEN No. 17 is fresh, light and delicate. Like the renamed flower of a lovely goddess—its dreamy and alluring. Excellent for evening wear.

FAOEN No. 1 x sweet— a deeply scented fragrance which makes every companion with charming romantic possibilities.

PARK & Tilford's FAOEN

FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vivid. It suggests romance or cable. It also eloquently states that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.

FAOEN No. 10 is floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet. The scent is different. Different in its mysterious power to transform into staccato notes in a cute, coyly sweet.

FAOEN No. 19 is fresh, delicate and with a refreshing bouquet. The scent is different. Different in its mysterious power to transform into staccato notes in a cute, coyly sweet.

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While Myrna Loy was studying sculpture at the Venice High School, she was selected to portray Spirit because she possessed intelligent understanding, beauty and grace.

I was consumed with a passion for success. My dreams were dreams of success. My days were spent pursuing it. And then, there were things to do at home helping mother, helping David do his homework. Occasionally I felt dreamily in love with some gilded youth but always one who did not know that I existed.

While Myrna was sculpturing at Venice High, Mr. Winebrenner planned a sculptured group wherewith to grace the campus. He conceived the idea of an allegorical group of three figures, one to represent the Physical, another the Mental and a third the Spiritual. This classical group was completed and won the admiration of the art world. But a mystery hovered about it for five years—the mystery of the identity of the model who had posed for the Spiritual. Then, five years after the unveiling, the sculptor revealed the identity of his model—Myrna Loy!

Mr. Winebrenner is quoted as saying, "I had no difficulty in selecting the first two models. A football gladiator posed for the Physical and a pretty girl of high scholastic standing for the Mental. But the model for the Spiritual was not so easy. It required a girl with a beautiful body and if that were all it would have been easy. But animating the body the spirit had to be manifest, clear and idealistic. A prismatic refraction of intelligent understanding, beauty and grace combined into the term called spiritual. I was watching an interpretive dance at the school one day and happened to notice Myrna Williams, one of my own pupils. My eyes were opened. It took a good deal of persuading to induce her to pose for me but she finally consented to do so providing the work be done in the privacy of my own studio-home. Later, she asked me to keep her identity a secret. She said she would feel so silly, a little unknown schoolgirl, being marveled as Spirit!"

"My dancing school work," Myrna told me, "was getting me exactly nowhere. The twenty-five a month was getting us into debt. Funds were dwindling and drastic action was imperative. I had to take that action. I never wavered in my conviction that I was the man of the family. I wouldn't ask for help.

"I heard, then, that Pancho & Marco were putting on one of their revues at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre. I applied for the job and got it. I was one of

You're truly safe with

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS!

Say goodbye to your old, haunting fear of "accidents." You can!

For just one word—to your druggist or to a saleswoman at your favorite department store—will bring you the dependable protection you've always longed for. And that word is..MODESS.

Modess is the one and only sanitary napkin that is "Certain-Safe." Get a box. Take out one of the soft, snowy napkins and look at it. See...

- the specially-treated material on edges and back that protects you against striking through.
- the extra-long gauze tabs that give a firmer pinning area and protect you against tearing away.

MODESS STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE
thirty girls doing the dance numbers. I stayed there for one year and three months, made thirty dollars a week and was grateful to be sitting IN the same room alive and not dead.

And not then, not even then, did boys, good times, staying out late and partying figure in the life of Myrna Williams. Now and then, however, dancing with some boy. Now and again she was in love with some youth who was unaware of her. The work had been hard and constant and she had occasion many times, she told me, to be grateful to the Montana plains for the sound body they had given her. Now Myrna admitted, laughing, she never makes an athletic move. She is, she says, one of the laziest women living. A swim now and again is the sum total of her gladiatorial games. Perhaps, though, at that period of her life she had few clothes and when you have few clothes and must look smart all the time, a considerable amount of home-dry-cleaning, pressing and mending is necessary.

Then— said Myrna, "then something happened to me that was to be the turning point for me. Though, as is usually the case, I didn't know it for a turning point until I saw it. It was chance ... and it is my belief that Chance is seventy-five per cent of success, the other twenty-five must be ability.

So the scene, rec. Henry Waxman, the photographer, happened to have an idle evening on his hands. He dropped into the Egyptian. I chanced, that night, to be the central figure in the dance numbers. He happened to notice me, and thought I would make a good photographic subject. He came back stage and offered to photograph me. I was startled and accepted the very kind offer, which was to be without cost to me. No one had ever wanted to photograph me before.

"The pictures were made. They turned out beautifully. A day or so later, Valen- tino happened to be in Waxman's studio. He saw my pictures and he asked about me. He went to see me at the Egyptian. The next day Henry Waxman called me. I was to go to the studio where Mr. Valen- tino would make a test of me. — Natacha Rambova was preparing to screen "What Price Beauty?" — and they wanted to test me!

"I couldn't sleep that night. I thought, "Hu, there, Amy!" The next day, carry- ing my heart in my hand, I walked into the presence of the most beautiful and the kindest. Natacha was there, too, and they explained to me that they wanted me to test for the part of Intel- lect. Natacha was using all types of women in this picture which starred Nita Naldi.

RUDY himself made me up—and to this day and hour,' Myrna said, the tremble in her low-pitched voice, "to this very hour I think there never has been an hour so terrific, so thrilling as that hour when Rudy's hands worked on me, when Rudy's eyes watched me, when Natacha brought her own clothes to wear, when they both stood by and helped me to make the test—both so friendly, so kind. Wherever Natacha is now, and if she reads my life story, I hope she will know that I am remembering her kind- ness ... and Rudy's ..."

"Well, and so the test was made. A few days later I went to see it. I walked in that picture room alive and I walked out of it—dead.

"As I watched my screen self, stiff, absurd, ugly, I thought. 'They've done all wrongs for me and I'm a com- plete flop!'"

"Imagine ... imagine what it meant to me, not only to know that I had given up my chance, but that I had failed Valen- tino! If there could be any young girls more heart-breaking, more nerve-shattering than that I should not like to know about it."

But there is something sturdy and sub- stantial about this girl who has played so many 'exotic' parts. The rectitudes of that bizarre and beautiful countenance are the little brown badges of her independence. They give her the lie to the lotus-eating soul. She is not languorous, of the night-bloom- ing species. The pioneer spirit of Grand- mother Annabelle beeps valiantly in her character and heart. Young as they are, they can work for New York to dance and find new fields. But before she could go, there must be the wherewithal to go on. And where does that come from? Perhaps she could get some extra work at, say, M-G-M. An extra didn't need to photograph beautifully.

"Cared for in those lean days but fortunately Myrna was near enough to walk from her home to M-G-M. She found out where the casting office was, she entered it, and, on those narrow wooden benches of hope so often denied, Myrna sat patiently, long day after long day.

And there again, the drama of this girl's story should smite the reader be- tween the eyes. Her first entrance into M-G-M—as an applicant for extra work, a holder-down of wooden benches. And now, a hundred of years later, a star in that same studio, with the gates flung wide open to her entrance.

Every now and again, in those days, a small wooden grille would open sharply and a man's cold eyes would see about, contemptuously, the hundreds as though they were so many bolts of goods. Now and again his voice would bark, "Here, you Eusie de Smithers ..." or, "You, there, in the black satin, where's your work today?"

But no one called, "Here, you ..." to the thin girl called Myrna Loy.

And then, on one day later, when funds were ebbing low and hope was having to fight for its life, the grille opened and the fateful voice boomed out, "See there where there in the blue suit, waiter work?"

And Myrna said, "Oh, yes—yes, please—" as she entered the portals of Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer.

What did she find awaiting her behind those magic doors? If you make seven guesses they will all be wrong:

(THIS IS THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES ON MYRNA LOY'S LIFE STORY.)

Attention!
Madame Sylvia of Hollywood begins a series of articles on the September Modern Screen
See page 34 of this issue for details.
The Information Desk

(Continued from page 69)

venture. Quite to the contrary. Her next picture will be "The Rat" again with Fred Astaire. You can write her at the RKO-Radio Studio, 280ower St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Aside to Mrs. N. Never heard that story, but it may be true.)

BETTY HAYES, Gomastock, Pa.—Helen Hayes was born Helen Hayes Brown, in Washington, D.C., October 10, is 5 feet tall, has 160 pounds and has brown hair. Her first play was "The Bovary" in 1927, and she has black eyes. Leslie Howard, born in London, England, on April 26, 1910, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds.

ANNIE DUCHARA, Sacramento, Calif.; RAY MORRISON and MARIAN TRIGILL, Philadelphia, Pa.; CEDRO LINDSEY, Calif.; PALMER, Pa.; GLORIA KOHL, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. ARCY FALLER, Columbus, Ohio; MARY MINTON, Springfield, Ohio; R. L. ANST, W. Loa.; P. T. LEN, CAROLYN JENKINS, William E., Pa.; H. A. REED, Catskills, N. Y.—From the Batting average, one could guess that Pennsylvania has had an option on George Raft. As it is, Raft has had that interesting life, we'd better get down to business. Born in New York, September 22, 1901, French, German and Italian parentage, Georgs attended public school at that city. When he was 12 he became a boxer, and as a lightweight fought for two years in the leading clubs of New York without particular success. He next tried baseball and was signed as an outfielder on the New York (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average was pretty poor. On his return to New York he secured employment "shooting" at tea dances. Then came "sporting company" and dancing, with Elsie Filer. Europe called and he went to the highest paid American dancer ever to thrill Continental audiences, and he became one of the world's outstanding dancers. On his return to New York, Raft danced in innumerable motion picture and stage theatres. Until he was induced to go to Hollywood to play in "The Alhambra," the biggest role of the "Scarface," though, was that brought him his Paramount contract. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds, has an olive complexion and black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are base- ball, dancing and boxing. He is separated from his wife and has been going around with a Miss ... P. T. Len. However, if he gives me his picture I would estimate it to be around 30. His next picture after "The Glass Key," will be "Every Night at Eight" with Alice Faye and Fred Astaire. Then he can reach home (get his photograph for 25 cents) at the Paramount Theatre, New York City.

A. L. SALYERS—Shelby Teague's next picture will be "The Little Colonel." Kent Taylor's most recent one is "College Scandal" and his next one is "The Glass Key," probably by "The Late Trump." Kent Taylor was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on April 26, 1910.

PEGGY FISH, Newtonville, Mass.; ELLEN F. CHIRIK, New York, N. Y.; ALMA REIHENBERG, Sarnia, N. J.; BETTY GRAHAM, San Francisco, Calif.; CEDRO LINDSEY, Calif.; HALLIE, St. Louis, Mo.; LUCILE CAMPBELL, Wash., Pa.; PARSONS, Ashland, Wis.—He was born on May 10, 1908, in Nebraska, the son of Rev. S. A. Brough, a physician. Little known, except that he was educated in public school. He appeared on the New York stage and in 1929 joined the cast of "The Glass Key." He was dropped from casting, to "The Glass Key," only to be taken back. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds, has a black complexion and black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is separated from his wife and has been going around with a Miss ... P. T. Len. However, if he gives me his picture I would estimate it to be around 30. His next picture after "The Glass Key," will be "Every Night at Eight" with Alice Faye and Fred Astaire. Then he can reach home (get his photograph for 25 cents) at the Paramount Theatre, New York City.

PHILIP WALL, New York, N. Y.; CARMEN GAFF, New York, N. Y.; RUTH STARR, Beverly Hills, Calif.; LILLY, St. Louis, Mo.; LUCILE CAMPBELL, Wash., Pa.; PARSONS, Ashland, Wis.—He was born on May 10, 1908, in Nebraska, the son of Rev. S. A. Brough, a physician. Little known, except that he was educated in public school. He appeared on the New York stage and in 1929 joined the cast of "The Glass Key." He was dropped from casting, to "The Glass Key," only to be taken back. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 143 pounds, has a black complexion and black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is separated from his wife and has been going around with a Miss ... P. T. Len. However, if he gives me his picture I would estimate it to be around 30. His next picture after "The Glass Key," will be "Every Night at Eight" with Alice Faye and Fred Astaire. Then he can reach home (get his photograph for 25 cents) at the Paramount Theatre, New York City.

MODERN SCREEN

Tonight... make this

"ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST

No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armpit of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor."  

F A I L U R E  T O  S C O R E  a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armpit. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise. Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only half the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm dry.

No Quick and Easy Way!

THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you deodorize only, moisture still collects on the armpit of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, this sweat of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely dry— with Liquid Odoron.

Entirely Safe...

Y O U R doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless. Odoron gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it quickly evaporates without giving offense.

With Odoron, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unfuss-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odoron comes in two strengths. Regular Odoron (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odoron (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day.  

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete dampness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.
Modern Screens Movie Scoreboard
(Continued from page 53)
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**Johnnie GOES PLACES!**

Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races, June 1935

"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

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OPEN a can of the new Gerber Strained Vegetables! You'll find them brighter colored, fresher in flavor than your ever-dreamed canned vegetables could be.

They're cooked a new way, developed by Gerber after two years of research. Shaker-Cooking sizzles the foods 140 times a minute, as they steam-cook in the sealed cans. It takes as little as 15 minutes for thorough heat distribution this way. By methods in general use, it would take 4 times as long and the food on the outer edges would be much overcooked and far less appetizing.

Now, with Shaker-Cooking, every particle is evenly cooked, finer-flavored, brighter-colored... better than ever for Baby.

Specially Guarded for Baby—From Crop to Can

All Gerber Strained Products are prepared with extraordinary care for Baby's own requirements. Vitamin and minerals are protected as they can't be in ordinary home preparation. Vegetables are fresher, richer in vitamins. In every process air is excluded to lessen vitamin loss. Moisture is regulated—to save the materials poured off in water. Your baby gets more vitamins and minerals than if you cooked and strained his vegetables at home. You save time—have more time for Baby. Beehive is the finest vegetables she's ever seen. Unseasoned for serving as they are. Or serve slightly seasoned as taste of your doctor directs.

9 Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
Vegetable Soup... Spinach
Green Beans... Carrots... Peas
Onions... Beets... Cucumbers
Tomatoes... 4 oz. cans

Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods


Gerber Products Company
Fremont, Michigan
(In Canada: Grown and Packaged by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.)

Check book wanted
"Baby's Book." Enclose 10c
"Mealtime Psychology." FREE
Enclose 10c additional if you wish picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.

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MODERN SCREEN

Keeping Cool
(Continued from page 50)

it is a perfect way to dress up a last summer's evening gown with but slight expense.

I ALWAYS love to talk to some of the younger stars about their clothes. Not long ago I had quite a chat with pretty young Rochelle Hudson. And if you think Rochelle has namby-pamby fashion theories, you are wrong. She's one young girl with decided views as to her looks and dislikes. She hates ingenuous clothes, but on the other hand, she doesn't go in for shingly, sophisticated trappings either.

Here is an idea of what she likes to wear best. She loves shirtwaist dresses, pajamas (of the tailored, slacks type) and she adores anything piqué. She doesn't like lasting suits—and this is amazing when you notice what a charming figure she has. Light blues, natural color and pastels are favorite colors. She prefers not to wear white because she thinks it is impractical and does nothing for her coloring. Rochelle has hazel eyes and dark hair, with the sort of skin poets go dotty about.

Rochelle doesn't like evening gowns that have too flaring skirts. She thinks they tend to shorten her and give a girly-girl look. Her pet evening gown, which she dragged out like a fond mother showing her nest child, is a soft gray crepe made very slender and with a cascade of pink ruffles down the back of it. Over this goes a pink silk piqué jacket with a peplum flare to it.

"I really don't like clothes, you know," Rochelle told me as she dragged out one attractive costume after another. "I hate poufs and ruffles and if I get a dress that I really like, I wear it till it drops off! Like this one I have on—truly, it is three years old and Mother simply dies every time I put it on."

THE dress was a simple navy blue affair with white vestee. Rochelle said she changed it every season with a new vestee and cuffs. Actually, though, I think she does like clothes very much. Certainly her large and attractive wardrobe would indicate it—unless, of course, her mother makes her dress the part of a smart young star. When you think being a young star like Rochelle is the only life, just let this statement from Rochelle give you pause for thought. She had to test ninety-seven different costumes for her role in "Initation of Life." Every one was tried on and inspected by the director, who can't tell what a gown will look like in a scene merely from seeing the designer's sketch. Finally, only three costumes were used, and one of these, which had been selected in a Los Angeles store and had been returned, had to be bought back from a customer who had taken it upon itself to reject it for the stage. Does that sound like a snap existence to you? No wonder Rochelle says she doesn't like clothes!

To get back to this business of being cool. If you have leisure time for hot days, you can relax in clothes like those shown on page 50.

The Ralph Forbes (she's Heather Angel, y'know) and the Robert Youngs at the Beverly-Wilshire. Isn't Bob the devoted husband?
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN relaxes in the sun at home. Her rough linen dress has a divided skirt and a deep backline for sunning. It is pale yellow, while her brimmed hat is bright red to match the woven lacing of her barefoot sandals.

Temperatures soaring outside, hot studio lights beating down inside, couldn't possibly faze Pat Paterson in her airy negligee of satin candy-striped chiffon. It is the perfect thing to put on when you arrive home both hot and tired. It has enough formality to appear as a charming dinner costume at home—it is so light and sheer that it couldn't make you feel anything but cool. The slitted shoulders topping the full sleeves are a nice detail, as is the pleated collar. Pat's hair tied back with a little bow is an attractive way to keep your hair off your forehead on a hot day.

All you have to do is to mention Mona Barrie's name to any of the Fox designers and they are off! They may disagree privately as to the length skirts should be, or the line of a new sleeve—but when it comes to Mona they are unanimous in their vote for her chic! I was talking only yesterday to Miss Templeton, one of the Fox designers who had been abroad for three months. She said that Mona Barrie is a joy to design for because she not only wears clothes well, but she has an innate flair for smartness. She added that she dresses as smartly in private life as she does on the screen. Miss Templeton, by the way, is the young lady who achieved designing fame when she was Ann Harding's private secretary. She had designed clothes before going with Ann but had not told Ann anything about it. And it wasn't until Ann came upon her one day, scribbling sketches on the telephone pad as she phoned, that Ann discovered she was very clever. From that time on, Ann let her design more and more of her personal wardrobe until finally, she became so good that she started off on a career of her own and achieved success in a short time.

But back to Mona. René Hubert designed this charming linen jacket costume she is wearing on page 50. It shows a peasant influence with its contrasting appliqués on the pockets of both the jacket and the dress. Coarse blue and white linen are used in clever contrast for both the dress and jacket. And her hat is felt and the same linen in similar contrast effect. Note the barrette bracelet on Mona's arm.

Carole, spending all her spare moments beside her pool, wears a typically smart Lombard costume. Her navy blue and white polka dotted shorts are topped by a long white linen coat which has revers of the print. Her hat is white leghorn with a navy band.

And for a last refreshing fillip to our pictures, we offer you Kathleen Burke, flowers in her arms, and quite the coolest and loveliest looking thing in pale pink dotted Swiss. Kathleen uses this as a sort of super garden party frock, but it would be just the thing for your country club parties all summer. Notice that her hair is curled high on her head, further adding to the summery and very desirable cooling effect.

If you have any fashion questions you wish to ask me, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. Write to Adela Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!

And that's very important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children...

Here's another:

Fletcher's Castoria is designed just for a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause gripping pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.

Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature Char. H. Fletcher. And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

Char. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

MOODERN SCREEN

"I've only been here a few months... but I think I'm going to like it"
We make it from the world’s finest natural products yet it costs you less than 1c.

A GLASS

That’s why HIRES ROOT BEER IS AMERICA’S FAVORITE HOME MADE BEVERAGE

We pay premium prices for the finest roots, herbs, barks and berries to make Hires Extract, yet you can make 8 glasses of Hires Root Beer for 5c. In your own kitchen you can make 40 pint bottles of delicious, wholesome Hires Root Beer from one bottle of Hires Extract by just adding sugar, water, yeast. Hires Root Beer is accepted by the American Medical Association’s Committee on Foods and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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NOTE
FREE OFFER BELOW

MODERN SCREEN

No Success as a Playboy

(Continued from page 33)

“Ah,” murmured Bill, as he was just getting up one afternoon at half past three, “this is the life. It’s wonderful! I’ll never go back to Hollywood.”

The people—they were grand. They knew he was a movie star but it didn’t impress them much. They accepted him, not because he was famous, but because he was a good sport and so obviously fitted into their way of living. And a luxurious living it was—a quick dip in the ocean, a stiff game of tennis, a couple of drinks, a wonderful, well-planned dinner and then, as evening settled, the inevitable hunt for romance. And the finding of same.

There were no crowds of autograph hounds following him wherever he went. In just a few weeks, it seemed, he had stopped being a movie actor and had become a playboy. Well, he had earned the right to live as he chose. This was real living—carefree, leisurely, mad living. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

It was grand for several months. And then, at a party one night, he met a boy about twenty-four or so whom Bill liked very much. They began to talk, Bill asked the boy what he did. For answer he got a look of amazement. “I mean,” Bill explained, “what’s your job?” “Job?” “Well, your career, then,” Bill amended.


“Why should I plan to do anything?” the lad asked, and called for another drink.

Bill thought about that and it was particularly amazing in the light of the fact that he had been told that this boy, who was a real German baron, was practically penniless. Yet there he was, at twenty-four, without a job or without any plans for getting one.

Bill could not help but think of himself at twenty-four, and much younger, playing in miserable theatres, changing shows every week in a stock company, working like a dog to earn the right to enjoy life. And here was this boy, veritably living off the bounty of others, without the faintest idea that he owed himself—and the world—some obligation.

Bill strolled out on the beach and thought, for the first time since he had been on the Riviera, about Hollywood and all its hard working people, its people who had pulled themselves up by their boot-straps, who very truly were fulfilling their obligations.

He went back to the party. No, he had sworn he was going to retire. Damn it, he had retired! He wouldn’t think morbidly. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

But during the next few weeks he had to face the fact that he was being bored by the Riviera. He told himself over and over again that he had no desire at all to go back to work. All he needed was a change of scene and he tried to put out of his mind the fact that when he came to the Riviera he thought it was the gar-
DEN SPOT OF THE WORLD AND THAT HE SHOULD NEVER LEAVE IT.

HE AND A GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS DECIDED THAT THEY WOULD TOUR THE CHATEAU COUNTRY. IN A SMART FRENCH CAR THEY BEGAN THE JOURNEY THROUGH THAT MAGNICUT COUNTRY WHERE TRADITION PRACTICALLY HANGS FROM THE BRANCHES OF THE TREES.

BILL LEARNED A GREAT DEAL ON THAT TRIP. HE LEARNED WHAT WINES WOULDN'T TRAVEL. HE LEARNED THAT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD CONSIDERED BUILDING CHATEAUX.

AND BILL THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, HE HAD A FEW IDEAS OF HIS OWN THAT HE HADN'T THOUGHT OF YET.

HE AND HIS FRIENDS WENT TO A NUMBER OF COUNTRYSIDES. IT WAS REALLY SILENCE, HIS COMPANIONS TOLD HIM TO BOTHER WITH THE CHATEAUX WHEN THERE WERE SO MANY EXCELLENT RESTAURANTS AND SO MANY DELIGHTFUL BAR.

AND IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT BILL DIDN'T LOOK AT THE CHATEAUX. THEY MIGHT HAVE REMINDED HIM OF MOVIE SETS. THEY MIGHT HAVE REMINDED HIM OF PEOPLE WHO HAD WORKED TO BUILD THEM, THAT SKILLED CRAFTSMEN HAD DESIGNED AND EXECUTED THE MAGNIFICENT TILES, CHAIRS AND TAPESTRIES THEY CONTAINED. AND IT MIGHT HAVE CUMBERED HIM THAT IN THESE PALACES HAD LIVED HUMBLE PEOPLE, AT ONE TIME, HAD LIVED THE CHATEAUX.

YES, IT WAS BETTER TO EAT AND DRINK AND LIVE MERRY. BUT BILL WASN'T MERRY FOR LONG. HIS THOUGHTS CROSSED HIS MIND, AND THEN THEY CROSSED HIS MIND.

"OH, OF COURSE HE MAKES US AT FIVE IN THE MORNING. AND WE LOVE IT! IT USED TO BE THAT WE MOST OFTEN WERE GOING TO SLEEP WHEN HE WAS WAKING UP AT FIVE. OH, NOT! WE'VE NEVER HAD TO WOKE UP TO SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT. WE BOTH GET UP AND GO IN. WHY, I WOULDN'T HAVE A MINUTE OF MY BABY — NOT THOSE I DON'T HAVE TO MISS. IT'S BAD ENOUGH BEING AWAY FROM HIM AT THE STUDIO ALL DAY LONG. WHEN I'M WORKING I ALWAYS PLAY WITH HIM FROM FIVE TO SIX IN THE MORNING. THEN I HAVE TO GET DRESSED AND HAVE BREAKFAST, TO BE AT THE STUDY BY SIX, AND WHEN I GET HOME AT FIVE THIRTY IN THE EVENING, I HAVE A HALF HOUR MORE WITH HIM BEFORE HE GOES TO BED.

WHEN I SAW HIM HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL, I PUT HIM IN THE DOWNSTAIRS NURSERY WHICH WE HAD FIXED UP FOR HIM. HE WAS SO FAR AWAY FROM HIM, SO GEORGE AND I SLEPT DOWNSTAIRS ON THE COUCH FOR A WHILE. BUT THAT WAS A BIT INCONVENIENT, BECAUSE OUR THINGS STILL HAD TO BE KEPT UPSTAIRS. NOW WE'RE HAVING THE HOUSE REMODELED SO THAT THE NURSERY CAN BE RIGHT NEAR THE BABY'S BEDROOM.

"WAIT Til I TELL YOU ABOUT THE ROOM WE ARE FIXING FOR HIM NOW! IT'S A REGULAR COLLEGE BOY'S ROOM, ONLY ON A SMALL SCALE. I'VE ORDERED A MINIATURE DESK FOR HIM, WITH A MINIATURE WOODEN GLOBE ON IT. ON THE WALL THERE WILL BE COLLEGE PENNANTS, ONLY SCALED DOWN, OF COURSE. AND I'LL ORDER A BEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY, AND THE COLLEGE BOYS ALWAYS COLLECT AND HANG ON THEIR WALLS. WELL, WE'RE HAVING SOME OF THEM MADE NOW, IN MINIATURE. ONE IS A "DON'T DISTURB" SIGN. AND THEN THERE'S "SAY, MEN AT WORK." YOU KNOW . . . CRAZY THINGS LIKE THAT. EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE EXACTLY LIKE A COLLEGE BOY'S ROOM, ONLY IN BABY SIZE . . . EVEN DOWN TO THE PICTURES OF GIRLS THAT ARE ALWAYS PASTED AROUND. ONLY I'M GOING TO PUT THE GROWN-UP GIRLS' FACES, AND PASTE LITTLE-GLASS FACES IN, INSTEAD!"

HUSBAND GEORGE BARNES JOINED US AT THAT MOMENT, AND.PUTTING IN HIS TWO CENTS, WORTH, SAINED, "YES, AND WHEN HE GROWS UP, HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T EVEN WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE!"

"IT WON'T MATTER. HE'S GOING TO DO ANYTHING THAT HE WANTS. WE'RE NOT GOING TO RUN HIS LIFE FOR HIM. WE AGREE ON THAT, Didn'T WE, GEORGE?"

"YES, ONLY IT WOULD BE A SHAME FOR HIM TO BECOME A PLUMBER OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, SINCE WE GAVE HIM A MIDDLE NAME."

"YES," JEAN EXPLAINED. "HE'S NOT JUST TO BE NORMAN BARNES. IT'S NORMAN SCOTT BARNES. I THINK THREE NAMES ALWAYS SOUND SO MUCH MORE IMPORTANT — LIKE GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, YOU KNOW."

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, A LITTLE NORMAN WAS NAMED AFTER NORMAN FOSTER (CHAUDRALE COLBERT'S EX-HUSBAND). NORMAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF JOAN'S AND GEORGE'S VERY BEST FRIENDS. AND HE IS THEIR BABY'S GODFATHER.

"GEORGE DIDN'T WANT THE BABY TO BE NAMED AFTER HIMSELF, BECAUSE GEORGE IS A JUNIOR, AND TO HAVE THREE GEORGE SCOTT..."
Barnes would really be too much for any family tree. Besides I think it's a good idea to give a baby a fresh start in life by giving him a new name.

"Even if Norman had been a girl, we were only going to give her my name as a middle name. The first name would have been Georgia, Georgia Joan Barnes."

Before the baby was born, Mr. Barnes presented his wife with a beautiful basset for the baby. On it was a card which read, "To my baby, from your baby, for our baby!" Darla clever, these cameramen.

"And I've been getting presents ever since," Joan went on, "Having a baby really has other inducements, in addition to the baby itself. Look what George gave me the day the baby arrived! Proudly she showed me the bracelet she was wearing on her arm.

It was a charm bracelet (a fad which has become quite popular in Hollywood). But, instead of having odd and incidental charms hanging on it, the charms on this bracelet tell the complete story of the Blondell-Barnes romance. First, there are two tiny, diamond-studded hearts, welded together, that hang from the bracelet. Next, there is a miniature engagement ring. Then a diamond wedding circle. Then a diminutive house. And last, but not least, a stork on the wing. The whole happy story in a bracelet! (Of course, there's nothing sentimental about these two.)

Then—the latest present—is a set of two beautiful bracelets which George had given her only that day, "Because I've been such a good girl," said Joan, beaming. 

"No," said George, "because you let me photograph your new picture." (It's "Broadway Gondolier," by the way.)

"Oh well, it doesn't matter what for, only I think you're foolish to give me presents in between times, when we have so many more things to celebrate, now that the baby is here. There's Mother's Day—I can hardly wait for that—and Father's Day, and all the baby's birthdays, besides. It doesn't seem like enough!"

"Did George tell you about the toy train apparatus that he's building for the baby? At least he claims it's for the baby—but I have my doubts. It's laid out in the cellar, miles and miles of tracks, it seems, and real trestles and bridges, and tunnels, and what not. And one of the most beautiful engines that you have ever seen. The same people who built the toy train exhibition at the World's Fair last year, are building ours. Of course it's a bit difficult on my nerves, the whistles shrieking and the horses shaking as the train goes around the curves and all that. But the worst thing is that George spends half his time in the cellar now. I have to tell down the drain pipe to get him to come up to dinner.

"Oh, and the play yard? Wait till you see it! We're putting in a miniature tennis court, a small handball court—all things like a real gymnasium. Of course, he won't be able to play those games for a while, though, at the rate he's going, it won't be long now.

WE haven't seen any movies of Normie yet... though we take snapshots of him every Sunday. They're all pasted into his baby book. And speaking of books, you have no idea how many there are, written on child psychology. I'm studying it as thoroughly as I can, and read every book I can lay my hands on.

"You know, there's a school at the University of Southern California where they take children as young as two and three years. They don't go into anything, of course, except how to play...which is important, in itself. And they teach them good sportsmanship, and unselfishness.

"One of the things they do, for example, is to give a child a toy he likes very much, and then, just as he is about to start playing with it, the teacher says, 'Now dear, why don't you give that to Mary?' I'm sure she would like to have it.' Great idea, I think. When Normie gets a little older we may enter him there—though I'm trying to practise some of their methods at home, right now.

At last I did get a word in edgewise. "All these books and modern theories on bringing up children, say something about not talking baby-talk to children, don't they?"

Joan tried awfully hard to hide a smile. I dared to go on, "They say you shouldn't talk baby-talk to babies, or that is the first language they'll learn—thereby delaying their instruction in proper English. Don't talk baby-talk to your baby, do you?"

"Now Joan was really grinning. "Oh, you can't help it, once in a while!" she admitted.

Charlotte Dunshee, Vic McLaglen and Lucille Pinson at the Ambassador Lido opening. Vic is still taking bows for his fine performance in "The Informer."
Modern Screen’s Dramatic School

(Continued from page 58)

luck and had to take a job in a restaurant. There, Dorothy Dell, who had been her best friend and her roommate in New York, discovered her and shortly thereafter persuaded Paramount that what Zez didn’t know about charm just wasn’t in the book and that the studio would reap a reward if they put her in charge of training the younger players to have poise. For a year, now, that’s been her job. And these are her poise secrets, which she passes on to you gladly.

WALKING naturally and gracefully is an art,” she says, “and often has to be acquired. It is very important in gaining poise. Here’s the routine that I’ve found works best of all.

“Place shoulder, head, hips and heels close against the wall. If you start out in this position, you cannot help but walk gracefully and correctly, as the arms will have a natural, easy swing.

“Then place a basket containing anywhere from one to three books on your head. If your posture is fair to start with, you’ll need only one book. If you stoop badly, use three. Now walk across the floor ten times, keeping the basket steady on top of your head.

“Correct posture while sitting is important to the amateur as well as to the professional dramatic student. If you let the hips touch the back of the chair at all times, you cannot help but sit properly.

“You should never cross your legs while sitting. The feet should be flat on the floor, with one foot slightly extended. It may be the right or the left foot, depending upon which is the more natural position. In this way it is perfectly easy to rise from your chair and it is one of the little tricks of stage technique which all professionals use. Try it.

“And now for your hands. I have found that dancing is the best method of enabling you to keep conscious of your hands. The best dance for this purpose is the Hawaiian dance. Begin by sitting on the floor and imitating the hand movement of the Hawaiian dancer. It is the old childhood game of ‘Peas Porridge Hot,’ but instead of holding the hands stiff when patting the knees and making the forward movement, keep your hands flexible at the wrist.

“For the body and the feet, the waltz and the two-step, done properly in the old-fashioned way, are excellent. You may practise this dancing alone, using your arms gracefully as you dance, and dropping into a little curtsy at the end.

“But in order to have perfect poise and charm you must have complete control of your body and that can be had by doing simple exercises. I’m going to give you the ones most necessary. Start out gradually at first and add more and more as you go along.

“Bend from the waist and allow the palms of the hands to touch the floor. Do not try to do this the first time. Work up to it easily and gradually.

“Place the hands a little below the hips and twist the body around from left to right in a complete circle. Then from right to left.

“Place the hands on the hips. Bring first one knee and then the other up as high as possible for ten counts. Then repeat, bringing the knees up from the side.

“Place hands on hips and bend backwards.

Keep your BABY SAFER
THIS NEW WAY—AS HOSPITALS DO

Within the last few years, hospital nurseries have discovered a way to keep babies lovelier, happier—and, above all, safer. Of course, you want your precious darling to be just as safe at home as during the first days of his existence in the hospital. So, mother, do as hospitals do: use Mennen Antiseptic Oil all over baby’s body, every day, and, later, when baby becomes older, use Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder.

Then, you will be following the modern scientific method of protecting and caring for the baby’s skin.

“More than half of all the hospitals important in maternity work now give their babies a complete body-rub, from head to foot, at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and that it keeps baby safer—bathed in protection—guarded against many infections. Thousands and thousands of doctors recommend it, advising that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby’s diaper age. So, mother, follow this recommendation for your darling’s greater safety.

“Then, when you gradually discontinue the daily antiseptic oil-rubs, dust baby’s body with the baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It’s a superfine baby powder—prevents chafing—makes the skin sally smooth—tempingly lovely—and, in addition, it’s antiseptic. It continues to protect the skin against germs—as does the oil.

“Now—try these safeguards—at my expense—free. For your baby’s greater safety and happiness, send me the coupon below.”

W. G. Mennen

Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby’s safety.

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-8, 140 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder, also Baby Chart—about the modern care of baby’s skin.

(Print Flannel.)
ten times. Then forward ten times.

"Stretch the hands downward as far as possible, touching the right hand to the left toe and vice versa.

"Lie flat on the floor and kick the legs up one at a time. Now lie flat on the stomach and kick backward over your head ten times.

LIE flat on your back and brace the hips with the hands and elbows, keeping the legs straight. Bend knees and start into a bicycle exercise moving faster and faster.

"Lie on the left side and kick upwards with the right leg. Alternate.

"Place hands on back of chair, turning sideways. Kick outward with the leg as far as possible. Alternate.

"Now run around the room three or four times in the manner of a professional sprinter with the arms and legs moving violently. This gives a natural swing to the body.

"These exercises should be taken for an hour each day, preferably before eleven a. m. And when you have complete control of your body, you will not need to envy anyone poise and grace.

"But, above all, remember always to be yourself. Don't try to imitate anyone else, no matter how attractive that person is. Capitalize on your good qualities and try to correct the bad, but don't lose your own personality. After all, it is that quality which in the long run constitutes charm."

Well, there you are! I think that is grand and most practical advice from Zed Silvers. Certainly, she answers all the questions you raised this month. But if there are any more just step right up and ask them. Address your letters to Katherine Albert, Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Otherwise I can't answer you.

And now how about forming a dramatic club of your own? All you need to do is follow instructions given on the coupon below. The folks who have really begun their clubs tell me they're having more fun than they ever thought possible. Write and tell me how your club is getting along. And don't hesitate to ask me anything that will help you to gain a thorough knowledge of dramatic art!

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, Modern Screen Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name..........................................................

Street................................................................

City and State..............................................
Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 17)

an extravagant number of them. Here's a list of the minimum traveling essentials:

- Toothbrush, dentifrice, brush and comb, deodorant (both liquid and cream), depilatory, hand lotion, small manicure kit (the ten cent store comes in very handy there), soap, cleansing cream, a good lubricating or nourishing cream, plenty of tissues and cotton squares, a skin freshener, talcum powder, face powder, a loose powder compact with rouge and lipstick, extra lipstick and rouge (both cream and dry), for compacts have a way of slipping out of hand, an eyelash, and your glamorous eye make-up aids tucked safely away as aids to conquests when you arrive. Cretonne bags that are lined with rubber are nice for the washbag and soap, and the breakable bottled cosmetics. Tubes, jars with covers tightly screwed on, and leak-proof bottles are essential. I once made an attractive kit out of a candy box that was made to look like a book (you know the kind), and there were certainly a lot of make-up plots concocted out of it that summer. Use your ingenuity!

If you're going to the seaside, there are other important accessories you'll need besides the ones I've mentioned. You'll want a big, blue, waterproof beach bag for your towels, your sun oil, and so forth. You can make one yourself, but they're very expensive to buy. The thing to remember about your beach purses is that an ounce of sunscreen and freckle prevention is worth a pound of cure, and two pounds of blemishing to the mirror, "Oh, I'm a wreck. Look at me!" You will need a plentiful supply of protective oil, and for those more dressy occasions on the beach when you don't want to shine with oil, a good foundation cream, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally use. Soapless oil shampoos are also a trick about keeping your hair from getting as dry as the back of the brush. Carole Lombard told me that they're favorites of Hollywood. Frequent hot oil treatments are also advisable.

You'll want to give your toes the same attention you do your fingers since they'll be so conspicuous in beach shoes or evening sandals. Get out your manicure kit, and use manicure scissors for trimming the nails, emery board for smoothing the edges, and after this treatment or top pinching stone to remove any nail ridges. Then apply liquid polish to harmonize with your fingers. However, it is well to avoid bright shades if your feet can't stand too close beauty inspection.

There are two things that I think most vacationers are inclined to neglect—the eyes and the feet. If your feet suffer, your face will suffer. Here's the most refreshing treatment I know of for feet that are worn out from sightseeing, but must go "on with the dance" in the evening. Stop by the corner drugstore and get some Epsom salts, and soak your feet in warm water in which you have kept a generous amount of the salts. Then wring out a small hand towel in cold water, wrap it around the feet and then pass a piece of ice briskly over the feet until they tingle. Dry your feet, dust them with foot powder, and lie flat on the bed for five minutes, placing the pillow disk under your head and back, and then, if you're a Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Guide subscriber, you can use the Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Guide to the New Art of Beauty Make-Up. 24¢-50¢

Look in your mirror...note that it is color that gives life to your beauty. Think, then, how vitally important color is to your make-up. So, to really create enchanting beauty, colors in face powder, rouge and lipstick must be perfect.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, proved this... and originated color harmony make-up for the screen stars and for you. Having famous stars as living models, he created original shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick...harmonized color-tones to emphasize the individuality of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what wonders this new kind of make-up will do. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours...the rouge imparts a natural blush of color to your cheeks...the lipstick brings out the alluring color appeal of the lips. All are in perfect color harmony to accord to the utmost the appealing charm of your personality.

So make this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars yours, too...share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up now available at nominal prices, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.
HERE'S a grand treatment for your eyes, especially after coming in from the beach or after a drive against the sun. Pat a good nourishing eye cream on the eyelids or around the eyes. Then take two small pads of absorbent cotton, soak them in hot water, and lay them lightly over your eyes until they cool. Remove the pads, pat a bit more cream, and again apply the pads which have been once more saturated in hot water. Lie back in a comfortable chair or on a couch during the cooling process, and relax so that you feel as limp as Zasu Pitts' hands look. Finish off with a generous splashing of the eyes with cold water. Your eyes will sparkle as happily as your feet will dance that night.

Because we started out this article with a mention of glamorous vacations, we're going to make you a glamorous offer. Free for the asking is a special booklet all about the eyes, "Lovely Eyes." It tells you simply everything you've ever wanted to know about eye make-up. Learn the tricks of eye allure, and then maybe "over somebody else's shoulder, he'll fall in love with you" at the dance. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. And remember we're always eager to help you with your beauty problems. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Three Score Years and Ten

(Continued from page 39)

Three Score Years and Ten

AND so, as a young lad in his father's surgery, he could never endure the sight of constant pain. But he also knew that he would like to minister in some way to the human race, so badly in need of being ministered to. And somehow, curiously, the thought of the theatre came to him, there in that non-theatrical family atmosphere. He doesn't, today, know how or why the idea came to him. Certainly he didn't think of it as a "mission in life." He is far too typically and expertly British for anything so florid.

While at Cambridge he became a cricket champion and, later, toured South Africa and Australia with his championship team. And with the tenacity of the man, which shows in every deeply graven line on that fine face, he still plays cricket, here in Hol- lywood, at the age of seventy-two. He not only plays himself but he has organized and coached field teams so that Doris Karloff (a friend of his) and Clive Brook and other Englishmen may still know spots "that are forever England."
year 1892 and, as C. Aubrey quaintly phrases it, "invited me to go on the stage."

He said: "One of my most vivid recollections is of the night in my father's surgery when I told him I had accepted that invitation. There was the silence of death in the room where, so often, my father had pronounced sentence of death. And now I was pronouncing it, the death of tradition, of all the things the crassifying, doctoring Smiths had stood for. I still recall vividly my father's set face, my mother's shocked eyes, and, as though it were yesterday, her voice crying out tremulously, 'But, my boy, what will your sisters do?' The mere thought of two young Victorian maidens having to acknowledge a brother on the stage threatened dire disgrace. But life moves in a mysterious way," laughed C. Aubrey, "because my sisters preceded me on the stage, both of them! At any rate, my parents were, of course, reconciled to this eccentric exodus of all their children, and I lived to see the day when my father sat in a theatre stall, applauding me and enjoying it hugely."

Most of the great plays of the past generation have carried the name of C. Aubrey Smith on their programs. He used, he says, with a quizzical smile, to play the part of "the strong, silent man" a great deal. There were such immortal works as "Bootsie's Baby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Light That Failed," "Alice Sit By the Fire," with Ellen Terry; "Legend of Leonora," with Maud Adams; "Moral of Marcus," "Hamlet," "The Runaway," with Billie Burke; "The Lie," which covered half a century and called the roll of the most glamorous names in the theatre world.

He first came to "The States" in 1895 with Sir John Hare in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith." Then again in 1904 with Forbes-Robertson, playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" and Torpenhow in "The Light That Failed." He loved Boston in those early days, but was homesick in New York. He made his first picture in England in 1915, starring in "Builder of Bridges." Then, after several other English talkies, he came to Hollywood in 1929, under contract to M-G-M, where he repeated his stage role in Marion Davies' picturization of the play, "The Bachelor Beaux."

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes off her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can he worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeling off her powder and dabbing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to he perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the haggard of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it clings! By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but not into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself at my expense! So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today, Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.
Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself. . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempest smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You’ll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

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DRUGS • DEPT. STORES • TEN CENT STORES

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DISFIGURING SKIN OUTBREAKS

Helped Remarkably By New SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT!

NOT A mere ointment! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rosacea, eczema, acne, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its Margaret action removes the causes of the eruption. Promotes healing and bars harm and hurt, too. A no prescription in Liquid and Ointment forms; 3c and 6c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

MODERN SCREEN

Susie Tracy snaps her Daddy on the M-G-M lot. Spencer is doing "The Murder Man" with Virginia Bruce.

A TREASURE-TROVE of memory, this long, long road . . . the memory of Ellen Terry who never could hear lines . . . "none of the Terrys could learn lines," said Mr. Smith, with a tender reminiscent chuckle. "I recall so well when we were rehearsing Sir James Barrie's play, 'Alice Sit By The Fire.' We rehearsed, in those days, from six to eight weeks before we began to be ready. It was winter, I remember, an English winter, raw and cold, and Sir James would sit in front of the house, wrapped to the ears in a great coat and shivering, less from cold than from Ellen's inability to learn her lines. She had a habit of not taking her cues and then, of course, she would improve a bit and go on. Ah, she was a delightful, a delightful woman and a very great artist. At last, toward the end of those rehearsals, she went out to Sir James one day and asked him if he objected to her changing one of his cue lines. Then, for the first and only time during all those weeks did he utter one word. He said: 'I don't care what you say, Madam, but for God's sake say something!'"

"And there was the kindness of Bernard Shaw who, of his own volition, cut one of his own plays to fit a program I was producing. We were giving a play called 'Instinct.' He came to see us, was impressed, and 'Instinct' realized that we had to cut somewhere to fit our time and suggested that he cut his own play for us, which he did. An unusual thing for an author to do, so willingly, so graciously. Great artists of all kinds," said C. Aubrey, "are usually temperament, but they are invariably kind."

He remembers Maude Adams when they played together in "The Legend of Leonora," by Sir James Barrie, in 1912. "An abiding little creature, she was," smiled C. Aubrey; "something of the schoolmarm about her. She always handed her cast little slips of paper with suggestions for the changing of a line, exactly like a schoolmarm handing out correction slips." And I gathered that Mr. Smith feels that the mystery of Maude Adams and her reputation is no real mystery at all, simply that with the passing of Charles Frohman passed, too, Maude Adams, the Trilby to that kind Sweeney.

THEY say in Hollywood that the peak of a star's career is five years. How do you account for—"for you?" I asked this grand gentleman. C. Aubrey smiled that deep and tolerant smile of his. He said: "Luck has a lot to do with it. She's lucky. I've always regarded part of Torpenhow in 'The Light That Failed' as the most important single event in my career. And that was absolutely luck. I happened to be in a railway station in London one evening, on my way home after a game of golf. Sir Henry Forbes-Robertson and his wife were on the other side of the platform, also returning home after golf. He was in the midst of casting for 'The Light That Failed.' He hadn't thought of me. His eye happened to light on me, across the tracks, and he called to me to come and see him. I did. And got the part. I was lucky."

"And the love of what you are doing, these are the two things which make for a long career. And to be kind to those about you—grateful for favors received, earnest about your own part in things, so that people will want you about, will think about you warmly."

"I came to Hollywood and I have stayed here because it seemed to be good business to do so. I am not able to give the full-bodied character I would like to give, but I enjoy what I do and I can always hope, of course."

WE are building our new home here, my wife and I, and we are taking great pride and pleasure in all of the details. We have many friends and we read and play bridge, and here is cricket. We had our home for many years in West Drayton, outside of London, in the vicinity of the fine old home of Oliver Cromwell. Our daughter grew up there. Our lives were rooted there and our memories live there. Then they tore down Cromwell's fine old Lichfield house and built hulking, semi-detached villas where a monument should have been. The gas station came in—the machine age, which is so convenient and so charming—and our daughter married and a cycle had passed. The old life was gone and a new life is to be made over here. We are building our new home in Cold Water Canyon here in Beverly Hills, on the gentle crest of a hill because the sun sets so magnificently there—"

"As I shook hands with this grand old young man of seventy-two, with the rakish nose and the piercing gray eyes and the richly beautiful voice, as I wished him "bon voyage" on his trip to England, to be present at the birth of his great-grandchild, I felt my throat contract a little . . . The sun sets magnificently . . .

Edward G. Robinson, Prince Bernadotte, Frank Morgan and Jean Hersholt said, "Down the hatch."
Women Can Be Loyal

(Continued from page 40)

"You must have some ambition—"
"What good would ambition do me?"

The girl waved cruelly manicured hands toward the tiny garage, the only living quarters on the two and a half acres.

"You can work!" Ann said.
"I work here."

"Listen!" Ann grew impatient. "Let's sit down. Do you know who I am?"

The girl shook her head in negation.

"Well, I'm Ann Dvorak. I work in motion pictures. How would you like to work in pictures?"

The girl smiled. A slow smile. One which said, much more plainly than any words, "Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'm serious. I mean it. You are very much more beautiful than I am. You should have your chance. You just can't stay here the rest of your life. You can't I can't let you. Now, if you'll agree to my proposition I'll help you—"

And that proposition was not easy. It was made more than a year ago. Today—

"You must do exactly as I tell you," Ann ordered. "To take a beautiful girl into Hollywood is a grave responsibility. I shall probably be sorry I did it. Hollywood is no worse than any big city, but it would be a grave responsibility for me to take a beautiful young thing like you into any big city. If I do it, you must be responsible to me. You must tell me every little thing that happens to you. You must remember what you owe me—not because of me but because of you. You will have to work and work hard. You will have to learn everything there is to know—how to wear clothes, take care of your hands, your hair, your face—and, above all, yourself. And you will have to let me show you. I don't know exactly why I'm doing this, but I just can't see anyone as lovely as you spend the rest of her life here."

A ND that is how Helene McAdoo became the "stand-in," or double, for Ann Dvorak.

I suppose one would expect the next sentence to say: "And now she's an actress. She's a starlet. She's proven herself to be a dramatic genius—"

But she isn't. And that's what makes this story worth telling. At least, to me. She's still Ann Dvorak's double! Many, many people on the Warner Brothers lot will point her out to you as the most beautiful girl among them. They'll say, "Isn't it a shame they keep her being a double? She's prettier than any star in the business."

She began by dressing with Ann in Ann's lovely star dressing-room. Ann spent weeks teaching her how to put on make-up. Then she went to lines. "Now, Helene, although it will probably be a long time before you speak a line in a picture, you might as well begin to learn them now. I want you to take a script home and learn every word of my part. Then, while we are here in the dressing-room, together, you can say it for me."

Then there were the lessons upon conduct. For long months Ann drove the girl to the studio and took her home each evening. Helene's father, a retired army man, did not want his daughter in motion pictures. He had not wanted her to have dates with boys or take a position in the city. He knew the dangers which confront beauty. It had taken Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton many weeks to persuade this
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The delicious Vitamin D food-drink

for nursing and expectant mothers

- All the food essentials required for your child's needs...for straight bones...round teeth...must come from the food you eat.

To help safeguard both yourself and child drink regularly plenty of milk mixed with Coc malt. This delicious food-drink provides extra proteins, carbohydrates, minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) and Vitamins A, B, D and G. Sunshine Vitamin D is that important vitamin which is necessary for the formation of bones and teeth.

Accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Ass'n, Coc malt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Vitamin D (stabilized ergosterol).

Easy to mix with milk—delicious hot or cold. At grocery and good drug stores, or send 10c for trial can to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA8, Hoboken, N. J.

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Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals unopened glass or jar in 1/4 the usual time, at 1/4 the usual cost! No waste to feed to domestic fowl, no chance to break—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seal—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for size-package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1453 York St., Cincinnati, O.

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MODERN SCREEN

for nursing and expectant mothers

old-school father that motion pictures might spell opportunity. But when they had guaranteed her protection, he had consented. It was not until she had made five pictures that Ann agreed to her buying even a second-hand Ford and driving without her to the studio.

"There is no more need for a girl to do what is wrong in Hollywood than in any other place," Ann told the father and the girl. And briefly to the girl: "It's just that you would do wrong. But you cannot do two things at once. You cannot fall in love and have a career, too. Not in the beginning. You must make a definite place for yourself in pictures before you can think of husband or home. You are young. You are lovely. But you are natural. You should want to go to Hollywood. If you haven't the courage to turn it from you now—" Ann shook her head. "Look at the really successful actresses and check up on when they married. Before their first successes or after?"

Helene said she understood. It was easy for her to say that while her eyes locked into Ann's and saw visions of big cars, smart chauffeurs, titled swimming pools and gleaning evening gowns. It was a simple thing to promise. He was just an extra; socially like herself. She chanced to stand next to her on the set. Ann walked over to Helene and turned to her with a laugh: "Just the lovely, isn't it? I never knew such a wonderful woman."

An innocent enough habit of this child—talking to anyone who happened to be near when she saw the one who had taken her from a garage on a chicken farm to the modern Hollywood, called Hollywood. She always did it.

But he did not look at Ann, as Helene had expected. He looked at her; their eyes met. It was spring, and spry, a combination Mother Nature intended for love.

Helen did not go out with him.

That is, not in the evening. But they did talk. They did have ice cream sodas. They did answer that springtime challenge.

Finally, after they had talked a little, the girl told him, "I love you. You love me—I know it. We must marry. We are only young once. We were made for each other. It is our destiny. We have a bit in the picture. You don't need to stop working for Ann; not altogether."

Then Helene told Ann the whole story. "I love him, Ann. We just couldn't help it. It just happened. What can we do about it?"

I wish we had a record of the talk between these two women—Ann, herself, so few years more than twenty!—I cannot decide this for you Helen," she said. "It is your life. This crossroad comes to all modern women. Especially does it come to each girl trying to have a success in pictures. And naturally, when one wants to promise never to marry, women should marry. But will this boy be the man you want, five years from now? If you go on to success, would you pick him? If you fail—" Ann sighed.

"No one can promise you success, today. No one knows. You may fail and regret all your life you did not marry when love first whispered—"

Perhaps it is just as well we have no record of that night. Ann certainly had finished talking to Helene. Ann, back and forth across that scarred linoleum on the garage-house floor. Ambition battling love. New toys appealing as a lure to those who have played upon it. Should Joan Crawford have married Michael Cadbury? She was little more than a Helene McAdoo when she was forced to the decision. Clara Bow and Gilbert Ro-

land, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper. Ah, we could go on forever. And those who had repeated love and then failed. And ambition? We have no records. They are not important enough to have records because they are failures."

And the next day, Helene told him: "I do not want you to speak to me again, nor look at me, nor even think about me. I am going to Hollywood to get back and Ann Dvorak gave me. I am not going to have even a date for five years. I cannot talk about it—"

And she ran to Ann, an enthusiastic sob. So that she did not speak, and she did not try to bring comfort when she knew there could be none immediately.

TALKED with Helene today, in the little house which was once a garage. She did not know that she is to be put into stock pictures. Or that she knows. I knew it, but I did not tell her. "In a year maybe," she told me. "I don't suppose anyone knows how much there is to learn about being an actress. Why, it took Ann five years and more. Dancing lessons—everything. You just can't think of anything else. I don't know whether I don't know, either."

I don't know, either. Even Ann Dvorak doesn't know. She makes no promises. But Joan Crawford didn't know either when she married. She was something for her stand-in—or Katharine Hepburn when she started Maxine Doyle in the same position.

Helene is Hollywood material in the raw. Her beauty is still as uncompleted as Joan Crawford's was when I first saw her. I can't tell you how stunned I was by her, the hour I spent with her. Writing about Hollywood for so many years and still I had never realized the truth about our Cinderellas until this experience. Helene is to be a Cinderella, but she cannot become a princess overnight as even I, an old hand, had been accustomed to believe.

Perhaps I can explain best by saying, I went from Ann Dvorak's home to Helene's. Ann was in tennis shorts, eating breakfast. But even in shorts there was a certain, a polish, a smoothness in her that made you wonder if your own collar was quite straight and your shoes looking quite right. And her voice was expressive, her movements careful, muscles, expression, even attitude which made you sit a little straighter while you drank your cup of coffee. Of course, I didn't realize all this back then, and, the smoothness, the looker was so natural that your reaction to it was equally normal. But it was only when I sat before Helene and watched the nervous, little gestures of her hands, the self-conscious pitching of her voice, the obvious effort at ease, that I understood about Hollywood Cinderellas. Every star I knew (who had not come from the stage) had been like that once. One after another they flied across my memory, but it was yet, I first interviewed her. And she had finished "Scarface," too, and was the graduate of a boarding school; Jean Harlow, when I first saw her and she was divorcing a millionnaire; Joan Crawford, with Broadway success to her credit; Norma Shearer, before stardom caught up with her. And suddenly I knew that she is not natural but acquired. That stardom is not accidental but accomplished. That fame is not a gift, but must be earned. That learning to wear well a golden slipper.

And I knew that Helene McAdoo had told me a true story of Hollywood. If she can, perhaps, she can do it by the letter, and does not weaken in five years, she will have become a true Hollywood Cinderella. Today she is only one, a very lovely one, in the making.
Dick Powell would appreciate having that price tag removed with which Hollywood has labelled him, after accusing his as the biggest snap in the marriage market. Nor is Dick trying to strut the Prince of Wales stuff. He "jest ain't interested." And that's that.

That house he built lately set plenty of tongues wagging, but Dick claims that was just for the amusement of his friends. Well, it's plenty amusing. There's a disappearing wall in his library where Dick always serves drinks. He then distracts his guests' attention while the wall is rolled back, books and all. It's a swell way of economizing on liquor for the second round of drinks is invariably passed up.

Herbert Marshall reveals in the role of strong, silent man on the screen. And non-pictorially, Mr. Marshall is still strong—but noisy; as evidenced by the rumpus he created in the Biltmore Theatre lobby, not so long ago. With Miss Gloria Swanson on his arm, he was beating a hasty retreat from the theatre, attempting a Garbo on the camera sleuths. He had outwitted 'em, all and just reached the door in safety, when one eagle-eyed photographer spied the couple, aimed his trusty weapon and shot. With a Yelp of rage, Bert shook off Gloria and made a lunge at his adversary. "Gimme that plate, or I'll see that you lose your job!" he screamed, shaking the clever, young man 'til his clever teeth rattled. Now, the thing that has us puzzled is why a movie star should suddenly develop cameraphobia. "Couldn't there be a good reason to be camera shy, that's his own affair—but why pick the Biltmore lobby to hide in?"

Paula Stone, of the "Stepping Stones" family, is headed now for a screen career. Recently she was rehearsing for a "nightie" out at RKO Studios, in a scene where she gets so huffy about her fiance's antics, that she pulls his ring from her finger and hurls it at him. Coming back from lunch on the day the real "take" was to be shot, Paula slammed her car door on her hand, with a result that all five fingers swelled up so that she could not even get the ring off! Make-up had to be applied over the ring, and another made, at least three sizes larger, for her to yank off in fury.

Helen Mack, the littlest girl with the biggest eyes in Hollywood. is at last honeymooning. Married last winter in an awful hurry to Director Charles Irwin, they planned to start their wedding trip that very weekend; and if you know anything at all about movies, you could appreciate the humor in such a situation. But the Irwins didn't see anything funny about it as month after month rolled by and still they could not get away more than a day at a time from their respective studios, and then never on the same day! But they're now in New York on a two-weeks leave of absence.

**Good News**

(Continued from page 55)

You can't kid Bob Armstrong these days or get his goat either. The nanny was given to him and Bob is giving her the best of care. He's built a real Swiss goat house for his pet with elevated milking stand and all.

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**IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY**

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**AND FOR DISHES RINSO IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!**

Rinso's creamy suds loosen grease in a flash, whisk it away—and your dishes are bright and clean in no time. Easy on hands. Keeps them smooth, white! Rinso gives thick, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Active suds that soak out dirt and get clothes shades whiter. Colors come fresh and bright. And clothes washed this safe, gentle "soak-and-rinse" way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Endorsed by home-making experts of 338 leading newspapers.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
Can a Man Be True to One Woman?

(Continued from page 38)

It was not, mind you, the value of the gold-piece. For it had had no value to me when I knew that it was safe in my pocket. It haunted my dreams at night and preoccupied my mind by day only because I did not know where it was. I knew it only because I did not know who had it. It was rolling gold and it had become abnormally valuable to me because of this. "So," said Paul, "so had that gold. And I had loved being rolled gold to me. I did not know where she was more than half of the time. I knew that she was ditting with this friend or that friend, or I didn't know which one and so," Paul smiled that worldly-wise, woman-wise smile of his, "so the woman who would hold a man in gold could be trusted, but he must think that she is. She must keep him forever a little uncertain, perpetually on his hands and knees, never to find out why she was to find her. For, obviously, the man who is on his hands and knees searching for one woman has no time, no eyes and no heart to search for another."

"But that quality of clusiveness," said Paul, "is not enough. If that is all a woman has to offer it becomes tiresome in time. To be forever on one's hands and knees, and knees become more than tiresome, it becomes ugly. No, the woman who would hold a man for all of his life must also be able to give to that man the sense of home."

"Perhaps few women realize it, but being one of the strongest instincts in the soul, the heart, the body of a man. Whether he be an adventurer, an actor, a digger of ditches, a Casanova or a Lincoln he will want, sooner or later, to go home. And to the woman who gives him home he will go, always, inevitably, at last. He may flirt. He may visit the exotic salons of exotic women, and he will sooner or later in the days of his boyhood when, after a day's hard play, he will go home to his mother. And did go home. He will turn back, the grown man, instinctively, to the woman who gives him what once his mother gave him - food and lighted lamps and food and peace and sympathy. It may be a case of 'I have been faithful to thee Constancia, in my fashion,' but it is fidelity."

"In my marriage," said Paul, lowering his voice, "in this second and supposedly higher stage of mine, I have found them in the two qualities. And so when I tell you that even now I flirt, well, you may know that I am hopeless, a bad boy. Now I go home. I will tell you exactly how I got here."

Read this thrilling story of a girl "with a past" in...

SWEETHEART STORIES

AUGUST ISSUE
rightfully so, indignant with me for daring to question her. She told me that the words were those of a popular song which Bing Crosby sang on the radio and which she had started to write down! Without further ado she arose, put a record on the Victrola and while I stood stupidly by, played back to me the very words written on that scrap of paper. Then, carefully, as one explains a simple fact to a child, she told me in words of one syllable why she had locked the door of her room—because she had left some of her best gowns, hats and ornaments there and wanted to make doubly sure they would be safe while no one was in the apartment.

Paul smiled, a little shamefacedly. He said, "That is a sorry tale for a grown man to tell on himself, isn't it? And a man married for several years, too. But sit down, there in the dawn, in my wife's boudoir, my sense of relief was greater. And this does make the point of our discussion—a man can be faithful to one woman for all his life, providing she gives him the illusion of rolling gold and providing she gives him..."

Here his voice trailed off, suddenly.

Daisy Lukas came into the living-room of the apartment at this moment. She promptly ordered coffee for us and brought some delicious little Hungarian cakes. She adjusted a shade so that the sun would be softer. She touched the vases of flowers here and there. She said kissing Paul as affectionate good-bye, that she was off to house-hunt again. She remarked to me that they were tired of apartment life, they wanted a house of their own again, a spacious kitchen, a garden. She reminded Paul that he had an appointment with the doctor at five and that she was gone. She is young and tailored and trim, with clear gray eyes and a wide red mouth, and her slight Hungarian accent matching Paul's, is really charming.

When she was gone he said, "She has finished my story for me. I was about to say that a man can be true for all of his life providing he has the woman who can give him the illusion of rolling gold and the sense of home. I have told you of the rolling gold. Daisy, without words, has told you of how she gives me the sense of home. And she does... in every phase of the relationship between married woman, our marriage is perfect, and yet... and Paul made a self-despairing gesture, "and yet I am flirting, a little, here and there..."

"It is like this on the stage or screen an actor is only as good as the part he plays and the picture he plays it in. Consider Little Women and my very small part in that—yet because the picture was so fine it did me more good than many a larger part I have played. I am under contract to M-G-M and I pray not for stardom, not even for very large parts, but for small parts in very fine pictures. Parts that I can do justice to."

"So it is with fidelity, with marriage. A man is only as good as the part his wife requires him to play and the environment of home is part of that part in... there too, the role must be adapted to the man."

"That woman in Budapest—she was only that rolling gold. My first wife was an actress. She did not give me any sense of home."

"I'm man meets the woman who gives both and meets her early enough in life he can be true—forever. I am convinced of that."

"I," laughed Paul, that naughty something in his gray eyes, "I did not meet Daisy early enough!"
chipboard, at the festival in Panama, in Cuba.

"These pictures are frightful of Frank," she said indignantly, letting her luncheon gown, cold, look at this! And looks at this! Why in this one he doesn't even look shaved! He mustn't pose for the news photographers again. They never make him look himself at all!"

There also were clippings, clippings which heralded this trip as a second honeymoon.

"A second honeymoon," Irene laughed. "As if there ever could be such a thing with the same man!"

I asked something she meant. And she told me, as simply and directly and honestly as it is her habit to say the things she thinks.

"A honeymoon is wonderful, of course," she went on, smoothing her sweater contemplatively. "It's the time two people go off alone and do their utmost to remain alone. Not only because they are some- and exciting to each other. But because it is their chance to draw closer and prepare for the intimacy of the everyday married life which lies ahead of them.

"However, feverishly romantic though it may be, it's also apt to be something of a strain. Because the people who have yet learned to relax with each other. Because they haven't had time to become truly good friends. Because they don't know all the little things about each other, which only the intimacy and affectionate understanding of years brings."

She began pulling a great flat package out from behind the sofa, untying the cord, cracking the big stiff sheets of paper which wrapped it.

"It's much more fun to have been married for a matter of years, I think," she went on. "Then you have a dozen little agreements about some things and a dozen differences in opinion about other things. Then you know more of what the other fellow is thinking and feeling, irrespective of what he may be doing or saying for courtesy's sake or some other good reason. Then you're both interested in meeting new people and speculating about them later when you're alone. Then everything that happens, every little trifling event, is enriched by some similar thing you've already shared."

She had the package and - In it were architect's drawings of a house to be built in Holmby Hills, provided the studios remain in Hollywood. Holmby Hills lies beyond Beverly and Bel Air. It is where Fredric March has built his charming new house. And where, just across from the Griffin acres, Claudette Colbert is breaking ground for her new home.

THERE was one view of the house from the front. Another showed the side and the steps of the patio. There were views of the lawns and gardens. And detailed views of the different rooms as they would look when the house was complete and they were carpeted and furnished, with fires burning on their hearths and flowers from the cutting garden standing about in bowls.

"Home of Irene D. Griffin," was lettered on each drawing. Not "Home of Irene Dume," mark you. And not even "Home of Irene Dume and Doctor F. D. Griffin," for what really is to be, what their architect knew it would be after talking to these clients of his only a few times and away from the staidness of all her increasingly bright fame, Irene Dume isn't at all the movie star, the celebrity. She is Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. First, last and always. Which undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the greatest friendship in the hundreds world which I'll come to in good time.

I kept remembering, a day or two previous when some of the old enthu- This time it was to the enthu- siasms of the Irene Dume Fan Club at a tea party. There had been a pretty girl who came with the Yonkers continu- a pretty girl who came with the Yonkers continu- amel/euse at all, the "At Home" events. She had some quite easy to imagine how much she appreciated, how much she appreciated, remembering at the end of the Warren D. Griffin, with eyes as deep blue as the dress she wore. A dozen times that afternoon, with an adoring nod in Irene's direction, this girl who had gone out of her way to explain "She's my aunt, you know!" And later when I asked her, "How does it feel to have a movie star in the family," Dorotha Griffin admitted with lovely naiveté. "Well, sometimes I wish Aunt Irene wasn't a movie star. I get jealous when I have to share her with a lot of people. Like this afternoon, for instance."

And I had thought that movie stars, if not prophets, sometimes are appreciated in their own family, more in their own families. And that's something!

"You'll notice," Irene indicated the patio on the drawing, "that we've planned this as an extra little morning breakfast outdoors on Sundays. And to read outdoors on warm evenings. It's enclosed on two sides by the wings of the house, the third side by the loggia. The front looks out over the lawn straight to the ocean. See, the hill drops off here, just beyond our property. Never can be anything to block our view, to shut off the sea."

Frank Griffin won't be in California to live in that house all the time. For months of the year he is obliged to be in New York where his practise is located. But it pleases him, sentimental as the next thingman, to think of Irene in their home. And to look forward to the years ahead when they'll both find lives less busy and be there together all the time.

IRENE and I talked of her marriage. Of how she had taken what so easily might have become a marriage for convenience and shaped it into something fine.

"I admit," she said, "the separations are pretty lonely at times. They'd be unbearable if I really weren't used to it. We have a lot of fre- quent telephone calls, put through after midnight when we can afford to talk much longer. But now that we're together for the time being, I'm finding I can view our months of separation with some perspec- tive, I'm not sure but that they haven't served us well.

"Perhaps if we'd been together all the time during the last four years we wouldn't be such good friends. Perhaps together all the time we'd have come to take each other more for granted; and find less zest in each other's company. How can any- one tell? Frankly, I'd almost be afraid to have them not together."

A month from now, of course, when I'm back in California and Frank is here and I'm missing him more than ever be- cause I've just left him, you'll find me forgetting another time. And it's absurd for married people to permit three thousand miles to separate them. For the hysterical moment I'm using so much work. Al- though I know in my heart that I couldn't, that it's become too much a part of me."

MODERN SCREEN

My Husband Is My Best Friend

(Continued from page 42)
As she talked I remembered some of the things which have forged the bond stronger between her and Frank Griffin. There was the time, some years ago, for instance, when she spent an entire Sunday rehearsing for her screen tests of "Cimarron" which she was to take the next day, although RKO were giving her these tests simply to please her, having no idea that she, a musical comedy star in their minds, could properly play Sahr Cravat.

On that day Frank Griffin remained with her closed in her room. He knew how much this meant to her. He watched the different effects she tried out and, now and then, helped with a suggestion. His cronies kept the telephone ringing constantly. They wanted him to join them on the links....Suppose Irene did have to work, that was no reason why he had to stay home. They didn't understand.

I also remembered Irene's frantic trip across the continent after the telephone call which advised her he had been rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. At this time the newspapers insisted that, under cover of being in New York because he was ill, she had come on to ask for a divorce. Considering Frank Griffin's temporary weakened and depressed state those stories might have caused an upset. But because it was Irene who read him those stories, sitting close beside his bed, laughing, joking, bringing his eyes with her own eyes level, they could do no harm.

So it goes. It isn't, after all, so much the number of hours two people spend together as what they do with those hours.

For with the years, her marriage to Frank Griffin has grown into that which can only exist in marriage and is at the same time the ultimate of marriage, namely the greatest friendship in the world.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(Continued from page 31)

the heart of Hollywood was from Los Angeles. In Hollywood I went to the Plaza Hotel, because a friend of ours back East had stayed there. I left my bags and started out to look for an apartment.

When I signed the hotel register I wrote my name and then afterward wrote "actress," which will show you how silly I was. I got hot and cold when I think about that now and I wonder what that clerk thought of me.

The next morning I moved into a cute little furnished apartment, for which I paid forty dollars a month. Before I unpacked I wrote on a piece of paper, "If I am not a star," and then I crossed that out and wrote, "If I am not a leading lady one year from today, I will go back home." The trouble was that I did not write the date down, so it is always a year from today. I am not a leading woman and that was five years ago. I am still in Hollywood—an extra girl!

I asked the lady at the desk of the apartment house how to get to Metro. At the studio I walked up to the gate and asked to see the casting director. He said that wasn't the right entrance and told me where to go. As I was standing there I saw a big black car drive up and I looked inside it and saw Garbo. It was strange, but I wasn't thrilled. I said to myself, "One year from today I'll be riding through this gate in a big car." Well, I did—and the car was bigger than Garbo's. It was a bus filled with extras going on location—and I was one of them!
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To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Dust now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Be sure to get this famous scientific double-acting treatment today. Sold everywhere.

STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢
Now DE LUXE flax color 35¢

A Great Actress Puts on a Great Act

(Continued from page 41)

some way, we accomplish that enormous distance from the bar to the couch. Bergner sits straight in a corner. She is meeting the press.

Schenck walks across with some things on a plate—the Whippet, his favor, salmon, anchovies. Bergner looks at the plate. She doesn't ask what it is. Score one for Schenk.

The press are arriving. They are arriving in droves. Chairs are drawn up in a semi-circle around Bergner, sitting so quietly in the corner of the lounge. The chairs are bare, so that one thinks we are shortly to play a parlor game and Bergner will be "it.

The press start to ask questions.

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"I would rather not say."

"They persist. "But surely there is no harm in knowing your favorite." I was asked to say which one you didn't like that would be different."

"No, no, I say no favorites."

But the press will not let her off. They are stubborn now. They insist she answer. Schenk insists.

"All right. I say my favorite. Charlie Chaplin."

It is like a name from the past. Suddenly it is as if in his derby hat, his enormous shoes, his flexible cane is standing in the room. Charlie Chaplin, Why, we had almost forgotten that he existed. Is she kidding? No, you can look at her face and tell that she isn't, "Dis orderly," she says. "I have not slept for two days worrying about this disorder. For six years I have no interview."

Ah, the ordeal, then, is meeting the press.

"And is it as bad as you thought it would be, Miss Bergner?" a reporter asks, her face seen in the little coffee (black) and the next morning with my stomach growing.

At ten o'clock I presented myself at his studio and there had, I think, one of the most curious experiences of my life. His strange fate! I had not lost the ten dollars I wouldn't have gone to his studio. And being successful. He was the act that started my career in pictures!

(To be continued)
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Gable Flipped a Coin

(Continued from page 45)

would take him. He wished that he might turn this offer down, but he could find no other work and he reasoned, sensibly, that beggars must not be choosers.

The contract was ready for him. Sorry that events had forced him to sign it he set out from his boarding house to go to the office and put his name on the dotted line.

Some carpenters were working in the hall. He hurried past them and in so doing his coat caught on a nail and he heard the disheartening rip.

CLARK examined the tear. He could certainly not appear in any manager's office in a coat that was ripped and the discouraging part was that he had but one other suit. However, there was nothing for him to do but to change his clothes.

He went back to his room, got out his other suit and just as he was leaving the house once more, being very careful of the carpenters' nails, the telephoner rang. The message was for him. His agent told him that he had just been offered a nice part in a good legitimate company!

So it had been a sport by having to change clothes, if the nail had not been there, he would have been out of the house when the call came and his name would have been offered to the vaudeville contract and there would have been nothing for him to do but to give up the good role and go on the road. Fate? Chance? What?

Number four: Had a flipped coin not turned up heads Gable might never have come to the attention of the Los Angeles producers.

He had been in Portland, Oregon, after a stroke of bad luck, working as an ad-taker on the Oregonian newspaper there. Stranded by a defunct stock company, he had taken the job to ward off starvation. Meantime he kept in touch with friends in New York who were interested in notifying him when new casting for stock companies began. A letter came, urging him to return to New York. He had no money and was wondering how he would feel to ride the freight when a friend of his, an actor, turned up in Portland. This man was bound for Hollywood in a ramshackle car. He invited Clark to come along. Reluctantly, Gable went.

He searched desperately for work in the theatrical world and was at last offered a bit part in "What Price Glory?" He thought himself worthy of a better break. After all, he had played leads in stock. After all, he was an actor, not a bit player. If he took this role, he reasoned, he would be as if he had started from the bottom again. And, heaven knows, he had fought his way desperately already. But he needed money. He had to eat. Could his career or his stomach come first?

He decided that this time he would trust utterly to luck. He flipped a coin.

"Tails I take the bit, heads I don't." The coin spun in the air and rested on the back of his hand. He looked at it. It registered heads!

WITH a very empty feeling in the pit of his stomach he refused the part. And for two weeks regretted the coin's decision. Yes, he regretted it for two weeks only, for at the end of that time a second unit of the show was formed and Clark was offered a good part. And the strange thing was that the second unit soon became, in reality, the first. Furthermore, it played in Los Angeles while the other company was on the road.

And thus Clark came to the attention of the producer, Louis MacLean, who gave him his break. He was offered a role when J. Hamilton left the company.

Number five: If he had not had faith in the first flipped coin and put his trust in another, his acting career never have been seen by the movie moguls.

On the New York stage, Gable had gained some fame in a play called "Machinal," a Broadway hit. MacLean wired Clark asking him to take the lead in "The Last Mile" at a salary bigger than any he had had before. It had been an offer an actor, who Gable wasn't, could not turn down.

The rest is woven inextricably into the pattern of movie history.

If, if, if... How many "ifs" are there in your life? Are all of them-and he and Clark Gable—predetermined, and are these seemingly casual occurrences that vitally change our lives simply fate working in her mysterious fashion? Or is it just chance and luck?

I leave it up to you. What do you think?
doesn't it—especially the dinner. But the consommé would be clear as an unclouded crystal ball, the “Taquitos” would be superb in their thick tomato sauce, the green salad would be a masterpiece, the ice a frozen nectar and the coffee black, steamy, pungent, with perhaps a dash of cognac!

Simplicity, in itself, is often a highly cultivated art, you know, an essential truth which Myrna has discovered in the midst of her astounding success. Above all she realizes that the best part of success is not that it brings her sables and square-cut emeralds, but that it allows her the rare privilege of doing just what she prefers to do. And that is to read, listen to fine music, idle away her leisure hours as she wishes, and partake of delightful meals of her own choosing.

But let's get back to Myrna's salads, about which I promised to tell you. For Sour Cream Salad, Carolina boys French endive. Following the washing and chilling ritual described above, she removes the endive, crust and cold from the refrigerator, mixes it with a simple French dressing made in a bowl which has been rubbed tightly with garlic, and arranges the leaves like a giant sunflower on a flat dish. In the center of the dish, nesting in decorative chicory, is placed a smaller dish of sour cream to which a dash of salt has been added. In serving, a spoonful of sour cream is placed on the dressing. You can see how it looks from the photograph. This salad was made up for picture purposes by Carolina, just as she makes it for Miss Loy.

THE other salad pictured is one that Carolina serves often, as Myrna enjoys having it as a solitary dish for a refreshing summer lunch. Choosing a large avocado, Carolina washes it carefully and slices it lengthwise. The halves are then placed, without removing the shell, on lettuce leaves. The large seed is removed, of course, and in its place is inserted half of a hard-cooked egg, cut in half lengthwise. The entire salad is then drenched with French dressing.

As another summer luncheon dish Myrna frequently asks for Salad Caviar. For this Carolina takes a head of lettuce and shreds it. She chops radishes, celery, green onions, and ripe olives very finely and adds them, together with some minced parsley, to the shredded lettuce. And now comes the final touch that makes this a very distinguished salad indeed—a little dish of mayonnaise covered with caviar in the very center of the salad bowl.

As Carolina is inflexible about metals in salad-making (except for the sometimes necessary chopping knife), so is she insistent about using her own mayonnaise. This she makes up in large quantities, storing it afterwards in the refrigerator. When Thousand Island Dressing or Russian Dressing is wanted, Carolina just adds the necessary ingredients to her “Special Mayonnaise.” If you want to have her recipes for all three of these dressings as served to Myrna Loy and her guests, all you have to do is send for this month's recipe folder.

Another of the cards in the Modern Hostess Leaflet will give you directions for making that “Salad De Luxe” that I mentioned before. This salad borders on sweetness, but, despite that fact, it is one of Myrna's favorites. I was delighted, therefore, to be able to get the recipe for you. It combines unusual ingredients, but is most simple to make. Find out for yourself how good it is by sending in the coupon for your free copy of the recipes.

Salads, of course, are not the only dishes that make their appearance on Myrna's
YOUR HANDS can be as intriguing as your favorite perfume. Repeatedly cut finger nails belie the daintiness which your perfume suggests. Bristle nails respond readily to regular care and attention. Use Wigder Manicure Aids at all times. These well balanced, specially designed instruments turn an orduous task into a pleasant, simple duty. Look for the Improved Cleaner Point and Arrow trade mark. On sale at your 5 and 10c store.

MODERN SCREEN

Luncheon Table. "Waffles Carolina" bob up with great frequency too, I learned. It seems that once you have sampled a "Waffles Carolina," like an elephant, you never forget. "I have never eaten anything like them," Myrna told me. "I never cared much about waffles until my secretary asked me to let her make some by her own special recipe. I said 'yes' casually but my enthusiasm after tasting them was positive. It must be the corn meal that makes them unlike anything I ever ate. I am going to ask her to give you exact directions for making them," Myrna promised. "They are simply grand for any moment of the day, from breakfast to a midnight snack."

Well, I did get the recipe, and if you send for it I can guarantee that you'll find these waffles just as good as Myrna declared them to be.

THE final dish on the list of Loy favorites is a bit complicated but it's worth trying. It's a recipe for those Mexican "Tortillas." With their spicy seasoning and delicious sauce, they are guaranteed to stimulate the appetite for an otherwise indifferent palate. If you want to make a tired husband happy or make dull guests sparkle, serve this exotic dish, made according to directions given me by Miss Loy's Carolina. The recipe calls for "Tortillas"—an Indian equivalent for American bread—which can be bought in the Mexican quarter of many cities, but which also can be made at home very simply. A West Coast milling company—the Globe Mills—has worked out an excellent Tortilla recipe which I have included with Carolina's directions for making the special chicken filling and extra sauce that change "Tortillas" into "Taquitos." to the betterment of both.

Salsas with sex appeal, originality and a sense of humor, did we say? Well, wait until you taste "Taquitos"! They have a right glisten and why shouldn't they have—their a Myrna Loy favorite. Just think, recipes for not one but four of her favorite foods are included in this month's Modern Hostess Recipe Leaflets—"Tortillas," "Waffles Carolina," "Salad De Luxe" and Carolina's "Special Mayonnaise," with two variations, "Russian" and "Thousand Island" dressing. So send for your free copy now—at once and forthwith. If you don't you'll be sorry.

And if I be, that you missed out on this extra-special chance to eat the same foods that Myrna Loy likes, made by just the same recipes that are used in that charming star's Hollywood home.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me Myrna Loy's recipes for August, 1935.

Name: ...........................................
Address: (Street and Number) ....
City: ..........................................
(State) .....................................

All About the Great Mae West Marriage Question

(Continued from page 28)

think he wanted to pose for phony pictures. I think he meant to take a picture of Mae and put one of his pictures next to it, and to state honestly that it was a composite, showing them as they appeared twenty-four years ago. But it did sound funny.

So much had the Editor told me to investigate the story and find out whether or not Mae was married, and if so, was this Frank Wallace her husband.

Come along and play detective with me. We'll find out some strange and startling facts.

First we go down to the Court of General Sessions, where on September 25, 1927, Mae was sentenced to ten days in jail on the immoral performance charge. They show us the copy of the pedigree, to which she swore. "Married?" it asks. "Yes," Mae answers. "Age?" and she replies, "Twenty-six."

NOW if Mae were telling the truth, under oath, there would have been ten years old in 1917, when the supposed marriage took place. But the girls aren't getting married in Milwaukee, where the minimum age for brides with parents' consent is fifteen, and without it, eighteen.

But what about her statement that she is married? We'll go and ask Clarence W. Morganstern, producer of the burned play, who was sentenced at the same time, "I've known Mae since she was eight years old," says the veteran producer. "I first met her when she was playing in stock at the Gotham Theatre in Brooklyn, Roles like Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs' and Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' At that time she was about eight or ten years old. When was it? Well, I started working with her in 1913, only two years afterward. "Mae never was in Milwaukee in 1911. The first time I saw her was only a few years ago, when she toured with the 'Diamond Lil' show. 'Don't forget, there was a different Mae West in burlesque. I knew her. She was a brunette—weighed about 135 and was about twenty years old in 1913. The girl in the pictures which so far have been printed in the newspapers is not the Mae West of the films. She didn't look anything like that.' "But," I interrupted, "Wallace says Mae was a bullette when he married her."

"Then it was a different Mae," Morganstern replied. "Mae of the movies was never a burlette, though her hair wasn't always as light as it is today. Why, you can prove it—she has a very fair complexion and violet eyes. Why don't you ask Ned Wayburn? He taught her to dance."

I took Mr. Morganstern's tip and called upon Wayburn, who used to stage the great Ziegfeld extravaganzas and has an international reputation for honesty and ability.

Mr. WAYBURN was rehearsing the chorus for a new show when I called at his studio. I explained the problem to him. He let the girls sit down for a breathing spell.
MODERN SCREEN

"Mae was in the 'Folies Bergere,' which I directed. She was a principal. Let me think a minute, yes, the date was about the spring of 1911, and Mae wasn't over thirteen at the time. She may have been younger; she was a hearty, well-developed girl, and we always said she was older than she really was, because her extreme youth might have caused comment."

"Was she a blonde or a brunette then?"

"Neither." He pointed at a girl. "Oh, Miss! You in the corner. Stand up, please!"

"The girl rose. That's just about the color Mae's hair was; judge for yourself."

The girl's hair could have been called either very light brown or rather dark blonde. But she certainly wasn't a brunette.

Then Mr. Wayborn continued, "You know, there have been several Frank Wallaces. Franklin Wallace was a singer and a good actor—but not a dancer. He never appeared with Mae. Another was a singing waiter at a Bowery cabaret. A third, now dead, I believe, was in 'Diamond Lil,' which Jack Linder produced.

"I know that Mae was in vaudeville between stage show engagements, with Harry Richman as her pianist. And while I cannot take my oath that she was not on the road with him, I doubt it very much, as she appeared in a vode sketch called 'Hello, Paris' here in the East, and I doubt if it ever got west of the Mississippi."

That seems to substantiate Mae's story, but let's have a visit to Jack Linder.

"I've known Mae only since 1928," says he, "but I'm inclined to believe that Wallace is telling the truth. He talks very convincingly, and in ten years there have been at least fourteen or twenty-six."

"Is it true that she got Frank Wallace a job in 'Diamond Lil'?"

"Yes—but it wasn't this Frank Wallace. It was another man by the same name. He's dead now, but while he was in the show, he stuck awfully close to her. Here's a picture of them. And he showed me a photo of Mae getting into an automobile—an unmistakable Mae, this time, with a man standing in the background. This man, Mr. Linder said, was the 'Diamond Lil' Wallace. 'Maybe, they were married,' he added, 'but I'm inclined to think it was really the one who now claims to be her husband.'"

George Lederer, also a producer, broadcasts his reminiscences over radio station WINS, giving a dramatization of the West-Wallace marriage. In a radio sketch and talk he definitely stated that Wallace taught Mae to sing and dance; that they were married in Milwaukee, that Mae had a good job offered her and refused Frank to take it. We call Lederer on the phone and make an appointment. It turns out that his entire "knowledge" of the case derived from reading the newspapers of a few days ago, save that he thinks he saw Mae once, twenty years ago. His whole testimony may therefore be discarded.

But he has given us an idea. We look over the old newspaper files on Mae. The earliest we can find is from Variety of January 20, 1912, and refers to her recent vaudeville appearances—not with Wallace, but with the Girard Brothers. The same day, says that she is "new to vaudeville," but spells her name "May," is it the same girl?

In February, 1913, the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal prints a cartoon of Mae West, a blonde, playing the Grand Theatre there. The Columbus (Ohio) Journal, in a story dated April 4, 1913, calls our Mae "America's youngest temperamental come-

Does he call you up the next morning?

The exciting tinkle of her telephone the next morning means that he was serious when he said that she was the most fascinating girl at the party. He'll keep her phone busy as long as she keeps charming.

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dienne," which lends weight to Mr. Morganstern's statement that she used to give impersonations of Lillian Russell, Eva Tanguay and other celebrities of the day. Other crumby, yellow old clippings substantiate things Mr. Wayburn has told us, and others reveal further information, such as that she made her first Louisville appearance in 1914.

And a Wallace crops up in her life in the papers of 1927. This was James Garret Wallace, the District Attorney who prosecuted the great rape and murder conviction against Mae. The next day the N. Y. Tribune says that Mae was "twenty-six and unmarried." In 1930, Sidney Skolkey does a personality story on her in the Daily News and says that her insurance policy gives her birthday as August 17, 1900. This corroborates Morganstern, Wayburn, the indictment and Mae's own word. It makes Wallace's story look thin.

And in a story published under her own signature in the Daily Mirror, Mae says she was known as "The Baby Vamp" in 1920. They might call a girl of twenty a "Baby Vamp" but not a wanpin decent nearly thirty. She also says she went to Wayburn when she was thirteen after playing vaudeville in the East—and Wayburn not only agrees on this pictures (including the one which Morganstern states is not Mae's)—and some "other documentary evidence"

But—would you say what this was, because he does not want to expose his evidence until the case comes to trial—if it ever does.

ANOTHER story points out that Mae's mother would be only fifty-three if alive today. This means, if we trust to ask if she remembered the marriage.

The next evening her secretary phoned me, Miss Tucker couldn't comment. Why couldn't she be expected to know? She had no recollection of the matter!

So another Wallace claim bit the dust. Wallace also refers to Harry Richman, the radio and night club star. I called Harry at the Club Versailles and asked him what he knew. "I was with Mae in vaudeville, we were just a half a year, and a half," he said. "I can't tell you anything further." That was all, eh? He wasn't married to Richman.

And Harry Richman was Mae's pianist—actually in her act. If she had ever let a word slip about this supposed marriage, he would have heard it.

Mr. Egan, broadcaster over WMCA and associated stations, toured the same circuit with Mae and Harry twenty years ago. He knew them both, as well as people who make extended trips together do get to know each other. "Mae was a real flop with the men," he says. "Everybody liked her, for she was good company, even if she didn't smoke or drink. I've talked to her a lot—and there was never any indication that she was ever married to anyone. And remember, that was before Mae made her big success. She had no reason for hiding a husband then. If she
had been married, I'm sure she would have been a favorite topic among stage people. Her age? Well, I always thought she was about my age—not over a year or two older. And I'm sure I could have this year.

So, according to Egan, Mae couldn't have been over thirteen in 1911, just as others who know her well have said.

Wallace has also said that Mae divorced him in 1915 or 1916. This would be convincing proof of a marriage if Mr. Wallace could tell where the action took place—but not if he had to be a fraudulent divorce, for though Wallace claims the papers were served on him by Mae's own sister, Beverly, Mr. Beilin's search for the records in the three Long Island counties where it might have been filed has been unsuccessful.

In fact, Mr. Wallace has been very hazy on data which might be checked, and proved or disproved. He remembered a beautiful day—a week or two before the marriage—but could not recall whether or not it rained on the wedding day. "I was too happy to notice," he said. But the weather bureau said the weather was correct. He could not remember what the judge who married them looked like—the judge is still alive and could have checked that statement. And so forth.

For that matter, the judge did, very kindly, agree to give Mr. Wallace some information bearing on the case.

The application for a license," said Judge Joseph E. Cordes, "was filled out by the county clerk's office, but it had to be signed by one of the parties. I am enclosing a copy of the certificate showing how it was filled in and filed."

According to the best information I have been able to get, neither Frank nor Mae signed the application.

"Arthur Shukin," Judge Cordes continued, "was the clerk at that time and sent out a few out-of-town couples to marriage—but it was an independent recollection of the event."

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ Hooray for Love (RKO)

Here's just another musical comedy, using the tried and true formula of back-stage plotings and front-stage entertainment. We could have enjoyed ourselves just as well by not going back-stage, as the goings-on there were pretty dull. Gene Raymond, producer and just one idea on his mind—Ann Sothern. Ann looks like a million and acts when she gets a chance. However, the orchestra should be distributed for the musical and dance numbers. Bill Robinson flashes dem eyes and dose feet in the hottest jazz routine he's ever done to date, which is saying something, when Maria Gambarelli floats through a contrastingly ethereal ballet number with remarkable grace. Pert Kelton steals the comedy, poking with her swell performance of an awful performance as the self-appointed star, being convinced that her 'ingenuity' will save the show. There are a couple of catchy songs besides "Hooray For Love" that are destined for popularity. If dancing and music make up for the lack of a good story, in your opinion, you'll not go wrong on this number.

And when I asked Mr. Shukin, he could recall nothing about it, either.

Nor, for that matter, did Martin T. Plehn, who was County Clerk when somebody or other got married in Milwaukee in 1915. But Mr. Plehn not only confirmed the salient facts given by Judge Cordes, but contributed a vital piece of new evidence. He sent along a tracing of the signature which the Frank Wallace who really did marry a Mae West, signed to the legal documents. Here, at last, was something to prove or disprove the present Wallace's claim that he was the same man.

I phoned Attorney Belin and asked for a copy of this Wallace's signature, as he writes it today. Mr. Belin said that he didn't see any reason why he should let us have it. We certainly could not have it unless he could see our copy of the old signature first. Unfortunately, our copy was being photographed for a cut. But we wondered whether Mr. Belin doubted whether our copy might be similar, and whether we could get a copy of this Wallace's signature if it was very unlike that which Mr. Plehn had supplied. Oh, now we wondered!

Mrs. Szatkus says her son married "a Mamie West." Frank says he married her in 1911 when she was 16 or 17 (note how the story has changed since his first story). One paper states that Mae and Frank were playing the Gaiety Theatre in Milwaukee at the time of the alleged marriage; another quotes the Charles Fox Theatre manager as saying, "I have looked up all my old records, Miss West did not play here in 1911. Neither did Wallace."

Mae, on getting that information, remarked, "Well, I guess that settles it."

And I guess it does—except that the Milwaukee Journal carried a review of the Gaiety Theatre's show in April, 1911. It mentions "Mae West and Fred Wallace, singers and dancers."

My money says it was two other people, or at least two other. Wanna bet?

Preview Postscripts

Tapper Bill Robinson's career has been as cullud as his complexion. Claims he was just bo'n lazier'n ten debbils and that his famous feet just dance by themselves. Never went to school—couldn't see the point of head-learnin' when his brains were in his feet. Had a go at several 'positions' in his youth—mowing-shing, croppin'-shing, etc., before he got his feet on the first rung of the success ladder back in a Harlem night-club—and he's topped his way up steadily and gracefully ever since. . . . Maria Gambarelli's worked like ten other debbils to get where she is. . . . Starting out as a child to become a concert pianist, she worked her small fingers to the bone. Deciding it was through dancing she could best express herself, she worked her small feet into the same condition. . . . However, they were still good enough to bring her over to the Roxy at 15 where she became the premiere donnause. . . . See her in "Beulah's" and Bad for Mr. Raymond. . . . Pert Kelton's the Female Menace of Movies—she'll steal any picture given just half a chance. She rounded the Bennett (Connie) ire once. Not a hard thing to do, but a hard thing to take.

MODERN SCREEN

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Here is something really new in face powder... something you are sure to welcome. A powder made on a very different kind of base, so fine, so soft, this powder hugs the skin as though actually a part of it. Try it. See for yourself, if ever you knew a powder to stay on so long, and smooth all the while it stays. There's another thrill to it too! The fineness that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless, more tender. Moreover, the fact that there is in touching a Savage powdered skin could be told you only by someone else! There are four lovely shades:

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Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER
MODERN SCREEN

MURDER IN THE FLEET (M-G-M)

Now we have mystery and murder, with chills and thrills moved into the Navy, with all the action taking place on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. It seems that a first-class battle control gear for guns has strayed or been stolen and everybody and everybody's friend is under suspicion. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy is the team that nobody wonders about, and when you see their antics, you'll realize why. The only thing that will fool this pair will be stealing from the picture—which is certainly no mechanism for a sixteen-inch gun! However, there are plenty of people to worry about and the suspense is upheld right through to the final sequences. Robert Taylor, Metro's new leading man, once again gives a fine account of himself and Arthur Byron makes a fine commanding Una Merki the girl who loves a sailor—or any number of them—and is as pert and peppy as usual in a now familiar role, and John Parker is, of course, the in- 

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS

The big battleground you'll see in this picture, is when stripped of its decks and funnels, Sat 15 on the M-G-M lot. Distillation, please! That's us—allways somebody's fun! However, the location shots were made on a real boat anchored just off San Pedro. A lot of personnel from the M-G-M lot was romping around the boat aboard, too—Robert Taylor and Jean Parker. But, truly, they are in love with a couple other people. Distillation again? Yes, that's us—a "tear-downer." Metro found Bob in a college play. They feel they have a future Gable on their hands. We feel they're right. But, Arthur Byron is probably the only man, however, who is starting out well anno- 

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN FACTS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

If you are planning to visit Hollywood (or even if you weren't!) wouldn't you welcome a few tips on the town from one who knows it inside out? Well, then, watch for...

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN FACTS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN.

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN FACTS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

If you have a taste for comedy served up raw, you'll relish this one. If your preferences run to having it rare and well done, however, this latest Wheeler-Woolsey slapstick will be hard to take. Besides using their usual giggle-getter gags, W. and W. have enlarged their bistrogue field by including thrill'n-chill'gutters in their repertoire, as a good juicy murder occurs in this story and our heroes are tangled up in a tangle of difficulty, with knock-down, drag-out battles. The very good supporting cast includes Hake Hamilton, Eve- luin Brent, Fred Kiewit, Walter Wilson, and Mr. Keating's a cook after our own heart and Charlie Wilson must've done some real detecting on the side in days gone by, for he's that good as a reel detective.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS

Bleive it or not, Mr. Ripley—but Mr Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey are as funny off the screen as on. On every set they've ever worked a few cracked ribs to the other ac- tors are practically guaranteed. In fact they can even make each other laugh. And after being a stage comic team for several years before breaking the movies six years ago, these two should certainly be on to one another. The thing Mr. Wheeler doesn't think funny about Woolsey is the daily dozen headlines that he consumes, and the only way Mr. Wheeler can get Woolsey to watch the news is to threaten him that there wasn't much time to indulge their weaknesses... Fred Keating's another genuine cut-up. Famous for his ma- rines and tricks out here, he can make anything disappear but that state tax on fillum. Betty Grable's the coltish newcomer who really has the ability to pester, sing or dance, when singing those bluesy, wossey songs with or- chestras, landed at the Cocoanut Grove with a famous orchestra, and in one week was signed at the studios. That's Betty, however— RKO held Old Home Week the day Evelyn Brent arrived on the set. Everyone was humming "Auld Lang Syne" or were remembering the old days for Evelyn. She's to be one swell actress, then get lost in the shuffle some six years ago, and just now back in pictures.

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1 (M-G-M)

Seems as if this country is still at the mercy of gangsters, though Chicago finally cleaned up on 'em, they're still making a running rampart in the movies. Dillinger's gang is provided for our entertainment in this one and as if that wasn't bad enough, it seems too improbable in too many spots. There's some good acting, though, in spite of the story difficulties. Chester Morris does work that is convincing. He's no great shakes on the screen, but he's capable of some things, and can manage to get in some good acting between gun-plays.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS

Chester Morris is Hollywood's Dirty Deal man—but at the receiving end of the line. Although displaying marked ability, Chat has had little opportunity to capitalise on due largely to poor management of his affairs. Seems to act best in prison surroundings (not compulsory ones, however) as his last good turn was in "The Big House." He wears the same uniform and number in this flicker, Mrs. Morris with the two Morris Hopefuls in tow, visited Daddy on the prison set one day. On the way home his wife con- fided that though he didn't think his Dad was exactly good looking, at least he wore the prison uniform with more of an air than Dillinger.... Lewis Stone's name on the screen always brings a round of applause from preview audiences. But Mr. Stone is no longer the old Lewis Stone of two years and yars ago. Married to a young lady at- tractive enough to be in pictures herself, he spends every spare minute seeking the seas- woman's tricks out here in the family yacht. Lionel Barrymore's too well known to waste any ex- planations on—but didja know that his fine hachions have kept all the people in every country?... Joseph Calleia isn't well known in movies a-tall—but just give him a few more pictures! This is his first, having just hailed into Hollywood from the stage.
Under the Pampas
Moon (Fox)

There is a pretty little picture that is going to insure a pleasant evening in the theatre, no matter how warm the weather. You see, the story's atmosphere is guaranteed to be slightly hotter than the thermometer and with plenty of colorful character, with an accent of Veloz and Yolanda, a dance team bound to thrill you, a gorgeous rhumba tune—well, stop us if we become too enthusiastic! True, the plot is as slim as you wish your figure to be and the comedy, as broad as you're afraid it is (the figure again), but several scenes are nifty and give you the flavor of these items when there is so much there with which to entertain you. The picture features its quota of newcomers, all of whom manage to score nicely, as do our old favorites, John Miljan and Jack LaRue, and Ketti Gallian also is among those present. The cameraman rates a bow for some brilliant work in the studio, and the director for injecting so much action and laughter into a yarn that merely deals with a gent who is on the chase for a horse that has been stolen. Then, of course, there are the tunes!

Preview Postscripts

When Warner Baxter gets tuned up on those airs from "old May-hee-co" he makes every man and woman in the audience long for a box of Morailla and a gaily decorated bon- cocy in Old Spain. Warner's not so young, but he's still romantic. Been married a good many more years than you'd care to believe—and to the same woman. Wouldn't rather play his guitar and sing love songs to her than to Garbo. Spent a good deal of time and money in his Mollie's and each home, getting it into shape to sell. Went down there tonight to close the deal at a profit, and fell in love all over again with the place—of such is sentiment. . . . Ketti Gallian's a recent import, having only one other picture to her credit (or whichever way you spell it). This character is the geographical location, up in the Northern woods for some peculiar shots, her maid brought along Ketti's black crépé-de-chine sheets and proceeded to use them out of place. This character, it seems, is an Eastern custom to bring one's own bedding while travelling. "Whassa matter?" queried the director, "do they have vermin sheets in Europe?" and to prevent her from packing their supply along? "But no!" exclaimed Ketti, "we never use ermine sheets in Europe. . . ."

Age of Indiscretion
(M-G-M)

Well, it's the woman who pays and, believe us, she should in this little dramma of divorce and what leads up to it. Of all the double-dyed meanies, it's Helen Vin- son, who once again crashes through with a swell performance of same. How a gal like Helen—that is, for purposes of plot, my dears! Paul Lukas takes the punishment and gives a sincere performance of a man who has been done far from justice. This character could easily have been overdrawn, but in the capable hands of Lukas manages to escape the maidlin category. Young David Jack Hurd is the son of the main character and indeed steals a scene or two when his elders are not looking. Madge Evans and Mary Bolson round out the fine cast and, with the ever-present contributions of the screen, Catherine Doucet, who is pretty elegant in the role of a slightly goofy novelist. The story itself is diverting and novel in that the man (for a change) suffers, and the dialogue is good.

MODERN SCREEN

Preview Postscripts

Paul Lukas and little David Holt are real business since this picture. After hours on the set, they'd continue playing together—boating, fishing, pillow-fighting and all manner of things were included in their fun. Jack LaRue, who is the young lady who could've had every minute of Hol- lywood time filled if she had wanted to play 'wicked woman' roles. But after doing them so beautifully that he wept, each role was mostly from indignant wives, she drew the line on cinematically seducing any more husbands. . . .

With this picture's background in San Francisco's murky, mysterious Chinatown, a few knives in a few backs are inevitable. There are a couple of weird murders and enough anxiety about possible killings to satisfy almost anyone's craving for thrills and chills. Lyle Talbot is the young man who gets all the breakdown on the dry work for us. Having been a former de- tective on the "Chinatown Squad," he sets out to show Hugh O'Connell's defici- encies as his successor—which isn't diffi- cult, but certainly is hilarious. Besides contributing his good looks to the screen, Mr. Talbot shows that he can turn in some good work as well. Hugh O'Connell plays H. O. C., with his usual abandon. Valerie Holson is the gal in the case, who's kept breathless all through the picture, by proposing some amusing cheers for this Great Grandmama of the screen.

Chinatown Squad
(Universal)

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter- rible you choke and gasp for breath, or if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges con- tinuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 375-W Frontier Blvd., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Powdered Soapstone

Reduces wrinkles and other age-sag. Naturally cleanses skin, leaves face soft and clear.
After a long absence from the screen, Ruth Chatterton signed with Columbia. She'll do 'A Feather in Her Hat.'

beautiful pig-tail rushed up to her and asked her for a date that very evening. At least Valerie thinks that was the proposition, being a little vague on her Chinese.

★★ The Glass Key (Paramount)

When you realize that this picture is based on a story by the astute Mr. Hammett of 'Thin Man' fame, you may think you're facing an evening of brain strain. But never mind the aspirin, as this murder-mystery dwindles down to monotony. George Raft is cast as the ultra-modish and super-courageous hero, who is so devoted to the town's biggest politician, Edward Arnold, that he not only risks his life to save him from disgrace, but makes the supreme sacrifice of offering to teach Mr. Arnold how to dress snappily. Raft's role, however, gives him a better opportunity to display his versatility than he's had in many a moon, while Edward Arnold is as satisfactory as ever.

The love story is more tangled up than the murder motives, since Mr. Arnold is in love with the sister (Claire Dodd) of the murdered man, and she thinks Mr. A. is the manne who 'done him away,' while Mr. Raft, not to be outdone, falls in love with Mr. Arnold's daughter (Rosalind Keith) who's violently enamoured of the murdered man. On second thought—mebbe you'd better bring along that aspirin.

Preview Postscripts

George Raft has oft been heralded as the second Valentino, but the only real resemblance seems to be that patent leather pompadour. However, it's nothing against George, for he's a pretty good guy even if he doesn't remind us of the Great Lover. He's the answer to the haberdasher's prayer—buys anything and everything in that line if expensive enough. Would sooner be caught dead than in a pair of unmonogrammed suspenders. Lives in Hollywood's snappiest penthouse, equipped with the last gass in chromium bars—but never drinks himself. In spite of which, his cubs go around at the studio late the other morning was that a herd of pigeons had flown through his window and landed on the bedpost. It had taken a good hour to shoot them out. 

Edward Arnold has two hobbies—hunting and motoring, and owes the prize collection of
guns in Hollywood. ... Rosalind Keith's story should never be breathed in the presence of movie-struck girls, for 'twould result in Hollywood Blvd., being overrun with coyotes on a leash with a blonde. Which at the attention-getting device this Missouri girl employed after getting the cold shoulder from costing offices for a month of Sundays. She's happy now, thanks to occasional weeps over her permed locks and "Gottlieb" (the coyote) whom she periodically lost.

★★ Headline Woman (Mascot) Here's another picture bent on glorifying the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. Roger Pryor is the star reporter with an assortment of pithy sayings and musings over his mustache, all of which features prove irresistible to Heather Angel—and being's how she's been drooling this should have led to a snappy, happy ending. But the course of true love doesn't run any smoother here than in other places we've heard about, so Heather's papa isn't aware of Roger's sterling qualities. However, when he steps in where the other reporters fear to tread and sketches a couple of murder mysteries, to say nothing of saving his Angel's name from being dragged in the mud, everything is okay. Pretty painful to plot, as the picture is saved by Mr. Pryor's good performance.

Preview Postscripts

Bill Nigh directed this flicker with his usual flourish. He has a flexible cane without which he's lost, directorially spikin, which weapon he brandishes around in a menacing manner and gets action from. However, he was stumped on this one. The scene was in the City Room of a newspaper office, and seeing one young man sitting at his desk, with nary a sheet of paper, a little pole or a cigarette butt in sight on its gleaming surface, he waved said cane and yelled, "Hey, you, doncha know what a reporter's desk should look like? How long you been acting, anyhow?" The young man regarded him calmly, then replied, "Just started acting. I don't know how you've been working the last five years on the New York Times,"... Roger Pryor's noted for his cool, calm and collected air—besides that mustache he brandished in the scene crisis. Roger had painstakingly rehearsed his scene of picking up an egg and remarking jovially, "Well, hope this egg's okay." But the scene was cut and that egg dropped from his numb fingers, and crashed on the table. 

"Was a 'prop' egg—and slightly the worse for wear. Roger fished out the rest of the egg from the set... Heather Angel (that's what she answers to) is an English import. Married these past few months to Ralph Forbes, a Chatterton "ex," she's now enjoying a British vacation—alone.

★★ Alias Mary Dow (Universal)

You'll have to have the faith of an extra bent on Stardom to believe this one. It's about the mother who goes through the years lamenting the loss of her strayed or stolen daughter. During, in a hurry, she calls for the child, her husband goes to a coffee shop and induces a shaggy, young waitress to pretend she's the returned Mary. Hard to take, you'll admit. That is, to everyone but the authors and Katherine Alexander who is paid to take it. The dialogue in the story is as impossible as the situations. Making speeches in lieu of conversation. Sally Elters, who should lose ten pounds, is best in the dance hall scenes. Henry O'Neill and Katherine Alexander play her parents with nice restraint and Chick Chandler and Lola Lane give fair ac-

counts of themselves. Then there is Clarence Muse, sincere and sympathetic, in a small role.

Preview Postscripts

The only time the Harry Joe Brown family ever saw one another while this picture was being made, was at the studio costume department for lunch. Sally was busy 'til all hours, Harry was frontally grinding out another film at a neighboring studio and 'Soney' was the last thing to a company organ. Roy Miller looks like on Arrow Collar Lad (ad.gratis) but honestly would rather resemble an oop-nugget. For this 62" Adonis craves tough roles—clings to rather worldly a stroll-jacket than a dinner-jacket... Katherine Alexander is a familiar name to Broadway. This very handsome lady, our hero, was on the stage since she was a mere child. Married Producer William Brady, Jr., some time later, and to date hasn't regretted it. Clarence Muse has 'sung for his supper' over since he can remember—some forty years now. As talented a song-writer as a sonatter, he's credited with several hits of the past season.

★★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners) We found this an admirable and unusual picture for many reasons. First, because, having read the novel of the same name, we did not see it as picture material, excellent though the book was. Score one for Warner Brothers for choosing it. Then, we did not expect that the rather even pace of the book would provide enough action and emotion for a screen drama. Score one for Director Mervyn LeRoy, who so superbly crystallizes the very deep feeling of the story into a series of tense and tender scenes. Third, we were delighted to see Pat O'Brien, so long confined to cigar-chewing and wise-cracking roles, given a really worthy dramatic part—and doing splendidly in it. Fourth, there is Josephine Hutchinson—a young dramatic actress who is so real and appealing and convincing that you will wonder where she has been all your lives.

Briefly, the story concerns the business pioneering of a great oil company in the Orient, the back-breaking and heart-breaking struggles of the company's employees in their efforts to sell more "oil for the lamps of China" and the loyalty and ardor of one of them—Pat O'Brien—and his game little wife—Miss Hutchinson. See the picture by all means. It's completely worth while.

"Oil for the Lamps of China," another triumph for Warners and its stars, Josephine Hutchison and Pat O'Brien.
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MODERN SCREEN

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!

CLARK GABLE
JEAN HARLOW
WALLACE BEERY

China Seas

with
Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL
Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
SYMPHONY of legs helped to make the musical “In Caliente” a success. But then what musical comedy hasn’t featured a symphony of beautiful legs, of supple, graceful ankles in intricate dance patterns? Speaking boldly, at least it would be speaking boldly if it were back in the days of the full skirted bathing suit, Hollywood legs must have “It.” When we see what literally seems to be mile after mile of slim, shapely limbs, we come to realize how important it is for even the extra girls in the chorus to measure up to ankle standards of pulchritude. If one of the studios happened to be casting for a night club scene, or a bathing beach number, would your legs entitle you to a job as an “extra” in the crowd? Or would the casting director be inclined to say of you after a glance footward, “Sorry, you won’t do”?

It’s an old Hollywood custom for screen notables to make their footprints in the cement forecourt of the Chinese Grauman Theatre in Hollywood. And there the footprints stand in something more enduring than the sands of time. How would your footprint look, without benefit of shoes, if it were sculptured in cement? Would it show a fat pudgy foot and fallen arch? I know from many of your tragic, despairing letters just what kind of an unfortunate footing you’ve been on at the beach this summer. Some of you have been developing inferiority complexes over thick ankles, and others over skinny legs, and still others over ugly nails and callouses. What between evening sandals, sport sandals, beach sandals, and no sandals at all, our feet are very much in the limelight nowadays, so let’s see what we can do about acquiring lovely feet, and shapely ankles and legs.

(Continued on page 92)

Feet first into a beauty routine!

Some famous pedal extremities—can you guess who’s who? Well, read down from the right as follows: Frances Drake’s with toes untinted, Ruby Keeler’s busy tapping ones, Carole Lombard’s with the red nails out of sight, a back view of June Knight’s—and notice those smooth, pumpless heels, Dolores Del Rio’s pretties—and those of Constance Cummings’.
Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in DuMaurier’s glorious tale, “Peter Ibbetson.” Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.

As a novel, “Peter Ibbetson” left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.”

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of DuMaurier’s story, the photoplay “Peter Ibbetson” gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.
ELVIRA FERRI, Detroit, Mich.—The gentlewoman with the lovely table manners, Miss Marbury, who was not Old logs and Zeke played by Harold Huber and Ethel Brady, respectively. They are both from 1 M-G-M. A major of the stars have crowned in their contracts which permit them to make one more pictures outside their own studio. Others are merely loaned by their own studio in exchange for a player from the other studio. Both of these in

HELEN T. L. E. N. Y.; BETTY CULLEN, Alliance, Ohio; MARIE TAYLOR, Baker, N.; MIL- LIE ITOEN, Hamilton, Calif.; PATRICIA BINGE, Huntington Beach, Calif.; MAE DOD, Tonka, Minn.; LUCILLE LESET, Bay City, Mich.; RUTH KIRK, Buffalo, N.; FAYE SARGENT, Worthing, N.; ANNA JEAN HOLLAND, Dalton, Minn.; FLOR- ENCE STERLING, Brantford, Ontario, HEILMANN, DOROTHY CARNEY, Philadelphia, Pa.;WARREN FRANCHOT, Greenwood, Del.; ANNETTE MANO, Racine, Wis.—Yes, John Real is a married man. He married an Englishwoman. He is a very attractive man with a very own. She is 3 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Joan Crawford with 170. The lad who recently firms "Terri's Stamper Lady" was some other than the company of the young man's. Young Man from "Bugsy" and "King Solomon of Broadway".

I LISE GAY, New York, N. Y.; MISS A. E. M. Masare, Detroit, Mich.; HELEN WEINBERG, Springfield, Ill.; MRS. A. ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; FLOR- ENCE ROGER, Glen Rock, Pa.; MRS. LAURA SCHLOTER, Colorado Springs, Colo.; NELDA CARTWRIGHT, East Liverpool, Ohio; CHARLES ROYER, theatrical staff of Fox, is fast gaining the same reputation for his parts. Born in St. Paul, France, on August 28, he graduated from the Sor- bino where he earned a degree in philosophy. Al-though a relatively new member of the studio, he is already the lead of many of the most prominent actors. He was signed to a contract last month for a series of pictures with his brothers, then arranged Correlli, arranged for him to enter the same university. He finished the course in three years, attended a summer session at the University of Reno and was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and served as an as- sistant to the head of the Romance Language De- partment, specializing in French. After graduation he joined a stock company in Buffalo and later appeared in a number of New York productions. When he was appearing in the Groove Theatre pre- dictation of "Success Story" he was selected to play a role approved by the board of directors.

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RE you a *modern* hostess? If you are, then you have wisely adopted, as I have, the new Hollywood way of entertaining in an easy, informal manner. There was a time, perhaps, when the film colony went in only for impeccable butlers, passing cocktails and trim maids dispensing campés. But nowadays—and this is especially true in summer—a "party" among the film folk consists of a gathering of congenial souls at a barbecue in the garden, a corn roast at the beach, a Sunday supper at the ranch or some such affair where hosts and guests make their appearance in simple sports attire and the food served is as completely innocent of frills.

The Warner Baxters, I had heard, were famous for just such informal get-togethers at their beach home in Malibu. So, with the necessity for giving a party myself to spare me on, I decided to find out what kind of food Warner and his charming wife, Winifred Bryson, think appropriate to such an occasion. I finally cornered Mr. Baxter at a table in the studio commissary where he was just finishing a quick mid-day snack between scenes for "Blue Chips" his latest picture for Fox.

"I see you are lunching on beer and cheese," I remarked brightly as I seated myself opposite the attractive Mr. Baxter and surveyed the luncheon table very much as a general looks over the terrain before a battle. Not that I expected to battle with Warner, but you never know just how difficult this business of extracting food preferences from a movie star is going to be—especially when said star is a man! Imagine if I should say that Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid, the gay Gaucio, likes dainty soufflés and fluffy desserts! Wouldn't you hate that? Wouldn't he! But don't be alarmed, I'm not going to tell you any such thing. No, Warner Baxter's tastes run rather toward substantial, typically masculine dishes and his wife gives orders that he shall always be served the kind of foods he likes.

When entertaining, especially, Mrs. Baxter always plans to have one or two of Warner's favorite dishes for she knows from experience that those foods will make a hit with the male guests. And do the women forget their calories and take a second helping? They do! And you won't be surprised when you hear more about these delectable treats.

But let's get back to Warner: we left him, you remember, busily spreading tasty cheese on crisp crackers, with a bottle of beer at hand—as it should be for such a meal.

"Our parties are not only informal but so are the refreshments we serve," replied (Continued on page 66)
VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watering" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MODERN SCREEN

Information Desk

Information Desk
(Continued from page 8)

...photographers and worked as a fur coat model. A small part in a Greenwich Village production gave her a new start, leading up to prima donna roles in "Somney Days." "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and "Angela." While appearing in the latter she was offered a movie contract but was forced to refuse because of her stage contract. But a later year Ernst Lubitsch signed her for Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Merry Widow." The following year she signed with Paramount contract. Jeannette went on a long concert tour through Europe, and on her return signed with M-G-M and is still under contract there. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red-gold, and her eyes are green. Her real name is Jeannette Markland. She has never been married, but seems to be permanently engaged to Bob Ritchie, her manager. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels, and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Her next picture has not been definitely announced but will be released here, and she will make another film.

EDITH VERDE, Amsterdam, N. Y.—Richard Dubeau played the role of Jackie Shaw in "Dinky." He also appeared in "In Joy of Vanders." He takes dancing, but you must be able to reach him at M-G-M.

DOUG LALLATHIN, N. Y.—June Wengel, Madison, Wis.; Jane Hutchings, Lincoln, Neb.; Zerita Smith, Ponce, Tex.; C. E. Lynn, Wheeling, W. Va.; Irene Hanyak, Baraboo, Pa.; Bernice Mayzie, Pico, Cal.; Kimi Ogawa, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Linda 21, 1 C. Fairport, Ohio; Betty Allen, Alliance, Ohio; Jennie Zayko, Gardner, Mo.; Alice Cantwell, Chico, Calif.; Virginia Beers, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mary Repella, Mahony City, Pa.; Helen Elizabeth Hay, Mary Ellen Malacara, New York, N. Y.—Here, at last, is the "who's what" on Richard Cromwell. Starting from the very beginning, he was born Roy Rainbaugh on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is of Dutch-American descent and has three sisters—Ann, Dorothy and Lilias—and one brother, Hudson. When Richard was eight his father died, and after having attended Los Angeles public high school where he devoted himself to amateur dramatics and art, he won a scholarship to the Art Institute of Chicago. There, he studied art for a year, and immediately signed a contract with M-G-M and went West, where he made many pictures. Meanwhile, he earned his living jerking soda. He eventually opened a studio which was patronized by many of the stars, and through them he heard indirectly that someone was seeking to play the title role in "Tol’able David." He applied for the job on his own merits alone and, what's more, landed it, to his everlasting success. He was immediately signed to a long term contract by Columbia and has remained with them since 1930. Dick is 5-feet 11 inches tall, weighs 152 pounds, has blue-green eyes and blond hair. He has built himself a little house in the Hollywood hills, and lives there with his mother, and has recently married a few years ago. He plays tennis and swims; his favorite pastime is to play tennis and swim, and eat escargot between meals; can scramble eggs that's all; dislikes having his picture taken, never misses a legitimate show; spends his free time writing and painting; and is thoroughly happy as he will remain all the time he has to spend as a movie star. His next picture, on a loan to Paramount, will be "Ain’t We All" with Tom Brown and Sir Guy. Staying in the picture business, you can find him at some studio or other in one of the big movie capitals. You’ll probably see him again before long.
By Regina Cannon

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 52

Reviews

★★ Becky Sharp (Pioneer-RKO)

Not since Douglas Fairbanks made "The Black Pirate" years ago have we seen a feature-length color picture until this one. If for no other reason than that, you won't want to miss "Becky Sharp." The color is almost natural. We say almost advisedly, for it is vivid and very definite as yet, even in its perfectly set stage. However, Robert Edmund Jones, responsible for the picture's beauty, is due a deal of credit. The story is rather a character study, than a plot, revealing the highlights in the varied career of a designing demigod of the "what I want, I take" school. Miriam Hopkins plays the woman convincingly, so convincingly in fact, that it almost seemed she must be experimentally well cast. A bravo for Miss H! First acting honors, however, go to Nigel Bruce in the role of the rather dull-witted cinematic brother of the sweet Frances Dee, a trusting loss who was forever turning the other cheek. While Alan Mowbray gives a polished performance, we should like to have seen a more romantically-looking gentleman supplying the love interest, and why Mr. Momoulion, director, has the cost screaming in a manner that put the spectator in training for a headache, is something that is entirely his secret. However, there is much to recommend "Becky Sharp"—and most of it color!

Preview Postscripts

Looked like a jinx was hanging around this set for awhile. Through one trial after another, the picture was held up for a couple months. Miriam Hopkins was ill and just returned for work when Director Lowell Sherman suddenly died. Rouben Momoulion was called in, but didn't use one foot of film shot by the former director. Momoulion is Armenian by birth. He directed theatrical and operatic plays in that country and in England. Brought to America by Mr. Eastman, he was in great demand for Broadway plays and inevitably closed Hollywood. Directs only the brightest star, however, and at one time was reputed to be Garbo's man of the hour . . . Miriam Hopkins is a favorite on Broadway and the screen. Has a son, Michael, four years old, and an ex-husband, Austin Parker. Continually on the wing between here and New York since she can't make up her mind which place she likes better. Frances Dee's story is too good to be true, but actually is. While out from Chicago visiting friends, she tourned a studio and was prevailed on to sign up before leaving. Married to Joel McCrea, who swore he'd never marry a movie gal. They live on a huge ranch outside Hollywood, and have so far raised one son and several hundred head of cattle . . . Nigel Bruce is considered one of the best of the Britishers when it comes to acting. When it comes to acting up he's the internaitonal type. The fact that Colburns still speak to him is proof that he's pretty swell, for Nigel first saw the light in Ensenada, Calif., moved to England almost immediately, and, native Son notwithstanding, can hardly wait to finish a picture before returning to his adopted shores . . . Alan Mowbray took to the air before the stage and was just as successful. Had the first air-mail pilot license in Canada and his own route for three years. In those days acting was only a hobby . . . Robert Edmund Jones is the real power behind the picture. He has designed all the stage sets, costumes and color schemes. Since his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Jones has been considered the finest stage designer in the country. His only other venture in the movie field was a colored short, "La Cucaracha."

★★★ No More Ladies (M-G-M)

Here's another Crawford glorification of the way of a modern miss in a modern world. And although the dear old censor has regulated Joan's activities, they don't seem to object to Bob Montgomery leading the gayest and giddiest of lives. So it's still good entertainment. This play was a success on Broadway and is handled expertly on the screen with a capable cast which includes Edna May Oliver, Charles Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Vivienne Osborne. Miss Oliver is simply grand as the shock-proof grandma who has two interests in life—her granddaughter and her highballs. She manages both with great astuteness. Charles Ruggles can have himself a better time while under the influence of Deman Rum than anyone we've yet seen and as the family pest he provides some grand comedy. Franchot Tone has very little to do at all, but he does it with a charming soavity and a more than charming smile. La Crawford swishes about in an array of glad rags that you won't want to miss and a new haircut that you nearly want to copy. Her acting is notable for its restraint. However, Bob Montgomery walks off with the picture. He has his best chance at sophisticated comedy in a long time and makes the most of it.

Preview Postscripts

Joan Crawford is the fan's idea of a "modern" woman. Though that famous flair for clothes she's credited with is really due to Designer Adrian, Miss C. deserves a few laurels for being able to take it. Famed as a glamour gal, Joan is noted around Hollywood for her good sense, pluck and generosity. Divorced from Don Juan Fairbanks,
TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

(Below) You've heard about "Becky Sharp"—Mowbray, Dee and Hopkins. (Bottom) Fred MacMurray, David Holt and Madge Evans in "Men Without Names," another G-man film.

(Below) The much-censored "Nell Gwyn"—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle. (Bottom) Mary Ellis' and Tullio Carminati's singing in "Paris in Spring" will delight you.

Jr. Miss Crawford seems to find Franchot Tone sentimentally satisfactory. That immense ring weighing down her ring finger is not paste, but a star sapphire belonging originally to Franchot. . . . Mr. Tone, not so long ago, was seen ambling across the Cornell campus, bedecked in mortar board and flowing robes. Having accomplished that, he gave the Little Theatres the benefit of his talents and was soon traveling Hollywoodward. . . . Robert Montgomery reveals in portraying young men who are as modern as tomorrow. Sometimes he does it pretty well, too. Admits that he was a very precocious child and we guess he's right, for his friends say that Bob is even "amusinger" off than on the screen. . . . Edna May Oliver, though she delights in her Early American home crammed with antiques, is never seen in anything but the last gasp in modern apparel—lurid pajamas, briefest of bathing suits and modish gowns. Miss Oliver has been a familiar figure on the stage for years and is as popular on Broadway as in the films. . . . E. H. Griffith, credited with directing the picture, actually only completed half of it before coming down with pneumonia. Probably just got homesick, though, for his ship-shape house is his favorite hobby. Looks like an ordinary house from the outside, but many a guest has become acutely seasick on stepping inside. Every room is built like a ship's cabin, while a huge mast runs right through the center of the house. . . . Charles Ruggles has been in pictures so long that he's last count of the years. Still likes 'em, too. But his favorite occupation is raising dogs at the Sea Are Kennels here in Hollywood.

★★★ The Arizonian
(RKO)

Well, whether you laugh with it or at it, this picture is gonna provide you with some good, clean fun! Mr. Dix is the hero—and watta hero! Fastens the villain with a gimlet gaze and fairly hypnotizes him into submission! Of course, there are moments—many of 'em—when his trusty rifle does the trick, and on one occasion, when the smoke screen erected by gun fire is raised, Rich is found surrounded by his enemies—all of them dead. The boys have a treat in store in this one, even though it is a bit hard to take, viewed through adult eyes. Margot Grahame plays the cabaret singer with a British accent you could cut with a knife. The story's locale, remember, is strictly nineteenth century Western. Some fun, eh? But who is to quibble over a bit of miscasting when the outlaws are always upon us? Preston Foster, as usual, gives a nice account of himself, as do Louis Calhern and James Busch. Yep, if you like action, here it is—with a little self-sacrifice and a lot of love interest thrown in for good measure.

(Continued on page 60)
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment for the whole family!

Shirley Temple in 'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!

"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch pneumonia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."
YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time... when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways... this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heartwarming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march... when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper... while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!
The stars turned out en masse for Marion Davies' benefit at the Riviera Country Club. Here is Ruby Keeler with her mother.

**Intimate glimpses of**

The Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, famous for her entertaining proclivities, has departed for Europe. The Countess, you know, if you are up on things socially and cinematically (and even if you're not!) has what it takes to put on a party—namely, shekels and wit. And puh-leave of the latter! She it was, so legend hath it, who sent Gary Cooper that bright telegram some years back which so intrigued him that he looked up the lady in her Eye-alian villa one sunny afternoon and remained as the house guest of her and the Count for six weeks. That, you'll admit, comes under the head of being one of the most remarkable blind dates on record! However, now they don't even speak! Anna-hoo, while the Countess is doing the Riviera, Marlene Dietrich, having rented her Hollywood hacienda, is holding high the entertainment torch. Yep, the Dietrich is doing things in a big way socially since Von Sternberg is no longer her director. More power to her and it's about time, see we?

The hard-hearted landlord who owns the apartment building in which Mae West resides has decided to be rough on dawgs—and rough on the tenants who own 'em. Yep, either you get rid of your bound or he gets rid of you. Ida Lupino, June Clayworth and several other beauties have obeyed the No Canine rule, but Mae will neither park her pups nor leave home. She's superstitious, is our Miss W., and has been so lucky since living in her present abode that she doesn't want to move. Besides, she's had the whole bloomin' apartment redecorated at her own expense in full-length mirrors and white satin. Some show case in which to set off Diamond Mae!

It could only happen in Hollywood! Though the town is noted for its strange romances, the latest sample of love-in-bloom is the payoff. The principals involved—and we mean involved—are the languorous Estelle Taylor and flippan Lee Tracy! Yep, we haven't seen Estelle billing and cooing so earnestly since the Jack Dempsey days, and while Lee's just looked lovestruck these many moons around Isabel Jewell, he now looks practically seasick.

As dawn broke over Columbia the other 4 a.m., a young man staggered out of the studio en route to his car. He had a glazed...
Snapped at "Becky Sharp" preview—Connie Cummings with husband, Ben Levy.

Marlene’s been stepping out lately. At "Becky Sharp" with Count Carpegaia.

Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy, Hollywood’s newest romantic twosome.

the stars—what they’re doing out Hollywood way

but glad look in both eyes, having just that minute completed a script on which he’d been feverishly scribbling since the day before. About noon the y. m. showed up at his office for more work. Mr. Harry Cohan spotted him entering. "Whassa matter?" he bellowed. "Whassa idea? Whassa meaning of coming to work at this hour?"

“Well, you see, Mr. Cohan," began our hero, "I worked here till four this morning so—"

The blood rose in Mr. Cohan’s face. “See here, young man," he spluttered, "doncha try changing the subject on me!”

If Garbo’s a good girl and eats her liver, the studio is gonna extend her vacation a week and perhaps George Brent will send her another postal, all of which will please the Swedish lady no end. You see, she is still said to be carrying the torch for Georgie who, like all males, occasionally falls in small attentions. For instance, one of the chief topics of conversation still around these parts is how Mr. Brent went airplanning the afternoon Greta invited him to play tennis. Well, maybe it’s lack of interest and then again, maybe it’s just technique!

By Regina Cannon

Everyone says that some day Claudette Colbert is going to marry her physician-beau and everyone says that some day Norman Foster will wed Sally Blanc and that, at last, Cesar Romero has found true love in the companionship of Betty Furness, and that Wendy Barrie now admits her “engagements” are strongly on the publicity side. But everyone said that Norma Shearer’s new baby was going to be a boy—and everyone was wrong, so how can one be sure about what everyone says? Don’t bother to answer.

Carole Lombard not only threw a party the other eve, but threw her guests around, too. The plot of the party evidently sprung from the Lombardian funny-bone rather’n her brain, for she rented the whole fun-house at the Venice Pier for the shindig! Of course, all the guests had to submit to the entertainment or be considered softies, and you should’ve seen the screen’s glamorous gals and handsome beaus turned upside down, blown to bits and swirled in dizzying swoops on the various contraptions! But did they take it? You couldn’t have kept Marlene Dietrich, Dick Barthelmess, Connie Bennett, Clark Gable or any of ’em away from their hair-raising fun. Several sprains, bruises and headaches were noted as the festivities progressed, but nothing daunted, they carried on. BUT the next day! Practically every actor and actress in Hollywood was reported ill at ease if not actually sick abed.

Even though Patricia Ellis has now taken an apartment of her own with her childhood nurse serving as chaperone and mentor, she is still a big baby and “taking it” from her friends. Seems that one night recently, Paula Stone invited Pat to “stay over.” After settling the affairs of the industry, the two gals hopped into bed and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. Much later, Paula was awakened by a loud, resounding thud and discovered her erstwhile bed-fellow in a heap on the floor. “Well,” remarked Pat’s unsympathetic hostess, “you can come in again, but the horse’ll have to go!” And Miss Ellis has been dieting so strictly of late, too!

Seems like Will Rogers is Fox’s “problem child.” Mr. R. simply won’t stick around on the set between shots. He’s either off somewhere having a sandwich or writing his newspaper column or swapping stories with an electrician. Sometimes the director is ready to go “cuh-razy,” but Will-to-you is a star and, even though he doesn’t have to be handled with kid gloves, one can’t exactly ask him to “stay put.”

Fay Wray tells about the expert technical advisor on one of the pictures she made in England. He was allegedly well versed in all American customs, so when one scene called for a hot water bottle his objections were strenuous. American audiences, he said indignantly, wouldn’t know what a hot water bottle was! Fay was intrigued and later inquired just how long he’d lived in America and where. The expert hesitated. “We-e-ell, y’see, all my time in America was spent in travelling. Ah, that is, travelling between New York and—and, er, M-G-M.” Guess that explains everything.
Colleen Moore gives a fairy book story of her famous doll house to Fred Bartholomew at its exhibition in Los Angeles.

Seems Edmund Lowe has such fatal fascination for the fairer sex that they’re afraid to be with him even in a picture! At fashionable late spots several famous feminine stars have gracefully but firmly bowed out of the privilege of posing with him for the camera sleuths.

'Member the blustering politician who made such a fuss about granting an interview, then cautioned the reporter to spell his three names correctly? Well, 'twould seem some film stars work like that. Joan Bennett for one. She’s always acted like a distracted mother hen if photographers approached her while she had either of her daughters in tow. Joan even taught the offspring the fancy art of ducking whenever a camera popped up. But recently a picture appeared in the newspapers showing the younger child and Joan. Later, Joan met the photographer who scooped the picture. She looked pal-fleeting wrathily. "Lissen," said she, furiously, "if you want to keep your job, you'd better learn to spell Melissa’s name correctly!"

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess has her troubles too. photographically speaking. Whenever the cameramen show up at parties and request her husband to pose with other guests, Mrs. Dick keeps them at bay till she’s snatched cushions from various chairs and planted her husband on them. Three sizable cushions is her usual quota for making Dick look tall enough.

Mrs. Temple is as clever a business woman as she is a child-bringer-upper, evidently, as noted recently. One of the fan writers had thought up an excellent angle for a Shirley Temple story and approached Mrs. T. with the idea, showing her the advantages to Shirley from such favorable publicity. Mrs. T. understood all that, however, and the only thing she was concerned about, 'tis said, was whether the writer understood that from now on every writer who uses her little girl for a subject, must fork over 10% of the resulting pay-check! Curly Top must be savin’ for that collitch education!

Perhaps you’ll be treated to the Oaktie charms for the next Tarzan picture? Seems that Jack has it on his mind that he either is Tarzan or should be. The other noontime, Jack wandered into the Paramount lunch room attired in a wildly designed woolen bathrobe. In a mood which matched his robe, he suddenly let out a war-whoop, and made a flying swing at the overhead chandeliers yelling. "Yippee! I’m Tarzan!" There was a mad rush for the door from several feminine lunchers—for Mr. Oaktie had on only the bathrobe.

Richard Dix is going into the "Ole Pappy" business in a big way. It seems that Rich and his pretty wife had a hunch that Doc Stork would deal 'em out a little girl, and instead the Old Bird got generous and presented them with twin sons. You’ve doubtless heard that by now, but did you know that the day after the boys' arrival Mr. Dix was (Continued on page 54)
Norma returns

Temporary absence from the screen to have little Katherine has only made Norma Shearer more beautiful and glamorous. Now she is back at M-G-M making "Romeo and Juliet" and her fans await eagerly her return as the tragic Shakespearean heroine.
Tip-Top...

Ginger Rogers having rested her tapping toes with a brief dash into the comedy-drama of "Star of Midnight" is back deftly following Fred Astaire's intricate pace and Irving Berlin's snappy music in "Top Hat." And it's top stuff!
Myrna Loy's hasty exit from the cast of "Escapade" was more than a lucky break for this charming Viennese, above. Luise Rainer is a bright new personality of rare beauty—don't miss her début.
Although Marion Davies has had her make-up kit parked with the Brothers Warner for some time, "Page Miss Glory" marks her début under their regime. And did you ever see a more perennial charmer than Marion? All her sparkle and talent will be abetted in this gay opus by the singing Mr. Powell.
Remember Vilma Banky in the silent version of "The Dark Angel"? Now it's exciting Merle Oberon who plays it with Herbert Marshall and Fred March.
It's quite some leap from being a grim member of “G-Men” to cavorting about as “Bottom” in Shakespeare's “A Midsummer Night's Dream” — but James Cagney takes it all in his stride and will uphold Erin next in “The Irish in Us.”

And glad we are to see you back on the screen which has missed you these many years, Buddy Rogers. All your old fans and a host of new ones wait eagerly for “Old Man Rhythm.” How about you and Mary Pickford... Huh?
If you think Bing Crosby is worrying about such trivial matters as a little extra girth, you're silly! With a nice Paramount contract tucked in his pocket and "Two for Tonight" scheduled, he occupies himself jovially with fishing tackle!

Old ladies and young are prone to murmur, "That nice Joel McCrea!" And that's what he gets for looking so darn wholesome. Anyway, Joel manages to live it all down with swell performances. His next is "Manhattan Madness."
Disagree

Mrs. Temple says

JOEL McCREA was used to playing leading man opposite famous lady stars. In fact, Joel has been leading man to so many of Hollywood's most famous he thought none could surprise him.

Then he was cast in "Our Little Girl" with Shirley Temple!

Now, all leading men learn that certain "something" necessary to please the great stars with whom they emote. They learn those little tricks. In a long shot, the feminine star must stand nearest the camera if the man does not rate equal billing. In close-ups she must have that little edge in the lighting. On the set there is that hint of deference, that is perhaps slight, but nevertheless carries through the definite class distinction.

Hollywood is something like the army, you know. The extras on the set are the privates; the bit players the second lieutenants; the average members of the cast are first lieutenants and the leading man to a star is a major. But the star is the general.

And if you don't quite understand, I wish you could drop onto a set where Franchot Tone is playing in a picture with Joan Crawford. Off the set, Franchot may be the lead. Joan may listen to his every word as though it were a pearl of real wisdom, since it

By Ruth Biery

If Shirley knows she is famous, no one else questions and that is one mark of her true genius. Below, a cross-section of the merriest tapping toes in Hollywood. This is a pedal preview of "Curly Top!" You can call it the "Curly Tap" and learn it just by following the pictured positions.
drops from lips trained by college professors. They may even be married, as so many suspect, and be may be her true lord and master at home. But on the set Franchot Tone is playing opposite Joan Crawford and no one ever forgets it, least of all Franchot Tone or Joan Crawford. It is just Hollywood's oldest custom—as is the distinction in the army.

I've gone to some lengths to make this situation impressive because it is impressive. And it explains the amazement of Joel McCrea after his first few days playing opposite Shirley Temple. Joel told a friend, "Well, there's certainly one place where Shirley Temple is not a big shot. On the set. She's a star, but nobody would ever know it. Least of all, Shirley Temple."

The friend said, "Joel was dumbfounded. He couldn't get over it. He kept talking about it. To play opposite a feminine star who was not a big shot—well, it couldn't be, yet it was!"

AND IT IS! The little girl who gets more fan mail today than any man or woman in Hollywood; the diminutive blonde who holds a world laced between her chubby fingers—is the one Hollywood star who feels no social distinctions.

She must know. She can't help it. Shirley is too bright, too quick to grasp the portent of what is happening around her not to understand her own importance. And yet she is the one little woman who never, never makes anyone else feel it.

A great deal of credit has been given Mrs. Temple. It should be. Much has been attributed to Producer Winfield R. Sheehan, who's order is a law: Do not spoil Shirley Temple. Likewise, it should be. But I believe too little credit has been awarded Shirley Temple!

After all, it's Shirley Temple who makes you feel her personality—makes you aware or unaware she is the most popular young lady in the world of today. Although every precaution was always taken by mother, grandmother, producers and directors to keep Jackie Cooper natural—and although Jackie, himself, has always done his best, I can assure you that no one working on a Cooper picture ever forgets Jackie is a star.

"Shirley is not a genius." Mrs. Temple has said again and again.

And I am going to have the temerity to disagree with the mother of Shirley Temple. For I truly believe the tot has the rarest genius of all—the inborn knack of knowing how to please other people.

Not so long ago, Shirley Temple (on the set of "Curly Top") wanted coca cola. Her mother told her she might have some, but she could drink only down to a certain letter on the bottle. When she had gurgled through the straw (Shirley loves straws) to that letter, she looked at her mother and then placed the bottle carefully on the set, ready for the time she would be thirsty again.

Now, this was explained to me carefully as a crowning example of Mrs. Temple's discipline. "She lets Shirley have just so much 'rope' and if she steps over the line a fraction of an inch Mrs. Temple pulls in the 'rope,' figuratively speaking, and Shirley understands that her mother disapproves of whatever it is she has done!"

ALL TRUE! But if you had seen Shirley's look—well, it was the look rarest to humans, the look of one who wants always to please rather than to be pleased! Shirley is too lively, too courageous, too full of real animal spirits to be just disciplined. If it were discipline, alone, she would frequently kick over the traces. She would go just a tenth of an inch over that line, like the majority of six-year-olds. There would be that natural spirit of daring. Shirley can dare just as well as any youngster, but where she differs is that she cannot dare if her intuition warns her that to dare is not to please another person.

You have read, of course, of how she makes paper baskets, colors pictures from magazines, weaves paper mats, etc., on the set between scenes. You know she adores it. But do you know why she adores it?

The moment she finishes one of her little works of art she runs and presents it to her leading man, her mother, her stand-in, a prop boy, her director, an extra! Her work is always neat, done with almost prim, childish precision. And anyone can tell you there is nothing prim about Shirley Temple. But a gift that is to please someone else must be neat. Perfect as she can make it. It cannot be hastily daubed. If Shirley were doing these little bits of handicraft because she liked it, wouldn't she be a bit careless? If she were just "working" as she calls it, wouldn't she rush, now and then?

I presume Shirley adores (Continued on page 83)
Feet apart, raise arms above head, bend right arm.

In her first article Sylvia gives you a hip reducing exercise, a diet and makes a swell offer

By Madame Sylvia

You'll be wearing your dresses two sizes smaller, if you do Sylvia's illustrated hip exercise daily for one month. Above, Sylvia and her feline companions, Finka and Kala.

I'm sure there are hundreds of you who have never heard of me, but, babies, we're going to get acquainted fast. Just wait until I start telling you how to slice off your hips, add weight to your thighs, get rid of that spare tire around your middle. In short, remodel your figure and face any way you choose. You're going to be healthy! You're going to be slim! You're going to be beautiful! Every one of you. How's that for you?

However, hundreds of letters that have poured in tell me that there are many of you who do know me already — people who have read my articles in other magazines, those who have heard me on the radio, and who have read stories about the work I did with the stars of Hollywood. To you I say, now that I'm with Modern Screen, just watch my smoke! I'm going to give you something new and different, tell you things I've never told before and give you a brand new stunt to try.

So-o-o, to the readers of Modern Screen, greetings! That sounds like a Christmas card or the beginning of a lecture, doesn't it? Okay, we'll let it stand because I'm here to give you not only a Christmas present, but an all-year-'round present. And along with the gift you'll get a lecture such as you've never had before.

It's all yours. Can you take it? I've remodeled the figures and faces of hundreds of motion picture stars. What I did for them can be done for you. But I warn you that you're going to work just as they worked. There
Keep pulling and bending slowly. Feel those muscles stretch?  

Bend until left hand reaches the floor. Now do the right side.  

Do this hip exercise 15 minutes a day for one month.

will be no ifs, ands or buts—they're out! You will snap out of your lazy, sluggish ways, use your common sense and follow my instructions exactly.

I WON'T hand you a lot of soft soap. I won't flatter you and call you "milady," as a lot of beauty writers do. That isn't my way. For years I gave it to the stars, straight from the shoulder. I was honest, frank, sincere. I got results. They took it from me because they had to, because beauty was their stock in trade. Well, let me tell you something. Your biggest seller, no matter what job you do, is your face and your figure. When you have a lovely, slim figure, when your skin is smooth and clear, when your eyes radiate vitality and pep, the world is yours!

You don't need classic features. If classic features were the only requirement, plenty of our biggest movie stars would be pounding the pavements. But what you do need and what any woman from eight to eighty can have is slenderness, energy and health.

Are you ready, girls? Will you string along with Sylvia? Will you let me bawl you out and take you down and build you up? You will? That's swell. Because this I know: if you've got the courage and the will power and the stick-to-it-ive-ness, you can be anything you want to be, have any boy friend you like, get the jobs that suit you! Beauty and success are within the grasp of every woman.

And now I want to tell you about the present I'm going to give you. As you know, I treated Jean Harlow. The girl who came to me several years ago and the girl you see on the screen today are almost two different people. What I did for Jean any girl can do for herself. I'm going to show you the way, so that's why last month the editor of this magazine asked every girl who thinks she looks anything like Harlow to send me her picture.

You don't need platinum hair, either. Jean didn't always have it. We can change your hair, make it red or blue or green, if you like. No, your hair can be black or brown or dark blond so long as your face or your figure bears some resemblance to Harlow, the movie star, or Harlow, the little girl who first came to Hollywood.

But Jean isn't the only one who has changed completely in the last few years. Look at Joan Crawford. Study her face and figure carefully. Would you like to be as she is today? Very well, then, all you girls who think you look like Crawford send in your pictures. When all the pictures are in I'm going to select the girl who is basically the most like Joan Crawford. To the one that wins I'll send a long personal letter, telling her how to keep the beauty God gave her and how to remodel what needs remodeling.

AND I'M going to do more. I'm going to print that girl's picture in this magazine. Having your very own picture in MODERN SCREEN is a thrill, isn't it? And who knows to what it might lead? Girls have been selected by their photographs alone for Hollywood stardom many times. Norma Shearer posed for commercial photographers, as did many others. Having your photograph in MODERN SCREEN might be the open door to success, because lots of times when stars get temperamental the executives sign up girls who resemble them in some sort of whims. Anyhow, we'll see. So all you girls who bear a resemblance to Crawford send me your pictures. The more I receive the better I'll like it. I'll announce the winner in a couple of months.

And now to show you that my heart's in the right place I'm going to lead off this series with a brand new exercise for reducing the hips, an exercise I've never printed before. Also I'm going to give you a grand diet. No, I don't like the word "diet." When you say that everyone immediately thinks of starvation—poor women with hollow cheeks, drawn faces and haggard expressions. I'd rather call what I give you "sensible eating." For in my routine you get enough chemicals to satisfy the system, to give you clear, pure, rich blood and strong nerves that will pull your muscles in place.

Summer is about over. You're anxious to look fine in your evening clothes for the winter dances, but you've put on weight. On the beach you've taken improper exercises that make muscles instead of tearing them down. You've done hand-stands and thrown beach balls and have done a lot of swimming. And that has made you hungry, so you have gobbled a lot of hot dogs and have drunk a lot of soda pop. Oh, boy, what that sort of food will do! Do I need to tell you or can you look in the mirror and see for yourself? You're especially big around the hips, aren't you? (Continued on page 77)
IF You

Places to go, prices,

By Caroline Somers Hoyt
Riveron, Cartoonist

REALIZING everyone would like to visit Hollywood, Modern Screen wants you to know exactly what you should see in Hollywood and what it will cost you to stay there one week, one month or one year. This is a tourist's guide of exact information.

Three railroads, two transcontinental airlines and a large number of bus lines serve Los Angeles. This writer's family has just travelled from coast to coast by auto. The gasoline and oil for a six-cylinder, medium-weight car cost $57.77. Tourist camp accommodations ranged from $1.25 to $2.50 for three people, inclusive. There was no town or city on the Lincoln Highway where one could not secure an excellent meal for fifty cents. In many smaller towns, hotel accommodations were less expensive and better than tourist camps. The trip from New York to Hollywood takes from nine to fourteen days, depending upon weather conditions. Total cost of trip for three adults and one large dog: $152.24.

If you travel by rail, do not expect to see Hollywood celebrities en route.

Above, the casting office at Fox Movietone City, a port of call for all ambitious youngsters. Below, the Roosevelt Hotel where you may spot your favorite dining in the Blossom Room some night.

Above is a typical scene—it might be you, arriving by car for your first glimpse at the stars!
Ever Visit Hollywood

and how to see stars at work and play

unless you pay $10 for the privilege of riding on "The Chief." Although there are many luxury trains to the coast, this is the only "extra fare" one and is designed principally for Hollywood studio travel. The stars do not patronize it because it costs more but because they are more protected. When Olive Borden was one of the most popular and highest-paid actresses, I travelled across the country on a non-extra fare train with her. Although Olive liked the crowds at the station, the friendly passengers who knocked continually on the drawing-room door, the host of reporters who swarmed on at the cities, we were both so exhausted when the trip was over we scarcely could be courteous to the friends who met us.

Most Hollywood celebrities enjoy attention. It is the final proof of fame, their goal from the beginning. But they have just so much strength and can only protect it by privacy when they travel so you will not meet them on buses or every-day trains.

Now, aeroplanes are different. If you board a swift, transcontinental plane you are likely to run into some "big shot" from Hollywood. Constance Bennett flies across several times yearly, usually accompanied by Rex Cole, her business manager, for company. Somehow, there's a feeling of comfort, when you are 10,000 feet in the air to have someone you know up there with you, Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper, Katharine Hepburn, Wally Beery, Margaret Sullivan, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, George Brent usually fly. The accident which killed Senator Cutting, injured director Richard Wallace and...

Hollywood is the housekeeper's delight with vegetables, fruit and eggs to be bought unbelievably cheap from vendors. When Olive Borden was one of the most popular and highest-paid actresses, I travelled across the country on a non-extra fare train with her. Although Olive liked the crowds at the station, the friendly passengers who knocked continually on the drawing-room door, the host of reporters who swarmed on at the cities, we were both so exhausted when the trip was over we scarcely could be courteous to the friends who met us.

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You can take a "rubberneck" trip around Hollywood but beware of phoney ones which exist.

others of the Paramount company, happened on the day before Myrna Loy was to wing eastward. Friends urged her to change to the train but Myrna only laughed and climbed the plane. You'll find that most Hollywoodites are fastidians. They depend instinctively upon the lucky or unlucky break. Myrna waited nearly ten years for a "Thin Man" to make her a star. It would come or it wouldn't! She would be killed or she wouldn't!

BUT IF you expect to meet Myrna Loy on a plane, you'll have to be an extra-clever detective to make certain ahead of time because the aeroplane companies won't tell. Their passenger list is a deep secret until the takeoff. Then the publicity breaks and a star, traveling via air, gets twice as much publicity space in the newspapers as one spending four days on a train being courteous to fellow passengers, autograph seekers and reporters.

Whether you reach Los Angeles by train, bus or plane, you land at

The above street signs of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street mark the center of Hollywood activities.

least eight miles from Hollywood. The plane sends you to your destination by bus but you must provide your own transportation otherwise. Taxis are expensive. You should allow at least $5 round trip (including tips). You may have your luggage sent by truck for approximately $1 (one way) and take the red-car (ten cents) which runs directly down Hollywood Boulevard.

Hotel accommodations vary, naturally, according to luxury and location. The Roosevelt hotel, in the center of Hollywood, has some rooms that are living quarters by day and bedrooms by night. All with private baths. Cost: approximately $6 daily (double). Other hotels do or edge the boulevard (The Christie, the Plaza etc.) where accommodations may be secured from $3 to $5. If you come in your own car, parking by the night is fifty cents but special rates may be secured in fire-proof garages for as low as $6 monthly or for $4-$5 in private, wooden garages.

Small, little-advertised but comfortable hotels may be found on side streets, running from the boulevard, for $2 nightly or $50 monthly. Although the "swank" is missing, the rooms are clean, comfortable and have private baths. To find them, take the Los Angeles telephone book, look under hotels in the classified advertising section and ask any drug store attendant to help you place the localities. You will find the average clerk in Hollywood extremely courteous as long as he may put in his plug for the "usual weather." Here is a tip: Never discourage a Californian (Continued on page 89)
His marriage to Dolores made a different man of Jack Barrymore—but this was not to last.

SHE was the most beautiful bride I have ever seen. Her face was as delicate as the lillies-of-the-valley clasped to her shoulder by a diamond pin. Her personality was as dainty as the spider-web lace draped over her bisque slip. Her eyes were great moonbeams shining with faith from their heaven.

When she had been pronounced the wife of John Barrymore, I slipped away to see her father, Maurice Costello, who had not been invited to the wedding. He was ill in bed. He clutched the worn coverlet in one hand and the battered bedside with the other. There were tears in his eyes, on his cheeks, in the whiskers of an unshaven chin while he talked.

"I did all I could to stop that marriage. God knows, I lost my home, job, the affection of my children in trying to stop it. Why, John Barrymore is of my generation—not Dolores!"

He did not paint a pretty picture. I did not write one word of it—then. Who could tell that radiant young girl, who had just taken the most sacred vow of life, her father's grim story?

Today, it seems as though Maurice Costello may have

(Left, below) Beautiful Dolores whose dad predicted tragedy for his "baby" if she wed John, twice her age.
The Barrimore-Castello marriage has hit the rocks... a
girl's dreams are shattered...

By Ruth Biery

been a prophet. This is the story he told me.
"I was not in Hollywood when my family first came. They had been here nine months when I arrived. Dolores was already playing in 'The Sea Beast' with John Barrymore. I objected to his association with Dolores as I would have expected a father to object to my association with a very young girl under the same circumstances.

"Funny, my divorce was granted on Dolores' birth-
day, September 17. Everyone says I'm going to sue John Barrymore for alienation of my children's affec-
tions. My lawyer helped me write them a letter which should answer that. It ended, 'I have given my forgiveness and blessing for a long and happy wedlock. Lovingly, Dad.'

"I am something like John Barrymore myself and that is the reason I do not want him for the husband of my baby. Barrymore's contract is typical of the man. No one has anything to say except Barrymore. He has the final word on everything: cameramen, extra girls, electricians. He always will. God help Dolores!

"Barrymore was standing one day on a balcony argu-
ing with one of the Warner brothers. Dolores chanced to walk out. Barrymore said, 'Who's that girl?'

"'Dolores Costello,'

"'All right, I'll have her as my leading lady in "The Sea Beast."

"That ended that and this began. One morning I came down to breakfast, not long after my arrival. I can remember that conversation word for word. Like to hear it? All right. Dolores, Helene and her mother were there.

"I began, 'I am going to step out of my character for a moment.'

"'What character?'

"'The character of minding my own business. John Barrymore is no man for Dolores. In the first place, he's old enough to be her father. In the second place, he's a married man. (Michael Strange had not yet divorced him.) In the third place, he's a gigantic mass of contradictions. He comes just too close to being a really great man.'

"My wife answered, 'Why, John Barrymore's made Dolores a star.'

(Continued on page 78)
STREAMLINE — stardom—airflow lines—advance model—that is Rosalind Russell! "She’s going places," that’s what they say of her— the critics, fans and studios—here in Hollywood and elsewhere.


Her next role will be opposite Bill Powell in a Loyish part. "Ha," they say—the types who always insist that Little Willie is the spittin’ image of Great-Aunt Belinda —"ha, she’s like Myrna!" But she isn’t. Nothing mys- terious or enigmatic about "Roz." Her brain does a per- petual somersault, her tongue a sprightly marathon. She’s not like anybody yet jelled in gelatin. She has no pre- cedors. She’s bound to have "descendants." She doesn’t copy. She will be copied. We may be in for a Russell rash. She is an original, others will be carbonos. She’s set a new style in stars—advance model—this girl.

'Ware there, all the old established stars, the new model is out!

BACKGROUND? Uh-uh, no contest winner, no for- eign importation, no dark lady willing to give all for her art. None of the old legends. But this:

A rambling, jolly family home in Waterbury, Con- necticut. A spacious Park Avenue apartment for the winter seasons. Seven children in the warm and gracious family circle. A mother and father so profoundly in love that they blushed when they looked at each other, after twenty-five years of married life. Real marriage. A home where love lived—that was Rosalind’s back- ground.

Memories of that delightful, dear home when the seven were children together—riding, all seven of them, each on his or her own horse. "We looked," said Rosalind, "like the Connecticut Cavalry in action."

Mother and Dad going off on their annual six months’ trip together—round the world, to Europe, to South America, always honeymooning. The sudden decision to go; it was always sudden. Then the children dragging down luggage, helping to pack, the lusty Irish woman who could be "trusted" and who stood guard while Mother and Dad were away. Mother’s birthdays and the family ritual—the seven children summoned to Dad’s office, asked, each in turn, what he or she had planned for Mother’s gifts. Small Rosalind’s turn: "I thought a black suède bag." Dad’s quick nod, "That’s good—how much will it cost?" Rosalind blandly, "Twenty-five dollars."

Of course, she told me, it wouldn’t cost that much and she knew it; ten at most. She said, "We were demons." Then the seven going shopping and returning to Dad’s office while he inspected each (Continued on page 66)
AVE you ever stopped to think how the least decision we make can change our entire life? How a chance word or a chance act can turn an unhappy pattern into a happy pattern. Or vice versa. The threads upon which our destinies hang are so very slender.

Take, by way of striking example, the case of Walter Huston. But for a chance activity in a school dramatic club he would be an engineer today, not an actor.

I saw him when he was in New York recently, en route for England, where he will play the title role in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for Gaumont-British. The hotel suite in which we talked, over Scotch and soda, might have been a stage setting for a sophisticated man about town or a more typical matinée idol. Beyond the windows, hung with stiff gold taffeta, the towers of Manhattan formed a severe, geometrical pattern against the spring dusk. The walls were black, gold striped. The ceiling gold. The carpet black. And there were red and gold parchment lamps of a formal Empire design to light the scene.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. His gray eyes have the narrowed look which comes from long stretches in the sun. In his slightly weather-beaten neck there are deep wrinkles. When he laughs deep lines radiate from his eyes. There are patches of iron gray in his hair. And if you notice his clothes at all it is because of their excellent tailoring. He looks so much more like the engineer he started out to be than like an actor.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. But he enjoyed being in such a room.

Because he is an actor. And as an actor has learned to enjoy life and all the luxury and beauty and charm it has to offer. And as an actor hasn't been obliged to spend his life adjusting himself to practical, routine demands, and to pay for his success—as too many business men do—by his very joy of living. Also acquiring in the bargain a holy horror of anything not one hundred per cent conservative.

All of which he knows himself. For he's intelligent and analytical enough to realize that he has come to a much fuller, richer life than he ever would have known had he continued in the engineering world. Or in almost any other world.

"I'm damn grateful for that school dramatic club," he says, "because it whetted my appetite for the theatre to such a degree that I couldn't stay away from it."

He talks very quietly. He isn't even slightly the exhibitionist who loves the sound of his own voice.

"Acting," he went on, leaning back in the small black satin sofa which stood in the embrasure of a window, "you touch the highspots of living. For instance, I go to Washington and I'm invited to meet the President. I play a submarine commander in a certain film and for weeks I'm working with high naval officials and learning a tremendous amount about the sea, about submarines. I come to New York now, on my way to England, and Mr. John Hays Hammond invites me to spend an evening with him and we talk of Rhodes and of Africa until I leave steeped in all that adventure and romance. In England I'm to make a presentation of some kind to the King."

"One interest leads to another. Constantly. Life is stimulating and colorful. (Continued on page 82)

Walter Huston could have long-term contracts galore, but he prefers to do a movie or a play, as he desires.

From the stage play "Dodsworth" with wife, Nan Sunderland. And now he's in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for G-B.
Gary Cooper isn't the shy, timid soul he used to be. The change which has come over him was first apparent in his animated characterization in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." As a result of his excellent work, Paramount cast him opposite Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson." He will be Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "The Pearl Necklace."
Hollywood has a new Gary Cooper! He is not, of course, a completely new human being but an adult who is the outgrowth of the bashful, gawky, restless recruit who stumbled accidentally among us ten years ago. Ten years is a long time but it has taken a long time for the boy-Gary to become the man-Cooper.

Men are usually slow in slipping from tempestuous adolescence to the more intriguing maturity. Some never make the transition. Many of us feared Gary was fated to the perennial youth which has helped to wreck the personal happiness and professional career of many an actor. And I believe there was this very real danger until that invisible Something which controls our destinies wielded three influences marking a terrific change in Gary, reshaping his life into a new pattern.

Marriage! "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer!" A series of fan-magazine stories!

Since all three came in a single year, it is impossible to segregate their influences. We must look at them together, as they were handed to him.

Gary dislikes to have anyone write about him in his relation to women. In the old days, he hesitated to talk about them because he did not know what to say. He did not understand them and was afraid of sounding dumb. Today, he refuses because he believes his private life is nobody else's business. A proof in itself that he has graduated from fearful boyishness to firm adultism.

But Gary understands, today, also that all men either grow up or remain like "little boys" largely because of their experiences with women. To the boy, women are mysterious, ethereal creatures never quite understood.

They are on that "other side" of an invisible wall which they continually try to climb. Until they do, they are boys. If they never manage to scale the top, they are still boys.

Naturally, woman is clever. She does not want man to make that jump—to come to really know, completely understand her. For when he does, woman loses her most adroit weapon in bending man to her will and her whims. She loses that czarina domination!

Gary began wondering about women in Montana. They were even more wondrous, more mysterious to him than they are to most boys because Gary was raised on the plains where his only companions were tough, hard-drinking, story-spinning cowboys, scurrying chipmunks, wise-eyed owls, threatening coyotes, and his Victorian, idealistic mother and father. No sisters, one brother. He understood these—he dreamed of women as he dashed like a whirl of wind itself on his saddleless ponies. And he dreamed them to be more delicate, more wonderful than any boy who has played hide-and-seek or jumped rope with the neighborhood girls. It was only natural he should become easily influenced by what he had dreamed to be God's most marvellous creation.

A woman influenced Gary to enter Grinnell College in Iowa. A white-haired, tender-hearted woman yearning in her schoolroom over the destinies of other women's children. A girl influenced Gary to seek a security-for-living in the big cities where quick advancement for quick marriage seemed more assured than the former rustling cattle, guiding tourists through national parks or sitting in small offices in small Montana cities. He considered New York.

"I couldn't bear the thought of walking in those chasms between false walls or watching the imitation pinacles of skyscrapers after the real chasms and pinacles of nature in our mountains in Montana," he once told me. He heard that Los Angeles sprawled over mountain top and desert, so he went there.

He had intended to write the girl in Grinnell College daily letters. But a man who stumbles, half-starving, during the day from door to door selling—or rather not selling—photograph coupons can spend little energy writing letters at night. And when he stumbled, through sheer accident, into his first extra role as an archer in a Tom Mix picture, wearing a pair of green tights and with feather in cap, he caught sight of Billie Dove. Tom's leading lady. Now the sight of Billy Dove, with her truly exquisite beauty, has made the greatest male cynics decide they know little, after all, about women. Gary decided to remain in this strange, new pasture into which he had ridden.

I do not know that he ever saw Billie again. But it wasn't very long before all the women in Hollywood were eyeing this tall, well-knit figure who ambled around Hollywood with a combination of wistful...

(Continued on page 80)
She wanted to be a great path thorny. Continue

Part 2

THIS IS the second of a series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl, who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confession remain anonymous.

Last month she described her arrival in Hollywood, determined to become a star in a year’s time. Discouraged when a cheap director of a small “quickie” company insulted her, she decided that she would steer clear of the offer made to her on a bus by an artist, who wanted her to pose for a stocking ad. But when she discovered on a Saturday that she had lost ten dollars and only had a few pennies to last her until Monday morning, when she couldn’t get in the bank, she went to the artist’s studio early Sunday morning, thinking she would make a few dollars. Now go on with her exciting adventures.

WHEN I arrived at the artist’s studio the door was opened for me by the man I had met on the bus. It seemed as if he hardly recognized me. Hurriedly he said, “Oh, yes, it’s you. Come in.” And then he turned, leaving me standing there looking foolish, and went on talking to the other man I now saw in the room.

“But I tell you,” the artist said, “it can be done. Acting is a spurious art. It is imitative, not creative. The stars simply do what the directors tell them—and that’s all.”

Standing in the cluttered studio, unnoticed by the two men in the room, I looked about me. There were the usual artists’ materials, the easel, palette, tubes of paint, sketch books, model throne, etc. In one corner sat the artist and another man—an older man, gray at the temples, well dressed. They were having not only breakfast, but a violent argument. Although the smell of hot buttered toast and bacon tantalized me—for I had not eaten since noon of the day before—I stood quietly in the middle of the room and awaited the next move.

I HEARD the older man saying, “You’re all wrong, Bradley. A good actor combines technique with emotion. It is as fine and as subtle an art as a painter’s.” “Nonsense,” said the artist, “the actor’s emotions are pseudo. His technique is a bag of cheap, clap-trap tricks.” I waited patiently. Suddenly he turned and looked at me. “Now, take this girl here,” he said to the older man, “young, inexperienced—never had a real emotion in her. Give her a good director and she can act as well as your greatest stars.”

“Take this young girl, she’s never had a real emotion,” said the older man to Bradley.

I was terribly hungry. And I was mad, too, at being left standing there while these two
had an argument and ate breakfast. "You're a liar," I shouted. "I have had real emotions. Right now my most real emotion is hunger." And I began to cry.

They both laughed. Without introducing me to the other man, the artist made a place for me at the little card table, buttered some toast and poured a cup of coffee. They both looked at me as if I were something under glass in a museum. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bradley," the older man said, "we'll make an experiment. Do you consider me a good director?"

The artist nodded. "Then we'll give this little inexperienced girl, with or without emotion, a test. You claim she'll be a great actress. I say she may or may not show a little native ability and that's all."

"It isn't fair," the artist protested. "She needs background, setting, any number of things."

"Backing down?" the director laughed. "What you're saying is just what I'm saying, that one must have technique to be a good actor. But you were arguing differently a moment ago."

The artist laughed now, too. "All right, my original statement goes. We'll give the kid a test."

NOW CAN you movie-struck girls imagine my mooted emotions at this point? Can you imagine how I felt hearing these two men deciding, so it seemed to me, my fate; holding the thing I wanted most in the world, a screen test, in front of my nose, then jerking it away and then dangling it again; doing it all perfectly casual, over a breakfast table argument; acting as if I were a piece of furniture; paying no attention to me as a person at all and yet giving me a glimpse of hell and paradise all in a few short minutes.

I sat quietly by. I had made a mistake during my first week in Hollywood by being too impetuous when the "quickie" director offered me a role. This experience was almost too good to be true and I was determined not to spoil it. One word from me might make them change their minds. I could not keep my hand from trembling as I put the sugar in my coffee, but I could certainly keep my mouth shut.

I was there, so I thought, to pose for a stocking ad, but I did not mention it. I had been hungry a moment before, but I was hungry no longer, for the director said, "Come on, then, we'll take a run out to the studio and shoot the test right away."

My heart leapt. This was too good to be true. The artist said, "But I've got some work to do."

My heart sank. Would I lose this, my only chance? "Backing down?" the director asked again, with a broad grin on his face. "You're a liar," shouted the girl. "Right now my most real emotion is hunger."

(Continued on page 64)
The company making “No More Ladies” at M-G-M had gone to lunch. The set was dark on the huge sound stage and, I thought, deserted, until I heard unmistakable sounds of an argument coming from an obscure corner.

My reporterial temperature rose when I recognized the voice of Edna May Oliver. “A fight!” I breathed to myself, as I tiptoed closer to hear what was going on.

“Why do you eat that stuff?” Miss Oliver demanded of Oliver Marsh, the cameraman on the picture. “Why don’t you bring some sandwiches from home?”

Oliver was sitting on a stool just off the set, eating his lunch from a tray and, apparently, was just as surprised as I was at this sudden onslaught. “I don’t have time,” he replied weakly.

“No time! No time!” she repeated with a scornful sniff. “You have a wife, haven’t you? You’ve been home sick with stomach trouble for three days and look at you—eating those soggy-looking sandwiches and drinking ice-cold milk! Why don’t you eat whole wheat bread? No wonder you’re sick!”

And, with a gesture of exasperation, she walked away.

To the casual observer she seems fairly to bristle at times, and to those who don’t know her it would seem she is a meddlesome person. But to Mr. Marsh, or anyone who knows her, that incident is just another proof of her concern for the welfare of anyone with whom she has the slightest contact.

“That poor boy is sick,” she explained to me. “He should have something hot for his lunch.”

Another side of Edna May Oliver had been revealed to me.

Making people laugh is easy for her. In fact, they’ll generally laugh whether she wants them to or not. This fact was illustrated a few moments later when the entire company of actors, including Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery and others returned from lunch and work was resumed.

“I smell smoke,” Miss Oliver said suddenly, stopping in the middle of a scene, wrinkling her nose (you know her wrinkling system) and sniffing dramatically in every direction.

Now, a fire any place within the confines of a studio is a very serious thing, but everyone on the set began to laugh.

“I do,” she insisted, “I smell smoke. Something is burning!”

Continued and louder laughter was her reward.

“We’ll,” she said resignedly, “I suppose the place could burn down and no one would believe it if I spread the alarm. No one takes me seriously.”

The fact that there was smoke, which was caused by some crossed wiring, made the situation even funnier to Edna May’s co-workers. They gleefully accepted the fact that she had noticed it before they did as a humorous tribute to the efficacy of her characteristic, high-powered sniff.

Edna May Oliver, comedienne, came into being when the discovery was made that (Continued on page 74)

Miss Oliver wanted to be a dramatic actress but— She’s Joan’s high-ball drinking granny in “No More Ladies.” Edna May’s humor never fails to delight audiences.
Revealing a brand new slant on the "Cisco Kid"

Baxter's Best Girl

A scene as touching as anything he ever played upon a screen was enacted just the other afternoon in the palatial home of Warner Baxter, atop the rugged Bel-Air Hills. Baxter had a showdown with his mother, the beloved Mrs. Jennie Barrett Baxter, a widow since War- ner was three months old. The showdown had to do with Warner's fan mail. Now it must be understood that ever since that day in 1915 when Warner received his first fan letter, Mrs. Baxter has been head of his fan mail department, and has watched it grow from a letter a month to thousands each week. She has read and handled every letter! And now Warner had heard that his mother, just turned sixty-six years, had been to an eye specialist—was having trouble with her eyes. Thus, the showdown.

Mrs. Baxter, in answer to her son's summons, tripped up the soft-carpeted stairs to his study on the second floor. "What's on your mind, son?" she inquired.

"It's about the fan mail," he began.

"Mother," said Warner softly, "I've heard about your eyes and while I hate like everything to tell you this, I've decided to take all the mail off your hands. It's time you retired." Warner grinned, and put his arm around her.

For a moment she said nothing. Then she began to choke up, and her eyes filled with tears. "Warner," she said, "don't do it! I can't darn your socks, wash your shirts—do the things mothers do for their boys—but if you take that mail away from me, Warner, it would kill me."

So Mrs. Baxter remains at the head of the fan mail department.

At the risk of being crowned by my friend Baxter, I'm going to disclose that Warner, in recounting that tale to me, did a little choking up himself! "As a matter of fact," he said, "mother has more vitality than her son. She drives her own car, has a full, busy day, every day, is never ill, and at sixty-six finds that life is getting very interesting indeed. And speaking of her vitality, I'll tell you something that isn't generally known about her. Not so long ago she jumped from the third floor of a burning building into a net spread by firemen, and suffered neither shock nor bruises!"

"As you know, mother, ever since my marriage in 1917, has refused to live with us. Her contention has always been that no house was big enough for a man, his wife and a mother-in-law. From time to time, in the intervening years, Winnie (the lovely Winifred Bryson, who was a famous stage and screen star) and I have tried to get her to live with us, but she refused, point blank and cold-bloodedly, insisting that she loved the privacy of an apartment, with a kitchenette, where she could cook for herself when she desired home cooking. So, when Winnie and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy, we arranged an entrance (Continued on page 93)
WHEN HER father died, Myrna, her mother and her brother David left Helena, Montana, and settled in Culver City, California. Myrna's mother was not in very good health, and it wasn't long before the freckled-faced, red-haired Myrna was assuming the responsibility of taking care of the family. Always interested in dancing, Myrna decided to take it up seriously and eventually start a class of her own. Inside of a year, this is exactly what she did do. However, the revenue from this work was very small and Myrna got herself a job in a revue at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre.

While Myrna was doing a number, Henry Waxman, a photographer at Warner Brothers, noticed the red-haired miss and offered to photograph her. The pictures turned out beautifully and one day while Rudolph Valentino was in his studio, he asked Waxman to introduce him to her. Impressed with her rare beauty, Rudy decided to test her for a part in "What Price Beauty" starring Nita Naldi. Of course, Myrna was thrilled over this bit of good fortune. When she appeared to take the screen test, Rudy made her up with his own hands and Natacha Ramboua, his wife, brought her her own clothes to wear. Myrna will never forget the kindness and friendliness of these two people. And she was so anxious that the test be a success. But, alas, she was bit-
terly disappointed. Her spirits downcast, she did not want to go back to dancing. Myrna thought she might obtain extra work at M-G-M. Day after day she sat on the narrow wooden bench in the Casting Office, determined to get a break.

MYRNA SAID, "When that voice called to me that day in the casting office—that day after so many, many days—'Hey, you there in the blue suit—wanter work to-day?' it was precisely as though Sandolphin, the Angel of Glory, had, with dulcet accents, beckoned me through the heaven portals to reign there forever . . .

"I have had a great many charming things said to me since then, flattering things, poetic things, but never words so winged and wonderful as those!

"I walked through that humdrum wooden door and it was a Golden Gate to me. I walked onto that lot, for the first time in my life, on shoes a little run down at the heel and my feet seemed not to touch the earth they trod.

"Visions of sugarplums danced through my head. Perhaps, I thought, my hidden genius had burned right through that little wooden grille and I had been 'discovered!'

"I was sent to the wardrobe department. I there found out that I was to make a costume test. They didn't want me, Myrna Loy. They wanted a body. Any body weighing less than one hundred and twenty pounds on which to drape the leper costume Kathleen Key was to wear in 'Ben Hur' starring Ramon Novarro! A figure for a leper costume—that was my grand entrance into motion pictures!

"They didn't want me to use make-up. They weren't concerned with my face. They were testing the costume in color and the costume was all they cared about. But my vanity rose up in its majesty at the thought of being photographed, even from the neck down, with all my freckles in their ungarnished glory. I demurred. They finally told me to go ahead and fix my face, it really didn't matter. I did. And when I reached the set, lavishly daubed and mascaraed, Lillian Rosine, the make-up expert, took one long look at me and cried out, 'Migod, where did you get the false face!' and propelled me off the set forthwith. She made me up, professionally, as she has done so many times since, and there's many a time that we have laughed together over my first appearance.

"I sat around waiting to take the costume test. And as I sat there I was conscious that Christy Cabanne, directing one of the units of 'Ben Hur,' was watching me. I couldn't figure out whether he had perceived the camouflaged freckles and was fascinated or whether he was intent upon my undiscovered genius. Still he looked kindly. He was extremely kind to me.

"Later he came over to me and asked whether I was a member of the studio stock company. I told him, 'No, this is the first time I've been able to get my foot on this lot. I'm—I'm just about to try on a leper costume!

"He then explained to me that he was looking for a Madonna type to play the Virgin Mary in the picture. He would like to make a test of me for the part. And so, directly the color stuff of the leper costume was made, it was whipped off me and I was draped in white robes and a blonde wig and tested for the Mad- donna. I was thin enough and anxious enough and haunted enough, I suppose, to look holy.

"The next day I was on (Continued on page 85)
Countess Di Frasso’s amusing party

Dietrich made Liz Allan up as herself—and a swell job, too. Below, her own lovely swan costume.

Above, Jack Oakie and the hostess, Dorothy Di Frasso. Below, Sally Blane and beau Norman Foster.
puts Hollywood into famous character roles!


More Orientals! Charlie Chaplin with Paulette Goddard—and below, Loretta Young with sea-going Lewis Milestone.
Toppers off to Ginger's 'Top Hat' Clothes

Across the top of the page we go in a smart whirl of Ginger's new costumes—you not only see the finished costume but also Bernard Newman's original sketches. First left, the Piccolino dress of white starched chiffon be sprinkled with silver paillettes. Next, a light blue satin trimmed with matching ostrich feathers (the whole studio had to pick them up after each dance). Then Indigo blue and white striped woolen for daytime. The cape comes off, leaving a jacket. And Ginger's stunning palamara with tunic coat of metal shot taffeta. Lower left, dusty pink lace with silver thread tracery. And last, Ginger and Newman approve her riding habit—the last word in equestrian correctness.

Gay, sophisticated
fashions dance through Rogers-Astaire opus
Just about this time of the year there is an off-stage tolling of bells—and, if you are of the campus age, they ring like a knell in your ears! The only compensation for vacations ending is, for the feminine contingent, the immediate possibility of going on a clothes binge. No woman can stay depressed for long with new clothes in the offing—even if they are school clothes.

But don't stop reading if you aren't headed for either a high school or college scene because these fall fashion tips, though aimed at you school-minded readers, are just as applicable to the rest of you.

A well-known Hollywood writer remarked to me, one day at lunch, that she thought, of all the younger Hollywood actresses, Anita Louise was the most clothes-conscious. She went on to say that Anita didn't have just a superficial flair for style but that she really studied herself in relation to her clothes with results that were decidedly smart. Remembering this conversation, I asked

By Adelia Bird

Anita Louise "bones up" on the way to class. Amber-colored sweater over a brown skirt and tricky green scarf.

Beige jersey for a classic subject—the shirtwaist dress. Note the cute striped bow tie under the tailored collar.

Off to a big date! Anita Louise in a white kidskin fur coat. Brown or gray is a more practical choice.
Academically Speaking

of year so Anita Louise picks some that rate high!

Anita to pick out the sort of clothes she would take off to college, if she were going this fall. She had great fun doing it but explained that she had picked them with a California school in mind and that with slight changes in fabric, her selections are much the same as she would imagine other college girls would wear.

Every college has its own pet fads and it isn’t until you get there that you get on to them. For this reason, it is well to choose a few classic campus costumes and leave the extras until you have been on campus awhile and know what the others are wearing. However, if there is a store in your town that features a college shop, it is well to go there and chat with some of the representative college girls who have been invited to help you choose the right clothes for your specific school.

Anyway, to get back to Anita Louise, the two pages of her college selections offer some good basic fashion ideas for you.

She rates a tailored suit as important. Hers is in brown covert cloth. Anita explained that she picked

Co-eds by Gladys Parker

A jaunty swagger coat in gay stepper rug plaid for campus and week-ends.

At least one tailored suit should be on your school list. Anita Louise’s is brown covert cloth.

This is a double date evening frock—can be semi-formal with the cape, or quite formal without it. GLADYS PARKER
Above are five good fall ideas whether or not you are campus bound. Top left, Virginia Bruce's brown and beige tweed ensemble with three-quarter length flared jacket. And right, her smart camel's hair coat in double-breasted style with wide beaver collar and tie belt. Below left to right, Florine McKinney's green velvet coat and muff with corded detail. Next, Betty Furness in checked wool cape over a matching jacket and plain wool skirt. Fay Wray in slate blue woollen and taffeta.
$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Get in on this contest. You may win top prize

ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

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SEVEN AT $50.00 EACH 350.00
NINETY AT $5.00 EACH 450.00
TOTAL—100 PRIZES... $2,500.00

Here’s all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: “What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?” Selection of one of the scenes illustrated on this page will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.

100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

MODERN SCREEN offers $2500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, “The Forty Days of Musa Dagh,” which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

This is a simple contest to enter—all you have to do is write a letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured on this page or, if you prefer, you may write about some other “great moment” from the story.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn’t this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935. Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
## Modern Screen's

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## Critics' picture ratings—5*, extraordinary; 4*, very good;

- Modern Screen
- Regina Cannon
- New York American
- Regina Crew
- New York Evening Journal
- Rose Pelaswick
- New York Daily Mirror
- Bland Johansen
- New York Herald Tribune
- Richard Watts, Jr.
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(Continued on page 72)
tearing up and down Hollywood Boulevard exchanging one pink layette for two blue ones? And that he delayed his departure for London until he had the nursery redecorated and twin cribs installed? That all comes under the head of Pond Parent stuff, you'll admit.

Next month Jackie Coogan comes into the enormous sum of money held in trust for him until his twenty-first birthday and they do say that the engagement to Toby Wing is on again! Jackie would like to make some movies and Toby would like to rate some real roles instead of posing in publicity "stills." before keeping that date at the altar. However, the breaks haven't seemed to be theirs in that direction thus far. Paula Stone and Henry Wilton are a couple more young 'uns with feet headed toward the bridal path.

Having nothing to do one afternoon on the "Dark Angel" set, the actors began swapping yarns about their various narrow escapes from death. Several men were World War veterans and had some harrowing tales to tell; others had barely escaped death in automobile, airplane and train wrecks. There was a pause in conversation, when suddenly little George Breakston piped up, "I've seen four men shot down at once.

The grown-ups smiled indulgently. "But I have seen four men shot down at once," persisted George. "My mother sent me to the grocery store the day the gunman killed a child in the Bronx. The police had chased them out to our end of town and opened fire at our corner. Four men dropped—they left 'em, too—lying in the gutter for a long time. I hid behind a potato barrel and was pretty scared!"

Needless to say, George won the prize for the day's narrow-escape stories.

Guess what Henry Hull's favorite literature is? The Sears-Roebuck catalogue! In spite of being a gifted actor, linguist and an authority on almost any intellectual subject, Mr. Hull would rather give up every other form of entertainment, than sacrifice the joys of his mail-order catalogue each month.

"Y'see, Mr. Hull has a farm in Old Lyme, Connecticut, which is his pride and joy. So like all good farmers, who want to stay that way, he consults the catalogue as he would an oracle.

For six long years, Stuart Erwin has carried a pair of battered pennies about for good luck pieces. But awhile back Stu was the most miserable man in Hollywood—he'd lost a penny! Convinced that his bad luck was about to begin, Stu sadly went to the studio to report for work—found his first job for the day was signing a brand new contract with a fat salary increase. He went home at night to find that his small son had captured the kindergarten commencement prize and that two of his own dogs had won first prize at the San Diego Exposition showing! Whereupon on Mr. Erwin hastily tossed his other copper into the fish pond.

Merle Oberon can do something else besides look dangerous! Right now she's busily scribbling away on a screen play based on the life of Ann Boleyn. She has Korda or Goldwyn in mind for buyers, but claims she's not even going to try to sell them on the idea—just charm 'em! Well, when strong men like Howard Hawks and David Niven have no sales-resistance, you can plan on seeing Ann Boleyn's life in the fillums soon.

Imagine Fred Astaire's surprise to be the recipient of a "shower" recently! No, he isn't getting married, or planning any of those events for which shower parties are generally given. He and his wife were just down at the depot, embarking for a trip to Bermuda when it all happened. Just before the train departed, a messenger appeared and poured dozens of candy bars into Fred's lap! Seems Fred has a passion for nickels bars, so Joan Crawford bought five dollars worth as a bon voyage gift.

Looks like the Ann Sothern-Gene Raymond feud is cooling down since they're both to appear in "Believe Me, Beloved," named after that swell song hit. But Gene really looks more burnt up than ever these days. He appeared at the studio the other day with his face the color of ripe tomatoes and his eyes and lips a swollen purple. But nope, it developed that Ann had nothing to do with this turning question. Gene had fallen asleep down at the beach and slept peacefully through the hottest afternoon seen down there!

A certain famous blonde star was shopping at one of the local Hollywood markets. An alert photographer who happened to be hovering in the neighborhood spotted her walking out with a bag of groceries clutched in one hand and her small son's hand in the other. The lady in question spotted him, too, just as he snapped the picture. Furious, she approached him, and yelled, "You're taking unfair advantage of me—you know I never allow a picture taken of me and my adopted son! You have an awful nerve!"

"Nerve, huh!" snapped the camera sleuth. "What I call nerve is for a dame like you to bring up a child that's the spitting image of yourself, and then call it adopted!"

(Continued on page 56)
All aboard! Catalina, Malibu and San Diego, Scotty’s been traveling!

First stop is the San Diego Exposition. Anita Louise and Helen Mack meet a dummy of Eddie Cantor from the Motion Picture Hall of Fame group. Right above, Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy inspect a miniature model home at the California Housing Exposition. Directly below, Jack Oakie gives Wendy Barrie a “cig” at the Jay Paley party. Left above, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller stroll about Catalina Island but—it seems this was one of their non-speaking days. Just one of those small family tiffs, yuh know. And left, Ralph Forbes with his pretty wife, Heather Angel, absorb some of California’s rays at their summer beach place in Malibu—tricky sun helmet of Rafe’s!
Jane Withers is the newest "child wonder" out at Fox. She displays somewhat the same certain sump't' that La Temple has—but seems to be just a bit more impressed with her success. She and little Jackie Sears are together in "Ginger" and Jane suggested to Jackie that she would be glad to present him with an autographed picture of herself. Jackie didn't object, so Jane presented him with an almost life-size portrait of herself the next morning. In firm, round letters was inscribed: "To my first leading-man with every speck of my love, Jane Withers, Fox Contract Players." That's dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" for you!

Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames can give the biggest parties in Hollywood with the least effort. If they send out invitations for a lawn, tennis or swimming party and it rains or becomes chilly, the party is painlessly transplanted to the huge amusement room where indoor tennis, pool, ping-pong, marble games and many other kinds of diversion may be enjoyed. But the prize strain-saver device is an amusing contraption that spares Stephen the bother of shaking his own cocktails! They're two immense liquor containers, in which a key is inserted when the guests are thirsty. This winds up the machinery and away it goes 'til the outside is thickly frosted and your cocktails are done to a T.

Was Binnie Barnes' face red! Listen to this story and learn, you gals who go in for skin-tight rubber swim-suits. Binnie suddenly felt a yearning for the wild waves one Sunday afternoon, so she hopped into her brand new rubber suit, then into her roadster, and so to the beach. The beach was jammed with people, but Binnie picked her way through them and found a place to drop her coat on the sand. Then she leaned down to unfasten her slippers—when suddenly an agonizing and terrific RIP rent the air, followed by smothered giggles from all the bystanders and by-lyers. Hurriedly straightening up, Binnie's horrified gaze noted that not only was she wearing a backless TOP—but the shorts were backless, TOO!

And are we relieved! That Lillian Bond and Sidney Smith have finally gotten married! This has been the most on-again, off-again, gone-again affair that Hollywood has ever seen in many a moon. Smith's a well-known New York broker, but hasn't done much business this year, what with following Lil to England, to New York, to Hollywood, to Paris and back again. Most of us keep our squabbles for homework, but Lil and Sid made theirs an international affair. The newlyweds are planning to make their home in New York.

Stu Erwin has been fired with a Great Cause of late. He wanted to do something really constructive for his children as proof of his devotion, so he decided to build them a lovely playhouse in the backyard. He hammerred and he chiseled and he sawed for many weeks 'til finally it was completed. BUT the little Erwins still have no playhouse! Seems it looked so very nice when finished, that Stu immediately moved in a magnificent bar and is using it for a grown-up playhouse.

The Brown Derby's the best place to feel the pulse of Hollywood romance. Found lurching in dim corners several days in succession were Virginia Bruce (Mrs. "Ex" Gilbert) with Count Carpegna; Toby Wing with Cesar Romero and Sue Carol with Nick Stuart and their little daughter. Looks like their daughter's parents are falling in love all over again!

Wotte life! moaned Hugh O'Connell the first six months he was in Hollywood. The sudden change from Broadway was just too much for the poor man, accustomed as he was to sleeping all day and working all night. Hugh was too much for the directors, too, for the minute he was not watched, the comedian would fall to slumbering behind a convenient camera. Finally, in desperation, the studio hired a special trainer to look after the Broadway Bad Boy, so that any time signs of drowsiness were detected, the burly trainer could rush him showerwards! These Spartan measures are having their effect, for the victim is now discreetly retiring before midnight for the first time in some twenty years.

All brides are beautiful, but Esther Ralph sort of topped the list the recent Sunday afternoon she became the wife of the handsome crooner, Bill Morgan. The ceremony was held in a tiny gypsy dell on Lucille Morrison's Bel Air estate, the whole setting being reminiscent of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mrs. Morgan—Esther to you—was gowne in shell pink lace and the groom wore a Palm Beach suit, or was it blue gabardine?—oh dear, who ever looks at the poor groom anyway? Mary Brian appeared in her now familiar off-screen role of bridesmaid and Esther's brother served as best man. Here's wishing the young Morgans much happiness!

More marriage notes: Lili Damita to Errol Flynn; Lyda Roberti to Bud Ernst.
“Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?”

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: “ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?”

Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It explains the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not “just dirt”—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter came from the oil glands inside your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork.

Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

With clean finger tips, spread Pond’s Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond’s sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or, it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores after this by bathing the face with cold water.

Now this rousing Pond’s treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the underskin! Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin. You can ward them off with the steady use of Pond’s Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out every speck of dirt, make-up, as well as waste matter from within the skin.

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If you are enraged or delighted with a star, a movie, or a bit of gossip, write us about it

From Across the Sea

If Joan Crawford is so ambitious, why doesn't she learn how to act? I'm sick of seeing her in one smart picture after another doing nothing but wearing a series of incredible clothes which would be utterly impossible for ordinary people to wear in ordinary life, and sporting a different hair style in each scene. She is the essence of artificiality, both in her screen roles and in her highly publicized 'private life.' It makes me furious to read of people running down Shearer because she usually has well-known actors playing opposite her. Look at Crawford! In 'Chained' she had Gable and Kruger; in 'Dancing Lady,' Gable and Tone; in 'Sadie McKee,' one again and the brand new girl, Edward Arnold to save the picture from being a ghastly flop; and now in 'Forsaking All Others,' she has Gable and Montgomery. Crawford leaves all the acting to her leading men, and just sits about in fantastic garments, pouting that ridiculous mouth of hers.

It seems this glorified clothes-prop is a tremendous favorite in America, but believe me in England we prefer people who can act, and films that have some resemblance to real life.—Star-gazer, Cornwall, England.

Orchids to Norma

A great load of orchids to incomparable Norma Shearer for having attained a home; husband and babies entirely minus ballyhooing, and now pursuing her career. Truly the very perfection of Twentieth Century womanhood.—Iris Billing, Manchester, England.

Dream Lover

I have recently seen 'Scarface.' I missed it when it played several years ago but by special request the theatre that I patronize happened to show it again and I made up my mind to see it. Yes, Paul Muni was magnificent but I had eyes only for George Raft. The moment I saw him my heart just puffed up so full of emotion and everything that it hasn't got back to normal yet and that was nearly two weeks ago.

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone.

Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

No Hokum

I have just finished reading 'I Have Said Good-Bye to Youth' in your July issue. I have never before been interested enough in a press story to comment on it. Stars are made out to be something more than human, glorified in every possible way and interviewers seem to vie with one another to put forth a dish of nothing but plain hokum and expect an intelligent public not to get indigestion. So it was with a sense of appreciation and gratitude to come across a story sans hokum.

This article dealing with Richard Barthelmess was of interest to me because I had for a while been fed up on parts Mr. Barthelmess played. I had always 'liked' Barthelmess on the screen, then, due to the roles he played, I had no desire to enter a picture house where he was featured. Then I saw 'Four Hours to Kill,' mainly because of the other players in it. However, I came out with one thought in mind: I have seen gangsters played often but never had anyone played the part as Barthelmess played it. When you feel admiration where once was interest, it certainly proves that an actor gave a wonderful performance. Dick was acting a part suitable for him and not too young roles that had turned me away from him.

So in 'Good-Bye to Youth' I found plain truths. Truths, because I knew the facts from my own deductions. Mr. Barthelmess must be in real life a man with plenty of common sense and the ability to face facts as they are and to act accordingly.—Mabel Hughes, Williamsport, Pa.

More About Crooners

There seems to be a lot of furore between the Crosby-Ross affair and Marie Rippel. I do not believe she thought very much before writing that she did about Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross. As a matter of fact, I thought she was very unjust, but I think the people who write replies to her were still more unjust.

No doubt Janice Bronson has no crows handy, so she has to listen to the next best thing, which is, I suppose, Lanny Rolf. How sad! My condolences to you, Estelle, and I wonder what you'd look like on a string!

And Romaine Fox, you say Dick isn't 'fit for sea gulls to listen to,' but he is fit for you since you've listened to him. I wonder how regular he is for you.

You must have been brought up on something worse than 'limburger cheese' when you say that about Dick, Evelyn Sachs.

Why couldn't everyone have been as sensible as Estelle Myers who merely said: 'While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were unjust.' And also orchids to Sue Abhazari, Betsy Seipel and Lillian Ohr, for writing such intelligent replies.—Robert Bradfورد, New Bedford, Mass.

Jolly Irishman

For over two years our family has enjoyed the interesting manner in which your magazine portrays the screen world. Previous to our acquaintance with Motion Screen we were of the opinion that one could not expect much of interest in a ten cent movie magazine. But you have certainly changed our thought on this subject. The pictures of the movie stars always do justice to them. The articles and comments about them help to give us greater appreciation of their talents and lives. There is one member of the screen world, however, whom we enjoy seeing much on the screen and who seems to pep up every picture in which he plays that I am wondering how it is he has been overlooked by your good magazine during these past two years.

I refer to Frank McHugh, that jolly Irishman who is so full of fun and whose quaint laugh never fails to give us a kick. So many of our friends, as we do about him that I am sure an article about him would be greatly appreciated by your readers.—James Taft, San Diego, Calif.
Romance comes
to the girl who guards
against Cosmetic Skin

Smooth, lovely skin wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

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Joyce Bennett

Use rouge and powder? Yes, of course! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin.

Joan Bennett
Summer movie-fare is exceptionally entertaining

(Above) Montgomery, Crawford and Tone in "No More Ladies." Joan's hair-dos and gowns are sumpin'! (Above, right) Gorgeous Dolores Del Rio in the musical, "In Caliente" with Pat O'Brien and Leo Carrillo. (Right) Kent Taylor and Arline Judge in "College Scandal," a fast-moving campus tale. Popular Wendy Barrie is in this one, too.

(Continued from page 13)

Preview Postscripts
Preston Foster's the biggest man in pictures. Just six foot two, with a chest expansion of forty-six. Which record beats every he-man on the screen by a good many inches. Richard Dix hails from St. Paul, Minnesota, but has been a confirmed Californian for a good many years now. The last scene on this picture beat a few records for speed, since Richard's wife, formerly his secretary, was being rushed to the hospital. She waited an hour for him, though, and then delivered the famous twins, "Broadest shouldered boys I ever saw," brags the proud papa. Louis Calhern, James Busch and Richard Dix all used to play stock in the old Belasco Theatre in days gone by and had their first reunion on this picture in years. Margaret Grahame is an English star who appeared in forty-seven pictures abroad. This is her first Western and was thrilled by it all! Most of the picture was made at the RKO ranch in Son Fernando Valley, Dix's home. "Benny" is just a little bit wild. He almost stamped Mr. D's stand-in, George Lollier, to death. Mr. Lollier was also assistant director on the picture, and what with that responsibility and the fact that he'd been secretly married the day previous, Mr. Lollier wasn't in any mood to be stamped on. Charles Vidor, the director, noticed that most of his cast were not paying much attention to what was going on around the set one day. The company was on location at Vasquez Rocks when their attention began wonderers. Mr. Vidor turned sleuth and discovered a nudist colony having an outing on the adjacent rocks. Karen Morley is Mrs. Vidor and they have a young son who shows signs of following his famous father's footsteps. At least he directs everything at home.

★★★ Paris in Spring
(Paramount)

Here is a lighter-than-air musical, punctuated with charming tunes, beautiful girls and a cast of principals thoroughly grounded in the ways of histrionics. The deft touches of Director Lewis Milestone, too, are conspicuous; in fact, there's nothing wrong with this picture that an application of the shears won't remedy. Occasionally, funny sequences are dragged out far beyond the laughing point. Would Tullio Carminati's attempted suicide amuse you? Yep, it did us, too, until it went on for so long that we felt like shouting. "If you don't jump, pal, we'll push." Mary Ellis is given the opportunity of her cinematic career in this one and she clicks like the proverbial camera, both photographically and vocally. Mr. Carminati plays a familiar role familiarly, and a newcomer, James Blakely, is excellent in the juvenile role. We had hitherto been of the opinion that the young man's chief claim to fame was as a member of Barbara Hutton's (Princess Wouzigis to you) social entourage, but it seems, no! The lad can act. So can Ida Lupino.

Preview Postscripts
Tullio Carminati is the screen's super-sophisticate. That accent, even without its accompanying bored expression, makes him hair to the title. Speaks nine tongues fluently, but never bothered with the American slang. "I'll forced to learn it or give up his talkie career," ... Mary Ellis made her début at the Metropolitan Opera but she prefers acting to 'just' singing. She's appeared in many stage plays in London, a few here, and one other picture, besides this one, "All the King's Horses." She was kind 'fired' making this, and no wonder, for she couldn't sit down all the time she wore some of those fancy costumes. Ida Lupino's as interesting a movie starlet as you'll find out here—ask Mr. Carminati who presented her with a watch compact at the end of the picture; or inquire of Lewis Milestone, the picture's director, who cooched her after hours at the nite spots.

(Continued on page 92)
Fashion says—

LIPS AND FINGER TIPS
NOW MUST MATCH

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YOU must be just as careful—fashion now says—about matching your lips and your fingernails as you are about matching your hat and your dress!

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NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

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URING the past month I've had a lot of letters from folks who want to make the world laugh. Several have told me that in planning this course of instruction I lean too heavily on the dramatic side of acting. So—as I've explained to you, this is your department and you wish is my law—this month I bring you Una Merkel, one of the greatest comedians on the screen. She is not only a splendid actress but a gracious and charming person and I'm sure that you'll find what she has to say not only instructive but entertaining as well.

Incidentally, before I go on, let me remind you that there is still plenty of room for Modern Screen Dramatic Clubs. Those who have already formed them tell me they're having the time of their lives. So the rest of you should get in on the fun. Write to me, care of Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you full instructions for starting a club in your community. Also I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems.

And now for Una and her perfectly slick lecture.

"It's an almost daily wonder to me that I won success by being considered funny. Although I always loved fun in others, I'm not funny at home and my folks never thought of me as a comic. So, perhaps it boils down to this: Don't be yourself, be your opposite. If you want to be funny, be serious. If you take yourself seriously, you will flop just as I did at the start.

"If you happen to be cursed with an inferiority complex, as I am, conquer it by doing the things you don't wish to do.

"And now I will answer the question, how did I become a comedienne? Audiences may think I was born that way. On the contrary, I had to make myself over, once I got the idea of screen fun.

"As a child, I was a straight-laced little piece. Always scrubbed a bright pink. I wore the largest of hair ribbons, and rarely went outside to play. Even today I am methodical and almost prissy.

"I was bitten by the acting bug at an early age. I can remember plaguing my family to listen to lectures I delivered while I was holding the family dictionary—to make it seem authentic. I'd dress up in mother's clothes and put on shows. One night a cousin of mine laughed in the wrong place. There was no show that night. I walked off the platform to stay. That was, I believe, my first and last display of temperament.

"The love of acting followed me throughout my school years, and when I was graduated, I decided to go to a dramatic school. I think such training most valuable.

"I had no idea of making acting a career. I had hopes of some day being able to teach dramatics, and I still have the book in which I wrote down copious notes covering everything I learned from my lessons. You see, I figured they might be valuable to pass along to my pupils in the future.

"When I worked in silent pictures, they compared me to Lillian Gish, and I did my best to live up to that comparison. My first roles on the stage were Gishy things. I soon learned, however, that seriousness and this voice of mine just wouldn't mix. I just didn't go over as a dramatic actress.

"As I've come along, I've conceived the philosophy that all of us with inferiority complexes strike a better medium of expression by doing the type of thing that is directly opposite to our natures. Mine is one of many such cases.

Of course, there are general rules to consider if one is to be a success in any line. But in acting one has to find out many things for himself.

Every comedian has his own way of working. Often the best results are achieved by doing a thing the wrong way.

"Charlie Buttersworth, Stuart Erwin, Ted Healy and all the comedians I know have a way all their own of going about a thing. They use their physical selves, or rather their personalities, to project what they have inside. Each one could be given the same scene with the same lines, yet because of their personalities each performance would be entirely different.

"To be successful, salesmen must believe in their product, even if they have to kid themselves into it. The same thing applies to comedy. It is better to create a reason for believing in a thing, than to have none.

"I do not advise working out a comedy situation, for I think spontaneity is best, as far as comedy is concerned. The biggest laughs come when you don't think of humor. It's fatal to try to be funny. (Continued on page 91)
The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour — like snapshots? First aid to romance — how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much — your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Confessions of an Extra Girl

(Continued from page 39)

No, by God," the artist said. And while he was getting his hat and coat he heard the director calling a familiar number (that of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood, a number I had called dozens of times with no success); he heard him give his name to the operator—a name I knew well, that of a famous director (I'll call it No. 1); he heard him say this isn't fancy work, whether it was Sunday or not that he wanted some workmen taken off a set he knew was working that day and make a test of a girl he had just discovered; heard him order requisitions put through for cameras, lights, everything; heard him call his secretary and ask her to tell the studio to the make-up man, who it seemed was a friend of hers. Yes, there I stood hearing such exciting orders given. I was to have a test. I, who had struggled to get a test for weeks, was to have one to settle a silly argument between a couple of men.

Can you possibly imagine how I felt? That was some five years ago and yet I write about it now I go gooseflesh. And they said I had no emotions! We were whisked to the studio in the director's car. Trying to keep myself from being too excited I listened to the conversation between these two and discovered that the director was the artist's uncle. So this was a family fight. Well, hurray for family fights!

The gate was opened for us, the magic gate I had been unable to crash. The lot was quiet, it being Sunday. Only one car was working, the car taken directly to the director's office where the make-up man and the director's secretary were awaiting us. The director started to introduce me to his secretary and ask her to tell that he didn't even know my name. I had to tell him what it was. I wondered what that girl thought of me. I was in a state. The make-up was slapped on my face. We hurried out to the test set. The secretary gave me part of a script and told me to memorize some lines. How I ever knew I shall never discover that the lines were a speech in which I was supposed to be talking to an imaginary lover who had left me for another woman.

I DON'T know how I got through with that scene, but somehow I did and when it was over the artist turned to his uncle and said, "Well, I win." My hopes were high, for the artist had claimed that any one could act. Then the director said, "Not so fast, Bradley, wait until we see it on the screen." They started to walk away, leaving me standing there. I rushed after them. "Don't you want my address?" I asked. "Er—? in case you might need me for a part or something?"
The director looked down at me. I saw that he had been merely an experiment. "Oh, yes," he said, "it might be a good idea. Give it to my secretary." I had to keep back the tears as I scribbled my name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to the girl. She smiled sweetly at me but I felt like crying. I ran off the lot before I realized that I had gone to the artist's studio only to make a little money to tide me over until Monday and that instead I had had a screen test. But it was Sunday, I was miles away from home and had just nine cents in my pocketbook. I stood at the gate bewildered, not knowing what to do next. And then I saw the secretary in a little roadster. She motioned for me.

I was too upset to speak. She smiled at me. "Listen, dear," she said. "Don't let Hollywood get you down. It isn't always like this. This is crazy. It just happens that Mr. Nolan is one of the most eccentric directors on this or any other lot. His nephew is just about as crazy. Mr. Nolan wanted to give Bradley a big job at the studio, but Brad wouldn't take it. They argue all the time. Mr. Nolan gets away with more nonsense like this episode this morning than any man in town, but because he's such a wonderful director and makes so much money for the company he's let in to his whims." I told her then how I happened to meet him. She laughed. "That's typical," she said. "Say, we'd better get some lunch, and here's half a dollar for you for dinner tonight." I thanked her. She laughed again. "Gosh! That Nolan. Imagine him trying to control the studio today for this!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was my fault." And I began to cry. "Forget it," she said. "Forget everything. Dear, I'm sorry to support you. This has all been fun for you, but you'd better forget the test, too. You'll never hear from it again."

I don't know how I spent the rest of that amazing Sunday. I'm sure I did a lot of crying.

Monday morning a box of flowers was delivered to my door. The card read, "You're a sweet kid. Let me take you to dinner tonight." Mr. Nolan was signed Bradley. I was fascinated. I wouldn't even telephone him, so I sent him a wire saying I had an engagement.

I hurried off home to the studios all day that Monday but I was terribly discouraged and when I got home that night I found Bradley sitting in the little lobby waiting for me.

"I told you I had an engagement," I said. "I never want to see you again, anyhow. You and your funny uncle shouldn't be allowed to do things like that to girls. Get your hopes up and then dash them away. I don't like either of you."

He took my hands and looked into my eyes. I had noticed that he was handsome when I first met him on the bus but I didn't realize how good looking he was until now. "I'm sorry," he said. "I was too bad when I first met you on the bus but I didn't realize how good looking you was until now."

"I'm sorry," I said too bad when I like you so much and stop by to tell you that if you're foolish enough to want to work in pictures, report tomorrow morning at nine on the set. It may be a pretty good part."

My heart pounded but I said, "I don't want to work for your uncle. I don't want any favors."

"This isn't for my uncle. Someone else saw your test and liked it. No one is doing you a favor."

I didn't know until much later that my test had not then been printed and that Bradley had simply wangled a job for me because he thought it would be a little more justice and because he liked me a little.

And so I was happy because at last I was actually to work and the picture was a Garbo film "Romance." "To be continued..."
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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

MODERN SCREEN

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)

Warner Baxter to the questions I asked along those lines is speciality Chili Con Carne. I use the word 'my' intentionally for I consider myself quite a master at the art of making a delicious Chili. And, you may judge whether or not my recipe needs paring performance rings more pleasantly in my ears than words of praise for my Chili or the one or two other dishes I really can make up myself.

Another of these is Welsh Rarebit. I continued, as I urged him to tell me more. "My Rarebit is the smoothest, hot, non-stringy, non-grainy kind that is made with beer as one of the necessary ingredients. The question is: what other dishes of our parties probably would be the Chili or Rarebit I spoke of. These foods are so good in themselves that it is not necessary to serve much food before them. Just serve plenty of the one, supply condiments and cheese, provide coffee and beer and watch the expressions of complete satisfaction suffice the faces of your guests."

Well, there you are, you ambitious hostesses! While you've been wondering all the time what you next time when fretting over the number of fancy viands you'd have to supply, the expensive beverages you feared you'd have to purchase, smart people like the Warner family's these days, go in for simplicity in entertaining. Just think how much of the time and expense they save by following the Baxter's example and the Baxter's recipes which I'll tell you how to get later on. Of course, you'll agree with me, that Sunday night suppers and informal gatherings such as these seem just naturally to plan themselves around beer as the featured beverage. Many dishes of the kind are present it seems a little wishy-washy to serve only iced tea or coffee, while it is beyond the means of most of us to supply a variety of wines with considerable alcoholic content. Fortunately almost everyone likes beer, especially the men folk who have learned by place a high value on this richly-flavored, foaming beverage.

In planning refreshments to go with it, the clever hostess will bear in mind the popularity of the "free lunch" of another generation and will serve that type of main-sized portion of the main food. The Warner Baxter recipes, of which more anon, will provide four suggestions for main dishes of this sort. Only one "made" dish is necessary for this kind of party, the other refreshments being of the ready-to-serve order such as delicious cold cuts, the perennial pretzel (although I have noticed a slight falling off in the popularity of this twisted version of the cracker family in recent gatherings), dill pickles, sauerkraut and cheese, of course—made kinds of cheese, with crisp, salted crackers.

The varieties of cheese suitable for such feasts are as unrestricted as those outstanding merit are Chateaux, Veuveeta, Swuppy, Swiss, Camembert, the appropriately named "Buffet," good old store cheese and extra-fine Parmazan known as "the man's cheese." Cream cheese is not recommended since sharp rather than bland flavors go best with beer. For this same reason crisp, buttered bread is best and sweet dishes are not advised; salty, tangy foods being best. However, if you feel that you must serve a dessert, plan on having an apple pie, cheese cake or pastry of the German Coffee Cake variety. Germans, by the way, are convinced not only of the goodness of beer but its health-giving qualities. They speak laughingly of "taking the beer cure," both thirst and a related health claim, are cured by a long stein of beer. Certainly they are not alone in that belief!

The use of the stein originated for a very good reason, I discovered. The beauty of the stein (from the German word for stone) was intended to aid in keeping a long refreshing drink of beer cold—much on the same principle as the present day thermos bottle. Those who take their beer-drinking seriously go so far as to chill the stein thoroughly before it is put into use—a good thing to remember to do. But don't make the mistake of having the beer itself too cold, for intense cold mutes the flavor of beer, as of the tastes, nerves, making the beer have an insipid taste in consequence.

In summary, beer can be traced back as far as 7000 years B.C. A brewery, buried for thousands of years, was unearthed in Mesopotamia. But the beer that we know today is probably made first by the monks of Bavaria.

Beer, it is said, first arrived on the American continent as a passenger on the Mayflower, and their secret of origin to the arrival of that famous ship at our shores; the Beers, it would seem, had a far cry indeed from the few barrels brought over in that ship to the present day, vast modern brewery turning out of its enormous glass-lined vats 13,000 barrels daily.

Where whole volumes are given to the origin, history, uses and manufacture of beer, complete chapters also are given to containers from which it should be quaffed. Personally I am of the opinion that, if one is thirsty, it matters little or not at all whether one uses a stein, a glass mug, a long thin goblet or a china one. The proper service is a means, not an end—if it makes the hostess happier to do the "correct" thing, and means let her make the comparatively small outlay necessary for the "right" glasses or mugs. But the very nearest thing about parties of the kind we have been discussing is the informality that should characterize them—the wooden cheese board, the gay colored tea cloth, the paper napkins, and the casual assortment of glasses (if you haven't enough of one kind to go around).

And now let's proceed to the very important subject of the featured main dish—which might well be one of the Warner Baxter favorites, especially the Chili Con Carne so highly spoken of by that debonair star. Warner parted with the recipe for this concoction of his rather reluctantly. After all, when you are famous for a certain culinary triumph you hate to broadcast the ingredients that have given you the earning you your fame. But after some persuasion on my part the complete cook-by recipe was written down and it includes directions on how to get your copy a little later on (if you do not already know). Another card in the leaflet contains the Baxter's cocktail recipe which is said to be as easy as any and more "fool proof" than most.

Still another card will bring you, this month, a knockout Potato Salad—the kind
that Whitfred Bryson Baxter has made up in huge quantities when numerous guests are expected. There are Potato Salads and Potato Salads as you yourself doubtless have discovered. This particular one is made with homemade dressing and has several odd and interesting things added to make it seem like a real company dish. The male members of the party will give you a vote of thanks for this he-man concoction.

And they'll call you "paj" for sure, if, instead of "putting on the dog" you serve simple, delicious "Party Dogs" for which directions will be found in the leaflet. After all no party of this kind is complete without hot dogs, just as no hot dogs are complete without the addition of mustard (which supplies their bark and their bite). This recipe provides easy directions for making up these novel sandwiches.

WHY not satisfy your curiosity about all these swell sounding foods by sending for this month's leaflet which contains all four of these delicious Warner Baxter recipes. You will please your family and thrill your guests by making up the splendid dishes described therein.

And, whether you serve the Baxter Chili Con Carne, the Warner Welsh Rarebit, the Company Potato Salad or the Party Dogs you are bound to add to your reputation as a cook and hostess. So be wise! Write for your free copy of this month's leaflet immediately, send out your invitations, get in some pickles, cheese and crackers, order your case of beer, follow one of the four Warner Baxter recipes which we will send you promptly and wait confidently for praise! I'm ready to guarantee that if you follow this advice your very next party will be a wow!

The coupon that brings you the recipes follows this simple recipe for "Cheese Fingers" which you also can serve at your party as a tasty accompaniment for the Potato Salad. So cut out both the recipe and the coupon and use them, soon!

CHEESE FINGERS
3 (1/4 inch) slices of bread
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
grated cheese
Remove crusts from bread slices. Cut each slice into 3 or 4 thin strips or "fingers." Beat egg, add melted butter, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Dip bread fingers into this mixture and roll them in grated cheese until thoroughly coated. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until cheese is melted and fingers are a golden brown (about 10 minutes). Drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve hot.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Warner Baxter's recipes for September, 1935, at no cost to me.

Name
Address
(Street and Number)
(City) (State)

Here's a spaghetti he likes better than mine

AND SO DO I — THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

I thought I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the best spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices and seasonings that give delicate piquancy... subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four portions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.
of the gifts, personally supervised the wrapping, each package matching the other.

Rosalind said, "Romances? I've had them, of course. Here and there. I haven't met up with marriage yet. Love my family too much, perhaps. Besides, I couldn't, you know, ever contemplate the "if-it-doesn't-work-there's-always-Beno" sort of thing. Not after Mother and Dad.

"Dad died, several years ago, in his office. Of course, for Mother, well, she has us. And she is not the sort to whine." 

Out of these seven children—there had been ten—of James E., and Clara Knight Russell, the small Roz attended a primary school in Waterbury and later, Marymount private school at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Then college and after college, dramatic school—six months of it.

HER father, an eminent and successful lawyer, gave all his children the advantages of school, college and travel. And he made it clear, from the beginning, that drones in the hive would not be tolerated. He taught them, early in their lives, the sturdy beauty and dignity of labor. It was not, he told them, necessarily a question of working for money, it was a question of working for self-respect. "I don't care," he'd say, "whether you only make two dollars a week and spend that two dollars for silk stockings so long as you are producers."

The result of this is that one of Rosalind's sisters is Fashion Editor of Talc & Country. Another sister, recently graduated from Sarah Lawrence, in New York, now teaches economics there. Two brothers are lawyers, a third brother graduated from Yale Law School in 1937 and a younger sister is graduating this year from high and enters college in the fall. And Rosalind chose the stage. But the screen chose Rosalind! She said, "I studied dancing when I was a youngster. I was about fourteen when I had my first offer of a job. A chance to go West with a troupe of dancers. Mother was aghast. She said, 'Why, Rosalind, of course not! I wouldn't dream of having you in one of those backstage dressing-rooms with gas jets, gin bottles and swearing women!' Some years later, when mother paid me her first backstage visit in a Boston theatre I said to her, 'I can't manage a gas jet for you, dear, but with a little effort I think I could work up a gin bottle and a couple of swearing women.' Of course, she denied absolutely ever having said such a thing. She flattered me. Could I have made it up? Would I be likely to forget it?"

WHEN I entered dramatic school—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, formerly the Sargent Dramatic School—I told Mother I thought I'd be a teacher. She said that would be very nice work for me, she was sure. She had visions of her daughter intellectually structuring classrooms in the proper delivery of the Gettysburg Address or Hamlet's Soliloquy, no doubt. But I eased into it that way. The six months over, I had a leading part in the school play, won a prize or something and had two offers, then there, of parts on Broadway. One from Crosby Gaige. I turned him down and said, 'My good man, are you mad? I couldn't do it. I haven't worked enough, haven't had the experience. I wouldn't dream of it.'

"Mother said, 'Were you offered one hundred a week?' And I said, 'Of course, why not?'"

"My first job was with a tent show. I mean, a real tent show. Up at Lake Placid. I heard about it in an agency. Two actors were sitting there talking about it. I edged up and listened in. I got the manager's name, Edward Casey, and the fact that he lived in Forest Hills, Long Island. I eased out, called him on the phone and made an appointment to meet him. I told him a lot of little 'Great White Way' lies, of course. Sort of murmured things about my stock experience in Hartford, Erie and there. He liked me. That's why he gave me the job. I was with that tent show for two summers and loved it. Swell time. Grand people.

Then stock, lots of stock. I tried to get one-night stands and couldn't. Best I could do was split weeks and three-a-week. But it was grand and the people were elegant. I stepped off Broadway, later on, and went on the road on many an occasion. Just because I wanted to. In the small towns they really want good theatre and knew it. Broadway audiences—

Some star hemstitching goes on between scenes on 'China Seas!' Roz Russell and Jean Harlow run up some neat bits of fancy work.
well, they have the same out-of-towners, tourists, but they also have jaded first-nighters and critics.

"I'm a regular Chamber of Commerce actress. I always attended all of the Chamber of Commerce luncheons and dinners in all of the small towns. I met all of the women I could meet. It was good business. I was getting a percentage of the profits and the audience were the profits. I've looked in the mirror once or twice and said to myself, 'Beauty won't get you there, my girl, other things may, but not beauty!' Having decided that I had to think what would bring 'em in, I decided that clothes would do it—clothes always bring women into the theatre. And so, I wore clothes they'd talk about and want to see.

"Then there were Broadway plays—'Talent,' starring Mady Christians, Theatre Guild things. The 'Garrick Gaieties,' in which I sang in my very odd voice and manner both of which are strictly taboo at home. Then came 'The Second Man,' starring Bert Lytell and that one bought my ticket for Hollywood. I had an offer. My agent conferred with me, so I named my price. She said they'd never pay it. That was all right, I said. But they did—and I came. I don't give a rat for stardom. I want to make money. I want to make money for the company. If I don't, they shouldn't drop me and probably would. I doubt that I'll be here ten years from now—Lord, what a thought! Progress has always been what interested me most—going on—"

She laughed, so slender, black-clad, brown hair and eyes accented by vivid lips. Slender, yet eating her head off as we sat at tea in the Beverly Brown Derby.

ADVANCE model—

Fortnight, frank, amused—knowing nothing of "glamor" and caring less. Scarping the sticky old gods and bowing down to no new ones, she takes her "Art" as a "job," blows expert smoke into the face of the old tabus and laughs off as preposterous the notion that a gal must opt, a producer in order to get where she wants to go.

A special reverence for Broadway, she prefers the sticks—and favors farmers over first-nighters for audience. She is, undoubtedly, the first Thespian who has not professed to the "Great White Way."

She's told the most powerful Broadway producers that what they should ask an aspiring actress is, not what Broadway hit she's been in, but how much stock experience she has had, how many real parts, how much real work she has done. It's far more valuable and means infinitely more, says Rosslund, to have really worked in stock than it does to have brought in the mail or parked a cup of tea on a table in a Pulitzer Prize Play on Broadway, doing something a dog could be trained to do. To know your job, says Roz, that's the winning ticket. Or should be.

Around Hollywood, Rolls-Royce Hollywood, in an antiquated Ford, vintage of '29 and minus a cover, because she's fond of the old dear and likes the wind in her hair. She was once advised to profess, for publicity, a yearning for orchids, a dislike for such folksy beverages as milk and tea, a passion for champagne and exotic dishes and theses, "I couldn't," said Roz, "live with that person for five minutes."

She is a sound business woman who drives a hard contract, expects to make money for the company she is with in order to earn it. She uses her own high-powered brain to think with and pays no attention to what others are doing, or have done.

She scoffs at the idea that an actress must be an exhibitionist when she is

Neither Blonde nor Brunette—

What shade powder shall I use?

Consult your Skin, not your Hair,

Optical Machine Answers

BROWN HAIR AND EYES—and a skin as white as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone.

Brunette and blonde. But a brunette powder would dim the first girl's skin. And a blonde powder would make the second girl's look chalky.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to study your own skin. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With a optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of bright blue in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of brilliant green hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed to give it life! They blended these colors invisibly in their new powder shades.

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

Pond's, Dept. J94, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

NAME

STREET

CITY———STATE———

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off the stage or screen. She loathes cheapness, debunk the idea that you must have "the right people" or attend bibulous parties and smile pretty for the front office in order to get along.

She thinks the Park Avenue debis who crush the stage or screen for the thrill of it, putting up their own money in order to get into a show and thereby showing some needly working girl out of the picture, are vermin. And says so.

She has been to one big Hollywood party in the eight months she has been here and found it "somehow tragic." "Do you know," she said, "no one really laughed!"

Rosalind really laughs, really talks, really lives. Her job is vital but it isn't all of her life. If she didn't have a stage or screen job, she'd find work elsewhere. "I'd probably go in for merchandising," she said. She believes firmly in the dignity of labor, any kind of labor so that it is honestly performed.

She laughs at the idea that Hollywood may "change" her. It is rumored to make changelings of them all. She says, "How could it?" She's got her job and it's swell.

After the job is done, she slams down the lid of her desk and goes home to other things—to read, to write letters home, to spend the odd moments of her vacation, to spend the past six months with her.

She doesn't believe that success is handed to anyone on a silver spoon. Least of all to Hollywood's screenlets. If it is, the silver spoon soon slips and is your mouth empty!

She thinks the picture people are swell, likes them all. None of this smoky attitude of "looking down" on movies and movie makers. None of the silly attitude, either, of looking up to them. A job to be done, that's all—fellow workers, good sports. She has two or three old school friends out here, know a couple of doctors and their wives, and drives to California by herself. She likes Ronald Colman on the screen and wants to meet him.

Well-bred, well brought up, sane, ambitious and American—that's Roz. She talks like a lady. She thinks like a man. She expects to give good measure and to get good measure in return. She trims her sails to the advantageous winds. She's sleek and slick and smart and alive. She's regular—pretty regular.

She's headed for stardom, streamline stardom—the new way.

New Clothes, Academically Speaking

(Continued from page 30)

heels and dressed to the teeth at all hours of the day. You should look casual and comfortable. To such an end is grand promise her second selection, a beige jersey skirt-dress, trim as to detail and workmanlike as to its purpose.

You can go a bit on the gay side in a toccato, if you wish. She loves the big steamer rug plaids and selects one in tones of yellow and brown for a swagger topper for daytime clothes. With this she wears a brown felt sports hat and medium-heeled, widely strapped shoes. Some of the new fall toccato textures for sportswear are a very fleecy look as contrasted with the smoother surfaces of recent seasons. They are flattering, no end, and are worth keeping an eye out for.

The sweater and skirt combination is practically a uniform for collegians and other school-goers. You can match bright sweaters to bright wool skirts or you can go in for contrast as Anita Louise does. To flatter her lovely blonde coloring, she contrasts a beautiful amber-colored sweater with a brown woolen skirt. Her sweater is a twin combination in a picture Anita wears it without its extra jacket. The self-fringed green wool shawl and it's beautifully held by a glass ring! And Anita adds that if its the ring of your best heart beat, so much the more thrilling! Here's a new fad for you to try.

If your budget permits the extra stretch to include a fur coat, Anita Louise thinks it's a good investment. She has a white kidskin one that has the simply cut, rather tailored lines that she thinks are right for school. Her, she explains, is white because she finds more use for a white one in California, but for other climes, gray or brown would be more in order. It's grand to wear over dresses for tea dates, perfect for football games and will double as an evening wrap, too. A black coat is a good all year round item for formal wear. It isn't dated in fabric by the season and can do for both formal and semi-formal duty when topped by a self cape as in the choice of Anita Louise. Of course, later on, you can have it trimmed and made into one of the stunning velvets or sheer metals. And, of course, there are always the popular suits for cocktail and dinner dresses. You will be intrigued, too, by the new wooly looking silks for that indisputable afternoon dress to wear to sorority teas and fraternity after-the-game dances.

I was talking with Bernard Newman the other day—he, you know, does those smooth clothes for Ginger Rogers and Katherine Hepburn. I said to him, "Is there any vestiges of wearing and sophisticated gent who knows more about women's clothes than they do themselves!" He thinks that a new era of fashion is breathing in Hollywood because the designers are going to cease worrying so much about the dramatic quality of the costumes and think more about what you, in the audience, are going to want to wear.

This idea is in line with Adrian's and Joan Crawford's recent announcement that her new costumes will be simple, much the sort of thing she wears off screen and not the latter elaborate costumes which have characterized her recent pictures. Joan thinks an actress's facial expressions should be more eye-compelling than her clothes. And as you know, watching recent films, you can't concentrate on the acting when your eye is constantly distracted by a flamboyant costume.

And now for some fashion tips you'll want to follow for your fall shopping. Travis Banton, just back from a trip abroad, and to Paris in particular, says that he is going to use less fur on his new screen creations. He is going to put more energy and imagination into intricate details of design and less into large splashes of luxurians furs. Banton brought back some fabrics from abroad which he will use in making costumes for Colbert, Lombard and others. These fabrics which he thinks were incorrectly imported by California's scenery. There are intricately woven velvets with the graceful tracery of palm trees visible in them—some have feathers and others
tropical motifs discernible in the weaves. This definite fabric interest probably accounts for Banton's intention of letting the design, rather than the trimming, carry the costume.

You'll be intrigued to know that Mr. Banton sees shorter skirts coming in. He reports British women wearing very short daytime skirts and that Parisiennes are definitely interested in the trend. Do you suppose he will influence Hollywood in this?

Kay Francis has been favoring Paris with some expert shopping. Kay always has liked imported clothes although she wears the Hollywood product most of the year. Her pet contention is, you know, that she doesn't give a hang about clothes at all—but listen to what she picked out at Schiaparelli's while abroad! A black crinkly silk ensemble trimmed with silver fox. Into the neckline is tucked a chiffon scarf embroidered in rhinestones. Another costume is black crepe with a jacket of white crepe through which runs a woven design of black clover. And a third is a two-piece affair in silk with stripings of two tones of dark red and black. You notice that Kay sticks to the black theme which she finds so becoming. You will find black big on the fall color card, too. Red in varying tones, quite a lot of purple, olive green and red-browns are sure to be great favorites. This will give you some idea of the color direction to follow in buying your first new things.

Besides Anita Louise's college suggestions, I have picked several other costumes that are suited to campus activities or for early fall use anywhere. There's Virginia Bruce's stunning tweed ensemble composed of a short flared coat in dark brown over a tan, severely tailored dress of the same tweed pattern. The coat is one of those grand things you can wear with any number of other costumes—the large patch pockets and deep cuffs giving it a lot of dash.

Virginia's camel's hair coat is stick, too. The wide beaver collar and the double-breasted cut lift it away from the usual polo coat class. It's an excellent all winter coat. Virginia has a golightly outfit that I haven't shown but which would make another perfect campus outfit for all of you. Over a sweater and skirt of coffee brown wool, she wears a trim tan pigskin jacket that buttons up to a small turnover collar. Slash pockets extend down from the shoulder yoke and have slide fastener openings. On the right side there is another little pocket above the belt and a larger flap pocket below. A matching beret and tan and brown sports shoes finish this off with smartness.

Then there's Fay Wray's simple slate gray tweed dress pictured. This has unusual pocket detail, too. And the taffeta collar and cuffs give this a more dress-up look. A perfect dress to wear under your fur coat to the game because it will look right at a fraternity party afterwards.

Capes are not out of the picture this fall, especially not for young things. Betty Furness wears a white one in two tones of gray plaid over a matching jacket and a plain gray tweed skirt. Her alligator shoes and soft felt hat are nice extras.

And Florine McKinney's velvet evening wrap with matching muff is one of those good looking but not too elaborate evening things you should have. The unusual cuffed treatment at the front and on the sleeves makes a simple wrap look very luxurious.

I've hardly been able to touch adequately on school fashions in a limited space but it does give you a start and you probably have loads of good ideas of your own.

MODERN SCREEN

EYES
like shimmering stars

TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES
with this new form of mascara
NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly; it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a stunning illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light reaching out to show the way to "heaven"!

Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water—no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush. So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result. Really waterproof—smart-proof—harmless. Tattoo your eyelashes! Black, Brown, Blue. NOW ON SALE AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS.

TATTOO for Eyelashes and Brows
Modern

Movie Scoreboard

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(Continued from page 53)
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**JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!**

Tennis Tournaments at Forest Hills

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

"Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**"
How Can You Help Liking Her?

(Continued from page 40)

she could, without lifting a finger, make audiences rock with laughter. A good
comedian, being as rare as quinuplets
and fully as profitable to a theatrical pro-
ducer, her fate was sealed.

"Ever since I was a child I've wanted to
act," she said, "but I wanted to be a great
dramatic actress and I'm sure I was at the
age of five," she laughed.

"My brother and I had a theatre in the
backyard. I wrote all the plays, directed
and acted in them. I insisted upon being
the boss. Not only did I insist that they do
what I told them but also that they think
the way I thought."

During her childhood there was one per-
son who encouraged her in her ambition
to act. That was a cousin, who now lives
in Hollywood, and is Miss Oliver's only
living relative.

"She told me to keep on, never to stop,
that she was sure I would be a great ac-
tress some day. She was the only person
who believed in me," Miss Oliver said sol-
emnly, and a tender note crept into her
voice as she remembered back to the lean,
hard years when a little encouragement
meant so much.

The kindness of this older girl has never
been forgotten and over a period of years
she has been the object of Miss Oliver's
lavish affection. Material gifts in the way
of trips to Honolulu and Europe have also
been provided by the generous Miss Oliver.

At the age of fourteen she was singing
in a church in Boston, her birthplace, and
soon after she toured the New England
states with an open air opera company.
Her burning ambition at this time was to
become a great singer and, possessed of a
beautiful singing voice, she had reason to
suspect she might succeed. But her hopes
were blasted when she lost her voice and
was forced to turn to the dramatic stage.

She decided to join a stock company in
Boston.

Getting a foothold was not easy. Her
physical appearance was against her. She
was young, unformed, shy, inexperienced and,
although still very young, she was taller
than most men, a handicap difficult to over-
come. It was not always that she could get
work in the theatre.

At one time, unable to get the work she
loved, she found by absolute necessity to
do something, she worked in a dressmak-
ing establishment for three dollars a week.
And another time in a millinery shop at
the same meager wages. It took her four
years to save forty dollars, the amount she
thought necessary to take her to New
York, where she expected to be a sensa-
tion. The forty dollars dwindled and one
day she hid behind a trunk in her room to
avoid facing an irate landlord to whom she
owed eighty dollars.

Of course, there were good times mixed
with the bad and the list of her successes
on Broadway suggests nothing of the
heartaches which preceded them. Miss
Oliver was on the stage thirty years before
she received what is referred to as "big
money." But she never lost her sense of
humor. She never lost her courage for a
moment.

Of all the disappointments she had to
face during her career, the most heart-
breaking one was the realization that she
must spend the rest of her career in mak-
ing people laugh. Particularly was this a
bitter pill in view of the fact that she had
proven herself a great dramatic actress in
"The Master," "Icebound," and other-plays
on that very same Broad-
way.

"Of course, I don't like to be laughed
at," she will tell you with some asperity.
"I don't think anyone does. However,
there are two distinct kinds of humor. One
is genuine—the laughs you get from a
ridiculous situation, by funny remarks or
looking comical. The other kind comes
from the so-called wit, who keep you in
stitches with their bright remarks, which
are always directed at some unfortunate
person—wit at the expense of somebody's
feelings."

Miss Oliver may relax, secure in the
knowledge that her humor will never be
followed by hurt feelings. Except her own,
possibly, and she tries hard to hide that.
"We never let on that we don't like to
BE LAUGHED AT," she said. "There is a side of us that we keep to ourselves, that we never give to the public."

Fortunately, Miss Oliver has been able to maintain an unassuming, unselfish existence that is cloaked in virtual anonymity so far as the general public is concerned.

It has enabled her to preserve a personality that is at once unique and charming. So today Edna May Oliver stands as one of Hollywood's brightest shining stars, an institution that has escaped being absorbed by Hollywood. She is as definitely herself today as she was the day she arrived here three years ago, following a successful two years as Patsy Ann Hawks in "Show Boat" in New York and Chicago. She has become a truly important figure in the Hollywood scheme but is never present on the Hollywood scene. As a matter of choice she would probably avoid Hollywood parties anyway, but as matters stand she is just too busy to devote time to social events.

After all, her job is such a big one—that of bolstering up pictures that have, so to speak, flat feet. For producers are well aware that her name in a cast is a magic remedy for a weak picture, and she is in demand for twice as much work as she is able to do.

Miss Oliver probably has fewer acquaintances and friends than any prominent actress in motion pictures. This isn't an effort to make it appear that she lives a hermit's existence. On the contrary, although she declares, "I live simply," she goes every place and sees everything of interest. She entertains charmingly with small dinner parties and often takes her guests to a good show or a concert later. But you will never see her at one of the gay night spots, for she finds too little time in life to do the things you want to do," she explains. And one of the things she apparently wants and tries to do is to help anyone and everyone in distress, which has the most amazing capacity for giving of herself.

But I do not conclude from this that Miss Oliver is easily taken advantage of by manipulative people, because she has a proper conception of the value of money. Anyone who has ever tried to cheat her can testify that her indignation in actual life is so intense and forceful as to equal the screen's as she has depicted that emotion on the screen.

She told me of an incident concerning the manager of an apartment house where she had gone to rent an apartment for a friend. After agreeing on the price, she wrote a check for that amount. When the manager saw the signature, "Edna May Oliver," on the check she said there had been a mistake, that the price was twenty dollars higher.

"Not of my money," declared Miss Oliver, as she tore the check to bits and walked out in quest of another apartment.

"She gives away fifty dollars—anything—but I won't pay one cent too much if I think anyone is trying to cheat me," she declared.

Well able to take care of herself in her home land, our heroine is unable to cope with various tradespeople, porters, waiters, delivery persons, etc., when travelling abroad because she refuses to bother them. She has learned foreign languages or how to count foreign money.

She argues over money matters in foreign lands invariably end with Miss Oliver dramatically emptying all the contents of her purse into her lap and screaming, "Give me what you want and go away."

Extremely shy, she admits her worst fault is physical cowardice.

"I am," she declares solemnly, "afraid of everything. Every time I come on a becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this. Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in actual daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get both the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.
set I look around and wonder which of those big lamps overhead is going to drop on my head, or which way I should run if there should suddenly be an earthquake.

She has a particular dread of airplanes. The members of the company who worked with her in “Murder on a Honeycomb” still chuckle remembering what ensued when, as Miss Oliver was sitting in the cabin of a large plane, the motor started. Terrified by the sight of the plane possibly leaving the ground, she raised her umbrella, broke the nearest window, and started to climb.

Yet, fearful as she is, she loves to swim and often goes to the ocean alone and ventures far beyond what her loving friends believe to be a safe distance from the shore.

ONE time I was thoroughly frightened in the water,” she told me. “That was one day when I was swimming in the Mediterranean. From the hotel window the water had looked invitingly blue, and I couldn’t see any waves which tended to tangle itself around my arms and legs like the tentacles of an octopus before I had got very far from shore. I began screaming.

“Then I remembered that an astrologer had said I would never die by drowning, so I said to myself, ‘Swim, Miss Oliver. You never die here.’ And finally I reached the shore safely.”

Being ordinarily a fearful person, she is naturally slighting when and when she was packing to make a trip to Italy last year she decided not to take any chances on foreign citrus fruit. She took a supply of lemon.

The lemons on the boat proved to be up to the most exacting standards and when she handed some of them to him she found no need to unpack hers. Six weeks later, when she started home, she still had her five dozen lemons intact.

A woman arriving in Los Angeles harbor, she was informed by the customs officer that she couldn’t bring any fresh fruit into this country from Europe. And, in spite of her protests that they were California lemons and she had merely taken them on a trip to Europe, they were unceremoniously dumped into the harbor.

It was on this trip, incidentally, that she had a little adventure that set the whole city of Florence to chuckling. Late one afternoon she took a solitary stroll and, seeing, she entered the magnificent tomb of one of the Medici’s and seated herself to enjoy in leisurely fashion the contemplation of this great work of art. How long she sat there is not a matter of record, but she suddenly found herself roused from her reveries by the shouts of guards and frantic friends, who had been searching for her. She had been locked in the tomb after it was closed for the day, but didn’t realize it until the arrival of the rescue party.

She dislikes attracting attention but unwittingly does so. No matter where she travels, everyone recognizes her. In Los Angeles, little children ran after her on the streets and pointing their fingers at her, screamed delightedly, “Edna May Oliver!”

“It’s for tomorrow,” she wails. “No one can mistake it.”

She has an impulse to run when accused by strangers, to be brought on by actual terror plus New England reserve.

“If I were a dramatic actress, people wouldn’t dare approach me as they do,” she says with a shrug. “Just as a comic, they come up to me whenever I am and ask me anything!”

She loves to cook and she loves to dance, but in nothing is Miss Oliver so feminine as in a charming inconsistency which keeps her friends guessing as to what she will do next. Having often declared she would never buy a home, she has bought one.

“Why did I ever leave my nice little apartment in that old brownstone on the hill? I’ve always felt that the moment you buy a home, you are settled,” she said.

She really does love that home of hers, however, in spite of her periodical urges to gather some of her friends up and take them on trips with her. She has a1355:59:29

she was feeling. Her face was deeply etched, her glasses were larger, her hair was curling at the temple.

Don’t neglect your eyebrows, either! Tweezette, which “tweezes” out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shave them, point them, paint them at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! $1, also, at your drug store.

Don’t believe the line, dear. The Kurlash Company, Toronto, Ont. 11:35:29

First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try Tweezette, at $1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASMAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also $1. Write me if you aren’t sure what shades to use! 

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-9, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, of Toronto, S. 11:35:29

MODERN SCREEN

BRIGHT EYE IDEAS!

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unattractive. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them with Kurlash, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend Kurlash because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. $1, at good stores.

Hold the Line

Kurlash

Jane Heath 11:35:29
Work With Me for Beauty and Health

(Continued from page 29)

I know girls who think they can reduce the hips by artificial methods. And to them I want to say, forget it. Sweat baths and steam cabinets are the bunk! You need your strength or you'll never reduce in spots. And when you reduce artificially the muscles—awful, old flabby muscles—will still be there.

NOW go about it the right way. Study the pictures with this article and do exactly as I'm doing. Follow instructions carefully. Stand with the feet straight but slightly apart. Raise your arms above your head, then bend the right arm. Now, as you do this, bend your body to the left with the left arm straight. Keep your knees still—and that's important. Pull those hip muscles and pull them hard, pulling and bending very, very slowly until the finger tips of the left hand touch the floor. Repeat on the other side.

Feel those muscles pulling? That's swell, baby, that's getting after those hips with a bang. Sure, I know you'll be sore after you've done this exercise. But don't complain. You're using muscles you haven't used for ages. Just remember that what you're doing is shaving off your hips as if you had taken a razor blade to them, that you're flattening out the muscles and breaking down the fatty tissue beneath them. Isn't that worth a little soreness? I guarantee that if you take a size sixteen dress now, you'll be able to wear a size fourteen if you do this exercise religiously for fifteen minutes a day for one month! How's that for a promise? But it works, I know it. Think it's a joke? Be sure that you feel those hip muscles pulling, pulling. When you're doing it correctly the pull begins just below the waist and goes down into the legs.

And now I want to give you a sensible eating program along with a grand dessert which I gave Jean Harlow for the preservation of her gorgeous complexion. It will work wonders on your skin. Besides, most of you gals who are reducing yield and scream for dessert. Well, here it is. Eat it. Twice a day. It's good for you.

Wash in cold water but do not seed, three pounds of cherries. Place them in a double boiler with just a little water in with them. Let them simmer until they're soft enough so you can press out the juice. When this juice is very hot—but not boiling—pour in a package of gelatin. When gelatin is dissolved add three tablespoons of brown sugar. Pour this into moulds that have been rinsed with cold water. Cool off and chill in refrigerator. Serve with a few chopped un-salted almonds and two table spoons of top milk on each mould. This is not only perfectly delicious, but it is a blood producer as well. It will give you pep and plenty of it.

And now for a sensible eating menu to tide you over until next month. Here it is.

BREAKFAST
Glass of cold water mixed with the juice of half a lemon
Melon (with lemon juice) or any kind of berries. If you must sweeten

I'll-BRED...
SHALLOW...
CAN'T KEEP HER MIND OFF THAT MAKE-UP OF HERS!

Test This New Powder That ENDS "MAKE-UP WORRY"

Completely Moisture-Proof . . . Lasts Hours Longer . . . So Much Smoother

Of course, you don't like to powder constantly either! It makes any man think you vain—shallow—even a trifle "cheap." It's due almost entirely to consciousness of face powders that don't stay on—that soon lose their fresh charm.

But you can say "goodbye" to make-up worry! Try new Golden Peacock Face Powder. It's really moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it. It clings for hours; but it doesn't cake in chalky lumps; doesn't clog your pores.

Like Natural Girlish Bloom
But that's not all—Golden Peacock Face Powder goes on with an utterly new smoothness. Its skin-flattering tone blends perfectly with your skin. Result: A wonderful, natural effect, alluring peachbloom softness, that looks so young—so fresh!

Free Sample Offer
Get Golden Peacock Face Powder today. Only 50 cents at any drug or department store! For a test, get the handy purse size at any 10-cent store. Or, write us, enclosing 6 cents for postage and get generous weeks' supply FREE. Send name, address, and correct powder shade to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-203, Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock Face Powder

Thrilling Loveliness in REALLY WHITE SKIN

Discover This Way to Help Nature Shed Freckles . . Blemishes . . Tan

The alluring charm no man can resist—and every woman wants—is easy now! Simply apply dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme five nights, as directed, and see how it speeds Nature's own method, to roll away that film of tanned, darkened skin. See how much clearer and healthier the skin looks, too, with disfiguring pimpls from outward causes and blemishes banished! It's needless now to hide your charm under a mask of freckles, or dark skin! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store today. Money back if you are not delighted. Handy trial size, 10c, at all 5-and-10-cent stores.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

77
use a little brown sugar
Half a glass of certified milk
A coddled egg. Place an egg in a
pan of boiling water. Then turn off
the flame under the pan and allow the
egg to stand for ten minutes.)
Two slices of whole wheat toast or
rye wafers with very little butter
Coffee—clear

LUNCHEON
Large bowl of shredded white or
red cabbage with lemon juice
Cottage cheese mixed with a little
sour cream
Rye wafer without butter
Cherry gelatin dessert

DINNER
Cup of clear soup
Any meat or fish broiled or roasted
(no pork)
Two heaping tablespoons steamed turnip
tops
Eight stalks of asparagus (on all
vegetables spread a little butter after
the vegetable is off the fire—and
before. Use only skin and all
Very small baked potato (eat skin
and all)
Lettuce salad with lemon juice
Small dish of fresh fruit or cherry
gelatin
Demitasse

This is a sensible eating routine. It
will not put an ounce of weight on
you. It gives you all the vitamins and minerals
you need. In future articles I will give
you some sensible eating programs which
will take you down fifteen pounds a month.

AND now you girls who bear a re-
semblance to Joan Crawford, get
busy and send your photographs to
MODERN SCREEN. Every one will have my personal attention.
Address, Madame Sylvia, MODERN
SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York
City. Next month I'm going to ask the
girls who look like Constance Bennett and
after that the girls who look like Claudette
Colbert to send in their pictures. So you
had better not miss a single one of my
articles. Anyhow, I think we're going to
have a lot of fun and I know you're going
to learn how to make yourself as you've
dreamed of being.

Also you are at liberty to write me re-
garding any problem that worries you. I'll
tell you what to do and how to do it.

I'm thrilled to have this opportunity
to talk to MODERN SCREEN readers. I
can't help it if I sound hard boiled as I
give you the devil for being too lazy to
reduce. The truth is I know so well how
grand you can look, if you will, that it
breaks my heart to see you carrying a
burden of excess weight. My
fingers tingle to start digging into those
ugly muscles. I can't do that but I can
tell you what to do for yourselves. And
if I get you out of your sluggish lethargy,
it can give you a good mental shaking
up, and can make you work with me toward
beauty and health, then I'll be perfectly
happy.

Come on, darling, snap into it!

The Most Tragic Love Story

(Continued from page 33)

"That was not true and I told them
so. All the press notices gave Dolores
the credit. He gave her a chance. She
made good. She did not have to go on
being grateful to John. We've all given
girls breaks. Some make good; some
don't. She was a star in her own right,
now, and she could have told Barrymore
go to the
As to love. . . " his voice softened.
"You remember the first man who ever
made love to you, don't you? The man
who awakened your feeling of romance,
that sense of the more
day. You know that he
isn't capable of that kind of love any-
more. And when she awakens . . ."

"Dolores is not a young woman yet.
She's a young girl living in a young
girl's dreamland. But underneath, she's
stubborn. Like her mother—andfather.
I hope it works out, but when it doesn't—"

THERE was more, much more. Mak-
ing allowances for the ancient rivalry
between the Costellos and the Barry-
mores (a rivalry dating far back into
theatrical history); making allowances for
Maurice Costello's jealousy of a Barry-
more who had supplanted him in the boom
of a Costello family, still there was an
urgent ring of sincerity to his words
that made me shudder, only an hour
after the most beautiful screen girl had
married the handsome screen lover.
His description of the youngest Barry-
more sounded weirdly like two birds
of the same plumage exchanging honest self-
appraisals. There was not much he
did not tell of the history of the erratic John
from his love for his monkey to his
fondness for rich foods and garlic. "My
wife's a wonderful cook. No wonder
John liked to live at our house. He
used to eating there before I returned to
discover a Barrymore had replaced a
Costello. I wish now my wife and I
had separated fifteen years ago. We only
stayed together because of the children"
I thought I would never forget the
bitterness of that father's denunciation of the man his daughter had
just married.

And yet, with the rest of Hollywood, I did
not feel the loss. We Barrymores had
seldom seen such a complete metamorphosis in one of
its people. The Barrymore monkey was
forgotten. The people who worked in
pictures ceased to fear Barrymore and
began to treat him like another human being. Less than three years ago, a press
agent told me, "I would rather go to
John Barrymore's to make pictures than
any other director in the business. He
and Dolores don't care particularly
about publicity but they are always pleas-
ant. You feel like a regular
worker." This about the man who had
been formerly notorious for insulting
press people!

Even the famous Barrymore profile,
which had caused cameramen so many
sleepless nights when he first entered pic-
tures because of his fear that it would not
be photographed from the proper angle,
was forgotten. He laughed about it.
In other words, John Barrymore melted. He became the father of two ador- able children who made him realize what a poor substitute are monkeys. The Barrymores were seldom at their lovely estate when John was not working. Their yacht, "The Infanta," carried them from the South Seas to the Arctic. Dolores' love had been a first love, as her father said, and a first love is always anxious to prove the depth of its devotion. So when John wanted to roam, she wanted to roam with him. Perhaps Dolores learned to really enjoy yachting. Love can teach a woman to thrill to what she has despised before love. I remember her telling me, a few months before they were married, that she did not care for the sea. Possibly she has never learned to like it. Then her mad packings, her readiness to go to sea upon a two hours' notice, are more to be admired.

ALTHOUGH the divorce suit came as a surprise to the world, it shocked, but did not surprise Hollywood. I suppose no marital situation has been more closely guarded from unfavorable pub- licity than this. Rumors began sneaking their sneaky ways around the luncheon tables more than two years ago. But no one could check them. Then, Dolores began appearing infrequently in public for the first time since she dedicated her- self to a secluded life with her husband and babies. She looked so radiant no one could believe she was not happy. I believe now this was the secret of her circulating again amongst us. She was turning a bright face to the world so the gossipists could not revile old wives' tales about her Barrymore husband.

Then John Barrymore became very ill—he was on the verge of death! Holly- wood shuttered. Barrymore's studio, RKO, denied it. They even announced, via radio, that John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were on a third honeymoon in the Arctic. We know now John was ill. Just how ill, no one is certain. There are rumors of a strange illness, a curious one, that includes a memory which may have fal- tered. Surely, the man has changed again. Whether he has returned to the erratic, genius-like personality which his father-in-law so feared for his daughter, or whether genius has slipped into an entirely new cloak, as a genius keyed too highly sometimes does, no one can tell, today. But whatever it is, the trag- edy lies naked—unable to be longer hidden.

I doubt if Dolores Costello Barrymore would have hinted of divorce or spoken of her problem had not pride and self- preservation been literally whipped into action. After all, she has protected him for more than two years with the most superb acting of her career. I knew this quiet, refined girl during her first days in pictures and I believe she would have suffered without a murmur if John Barry- more had not dashed about the seas in their yacht on gay parties; if he had not announced in black type he would no longer be responsible for debts incurred by anyone but himself.

A woman's love, no matter how great, has always two vulnerable points. Pride and a love for her children. A pride can be insulted just once too often—a mother love will always spring to de-

fend its young.

The newspapers talk of another young girl, Elaine Barrie, in the life of John Barrymore, the great screen actor. Reporters quote this young girl's father as saying John is interested only in her screen future. A "protégée" they call her. Ah, Dolores was that, too, in the be- beginning. She was the beautiful child given an opportunity in "The Sea Beast." She was a protégée professionally speaking. And as I read the quoted words of the father of this protégée, I hear the words of the father of the first protégée ring- ing in my ears.

"My family live just up the hill, above me. I can see their home from here. I often look up there. If the pillows in my car could speak they would tell you a great story. I used to drive into the hills and cry myself to sleep. Sometimes, I would take a newspaper and read myself to sleep in my car and awaken in the morning. Sometimes, I have cried myself out of the idea of murder. I would wake up there in the hills and look at the sunshine and decide this was better than San Quentin, that after all—John Bar- rymore was not worth murdering.

One emotional genius speaking of another. One emotional genius speaking as a father of a son-in-law, somewhat like himself.

When a Costello married a Barrymore, the two greatest theatrical families of our generation gave Hollywood its greatest love tragedy. But from this cross should come the world's greatest actors of tomorrow. John, Junior, and Dolores, little son and little daughter! From tragedy often comes life's greatest promise.

THESE YOUNG WIVES ARE WISE ABOUT WASHDAY

I HEARD YOU ORDER
A BOX OF RINSO.
I ALWAYS USE IT, TOO.

“Use Rinso for whiter, brighter washes,”
say makers of these 34 washers

YES, IT WASHES CLOTHES
WHITER, THAN ANY SOAP I'VE
EVER USED! IT'S SAFE FOR
COLORS, TOO. KEEPS
THEM BRIGHT.

I NEVER USE ANY
OTHER SOAP IN MY
WASHING MACHINE.

AND ISN'T RINSO
SIMPLY MARVELOUS
FOR DISHWASHING!

RINSO SAVES ME
HOURS OF SCRUBBING
—I HAVEN'T ANY
WASHER YOU KNOW.

THAT'S RIGHT, IT MUST BE A
BLESSING TO YOU.

RINSO SAVES ME WORK,
TOO. IT GETS CLOTHES
SO WHITE, I DON'T NEED
TO BOIL THEM.

ISN'T SHE
SWEET?

A B C
American
Beau
Dex
Meadows

A B C
Beauty
Dexter
Furbanks

A B C
Apex
Fairfax

A B C
Automatic
Fernald

Dexter

A B C
Burton
Fernald

Apex

A B C
Baron
Fernan

d

A B C
Blackstone
Ferun

Don

A B C
Be
Ferunio

Don

A B C
Ben
Event

Don

A B C
Conlon
Fenton

Don

A B C

Dexter
Ferunio

Don

Dexter
Ferunio

Don

Dexter
Ferunio

Don

“Washing Day”

Rinso for washing

Rinso for washing

Professional men
say it's the

Professional men
say it's the

Greatest

Greatest

Washing Day

Washing Day

MODERN SCREEN

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

70
Gary Isn't the Same
(Continued from page 37)

If there's anything will make you miserable—and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort
Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is soothing. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

Now in 3 Forms
Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It!
All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

The boys seem to be "ganging" on Joan Blondell at the O'Brien party. Left to right, Leo Carrillo, Joan, Pat O'Brien, Joe E. Brown and Wally Ford.
than as he had pictured it in Montana. I talked with him shortly before he married Sandra. He was trying to find his way back into his former niche in Hollywood's army of actors. That is not easy when one has been away as long as had Gary. "I guess the producers know their business, after all," he smiled, a bit crookedly. "When I had a little success I thought I should do something big. I hated doing the same old things, over and over; but, after all, just what did I know about acting? I was learning by that routine, and I didn't know it. I still want to do something big. I'd like to do "The Original Lancers!' His eyes lit with a yearning I had never seen in them even when he was working on "The Kennel Dogs." "Why, I couldn't even wear clothes. I was going through a course of training. Necessary training. I didn't like it. None of us did. Perhaps I'll be able to act in some future that I won't really act at all but just be natural. If I do, how much will I owe to that necessary routine I hated."

Don't know much more about women. But I do owe them a lot. I still remember the face of my dream girl in the clear. Always one woman. One who was different. If I could find her now..."

And only a little later, he decided he had found her. Not a Hollywood voluptuous pin-up, but a girl with a social circle that detested newspaper notoriety. He talked to her a few days after he returned from their honeymoon. This transition was definitely beginning. Gary Cooper was either to grow up or slip back into a permanent, happy-today, unhappy-tomorrow, boyish adolescence. This statement showed he was standing on the bridge of life: "I don't know about marriage. I don't want to talk about it. It's between us. It should help. A married man knows where he is going to be. He has time for his work because he has found routine in his private life as he must have found it in his work if he is to be successful."

But Gary had always hated routine. He had side-stepped it in Montana. He had hated it when he was in school in England. He had even hated the English gardens because they had been so formal. "Flowers couldn't grow their own way," he had told me. He had hated the Hollywood training, the formality of his membership in Hollywood's army. Marriage is a routine. He didn't know it yet. But I did. And Sandra Shay was the product of a routine of America's finest and highest culture. What would Gary Cooper, the boy who had raced at will with coyotes and dashed ahead of rain and wind storms for the thrill he felt from mere dashing, do about it?

He was cast in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Five magazine stories were written questioning the permanence of Gary Cooper's marriage.

I wrote two of them. I don't pretend I wrote them to help Gary. I didn't. I wrote them because the magazines would pay for them. Gary was furious. He was angered as I have never seen him angered. "This marriage is my own. Who in Hell are you to mix in it?" Not only to me but to all the other writers. He gave out a statement to the newspapers, "I will never see another magazine writer and these five stories around. All except my two among the list and I am afraid I chucked. For I knew then that Gary Cooper had squared his well-formed shoulders, buckled his hips firmly around his thin waist and decided to run his own life without interference..."

And then he started work in "The Bengal Lancers."

---

**NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST EASILY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.—in few weeks!**

**Ti REMI'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!**

Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape!

**I'M SO SKINNY**

Everyone laughs at me!

**I GAINED 15 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS LET ME TELL YOU HOW**

Folks tell me they gain 10 to 15 lbs. with Ironized Yeast

A Few Weeks Later

It's hard to believe I put on 12 lbs. in 3 weeks with Ironized Yeast

You're the prettiest girl on the beach!

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process the yeast is concentrated 7 times — made 7 times more powerful.

Not only is it not all this iron-yeast-7th yeasts is then ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, and add wonderful energy. If you are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Don't delay. As you take them, watch that chisel develop and skin tones round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, digestive troubles from the same source vanish, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks — as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of this very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only not to be desired by the many cheaply prepared "Vitamin and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap substitutes usually contain only the poorest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "TV" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer: Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the label on the box and mail it to us with a coupon of this past page in your handy ironized yeast formula "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first purchase of money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 29, Atlanta, Ga. 81
You saw Gary in that picture. You knew it was a new man before you. Gary Cooper was a war hero, the well-trained lover. There was no woman to love in the picture. He was a man proving he is a well-trained actor.

And when he was finished, he walked to the mountains to shoot lions. His wife, not much more than a bride, remained at home, waiting for him to bring his trophies to her.

And I knew then, Gary and Sandra had adjusted that difficult problem of marriage. Although it seemed the principle, I imagined it clearly. The new, grown-up Gary standing solemnly on two feet, seeing his little woman as she is—not a dreamer but a hard person to admire but the love wanting to shoot lions and get away, alone, once in a while, to the freedom of his charms and pinacles of nature. Gary Cooper was never able in the old days to relax too much. He never has. If you interview a woman reporter. When a lady friend hit him with a slipper, he let her hit him. When a studio overworked him, he walked across the lot to the women's health forces him to run away. That was the little boy from Montana learning his practical lessons. But he admired her, he loved her.

And when we are big enough, fine enough, unselves enough and intelligent enough to learn from the cards shuffled by life, we lose the little illusions that make us lose, love, and don't.
Jack Benny is the wag who writes a gossip column for "Broadway Melody of 1936." Here you see him in an inspired (?) moment.

side of the big fireplace where great logs blaze. Because he refuses to have a telephone installed in this "ranch house gone luxurious." And says quietly to those who insist that really he should have a phone, "Ever try living in a house without one? No? Well, it's marvellous!"

He measures success differently than most people, you see. He counts it getting along. Putting something aside for those years which aren't so apt to yield an income of their own. Never losing track of the things you really want to do. Doing some of these things always. Finding your happiness day by day.

He's quite right, of course. Living takes a lot of understanding. And he has this. More of it than anyone I've ever known. Which accounts for him being such a swell human being. And results in him being such a superb actor that there are thousands who rejoice with him that years ago fate up and did a cartwheel which landed him in the theatre and put his engineering days definitely behind him.

We Disagree With Shirley's Mother

(Continued from page 27)

bunnies, most children do. But, if she had hated the little rabbits—in their brand new hutch—which Winfield R. Sheehan gave her for Easter, I'll wager not a person, not even her mother would have known it. Shirley Temple instinctively would have made everyone believe she wanted to play with the rabbits because she instinctively would have known it pleased her nice "boss" for her to play with them.

TAKE her so-called passion for autographs. She has one of the finest collections in the country and it will probably be the finest before she is finished. Now, on the face of it, a child who was just six on April 23, is too young to really appreciate the significance of autographs. But friends on the lot, like Jack Donohue, Fox dance director, began asking for hers. And Shirley knew if he wanted hers, he might like to have her want his. So she asked
Shirley Temple has a way with all her leading men. John Boles is the latest slave to the Temple wiles and here you see them in a scene from "Curly Top."

After watching this situation over months, I asked someone, who is often on Shirley's set, why no one, not even a leading man, ever remembers Shirley is a star when he has worked with her for a day or two. She answered, "If any person tried to kowtow to Shirley it would be embarrassing for that person because it just wouldn't—wouldn't—" she hesitated, "synchronize. It just wouldn't fit in with Shirley Temple."

And there you have your answer from one who has watched each step of the amazing career of this still almost-a-baby. To make a class distinction between Shirley Temple and others would not synchronize with Shirley Temple.

LIKEWISE, to make that class distinction does not synchronize with Garbo or Helen Hayes. For those who actually have worked with Garbo, adore her. Garbo is always trying to please those around her. I dined once with her. And that is the one memory I carry forever—her intuitive effort to make me, a comparative nobody, happy and this despite the fact that she had not wanted to see me. Helen Hayes has the same intuitive regard for everyone else's pleasure. Will Rogers has it. And also Clara Bow, Gloria Stuart, Clark Gable.

Of course, there are others. But those names flash first. I wonder why. I wonder if, after all, real genius is not that fourth-dimensional sense of knowing how to please either one person, on a set or at a luncheon table, as well as thousands sitting before a stage, in either a legitimate or motion picture theatre? Instinctively to know how to please others—is that not the true secret of entertainment, and therefore, of true genius?

So, when the mother of Shirley Temple says the child is not a genius, I take my retortor nerve in hand to argue. I think she is the rarest of all geniuses, Mrs. Temple—the one who is born with the spark to which no one can be entirely trained.

And that does not detract from the training of Shirley's mother. It adds to it. For one born with kindness, unselfishness and all the other virtues may be trained out of them. Bad habits can ruin even real genius. The genius in Hollywood's favorite star has been nourished correctly. But the first credit does go to the little lady in person no matter what anyone says.

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She with prompter.
But Helen luncheon born
take

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for his autograph in return. He, and those others who sought hers, were pleased. They smiled. She had pleased them so she began asking everyone to sign her autograph book for her.

Incidentally, here are a few random examples from the big book with its lovely leather binding which was a birthday present from director David Butler ("Little Colonel," "Bright Eyes," "Curly Top")—

"You're sweet" "You're cute" "You're swell" "You're grand" "Good luck—"

(Signed) Jimmy Dunn.

Adolphe Menjou wrote: "To Shirley, a talented Artiste."

Madge Evans: "To Shirley: A lovely little girl and a great film actress."

Sir Guy Standing: "To Shirley: With whom it has been an honor and pleasure to play."

WITH these and hundreds more like them; with each one read to her, of course, Shirley Temple knows her own importance. I repeat, she can't help it. But she also knows the way to make others happy is to make them feel important.

Why, a child far less intelligent than our Shirley would grasp the significance of a stand-in. And I know few stand-ins in Hollywood who do not grasp the significance of their own positions as orderlies. And yet Shirley's stand-in is just another little girl with a chance in motion pictures because Shirley treats her like one—more as a playmate.

When she played in her first pictures, Shirley was a prompter. When Jimmy Dunn or another "friend" forgot his lines, Shirley piped up with them. She was helping out. She doesn't do that, now. Which one it was who gave the first flash of quick resentment at a six-year-old's learning and remembering, not only her own lines, but the other fellow's, too—we shall never know. Perhaps Shirley didn't even notice the first time but it didn't take long. And now Shirley busies herself with her homework, her lessons in spelling or reading or French and pretends she has forgotten about the other fellow even though she may be just aching, in her helpful little way, to cover his slip or bad memory.
The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(Continued from page 43)

the back lot—an extra—playing the part of a trolley. Christy Cabanne came out to the set. He looked jubilant, the bearer of glad tidings. He laughed and said, 'It seems rather odd to tell a trolley that she is to play the Madonna but that is just what I've come to tell you. The test was okay. The part is yours.'

'I don't know how I registered as a trolley for the duration of the day. I was so filled with Christian beatitude. It seemed to me, then, that all of my work and worry, the long months of dancing at the Egyptian, the dancing-school work, the dreary sitting on that casting bench—all of it was worth while since it had led to the playing of the Madonna! I even thought that this was, perhaps, a direct answer to my childhood prayers. There seemed to be something symbolic and sweet about it.'

'Only one thorn rankled in my flesh that day. I had failed Valentine!'

'Late that same afternoon Mr. Christy came onto the set again. This time he was the bearer of ill tidings. The sun was going down over the back lot, I remember, and I felt chilled as I looked at his face and thought, dramatically, 'The sun is going down on my hopes, too!' It was. Christy said that there had been some confusion of interests—a certain faction in the studio was 'pulling' for Betty Bronson. Another faction was 'pulling' for an unknown girl to play the Virgin. The unknown girl would be me. There appeared, also, to have been some sort of a previous arrangement with Betty and the sun total was that Betty got the part and I did not.'

That was Terrible Blow No. 2. I should have felt fated, it would seem, after the Valentino fiasco and then this. I did feel a pang of self-pity. I had worked so hard. I had gone without all of the things that other girls live for, or by. I hadn't any beaux or pretty clothes or gay times or any of the laughing side of life.

'That night, as I left the studio and collected my $7.50 from Bob McIntyre who was the god in the grille—the casting director at M-G-M at the time. He opened the grille and spoke to me. He told me he'd hoped I would get the part of the Madonna and was sorry but for me not to worry because he was going to give me all of the extra work he possibly could. It was to report again in the morning. Many weeks later he told me that he had come to me, not because he believed in me as an actress but because he thought I was hungry. He said that he had been haunted by his dreams at night, sitting there day after day on that wooden bench, so thin and starved looking. I must have looked thin and starved to have penetrated the consciousness of the man who looked out upon personal tragedies and frustrated ambitions and fading hopes every day of his life.'

'Bob was as good as his word, too. He did keep on giving me extra work. He even gave me extra work in 'Ben Hur.' And I was on the set the day Betty Bronson did her scene as the Madonna.

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THEY CALLED HER

The Campus Lure

never dreaming she might lure a man to his death

"Date trading" was an old game at the Kappa Delt House. It was very simple. You phoned your date at the last moment and told him that you couldn't go, but that there was a cute little girl from the house who would take your place. Girls had been known to trade off a date for a coveted pair of earrings! Jeanne promised to get Pete for Dodo. And she did get him, not for Dodo, but for herself and for two desperate men.

What happened to Jeanne, clever, adorable Jeanne, the Campus Lure?.... What happened to Pete, lured by love to a den of crooks?....

Vina Lawrence tells you in a startling story of college life in the September issue of

Sweetheart Stories...10¢
That was pretty hard to take. I remember now how I had to bite my lips and pretend to be laughing and kidding with someone near me in order to keep the resentful little sound from my throat. Myrna is absolutely convinced, she says, that luck plays the trump card in such matters. When she grows the sureness to which she is. For some wholm reason you happen to be here instead of there and some director or producer happens to see you and because he happens to see you he gives you a part. If she had played the Madonna, she says, her whole career might well have been completely different. She would probably never have played the exotic roles which slanted her gray-green eyes and covered her with brown greasepaint for so long. "I," said Myrna, "is the most potent word in the tongue of man ... ."
And so there were extra parts in this and that picture. And the little girl from Montana used to watch the established stars go to and fro and she would stare at them in envy. She once passed Ramon Novarro on the lot in his costume as "Ilen Hur" and nearly fainted. She thought she had never seen anything so attractive. "He was poetry, walking," she said. "If anyone had told me then that the day would come when Ramon and I would work together in my dressing-room on that very lot, would even be rumored engaged, I would have laughed (or cried) it off as feverish fancy."
All these pages are extra迷人 volume is. And yet another reason why I never bother about Tomorrow. Each Today is a page in the book and contains enough fascination enough problems and interest to hold the attention without having it wander into the future.
"I was given a bit as one of the dancers in Joan Crawford's 'Pretty Ladies' next. Only because I could dance. It was Joan's first important picture. And the little girl from Montana used to watch the established stars go to and fro and she would stare at them in envy. She once passed Ramon Novarro on the lot in his costume as "Ilen Hur" and nearly fainted. She thought she had never seen anything so attractive. "He was poetry, walking," she said. "If anyone had told me then that the day would come when Ramon and I would work together in my dressing-room on that very lot, would even be rumored engaged, I would have laughed (or cried) it off as feverish fancy."
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Ralph Morgan is having his knitting problems with Betty Furness. A between-scenes shot on "Calm Yourself" set.

AND so she began, at Warner Brothers, her Oriental career. She played sirens of all nations—Chinese sirens, Malay, Hindu, Javanese, Indian, Polynesian. For a time, she says, it was fun. It was not being herself and Myrna has always enjoyed not being herself. "Escape," psychiatrists would call it. At that time, she says, she believed her real personality would not photograph and would not register significantly if it did. And so, she threw herself into Orientalism as she had always thrown herself into anything that would aid her work. She steeped herself in Oriental philosophy, she dived into the occult sciences.

She said, laughing, "It got so that I began to have nightmares. I spent the nights being pursued by fantastical dream creatures with horned hair and slanted eyes. I'd look into the mirror and see my familiar freckled face change to a strange and sinister one. I began to pray for the time when I could play a nice, normal American woman with nice, normal actions and reactions.

"It began to strike me as very funny—plain little Myrna Williams from Helena, Montana, as the femme fatale of all nations. And it began to seem very childish to me—a sort of throw-back of the days of make-believe out of which I had grown up. I became tired of it.

"Then, in 1930, I played Warner Baxter's leading woman in 'Renegade.' But the part wasn't big enough to break the, as it were, Javanese jinx. Director William K. Howard was heroic enough to cast me as the dutiful wife in his 'Transatlantic' and I really had hopes that I could put away the brown greasepaint after that and look a white man in the eye. But a few days after the picture was released a casting director said to me, 'Miss Loy, you were splendid in 'Transatlantic,' but the public is accustomed to seeing you in Oriental parts and so, your next picture..."

"It was after 'Transatlantic,' however, that M-G-M signed Myrna to her long term contract with them. And so, after five years, Myrna entered again the studio where she had begun as a holder-downer-of-benches and a leper!

She says that only recently did she learn that when Mr. Thalberg sent for her to sign that contract they really had it in mind for her to play in "Freaks." She was to have played the part Balanovna finally did. It would have been a neat sequence of events. Myrna thinks, to have entered those gates as an extra to play a leper and to enter them later to play in "Freaks!"

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It looked for a time, then, as though her vamp days were finally over. "Emma," "The Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old" and a few others, she wore smart Adrian gowns and played straight dramatic roles. But then she got a mail full of surprise that she really was an American after all!

But the bit was a strangle hold and some of us never escape it! Almost without realizing it she found herself in the cast of "The Mask of Fu Manchu" with the famous Charles D. Landor and then as the half-caste murderer in "Thirteen Women."

"There were more nightmares," says Myrna, "than playing in 'The Kingdom' with Leslie Howard. I regard that picture as my final break with the 'exotic.' It was the first straight dramatic part I'd played of sufficient importance to really attract attention. I think that then and only then was I on my way to--this-- and Myrna waved her big, beautiful hand in a gesture that she hopes is new, and de luxe star dressing-room, in letters of gold, the name of Myrna Loy.

MYRNA has been very much in pictures ever since that eventful 1925 and--next to Garbo—less is known about her private life than about the private life of any other star in the world. She is called a "Mystery Woman," but she is not a Mystery Woman in the habitual and tabloid-paparazzi sense of the word. She never refuses to grant an interview nor to pose for publicity pictures. She invites the Press to tea at her house. She is seen occasionally at the Trocadero or the Vendome, less occasionally at the Cocoa-

tnut Grove. She says that the majority of such parties are only fun if you want to drink and drink and drink only boredom is to be gained. She doesn't dress exotically. She talks simply and with seeming frankness. She says that anything you may think of asking about her external life... she moves every year, from house to house, because she is restless and likes new views, new furniture, new atmosphere. Her mother and brother live together now. She lives alone. She is careful and competent with money. She says that fashion is a thing that are of the essence of time and beauty—old brasses and etchings and water colors and porcelains and plates for food and the formalities of living. She likes to drive her own car and exceed the speed limit when possible. She always attends the Hollywood openings. She has been to La Argentina and she says that Norma Shearer is one of her favorite actresses and that Bill Powell has sex appeal. She is very proud of her brother and talks at length about his art work, the commer-
cial art he is doing... All these things and many more we know of Myrna Loy. The life she lives with her mind, with her ambition, is plain to us. The life she lives in her heart is—in her heart.

Yet, she says, if she never would have become a star if it were not for the men in her life. She gives full credit to Christy Malarcher for his early interest in her, to Bob McIntyre who helped her because he thought she was hungry. She says that E. H. Griffith can never be re-
paid for the part he gave her in "Rebecca" with Ima Claine and, later, for her pivotal part in "Animal Kingdom." She says that Roohan Mamonian is another who helped her, though "Wenni," of course, "that Mr. Mamonian wanted me for a part in Chevalier's picture, 'Love Me Tonight.' It was a small role but at least it would permit me to speak English instead of Senegalese and to wear sensible clothes. It was my first comedy role."

She likes to talk of W. S. Van Dyke and how her skilled hand had helped. "These men," she says, "gave me the one thing I most sorely needed—confidence in myself. They made me feel that my real part was to act."

On the other hand, there was a mail full of surprise that she really was an American after all!

"It was Mr. Van Dyke who said, while we were making "The Thin Man," and she had made a prediction to me. He said, 'I prophesy that you will be a star within the year. And not only a star but one of the most remarkable office stars. Well, I am. I mean, I am, a star."

"I made "Manhattan Melodrama" and 'The Thin Man' and 'Stamboul Venture.' Mr. Van Dyke's crystal-gazing came true. Here I am. But I would not be here if it were not for the men in my life and the faith they had in me."

YES, here she is giving a largesse of credit to the helping hands of men, to the belief, without a doubt, that she is the most beautiful of all strangers, persistently silent about the interests, the men, in her heart. As is everyone else. She will insist, when pressed, that her mother, her sister, her father, her love words in her scripts, her adventures on the sets.

Still we have every stuff of rumor to draw from the history of an older man described as an "intellectual interest" who wanted Myrna to marry him and live abroad. A man, we have heard, of profound culture and knowledge. But Myrna refused to marry him because she knew that she could never be happy away, for any length of time, in Hollywood; she would keep her eyes on the states.
If You Ever Visit Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

from bragging about his climate. The stranger who lends a willing ear and a gesture of interest is worth a dollar and a half of information for nothing.

"Why must we be close to Hollywood Boulevard?" is a question frequently asked by tourists when they reach a point through all the stars pass down the boulevard at one time or another. It is Hollywood's Fifth Avenue. However, it is so fine with its gardens, swimming pool and famed Cocoa-noct Grove is a vantage point, mid-way between Hollywood and Los Angeles. There, you may sit nightly in the lobby and watch celebrities arrive and depart at the Grove. Almost any night may be the time chosen for a party by Joan Crawford and Pranoot Tone, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Joan Blondell and her husband, Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier, etc. Many are less than the Hollywood house and more money in Hollywood so they may live in the "luxury" hotels frequented by the stars.

If you can remain a month or more, a hotel is unnecessary, as Hollywood has more furnished apartment houses than any town in the world. The fashionable Cha-ten House and many others. All most all of them have lived there for short or long periods. They go there while their houses are being renovated. Its rates range a little under a hundred dollars monthly to several hundred. The dining room serves lunches from fifty cents and dinners varying up to the dollar mark—or you can cook your own meals.

To give an adequate description of the various hotels would take a large-sized book. You can secure comfortable, cunningly arranged bungalow courts at as low as $27.50 monthly; rooms in private homes for $15; large-sized furnished apartments with full kitchens and baths in colored tile—everything furnished, including linen, silver and glass—for $40. You can live in moderate "swank" for $50-$60.

Food is cheap in comparison to the bal ance of the United States. While New Yorkers are paying sixty cents a dozen for oranges, we are paying one penny a piece. You can usually buy carrots, beets and other vegetables for three or four for a nickel and there are times in the summer when you pay only a penny a bunch. If you have a car, choose some such roads as Ventura Boulevard, running north from Highland Avenue (Hollywood and Highland Avenue form the center of Hollywood) and you will find wagers standing on both sides loaded with oranges, lemons, watermelons, potatoes, bananas, cherries, muskmelons, etc., according to the season. You will be amazed how cheaply you can purchase these wares.

While you are "in the country," watch for "Lucas For Sale/Walnuts For Sale," "Fresh Cherries-Killed Wasps You Wait" signs on the tiny farms, which we call ranches. Buying from the little landowner is a money-saver. It's as good as well as a money-saver. Be sure and talk to those people. Everyone in California likes to chat intimately and you'll be surprised at what you can learn by stopping at the same door where Marlene Dietrich's or Joan Crawford's chauffeur stopped for eggs the day before and you'll learn more about them.

Our "drive-in" markets are famous, of course. You park your car in the store and load up on everything from drugs to liquor to pies. They will sell you chow-stue, hot and ready to serve, for 25c to 30c a quart. "Pigeon blood" is ten cents extra but enough for a dozen servings! A family of three, paying $40 a month rent, can live comfortably for $125 monthly, if careful. I know because I have done it. This includes the running of an automobile because a car is essential to those remaining for any long period as the distances are so great and car and bus fare expensive (usually ten cents with inadequate transfer facilities). Gasoline usually averages, over a year, seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

If we come to Hollywood, how much will we see of the motion picture people? Can we get into a studio? etc.

You will have to depend upon the breaks! Practically all the stars live in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Toluca Lake or Van Nuys, the latter being the farming community where Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Buck Jones, Louise Fazenda, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have recently purchased or built homes. You will find automobiles parked along the roadways advertising trips to the stars' homes. Be careful. Although many are legitimate, I have taken trial trips and had Jack Warner's estate point out as Ronald Colman's. Hollywood, like any modern city, is full of rackets.

Almost anyone in Beverly Hills can direct you to Pickfair, Harold Lloyd's, Gloria Swanson's. If you go to "the circle" in Brentwood Heights, the average stroller can show you Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's place, across the street from Joan Crawford's. Elissa Landi's lovely new home with its pipe organ, is close by, as is director William K. Howard's artistic New England estate. You will find high-fences and "no trespassing" signs. We advise you to heed them as there are ugly watch dogs. The attendants are probably the only seemingly discourteous folks you will meet, with the possible exception of studio gatekeepers. They have to be! Kidnappers are more of a menace than the average person realizes. You can buy lists of addresses and telephone numbers. Again, we warn you. The stars protect their telephone numbers, change them the moment they are unpro-tection and, if you find one right one among a dozen, you are fortunate.

Again. A little tip. Find the "little fellow" in Hollywood who has lived there several years. Be friendly. Tell him who you are—and you'll be surprised. Again, I speak of the drug store attendant, the service station man, the small-shop clerk, etc. One girl has been behind a certain lingerie counter for ten years. She has sold dainties to most of the stars. She knows their habits from breakfast until breakfast. If you offer her your pay, she'll tilt her saucy nose five inches higher. If you let her know you're a friendly stranger, hungry for a peep behind Hollywood's Gaines curtain, she'll be a willing guide from a spirit of hospitality. She's a col-lege girl, knows her home-town and her people. She cannot be patronized but she can be wooed. But she will have to be convinced you are not trying to sell, molest or steal from the stars. If you are really friendly and good-mealing, you'll buy stockings or lingerie but not a hobo. She would see through that game at once. And there are hundreds upon hundreds like her.

No, you cannot get into the studios.
Tours may still be driven through the Universal plant but will seldom see a picture in the making. And that "certain pull," which will slip you within, is becoming more and more difficult. Your exhibitor at home is your best bet (may the theatre owners forgive us!) because he buys the cheap picture, but you will find him very limited in the courtesies he may extend. Please do not blame Hollywood for this. Those of us who are allowed personally into most motor motion sets understand, and, if we are honest, approve. The reason is simple.

The average layman cannot realize that time is the most valuable asset in Hollywood. The newspapers have just reported Garbo's salary, on her new contract, at $500,000 per picture. Her last production took four weeks to make. Therefore, the studio pays out $500 per week (six days) or $13,520 a day while she is working. Since she only makes two pictures a year, the salary is not large for her talent, yet the studio is actually spending this huge amount for four weeks on Garbo alone. To make a picture within a profitable budget, work must be rapid. And the least minute, the least hint of resistance, is a disturbing influence on the set. It takes time. No one is ever allowed on a Garbo set, but if he were, he could not afford costing the studio money.

A guest coughed while a shot was being taken. The studio people worked it out and discovered one visitor's cough cost $50 in actual cash. And the leading action on that picture was receiving less than $1000 weekly.

Again, strike. And may the studios forgive us! If you seriously want to see a picture made, watch the daily newspapers for information on "location trips." Although newspapers seldom publish such information, if you read all the columnists dealing exclusively with motion pictures and the two Hollywood trade papers, Variety and The Hollywood Reporter, you will usually find them mentioned in one. Also, a cleverly worded phone call to a studio may elicit information as to "companies on location."

Although location shots are also becoming less and less frequent, there are still companies shooting almost daily at favorite spots in or near Los Angeles. Pasadena's huge estates are used very often. The San Pedro harbor, easily accessible to you via the "red-car" train, is ideal. The Arrowhead (a day for the round trip by auto or bus), the San Fernando valley, etc. Confidentially, it frequently follows a star on location for an interview. They are much more informal away from studio regulations.

MENTIONING the trade papers—you will find it well worth your while to buy both while you are visiting Hollywood. (Five cents a copy.) They are to be found upon the breakfast table of practically every motion picture worker and are Hollywood's system of intercommunication.

Studios frequently advertise previews. Attend them. They are pre-showings for the purpose of discovering how an audience likes a just completed picture. If the public shows disapproval, the picture is returned for additional cutting, re-takes, etc. The stars usually attend if they believe the preview. Naturally, some theatre managers advertise previews for extra pictures slipped-in. An advertising stunt! But this is seldom. Among the theatres most likely to run advance showings are the "Ritz," on Wilshire Boulevard, "The Up-town," on Western Avenue; "The Alexander," in Glendale. Get there early! Seats are usually sold out at least an hour before the picture opens.

Incidentally, if you are to attend the Fair in San Diego, the exhibition will not be a fake. Scenes from real pictures, with their usual workman, although the week-ends will provide the majority of the "big scenes." Sponsored by Hollywood, composed of Hollywood's biggest stars, the stars themselves are providing for this exhibition—not a commercial house, hoping to make money. Naturally, the best & biggest stars are at the famous eating places. Sardis, owned and managed by Eddie Brannston (who gave us the Montmartre and the Merry-Go-Round, when Hollywood was growing up), is on the Boulevard near Vine Street, and is a favorite luncheon rendezvous. There is an excellent and not too expensive lunch for ninety cents—the same that made the old Montmartre well known, only it then cost two dollars! The Broom Derby attracts more male stars, on the average. Wally Beery is there almost daily, when not working. Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, George Raft, etc. Luncheons à la carte. Prepare to spend a minimum of seventy-five cents. Very minimum.

The Vendome, on Sunset Boulevard (between Cahuenga and Wilshire), is celebrated just before the Hollywood Bowl. A beautiful "Mai Tai" Hula Dance every night, is 
struck to the air, and the theatre is crowded at the lunch hour. You may see Dolores Del Rio, very chic in the latest creation, or perhaps Margaret Sullivan in slacks. But two-thirty the sidewalk is crowded with well-knowns waiting for their chauffeurs to get into line. A la carte. High priced. If you spend less than $2, you will not eat much. Excellent food.

Victor Hugo's is one of Los Angeles' oldest and most renowned eating places. It has just moved to ultra-ultra quarters in Beverly Hills. We also can promise you a peep at filmland through a rat's-eye, or go to the ground floor, at lunch at all the places. You'll find it upscale, in the Bowl (between Montecito and Wilshire), and at the new Broom Derby, take in a meal. The Bngoinger, on Vine Street, has less than the Elyers, etc.—for tea. And the English, if they do not happen to be eating at home.

THE Trocadero at night, of course. That is, at the present. You can never tell when a Hollywood eating place will close. And be the last, for Hollywood's restless eye. The history of Hollywood could be written according to the history of its ever-changing eating places. It's true. From the Trocadero and prepare to spend $10 upwards for two. But you will see the elite on dress parade, including Marlene Dietrich and, if you have a lucky talisman, Garbo.

From the Trocadero to a Pullman diner on Sixth Street, almost downtown, across from the Ferris Hotel. It looks well, an old, dismantled diner out of place. But what a steak! From seventy-five cents upward, sold by the pound—cooked. The diners don't have a chance. They haven't slipped behind its plain, wooden counter or tables. Don't go there in the summer. You'll find a sign, "Too hot to work. Don't come fishing!"

The "drive-in sandwich shop" at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Streets (sandwiches twenty cents): Levy's, on Vine Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard (lunchen, twenty-five cents up); the big drug store in Beverly Hills; the shops, big and small; all the restaurants. Hollywood folk are at home and they go "into town" frequently like most of us. I have seen twenty-five-headliners casually in a day and have not been too crowded. Anyone can change from the person who stays a month or more who sees Hollywood from behind its beauty but never very high fences. And you will find Mac West at price-leights, big and little.
We frequently receive letters asking, "What clothes shall we bring for our visit to Hollywood?" And we Californians are always amused and dismayed at the way visitors do not bring coats. You need a coat the year around for the evenings. A medium weight for both summer and winter. Our cold nights are not fiction, although the statement we never have a warm one is. Sport clothes for the street, all seasons; slacks, tennis shorts (summer)—in fact, anything in the clothes line goes in Hollywood. We always shock New Yorkers because of our indifferent apparel and yet, when they have been with us three months, they are boasting about the freedom of Hollywood fashions. A visitor must be certain he is prepared for an extremely hot day and an extremely cool one, coming, perhaps, one after another. In the winter—rubbers, raincoat, umbrella. And we must not forget that group of visitors Masons who sit on our curbstones, sheltered by umbrellas, and fished in our overflowing gutters in the latter part of June.

"How can I get work in Hollywood!"—Have a job before you come! That is the only sensible answer to conclude a story that has attempted to neither woo nor detract from the most interesting city in the world, but simply to tell you plain, little truths you may not know, but which you would like to know.

**Modern Screen Dramatic School**

(Continued from page 67)

remember my first real comedy part in pictures. I was supposed to be one of those girls who might be either dumb or smart. I had fallen into the water, and they dragged me ashore and gave me a drink. There, said my rescuer, how does that taste?

"Just as if I had been cut to ribbons, I answered. I didn't think the line was funny at all, yet that got more laughs than any other line in the picture.

"Another time, when I played in 'The Impatient Maiden,' I was supposed to get locked in a street-jacket accidentally while visiting an insane asylum. The director told me not to rehearse the scene. I was just to imagine myself in that predicament and try to get loose.

"The scene lasted for five minutes, and I struggled, screamed and wrenched. I was black and blue when it was over, but the scene got a lot of laughs.

"A kindly spirit should be back of all laughs. Fun should come without malice. Comedians must guard against being fresh and always having an answer that tops the other fellow's. The most successful laugh-getters are those who are always in a predicament. They get themselves into embarrassing situations and thereby find many kindred souls.

"Above all, I believe one must get an exciting reaction from one's work. It has always helped me to be happy and have a lot of fun while doing a part.

"Before starting a picture I get scared and nervous. Yet I wouldn't be relieved of that tension for anything in the world. The first day or so may be trying, and I worry about how I am going to be funny, then all of a sudden I realize I'm having a grand time. Having a sense of enjoyment helps others to enjoy a thing, too."

Thanks, Una, that's marvelous advice and I'm sure that all our Dramatic School pupils appreciate it.

And now, what do you want to know? Just write me your requests and they will be fulfilled to the best of my ability. All letters are gladly answered. Address, Katherine Albert, Modern Screen's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. And don't forget that stamped, addressed envelope.

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LOOK at your ankles. Either they are shapely, or too thin, or thick and humpy. If you have the first kind, thank your fairy godmother and keep them that way with good shoes and enough exercise (not too much). If your ankles are thin, Anna Sothern advises that you try tennis, golf, hiking, bicycle riding, or anything that means working or playing on your feet. Ankles are easier to build up than to reduce, for anything that involves considerable muscular activity of the ankles will only tend to develop them rather than reduce them. If you're trying to bolster up a pair of skinny ankles and legs... walk, walk and walk.

If, on the other hand, you want to reduce thick ankles, avoid much exercising on your feet. Take your exercises sitting or lying down, with the feet elevated. The bones during its construction, but we had ankles is one that I call the 'Circle Stretch.' You lie flat on the floor and cross one knee over the other. Then take the crossed foot first and stretch the toes to the right as far as you can, then down, then to the left, and then bring them back toward you. It will take some practice, as usually you'll be able to make the circle with ease and without strain. Concentrate on pulling at the flesh, not the muscles. Other simple exercises for reducing and building up the ankles, and suggestions in the way of self-administered massage are available in my exercise sheet which we are sending you. Please fill in the address and stamped envelope. You'll find a coupon for your convenience at the end of these columns.

Just one word of warning before you start in on an exercise campaign. Remember that posture plays an important part in determining whether you have a graceful and pretty figure. You can walk with the shoulders straight and the abdomen "pulled in," then the muscles of the legs are pulled straight, and those small revolving bones in the ankles act as a delicate piece of machinery, throwing the weight of the body gracefully from toe to toe. Much can be accomplished by sitting and standing correctly. The girl who walks well doesn't turn her feet out at right angles, or move her head from side to side, jerkily. She holds herself a little more rigidly, and swings her legs from the hips, not from the knees. She doesn't mince or stride but walks with perfect grace. And I hope you have a couple of good pictures of that picture of gracefulness with a set of exercises, pedicuring preparations, and a knowledge that you're putting your best foot forward. Let me help you.

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

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...as I had repeatedly promised to each of the girls he knew your conversation would not interest you, so I didn’t tell you about that. But now I really
refused my notice. Sent her the special free Beauty Treatment.

Addres

Ch.

MODERN SCREEN

Let’s be back a bit and peer into
the past of Eulalia. There’s a
part of it that tied them so closely.
I say that because his mother has
been closely identified with him.
That was his uncle, Albert Dallas.
Warner, died when Warner was
three months old, leaving nothing
but some unpaid bills. The furniture
was sold and the widow moved
with her invalid infant into an
upstairs room in the home of a brother
and sister-in-law. She put a card
in the parlor which read: "All, too,
left Columbus, that she did sewing of all kinds.
The long, hard struggle for existence
for herself and baby began.

"Mother moved through grade and
high school," Warner told me. "But I
realized she couldn’t sew me into college,
so I got a job with a farm implement
company. After a few weeks I
postponed the vaudeville act. I quit
my job, and went. I had four months
of that, and during those four months,
mother, who knew I was too young a boy who
went on the stage and never returns home,
kept writing me to come back. I knew
she was right, and went back to
my old job.

"But once a trouper, always a trouper.
I was no good to the implement company
and when a representative of the Travelers
Life Insurance Company offered to send
me to the company’s training school at
Hartford, I accepted. For four months
I listened to lectures and then was assigned
to the Philadelphia office. A month later,
Mother wrote, ‘Warner, insurance is not
your career.’ I knew she was right. I
quit. I tried the garage business in Tulsa.
This time, Mother, who had disliked
the idea of my going on the stage,
finally agreed that my career lay
in that direction. She encouraged me.
I found a job at $25 a week in the North
Brothers Stock Company, a tent show,
and in two months was leading man at
$35 a week, touring Missouri, Kansas,
Texas and Oklahoma.

THROUGHOUT this period mother
was writing encouraging letters. I was
sending a little each week, and she was
forever writing glowing letters
telling me how much money and
she was earning and pointing out that if I
had any surplus to spend it upon my wardrobe
as a promising young actor needs clothes. Later
in 1913 I received a letter from her in
which she said that a lot of motion
pictures were being made in a place called
Hollywood, Cal, and maybe I had better
have a try at pictures. Now I, too,
and had heard of pictures, and I wrote
mother that I was going to
Hollywood and that if things looked bright,
I’d send for her.

Baxter, almost a pioneer in pictures,
arrived in Hollywood in 1914 and began
visiting the studios. In those days casting
directors got rid of stage people by saying,
‘Sorry, but the part’s too bad, you’re a little late, you’re just
the type I could have used.” Baxter heard this
for weeks. He wrote and told his mother;
‘Keep trying—there’s a place
for you.” Discouraged, broke, and hungry,
Baxter walked from studio to studio. Then
one day he walked into a room at Lander
and said, ‘You’re the man I’ve been
looking for! I’ve a grand role for you.
Report to me in two weeks.”

Baxter walked on air—seven miles to his
boarding house. He borrowed a dollar
from his landlady, and then went
home. The message read: Great luck.
Got grand part. Start paying. Mean-
time wire money on which to eat for two weeks.

‘Mother sent the money,” Warner told me.
“and her son walked about in the grand manner.
At the end of the two weeks he received $50
and the following note saying that very
day he heard something about Holly-
wood! The casting director who had
hired him refused to give me an explanation relative
to his change of mind. It was then that
my real struggle began. I wrote mother
the truth.

‘Do you know what happened? Well, the little lady who once made me promise, to forget show business sent me a money
order—money she could ill afford to
send—and a little verse of poetry which had to
do with the theme. ‘Be not discouraged.
Well, I continued haunting the studios.
I continued receiving money orders from
mother, accompanied by words of en-
couragement. By the time she had sent
me her last dime I was still without work
for good news. I received, in turn, a tele-
gram which today would be interpreted as
saying ‘Give em the works.”

‘Then, faced by actual starvation, I
learned that Frank Underwood, stage di-
ger of the old Morisco Theatre, needed
a man for a small role. I went to see
him. He offered me $25 a week. Hungry,
without a dime to my name, I held out for
$35 and got it. I would have taken it for
$10. I borrowed a dollar to wire mother
the good news. I received, in turn, a tele-
gram which today would be interpreted as
saying ‘Give em the works.” I did.

‘Three months of hard work followed.
I sent a little money home, and received
constant letters of encouragement. Then
after 90 days, I was given a contract at
$60 a week, and mother, who didn’t
send for mother. A lot of things hap-
pened before she got here. Most
important of all, I met and fell in love
with Winifred Bryson. And I became a leading
man.

‘Mother arrived. Winnie and I met her
at the train, and believe me, it was a joyful
reunion.

‘Have you had dinner?” I asked.

‘No, son,” she answered.

T HEN we’ll hurry to the theatre, park
your bags backstage, and the three of
us will have dinner together.”

‘Grand,” said mother.

‘Now, before I go off to work, I’m going to tell you a story that I had forgotten, but
which mother told me yesterday.”

It was at that precise moment that Jen-
nie Baxter walked into the brown leather
and mahogany study.
She had overheard that last statement.

‘Why not let ME tell it, son?” she
laughed.

‘Shoot, Mrs. Baxter,” he laughed.

‘I’ll tell you,” his mother began.

‘I got off the train today. It’s hotter
than ever; the only thing that interests
me now is getting a bit of relief from
the heat. But I never find anything
that even looks like a little bit, and
because they seemed so eager to
take me to dinner, I agreed to go,
and there that I was going to go to the
theatre, and parked my luggage, and
then took me to dinner. I watched them,
and read the signs, but, imagine my
surprise when later that evening I
heard my mother turn to Warner, and my son turned to me and asked:
‘Mother, have you got any money?

‘Thank goodness, I had enough to pay
the check!”
MODERN SCREEN

Reviews

(Continued from page 60)

★★★ Broadway Gondolier
(Warner's)

Here is a peppy little plot featuring the activities of those who do their stuff behind the mike, the Big Brains who sponsor radio programs and the poor creeps who have to "take it" from temperamental talent. While the tale is plenty far-fetched, it is all done in the spirit of fun and you don't know whether or not you really believe that a Bronx taxi driver may become a great favorite masquerading as an Italian tenor, or up on stage, while you're in the theatre, you're having a grand quota of laughs, which is just what counts when the story is labelled "comedy." The players are excellent; in fact, each swell performance is in order that it is difficult to name 'em in order of praiseworthiness. Dick Powell radiates charm, renders a few faintly funny lines and, indeed, does himself proud. Louise Fazenda is simply gut-rand in the role of the wealthy Mrs. Flaggheim, espousant of the odorless cheese head. Adolphe Menjou is excellent in a character role and Joan Blondell, splendid, as the wise-cracking love interest. As if this were not enough in the talent line, the Warners have added Ted Fio Rito and the Four Mills Brothers. Yet, you'll want to see "Broadway Gondolier" and you'll be whistling its tunes for weeks to come.

Preview Postscripts

"The play must go on" in most pictures, no matter what actor may fall ill. But when Adolphe Menjou was rushed hospitalward, as an Italian tenor, the show must go on, and you're that good. What's more, Adolphe's a real trouper. With a nurse and doctor in tow he reported for work. The nurse—very pretty—hovered around constantly, armed with hot water bottles and glass tubes through which she fed Mr. Menjou every hour. Adolphe wouldn't be caught panting less than spotless... Joan Blondell's famous not only for her screen characterizations, but for the fact that she's actually a happy Hollywoodian. Maryland, where she was born and brought up, is the only maiden's prayer, if fan mail is any criterion. And a very busy young man, too, what with just having completed a small private hotel up at Tolula Lake, where he intends to spend his declining bachelor days. Joan will tell you that Dick's a meanie, though. That gondola scene, supposedly taken on a warm Venetian night, was in reality taken on a chilly California evening in March. Dick reported for work in a wooly pair of red flannels under his dress-suit, but poor Joan could only wear a chiffon evening gown. It was anything but a hot love affair to her... Louise Fazenda is a pioneer of the Mock Sennett Bathing Beauties, but has just as much spunk and spirit today. She has three hobbies—antiques, a year-old son, and a husband, Hol West, the chief engineer at Warner's. Ted Fio Rito and the Mills Brothers are equally well known. Ted started on the way to fame with a song. He's now one of the highest paid dance band directors in the country. The Mills Brothers are tops for quartet warbling on both radio and stage.

★★★ Hardrock Harrigan
(Sol Lesser-Fox)

Even if you're a drawing-room picture addict, you'll enjoy this rough 'n' tough type of flicker in spite of yourself. The rugged mountains of the Colorado River Aqueuduct are fitting background for George O'Brien's broad chest and ready fists. Most of the other actors are superb specimens of rippling muscle and brains, too. The stars, four with the Act-O-grams, hearty stuff with plenty of punch. The story would have got along very nicely without any love interest, but Irene Hervey as the gal in the case and the cool in the camp does an excellent job of being both. The plot's main interest, though, lies in the long-standing feud between "Hardrock Harrigan" (Randolph Scott) and "Black Jack" Riley (Fred Kohler). What these two men couldn't think up to annoy one another, hardly yet been thought up! You'll find real suspense in the outcome of their enmity, in the tunnel cave-in and the dangers of engineering projects three miles beyond the Denver line. Hel picture's an easy opener to the average person who merely takes Bouvier Dams, Colorado Aqueuducts, etc., for granted. Take along the boy friend or the girl friend and have a swell time. He'll think your movie judgment is infallible—which is almost worth sitting through a completely he-man picture.

Preview Postscripts

Here's a picture where the scenery is all "real stuff." It was made at the Coachella Tunnel, part of the billion dollar project which is to be the Colorado River Aqueuduct. All of the scenes within the tunnel are actual three miles from the mouth of the excavation, so even the perspiration beaming the brows of the heroes is authentic. The company lived at Camp Barado, close to the desert town of Indio, while making the picture and had "one swell time and sweller food" according to Mr. O'Brien. George started the real engineering crew by displaying a thorough knowledge of pressure drills. While a student at Santa Clara College, he worked one of those mysterious machines every summer as a laborer in San Francisco. Down on the picture's main star, the son of a famous San Francisco chief of police, husband of Marguerite Churchill and proud papa of a brand new daughter, he's a real movie star, and his character as assistant cameraman to Tom Mix in the good old days... Victor Potel and Lee Shumway also remember "way back when" in the movies. They've been involved in the business longer than even they can recall... Dean Benton, however, is a newcomer. Universal interviewed 3500 boys and girls with film aspirations about a year ago and selected 25 for training. Of these only two were given contracts, and Dean was one of them... Irene Hervey's another daughter... Edwin Clancy, noted artist, Irene hopped into movies from high school. She had an owfiful time getting down into the tunnel for the pictures, since the men down there thought of her as the woman who goes underground, one man is carried out. But there wasn't one accident while the company was working. There's an assistant cameraman role is a new one for him. He's played the "dirty heavy" for years and years in Hollywood with nary a drop of sympathy. Good-looking as well as Kohler's his son. Junior's in pictures, too—when he's not too busy beating Anne Shirley around.

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to be disappointed. Grace Moore does her self-proud and warbles the sentimental hits of "La Boheme" with all the passion and beauty you could wish. Michael Bartlett, who sings Rodolph, acquires himself admirably as a heroine. A big hit, but the picture isn't. Carrillo, the gambler-angel of La Moanr, has the best break in years and makes the most of it. There are a few amazing bits of plot juggling in the final scene of Carrillo to the heroine at the end, but it's all fun. You can hum "Love Me Forever" composed for the opus and you'll applaud your old opera favorites. Swell entertainment decidedly.

★★ College Scandal
(Paramount)

Chief attraction in these cinematic campus doings is Arline Judge; chief misadventure is a tow-headed youth whose name escapes us. There are a couple of mysterious student murders, the rehearsal of a school play, the song hit, "In the Middle of a Flirt," two with jolly affinity, and Paramount knows what else in this movie hodge-podge. Just to put added strain on your gray matter, or you'll pull, a carefully choreographed tag is permitted to meander through the scenes. Knowing that one should never suspect the guilty-looking person, one might realize immediately that this woman had nothing to do with the plot, and her presence merely adds a thoroughly unhomely touch. Kent Taylor is the leading man. Along with Wendy Barrie, newcomer to the American movies, the object of his affections. In fact, Wendy is just the hit of the piece with all the boys. She's a fair-to-middling actress reminiscent of Mary Brian in appearance. Johnny Downs does a nice bit of vocalizing and is tailed all too early in the picture. Then, of course, there's Arline Judge, who is sorta worth the price of admission to the whole silly business.

Preview Postscripts

There really surly scandalous goings-on in this set two with jolly affinity and Paramount youngster drafted to appear in the picture. Each vied with the other on practicalities, but quite hit on something by a very close-up, and when you consider that Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie—Gwendolyn Jenkins to her Ma—and Billy Benedict were among those present, you'll get the point. They opted for a same sprightly black eyes and crisp curls as her Mama—and the same dangerous twinkle in those eyes. . . . Wendy Barrie is the English girl who was given a contract just because a director admired the way she handled her knife and fork in a London restaurant! Made a hit in "Henry the Eighth" and was rushed to Hollywood. . . . Billy Benedict is that young man with the low-towheaded and large nimble feet. Having made a success in vaudeville, he's now shooting up a thing in the films. Nearly drove Director Elliot Nugent crazy, though teaching the gang the latest top steps when they should've been acting. Mr. Nugent was practically cuss-racy, anyhow, what with having to contend with these kids and a brand new one at home.

★★★ The Raven
(Universal)

Your blood won't just run cold on this one, it'll freeze solid. As if Boris Karloff isn't demonish enough for one picture, the calloused director has added Bela Lugosi for good measure. To make the plot doubly potent, they have based the story on one of the classic incidents of hair-raising power—the mad love of Poe for his Le- nore and the resulting torture which he inflicts on her when she doesn't respond to his ardor. Pleasant Mr. Lugosi is the crook-of-the-century villain who does the dirty, dirty work. And Mr. Karloff, who disfigures so beautifully, is the pal whom he selects to disfigure—particularly, for lack of time, and to suit 150 feet of costume and a thousand dollars. He seeks the help of his assistant, a large-eyed boy who made good. Had his heart set on acting in pictures since a child in England. As the assistant, he weighs 215 pounds and zoomed overnight to the high places. But the Young head remained unmoved. He promptly married his high-school sweetheart. Built a rose-covered cottage and began raising a family. . . . Betty Furness hails from New York and flies back every chance she gets, without wasting a minute. In fact, never wastes a minute here, either. Never seen without a knitting bag. Betty outfits herself, her friends, her friends' babies and her toy boy without having a hard time of it. Beside her is Nat Pendleton not only looks hefty enough to be a knock-out, drag-em-out prize fighter, but was, a whiz at mathematics. Nat would like to big-time until his wife, Betty, told him the geometrical problem than with Bradock. . . . Ralph Morgan is brother of the illustrious Henry. They have an idea, you bet, and give out weighty advice on how to play their respective parts. Besides being business advisers they're also swell friends. . . . Raymond Hatton has been among the missing for a long, long time on the screen. Once one of the kings of comedy, he's back now and still funny.

★★ Calm Yourself
(M-G-M)

Like the cornball hash, this picture has everything in it. Slapstick comedy, an un- wheeling kidnapping, a man engaged to one girl and in love with another, a mad chase; and just about everything you've seen before and which was done much better on that occasion. Granted the plot was con- structed for laughs, but even so, a bit of implausibility would have been welcome. Robert Young and Madge Evans do their darndest to put their darndest into it. It's good enough to make you forget the phony antics they are put through. Betty Furness is a regular in a small role, as is Hardie Al- bright. The story—far too long to tell else to tell about this picture—is about a young man who goes into a Personal Service business. He worries you; any little disagreeable task you might wish to put over, meanwhile advising you to Calm Yourself while he does the dirty work. Of course, all's well that ends well and at the finish we have the familiar clinic with everybody happy, including the kidnapped baby, who looks as disgusted with the whole unprofessional business as the surrounding adult cast.

Preview Postscripts

'Member the little girl kicking her heels on a cake of "Fairy Soaps" some years ago? Well, that was Madge Evans, star of this picture. Still blue-eyed and blue-eyelid, Madge is well known and well liked in Hollywood—spatially by Tom Gallery, Zazu Pitts' ex, who found her on the street for the part to the fact that Madge has departed for the British Isles to make her next picture. Outstandingly modest, Miss Evans stunned everyone by her placing in the choice of every bit of wardrobe shopping right in her home town, before leaving for New York and abroad. Thinks Hollywood is the fashion center of the universe . . . . Robert Young's the yokel boy who made good. Had his heart set on acting in pictures since a child in England. As the assistant, he weighs 215 pounds and zoomed overnight to the high places. But the Young head remained unmoved. He promptly married his high-school sweetheart. Built a rose-covered cottage and began raising a family. . . . Betty Furness hails from New York and flies back every chance she gets, without wasting a minute. In fact, never wastes a minute here, either. Never seen without a knitting bag. Betty outfits herself, her friends, her friends' babies and her toy boy without having a hard time of it. Beside her is Nat Pendleton not only looks hefty enough to be a knock-out, drag-em-out prize fighter, but was, a whiz at mathematics. Nat would like to big-time until his wife, Betty, told him the geometrical problem than with Bradock. . . . Ralph Morgan is brother of the illustrious Henry. They have an idea, you bet, and give out weighty advice on how to play their respective parts. Besides being business advisers they're also swell friends. . . . Raymond Hatton has been among the missing for a long, long time on the screen. Once one of the kings of comedy, he's back now and still funny.

★★★ Men Without Faces
(Paramount)

Here is a泱泱 little picture, punctuated with fine performances, showing the stars doing their stuff once again. If you think for a moment that crime could possibly pay you'll be quickly set right after seeing Fred MacMurray, Lois Maxwell and their big bosses get their men—the biggest bunch of crooks that ever stepped before a camera! The picture has lots of suspense and has its comedic moments, too, with a slight love theme, which would never be missed, running through the thrilling story. Fred MacMurray, as you are probably aware by now, is a screen "natural." He plays with ease and charm and looks like a regular guy rather than the stereotyped profile-boy hero of which the movies are far too full. An excellent
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**Preview Postscripts**

Fred MacMurray hit the high spots on a saxophone before hitting those places in flickers. Formed his way through college via the sax route. Was going to be a criminal lawyer, but so many were the demands of school that he somehow, got much low study during those school days. When he landed a job with Libby Holman he definitely cast low and order out of his life. Fred made his first cinema success with Claudette Colbert in "Gilded Lily" and seems to be set for big things now... Midge Evans is as ambitious as she is pretty. Shirley last baby, she has known the cold, cruel world of the waltin' gal, and has practically grown up in front of cameras. Baby bottoms, ribbons, lingerie and ends and ends before going in for moving pictures... Lynne Overman is on his way to film fame, for the same reason, was given recognition on the Broadway stage. He's a swell person and the same kind of comedian. Lynne started out in life to be the world's foremost jockey, and was pretty good till he discovered he was getting too big for a horse. Then he turned to warbling on the stage, and this infatuation has put an end to that, so now he's just an actor... Elizabeth Patterson's the daughter of an old Southern family who stayed another Civil War by playing their daughter, had footlight fever. But Elizabeth's side won and Broadway got a grand character actress.

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**Start a Million**

(�Monogram)!

Nope, this isn't a chain-letter plot, it's even more insane. Charles Starrett, an ex-prof of economics, decides to test his theories literally. So he advertises in the paper that he wishes to become a millionaire and everyone who is interested in seeing him accomplish this little trick may see him at a certain hour. You can imagine the suspense of watching the plot thicken from there on. Watching Pauline Brooks, however, was almost as bad. Whether she can't act or just wasn't in the mood, we wouldn't be knowing. George Stone as the publicity man who is overflowing with brilliant ideas—alas useless—does some good work, while James Burke is excellent as the hobo who gives the professor some valuable business pointers and arranges for his trip. W. W. pals to furnish background. Monte Carter, Jimmy Aubrey and George Cleveland are among this elect group of pantanalers and provide an occasional good laugh at long intervals. But even the best can't dim the fact that the picture is really as dull as the plot on which it's based, that the conclusion is slip-shod, and that the whole thing has been turned out too fast for even a "quickie."

**Preview Postscripts**

Charles Starrett understands the plot situation perfectly, having been entangled with it too often for comfort while at Dartmouth. He is working out his college man by becoming a newsboy and looking for a "higher lorn." Made All-American in his junior year and in his senior, made the New York stage. Just a small part but it decided him on pursuing the stage for life. Claims he's just lucky, for a picture contract followed almost immediately. He was to go with the Viking expedition of that sea, but the last minute was unable to catch the boat—which blew up in mid-ocean, killing thirty-three picture people. Charlie's luck is still good, for his biggest break is husky twin boys... Pauline Brooks has been around acting all her life, and had small parts since she was old enough to toddle across a stage. However, she's not marrying on actor but a prizefighter—Jimmy McLarin—for whose sake she rushed East on completion of this picture. Got there just in time to see Jimmy's head after that argument with Ross... James Burke is another one brought up on crime. Yonkers, N.Y., is his home, and this is his first real chance in the flickers. Lives on nothing more nor less than ham and eggs. Always carries his own menu with hire and handles it to waiters—whether at the Ritz or Sloppy Joe's... George Stone will be remembered as the jigger rot of "Seventh Heaven," until you've forgotten. Since then no gangster picture has been complete without Mr. Stone's decorative visage. Leads a very complacent existence in Hollywood as a gangster. Not to be confused with Aubrey and George Cleveland are all left-overs from the custard pie days.

⭐⭐⭐ Nell Gwyn

(United Artists)

They do some things especially well in England. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, for example, and men's tailoring— and historical screen dramas. "Nell Gwyn" is handomely produced, beautifully acted, painstakingly directed and, added to that, it's a fine, robust, romantic story. You've seen Sir Cedric Hardy, Sirseau and Aubrey are just two of the many important names that are emphasized in "Nell Gwyn"... it's a story of absolute love and trust and all the things that are needed in the fragile days... comes a close second. She's a tall and hearty girl—quite different from the usual Hollywood glamour. You think you'd like her. She's quite lovely face, charming but a touch irascible and banc, and laugh at her vigorous humor. The producers stuck as close to history as they could and even to them... gives you a colorful pageant wherein you see Samuel Pepys, the designing Duchess of Portsmouth; Chiffinch, the perfect servant in the King's household; the Drury Lane Theatre, Whitehall, and the fascinating muddle that was London in the seventeenth century. See it, by all means.

**Preview Postscripts**

Sparking of censorship—which we're barely old enough to do without apoplectic with rage—the long, lean gentleman with the growing moral sense (or is it merely a dirty mind?) had quite a battle in the history of this picture. As was completed in England, over a year ago, shipped over here, previewed with considerable pomp and circumstance shortly after its arrival—and then sold up, until recently. Finally, United Artists, who handled the release of the picture, were talked into making minor cuts in the film, and other cut... fortunately short and unimportant prologue and epilogue—said additions showing Nell Gwyn on her deathbed, amid the utmost sorrow. This you know, is supposed to convince audiences; Nell Gwyn was not only a woman of the devoted mistress of the King. Certain spicy—but thoroughly charming and subtle bits—are cut... fortunately, not extremely abrupt to you. Too bad, but such cuts are few and do not have any important effect upon the story.
Mad Love (M-G-M)

Not being too ardent an enthusiast over these films, the author is led to express some surprise by the fact that this latest chiller held us enthralled. Peter Lorre, of course, is the whole works, but nevertheless the plot which features but one other character is the most fascinating yarn yet invented for this type of flicker. It’s as preposterous as all the rest of ‘em, actually, yet so convincingly acted that it adds a new meaning to the old saying that the language is the feeling of reality to the whole. Mr. Lorre tries a new stunt, this time to make your hair stand on end. He’s a famous French surfer who, on picking up one fragment of any part of the human body which has been blown to bits, mangled or deformed, when a famous pianist, Colin Clive, must have his hands amputated, the doctor replaces them with the hands of a recently executed murderer. From then on, Mr. Clive has trouble with more difficult things than scales. Frances Drake, as his wife, does a nice piece of acting and is a truly remarkable piece of screaming.

Preview Postscripts

Even the cast had severe cases of chills while this picture was being made, what with the dank, eerie sets, the weird music and generally unpleasant atmosphere. Peter Lorre is a very gentle, kindly man, but he did enjoy scaring chance visitors on the set once in awhile. In one scene where he was working on, he stretched out on the operating table, Mr. Lorre suddenly swirled around and pointed his scalpel at a near by worker. "You’re next!" But it wasn’t all fun for Peter, for the heat of the klieg lights was so intense on his shaved head, that he had to sit around in a chop suey house-waiter’s cap for most of the time. And Frances Drake struck up a close friendship while working together, they were always sneaking off for lunch and cocktails at odd hours, in spite of his "Mad Love" for her in the flicker.... Miss Drake is a case of a chorus gal who worked up in pictures. Ted Healy’s an- other one who has worked right up to his present place as a very popular comedian. Previous "hot house" days gone by, Ted is now a comedian in his own right, having graduated with honors from the slapstick school.... Kaye Luke’s a great favorite in this troupe of villains of this type. From China not many years ago to studying painting, on top of an excellent education obtained at Chinese universities. His art exhibit gained him so much publicity that studio directors heard of him, and gave him a chance in films. He hasn’t disappointed them, either.

Accent on Youth (Paramount)

Surely Playwright Raphaelson differs with Oscar Wilde, who is reported to have said, "Waste no time, it’s too expensive to waste it on the young." After viewing this one, you’re apt to be convinced that young men should neither be seen nor heard. They’re a hopeless, stupid, con- ceited lot and the gent in the foolish forties is really the lad who has “what it takes.” This seems to be the complete of the whole play which, while a bit talkie at times, abounds in subtle wit, amusing dialogue and a healthy amount of pathos. Peter Lorre and Herbert Marshall are excellent in the roles of a young lady much in love with an “old” man. However, Ernest Cossart, as the butler (who is given the most overdone part of the rest of the fine cast which includes Philip Reed, Astrid Allwyn and Holmes Herbert. The locale of the story is a playwright’s New York penthouse with a Santa Barbara sequence revealing a rather unusual honeymoon in which a young bridegroom and his bride actually amuse and amuse- ingly for comedy purposes. Director Wesley Ruggles has done a neat job; in fact, everyone concerned who designed Miss Sidney’s clothes, which are pretty dreadful “creations” and give her more weight than a big fudge sundae.

Preview Postscripts

Sylvia Sidney claims she was “born serious.” Not that she doesn’t have her moments of silliness, but Life on the whole has been a problem to Sylvia. She’s been on an omnivorous-reading—mention any classic and you’re on her home territory. At fourteen, she set out to earn a living. Was crazy about the theatre, but considered her- self best adapted to the technical end of it. Got a job with the Theatre Guild dressing and designing sets. After earning point for two years, she decided to try the acting end of the stage. Went on the road of sixteen and was starred that same year in "Crime"—and from there you know the rest.... Herbert Marshall’s well known on the London and Broadway stages, where he played for several years, and is the first, if not the fast, in number of successful plays. That quiet, unassuming Marshall manner seems fatal to the ladies. He devoted hours to teaching Miss Sidney the tricks of the trade on and off the set. That view of Manhattan seen from the pent-house terrace, was just a huge card- board set in rows, and the buildings "blown up" many times their actual size and fitted together to form the magnificent "view." With lights behind, you’d swear it was gay Gotham at its best. Director Wesley Ruggles often has an antipathy against blondes, so instructed Astrid Allwyn to dye her blondes curls a dark brown before reporting for work.... Ernest Cossart, in a very old-time stage hand. After over forty years in the London and American theatre, he was prevailed upon to appear in a motion picture. It was the Hecht-MacArthur "Scoundrel." Mr. Cossart thinks the movies are swell, now.... Philip Reed had a tough proposition. He was playing in the stage version of "Accent on Youth" every evening at the same time he was making this picture. His lines in the picture weren’t very different, but trying to piece them together was anasperatingly difficult to remember. He would surprise the stage cast every now and then with brand new lines.

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)

Here’s another Fields picture, which means W. C. is star, director, writer, pro- ducer and prop-man. Titles mean nothing, plot means nothing, the cast means nothing when the bulbous-nosed Fields wanders within camera range, as with the latest flicker! We can’t for the life of us tell who or what we laughed at, but from the beginning to the end, the audience was grinning like a bunch of lugs. Mr. Fields is just another hen-pecked husband, at the mercy of not only his wife but her mother and brother. Between the three of them, you can imagine how much chance the poor, bewildered man has to fortify himself with his favorite spirits. He finally decides that he’s had it and, in his fine style, he has home-brew in order to taste a drop! The story ambles along at a leisurely rate, with Mr. Fields running out of money, trying to speed things up. Mary Brian, pretty as ever, does a nice piece of work as Mr. Fields’ daughter, Kathleen Howard is ex- cellent as the grey-haired whom Mr. Fields really does tame, while Grady Sutton does a good job of making himself detestable as the brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

The greatest treat in the world to W. C. Fields is a bed. From the time he was seven till he was twenty-seven, W. C. Fields slept in our Alleys, park benches between, and such comfortable accommodations were his lot until knocking his father unconscious at the age of seven. Ever since he’s been known all over the world. Learned his famous juggling act from having to be quick about swapping fruit from vendor to vendor for years. Finally got a job on the stage at the age of twelve. He’s nothing that’s been highly rated, as a headliner, until. Now is in the money—and still thinks a bed is the height of luxury. ... Mary’s known on the sawdust circuit, and she’s been the college boys’ despair all over the country. Looks like there’s something to it about the six times a bridesmaid stunt, for the lady has done the part up to the hilt. Every star in Hollywood, Fields claims. This was the first time Lucien Littlefield has even played himself in pictures for twenty years. You at least it’s the only time he’s appeared without three-inch make-up on his visage, since his special- ization has been in the Lon Chaney type of role.... Sam Hardy is another old-timer. He’s noted to be the best dressed gag-man in Hollywood. Fields claims Sam’s padrone and green cap’s in a most remarkable cause of his astigmatism.... Kathleen Howard is the only woman in Hollywood that Mr. Fields will consider for his reel wife. He just refuses to let that one get away. ... At them screams, at Mrs. Howard was formerly a Metropolitan Opera singer. After twelve years of singing, the lady gave up oper- ating and became editor of a woman’s maga- zine. When “Death Takes a Holiday” was filmed, Miss Howard was offered a part and she’s been on the screen ever since.
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The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called... to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

Freddie Bartholomew
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with Maureen O'Sullivan
May Robson · Basil Rathbone

Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by David O. Selznick
If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 14. General questions of a factual nature are answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And too many of a nature, please, Address Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 14. General questions of a factual nature are answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And too many of a nature, please. Address Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yes, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of 'G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delightful story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.
HOLLYWOOD SHOTS

Francis Lederer haggardly holds his hat while Mary Loos looks calmly at a polo match.

Merle Oberon and David Nevins share a joke at United Artists’ Banquet. Merle’s in England now.

Bellamy peeks over Fay Wray’s and Del Rio’s shoulders. Virginia Bruce grins—at polo matches.

A new idol gets into the autograph swing! Nelson Eddy at “Anna Karenina.”
Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman... beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize... to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL

in

THE DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER • JOHN HALLIDAY • HENRIETTA CROSeman • KATHERINE ALEXANDER

From the play by Guy Bolton Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
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Critics' picture ratings—5*, extraordinary; 4*, very good; 3*, good; 2*, fair; 1*, poor; 0, review unavailable.
“Where have you been all my life?”

(continued from page 6)

become a lawyer so they shipped him off to Gonzaga College. He played a little football, but was primarily interested in the glee club, in which he was quite successful. He and Al King, another student, organized a seven-piece orchestra which became very popular—so much so in fact, that they decided to give up law and enter the entertainment field. Al, or Pops, as he is known to radio fans, got them an engagement in Los Angeles, after which they were invited to coast until Paul Whiteman contracted with them and with Harry Edwards, Bing Crosby, Alice and Helen Moore. They toured with Whiteman until 1930, when Coolidge, California making the picture "The King of Jazz." They were engaged to sing at the Coconut Grove; Bing made records which became best sellers; then signed a radio contract—and after all that, signed a screen contract. Bing is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light blue eyes and light brown hair. His next picture will be "Two for Tonight" with Toni Bennett. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5550 Marathon St., Hollywood.

Now we come to Dixie Lee (her real name in Wilma Watty, who became Alice, Bing Crosby in 1930. Born in Harriman, Tenn., twenty-three years ago (November 4, 1911), she was educated in New Orleans and Chicago. It was in Chicago where she first decided on a theatrical career. After winning a singing contest in 1928, she accepted an engagement to stag at the Standard Theatre, and in October of the same year she was sent to Pittsburgh to join the road company of "Good News," in which she made a distinct hit. She was then summoned to New York to play a featured role in the New York production of the same show, and was considered the "Southern Blues" singer on the stage. She was selected from 36 applicants for a role in "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929, and was signed to a three-year contract. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has dark brown hair and sparkling brown eyes. She is modest and retiring, almost a trifle shy. She likes music, dancing, horseback riding and dancing. Her favorite color is blue and orchid. After her marriage to friend Crosby, she gave up her screen career, and later presented Gary Cooper to her husband, June 27, 1935, and the two, Phyllis Lang and Dorothy Michael, on July 13, 1936. Her first picture after the birth of the twins was "Love in Bloom," followed by "Redheads on Parade" which you will see shortly. She is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1460 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN LOUISE BROWN, Woodland, N. C.—Robert Taylor will be the next leading man in "Marcia," the Michael Curtiz production of "Marcia," and Helen Louise Brown is the girl who will play opposite him. The contract was signed with Florence Rice, who already is signed to the role. "Marcia" is under production at the MGM studios.


"I've been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't you discover me before. . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle. . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirk. You are as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else. . . . my husband is a member of the family now. . . ."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions. . . . and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

MAIL THIS COUPON--TODAY!
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax

The Original Chocolate Laxative

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
Fay Wray and Fredric March enjoying the United Artists Banquet at the Troc. Fay has just hied herself back to London, where she is so popular, to do a film.

Luise Rainer seems to be the current Hollywood heroine. So great a personal hit did she make at the preview of "Escapade," her first picture, that a member of the departing audience whispered to her friend that Luise was so splendid an actress that she hoped she would not become spoiled. As if in answer to this remark, the crowd separated to permit a fleeting Miss R. to bound up a flight of steps in the theatre’s lobby with a cameraman leaping after her. “I will not be photographed,” she cried. “I will not be intruded upon this way!” Too bad, too bad!

It was Myrna Loy’s walking out on “Escapade” that gave Luise Rainer her big opportunity. Of course, the little German gal had to make good or the chance would have gone for naught. Now, at this writing, everyone is speculating as to Miss Loy’s fate. Some say that she is definitely leaving to Paramount. Others claim Rosalind Russell will be groomed for Myrna’s roles. Our guess is that Miss R. is too distinct a personality to fill anybody’s shoes.

When Marlene Dietrich moved into Countess di Frasso’s Beverly Hills home, her daughter, Maria, fell heir to an Afghan shawl that Garry Cooper once presented to the Countess. The shawl looks like threadbare, patches of its hair having departed, but perhaps that is just another reason why Maria loves him. Incidentally, la Dietrich is going places with Rouben Mamoulian again. He, if you remember, is the director whose parents are...
Caudette Colbert and Lieutenant Com. Whitford watch Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field. Darn good game.

said to have announced his engagement to Garbo, for which little speech the Swedish lady dropped R. M. like the proverbial hot cake.

Speaking of hounds, Gloria Stuart is in despair over her dog. It seems Gloria was the proud possessor of a little Scottie and a big airhead. The Scottie had been jealous of the other dog for months and had just gotten to tolerate him when the Scottie's brand new baby arrived. It was all evidently too much for the pup to cope with. He took one look at his new, and unexpected rival and deserted for places unknown. Ads in the classified columns have not helped Gloria locate him. You see, too much was—too much!

And now the lovely Phyllis Brooks is set with RKO and she is that pleased—and rightly so! Phyllis came to town as Phyllis Seller and the Powers That Be at Universal where, it seems, they like to change people's names. declared she should be Mary Brooks. The gal said she'd stand for the Brooks part of the brooks, but she'd like to retain her own name. "Y'see," she explained vaguely, "I have a rich, old aunt named Phyllis and I'm used to reason if it clicked in calm said, "All right, right!"

Looks like Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor really mean business of the big, matrimonial variety. Estelle came to Hollywood merely to look over her property. She met Mr. T., they became that way, and now 'is said the minister is being paid. This will be Lee's first matrimonial venture. Meanwhile his "ex" girl friend, the petite Isabel Jewell, is whiling away the shining hours with Nelson Eddy, who is so-o-o devoted. And so, everybody's happy!

Like the previews of the good old days, "Anna Karenina" attracted Hollywood's elite. Here are Connie Bennett, Cliff Webb and Marlene Dietrich.

Alice Brady, she of the great charm and talent, threw a very elegant cocktail party recently. The affair was full of hors d'oeuvres, playwrights, fine wine and actors—not of course, named in order of their importance. Anita Louise appeared sans Tom Brown who, they say, is still pining for his blonde. In fact, each day he sends a beautiful gardenia to the object of his affection, but so far the gesture hasn't melted her heart. But to get back to Mrs. Brady's soiree, we spotted Louise Henry, reported engaged to Conrad Nagel, Virginia Bruce, John Colton and Alan Crosland. Ben Lyon and scores of other famous. An enjoyable time was had by all: in fact, we believe even the hostesses liked it!

Of course, George Raft meant to be generous, but, fun's fun and there's a limit to everything. One recent evening George, on leaving the Treado, where he had dined and danced with Virginia Pines, slipped the pretty last-check girl as he thought a one spot. On second glance, it proved to be a twenty and a man, Mr. R. and the lucky lady nearly fainted at seeing it. Well, maybe that will solve matters for the handsome blonde and male star who has never tipped the young woman a dime in all the months he's patronized the famous café.

Lady Luck seems to hover around Caudette Colbert, if we can believe the photosnappers of your favorite players. For months the boys have tried to "snap" Caudette with her constant escort, Dr. Joel Pressman, and she have had no luck. Then, at Joan Bennett's farewell party for hubby, Gene Markey, who he developed \n\n\n\nC. and Dr. P. on the spot. As they emerged from the dance floor cameras were whipped into action when one excited operator tipped and fell, temporarily disabling two others. One man was left, but to when he snapped, nothing (Continued on page 56)
BEAUTY ADVICE

BE EXCITING! BE DIFFERENT! BE INTRIGUING! HERE’S THE SECRET

BY MARY BIDDLE

ALL THE world loves a lover ... and all the world loves a Cinderella story. The modernized story of the little Cinderella who becomes the Princess is the theme of many a Hollywood scenario where the working girl who might be one of us becomes the glamorous lady we’ve dreamed of being. “Page Miss Glory” turns another page in the same book of Cinderella stories and Marion Davies portrays the drab little chambermaid who is transformed into the radiant “Miss Glory.”

Such stories are not “just fiction.” They have happened, and can happen in real life. But how do you suddenly go about acquiring charm ... glamor ... a new personality? Well, makeup, a new coiffure, clothes ... these things can accomplish marvels in the way of transformation. But it’s a feeling of confidence, a sense of power within oneself, which in the final analysis achieves the transformation.

Take Hollywood, for instance. Year after year new girls come to Hollywood, anxious to “break into the movies.” Unsophisticated, most of them, gawky, untried, and sometimes none too pretty. A year or so later they amaze us by blossoming into exciting, glamorous women. Modern Screen has run stories from time to time showing pictures of the stars “before and after,” the way they looked when they first came to Holly-

wood, and the way they look now. It always gives me a thrill to see the glamorous transformations that have been achieved.

The magical thing that most of those raw Hollywood recruits get is confidence. A director sees the vital spark of ... shall we call it glamor? ... in a new girl, an extra girl in the crowd, for example, and as he grooms her for a role he gives her confidence by telling her that she has glamor, by believing in her. When she begins to realize that he believes in her she feels her power. She is no longer timid and afraid, and the spark of glamor becomes a flame which lights up her personality from within.

YOU DON’T have to be beautiful to have glamor and to be a personality. Nor do you have to be young. But one thing is certain ... you have to have confidence in yourself. Glamor goes when confidence goes.

All right now, in order to have confidence, you have to have something to be confident about. You don’t have any Hollywood director to instill in you a feeling of confidence; you have only yourself to depend on. I know what you’re up against. Your letters are really what led me to write this kind of an article. Selecting comments at random from your letters I ran across things like this: “I’m hopeless, I guess I’ve just got an incurable inferiority complex.” “People say I’m pretty but it doesn’t seem to get me anywhere;” “I’m so tired of being the same old me. I want to be different;” “Maybe you think it’s silly for me to want to be attractive.” Of course it isn’t silly for any girl to want to be attractive. It’s one of the few really normal impulses we have left in this rather crazy world of ours. Of course you want to be different. Even screen stars get tired of “being typed” and playing the same role all the time. And as for an inferiority complex, it can be an incentive as much as a handicap.

Two famous actresses, Joan Crawford and Katherine Cornell, both considered themselves “ugly ducklings” when they started out. Why, Joan Crawford almost ran away from one of her big chances because she thought there were so many girls prettier than she at the casting office that she wouldn’t have a chance. Joan has fought against an inferiority complex most of her life and now she’s

Marion Davies as the drab little chambermaid in “Page Miss Glory.” Not very glamorous ... but wait.

The fly-away coiffure which Perc Westmore is giving Marion transforms her.

Marion in all her glory—radiating glamor and personality from every pore.
at the "toy," simply because she made that complex drive her on rather than drag her down. She licked it by proving herself to herself. Now, the trouble with most of you is that you don't have enough confidence in your own ability to do things. And that's what you must acquire.

A very famous Hollywood director gave me this advice once. The best way to gain confidence and poise, according to his sincere belief, is to learn to do some one thing exceptionally well. Learn to dance, learn to swim, learn to play tennis, learn to do anything well, and you'll profit by it in the poise you gain. You'll have better command over yourself. Lots of you are self-conscious about your hands and feet. You don't quite know how to handle them gracefully.

If you learn to dance or excel in some sport to the extent that you become physically sure of handling yourself, then you won't be self-conscious when you're with other people, or when you enter or leave a room. You won't be hampered by a lack of confidence in your ability to meet a social situation gracefully.

**JUST** as you may have aptitudes for certain sports, you may have aptitudes for certain types of clothes, or a certain type of coiffure. Above all, then, be individual. Why has Gloria Swanson's name always been a synonym in Hollywood for "glamor?" Because she has always been so supremely individual, so entirely herself. She wears exotic clothes that would make Janet Gaynor or Jean Parker look ridiculous. But then she would look just as out of harmony with herself if she affected the demure type dress of Janet Gaynor. If you would have glamor, don't be imitative. Don't try to be a second Garbo or Crawford, or Colbert, or a second anybody. There was a time when every other girl and her sister affected a shoulder-length bob in order to "look like Garbo." Most of them looked like freaks. Regular features are essential if the shoulder-length bob is to prove successful, and generally the arrangement needs a few curls clustering at the nape of the neck in order to insure some softening influence.

Be individual. If your hair is thick and lovely, don't have it cut and thinned and plastered down in a flat silhouette. Let its color and texture and abundance mean something in your life. The charming thing about Marion Davies' hair is that it always looks just a wee bit fly-away, as though it were so gloriously alive it just couldn't be bound down with fixed waves and hairpins.

(Continued on page 90)
Front Page Woman (Warners)

Well, it may be all in the spirit of good, clean fun and, then again, you may be meant to take it big, but anyway you look at it, this is good entertainment. As its title indicates, it’s about the ever-colorful activities of the newspaper tribe and how they pay each other off by grabbing news beats—known in the profession as scoops—from each other. Bette Davis and George Brent are on rival sheets. Of course they’re in love and, since all’s fair in love and war, they go to it on a big murder yarn. The fact is that their goings-on will give you a laugh and the people in City Rooms throughout the country a big shriek for, believe it or not, these two young people are the only ones on their respective sheets covering the big tale. Of course, it could only happen in real life, what with every cub on a staff collecting “info” on a real daily. However, this little (2) deviation from truth was doubtless injected for plot purposes. The dialogue is snappy and Miss Davis pretty fine. Mr. B. is slightly more convincing than usual and Roscoe Karns rates high.

Preview Postscripts

No wonder George Brent proves so devastating to some of our best leading ladies, for he has both Irish Blarney and a romantic past. A deadly combination. He was born on the Emerald Isle and was educated there—at least he went to school when there weren’t any revolutions to distract him. But in spite of his moody schooling George developed into a bright young man, so bright, in fact, that he was asked to leave his homeland after leading one uprising too successfully. He went back, though, and joined forces with the Irish Players in Dublin. From there he came to America and Hollywood. Miss Ruth Chatterton is his “ex” and her former husband, Ralph Forbes, is his best friend. Miss Garbo and Mr. Brent were great pals before Greta sailed for home. While she’s on her vacation, George may be found in dim corners of restaurants or behind grand pianos with Miss Katharina De Mille. . . . Bette Davis hails from the East where she had some stage training. Hollywood regarded her as just another attractive, entertaining gal ‘til she created the biggest furor yet seen or heard during the recent Academy Awards. The country rose in arms when Bette was not mentioned as a possibility for the prize due to her splendid work in “Of Human Bondage.” She attained far more publicity because she wasn’t mentioned than if she’d won the grand sweepstakes. Married to Harmon Nelson, a childhood sweetheart and orchestra leader, she claims their marriage is a success solely because neither of them meddle with the other’s business. When Harmon plays in San Francisco or other cities close by, Bette lives with him in an auto camp and cooks and cuts blocks like any hausfrau. She keeps a watchful eye on his diet at all times but never his business. That’s Harmon’s idea, too, so maybe the fact that the little woman earns thousands of times more than friend husband won’t send this marriage on the Hollywood rocks, after all. . . . Roscoe Karns has the fastest talking apparatus and the deepest dimples of any actor in the studios. Things are ever lively on a set where Roscoe hangs out—and he’s on plenty of them because when a scene falls flat the director howls, “Get Karns.” He made his Los Angeles debut on the stage in “Front Page” and was the only one in the house not breathless. Has had a penchant for newspaper roles ever since and was in his glory on this set. This set, though, would put any editor in his glory. It was more complete and perfect in every detail than any newspaper office that ever existed. Teletypes, air-cooling systems—every modern improvement down to extra large spoiltoons made this a Newspaperman’s Paradise. There was plenty of excitement on other sets, too, what with burning down a huge apartment house for one scene and having a fancy electrocution in another.

Orchids to You (Fox)

A flossy, frivolous number about life as it parodies through a swanky New York flower shop, this is guaranteed not to tax your mental capacity, although it may prove a strain on your creditability. Even though it is handsomely cost and produced—they use twelve truckloads of flowers and have the (Continued on page 91)

TALKIE TIPS ON CURRENT CINEMA FARE
THE GRANDEST ROMANCE EVER BORN
FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

The THREE MUSKETEERS

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers! Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT."
Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams" . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Joana" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merion C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"
TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight. AS YOU DO. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—you’ll watch this
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living your
dreams, your despairs. Fascinated...
behold the raging spectacle of hell here
and hereafter... of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE’S
INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART
Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel  Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY... AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY’S NEWS... ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!
Looking too, too beautiful, Alice Faye of the torchy, scorchy voice and the lovely slim legs, relaxes after a day's work in "Ball of Fire." In this Fox picture, she will appear with the engaging Jack Haley, the comical Messrs. Mitchell and Durant and your old friend, Bebe Daniels. Alice has been a Hollywoodite for almost two years now and has never once let the town get her. Not even when said town has her rumored engaged to or in love with this, that and the other man. Incidentally, we feel that we owe Alice an apology. We said something recently about a "publicity romance" having been cooked up between the fair Alice and the stalwart Nelson Eddy. 'Twas an idle rumor, reader, and would you mind paying no attention? Alice works hard, lives quietly, looks after her family and saves her spare cash for a rainy day. In other words, no splurging on costly luxuries for Alice.
"Anna Karenina" returns — and Greta Garbo speaks the lines of Tolstoy's tragic love story which she played silently a number of years ago. Those who have been on the set during its production and those who have seen a preview of the picture, say that you will find Garbo imbued with all the old fire and glamorous excitement that she seemed to have lost in recent roles. Fredric March plays her romantic lead and Garbo seems happier and more beautiful than ever before. And isn't she a painting in this ball gown from the picture?
Here's a girl who had to live down her resemblance to a great star! Julie Haydon resembled Ann Harding so much that it looked for awhile as if she would never have a chance to be a personality on her own. However, along came the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur with "The Scoundrel" up their sleeves and lo, Julie became a definite and exciting person over night! Paramount has Julie signed to a long contract—but she's hoping they won't type her to dramatic roles exclusively. She would like to play high comedy.
YOU can listen in on most of the big stars of this great picture, but it's somep'n when you can listen and look, too! All your best radio and screen bets are lined up to give "The Big Broadcast" and it's a treat you won't be missing. Bing Crosby crooning "I Wished On The Moon." Ethel Merman torching "It's The Animal In Me." Jessica Dragonette singing that old favorite "Alice Blue Gown"—not to mention Oakie, Roberti, Amos n' Andy, Burns and Allen, Ruggles and Boland, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, Sir Guy Standing, Bill Robinson, Ray Noble and his Orchestra and the Nicholas Brothers.
PREVIEW OF A PARAMOUNT PICTURE—MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN
It took several good rousing "hoss operas" to bring Randy Scott any attention from Hollywood producers. But when they did notice the tall good-looking Virginia engineer, he started to get the breaks. To date his best piece of luck is landing the role of Duncan Bedford in "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan as the spirited cousin, Valette Bedford. Of course, you saw him in "She" with Helen Gahagan.
Two of Broadway's pets are Clifton Webb and Jean Arthur. When Jean's earlier cinema career took a dull turn, she hopped right back to the stage. Then, once again, she burst upon the screen in a sparkling new guise, that of the wise-cracking, cynical gal of "The Whole Town's Talking." "Lady Beware" is her next. Cliff's suave, sophisticated dancing and sly comedy will make new excitement in screen fare when he appears in the tentatively titled "Elegance" with Joan Crawford, which she will do after "Glitter."
Nelson first discovered that he had a voice when he used to follow operatic records on the phonograph at home.

(Sudden acclaim hasn’t turned his head. He likes the screen but his first and real love is concert work.

(Above) As a child and right, as the romantic Captain War- rington with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

(Above) Nelson with his youthful mother, also a singer. She has been his teacher, guide and great inspiration.
DRUMS—drums—church solos—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—drums . . .

The singing Nelson Eddy was born on a July 29th, in Providence, Rhode Island, the only child of Isabel Kendrick and William D. Eddy, with the beating of drums, the anthems of choral singing a part of his heritage.

It may sound as though the small Nelson had been born either to the Comanche Indians or into a professional world of entertainers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, so alien was any idea of theatrical life in any of its aspects to any one of the Eddys that Nelson has been poor man, rich man, newspaper man, advertising man, iron worker—all but beggarman and thief—before his golden baritone came into its rich and rightful own.

For Nelson is of Puritan strain, of old New England heritage on his father's side, of Dutch descent on his mother's. The Methodist Church, the Ten Commandments, long Sundays of the Old Testament—the iron virtues of those stiff-spined forebears of his, forged and welded the strong unmeltable metal of his character which has brought Nelson Eddy to the high place he occupies today.

It is necessary to one's understanding of a man to discover who or what has been the dominant force in his life, the ruling influence. In the life of Nelson Eddy his mother has been, and still is, that force. A mother-complex, the Freudians would say. Well, why not? For Nelson's mother has been more than a mother in the biological and affectionate sense of the word. She has been a fellow-worker, an ardent sympathizer, a faithful believer and a staunch companion along every path he has trod. She has shared his dreams, partaken of his deeds. And when, at tea the other day in his spacious and beautiful Beverly Hills home, he went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Mom! Ma-ma!" and a young, animated woman came running down to pour the tea, you felt that the little boy was calling, with a man's voice, the one who had made success possible for him in the past and sweet to him in the present.

Nelson Eddy said, meeting his mother's eyes which are like his own forget-me-not blue ones, "I probably am the happiest man in the world. If I had it all to do over again I would do just what I have done. I have no regrets. I have no nostalgia for 'the things that might have been.' The world is, to me, a workshop and a playroom with toys, tools and things which are simply inexhaustible. And the only 'secret' to it all is to keep in tune with the elemental force—call it God or what you will—to realize that it is better to be good than to be bad."

Nelson's heritage on his father's side is sturdy New England stock. He said, "My ancestors did not come over on the Mayflower, however. They missed it by ten years. Result, I have no grandfather's clock! The original Eddy, so far as I can trace, was christened John Eddy. He came over from England and settled in Massachusetts. A bit later, when Governor Winthrop ran the colony a tour of inspection with the object of listing the various trades and vocations of the colonists, he found bakers, chandlers, farmers and fishermen, mechanics, dentists. But when he came to John Eddy, he was stumped. For John Eddy had no job. He wrote him down, finally, as 'John Eddy, gentleman!'

"My mother's mother was of Dutch descent. Mother was born in Atlanta, Georgia—and she was a well-known oratorio singer of her day."

I've said that the small Nelson was born to the tap of drums, the beat of rhythm, the wings of song. He was. Both his mother and his father were musical. His father was, at one time, drum major in the Second Regiment Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. His grandfather played the drum and previously had drummed for fifty-five years in another famous American band. As a small boy Nelson acted as mascot for the outfit. He also played the drum in a school orchestra which consisted of drum and piano—when they could get a pianist! And he used to rat-a-tat-tat for his small schoolmates as they entered and departed from school. He said to me, "Drums have always played more or less of a part in my subconscious. (Remember how he sang the stirring "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" in "Naughty Marietta"?)"

His childhood was threaded with the notes and octaves of music. His mother was, at one time, soprano soloist in a church in Providence and he, until his voice broke, was boy soprano soloist at Grace Church in the same city. All during his little-boy years his (Continued on page 83)
One of Hollywood's most famous stars was about to begin a new picture, a production already ballyhooed as one of the greatest of coming attractions. One of Hollywood's best-known directors had been assigned. On the day before they were to start shooting, several years ago, the star telephoned the director and asked if he would go to a certain beauty parlor where she was being made-up. He had known her since their first days in Hollywood and he went at once.

"I just wanted to remind you that when we knew each other, I was a different person than I am today. Now, I am a star. When we get on the set, please do not call me by my first name. I wish to be addressed as Miss Blank."

The director rose and bowed from the waist. "That is perfectly agreeable to me. But please remember, that I, too, am no longer the person you used to know."
Below, Grace Moore had had only tepid response in two former pictures but Victor Schertzinger directed "One Night of Love" and made both Grace and Tullio Carminat famous.

Most directors stand in awe of Kate Hepburn’s reputed temperament. But not George Cukor. After "Little Women" Kate called him "great" and wanted him to direct her always.

I am now a great director and I wish to be called Mr. Blank!"

Those who heard the conversation, floating from the booth of a beauty salon, exchanged wise smiles which said, "What a flop that picture will be, starting out that way. He can’t make a great picture from such a beginning."

WHEN THE production was one-third finished, the director appeared upon the set one morning with a stranger whom he presented to the star. "I have hired this man to do nothing but say, ‘Yes, Miss Blank!’ We want you to be absolutely happy while working with us."

Those working on the set looked wisely at one another. They knew this production would never make motion picture history! They knew he was a great director and she was a great actress but they understood no director could be great under those circumstances and that no star is ever greater than the man who directs her.

(Continued on page 79)

THEIR DIRECTORS

MEGAPHONE ISN’T SYMPATHETIC AND HELPFUL
GINGER AND FRED TEACH YOU “THE PICCOLINO”

HOT ITALIAN RHYTHM TO THE SNAPPIEST DANCE THIS FAMOUS TEAM HAS EVER DONE

WANT to startle your home town with the biggest dance sensation in seasons? If you do, you have a chance with this preview of Ginger Rogers’ and Fred Astaire’s most exciting dance from “Top Hat”—they splayed posed their “Piccolino” steps for you in a modified ballroom version that is easy to learn but exciting to dance. Here goes!

1. The beginning. On the vamp of the music the partners do individual turns to right swinging into ballroom position.

2. The Piccolino Step. This is the key step of the dance and the essence of this ballroom version, to the count of one-two. Then to a one-two-three count, take three steps to the right, finishing with both feet together. Repeat exactly the same combination of steps to the left, leading with the left foot. Repeat the whole four times, alternating the right and left combinations.

3. The dip kick. Partners separate a jump in the music, step with the left foot, kick the floor with the right foot in the rear. Then step with the right foot, kick the floor with the left. Repeat the combination twice and step back to ballroom position.

4. The Piccolino Box—repeat the Piccolino Step. (Continued on page 81)
A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

BOB TAYLOR'S STILL A SMALL-TOWN BOY

At left, Robert Taylor in person—one of the swellest fledgling stars in all Hollywood. Right above, with June Knight in a scene from "Broadway Melody of 1936." And below, dining out with Irene Hervey who is his best girl and his greatest inspiration to succeed. They go steadily together but to quiet, simple places like any small-town couple, he says.

BY FAITH SERVICE

TAKE A young man off'n a college campus, spin the wheel of chance and place him in a studio, his feet on the Milky Way to stardom—and you have a human equation worth studying.

This happened to Robert Taylor, née Brough. He was born in Filley, Nebraska, "raised" in Beatrice, the only son of the late good Doctor Brough and his wife. Conservative, small-town people, the Broughs, unworldly and of simple tastes. People who still thought that theatre folks belonged in some sort of zoo, along with the circus animals and spangled performers. If you had told the late Dr. Brough that his only son would live to become a "moon-pitcher" actor you would have found yourself laughed right out of his surgery.

YOUNG ROBERT had a careful, a religious upbringing. Sunday School and church every week, grace at table, prayers at night. He was raised to believe that drink is a curse indeed and that the demon nicotine is not for godly young men. He was taught that good is good and bad is bad and that there is no blurring the line between. He has not failed that teaching. Even now he does not smoke nor take a drink—certainly not in the presence of his mother, if at all.

And so Robert, the only child, had a happy, comfortable and normal childhood. All of the necessities, few of the luxuries. People in Beatrice did not, for the most part, hold with the flesh-pots. Such things as de luxe parties, opulent cars and romances to (Continued on page 64)
She'll deny vehemently that she makes the rest of her cast step to keep up with her dramatic pace, but her leading men will tell you that Bette Davis is a worry! At right you see Bette and George Brent listening intently to Director Keighley on the "Special Agent" set.

"IT'S HORRIBLE to be a star," said Bette Davis.

She said it with a finality that brooked no argument.

One couldn't doubt her sincerity, although she presented anything but the picture of a disgruntled actress, as she waited in her studio dressing room to be called to the set. Wearing a smart satin pajama suit, she looked exactly what she is—a successful and contented young woman who has made up her mind exactly where she is going, and most people think she's there already.

In fact, if Bette were one to rest on her laurels, she could relax, secure in the knowledge that she has just about reached the top in acting art. It is well known around the studios that when Bette is in a picture, it is up to the rest of the cast to keep their minds on their work or she'll walk right away with the honors.

James Cagney, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, John Eldredge, George Brent—all of her leading men—have only the most enthusiastic praise for her work even though there must have been times when they worried a little and wondered how they were (Continued on page 86)
DEAREST ANNE,

I'm wearing sack cloth and ashes! Not that it's fashionable in London. But I'm wearing it anyhow. For you. On account of, I'm so sorry for not having written you sooner.

But what a whirl I've been in since landing in England. I'm dizzier than usual. But I'll try to stop going around in circles, and start at the beginning, my little one. For I know you want a full confession.

London is a divine place, and I've completely fallen in love with England. (Don't repeat that aloud in Hollywood— it might start rumors of a romance.)

As you may remember, I arrived just at the start of the King's Silver Jubilee. And don't you ever, ever believe the English are staid and unemotional. For two solid weeks the town went mad—people filling the streets night and day, singing and cheering.

I saw the procession, and confess that I hurrah-ed as loudly as any Cockney present. But it was thrilling—brilliant with color; gorgeously uniformed troops of Husars, Bengal Lancers, Horse Guards and Dragoons; Rajahs in cloth of gold, wearing diamonds as large as turkey eggs; cathedral bells ringing, and millions of voices raised in rejoicing.

However, life isn't all cathedral chimes and national anthems! I've had troubles, too. It's the language. You'd better study English before you come over. I wish I had. You avoid lots of trouble by knowing the language.

Boner Number One I pulled at the Savoy the evening I arrived, at a reception Gaumont-British gave in my honor. I asked for a napkin. In England, napkin means diaper. Serviette is the word, of course, Darling. Yes, I blushed.

Further confusion was caused by the fact that in Merrie Olde England "ladies room" (Continued on page 68)
Likeable Gene, who makes feminine hearts flutter, puzzles over his romantic future. Above, with Ann Sothern, reputedly his current heart throb, in "Hooray for Love." They will be teamed again in "Believe It Beloved."

GENE RAYMOND TELLS WHY HE HASN'T ONE

BY MARTHA KERR

GENE TOLD me I couldn't tell this story. So I'm going to tell you the missing romance chapter in his life. Gene said, "I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be."

And as utterly unbelievable as that may sound to you, it's the stomp down truth!

If you've been wondering why (or how) Gene Raymond—twenty-seven, handsome, successful—is still single, here's the answer. And not only is it one of the most amazing stories I ever ran into, but it's a look-in on fame such as I never got before.

IF YOU'VE been wondering why Gene Raymond is still single you haven't been by yourself, either. Over the boudoir ashtrays and strictly hen tea tables of Hollywood's younger femmes his blessed bachelordom has undergone many a conversational dissection. I've been in on some of them. But nobody ever seemed to find the reason.

It's too hard to believe a fellow like Gene couldn't woo and walk off with almost any fair lady who caught his fancy. He's certainly handsome enough. He has shoulders like the Lincoln Memorial, blue eyes with a swift gay grin in them, and a physique that's young and hard from consistent exercise. His hair is by no means the platinum product the camera gives it credit for being—it's plain, bona-fide blonde. A blonde that's entirely loyal to the Guion family tree—for Gene's real name, you know, is Raymond Guion.

He's certainly popular enough to rate all kinds of chances at love, for Gene evermore does the masculine equivalent of "getting around plenty." A beau-by-beau description (Continued on page 76)
IT TOOK CHARLIE FIVE YEARS TO RECOGNIZE AND LOVE HIS SONS

THERE comes now from Hollywood a story stranger than the majority of odd tales which originate in that odd city of oddities. And it concerns a man who is concededly one of its strangest and most unconventional inhabitants. It's a story of Charlie Chaplin. A story of the metamorphosis of Charlie Chaplin from a man who, for years, unnaturally ignored—aye, apparently even resented—his two sons, into probably the fondest, kindest, most doting father Hollywood has ever known. So strange is this transmutation of the man Chaplin that even Hollywood, usually blasé beyond belief, stands amazed!

There is today nothing too good for Charlie's two little sons—Sidney Earle, now nine, named after Charlie's beloved brother, and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, ten. There is no kindness too great for Charlie to shower on them. There is no limit to the pride Charlie displays in them—and yet...

AND YET, up to less than three years ago, Charlie had refused to see them. After his divorce from Lita Grey, their mother, he ignored them—save for the gesture, at court order, of setting aside a trust fund for them which would forever insure them against want. But of fatherly devotion, of that natural yearning of a father to see his own flesh and blood, of these things there was evident in Chaplin not one iota. And today he's utterly mad about them. Let me tell you about it—from the beginning to today; from the birth of the youngsters to the things Charlie does now to demonstrate his pride in them.

Or maybe it'd be better to begin with "The Little Mouse."

YOU SEE, many years ago Chaplin confessed to a friend that it was his ambition to make his life an unsurpassedly vivid one. And one of the facets of his philosophy was to try to experience, during his lifetime, all of the thrills that fall to the lot of a human. In colloquial words—"try everything once!" That's never been told before—but one of the experiences he wanted was to be a father—to have the sensation that from his own flesh should come and survive a living entity.

When he was married to Mildred Harris he was fulfilled that desire. But there was a tragic ending. The story of "The Little Mouse" is an old one—you probably know it. Shortly after Charlie Chaplin's baby was born to the lovely Mildred, it died. It did not even, yet, have a name; the gravestone calls it "The Little Mouse." Charlie was saddened for a mighty long time; he used to sit at the graveside and mourn, mourn, mourn.

And so, when in the middle of 1923, a son was born to Charlie and Lita Grey, who had by now succeeded Mildred Harris as Mrs. Chaplin, naturally all Hollywood thought Charlie would lavish the same mad affection on this newcomer as on that first lost child. Maybe he did. Charlie and Lita were happy then. They were happy, too, when the second youngster came, less than a year later—another boy.

But then came troubles. That's another old story. Everyone who knows anything at all about Hollywood knows that in 1927, after a super-sensational complaint, Lita divorced Charlie, got around $650,000 for having been his wife for a while, got the custody of the two children—each less than two years old at that time.

From that moment, Charlie's love for his two boys seemed to vanish. Maybe it didn't. Maybe in justice...
one must say that his love for Lita, blackened into something bitter by the things that had been said against him in the divorce case, was so utterly outraged that some of the resentment turned, too, against her children—even though they were his own.

AS THEIR father, naturally, the courts of California held him to accounting for the children’s welfare. Because he was rich, it was a handsome accounting. Into the bank went a trust fund of some half million dollars! It guaranteed to each of the youngsters an annual income of $6,000. But beyond that, Charlie did not go—then.

For five years, Charlie did not see his sons. For much of that time they were abroad, being educated in foreign schools. Lita thought that was the thing to do. Too, they had governesses and chauffeurs and a hundred and one things that belong to little boys whom more rugged, self-reliant little boys call “sissies”. Wasn’t it strange that, a few years later, Charlie should have exploded with that same word—that he was sick and tired of Lita bringing his sons up as sissies.

Well, at the end of that five years, there happened something that aroused at last, to a fighting pitch, the father-love that had been lying dormant in this Chaplin who didn’t even bother to see his sons; to do anything personal for them; to visit them or have them visit him. That thing was the sudden move of Lita Grey to put the two boys in the movies.

For them, as their guardian, she signed a three-year contract with the Fox studio, calling for them to appear in a series of pictures. Of course, it was in the papers, with a grand ballyhoo of press-agentry. And, of course, Charlie saw it.

Charles, below, as you will see him in

"Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times."

IT WAS then that there occurred in the heart and the mind the soul of this father the metamorphosis that has made Hollywood history. Like a tiger, he leaped into the arena—the courts. With almost as much bitterness as Lita had hurled at him in their divorce, he fought her move to put the boys into pictures.

“I want them to grow up to be normal children, without any undue attention and publicity. I want them to enjoy their youth; to romp and play like other children,” he told the world. “It is their future happiness I have in mind. I, myself, had to go to work when I was five years old, but—” (and he called the court’s attention to that half-million-dollar trust fund he had established for them) “they do not have to!”

There were big lawyers in the case. Charlie’s wealth was thrown into the fight. Suddenly, everything he had was none too good for the youngsters whom, for five years, he had seemed to spurn. He suddenly seemed to realize they were his own as much as they were Lita’s, and out of that realization perhaps came a flaming parental love, much stronger for having been, for so many years, crushed down, denied, choked.

Well, Charlie won the fight. The court ruled that the written consent of both parents was necessary before the children might be put to work—and the judge in no uncertain terms chastised Lita Grey for having made the effort. And, of course, Chaplin never would and never will sign any authorization for those youngsters to be employed in a movie studio or elsewhere.

And now came another phase of this awakened father-consciousness. Charlie, who for five years hadn’t gone about seeing his children, suddenly wanted to see them. He demanded that he be (Continued on page 72)

His fans have waited long for comedy like this. Still another amusing scene from his new film.
THE WEATHER man says it's Indian summer, but for me, it's winter. I'm snowed in. And just trying to dig my way out from under. I need a shovel to help me through all the letters and photographs that have been dumped in my lap.

But listen, babies, I love it. The only kind of heaviness I don't complain about is the heavy morning mail. The more problems you present to me the better I like it. My mission in life is to help everyone of you to overcome your face and figure faults. And that's from the heart, because I know that every fault can be turned into an attraction. The only thing that can't be corrected is wrong bone structure. But just a minute! I can teach you how to hide it. How's that for you?

It's swell to know that I can help you thousands and thousands of girls to happiness. You can't be completely happy when you're dissatisfied with your looks. And I'm here to tell you how wonderful you can look if you'll do what Sylvia tells you.

LAST MONTH I asked all the gals who look like Jean Harlow to send me their pictures. Well, I don't believe in steam baths but I feel as if I'm in one when I go over these pictures. I never realized there was so many girls who could double for the platinum kid. And believe me little Jeanie had better watch her step. She'd better be a good girl and not cause her studio any trouble or I'll tip her bosses off that the world is full of Harlows in the making.

In next month's article you'll find my selection of the girl who looks most like Harlow. I'll tell her how she can overcome her defects and I'll publish her picture in Modern Screen.

The month after that I will decide on the girls who look
Here is a back view of the same exercise as shown on page 40.

Pull hard for good-looking legs and bulgeless thighs.

Do this exercise 5 times, left and right. Increase to 20 times.

like Joan Crawford. There's still time for you Crawford doubles to get your photographs in.

And now for Constance Bennett. Come on you willowy blondes. Remember you don't have to look exactly like her. Connie didn't always look as she does now. Believe me, I know. I gave Connie a course of treatments she shouldn't forget—although sometimes when I see her on the screen I think she has forgotten.

IF YOU bear the faintest resemblance to Dick Bennett's girl send me your photograph. The best one will be published in this magazine and I will send the winner a complete personal course of instructions, telling her exactly how she can remodel herself.

Maybe all this sounds as if I've been too busy answering your letters and looking at your photographs to do anything else. But that's not so. I had to get a few laughs for myself, so I've been reading the newspapers. I've been reading what some of the so-called beauty experts have to say about the "feminine figure divine." And of all the bunk! Some of them tell you to do everything but hang by your teeth from the chandelier if you want beautiful toe nails. And I wouldn't be surprised some morning to read about that.

The little item that got me down was the one about Rosa Ponselle and her bicycle. Rosa is quoted as saying, "If I can work off some poundage and my tests are satisfactory I'm going to make pictures." So what does she do? She rides a bicycle!

I'll admit that bicycle riding, swimming and all such violent exercise may make you weigh less. But I just wonder if La Ponselle ever heard about muscles. When you exercise the wrong way muscles become overdeveloped as some movie 

"BEAUTY BUNK" AND FALSE REDUCING METHODS

Illustration by Riveron
LET'S GET GRACE MOORE'S "TEMPERAMENT" STRAIGHT

SHE DOESN'T DENY SHE'S "HARD TO HANDLE" BECAUSE SHE'S MADE A SUCCESS OUT OF IT!

MANY STARS have said, "I am not going to let Hollywood spoil me! I am going to remain myself, no matter what happens."

Hepburn has said it—Claudette Colbert, Garbo, Dietrich, Kay Francis. So far as I know, Grace Moore has never given such an interview; has never said it. Yet Grace is one woman who has refused definitely to let Hollywood make any change in her. She left Hollywood, after her first two pictures partly because she wouldn't sacrifice the temperament which makes her a great singer and a fascinating woman.

When a producer told her, during the making of these original productions, "You're acting like a prima donna," she answered, "But I am a prima donna."

She emphatically refused to become more or less than what she was. She spurned the opportunity to pattern herself to what was then the model for a motion picture actress. As a result, she is not just one more picture star, today. She is a prima donna starring in motion pictures and as such, she is making big money for the box-office.

It is because Grace Moore refused to lose the temperament of a prima donna for the sake of becoming a motion picture actress that we have "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever."

For it is true that, if temperament is leashed, you can still act well in the eyes of a clever camera. But you cannot sing well, anywhere, when the fire, the passion, the temper has been processed from you by caution.

Grace Moore has never denied she was "hard to handle" when she made those first two pictures, "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon." She does not argue about being "difficult" today. Why deny the truth?

How well I remember the stormy impetuosities of that fiery-eyed newcomer. I dropped onto the set of "New Moon" to chat with her. Her eyes were twin balls of a very blue flame. Her lips trembled, her hands clasped and unclasped, indicating nerves pitched to the screeching point. Her words tumbled like water, gushing from an overflowing fountain.

They knew nothing about singing! They knew nothing of song! A woman could not sing a scene she could not feel! She might act it but not sing it! A woman could not sing with the well-oiled mechanism of an automobile engine running in high gear. These pictures! They were not for artists. They were for technicians. They were not for one who understood what would please or not please, in song. What did Hollywood know of pleasing with song? What did Hollywood know of Grace Moore? The picture would be bad. She would be bad. Should pictures ruin Grace Moore, the opera singer, who had appeared before crowned heads in Europe?

She walked from the set. Not once but again and again. She cried. She lost her temper. But the picture went on—with the usual motion picture formula; a formula proven successful for actresses but not for prima donnas!

TAKE THE huge press party thrown in her honor. It was in the imposing and regal home, perched on a high knoll, looking down upon the studio where she was working. This was the only possible house worthy of a prima donna to be found in Culver City. She had a chateau on the Riviera; she had lived in Mary Garden's be-satinned villa, even while she was studying.

They told us Grace Moore appeared at this party she was supposed to be giving. If she did, many of us did not see her. We swam, we listened to orchestra music, we ate of heavy foods and drank of delicate liquids. Rumors flew among us as swiftly and stingingly as mosquitoes. Some said Miss Moore refused to play hostess to a group whom she had not invited personally but had been bid through a publicity department; others said she was tired, too tired to be merry among strangers. Again, we heard this was her day for remaining in bed, drinking milk—a ritual not to be disturbed for any reason. True or not true, we left in various moods but with one concerted idea: it wouldn't take Hollywood long to extract the temperament from this highbrow-toothy lady from New York and Europe.

And that was our mistake. We didn't know then that we were expecting Grace Moore to lose for Hollywood everything she had learned for the sake of her singing.

It was not easy for Grace (Continued on page 70)
BY RUTH BIER Y

Grace Moore was told that she would never really sing until she acquired fire to her personality and had run the gamut of emotions. So, she tried the temperamental diva role and found it amazingly successful! Now a star, she's a famous spitfire, too, and she won't change back to the docile little singer from Jellico, Tennessee. Right, a scene from "Love Me Forever" with Leo Carrillo—her second big screen success.
I HATE to make it tough on all you gals who have just mastered the gentle art of draping yourselves languorously on a divan and looking up through fluttering eyelashes with smoldering eyes—but all that is out! Yes, my dears, there is a new school, a new cult, a new creed in Hollywood. They haven’t a word for it yet but the lexicographers, scientists, technicians and Greeks are working on it right this minute. We’ll stop the presses, hold the wires and call out the police cars when the word is coined.

In the meantime all I can do is to tell you the story, describe the new sex appeal and tip you off on how to go about getting it.

As a matter of fact, Myrna Loy is responsible. No, no, Genevieve, I don’t mean the Myrna Loy who mowed men down and left ’em writhing with one exotic death ray from her slanted eyes.

I’m talking about the new Myrna Loy—that spritely gal of “The Thin Man” and other films, who could take sex or leave it alone (even with a hangover), who was a real pal, could match wisecrack for wisecrack with any male, could look cute with an ice bag on her head and didn’t need a single revealing negligée to trap a man.

THAT’S THE new girl. That’s the 1935 version of allure, appeal, charm, “it,” vamp, flapper, glamor. And if you’re going to be popular, if you’re going to have all the men ca-razy for you, you’ve got to master the new technique. If you do, you’ll be dancing away with the captain of the football team while the glamor girls are sitting there untangling their eyelashes.

Hollywood sets the fashion not only in clothes and kitchens, figures and bathrooms, but in sex appeal as well. And if you’ll listen carefully to my story, you can be your own barometer and one jump ahead of the other girls in your set.

Just glance down the pages of the history of sex appeal—and the gals with that quality knew how to make history—and you’ll see that the world’s behavior has been dictated by the grease paint folk.

There was Theda Bara. Remember her? Well, your mother does. In fact, probably your mother wound...
her hair around her neck, put on a long, slinky black satin dress and lured your father that way.

Anyhow they called Theda a vamp. And what she did was known as vamping. And it must have been pretty gosh-awful if you ask me. For the very sight of Theda and her ilk coming onto the scene was enough to tip off the innocent gent that trouble was about to brew.

THE WAY to vamp was to slither (and how is your slithering today?) into a room, run your two hands down the side of your body until they reached the hips and then stand there and heave your chest up and down for a count of thirty. After this you dilated your nostrils for twenty counts and then your victim would either fall into your arms or run screaming from the room.

Then the movie mood changed. And before you could say “Bela Lugosi” there was a brand new type of sex appeal as exemplified by Lillian Gish. All the girls exchanged their black satin dresses (those that hadn’t been torn to shreds) for dimity. (Who knows what dimity is?) And instead of slithering about they fluttered.

What Lillian Gish had wasn’t even known as sex appeal then. It was only after it was discovered that the helpless Lillian could get anything she wanted from men—from new drapes for her dressing room (from the prop boy) to million dollar contracts (from the executives)—that we tumbled. You see, coming so close on the diamond heels of Theda Bara everyone was taken unawares by Lillian and thought she was just appealing to the spiritual in man’s nature.

And that, girls, is the secret of being one jump ahead and the reason it’s such a good idea. The minute a man catches on that a certain type is out to lure him, it’s time to change the type. It throws him off guard and off balance—this change. And he doesn’t know the new mode is really the same old sex appeal until he’s walking down the church aisle and reluctantly mumuring “I do.”

NO, GISH had ’em all confused. She jumped up on one little step and jumped (Continued on page 82)

Vamps, “it” girls and glamor girls are passé... there’s a new type of sex appeal on the market. You’ve got to be smart, sophisticated, and chic... in the Myrna Loy manner.

By Katherine Albert

Pictures by Abril Lamarque
NOW WE enter the third installment of this exciting true story of a young girl who went to Hollywood for fame but found many obstacles in her way. Her anonymity must be kept because she still is working in pictures.

Discouraged, at first, by scheming and unscrupulous men in cheap "quickie" picture companies, she meets an artist on a bus who asks her to come to his studio to pose for a stocking ad. Fearing further insults, she decides not to go but a lack of funds drives her to it. To decide an argument between the artist and his uncle, who is a famous and eccentric director, she is given the long hoped for screen "test"—only to find it is all just one of the eccentric director's whims and doesn't bring her even a job. However, the artist, realizing that he has done her an injustice, secures a job for her on the Garbo picture, "Romance." Pick up the story here—

AND NOW I actually was at work, whisked from the wardrobe department, to the make-up rooms, to the set. It was all so exciting, so glamorous and I was so eager to make good that I didn't hear what was being said around me. I didn't pay much attention to the other extra girls. And that, I learned to my sorrow, was a mistake.

I was all eyes, awaiting the arrival of Garbo. I had seen her once, you remember, as she whizzed by me going into the studio. Then I had been on the outside looking in. And now I was working, actually on a set. Clarence Brown was the director. His assistant told us where we were to stand when the scene was filmed. And then we were allowed to sit on benches, waiting.

One of the extra girls—whom I shall call Peg—said to me in a loud voice, "You're new, aren't you?"

I DIDN'T want anyone to know I was new because I was afraid they would think I wasn't capable. So I whispered, "Yes," and turned away so she would not pursue the subject.

That was mistake number two. It seemed as if I always were making mistakes in Hollywood. I didn't have time to realize it was a false move for at that moment Garbo arrived. (Continued on page 73)
I CAUGHT Carole with her hair down the other day! I caught her right in the act of doing what she does to stay glamorous! And, when you witness Carole Lombard in an episode like that—well, it's just too swell to keep. You have to go around telling people all about it.

These girls—who always look so flawlessly well-groomed! These perfect girls who always manage to carry around such impeccable waves, manicures and make-ups that no matter where they go, or when, they invariably look like Exhibit A. You've seen them—they just never have a suspicion of shiny nose, a hair out of place, a grin out of gear or a wayward eyebrow, even. Well, I don't know what they do to you, but they practically turn me green.

Now, of course, any gal can look glamorous once in a while. If something big is doing at the Club on Saturday night, and you don't mind hibernating in a beauty parlor all afternoon, you usually can rig yourself up to look heavenly for an evening, anyway. But when it comes to staying that way 168 hours a week, no matter how busy you are, that's different. Most girls can't do it. And the blessed few who can, I decided, were hoarding a secret they'd hoarded long enough.

SO I went and picked on Carole, who happens to be the smoothest star I know. And I caught her with her hair down, both figuratively and literally. "C'mon up," she called, leaning a mop of wet sunny curls over her upstairs banister. "Sorry, I couldn't finish this before you got here, but today's the day for my shampoo and I had to 'tend to it."

She gave her hair a few more vigorous rubs, slipped into a pair of gay crimson pajamas and fluffed her crowning glory over the back of a chaise longue. "Now shoot—what's up?"

"Carole," I said, "for heaven's sake how do you do it? I mean how do you manage to look so damn well-groomed all the time? I never can find a single run-down item about you to harp on—not even one iota of cracked fingernail polish!"

She laughed the Lombard laugh, and wiggled her toes into oyster pique mules. "Simple, old booby," she answered. "Instead of doing everything to myself on Saturday, for (Continued on page 67)

Sleek, lovely Carole, always impeccable, as she is in "Hands Across the Table."
Claire Dodd’s dull gold cloth evening ensemble with silver fox lavishly used.

Corded black wool and white velvet in a three-piece suit worn by Claire, also.

Claire again, this time in a lamé tunic dinner gown with brief jacket on arm.

How about your

LOOK FOR SOFT DRAPERY, RICH FABRICS, DEEP

ALL YOU have to do is to write about fashions to have everyone plugging you about what's going to be smart weeks before a season is well on its way. Since everyone has been asking me the question which I am using for the title of this month's story, I decided to turn the tables on all of you and ask the same question!

Thelma Todd's suit, in "Two for Tonight."

Mary Ellis' ermine, "Paris in Spring."

Unusual robe worn by Mary Ellis, below.

If you don't know what you want to buy, or what style trend you can safely start out upon in these early months of fall, let's study what the leading designers in Hollywood, New York and Paris have to say. They have to be fashion seers, looking farther ahead than we even can buy, so with a few of their good hints, we can do our
Softly draped bodice and looser lines for black daytime dress of Gail Patrick’s.

The new rich feeling of the mode in the embroidery on Gail’s dinner costume.

Banton adapts a “Crusades” chain mail suit for this formal gown of Gail’s.

fall clothes...

COLORS WHEN SHOPPING BY ADELIA BIRD

shopping with a pretty practical yet smart chart to go by. Probably you have heard about the Italian Renaissance trend. Have you? All the designers and stylists are excited about it. Used with discretion it can be charming as well as fun, overdone, it can be as sad a flop as the Empress Eugenie excitement of a few years past. The introduction of style influences derived from the Italian Renaissance, gives you a very elegant sweep to your hats as well as to your costumes.

As you remember, this was the period in Italian history when all art flourished and when painters bedecked their subjects in the richest fabrics, the most elaborate tweeds.

Tweed on Oberon in "The Dark Angel." Madeleine Carroll’s coat in “39 Steps.” Cuff brim beret from “The Clairvoyant.” Another tweed suit on Merle Oberon.
one of simplicity in line with details making the added gaiety and colorfulness.

You can wear your daytime skirts shorter and fuller, if you wish. For evening you will still cling to the longer line. You can have skirt and bodice drapery, if it becomes you. And, on the other hand, you can turn right around and feel perfectly comfortable in a jersey shortwaist dress or a trim woolen coat frock. You can stick a feather in your hat, or you can wear the plainest of berets with a sharp jut forward and more fullness to give it a fall flair.

One thing I think you are going to cheer, because I know I do, and that is the return of wrappy lines in coats. Somehow, I never feel quite so snug

ornamentations and rare jewels. It was a time when rich color was spread across all the canvases. And this is the essence of the Italian Renaissance trend in fashion which both Paris and Hollywood designers are intrigued with at the moment.

In Hollywood, most of the leading designers are showing increasing drapery in their more formal daytime and evening skirts and bodices. They are using jeweled girdles and buckles, rich fabrics and embroidery. Often the fabrics have jeweled, metallic or embroidered motifs for surface elaboration.

IN PARIS, the following details are characteristic of the Renaissance influence—open necklines, either square, yoked or off-the-shoulder. Wide, jeweled girdles, large berets, draped and be-feathered hats. Lots of velvet in dresses and wraps. Evening caps that are full and long, swinging from the shoulders and dropping in sweeping circles to the floor. And then there are the Italian Renaissance colors which designers have dubbed by the names of artists and famous Italian families of that period. There’s Titian red, Medici purple, Botticelli blue, Cellini green and a wine red named for the famous wine poisoners, the Borgias! Rust and coppery tones, many deep purplish colors and much gold in trimming are all typical of this fashion movement.

Don’t be led astray by too much elaboration, however. The basic feeling of the whole fall picture is

A striding step on Olivia to let you see the new width and shortness of her fall dress.

Olivia De Haviland steps forth in her new gray kid-skin coat with cord tie sash.

Olivia, again, in a trim box jacket suit and brown felt hat with interesting brim line.

fall suits is one of the newest examples of it. Rather than go on listing fall details and trends which are hard to remember unless you see actual garments illustrating the ideas, I have selected a number of Hollywood costumes which illustrate many of these new points. On pages 48 and 49, you will see some scenes taken from new pictures, each one showing some interesting fashion idea from that particular picture. At the top of these pages are some more fashions that are representative of the clothes the smartest stars are now buying for their fall wardrobes.

“Smart Girl” is the pat title of Gail Patrick’s next picture for she wears some stunning clothes designed for her by Travis Banton. One of these costumes is illustrated, the other two worn by Gail being from her personal wardrobe. The gown worn in the picture is an excellent example of the Renaissance trend. It is black duff velvet with a deep square neckline and short pointed train. The entire front is beautifully embroidered in gold thread and the long sleeves also are embroidered. Over this goes a hip-length jacket of gold lame, reminiscent in design of a page boy’s blouse. It is a costume that is simple in line but perfectly balanced by its charming detailing.

For a first fall afternoon and daytime dress, Gail wears black crepe. The bodice shows the new soft fullness that gives a drape feeling to the gown, the softly folded (Continued on page 64)
"For Flavor and Mildness I've never found a cigarette that compares with Camel"

Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.

At home or abroad, Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer smokes Camels. "Once you've enjoyed Camel's full, mild flavor, it is terribly hard to smoke any other cigarette," she says. "I can't bear a strong cigarette—that is why I smoke Camels." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos than you get in any other popular brand. Camels are milder!

**Among the Many Distinguished Women Who Prefer Camel's Costlier Tobaccos:**

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
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- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
- Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
- Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
- Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
- Mrs. Potter D'Orsay Palmer, Chicago

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos

...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
Margaret Sullavan as Valette Bedford in Paramount's "So Red the Rose," based on Stark Young's saga of the South. No wonder gentlemen were chivalrous when ladies looked like this. There were rumors recently about a split between Margaret and her husband, Director William Wyler. But apparently they were very idle rumors indeed, for Margaret and Willie seem completely devoted.
MODERN SCREEN

Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN

Miss Ann Keeble, New York: "Pond's not only cleans—it keeps away lines, blackheads."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM reaches down—

keeps common Skin Faults away

1 LINES FADE when wasting under tissues are stimulated.
2 BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and underskin stimulation prevents clogging.
3 BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads that cause them are prevented.
4 PORES REDUCE when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions from within the skin.
5 DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils sink in, failing oil glands grow active.
6 TISSUES WON'T SAG when underskin fibres are toned up and stimulated.

UGLY LITTLE LINES...dreaded wrinkles...
don't "just happen" overnight! Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start under your skin. Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you do see fell into little creases.

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin, when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down and fights those lines and blemishes where they start.

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, patted briskly, Pond’s rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-logged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened by this deep-reaching cream!

One creaming shows how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it's wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-logged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin re-freshed, invigorated to its depths.

Every morning... reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft and fine that powder goes on with a smooth, allover evenness. Pond’s Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 5-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away


I enclose 25c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 5 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

Name:

Street:

City:

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

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(Continued on page 100)
"I'd sooner die than go to another party"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

Don't let a pimply skin spoil your good times — make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples can be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands — on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start now to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated
TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE... at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES!

...writs Miss Healy.

"I read on 'ad' of the Perfolaastic Company... and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perfolaastic Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."

"I'm a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 50 pounds."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

happened. He'd forgotten to put a flash lamp in his camera. Claudette screamed with glee and flung across the busy boulevard with Dr. P. in her wake.

And Cary Grant was so amused, he never even set the lad right! It seems that Cary was lunching at the Brown Derby with Marion Marsh when a young man, with a bunch of female tourists in tow, rushed up to his table. "These girls," he announced, "are mad about you! They've come all the way from the middle west to see you. Ladies," he continued enthusiastically, "permit me to introduce you to—George Brent." And Mr. Grant grinned and answered, "Pleased to meetcha."

This is about the tops in strange requests for autographs. When the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game occurred at Wrigley Field recently, Minna Gombell was besieged for autographs. Minna had just bought a hot dog when one excited woman rushed at her. "If you'll write your name in ink on this hot dog and your husband signs the other half, I'll have my husband split it and frame both halves. He does artistic framing awfully well!" Truly it happened and truer still, Miss Gombell obliged.

It wouldn't be a movie column if Mae West weren't represented and here's the best we could grab on her for the month. Mae was leaving the District Attorneys' Convention Banquet where she had conferred a Captaincy's honor to one of the bodyguards assigned to her after gangster threats. A spokesman for Miss W. had just announced that unaccustomed as Mae was to night life, she would appreciate being excused to go home to her little bed, etc. And so the Diamond Queen departed in a round of applause. But on the way out she happened to glance in the cocktail lounge where sat twenty handsome attorneys doing a little inebriating. "Well," sez Mae, "this looks interesting!" And bgosh, it was. In fact, so interesting that the young woman left several hours later; that is, left for the Iroquois where she and her pals had some more fun.

Well, Margaret Sullivan and her director husband, William Wyler, are serene once more. That little tiff has blown over and so again they appear together at previews, benefits, etc. While the separation was on, however, Margaret continued to go places with the occasional escort of Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn. She didn't refuse to be photographed with him, either. In fact, 'twould seem Miss S. is never averse to a little comment about herself, going on the theory, no doubt, of it doesn't matter what they say as long as they keep talking.

A new angle on "what to do about affairs of the heart" was introduced last month by Lyle Talbot and his girl friend, Peggy Walters. In honor of the anniversary of their first date, Lyle invited a few friends in for cocktails, and the muchly off-again, on-again romance was gloriously toasted. Favors were, appropriately, Cupids mending their broken arrows, and Lyle and Peggy swore on a stack of French rolls to have no further tiffs.

(Continued on page 58)

MODERN SCREEN

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR...it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolaastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolaastic Reduce Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolaastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 5310 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolaastic Girdle and Brassiere, samples of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

Postman or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

How do you like Lee Tracy, George Raft and Jim Cagney in baseball regalia—participants in the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field.
MODERN SCREEN

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFt, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so deeply—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will protect your skin—give it that smooth, cared-for look that's so appealing.

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin.

Claudette Colbert
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"
EVERY SMOKE A HIT!

A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLS—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
SAVECOUPONS/for HANSDOME PREMİUMS

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED

The popular song-writer-actor Pinky Tomlin with the "Object of His Affections," Maxine Doyle, at the Miramar.

(Continued from page 56)

When is a vacation not a vacation? When Glenda Farrell gets it! Seems Glenda was told by the studio that she could have a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe. She had no more than unpacked when a wire from Warners requested her immediate return. Miss F. cooed down the mountain into San Francisco, hopped a plane and was back in nothing flat. When she arrived the studio decided to postpone her picture. Last reports from the Farrell abode were that while the roof is still intact, it is still quaking from Irish combustion.

Well, the story goes that when Columbia sent for pretty Joan Bennett recently, it was to talk over a forthcoming role for the actress. "You're not going to play a sweet, little Miss in this one," explained the scenario. "You're to play a girl, say, sorta like your sister, Constance, is off-screen." Joan took it big and laughed like the dickens! Maybe she knew what the man was driving at!

That personal appearances are a pretty good idea seems to be proved by Gene Raymond's recent experience of face-to-face meeting with an audience. Since Gene's return to Hollywood, his fan mail has leaped so that it's hoisted him right into a long term contract with RKO. Pretty tasty—oh, wait! We think so—and well deserved, too.

Having taken out her citizenship papers in our fair countree, Fay Wray departed for London to make a couple of movies over there. The deal suited her right well, too, for hubby, John Monk Saunders, is doing some scripts for a British company. However, their wedding anniversary occurred while he was there and she was here, and Johnny wired a house full of white flowers way across the Atlantic to his utterly charming "little woman."

There doesn't seem to be much justice in the world no matter from what angle you view it, so Alice Brady shouldn't be discouraged! Miss Brady is working on "Metropolitan" with Lawrence Tibbett. She plays an opera singer and I other day, the Powers That Be offered to get her a double to warble the Gypsy Song from "Carmen." Alice, who has a beautiful voice, decided to try it herself, and so successful was the "play back," that the producers were enthralled and are keeping it in the picture. "Now," lamented Alice, "probably nobody'll ever believe I did it!"

Clark Gable's stepson is now old enough to take the high school girls to dances. So, not so long ago, he asked Clark for the use of the family car for the evening. To which Gable assented cheerfully and said, "What's more, I'll drive you and the little lady to the Coconant Grove myself." When the pair arrived at the girl's house, she appeared at the curb, took one look at the car and announced to her youthful and perplexed escort, "If you don't mind, I think I'll sit with the chauffeur!"

Poor Jimmy Cagney! He has such big troubles. While he was away on a recent trip, Mrs. Cagney, planning to surprise him, had the entire interior of their house done over in white. Even to the little room at the end of the hall which Jim likes to call his very own. When he returned, he glanced over the whole set-up and moaned, "Oh, goosh, you've even painted that little cubbyhole where I like to sit and mope!"

By the way, 'twas said that Cagney is up for the title role in "Robin Hood." That gent, you remember, was an arch crook and it looks as if the Warners are just used to casting Jim in crook pictures!

Speaking of casting—just about every virile-looking gent in Hollywood was (Continued on page 60)
Let my death be a warning
to all other CORNS, young or old!

"Every corn that ever stabbed a human toe should beware of that arch enemy, Blue-Jay!"—wails this old patriarch, in death-bed testimony.

(1) "For 23 years I was the power behind the throne in the Briggs family. Mrs. Briggs had tried in many ways to get rid of me—even tried to murder me with a razor—but this old corn always won out.

(2) Time after time I almost wrecked that family! I made life so miserable for poor Mrs. Briggs that she became cranky and cross — and Mr. Briggs would get mad and leave the house in a huff.

(3) A kindly neighbor woman, Mrs. Allen, was the start of my undoing. One day when she found Mrs. Briggs crying, she whispered to her, "My dear, why don't you get rid of that corn with Blue-Jay?"

(4) Blue-Jay struck me like lightning! In just a moment I was smothered in soft, felt prison walls. My cries were unheard and my stabbing went unnoticed. My 25 year racket was over. I was a doomed corn.

(5) When Mr. Briggs came home that night, he found a happy wife. They went out and danced just to celebrate! And I was forgotten. Now, 3 days later, my lifeless form will soon be lifted out. My dying words are — Corns, beware of Blue-Jay!

Corn suffering ended safely and easily with this scientific method

- Only a corn sufferer knows how painful a corn can really be. Yet this suffering is absolutely unnecessary. A visit to any druggist—and the purchase of Blue-Jay (the scientific corn remover) for 25c—will bring blessed and lasting relief.

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stock- ing). In the meantime, without your knowing or feeling it, the safe Blue-Jay medication is gently underminning the corn. After 3 days, you take off the pad and the corn lifts out completely.

If you have a corn—even a tiny one—remove it night away with Blue-Jay. Don't be satisfied with temporary relief. Insist on Blue-Jay.

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M.S.49

Page 39
Much more is expected from women today.

These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that Zonite is the ideal combination of strength and safety needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

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There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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(Continued from page 58)

tested for the role of "Captain Blood." George Brent thought he had it until he read in the paper that Errol Flynn, Lili Damita's brand new husband, was the real candidate. Flynn, who had passed with flying colors twelve tests with twelve different men naturally believed hers was to be the leading feminine role, when she scanned the news columns only to learn that Olivia de Haviland would play opposite Flynn. We give up, too. However, there must be an answer!

Not to give anybody a short answer, but, when Freddie Bartholomew was informed recently that he is now a star, the young actor was the one to say, "What next we supposed?" He red-head evidently realized that top billing won't get him out of going to school nor rate him an extra frosted chocolate (which he adores) after lunch.

Incidentally, a street lamp interfered with the English boy's view of the Fourth of July fireworks. "Someone please put it out," he requested. "Someone" explained that it belonged to the company and nothing could be done about it. Whereupon, young Mr. B., who had never seen a Fourth re-plied, "Well, I can," and hastily heaved a rock at it. Fred may be a genius, you see, but he's a regular fellow, too—and often a baddie.

Try this on your friends. You may learn something. David Niven has just said, "Did you make up?" David asked Sally Blane, who grew quite red and re-plied, "Yes, Loretta's (You're) all right again." He then queried Merle Oberon, who unpretentiously answered, "No, when I'm through I mean I'm through!" We asked David what was behind it all. To which he blithely answered, "Not a darn thing! It's only that they all fall for it. They think you know something you don't, and so they tell you something they hadn't offered." Some fun,—eh, kid?

Well, that recent Hollywood earthquake literally shook Roger Pryor out of his house. Roger's been down on owning a little chateau ever since he came to town and only two weeks before the Big Shiver, he had bought and moved into a Beverly Hills some way up the hilltop. At con-siderable risk to life and limb, Mr. P. per-formed a miraculous paint job on the out-side of the building. Well, came the Quake, came down the plaster, came up the road-side mud to bespatter the white paint! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Roger may now be reached at a hotel.

The gossip columns had it all mixed up, much to the chagrin of the three young people—Roger, his wife Paula and Jimmy Ellison. Just because Paula and Jimmy are playing opposite each other, the newscasters have them engaged. Gertrude couldn't understand. Paula, you see, is her friend. Surely Jimmy hadn't changed—after all those things he'd said. Well, they worked it over, only to discover that it's still Gertrude and Jimmy—off the screen.

Kitty Carlisle recently proved that she could "take it"—and also, dole it out. Seems that those mad Marx Brothers love to kid and raaz everyone on the set. Nope, there isn't a member of the cast, a prop boy nor an electrician safe from their practical joking. During the making of "A Night at the Opera," they sported on Kitty. They played one too many on her and so she decided to play one too many on the three Marxes into hiding all day from a process server who never existed. Since then the harem have been almost chastened! We said almost.

Vital Statistics: The Stuart Erwins have a brand new baby named June, after their beautiful mother married the late Collyer . . . Nancy Smith has been dis-covered and they say she'll soon wed the socially prominent Jack Maitland . . . His friends claim that Winfield Sheehan is about to lead the opera star, Jeritza, to the altar . . . Ernst Lubitsch and Vivian Garey are now one.

What, no Romeo? With all the handsome, love-making gents in Hollywood, Irving Thalberg couldn't find a place to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." Laugh as you may, everyone with a profile, that is, every male, has been given a test and so far Julianne and the balcony even its own way. One man's too tall, another's too old, another's too short, and so it goes. What MGM is probably looking for is a composite picture of Tom Brown's youth, Johnny Weissmuller's physique, Herbert Marshall's voice and Ronald Colman's face.

Janet Gaynor, star of the Fox lot for ten years, relinquished Dressing Room 15 when she departed for England recently. If you remember, she had previously withdrawn from the cast of "Way Down East" because of illness. There are a lot of speculating meanies around who said that in reality she didn't even have a twentie-sixteens headache. A ny w a y, when queried about removing all articles from her d. r., the Gaynor explained that she expected to be gone so long that it didn't seem fair to retain the bungalow. However, Shirley Temple didn't give up her room when she went to Honolulu. Fox officials explain, if you're interested, that Janet Gaynor still has three pictures to make for them.

The little girl actresses are having their day in pictures since the advent and great success of Shirley Temple. Recently, at the preview of "The Little Big Shot," in which she appears, Sybil Jason, aged eight, sat behind us. She was laughing and having a gay, old time viewing herself on the screen. Later she autographed albums just like a Fay Wray or grown-up star.

The next day we saw Elinor Donahue on the Fox lot. She insisted that we see her new dressing room. It contains a little desk, a sofa, a lounge chair and all the comforts. We inquired as to her favorite actress and Jane promptly replied, "Jackie Searle—oh, that Jackie Searle!"

"Yes, we have some bananas; ripe ones, big ones and plenty of them," sings Jean Hersholt. And if you're a pal—and even if you're not—Jean will ask you over to his little garden, right plunk in the middle of Beverly Hills—highly civilized territory in these parts—and pick you a banana from a huge tree literally loaded with luscious fruit. The South American touch —eh, wot?
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ARE YOU one of those fortunate mortals who can include among your childhood memories the pleasing picture of your grandmother's jam cupboard and remember the delectable flavor of her jellies—spread thickly on chunks of bread? Have you carried over from your youthful days those same jam-loving characteristics? Well, Pat O'Brien has, and Eloise O'Brien, his very attractive and efficient wife, caters to this particular liking of his in a most original fashion. For, besides seeing that marmalade is served with the breakfast muffins, wild strawberry jam with the Cottage Cheese Salad at luncheon and mint jelly with the roast lamb at dinner, Mrs. O'Brien has devised countless other ways to include jams and jellies in the daily menu. Her jam cupboard would have made grandma jealous, I'm sure, while her ideas for using its

Above, Pat and Eloise O'Brien about to partake of jelly cake and tea. Note pleased expression on our hero. Left, jelly meringue tarts with coconut filling—enough to make you grin with joy, too.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

THE MODERN HOSTESS

sweet contents include several suggestions that grandma never even thought of trying. Nor have you, I'll wager—so I'm going to tell you about them in detail further on.

I had no idea that I would learn about so many delicious dishes when I accepted an invitation to have tea with Eloise. I had just been looking at some new clothes in the little dress shop that Mrs. O'Brien owns and has such fun supervising. Consequently, at that particular moment, clothes, not foods, were uppermost in my thoughts. (You know how it is when you have your heart set on finding a new evening gown in your favorite color—all else is forgotten!)

But when Eloise suggested that I forget frocks for the time being and go along with her, the prospect of tea served beside the O'Brien pool with Eloise herself "pouring" and the added promise that Pat would be home from the studio in time to join us, combined in presenting a most pleasant prospect. In just no time flat I had decided that clothes could wait but tea wouldn't and accepted with alacrity. I'm certainly glad I did, too, for everything conspired to make it a most delightful afternoon and one that was full of helpful suggestions and information for an ever-curious and eager food editor.

The first intimation I had of Pat's liking for

SUCCULENT SWEETS TO DELIGHT YOUR MAN

62
Jams was when three varieties were served with the small hot tea biscuits, to be followed by a home made jelly roll cut in most generous slices.

"Do have a second piece of cake," Eloise urged us as she saw with what speed we had disposed of the large servings despite the huge inroads we already had made on the biscuits and jam.

"SINCE Pat goes for jellies and jams in any form," she continued, "this is the one kind of cake he really likes, so I've told our colored cook to have it often. Then I also suggested to her that we ought to work out some other recipes that call for jelly—partly because of Pat's fondness for it and partly because, in an ambitious moment, I had bought enough fruit at a wayside stand to supply preserves for an institution. One look at my cupboard shelves and I realized we were overstocked. Then too, with the grape season coming on, I knew more jars would be added since I'm as fond of grape jelly as Pat is.

'At every meal,' was my ultimatum to the cook, 'let there be jam!' And there was jam! It masqueraded in pies, it came in sauces, it hid in tarts, it was served with meats. And do you think anyone objected?' she asked, with a gay flourish of the cake knife in our general direction.

'No! no! a thousand times no!' replied Pat enthusiastically.

'You!' Eloise grinned at her famous husband, 'you'd never object. But, when the guests added their praise to the family's, the kitchen department became positively inspired. The result was that our supposedly overgenerous supply has diminished to the vanishing point and we're just waiting for the Concord grapes to come in to replenish our depleted stock. You see we want to be able to have several of the dishes we discovered, again and again.'

AND so will you when I tell you more about them. But first I want to give you the recipe that the O'Brien cook plans to use in making her grape jelly. This recipe does not stop at giving you only jelly-making directions, either, but also tells you how to make Grape Butter out of the pulp. That's a nice economical idea, isn't it? Well, here's the recipe:

CONCORD GRAPE JELLY AND GRAPE BUTTER

Wash and stem about 5 pounds of fully ripe grapes. Crush grapes thoroughly (a potato masher will do a good job.) Add 1/2 cup water to crushed grapes, bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Separate juice from pulp by placing hot fruit (Continued on page 78)

P.S.— Billy's mother did get rid of tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!

Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!
Only you and RIT know it's an old dress!

And only RIT offers FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

CHANGE the color—and you change the dress—make it new, modish, flattering again!

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INSTANT RIT TINTS AND DYES
White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whiten white goods.

HIGH ABOUT YOUR FALL CLOTHES?

(Continued from page 50)

high neckline is effectively outlined in a double strand of pearls. Notice the wide armhole and cuff bell to the sleeve.

TRAVIS BANTON became so enthusiastic about the costumes which he designed for "The Crusades" that he made a "Crusades" evening gown for Gail's personal use. Inspired by the chain mail costumes of the 12th century, he used a metallic mesh, stitched to chain mail, for the blouse top and a narrow, decorative panel down the front of the full black satin skirt. A girdle of the satin is the only other detail in this simple gown.

Orry-Kelly, over at Warners, likes to use metallic cloth in his fall creations. The tunic theme is used to excellent advantage in the dinner costume which he made for Claire Dodd. The tunic, made like a long jacket, is pointed at the front and opens wide down the front to show the child-like gown beneath. Interesting contrast is effected by the dull gold metallic of the tunic, the bright gold kid of the belt, and the soft dullness of the cloth.

Another Orry-Kelly idea stresses the metal cloth and the tunic theme again in a more formal and elaborate evening ensemble for Claire. A tunic-length coat made with a yoke collared in silver fox and a deep hem border of more fox, tops a simple, beautifully cut gown. The tucker to the coat's hem dips sharply down to a point at the back. A small collar and a tie belt finish the coat.

Black corded velvet and white corded velvet make the other costume worn by Claire Dodd. The jacket was made collarless so that Claire could wear her own furs with it. The velvet of the blouse also makes turn-back cuffs on the jacket.

Now, down to the bottom of pages 48-49 for some ideas to be gleaned from pictures. From left to right, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd in "Two for Tonight." Joan wears a simple shirtwaist dress with full sleeves gathered into the tight cuff and a small turnover collar. Thelma's luxurious suit has the smart fur bordering of silver fox which forms a continuous swirl from the collar and down the front and across the fully flared back. The sleeves have the new elbow fullness that is seen in many fall suits, coats and dresses.

Next, Mary Ellis wears a white ermine wrap in "Paris In Spring" which has interesting sleeve detail and a cape collar bordered in silver fox. She also wears a boudoir robe that I thought would intrigue you. It is made of a hairy-like silk that looks not unlike fur. A huge monogram is appliqued almost in the armhole of the kimono sleeves.

Elsia Landi wears a stunning evening ensemble in "Without Regret." It, too, is lavishly trimmed with the inevitable silver fox. Her gown is topped by a full, hip-length cape that has an interesting collar and complete border of the fur, much like the flared jacket of Thelma Todd's suit.

They have been busy taking the exotic out of Merle Oberon with the realization that you will see her looking very school-girl in many of her scenes from "The Dark Angel." A little white coat with jacket, buttoning all the way down the front is very charming. The jacket has a turn-over collar of the tweed but Merle also wears her blouse collar over. Notice the trick bound pockets and the smart way the skirt is flared. And to the right of it is another tweed suit she wears in the same picture. This has a very short jacket and is buttonless, held together by a wide, hand-sewn leather belt.

A three-quarter length jacket is brown caracul with a deep shoulder yoke of the brown wool of her dress beneath. The coat is made in the youthful, swagger style that is typical of many of the younger fur fashions this season.

Very Italian Renaissance is the felt bim brim beret which Jane Baxter wears in "Clairvoyant." The cuff brim is so adroitly tucked that it flares out as it reaches the crown, jutting into interesting and becoming points.

Look at page 50 for some smart action shots of Olivia De Haviland in her first fall clothes. These were snapped in Hollywood as Olivia burst forth in all her glory on the first cold day.

The new full and shorter skirt is well shown by the fast stride Olivia makes along the street in her beige jersey dress. Isn't it refreshingly young looking? The stripes on her skirt and sleeves are gay Roman colors. The pompon on her small gray hat is a bit too much for the early fall weather, but the hat and accessories in brown, too. Note the forward tilt to her brim; there's a jut to practically all the best brims this fall.

And for a good, useful yet smart fur coat, nothing could be as perfect as her gray kidskin.

Any questions you may have about fall trends, colors, accessories or new ideas that I haven't covered, write and tell me all about it and I shall be more than happy to help you out. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

(Continued from page 34)

which young Robert is now heir, were phases of life read about in garish Sunday supplements, but only half believed.

A high school on Robert's college, West to Pomona College with the idea of transferring to Yale after his senior year. Later to Yale to take up the study of physiatriy. He thought, then, to hang up his shingle in New York and to devote his life to unravelling the tangled skeins of the lives of men and women who had gone awry.

But, in the mid-term of his senior year at Pomona, came destiny. In the cartoons of theatrical director, Ben Piazza, then with M-G-M, now with Paramount. Ben was there to watch the college play "Journey's End" in which Robert played the part of "Captain Stanhope." Ben cast his trained eye on young Robert, and saw a star-in-the-making. He sum-
Robert Taylor and June Knight in their zippy dance "Doin' the Poo ~" or "Broadway Melody of 1936." Jack Benny stars in this musical.

moned the startled young man to the studio, gave him an audition and a test, both bad, and sent him back to college.

But Ben was not convinced by that audition. Later, he called for Robert again, there was another audition, another test and—Robert was signed to a long-term M-G-M contract forthwith. He returned to Poonoma to get his diploma, then packed his bags and returned to Hollywood and to the studio where he joined the M-G-M school under the direction of Oliver Hinsdale. He played a couple of bit parts in big productions, played leading parts in a couple of Mr. Hinsdale's little theatre plays and then "Society Doctor" with result that the studio, the fans, the critics, all said, "a star in the making"! M-G-M believed in him. They consider him their brightest bet, their biggest find since Clark Gable, just as in the feminine ranks, they consider Rosalind Russell their biggest find since Myrna Loy.

Studio and fans appear to be in perfect accord on the starry subject of Robert. For in no time at all he had to engage a secretary to take care of the fan mail that came pouring in, hundreds of letters from hundreds of girls—all wanting to know where he had been all their lives, what he was like, who was his ideal type of girl, whether he is in love, what kind of toothpaste he uses, and why . . .

I SAID to Robert—girls, he has dark brown hair with red lights in it and eyes of a brilliant sapphire blue, black lashes and a golden sun-tan and he is younger looking than he appears to be on the screen—"Tell me about your first year, in detail. What has it done to you, or for you? Has it changed you and if so, how?"

"Yes, it has changed me," Robert said, in his grave and considering way, "for the better, I hope. I am older than I was, more than a year older. It has stabilized me. I am a great deal more serious than I was. I am considerably more practical. I feel a far greater sense of responsibility toward myself and toward life than I ever did before.

"I am in love and have been for some time, but I don't think it affects my work. I think it helps me."

Miss Maralyn Tankersley's fair skin is enlivened by Pond's Rose Cream. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, of New York, blonde, uses Brunette.

Science finds true cause of many "dead-looking" complexions

Look at this girl. Decidedly blonde, with glorious fair skin—Yet her skin seemed "dead-looking"—like the chalk-marked streak above. Her powder had taken the liveliness out of her skin!

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POND'S Face Powder

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Amazing 2-minute Oatmeal Facial Combats ROUGH-DRYNESS BLACKHEADS COARSE PORES OILY SKIN!

1. BLEND a little Lavena with water

2. APPLY to face. Wash off. Takes 2 minutes.

3. NOW! Skin is radiant, vital! Velvety and fresh!

MODERN SCREEN

time, with one girl. Whereas, before I entered the studio, I was in love constantly, or rather inaccurately, with first one girl and then another.

"I'll take the external things first. The things which may not matter. I've taken an apartment for my mother and myself. Dad died just before I signed the contract. It was urgent that it be made official for me. I would have had to forego studying at Yale, for a time anyhow. I would have had to earn my own living somehow and I know that I could never have made the money I am making now in any other line of work that might have been open to me. Not that I'm in the big money, heaven knows—but it's bigger than it would have been for me anywhere else for many years.

And so, I have more money than I've ever had before. It might be supposed that this would give me a lavish, spendthrift feeling as quickly and as easily as it did. On the contrary, I am more careful, more conservative with money than I ever was when Dad was sending me an allowance, I'm beginning to build for a future. I'm learning the value of money.

The apartment I've taken for mother and me is more luxurious than I could even have hoped for, during many hard-working years. I have servants, a luxury which never even entered my calculations when, in college, I dreamed of my indigent future. I have more clothes than I have ever owned at any one time before. I have a yen for collecting and have collected about fifty of them. I drive a better car than I've ever driven.

I've been asked whether Hollywood has made me conceited—whether the publicity, the recognition in public, has given me the well-known swollen head. I can honestly say NO. For the first few weeks I must admit, I did think more of myself, of the way I looked, than I ever had before. Certainly, young men in college do not go about considering the angle of their profiles, the set of their heads, which way they appear to the best advantage. If they do, they keep quiet about it, or else—well, I, when I started to work, was camera-conscious. I've got over that now. I've forgotten the camera. I think no more of my looks now than I did before I ever saw a studio. If I think more of myself it is not, honestly, from motives of personal vanity. It is much the way I would feel about a machine which must have good care in order to function properly and so fulfill its purpose.

"Yes, I can really say truthfully that this first year has tended to make me more serious, more conservative, if possible, than I was before I came to Hollywood. Just because I'm always so busy, and gratitude always are open to me, I don't want to take them. I never go to parties. I seldom, if ever, go to night clubs, to the Grove, to any of the places where the cinema clan go after. I've never saved any money before. I'm never going to. Now that I have it done. I've started a couple of annuities. I ponder investments. I read financial sheets. I spend far less than I could spend because I am very conscious of my place and this life and this career can be.

"Because I know how haywire young beginners can go; and have gone, I do none of the things that might lead to well, haywiring!"

"I am in love . . ." Robert hesitated a moment, his brilliant blue eyes soft . . . "with Irene Hervey," he said. "Even in love I'm more stable than I ever was before. I've seen enough of emotional instability to frighten me and make me appreciate being with one girl, going everywhere, sharing everything, and having hopes and dreams—with her. Both of us behave a good deal more like a small-town girl and boy than like members of the movie world, in spite of all the available excitement. Every night, after work, we have dinner together. Sometimes with mother at our apartment, sometimes in some other restaurant. If we are at my place, we listen to the radio after dinner, or take a walk, read aloud, or talk, but we never do anything else. If we have dined out, we almost always go to a movie. Both of us are rabid fans, neither of us can quite believe that we are sitting in a studio sincerely. I've often been asked what star, or stars, I would like to be like later on. I don't want, of course, to copy anyone. But I should say that the work of Bob Montgomery and Fredric March, respectively, is the type of thing I'd like to do.

I NEVER thought of marriage until I came to Hollywood. That is, I never thought about it save as some very remote possibility. Now I do think about it very deeply and immediately. I don't mean by this that I intend to marry now. I think it would be sensible not to marry for five years. But I do think seriously of marriage, of home, of raising a family.

"My tastes haven't changed—hardly at all. I still play the piano. I still continue with my study of psychology. I collected a large library of scientific books, on the subject while I was in college and I read them more frequently than I had ever done before. With two objectives—if I should go out of pictures as the well-known light I can still take my diploma under my arm, go to Yale and pursue the study I intended to pursue. If I succeed in pictures, as I hope I shall, I'll need psychology to interpret the parts I am to play."

"I go to the theater, maybe twice or every week. And someday I'd like to join a stock company on the road and play Captain Stanhope in 'Journey's End.'"

I SAID, "Before I came over here to talk with you, two young and admiring girls asked me to ask you to describe your 'ideal girl . . .'

Robert looked thoughtful. He said, "I'll have to take a character on the screen, so I don't call her 'the girl.' I'm going to let her develop in order to get to know her. In the meantime, I know—Hester"—the part Josephine Hutchinson played in 'Oil For The Lamps of China'—"is my ideal girl. I like a quiet girl, a domestic girl, a companionable girl. I do not like the grand kind of, look-down-your-nose type of girl. I like a feminine girl. A gentle, conservative girl."

Robert laughed, very handsome in his striped sweater and white flannels and brown derby. He said, "Trio is very exciting to me. It's a very exciting company. Better material to write about if I'd gone awfully Hollywood, chased about a lot, hit the bright-light trail. Instead, I have a mature man of me. I stay at home. I go steadily with one girl. I save my money. I spent the money I have in my first year has made."

"And so—instead of gaiety, girls and glitter, my first year has given me a savings bank complex, a real yearning for marriage and stability. And the things I grew up to revere when I was a boy.
instance, and then looking good and aw-
ful, I stagger the stuff. I
have a special day for attending to each
item of my appearance, a sort of week-
ly grooming schedule I made up. And
as long as I stay on schedule I can't look
run-down anywhere."

So that was it! So Carole's glamour
isn't all God-given gift hair and wide
blue eyes—it's partly sensible system! I
let her go on.

"Course the schedule idea sounds
simple; learning to keep myself on it
was the hard thing. But it's the only
way I've ever found of maintaining, as
you were nice enough to say, a really
flawless appearance. Each day's rou-
tine takes a few minutes. If I'm too
rushed to spare those minutes, and stick-
ing to schedule anyway must mean com-
ing home a jerk sooner at night now
and then, or occasionally getting up a
little earlier than usual, it's still more
than worth it to me.

"Want me to tell you what I do?"

WANT me to tell you? It's the
wonderful idea for keeping meticu-
ously lovely, despite a hectic existence
I ever heard—this weekly beauty
schedule of Carole's. She began her ac-
count of it with Friday because, she
says, week-ends are usually the times she
wants to look best of all.

FRIDAY. Manicure and pedicure.
(Approximate time: 30 minutes)
"I do my pedicure first so that when
I apply polish remover to my toes it
can't bungle what's been done to my
fingers. After I finish both, I rub soft-
ening cream or lotion on my hands and
feet and allow it to remain overnight.
My pedicure will last a week, my mani-
cure till Tuesday."

SATURDAY. Eyes. (Approximate
time: 15 to 30 minutes)
"I think every girl ought to spend a few
minutes one day a week giving her eyes
a merciless scrutiny. I do. If I see circles
I determine to catch up on my sleep. If
the skin around my eyes looks less cush-
iony than it should I give myself an extra-
luxurious eyebath, apply tissue cream over
the surrounding area—well above my
brows and down over my cheek bones—
and make noble resolutions against care-
less wind and sunburn. I set aside this
time to try out new mascaras, and different
eye make-ups. It's also the day for my
weekly eyebrow arch."

SUNDAY. Skin. (Approximate time:
1 hour)
"On Sundays my schedule really gets
attention. First of all, I stay on a fruit
juice diet all day; I've found it a grand
pick-me-up and cleanser for my skin and
body as well. Next I give myself a good
old home-made facial—plain oatmeal paste
if my complexion needs smoothing, or an
egg-white mask if I need a mild bleach.
(Course you know I do these things for myself; I don't have a personal
maid except the one I keep at the studio
when I'm working.)

"Then comes my weekly rest-bath. Then
my bath's not a shower but a long luscious
session of soaking. I love it and look
forward to it like a kid. If I feel that I
**MODERN SCREEN**

**NOW—QUICKER RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION**

Science finds DRY yeast far more abundant source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in Vitamin B content it eaten dry!

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from dry yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract.

Experiments indicate that the digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B.

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful in correcting constipation. These tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found richest as a source of Vitamin B.

At a leading clinic, 83½ % of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today.

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**A LETTER FROM HELEN VINSON**

(Continued from page 36)

is a room for writing, or a waiting room. You ask the way to the cloak room, over here. I learned, too, never to speak of a clothes pin, a pair of tweezers or such things. Closet means lavatory in English. You hang your duds in a wardrobe, Pal.

I got all befuddled shopping for shoes the other day. First I vowed a pair of oxfords. Oxfords is an institution of higher learning, to an Englishman. The word has to do with oxford cloth. You ask for "lace shoes." Also, only the men wear pumps. The female pump is known as a "court shoe." You can imagine the polite snicker when your little friend asked for a pair of oxfords and something in a snakeskin pump.

The only other time I got laughed-out loud was when I went to a steak house and ordered some crackers. At this time of year a "cracker" means a fire cracker. At Christmas time it can mean a Kindling bolt. When you want something to munch with your English cheddar ask for a biscuit.

Well, so much for your English lesson. Whoa, you must run, if you want to see that fellow that told me Italian lessons would rid me of my Southern accent, tell him I said, "Philiberts?" Remember how

Then I have it set by a hairdresser. I justForward Saturday. Make it a brief or cut and I look its best two or three days after it's been done. It doesn't fly all over the place then and the waves have time to shake through. I don't get a frizz—waved. That makes my coiffure right for the week-end.

"Today, if you see," she pulled the hood of her pajamas over her dumpy dandelion-colored curls, "is my regular shampoo day. And I couldn't even let an interview interfere with it because I'm going to Santa Anita Saturday!"

Sitting there looking at her, after that expose of her pet beauty secret, I knew Carole would go to Santa Anita looking like the well-groomed, glamorous star she always is.

And I knew, too, that no girl with a scrap of will-power need ever display Scottie-pup eyebrows, a droopy dress hem or tweed checks. If her coiffure looks for all the world like a wilted skim-cabbage it's probably because she spent yesterday afternoon seeing Clark Gable's latest, instead of her hairdresser. If her vanity lands right in the soup when he notices a cracked manicure holding her span, she hasn't got a legitimate kick coming.

For every girl can be as bafflingly sleek as Carole. We talked about it and she made some grand suggestions.

You see, you don't have to use Carole's actual routine—just use her idea and custom-build your own schedule to suit your particular needs. Make it a brief or lengthy a routine as you want to. Throw in an extra manicure if your nail polish gets hard wear. Omit the facial if your skin's already the bona-fide paste-and-cream product. Include your daily reducing exercises if you have any. Plan your swimming dates for the last day before the Ten and Tuesday. "Take a day off" whenever you like. But, whatever you plan, you've got to stick to it to get glamorous results.

"That," said Carole, "is the hitch!"

If it's a question of glamour, though, it's worth it. And if it's a question of glamor, Carole should know!

I SAT up nights over that Italian handbook? And it didn't help a bit. The people over here think I speak funny American." Then I have to explain all about how I come from Texas. My theme song is "Paldon my South'n Accent"—even if it is old. The theme song, I mean. You can imagine the low-down on the dizzy social whirl.

I HAD four days off from picture making last week, and went down to the Duke of Sutherland's country estate, "Sutton Place," near Guildford, Surrey.

If ever a man was filled me with envy and longing, Sutton Place did! It stands in about two thousand acres of beautiful country, with picture book gas- teries and a plagueantry, and all the trimmings. The house was built in 1525 by Sir Thomas Weston, cousin—or something—of Anne Boleyn's. Henry the Eighth visited there often. (Not Charles Laughton, my sweet Dope, but the Old Boy himself.) In fact, there's a picture of Henry, painted by Holbein you and the most gorgeous paintings by Romney, Law- rence, Titian, and dozens of others you don't expect to see outside of museums.
Why do minds misbehave?
THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 256
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. — Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superior discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.
CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 452
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and pre-occupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.
DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.
CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing, to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you . . . protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name — "Certain-Safe" — tells the story . . . and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases . . . Modess can't pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad . . . Modess can't strike through.
The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE
to leave Hollywood when she had completed two pretty bad pictures. When a world-renowned artist is hailed as a failure in motion pictures, it means public humiliation in capital letters. Every corner of the world knows about it. Remember the dozens upon dozens of stories you read about the failure of Grace Moore in pictures?

Grace did not need to leave. She had a contract. She could make more pictures; undoubtedly some good ones. Musical comedies—light singing affairs which would make of her an above-average, singing motion-picture actress. She could stop being a prima donna.

SHE stormed off to Europe! She made her choice in a high-headed manner. She chose not to lose what she had fought to learn—not even for thousands of dollars weekly and fame, unlimited.

She had struggled to get temperament, as she would never have to struggle to lose it! Until a woman can love madly, suffer tragically, lose her temper, run the gamut of emotions—she is a singer but not a great singer. Ask Mary Garden, Mary Lewis or any other prima donna!

As a rule, America does not build temperament, it kills it. A little girl from Tennessee (Jellicoe was Grace's home-town) is trained from the cradle to control herself. She must not speak unless her elders have spoken first, she must turn her other cheek when angered. This beget anger, she must not fall in love unless she is certain she is loved first. Such a young woman is raised to live as American tradition has dictated for a "lady."

Grace Moore had a marvellous voice. It was well-trained. She sang for the Metropolitan Opera Company judges. They turned her down. She went to Europe to learn why.

Did I hear someone say, "But that was the plot of One Night of Love"? Of course it was! That plot was based largely on Grace's life story. "Love Me Forever" is based on another part of it. Real stories about a real opera singer!

In Europe, the little American girl went to a maestro who promptly fell in love with her. Madly, insanely in love with her! She was frightened, baffled, amused—but mostly frightened. We are always afraid of what we cannot comprehend. She ran away. She hid in the palatial home of Mary Garden and commenced to train with an older and, she thought, wiser teacher.

SIX months later, this maestro laid the curious truth before her. Her voice was lovely. Her figure was perfect. Her beauty was captivating. But she had no temperament, no fire. She mentally was too well-trained to become a prima donna. She must fall in love. She must learn to live. She must go temperamental. He knew she had fire because he knew all women have it until it is processed from them. She never had a man and he burned. Then she would sing, not like a trained parrot, but as a woman capable of enjoying even sorrow and understanding it. Temperament comes easily. Temperament is not something she could pitch to a proper key, at once, like her voice. A fire that has been well drenched does not find a spark to flare again, on the minute. She was a bit bewildered.

And just as she was beginning to flare a little, inspired by an Italian prince who had been thrown dramatically before her door in an accident, Otto Kahn arrived in Europe and she sang for him. He had her sing again for a Metropolitan conductor, who was so enthralled by Grace's talent that he immediately set out to stop that lock which had been imprisoning her. That very night, she threw a celebration party. An impetuous, riotous, absolutely mad party.

She led her guests in wild dashes through the narrow winding streets of an ancient European city. She rang door bells. She stopped to sing before one house and then another. She dropped into cafes, beer gardens, shops which were closed but open before these mad Americans. Grace Moore was actually living!

From that mad night on, Grace Moore was a prima donna. When the time came for her debut in New York, she let all the wildness of her emotions surge like a hurricane through her. A special train of cabs took her home to Tennessee to be at her first opera performance.

The Governor, U. S. Senator Lawrence Tyson, U. S. Representatives Garrett from Virginia and Cordell Hull and other neighbors of her childhood.

They held a reception in her honor on the day of her opening. Grace Moore was so excited.

"It is with deep regret that I cannot be present today to greet personally each one of my faithful friends from Tennessee. I am conserving all of my energies to welcome you my best tomorrow and I give you that as you all gather at the Metropolitan you will receive the most sincere message I can give you—in song."

TEMPERAMENT—the ability to act differently from others—always causes excitement. Grace Moore was born in her home town, who could not understand how a little girl, raised among them, would refuse to attend a tea given in her honor. The Metropolitan issued a denial that it had prevented Grace from attending. It did not interfere with the personal lives of its artists!

Still, Grace Moore did not go! What American convention demanded was comparatively unimportant. She stayed in her rooms and nursed the thorns of excitement, fear and ambition which were coursing through her tingly body. She remained true to being a temperamental prima donna!

And she's still remaining true! Perhaps you have read stories of how she's lost that temperament, had to lose it to win eventual success in Hollywood. We can assure you they are not true. I can prove this, and anyone who worked on the set of The Street ofcow can prove it, too—each with a different story!
the first woman to be so honored; the first motion picture representative. She had promised to sing at the banquet. The song had been advertised for broadcasting. She did not sing. Her voice was ragged from the strain of working on her last picture. Her nerves were frayed. It was hot. A motion picture actress would have sung because the song had been advertised. A prima donna didn't.

As she hurried down the ladder from the top deck of the ship to meet the newspaper photographers, she looked tired. She tugged at her dress. She was nervous. But she smiled and joked and waved her hand and posed this way and that. After half a dozen shots, she held out her hand to Valentin Parera, her husband, and drew him before the camera.

A photographer pushed forward, "I want you, alone. Miss Moore." Grace already was posed with the handsome Spaniard, she smiled but shook her head in a decided refusal. The photographer persisted. His gruff voice became dictatorial.

The smile on Grace's face vanished swiftly, "But you have plenty of me!"

"I haven't!"

There were a few more snap remarks. Now, a motion picture actress would have smiled sweetly at her husband and whispered something about, "You understand, darling." A prima donna didn't. She whirled and walked away. Tears came to her lashes.

DOZENS of autograph seekers held in check, before, by the photographers, swirled around her. "Sign here, Miss Moore."—"I've come all the way from

Two men told me...

My dentist said:
"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth... and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

Jack called it
"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne. I find. It has that "different" taste—spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne—an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

DENTYNE
KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

Margaret Lindsay and Phil Reed at "Anna Karenina" preview. They are often two-com ing it about to Hollywood events. Nice couple.
MODERN SCREEN

Why Gamble
WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF
Marriage Hygiene

Says MRS.
L. C. K.

“I’VE BEEN A
SAFITIED USER
FOR OVER
20 YEARS”

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM
Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

Why Gamble
WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF
Marriage Hygiene

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Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

Brooklyn, Miss Moore.—“Here’s a pencil, Miss Moore.” The cameramen joined the crowd. “Just stand on those steps, Miss Moore, with your husband.”—“Without your husband, Miss Moore.” The cameramen and autograph seekers were outyelling each other.

She looked around a little wildly. The tears spilt from her eyes. She then turned and ran toward her stage door and seclusion. She was halfway there when I caught up. She grabbed my hands in her two little ones and they twitched nervously.

“I, what could I do? I want to please them. But, again, they worked so hard on the picture. That banquet last night. If I don’t get some sleep, I’ll crack! This is awful, I wouldn’t think of doing anything. I don’t understand. Don’t let them think I didn’t want to sign—”

She was almost hysterical. She had acted as she felt. She was being herself permitted to see them. It was on the twenty-second day of August, in 1932, that for the first time, he appeared publicly with them.

H ad called Lita and secured permission to see them. At two o’clock, in an automobile, he rode proudly through the streets of Hollywood with the two youngsters beside him. He went first to the United Artists Studio, while there was wind that “Charlie was up to something again.” That happens often at the studio of this strange fellow; they never know what queer stunt Charlie’s going to embark on next. His employees tiptoed around, wondered what was coming.

And then Charlie arrived with the boys. Remember, they were only six and seven. Then, well, never have Charlie’s employees been so astounded—and they’ve had the darndest things happen there!—as when he loudly and imperiously demanded that everybody come and see his sons. Why, the mother of Grach, in mythology, when she said, so that it has rung down through the centuries, “I couldn’t have been one half as proud as Charlie when he told his studio staff: “These are my kids!” “Look at them! Aren’t they swell?” he demanded.

Back into the great open blue Rolls-Royce roadster they went again, after the studio had sufficiently oh-ed and ah-ed and sighed over them, and out to his Beverly Hills house. That was the beginning.

Today, they are virtually steady weekend residents there. The rest of the time, they go to a Hollywood military school—the finest, of course. That was Charlie’s idea. He diesterously announcing what he called bringing them up as sissy, he insisted that they be reared as American kids. He demanded that they learn democracy, ideals, the kind that’s hammered into a guy at a military school, you know. And he insisted (this is funny!) that they learn how.

Well, as a matter of fact, they may be well disciplined at school but they walk over Charlie with the utmost impunity. There’s no getting them away from a party of Chaplin’s, and neither Chaplin, nor Paulette Goddard, nor the servants have any more control over them than a Hotentot might have over an airplane. It’s only natural, perhaps. You see, Charlie, being one of the world’s most confirmed theorists, has a theory about bringing up his youngsters.

Don’t, he says, “punish them when they do something wrong. Or when they lie. It’s natural in kids; it’s like the animal instinct of self-preservation. You have to explain to them first, what they’ve done wrong, and why. Then they won’t do it again. Of course, if they do, then it’ll be all right to punish them.”

But he never seems to get around to the punishment. Why, let me tell you some of the stunts they’ve pulled on papa!

One day, loud and urgent cries came from the Chaplin swimming pool. Coat tails flying, Papa Charlie raced to the edge, and there had to fish out his sons. Investigation showed that they had discovered papa’s exercise wheel. You know the big things you set in and turn around, and as you set it spinning, you’re going spinning upside-down-and-back. Well, they’d merely spun right into the pool.

Charlie himself was not present when I told him about this.

But I think he was pretty tickled when I told him about this.
CHAPLIN loves tennis. He's such an enthusiast that it drives him into spasms if he's disturbed in a game. It's more than a game with him, it's a serious occupation. And so Sydney and Chaplin Junior, take their bows and arrows, and usually at the tensest moment of the game—whizz!—there comes an arrow into the middle of the proceedings. They've lost more games for papa, that way, than you could count. Charlie talks to them about it. He tells them they shouldn't do it, "You children," he says, with that frigidly polite air grown-ups put on for recalcitrant youngsters, "must not play here. Take your bows and go up on the lawn." They do—but it's a fifty-fifty bet that something they do on the lawn will wreck papa's game just as effectively as a bow and arrow.

When they're at the Chaplin house, of course, they haven't their mother. Anyway, as this is written, Lita is East. But there's Paulette. The children adore her. They don't call her "mama," not yet anyway, but they call her, simply and charmingly, "Paulette." She has more control over them than anyone there, even including Papa Charlie himself. I'll bet anything that neither of the two kids would ever be anything but delighted if they learned, for sure, that Papa and Paulette were Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin. But with all this, it must be honestly said concerning Charlie that he's making a go of bringing up his children. For what he neglected them before, he's more than making up. And of love, he doesn't seem to have enough for them. I've seen him in cafés, for instance, both alone and with the youngsters. Alone, he's a silent, hermit-like crab of a fellow. When the youngsters are along, he bubbles with a glee that's heart-warming, he wants everybody to come and see his youngsters, he can't find enough goodies on the menu for them. He's a different man.

The one thing Papa Charlie will not permit them is any ostentation—and consequently that they're different from other kids. Richer, that is, or important because their dad is famous. In that, he has succeeded remarkably. So remarkably that they don't even seem to realize that Papa really is famous.

"Why," he explained once, "they love Mickey Mouse—but they don't even think I'm funny." It was a bit wistful, though...

CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(Continued from page 46)

I've never seen anything so lovely as she was in the costume of "Romance." She took your breath away as, followed by her maid, she swept across the stage and sat down.

As she made this gesture I looked across the set and saw a handsome man in make-up and costume. Garbo's arrival seemed to electrify him. He looked at

H ere's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.

"Hurry up, Mom, We're waiting!"

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child should take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.

"Didn't it taste good?"

But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain... It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet thorough.

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher.
her with his heart in his eyes as if he loved her more than any man had ever loved any woman. You felt as if you shouldn't be looking at him, as if you were peeping through in a Gargoyle role.

Garbo, too, seemed to feel that gaze. She looked up, smiled, and said, "Good morning," in that deep, throaty voice of hers. And as she looked at him, his face lit with a smile so glorious and wonderful that it made a lump rise in my throat.

I NOW turned to Peg and said, "Who is that man?"

She actually sniffed. "Well, Miss Ritz," she said, "you're not so smart as you thought you were." She nudged the girl next to her, "That's John Gilbert."

I looked at the man again. Why, it couldn't be Gilbert. I'd seen him many times on the screen and no make-up could so change a face. I looked back at Peg and the other girl. They were laughing at me. And I realized that war had been declared.

Peg spoke in a loud tone to her companion, "Why doesn't Miss Ritz talk to her pal, Garbo?" She turned back to me. "You and Garbo, you two aren't friends, are you? Or maybe someone in the front office got you on this set. I can't think of another way you'd be here except by pull."

I could feel myself blushing under the make-up. "I'm here," I said as calmly as I could, "because I had a test made and it was good."

"Oh, she's had a test made. Well, isn't that just too, too divine. And tell us, angel, but did you get the test?"

"I . . . in my excitement the word had been spoken in a very loud tone and I saw the assistant director in turn in our direction. "Come, come, girls, a little less noise," he called. I blushed again.

With elaborate condescension the girl next to Peg whispered. "You should be supposed to be quiet on a movie set. Oh—sorry, how stupid of me to think you didn't know. The next great star, the friend of the executive, the wife of Miss—what's her name?"

I could feel tears coming into my eyes. But those girls must not see them. I looked back at Garbo and somehow from that "and her friend" something came to me and I can't explain it but she had a quality that made me feel peaceful and secure. It was as if she were telling me not to mind, to have courage.

FROM looking at Garbo my eyes turned to the face of the man with his heart in his eyes—the man they had told me was John Gilbert, but wasn't. He seemed so lonely. And I was so terribly lonely. Something impelled me to walk over to him. He looked at me and smiled.

"You're new, aren't you?" he asked.

Great heavens! Was my newness sticking out all over me?

"Yes," I said. "So am I," he said. "Terribly new. I don't know what I'd do if everyone weren't so kind."

"They've not been kind to me," I said. "I think those girls hate me. They've kidded me terribly. They told me, for instance, that you were John Gilbert."

He smiled. "I'm Gavin Gordon. Can you imagine me getting a break like this—leading man in a Garbo picture! The chance to work on the set with Miss Garbo. She's the most wonderful, the finest, the truest woman you ever laid eyes on, with those blazing, intense eyes. He didn't even notice that I had gone, that the assistant called me on the set."

The "Call" made me feel—it again. "Well, Miss Ritz, you must talk to the featured players. "Us common eks aren't good enough for you, eh?"

And now the tears were really in my eyes and it was just at that moment that Mr. Brown snapped into action and a camera was called on the set, which was supposed to be a stage entrance she was leaving. In a low tone Brown discussed the scene, then called the assistant, who nudged both Brown and the assistant looked in our direction. The assistant motioned to me—and I thought, I started forward. Peg hissed in my ear. "No, you fool, he wants me." She took a few steps.

The assistant shook his head. "No, not you," he said. "That girl in green."

I could hardly believe my ears. I was wearing a green dress!

M R. BROWN explained the action. As Miss Garbo came out of the stage entrance I was to step up to her and hand her a little bouquet of flowers. My God! I was actually doing a "bit." My first day on a set. It was all too wonderful.

The prop boy gave me the bouquet. The other girls were called over. We rehearsed the scene with me—with—stepping out from the rest and handing her the flowers. And then the scene was over and smiled at her, adoringly thinking—what's that the character would do. Bondalod his approach. "Miss Ritz!"

And Garbo, the great Garbo, smiled down at me when it was over and said, "That was fine, dear."

So a glow of my elation I walked back to the others and I'm sure I could not help giving Peg and her friend a glance of triumph. Would I have been human if I hadn't rejoiced? Peg tossed her head.

"We'll take it now," Brown said.

The camera moved. The sound men said all was okay. The lights flashed on. And I was doing a bit.

But just as my turn came and I was about to step forward Peg whispered, "The front of your dress is open."

Instinctively my hand flew to my bosom. I hesitated and looked down at the dress and noticed it was not open. I took another step.

"Cut!" Brown called. And the assistant said, "Witch of the face powder!"

I then, in a sudden rush of anguish, I realized that Peg had said that not in kindness but to break me up. Such a re- mark, I learned, was an old and de- spicable trick.

I was so chagrined I could not speak. And then I heard my tormentor saying, "I can do the scene, Mr. Brown."

"All right, let's get going," the assistant said. And I had to stand there with the others and watch Peg do the little bit which had meant so much to me and out of which I had been cheated.

A H, what little dramas go on while the great dramas are being filmed! The men making the picture did not know my heart was breaking. They had their worries. They were trying to do the scene and one girl was the same as another.

The scene was over. "Okay?" Brown asked.

"Okay," said the assistant, "except that girl in green wasn't smiling."

"What?" I said. "That little while when my heart was a lump of lead in my chest? God! What a business."

The rest of the day is a nightmare to me. I don't remember it. I got the courage to talk to some of the others, that Peg and her friend were noted for their petty meanness and that nobody liked them. They certainly were not typical girls and it was just my bad luck being placed next to them. But—and I'll tell
Parties look up when Mae West appears. Here she is at Grand Hotel, opening with big Jim Timony, her perennial escort about town.

about this later—I did have a chance to even scores with Peg, during the coming months. And, here's some irony, when I saw the picture the "bit" had been cut out! Drama! There was Gavin Gordon on that set hopelessly in love with Garbo—or at least his eyes told me so. (And where is Gavin Gordon now?) And there was I my hopes of stardom shattered once more. (And where am I now?) Hopeless Hollywood. Poor, hopeless Hollywood!

WHEN the day finally ended, I turned my costume back to the wardrobe department and wearily climbed the stairs to the extras' room to take off my make-up.

I sat alone in one corner of the room, listening to the girls talking. Some of them had been back for the next day, I had not been called. I would never be called again. I could not do the most simple "bit."

I walked out on the little balcony and looked across the green lawn. I had failed, miserably and completely. I didn't care now. No one could heckle me, no one could see. So I let the tears run down my cheeks.

And suddenly I heard a voice. "What's the matter, dear?" the voice asked. I turned wearily and there standing beside me was Joan Crawford.

Something about her made me know that I could talk to her.

And it all came out in a rush. I told her everything that had happened—why I had failed and how I felt.

She took my hand in hers. "Look at me," she said. With the back of her other hand she gave me a little slap under the chin. "Keep that chin up," she said. "Smile!"

I obeyed her command. I felt better already. "Now listen," she went on. "At ten o'clock tomorrow morning you meet me at the gate. We're going to show those girls, I'm going to get you a job—yes, a job in pictures. Why, that's a real smile. Now go home and forget today. Tomorrow is coming."

Yes, tomorrow was coming and with it an amazing experience for me. I knew it. I felt it. Next month I'll tell you all about it.
HE'S LOOKING FOR A SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 37)

A FEW more seasons on the boards, a smash hit in the leading role of "Young Man with a Horn," and he's high with his fans, too. On a recent personal appearance tour, feminine fans in nine major cities brought out the police to handle crowds around his hotel and theatre. And in New York, where he spends most of his off-screen interludes, he's undeniably the debs' delight. Blue Book manus practically turn Emily Postian hand springs for the honor of young Mr. Raymond's presence at a coming-out party or a weekend at Newport.

In addition to his popularity and handsomeness, he has all the other items that are apt to make the ladies go after his sentiments and scalp—limbs and a tortoise shell one of the brightest futures in the film colony.

AND yet Gene Raymond told me, "I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be"—and told me the truth. But if it takes as much truth to convince you as I made him relate to convince me, then you're an old skeptic too. So maybe we'd better go back to the beginning, to the very beginning of Gene Raymond.

It's the darkest thing, his being in pictures anyway. It's story-book, almost, for a mother to say, "My first-born shall be an actor," and have it really happen. But Mrs. Guion, a native of Alasco, is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. From her, her son inherited much of his determination and quiet poise and characteristically French joie-de-vivre. With those three qualities and his mother's ambitions as well as his own, it isn't so story-book after all, that he's Hollywood's Prince Charming today.

I knew what she meant when she told me Gene was a "pretty little fellow" as a child. Not that he couldn't skin a fence or a cat as professionally as any other Long Island kid, but there was a certain soft fairness about his skin and features that's unusual in boys. You notice it now, first thing, off-scree—a sort of scrubbed-clean-behind-the-ears look, a farm, fresh blushiness that strikes you as being more wholesome, really, than handsome. You'd take him for a Dartmouth senior or a young Wall Street broker before you'd ever suspect him of being an actor. He's much too down-to-earth to even look or behave like a celebrity, and you like him for it.

I don't think Gene is a "born actor" anyway. He's a very skilled craftsman who has learned his tools and his workmanship, who makes a pure profession of his art. There's none of the divine urge or temperament burn about him, and you like him for that, too.

At an early age he was placed in the Professional Children's School in New York. He studied to become an actor as other boys study to be architects or engineers, lawyers, doctors, scientists, lawyers, voicemodulation, fencing, horsemanship, gym—anything and everything that would assist him in the theatre. His outstanding was his progress that at the age of fifteen, wearing his first long pants (white duck, $2.95 a pair, with a crease made by the family iron) he made his stage debut in "The Potters" and quickly became one of Broadway's leading juveniles.

GENE RAYMOND doesn't go for high-powered, open adoration no matter whose brand it is—star, fan or society girl!

It takes a stuffed shirt to really believe applause, to really believe he's a national object of adoration. But he is extra special in the way of a young man. And Gene's no stuffed shirt. Contrary to many impressions of old males he has no theatrical sense of himself. Instead, he's sane and sensible and down-to-earth enough to want and to demand to be treated like a plain, nice young man—not a hero.

I've watched Gene in lots of flattery situations. I've seen him surrounded by women at more than one cocktail party. I've seen him talk on the telephone inside of thirty minutes. I've even seen him stop traffic at Broadway and Eighty-second Street. Outside his hotel in Chicago long ago, more than a thousand women waited an entire morning to see him come out; at his theatre another vast crowd stood under his dressing-room window in the rain, shouting to him to throw his cigarette butts to them. Adoration like that, I thought, wouldn't exactly do...
to a young man what water does to a duck's back. I asked Gene to tell me the honest-to-goodness truth.

"How," I asked him one afternoon when we munched pretzels and downed punch at a sidewalk cafè, "how does it make you feel to be treated like a tin god? To have practically every girl you meet instantly sizzle with sentimental hope, cash your slightest condescending compliment at ten times its face value and promptly fall on your neck with words—if not arms?"

Gene shrugged his somewhat massive shoulders, lighted a cigarette and spoke very seriously. "Honestly—please don't misunderstand this—but I hate it. I hate it. It's forced me to cultivate a characteristic I loathe in myself—it's made me wary of women."

"Listen, I know I'm not anything wonderful. I know it isn't really I that they admire, it's the man I portray on the screen. It's the lines I say and the make-up and lighting and background and all the other artificialities. I could be the same person and drive a truck for a living, and I'd go about unnoticed, "

"So, when women, as you say, 'make a fuss' over me, I feel exactly as though I'm being fied to. I wonder what I have that they want—certainly not myself. I distrust them and I'm embarrassed and I want to get away as soon as I can.

I don't do another thing to me, too. If a woman meets me and doesn't 'make a fuss' over me I'm forced to think she's being cagy, using reverse strategy. It's a natural reaction. I don't want to think those things, but if you had this to go through, you would.

And that's why I mean it when I say no girl has ever given me a chance to fall in love. I'm just like any other fellow. I want to do my own pursuing. I want to go about under normal social circumstances and be able to tell when a girl likes me for myself and nothing else.

"That would be necessary and right, before I could fall in love."

You wouldn't like Gene if he really took all the flattery he gets to heart, if he accepted being fied over as though he were divinely entitled to it. He's simply a young man with no more glorification of an opinion of himself than the boy next door or the date you had last night.

AND when Gene marries what will he want—a girl who will treat him like a regular human being? I asked him that too.

"Of course I want to marry. I want to love and be loved, but every man wants those things. As for my ideal girl—well, I do have ideals and preferences. I could say I like independent girls, girls who have known what it is to make their way in the world and really meet life like a trudger. I could say I'm partial to brown eyes and good general accep-
tances. I could build an ideal, . . ."

Gene lit another cigarette and grinned. "But you know—you know as well as I do that when I fall I'll fall hard. And whether she incorporates all my ideals or not, won't matter."

So there you are with the exposé of Gene's bachelordom in a nutshell. It's an interesting piece of psychology to remember, too, if you're ever after the sentimental scalps of a widely popular young man—the campus hero or the best-looking lieutenaut at the beach. Treat him exactly like any other not-so-hot male and he'll like you for it.

Gene told me I couldn't tell this. He said, "The missing romance chapter in my life? Say listen, it's really missing. You can't tell that story—it isn't!"

Well, I don't know. I think it is, don't you?
in a 2 quart sieve, over a deep bowl. Place a double layer of cheesecloth in a smaller sieve. Remove the juice through this to make 4 cups of strained juice. Make this juice into jelly as follows:

**GRAPE JELLY**

- 4 cups juice
- 7½ cups sugar (3¼ pounds)
- ½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan. Stir until sugar has melted. Bring to a boil over highest fire and add bottled fruit pectin at once, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil (bubbles fast) in 5 minutes. Remove from heat, skin and pour quickly into hot sterilized glasses. Makes about 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

**GRAPE BUTTER**

Rub grapes, from which juice has drained through sieve. There should be 4½ cups of pulp. (If there is not quite enough, use any excess grape juice or add water to fill up the last ¼ cup.) To grape pulp add sugar and fruit pectin in the following proportions:

- 4½ cups pulp
- 7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
- ½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure grape pulp and sugar into large saucepan or preserving kettle. Mix well, bring to a full rolling boil over highest fire, stirring constantly, both before mixture reaches a boil and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Pour quickly into thin rolling boil, jelly glasses. Makes approximately 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

(An account of making jelly by the clock: A "full rolling boil" is one you cannot stir out. It is absolutely essential to the success of these recipes.)

**If** you follow these rules and measurements you'll discover that the above recipes are about as easy and "fool proof" as anything you've ever tried. The addition of bottled fruit pectin cuts down both the chances of failure and the time of boiling. Pectin, you know, is what makes fruit jelly. In this recipe, concentrated form it contains definite jelly-making strength for specified quantities. Where the most experienced jelly makers in the old days sometimes had failure, nowadays, by using this bottled product the veriest amateur can be assured in advance of success.

And now let me describe briefly the jelly-and-dish jams made according to the O'Brien recipes. I don't want to go into a detailed description here because I'll be only too delighted to send you the recipes themselves. All I want to do at this time is give you some idea of the delicious treats you will learn how to make just by sending for Mrs. O'Brien's recipes. Pat thinks they're great—and so will you!

As usual, there are four recipes made up into booklets—four unusual recipes this month! Yet they call for only the simplest ingredients—the kind that may be found on the shelves of your kitchen closet or any grocery store. Oh yes! That reminds me. Even if you don't want to attempt to make your own jams and jellies, you still will want to have these recipes, for your grocer carries many first-rate jams and jellies, too, which you can use most economically in making up these dishes. But be sure you buy a brand that you know. Test carefully so that you will be sure of uniformly good results when making Pat O'Brien's favorite dishes.

First in importance of these sweets is the Jelly Roll that I was privileged to sample. To Mrs. O'Brien's proportions I have added my own description of the easiest way I have discovered to roll a Jelly Roll. I'm sure you'll be as glad to learn this simple little "trick" as you will be to learn the correct proportions for making a light textured cake.

The second of the recipe cards will describe to you how to make a Jam Pie. If you're looking for a new pie filling—here's your golden opportunity!

The third recipe card brings you directions for making the little Jelly Meringue Tarts so temptingly pictured at the beginning of this article. Under their meringue and coconut topping there is a delicious custard filling. Here's the simplest thing I've ever made. Under the custard there is jam (of course there would be, since it's a Pat O'Brien favorite!). Incidentally, this same recipe can be used to make a novel filling for a coconut custard pie—one with an O'Brien touch!

On the fourth card I'm giving you a recipe for Spiced Grape Relish. You'll be surprised to discover what a festive touch such a relish supplies when served with an otherwise prosaic roast.

The coupon will bring all these recipes to you at no cost and with practically no effort. If you have a sweet tooth you'll love them all. And if you have a man in your family he'll love you for cooking him the same dishes that Eloise serves her typical be-man husband, Pat O'Brien.

You'll recall that it's often said that "men are just grown-up boys." Well, there's certainly one thing they never outgrow and that's their liking for jellies and jams. This month's recipe leaflet will teach you so many new recipes that you might cater to this liking that you should really send for your free set of these recipe cards NOW.

MODERN SCREEN STARCARDS

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Please send me Pat O'Brien's recipes for October, 1935, at no cost to me.

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No Greater Than Their Directors

(Continued from page 31)

Although this is an unusual case—if it were not, we would have few good pictures—it is used here because it so strikingly illustrates one of the simplest truths about making pictures. No matter how capable the actor or actress, no matter how clever the story (and this was one of the best) and no matter how well-adapted the script, how excellent the photography, the musical score, etc., in the end no picture is greater than the man who directs it.

The great directors of Hollywood are its unsung heroes; the poor ones its unpunished villains.

Although we give the glory to the actor, if we are honest in our research, we discover those actors and actresses whom we love most dearly and admire most intelligently are the ones who have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a great director for at least one name-making picture.

Today, when you say Myrna Loy or William Powell, what picture do you think of at the same instant?—"Thin Man," of course!

Both Myrna Loy and William Powell were fine actors before W. S. Van Dyke handed them in this record-breaking production. They had been in Hollywood many years. But had their names become household words as had Clara Bow's, Greta Garbo's, Lon Chaney's, Jean Harlow's, etc.? Myrna had had modest fame, won from playing exotic roles, largely Oriental. Bill had been sure-fire for consistent laughs. And then someone handed W. S. Van Dyke the script for "Thin Man" with the names of Myrna Loy and William Powell pencilled on it. "Van," as Hollywood calls this two-fisted, hard-crustcd man, knew that one director after another had refused to do the story. But he was used to being sent to the South Seas ("White Shadows"); to Africa ("Trader Horn") or the Arctic ("Eskimo") without encountering a grumble even though he detests travel and "location" pictures. He is one director who has never said "no" to a picture.

The fact that Van never says "no" was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Myrna Loy or William Powell. Myrna became a star—Bill a great star. The world sang their praises. Justly so. They proved themselves capable of living up to the genius of the man who directed them. His praises, unsung because they are the custom to sing only to the spectacular. Since the director never appears on the screen he is never spectacular.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. How quickly the words "It Happened One Night" follow the mental flash of their names. Again, both were well-known. However, it had been a long time since Clark Gable had had a truly great picture. The very fact he was loaned to Columbia for this production showed Clark's prestige was not at the top. Studio men seldom loan top-notchers. He told me, "I was shipped out to South America, but I knew I was shipping. To tell the truth, I didn't want to make that picture. I didn't like the idea of being loaned. I told Frank Capra so. I had to apologize afterwards. I couldn't and wouldn't have done anything else. I know what Frank did for

Modern Screen
MIRIAM HOPKINS
Starring in Pioneer's "BECKY SHARP"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins
Reveals Her Beauty Secret
...and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

Miriam Hopkins and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together, Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, poised, charming. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor...Hollywood genius of make-up.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor applied the colors that would bring out, in the dull little face before him, the priceless thing called beauty. Rachel's powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondine rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermillion lip-stick to accent the youthful tone of the lips...the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will make you beautiful...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

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me in that picture. I'll never forget." Claudette Colbert told me, with her traditional, frank manner, an actress must have a great picture to become as a great actress. I had 'Cleopatra' and 'It Happened One Night' in the same year. That was more luck than in all the rest of the other years together.

Two people who realize what they owe to the quiet-mannered, unassuming little Italian who once worked in the technical department at Columbia. Frank Capra's one rule for a picture is—make it simple. Capra wanted Clark Gable for "Broadway Bill" and Clark wanted to pay him so badly he offered to do it for nothing. "It would be worth it to be with Capra again," he said. And I think the only time Clark Gable has known that his life was when Warner Baxter played the role.

Victor Schertzinger knows music. Very few men or women in Hollywood have the musical training or knowledge of this director. He studied in Brussels, was a concert violinist with Sennbrich, soars. Prior, Calve and appeared by himself for several years upon the musical stages of Europe. He was the first man to write a musical score for a motion picture—"Civilization."

When producer Harry Cohn had the shrewd foresight to place him behind the microphone on "One Night of Love," he made himself several million dollars, and turned Grace Moore from a woman, who had had no success as an inveigh, into a picture of cinema's great sensations. We can't avoid facts! Grace had made two other musical pictures and the world wasn't rushing to make more operettas, as such breads, etc., for her. But then a musical genius, also who knew pictures took her in hand, even to writing the score himself.

"Little Women," "Bill of Divorcement" and Katharine Hepburn! When you think of them you should think first of the name—George Cukor. Supposing Hepburn had not first fallen into the hands of a director who did not understand her pencil type. (I always think of a red pencil with thinking about something out stands more than a red pencil on white paper.) Cukor not only knows how to direct but he knows how to handle a red-pencil. He told me of a scene which he calls typical.

THE day when she was to carry Jean Parker down the stairs in "Little Women," she had not been too well. Her father, a physician to whom she had just paid a visit, in the East, had instructed her not to carry anything heavy. When director Cukor told her to carry Jean Parker, she answered, "My Lady told me not to carry anything heavy!"

"Then don't do it!" Cukor snapped. "Let me try!" Hepburn retorted.

Cukor remodeled his smile. He had what he wanted. By telling Hepburn to do as she pleased, she had done as he wanted.

And the day after this picture was finished, Cukor told me, "Little Women" is a great picture because George Cukor is great. I want him to direct my other pictures. I do not want anyone else to direct me. A picture is no greater than its director!"

Katharine Hepburn knew the truth. She appreciated what Cukor had done for her.

This situation between these two brings out another striking proof of the necessity of a director understanding and valuing correctly his star. Hepburn is greater when Cukor directs her because he has the knack of inspiring her to do her best dramatic work.

I will tell you a secret. Many directors are afraid of her. But Cukor is not afraid. The set on which they work is always barred even to within-the-studio-visitors. Cukor says, "That is because even studio people might misunderstand the battles. Katy yelling and using explosive but illustrative language. Cukor telling her to keep. It will help her learn. There is a man who understands the woman who gives her best when she is exploding. Few directors are the kind of man who does not succeed with Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett, Jean Arthur, Nancy Carroll or Lupe Velez. They are too 'temperamental.' George Cukor denies this. "They are as good as made and will do their best work only as He intended."
Together in "Cardinal Richelieu." Someone who had worked with Mae West might have said the same of her. These two are the powers behind their own thrones. They do as much of the directing as the director. So even the exception proves—no star is greater than the man or woman who directs him.

Ginger and Fred Teach You "The Piccolino"

(Continued from page 33)

as described above, four times only this time doing a complete box.

(5-6) The Piccolino Whirl—repeat the step, dip, kick combination, described above, twice. The girl then stands still while the man takes three steps around her, starting with his right foot. The man then stands still, as the girl steps around him. Repeat three times, alternating man and girl. On the man's last turn he catches the girl in ballroom position and they both do a complete turn.

(7) Man takes girl's right hand in his. Partners do small steps, starting with the right foot, to counts of one-two, one-two-three.

(8-9-10) The Piccolino Spin—Partners come together in ballroom position, stepping with left foot and kicking right in back with right. Do this four times moving in small circle and putting plenty of zip into it. Partners step facing each other for one count.

(11-12) The finale—do the Piccolino Step and finish with the Piccolino Whirl in which man and girl alternately step around each other and end, then do turn.

DOCTORS, dieticians, pediatricians agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day. For milk gives the most valuable nourishment for strong bones, sound teeth, straight legs and active muscles.

Unfortunately, many children do not receive sufficient milk as part of their daily diet—either because they dislike milk—or because a quart a day, every day, soon becomes monotonous.

Doubly valuable, therefore, to growing children is Cocomalt. For not only does Cocomalt make milk delicious, but made as directed, it almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Add 5 vital food essentials

Cocomalt is rich in five important food essentials. It supplies extra carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies extra specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies extra food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Doctors advise busy adults and convalescents to drink Cocomalt in milk every day because it is easily digested, quickly assimilated and because of its high nutritional value. A hot, non-stimulating drink, helps to induce restful sleep. Cocomalt taken hot at bedtime helps you to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

Special Trial Offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA10, Hoboken, N. J.
Suddenly, when men were all exhausted and putting from chasing the hundreds of Lillian Gish they couldn't catch (and what's the use of catching a girl who appeals to your Better Nature anyhow?), Elmo Lincoln appeared. She coined a new word. The word was "it"—and did she start something!

Clara Bow—and all her thousands of imitators—had "it.

Great big scissors were brought out and the fluttering, ankle-length dimities were chopped off at the knees. Little girls were whipped off with the same scissors and you had a wind-blow bob. The reformers "touched" "touched" "touched" at the flappers and it girls (there had not been a single "tuch" for Gish) but the men loved 'em. (The reformers loved 'em, too, if the truth were known, but were in the habit of "tucking").

It was easy to be an "it" girl. You just ran wild all over the place, were just a little madcap, free as the wind.

You had to have a lot of pep and vigor to be an "it" girl. It was just go, go, go from morning until night. Anything for a laugh—jump in the pool with your clothes on, ride a bucking bronco bareback, stand on your head if you felt like it. I suppose it was sheer exhaustion that made us turn to glamour.

We all turned to glamour Bow—and the Chief dumped Garbo at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles. Nobody knew we—least of all the Swedish girl who was dumped.

Garbo was a tired California climate didn't agree with her. She didn't shrivel. She didn't gutter. She just sat with her eyes half shut because the sun hurt her eyes. And that, gentle reader, was how glamour was born.

Imitating Clara Bow had worn us all out. Gosh, but it was nice to sit or recline and exude glamour. In the dictionary, incidentally, the word is defined like this, "glamorous, ecstatic; enchantment; magic influence; spell; witchery; hence, alluring and often illusory charm."

Now you read about that busy or active witch, did you? The mystical ones who deal in spells invariably just sit and stare a pot. So the glamour girls just sat. They didn't read much—that might break the spell (and sometimes did)—they didn't do much. They just looked pale and pretty and the men were entranced because they, too, were chasing the "it" girls. And for awhile they didn't catch on that this new behavior on the part of their women folk was glamour. I never thought.

"Now there's a nice dumb girl who won't give me any trouble."

It was when the attitude got tagged with a word that the men caught on. And it's why the style of the day changed. They're on to our tricks, sisters. They've stumbled that it's just good old sex appeal after all.

And then along came Myrna Loy. Of course, Mae West had arrived and done her bit in a good cause. But she didn't fool anybody. You knew right away that Mae had sex appeal. And if the younger boys didn't believe it—they just asked Dad. And he knew. Mae didn't even have to say much. Why, women go in for hips and tiny waists. The girls looked at her and said "How quaint" and went on being glamorous.

But Myrna has a new slant. You can't classify her—and that's why she's so deadly. She certainly doesn't vam-p anybody. Dear me, how far the further stretch of the imagination is she a Gish. And certainly you wouldn't call her anything so old-fashioned as an "it" girl. Glamor? No, no. she's much too down to earth for that.

Watch her screen technique. She's a good pal, quick on the uptake, cute (but never coy), attractive, regular.

And if you get in on that style while it's still young, before they catch on that it's just another link in the sex appeal chain—baby, you'll go far.

Myrna and her technique—they're both as modern as Vitamin E. Smartness, sophistication, chic and palsy-waity.

Watch her, copy her before someone comes along with something else and you're too late.

And maybe it's better that we haven't a word for Myrna's type yet. Words spoil the illusion. And words (and this is important, girl friends) are off that it's an act—the same old act that wowed Adam in the Garden of Eden. Because no matter how you say it, it's the same old gal just dressed up in a smart frock. "It" or glamour, allure or charm. Put 'em all together and they spell sex. Oh, by the way, Myrna Loy isn't the only cinema gal with the new technique. No siree, there's someone right on her own Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot who has the now formula down pat. And that girl is none other than charming Rosalind Russell.

Everyone is going for her in a big way because she belongs to this new school of smartness. She's snappy, alert, quick on the trigger for a special pal to the boy friend. Very much like Myrna—in fact there's a facial resemblance between these two that is positively astounding. You've noticed it, no doubt.

Men are falling hard for this 1935 version companion-sweetheart. So get busy and see if you can't acquire this new "it." These two cinema queens have no patterns to follow. It mightn't be a bad idea to take a few tips from them.

Maybe we should call what Myrna does—Loitering. Oh well, let it go. I can be shot for trying!
mother taught him the fundamentals of music. She read scores with him. And often, when she was practising a solo for her church, the little golden-haired boy would like it and beg her to teach it to him. She would and so, on a given hour of a Sunday morning, the mother and son would be singing the same solo, both golden-haired, both young.

But at no time did the boy dream or plan to become a professional singer. Nor did his mother, music-conscious as she was, seem to be aware that his son's slender throat lodged a miracle of sound. He wanted, as a matter of fact, to become a civil engineer. "I didn't," he told me, "know what in blazes a civil engineer was but it sounded good. Sort of elegant and important. It's just as well for me that I never got over to it because I can't add six and four and make them come out ten, not without a struggle."

But small Nelson's boyhood was not all dedicated to music. He had a typical, wholesome devout New England childhood. His paternal great-grandmother owned a farm at Acushnet, Massachusetts, and Nelson spent many an enchanted summer there.

God-fearing people, his father's people, and they saw to it that he revered the stern, uncompromising God of his father, Methodist by family inheritance, young Nelson, in the course of his travels from one New England town to another, attended the Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches. Thus he learned early that sect is not important but that worship is.

There never was any one established home in Nelson's boyhood. His father, a machinist and an inventor of farm tools and naval devices, moved about from city to city, almost from season to season. So that the boy attended the Dartmouth Street Primary School in New Bedford, Mass., the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence, the Edgewood Grammar School in the same city and the Grove Street Grammar School in Pawtucket, R. I., from which he graduated.

A traveling salesman kind of life—but in every town his parents took a house, never an apartment nor a hotel suite. And his mother, the genius of home-making in her heart, made of each transient abode, a real home.

NELSON said to me, "I couldn't give a life story without talking about my grandparents, my father's mother and father. For they are more important in my life than I am! Mr. and Mrs. Isaac M. Eddy, their neighbors call them. But they were and they are, Gramma and Grampa to me. Their home in Pawtucket was my real home. I spent most of my week-ends there and it was there, with them, that I learned most of the lessons that have stood me in good stead all of my life. I learned the value of gentleness and kindliness—the beauty of simple living. The robust virtues of character and heart. My grandfather it was who taught me to play the drum and the fife. My grandmother taught me a reverence

She fell in love... with her boss!

Behind a screen of matter-of-fact efficiency, Julia Scott tried to conceal her love for the man who was her boss. But that didn't work. She had to leave. When she told him, he made her a proposal—a proposal which was very different from one that was due a beautiful girl.

What was the outcome of this strange bargain? You will be surprised to learn what happened to Julia in "She Married Her Boss," the story based on the Columbia Picture starring Claudette Colbert.

SCREEN ROMANCES
The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE
for old things hallowed by long love and service.

"I spent dreamy hours among the old

knick-knacks and daguerreotypes of that

sweet-smelling old house, played with the toys my grandfather had played with. I ate the cookies my

grandmother made for me and no food in

all the world, neither on the Continent

nor here, has ever tasted so good. Their

sweetness and kindness toward me was

one of the joys of my childhood, their

life-long loyalty and devotion to me is

one of the prides of my manhood.

They hung onto the radio every time I

sang. They relayed over and over again

every record I have ever made. And,

whenever I record, I make records off

the air and send them to them. Their

favorites of my songs are the 'Evening

Star' from Tannhauser and 'Going

Home.' I think they will be 'going

home' very soon, but they cannot

make a home in heaven that will be any

more heavenly than the home they made

for a little boy and a grown man, here

on earth.

Grammar school was the end of Nel-

son's formal education. There was to be

no high school for blacks. I found it

the age of fourteen he left the classroom

forever and began, then, the self-edu-

cation which—but of that more later on.

I was told I was, "a very dull child. I was.

good. I was obedient. I was a bit timid—I didn't

run with gangs. If I found it convenient

to take a poke at me, I'd let him take

it rather than start a fight. My depart-

ment in school was always and con-

sistently 'D'—and it was person-to-

person miscchievous but because I always was

minding other fellows' business, poking

my nose in where it didn't belong. Meddling.

'D' liked girls. More especially little

girls with curls. And I manifested my

liking by pulling their curls, teasing

them, sneering loudly, 'Aw, an old girl!'

He first set me on love when he was

seven and in the third grade. He said,

reminiscently, 'That was my first love

affair. Doubles the recipient of my

rather murderous attentions didn't know

then and doesn't realize to this day—if

she remembers me at all—that it was love

that was almost—merciful in its bitterness.

But it really was. I was seven, the young

lady must have been all of six. Her

name was Laura—Laura—she

—and she had very pale, golden curls,

and sweet blue eyes. I teased her daily,

hourly, all of the time. I threw spit-

balls at her, I dipped her curls in ink-

wells. I clamped my attentions one day

by chasing her home from school, throw-

ning stones at her as she ran. Weird

and wonderful are the ways of small boys,

for all the time I was thinking how

pretty she was, how much I loved her.

At last, one particularly well-aimed stone

hit her across the eye, a really bad gash.

I followed her into her house and,

above the din of her justifiable sobs,

unquestioningly asked her mother if it

might be well to put butter on the bruise.

Her mother, I was told, mostly soled

on my part, allowed me to minister to

the hurt I had inflicted. She never

knew, until later, how the crop of

the caliber of the desperado of love. That must have

been a shock to her illusions!

CURIOS. Perhaps in some obscure

way I fancied myself as Dan Cupid

pursuing the victim of my affection with

bow and arrow. I do know as well as

I know that it was love I felt. Love was

in my mind. I was moony regularly about

her. When I graduated from school,

some years later, she was in the audi-

torium. I saw her there and planned to

speak to her after the commencement ex-

ercises, But when I went to look for

her she had gone and I've never seen

her again. Doris—where, I wonder, is she?

'At the age of thirteen I had my next

emotional crisis. One of the speculation

part of that summer at Salome Point, R. I.

There was a little casino there

where the summer folk danced two or

three times a week. I became a ticket

collector and had permission to

dance when duty permitted. I always

gravitated immediately to the acknowled-

gments of the players of the local constable.

I had overcome considerably my third-grade shyness or I

could not have danced with me, since I couldn't dance!

'She was very kind and patient with me,

making me how to place my feet and
go one-two, one-two so that I could, at

least, circle insightly about the hall-room.

And the circle, that ancient and tradi-

tional mystic sign, caught us in the ring of

love.

'We did all of the 'teensish things. We

carved our initials on the trunks of trees,

over the signs of heart—put them to-gether.

We took long walks, saying noth-

ing and feeling all of the inexplicable keen

agon of love at thirteen. Love which had

no hold on me still, saving me from

'The world came to seemed to me a

tragic and frustrated end when, seated

comfortably, I couldn't quite believe—getting up

courage to kiss her, courage of

other family, the constable, loomed up behind us

and in the best movie-constable blood-

and-thunder movie of their lives.

'It all came to what seemed to me a

tragic and frustrated end when, seated

comfortably, I couldn't quite believe—getting up

courage to kiss her, courage of

other family, the constable, loomed up behind us

and in the best movie-constable blood-

and-thunder movie of their lives.

'And so, we didn't kiss. We never

kissed at all. Only, a sweetheart of thirteen

summers, and I.

'Later, much later, came a love which
didn't mix with all the colors of the

spectrum, from sombre purple which is

for pain to the reds and ambers of joy.

But that is another, a much later part

of my story.'
same quality stood him in good stead at the iron works. For he made it his business to know the name, the history, the utilitarian value of every bolt and screw, every gadget and device manufactured in his uncle's plant. He says, 'I'm always interested in anything. I don't have a consuming desire to know all there is to know about it.'

He realized, too, that he'd had an incomplete education and that he would from this time forth, have to be his own teacher, pupil and examiner.

He said, 'I started to study then and I've been studying ever since. Only when you begin to dig for yourself do you realize how limitless is knowledge and how small a chance you have of scraping so much as the surface.'

He took all kinds of courses, this industrious youngster. He began with the Alexander Hamilton Business Course, by correspondence. Too poor to buy the text-books offered by the course he dug up a second-hand book that carried them and bought them there. He also, at that time or a little later, bought 'The Wealth of Nations,' a famous set of books on economics by Adam Smith.

He read omnivorously. He read as he walked to and from business. He read, a book propped up in front of him, during his lunch hour. He read at home, in the apartment he and his mother shared, half the nights through. He read books that would give him a background, familiarize him with the world he lived in, in all of its aspects. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," Plutarch for ancient history, compendiums of science, art, biology, geology, psychology—sets of books that would, he said, "give me the whole picture."

AND strangely and inexplicably, even then he did not know of the golden voice he possessed.

At the Mott Iron Works he was promoted from shipping clerk to follow-up clerk, a clerical job. He was earning twelve dollars a week and knew that that wage was probably tops for him, at his age. His mother was working, too, at the University of Pennsylvania. They were barely making ends meet but they played it as a game, joyously, hand in hand.

And then, said Nelson, "one sweet day,忽然 it occurred to me that I hated it all of it. And I up and said, I'm quitting!" I knew that I was taking a desperate step. But I knew, too, that mother would say, 'All right, son, it's for you to decide.' And she did. She always did. Which is why I am here today.

But that does not bode well for the future. I just knew that I had jolly well got to get another job and that without delay. And so, a rather shabby lad of some fifteen summers, I began the trek down the whole length of Chestnut Street. I went into every shop, cellar, loft, store, and building from 10th Street to 7th, and I didn't miss one. And finally landed at the corner of 7th and Chestnut. It was the office of that famous daily, the Philadelphia Press. I got a job as night clerk, night cashier, night ad taker. I worked from five p.m. to midnight and eight dollars a week was my remuneration. Almost that four dollars a week deficit was eight and the twelve irked my soul as nothing else has ever done. I've never been able to dispel the feeling of going back, of losing ground. There were some advantages, of course, in that I had more time for reading and also I was taking, at the time, correspondence courses in art. I'll wager that I've been the greatest correspondence-school-taker in the country! And in my spare time (spare time?) I tried my hand at writing obits at half-space rates.

—

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS

Only a Penetrating Face Cream Will Reach That Under-Surface Dirt!

By Lady Esther

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream That Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a penetrating face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for your skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

Lady Esther, 1001 Balcony Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

(If you live in Canada, write to Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
"It was after a few such intensive months," said Nelson, "that I conceived the idea of becoming a reporter. My thesis read pretty slick, I thought. And I'd picked up a lot of reportorial knowledge by keeping my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. And so one bright, courageous morning I advanced upon the City Editor and reminded him that he had once said to me, in an affable mood, I'll make a reporter ever one of you one of these days, young feller."

"But alas for my Puritan upbringing which had stressed truth-telling though the stake be the reward! When the editor asked me my age I said 'Sixteen, sir.' And the answer was 'You have to be eighteen in order to be a reporter.'"

It didn't take Nelson longer than the walking distance to get down to the offices of the Evening Public Ledger and to the desk of that sheet's City Editor. Whereupon the following pithy dialogue took place:

Nelson: "I want to be a reporter."
C.E.: "How old are you?"
Nelson: "Eighteen, sir."
C.E.: "What do you know about reporting?"
Nelson: (lapsing hopelessly into truth again) "Not a damn thing, sir!"
C.E.: "You're hired."

And a full-fledged reporter he became. And then, just as things were going full tilt, came one of the newspaper's periodic shake-ups and young Nelson was shaken off the Ledger and onto the Evening Bulletin where he did every type of reporting from muckraking, which he had seen times to see, to major league baseball of which he had never seen a single game. "There wasn't much of life I didn't get doing in the picture. On occasion they have admitted as much.

It was during the filming of "Of Human Bondage," that Leslie Howard, at the end of the third day's work on the picture, walked off his set mopping his brow.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "The woman is walking away with the picture! She's tremendous!"

When the picture was finished, critics and audiences agreed with Mr. Howard that if Bette hadn't stolen the picture she had, at least, done all right for herself, and her work in it nearly won her this year's Academy award.

Although she failed to receive this award, Bette was recently honored by the American Institute of Cinematography, which is the organization of motion picture cameramen. Once a year they pay tribute to those in the motion picture business whose work is outstanding enough to warrant it and this year they honored Bette Davis and Helen Hayes. This was a sincere tribute from a non-political group of men whose opinion and knowledge of acting certainly is not to be taken lightly. Bette appreciated the tribute since the stolen star was the same star that started as a starlet's assistant, the same star that is the envy of all girls who work in pictures. She's come to be known as Hollywood's star worrier.

Being aware of all this, it was the more amazing to me to hear her make that startling statement, as she did, not in the heat of argument or thoughtlessly, but calmly, almost disinterestedly. I was curious to know the reason for it.

"In the first place," she said, "I'm not a picture stealer because there is no such thing as stealing a picture. The person who has the part steals a picture. Sometimes one bit will stand out because it's showy and gives the actor an opportunity to do something with it. That is why a person playing a minor role will often be pointed out as having stolen a picture."

And then she said she thought being a star was "terrific."

"But don't misunderstand me," she added hastily. "I wouldn't want not to be a star. What I mean is that the star is perpetually in the spotlight. Everyone is waiting for some other member of the cast to 'steal' the picture from the star. They take a kind of delight in pointing out some minor player and declaring that he or she has stolen the picture 'right from under the star's nose.'"

The star who carries the weight of the picture on her shoulders has, naturally, the longest part in it. She cannot hope to have a part that stands out every minute. She is on the screen so much that people get tired of looking at her and say, 'Well, for heaven's sake! Is she going to be on all night?'

Consequently, some other actor comes on for a brief flash with one smart line to speak, it is a refreshing diversion in the picture and someone is sure to say..."
he stole the picture.

"A star has to make each picture better than the last one, and that is an impossibility. You can't expect even to make every picture a good one. If you have two pretty good pictures out of three you are doing well. That can't be helped when a star is under contract. The studio has to make a certain number of pictures and Warners isn't a woman's studio. The good pictures made there are all men's pictures. When I get a good part I regard it as a bit of luck."

Good philosophy for a girl Bette's age, isn't it? Bette takes life philosophically, but not too much so. After her success in "Of Human Bondage," a natural hopelessness led her admirers to believe that eventually she would be given other good roles. Bette, however, is not one to sit idly by on the chance that this hope, which she shared, might turn into a movement all by itself. On the contrary, she constantly is on the lookout for stories that would make good picture material for her. She reads books and manuscripts by the dozen in a search for roles she feels she could do well, and when mediocre roles are given her, she makes the best of them. And mediocre roles, in Bette's expert hands, invariably attain a respectability not even hoped for by their brain parents.

Bette refuses to take herself seriously. "How could I?" she laughs, and reminds you of her arrival in Hollywood. The press agent, who met her train, returned to the studio and reported that she had not arrived.

"He said he couldn't find me because I looked so unlike an actress," Bette laughed. "Of course I had no make-up on. In Boston, where I come from, people just don't wear make-up on the street."

"That was one of the first lessons I had to learn in Hollywood—to make people notice me," she continued. "I had one friend at the studio who told me over and over: 'Make them notice you, Bette. Don't be a little brown woman.'"

She had to unlearn everything she had been taught was right in social life. She had to learn to project herself and her personality. She had to appear physically flamboyant in order to make her employers suspect she would have glamour on the screen.

They told her she had pop eyes, that her mouth drooped, that her figure was bad. Obviously she could do nothing about these defects, if she had them and there is some difference of opinion on that point, so she did the next best thing. She learned to rise above them, to make her good points more prominent and to make the bad ones pass unnoticed.

BETTE'S first year in Hollywood was a series of disappointments. She held her head high and, possessed of an indomitable will and amazing courage, kept on. No one suspected the depth of her hurt when her own stupidity failed to notice her and time after time gave roles that would have been suitable for her to other actresses. She was no star worrier in those days. She was a worried starlet.

In those days she had lovely, long, very light hair that was her pride and joy, but she finally yielded to studio pressure and had it bobbed. And then, to quote her, she became "another Hollywood blonde."

Whether it was the bleached hair or the boil that did it will never be known, but something caused her to be noticed about that time. And once given an opportunity, the clear quality of her work won her the recognition she deserved.

"Experts insist that hair this gold color photographs better," she said with a wry face, "but I hate it. It embarrasses me when I go home to visit because in Bos-

MODERN SCREEN

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a knowing woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.
"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!"

ANY person with piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look woolen and haggard.

Piles can take various forms — internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding — but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment for piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is soothing, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Now In 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It Free!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms described. But a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the free tube. Write for it today and prove the uselessness of your suffering.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 37-M, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of Pazo Ointment.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

COMMON SENSE + SENSIBLE EXERCISE = REAL BEAUTY

(Continued from page 41)

queens' opinions of themselves. And when you put on a lovely soft evening dress you look as if you could double for Carmen. Big muscles are swell in a young prizefighter. But they're hideous in a woman.

Believe me, I know about bicycle riding. I come from a country where bicycles are the thing. I've copenhagen everybody rides. And I've seen people's strained, haggard faces, their big thighs and huge legs and how they push all over the place. Swimming and bicycle riding will not reduce you in proportion. No violent sport will give you a perfect feminine body. You've got to relax when you exercise. And you've got to exercise any way.

Honestly, it seems to me that when people recommend things like swimming and bicycle riding and standing on your head all they're trying to do is to confuse you. They keep you in a constant state of bewilderment. The only apparent reason for their doing it is so that you'll keep on reading their stuff. Otherwise why would they give you such wrong dope?

But that isn't my way. I've never given anyone a wrong steer yet. I couldn't. I'm afraid. I haven't solved your beauty problems. I want to teach you honestly and sincerely how to be lovely and happy. And I promise I'll never bore you.

And now will you promise me—and promise yourself, which is more important—that you won't let me down by falling for this bicycle riding and swimming nonsense, if you want to reduce properly? But don't weep and wail if you've done those things through ignorance. In Hollywood one of my jobs is to take down over-developed muscles. And you can do for yourself what I do for the stars. Study my page 40 and 41 carefully. In them I show you how you can reduce fat and muscles in the thighs and legs. Put your right hand on a chair back. Take hold of your left ankle with your left hand. Relax. Keep relaxed the whole time you're doing this. What I mean is, if you do so pull your leg up with your hand. Ouch! I thought that would get you. Feel that pull? Feel it in the left thigh and the left calf. That is the exercise. Do it twenty times. Each time you do it, make it a light exercise. Right. Now repeat with the left hand on the chair back and the right hand holding the right ankle. Begin by doing it five times on each side and, day by day, increase to twenty times. You'll feel the muscles flattening out and the flesh melting away. And that's the right way to reduce.

Another thing that amazed me a big laugh in the papers recently was the so-called brand new discovery of paraffin baths. Well, it isn't such a new discovery. Your mother used paraffin to seal up her jelly jars. And how would you like to be all sealed up like a jelly jar? If you feel it necessary to have a paraffin bath is supposed to open the pores, create circulation and cleanse the skin. What it really does is to make fabby muscles and make your heart pound like a steam pump. Believe me, baby, you don't need paraffin or any other paraphernalia to get circulation. You don't need paraphernalia to reduce. All you need is a lot of common sense and proper exercises and diets.

Reducing isn't easy. Nothing worth while is easy. And flesh doesn't roll away unless you make it roll away. There are no reducing short cuts. You'd think it pretty silly if I told you that the way to clear your house to sit down and watch the dust roll away. What I mean is, don't be the kind to swallow the nonsense some people hand you hook, line and sinker—particularly the sinker. Because if you do you'll sink.

COME on, don't be the type to swallow the nonsense some people hand you hook, line and sinker—particularly the sinker. Because if you do you'll sink.

Work for beauty. Follow my routine, because that is scientific and proven. Have youth, beauty and courage by climbing on the bandwagon with Sylvia. And remember, I'm ready at all times to answer questions concerning all your problems. If you so desire, your letters will be kept in strictest confidence.

And you girls who look like Joan Crawford and you girls who look like Constance Bennett send in your photographs. Send them to Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And be sure to watch for next month. Modern Screen. I'm showing you the girls who look most like Jean Harlow and telling that girl—and all you other girls—how she can completely remodel herself —the right way—without an ounce of bunk in the article.

And—look—if you want a personal reply to some personal problem it is better the extra five cents to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Please? I'll answer any beauty, weight and general health problem you pop at me but send the stamped envelope.
ANNOUNCING
THE
WINNAHS!

Here are the names of the lucky ones who were awarded the cash prizes in our recent MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest:

First Prize, $250:
Mrs. Mae Ross,
664 West 163rd St., N. Y. C.

Second Prize, $100:
Mrs. R. Kwasman,
Dwight Street, New Haven, Conn.

Third Prize, $50:
Mrs. George Olsen,
King’s Highway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fourth Prize, $25:
Mrs. A. Lipman,
Rochester, N. Y.

Five Fifth Prizes of $10 each:
Miss F. Mersley,
Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. B. Filney,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss B. Yelverton,
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.
Mrs. Pearl Bowen,
Glendale, Calif.
Mrs. C. W. Remaley,
Springdale, Penna.

Five Sixth Prizes of $5 each:
W. Stuart Shaw,
Philadelphia, Penna.
E. M. Harvey,
San Francisco, Calif.
Louis G. Gibert,
Washington, D. C.
John Paul Brennan,
St. Louis, Missouri
Fulton A. King,
Weyers Cave, Virginia.

MODERN SCREEN

MILLIONS NOW USE FAMOUS NOXZEMA for Skin Troubles

Which troubles you?
LARGE PORES
BURNS
BLACKHEADS
CHAPPED SKIN
BABY RASH
SHAVING IRRITATION
PIMPLES
(from external causes)

Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief promotes rapid healing—refines skin texture

Just think! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexion. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bring soothing comfort and aid in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic
If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation
Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it’s marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can’t supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 510, Baltimore, Md.
THANKS TO
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS
I WALK MILES EVERY DAY
WITH PERFECT EASE!

NOW MAYBE YOU'RE THE TYPE WHO HAS A SMALL, WELL-SHAPED HEAD THAT CAN BE AS SLICK AND WELL CUT AS A BOY'S. OR PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO KEEP YOUR HAIR BUILT UP IN THE FASHION OF YESTERDAY. EITHER WAY, YOU CAN BE A DIFFERENT WOMAN EVERY SHAMPOO.

ABOUT THIS BUSINESS OF TYPES...LOTS OF YOU WRITE ME, AND MAYBE YOU ENCLOSE A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY. "WHAT TYPE AM I?" WELL, SOMETIMES IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO JUDGE. YOU JUST CAN'T PICK A BUNCH OF PEOPLE OFF INTO TYPES Nowadays because a woman who has to be efficient enough to hold a job and feminine enough to hold a man can be a dozen different types rolled into one. Look at MYRNA LOY. IF SHE HADN'T BEEN TYPED FOR SO MANY YEARS AS THE GIRL THEY CALLED IN WHENEVER THEY WANTED SOMEONE TO PLAY THE PART OF A CHINESE, EAST INDIAN, OR HALF CASE EXOTIC, WE WOULD HAVE HAD OUR OWN WHOLESOME, GRAND, AMERICAN MYRNA DELIGHTING US WITH HER MODERN ROLES A LONG TIME AGO. THEY TYPED CLAUDETTE COLBERT AS A SWEET, DEMURE, GOODY-GOODY GIRL. AND WHAT DID SHE TURN OUT TO BE? THE SIREN CLEOPATRA, THE SEEDITUCE POPPA, AND "FIRE BRAND" SHE IS TURNT OUT TO BE A SPARKLING COMEDIAN AS WELL. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN TYPING YOURSELF AS? A DRAB LITTLE MOTHER, A SELF-CONSCIOUS TWITTY JANE, A WOMAN WITH AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX? WELL, THEN, BE SOMEBODY DIFFERENT!

IN FAVOR OF EVERY WOMAN SORT OF "TAKING OVER THE TRACES" IN A SICKLE, IF YOU GO BACK TO YOUR OLD HOME TOWN AFTER BEING AWAY FOR SOME TIME, YOU DESERVE THE PRIVILEGE OF GAZING AT YOURSELF WITH GUSTO. IF YOU HAVE A PARTY FROCK THAT'S CUT A LITTLE LOW, WEAR IT TO THE FIREMAN'S BALL. IF YOU HAVE SOME EXOTIC PAJAMAS, GIVE A PARTY FOR YOUR BEST FRIENDS. WEAR SILVER EYESHADOW AND BLUE MASCARA. DO THINGS THAT MAKE YOU FEEL GLAMOROUS, THAT HELP YOUR CONFIDENCE ALONG.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FREAKISH IN YOUR APPEARANCE. IF YOU ATTEMPT TO BE IN_ID. NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO WEAR LEG O'MUTTON SLEEVES WHEN SIMPLE PLAIN ONES ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY, OR TO WEAR SHORT SKIRTS WHEN LONG ONES HAVE BEEN IN SINCE THE WAR. BUT IF EVERYBODY FROM THE CHAMBERMAID TO THE PARK AVENUE DEBUTANTE IS WEARING A TAILORED SUIT, WHY DON'T YOU CHOOSE A SPORTS ENSEMBLE WITH A THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COAT? TRY TO STRIKE AN INDIVIDUAL BALANCE BETWEEN SOWDINESS AND EVERYBODY BEARING.

THERE'S GRAMMAR IN INDIVIDUALITY, AND GRAMMAR IN FREEDOM. BE FREE. DON'T WEAR CLOTHES THAT SEEM TO BIND YOU IN PHYSICALLY. JOAN CRAWFORD, FOR EXAMPLE, SAYS THAT SHE CAN'T WEAR ANY DRESS THAT TIGHTENS AROUND THE SHOULDERS AND ARMS, BECAUSE THEN SHE SEEMS TO BE BOUND PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY. INDEED, WALKING IS THE BEST CURE IN THE WORLD. IF YOU EXERCISE ENOUGH, YOU DON'T NEED LIFT-Foundation garments for lumpy hips and abdomen.

GOOD POSTURE HELPS TO STRENGTHEN YOUR PERSONALITY WITHIN YOURSELF. IT NOT ONLY HELPS YOU TO LOOK WELL. IT HELPS YOU TO FEEL WELL. IT WILL HELP YOU CARRY ON THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF LIVING MORE GRACEFULLY, AND WITH MORE VITALITY AND LESS OF THAT TIRED, DRAGGY FEELING. PUT INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND THE REALIZATION THAT YOUR BODY IS A BEAUTIFUL THING, NOT A THING TO BE SLOPPED INTO. DON'T SIT ON YOURSELF. THAT'S WHAT MOST OF YOU DO...SET DOWN ON THE LIPS. HERE IS AN EASY WAY TO OBTAIN CORRECT POSTURE. STAND WITH YOUR HEAD AND SHOULDERS AND BUTTOCKS AGAINST THE WALL, YOUR FEET OUT TWO OR THREE INCHES. NOW TOUCH THE WALL WITH THE SMALL OF YOUR BACK. WALK AWAY FROM THE WALL, KEEP THAT POSITION. WHEN YOU PUT IN THE LOWEST MUSCLES OF YOUR BUTTOCKS, THAT MAKES THE BUTTOCKS DROP, AND THE ABDOMEN DRAW BACK AND UP. YOUR CHEST SHOULD BE COMFORTABLY HIGH, YOUR SHOULDERS STRAIGHT BUT LOOSE, AND YOUR HEAD BACK WITH YOUR CHIN UP. NOW YOU HAVE ANY PARTICULAR PROBLEMS OF POSTURE...IF YOU WANT EXCUSES FOR THAT COMMON FAILING LORDOSIS (SWAY-BACK)...DROP ME A LINE AND LET ME HELP YOU.

GET INTO THE HABIT OF CORRECT FACIAL EXERCISE TOO. MARION DAVIES HAS ONE OF THE MOST Lovable PERSONALITIES because she has a smile for everyone, from the "prop boy" and electrician up to the direc- tor. Optimism is catching. I REMEMBER IRCEO RICH ONCE TELLING ME THAT THE BEST FACIAL SHE KNEW OF WAS A SMILE. EVERY ONE IN A WHILE JUST LET YOURSELF THINK A SMILE, LET IT CREEP FROM THE CORNERS OF YOUR MOUTH TILL IT TOUCHES YOUR EYES AS A SORT OF INWARD AND OUTWARD FACIAL.

WHY DON'T YOU START TAKING STOCK OF YOUR PERSONALITY RIGHT NOW? YOU CAN'T CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY BY WAVING A WAND, AND SAYING: "PRESTO, HERE'S THE NEW ME." IT CAN'T BE DONE BY ANY OVERNIGHT TRICK. ONCE THE DISCOVERY OF HIDDEN POWER WITHIN YOURSELF, YOU CAN'T DO IT. YOU CAN DISCOVER THAT POWER. YOU CAN LEARN TO BE ATTRACTIVE AND TO FEEL ATTRACTION. I HAVE SET DOWN IN A SPECIAL COLUMN FOR YOU THE THINGS THAT I FEEL TO BE MOST IMPORTANT (FROM A BEAUTY EDITOR'S VIEWS) IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW PERSONALITY. REMEMBER THIS ALL THE TIME. YOU CAN'T BEAR TO WERNRT IN CHARMINa PERSONALITY. You can dream it into being and work it into being. Send in the coupon for "THE SECRETS OF ACQUIRING A NEW PERSONALITY" TODAY.

MARY BIDDLE
MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Kindly send me your free bulletin on
"THE SECRETS OF ACQUIRING A NEW PERSONALITY".

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
CITY ____________________________
STATE ____________________________

Due to lack of space BETWEEN YOU AND ME will not appear in this issue. Watch for it next month.

MODERN SCREEN

CRITHS CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
DEPT. T-K.
CINCINNATI, O.
endorsement of the National Florists' Association—it is still a pleasantly ingratiating effort gone wrong for lack of plot. Charles Butterworth, slyly humorous, is a rich play boy proposing on the dot of 5:30 p.m. to crisply crisp blonde Jean Muir, the fashionable lady florist. John Boles, agreeably handsome, is a rich corporation lawyer whose marital difficulties become entangled in a strange fashion with the Florist shop. Other times, he sings for you and right nicely, too. Sidney Tolmer, Ruth elma Stevens, Harvey Stephens, and Spring Byington are others in the cast which was directed by William Seiter.

Preview Postscripts

Jean Muir moved her make-up box all the way from the Warner lot to Fox to appear in this one. The first time she's ever been loaned, either, and the Powers That Be over in Fox Hills were that pleased with their bargain; in fact, they liked the idea so well, they gave Jean fifteen gowns to wear in the film. The floral background is something to contemplate. Truck loads of fresh blooms appeared at the studio every day and there was a whole bunch boy, whose best skill didn't have gardens every evening. Fact is, everybody seems to have gotten something out of this picture... William Seiter, its director, landed a long term contract and Shirley Temple rated the model doll house used... John Boles may have missed out on gifts, but he's doing all right anyway. One good job after another for John and, at the moment he's over at Paramount playing opposite the operatic Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho." He's Macklin those early fall days with the wife and kiddies—the same wife and kiddies he's always had. Nothing, you see, seems to turn Mr. B's profile. Which is cause for congratulations on his good judgment.

★★★★ China Seas (M-G-M)

It's a very red-blooded, he-man fare—this picture! Wally Beery doing his dirtiest and, cinematically speaking, W. B. can be pretty soiled; Jean Harlow, loving with A.Y.D. wisely, Rosalind Russell, very charming and competent, and Mr. Robert Benchley, known as a wit, acting as a drunkard, and so a convincing one at that, that he'sMallory these early fall days with the wife and kiddies—the same wife and kiddies he's always had. Nothing, you see, seems to turn Mr. B's profile. Which is cause for congratulations on his good judgment.

Preview Postscripts

Clark Gable's real leading woman in this picture wasn't Harlow o-tall, according to Clark's own statement. "Twas Carol Ann Beery, the six-year-old daughter of Wally, Clark's simple maid about Clark, too, but the confident to her Dad that she really con-
sidered him for handsomer than Mr. Gabler. . . . Rosalind Russell hangs from Connecticut and is one of a large family of seven young- ers. Rosalind is the only Russell who turns to the stage, but it looks as if she’s made a wise choice . . . Robert Benchley’s never been drunk before, but he did have to leave the theater in the past noon . . . Tony Garnett, director of the picture, should know about the sea, since he’s spent most of his life on it or getting into trouble if since he was a kid. He even got Clark Gable so enthused over his yacht that they’ve enrolled in a navigation course together. One of the most beautiful sets ever built was erected on the Metro lot for the Hong Kong water-front scene. Buildings patterned exactly after those seen around the Chinese water front were put up alongside a huge replica of a water and rear set. Real sampans and junk were imported to be used on the water and at least half of Chinatown was brought in for the ground in its center. The lot signs were posted in Chinese so that the new extras would not get lost, strayed or stolen.

**Welcome Home** (Fox)

While this is the somewhat old saw of a group of guys living by their wits and some of the situations are easily anticipa-
ted, you’re going to have plenty of fun watching the antics of Jimmy Dunn, William Frawley and Raymond Walburn, a band of lads whose idea of a friend is to leave you when they don’t exist, too. Jimmy rates himself an invitation to the old home town, which is Opportunity has supplied with a capital “O” for Jimmy as well as Walburn’s ability. Walburn especially rate praise as does the ever-pert Arline Judge. You will see an old silent day picture friend, Charlie Ray, in this edition of this authority, a choice bit of pantomime extremely well.
stage production of this same play. . .

Slim Summerville's been gangling around the movie lots so many years that most people, including Mr. Summerville, have lost count. He was a natural in the pie-tossing days out at Sennett's with that basket ball reach, but his first real recognition came in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Slim isn't really lazy a-tall, even if his favorite sport is fishing. . . .

Andy Devine is probably the most envied man in Hollywood, since his waistline is strictly his own business. While other screen heroes order a lettuce leaf with a dash of lemon for lunch, in fear of studio slights, Andy sits down to earned beef and cabbage on the dot of twelve every day. What's more he has the same kind of disposition which fat men are supposed to have and leads a peaceful existence with his wife and small daughter. Andy comes from Arizona and is still surprised at getting a move on himself long enough to reach California. . . . Jane Withers is a bad example for all little girls, for it was her temper tantrums that made her famous. She stole a picture from Shirley Temple by being too disagreeable for words, and is now a Fox Baby Star.

★★ Murder Man (M-G-M)

This is another newspaper yarn, slightly more fantastic than its predecessors. The convincing note is casting Spencer Tracy as the man who gets front-page murder stories ahead of rival sheets. Somehow you believe that Mr. Tracy could do just that. The tale is pretty sordid, unreeling the method one man uses to avenge himself against another, and rather immoral, in that the spectator actually feels nothing but sympathy for the murderer. Tracy's performance is excellent. His quality of naturalness is something to cheer about in these days of overacting. Next, comes Harvey Stephens, who has some splendid dramatic moments as a condemned man who is innocent of the particular crime for which he has been convicted. Mr. Stephens rises to the occasion beautifully. William Collier, Sr., too, comes in for his share of praise for the fine portrayal of a small part. Virginia Bruce is the love interest, and displays very little of interest. Somehow this should have been a thrilling story, but somehow, it misses. And, to see the hero turn out to be a villain is very much off the beaten track and a little hard for the audience to take.

★★★ Page Miss Glory

(Warners)

Nobody is more surprised than Marion Davies, in the title role, to discover that

Jean Muir and John Boles in "Orchids to You."

Make Him Remember You!

Learn the secret of Blue Waltz Perfume . . .

WILL the spell of your charm keep him thinking of you long after he says good-night? It will...if you know the secret power of Blue Waltz Perfume!

Be one of the clever girls who have discovered how a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on the hollow of the throat, behind the ears, along the part of your hair, gives a haunting fragrance that lingers in one's memory. A fragrance that will irresistibly beckon him back again and again.

Blue Waltz face powder and lipstick have the same seductive fragrance as Blue Waltz Perfume. Make triply sure of your magic by using all three tonight! You will conveniently find them in your $5 and $10 store, Only 10c each. All Blue Waltz cosmetics are laboratory tested, their ingredients certified pure, for your protection!

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME • FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE • COLD CREAM • TALC

Amateurs
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Suggest a song title and win fame and fortune. Enter this great contest today.

FEEN-A-MINT and POPULAR SONGS are offering

CASH PRIZES • FREE COLLABORATION • WINNING TITLES PUBLISHED • ROYALTIES

All you have to do is submit a title for a song. Full details of this big contest will be found in the October issue of Popular Songs Magazine. Get your copy now and send in your entry.

The contest is for amateurs only. Winning songs will be broadcast coast-to-coast over

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Almost eliminates and discolorations using Mercerized Wax daily as directed. Inviable particles are ground and tend all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beauti-fully washed, velveted to a soft—face looks years younger. Mercerized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. Phelactine removes hairy growths takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

**POWDERED SAXOLITE**

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simu-lates defense of your face with hazel and daily as face lotion.

**HUSH**

For BODY ODORS

AT ALL STORES

**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**

Many people with defensive hearing and Head Noise enjoy Conversation. Many are working. They can hear sound but not speech. They are insensitive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of proof.

A. D. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 906, 70 8th Ave., New York

**DEAF ENOUGH TO TO TALK**, New York

**GRAY FADED HAIR**

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and easily dissolve once it has dissolved. The best discovery "SHAMPOO-KOLOR," taken for minutes, leaves hair bright, clean, natural colored in the same way.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS**

Working in a Marion Davies picture is some fun for the cast and crew. The gal's disposition is so sunny as her hair and she sees to it that "an enjoyable time is had by all." Co-Stars come every afternoon and, at the end of production, a gift for each has cooperated to make the whole a success. Naturally everyone does his best. This time the cast presented Marion with a silver plaque autographed by the entire unit. That's a tribute for you! ... Frank McHugh is a laugh-getter both on and off the screen. He keeps a gang in 'stitches' even between shots—a practical joker with real wit. ... Then we have Pat O'Brian. Everyone on Hollywood Boulevard will tell you he is a regular guy and Dick Powell, who rated a birthday during production. What a party Marion staged for the event—and what "prazest!!" Dick is sort of lonesome these days, what with Mary Brian making movies in Europe. He's still true to the brunettes, for Olivia de Haviland, to whom he is engaged, is his playtime companion. ... Lyle Talbot always does well with the fair sex, too. Still, with all his partying, Lyle takes time to answer his fans' letters. ... Seems as if the champion cigar-smokers of the town were concentrated on this picture. Mervyn Le Roy, its director, heartily congratulates a Pat often got away with 16, while Frank, the big sissy came in a bad third by inhaling merely ten. O'Brien couldn't take a cigarette though. He was called upon to smoke one during a scene and it made him feel as if he was crossing the water to Catalina on a breezy day. The 200 extras voted that they'd never work with such a congenial bunch of principals.

**STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox)**

Whether or not you are a Roger's fan, this new film, gone dramatic, is going to please you plenty. Stripped of its usual silly trifle, Mr. Rogers is to-day seen as a purveyor of patent medicines—need we say containing 90 percent alcohol—in a simple and interesting story of river folk, saving his money to buy a dilapidated steamboat which he hopes to have his nephew pilot. The boy, John McGuire, in love with a swamp girl, commits a murder to keep her defenseless little sister Will. She turns him over to the sheriff in a most amusing manner. This bit of fun, however, is topped new and given the pair of lovers to the musical strains of "Listening to the Mocking Bird." Mr. Rogers plays Mr. Rogers in his usual manner and simply stick in the role of a converted sinner and Anne Shirley, Eugene Palette and Bertan Churchill all contribute to the general merriment.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS**

There was as much fun on the set as in the picture in this one, for those two well-known friends, Robert Benchley and Will Rogers, got together on some snappy repartee, much to the amusement of the rest of the cast. Evidently, Robert Benchley's successful cinema career was beginning a little too much for Mr. C., for upon seeing his friend's "rushes" on "China Seas," Irving signed himself a contract of Fox. He likes making movies, thank you, and will probably appear in on- other before returning East for the winter. ... Mr. Rogers still hits the high places at the box office, for his happy-go-lucky charm is not diminished by the death public. Rogers has a sort of unwritten formula for successful pictures—lotsa laughter and go spinning on the triangle situations. ... John McGuire and Anne Shirley, taking care of the youthful love interest, aren't "that way" off the screen, despite the remaining good looks and round, round, round, old mother in Hollywood has a chef- razy for pretty Anne but he declares that since he's not a cradle robber, nothing will ever come of it. Why? Anne doesn't exactly spend "quiet evenings with her books and pictures," she is not the type to be doing the rounds of a night. Nobody is more serious about her career, older and more solid. Eugene Palette and Bertan Churchill have forgotten more about acting than most middle-aged actresses know. They enjoy telling stories over between scenes and reminiscing about the "good old days" in the theatre.

**DRESSED TO THRILL (Fox)**

This just doesn't live up to its title in any real sense, so much can be said for it except that it serves to introduce a new face to American moviogers. What promises to be a sparkling comedy story begins to lose its fire early in the telling. However, Tutta Rolf, as the Russian darling of Continental night clubs does what she can to cover story deficiencies by giving a highly interesting characterization. Clive Brook, in a most unsym-pathetic and dull role, lacks conviction in his...
The thriller "She," featuring Randy Scott and Helen Mack.

romantic efforts with Miss Rolfe. You see, he has had the opportunity to fall in love with the lady on two separate occasions, the first of which he let slip by the boards in favor of a beeg bankroll. Robert Barrat comes in for some praise as Clive's war-time buddy and we must give credit to the designer who created Miss Rolfe's beautiful wardrobe. Also, a nod to the scenic artist. Somehow, that is all that may be said for "Dressed to Thrill," for if suspense is lacking in a story and you don't much care how it turns out, you find yourself, like the Easy Aces, anxiously anticipating the newsreel.

★★ Shanghai
(Walter Wangler-Paramount)

Check up another hit performance for Charles Boyer. With pretty slim story material, which is most of the time draggy, this picture is well worth seeing because of Mr. Boyer's excellent portrayal of an Eurasian, who is ostracized, because of his being a half caste, by the social whites. It is a necessarily sympathetic role and yet, never does the star become maudlin or sentimental. As its title indicates, the tale is unwound against a Chinese background with Loretta Young playing an American girl over there on a visit to her wealthy and eccentric aunt (Allison Skipworth). Loretta looks more beautiful than ever and is seen in close-up after close-up, until one finally realizes that there can be too much of anything—even it's as good as Miss Y's features. Warner Oland plays excellently the philosophic friend of the hero's and Libby Taylor, is fine as the faithful colored maid. Fred Keating is badly miscast and, therefore, unconvincing. The art director and cameramen come in for their share of honors, for never have we seen such delightfully settings and beautiful photography.

★★★ She (RKO)

"She," based on the curious mystery tale by Rider Haggard, will make the chills run up and down your spine. As a spectacle, it is magnificent, for the sheer magnificence of the background and effects sweep you away from the workaday world, even at times tending to make the actors seem unimportant. The plot of course is fantastic and concerns the journey of Randolph Scott and Nigel Bruce to the Kingdom of Kor in search of the eternal flame (youth, to you). No advocate of the cold cream route, "She," played by Helen Galagian, has retained her beauty for 500 years by entering the flame annually. However, when Randy appears, she decides to concentrate on him and becomes fiercely jealous of Helen Mack. Well, you sort of have the idea: even a queen can't take it. Of course, anything is liable to go haywire once in 500 years, and in the big sequence, it's the dialogue that gets pretty weak. You'll like the spectacle however, and Miss Galagian and Helen Mack. Oh yes, the gentleman who make the journey to Kor are all right, too, thank you.

Preview Postscripts
Persistence does have its points, since the movies have finally landed Helen Galagian after five years of struggle. Miss Galagian's been too busy with too many things, really, to come to Hollywood on a grand acting on the stage, singing in opera, taking care of husband, Melvyn Douglas, and their eighteen-month-old son, to say nothing of several goldfish. Miss Galagian began this hectic life at Barnard when she co-authored a play with another girl and appeared in it, too. John Cromwell, a Hollywood director now but a New Yorker in those days, spotted her and whisked the seventeen-year-old girl to Broadway. Helen was starred at twenty, played several hits in the Big City, then snapped her fingers at the whole business and set sail for Europe to become what she's always wanted to be—an opera singer. She had a grand time and sang in several famous operas. In Prague, Miss Galagian got in a rather tight spot. It seems the opera for the evening was to be sung in Czecho-Slovakian and the nearest thing to that language that Helen knew was pig-latin. However, she blithely sang the score in Italian while the other leads and the chorus writhed back at her in their native tongue ... Randolph Scott is the young man who graduated with such honors from Westerns. He's big, blonde and husky with paw and fist, and a forthright look in both eyes. Naturally, when he drifted into Hollywood he was immediately thrust into the wide open spaces. So he busted branches pictorially for three years, until the studio suddenly put him in "Roberta" due to an emergency. Having proved that he can break hearts as well as horses, Randy's been in demand for romantic stories ever since. Randy used to be Georgia Tech's star football man, then he tried out for the team at the University of South Carolina, romanced around Europe a couple of summers and finally drifted to Pasadena where he joined up with the Community Players. One day he took the street car out to a Hollywood studio and he's been there ever since ... Nigel Bruce is well known on the London and Broadway stages. He can make anything laugh. Friends swear that even dogs have been known to giggle when he looked at them sideways. He was born in California, but feels as English as mutton.
First, this will give American fans an opportunity to meet the much-publicized Louise Rainer, Metro's foremost importation. To say that Luise rises to every claim the studio put forth for her is but to put it honestly. She has charm and acting ability in abundance, and to serve her in a cast of highly capable American players who know well the Hollywood ropes and who never have to think of their English before reading a line, The Rainer eyes, too, are sump'n—sumpin' gorgeous. The story deals with a pre-war romance in gay Vienna. The lightweight hero is the philanthropist (William Powell); a duffulous (??) wife, his current temptation, (Virginia Bruce) and a little secretary (Miss K.), the gal he falls deeply in love. The picture abounds in color, dramatic moments, irate husbands and character studies of ladies who love unwisely. The performances are quite perfect, too; well, you'd guess as much when you hear that, added to the above-named fine cast are such stellars as playing against Frank Morgan and Mady Christian. Put this on your movie list.

Preview Postscripts

In saucy sex style, "a good time was had by all," collection of wits like Alan Mowbray, Alice Brady, Hedda Hopper and the others in the cast who aren't exactly stuffy, either. Alan Mowbray's fomly in the typical, not as having the largest fund of top-notch tales ever accumulated by one man. He's an Englishman who has not only his pocket, but a scatter, snappy type which too often invades Hollywood ... Alice Brady's known for years as the lady who's never missed a comeback, Miss Brady is well known on the Broadway stage, too, and in the days of silents pulled down the largest salary of any screen actress—$6000 per week, which was big money in the good old days before stars and exhibitors claimed she doesn't live in a home but a dog-tunnel. Every purp is welcomed with open arms by her, whether a permanent guest. Any time you see eight greyhounds on a leash coming down Hollywood Blvd., you can be sure Alice Brady will be on the other side. She has insatiable appetite for detective stories, and every chair, table or corner in her home, not occupied by a dog, is filled with short liter-ature ... Hedda Hopper is one of the few Wolfe Hopper wives, besides being a Hollywood fashion plate. Hedda starts talking the minute she hops out of bed in the morning and never runs down 'til she's back there again ... Douglass Montgomery is a shining example of a young man unhampered by his past. Nicked wet, he has theinstinct with every possibility to run with the "idle rich." Doug studied acting day and night. Though he's been brought through the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he chose small, insignificant parts in Broadway plays for several years in order to gain experience. Then, one day, he came home to the Playhouse and from there to Hollywood ... Anita Louise is another who's worked hard all her young life. Though a bit on the shabby side, Anita loves playing studying languages, music, fencing—in fact, everything that might help her in acting. An accomplished horse-woman, Anita finished in the difficult fox-hunt rides in this picture. But in one scene she was thrown by her fiery steed and rescued just in the nick of time by the gallant Mr. Montgomery. Anita says she had better ideas, though. She rode a dummy horse. But it bucked so badly the first day that a prop man rushed out and bought her a whole armful of cotton batting.

MODERN SCREEN

** Escapeade (M-G-M) **

First and best, this will give American fans an opportunity to meet the much-publicized Louise Rainer, Metro's foremost importation. To say that Luise rises to every claim the studio put forth for her is but to put it honestly. She has charm and acting ability in abundance, and to serve her in a cast of highly capable American players who know well the Hollywood ropes and who never have to think of their English before reading a line, The Rainer eyes, too, are sump'n—sumpin' gorgeous. The story deals with a pre-war romance in gay Vienna. The lightweight hero is the philanthropist (William Powell); a duffulous (??) wife, his current temptation, (Virginia Bruce) and a little secretary (Miss K.), the gal he falls deeply in love. The picture abounds in color, dramatic moments, irate husbands and character studies of ladies who love unwisely. The performances are quite perfect, too; well, you'd guess as much when you hear that, added to the above-named fine cast are such stellars as playing against Frank Morgan and Mady Christian. Put this on your movie list.

** Lady Tubbs (Universal) **

This picture is just "too, too deeevine!" as Lady Tubbs was so fond of saying about everything from pancakes to palaces. Lady Tubbs is the "Brainless Brady" at her best and is practically the whole picture in spite of the excellent supporting cast which includes Alan Mowbray, Douglas Montgomery, Jane Clayworth, Hedda Hopper and Anita Louise. In spite of Alice Brady's ability to dominate others in this play, however, she is an extremely smart woman at heart. From a cook in a construction camp to a titled lady who wigs the fox hunting enthusiasts, is a jump that requires more assets than a broad "a." Mr. Mowbray is simply ele-gant as the polished gent who can teach him the ropes, and goes through untold tortures when she makes her social debut. He is it, too, who rigs up the horse out of a piano string, a horseshoe, screws in some leather cushions, on which Miss Brady learns to ride to hounds. Hedda Hopper is in her chronically good role of the social climber and ultra-smart, and Douglas Montgomery is adequate as the son on whom she keeps an eagle eye. Anita Louise plays the sweet young thing in the object of his affections and June Clay-worth, the ruthless young lady who regards Doug as her own property. Miss Clayworth, incidentally, is an actress of decided ability, even if she doesn't show much sentiment. The picture is one you won't want to miss, for it is one good laugh from beginning to end.

** Diamond Jim (Universal) **

Here is a hearty tale of the Gay Nineties with, as its central figure, a famous diamond bedecked character who knew how to throw as much rhinestone as any man ever as ever pulled the lips of a chorus girl. You have doubtless heard of the legendary Diamond Jim Brady and here is your opportunity to meet the real Diamond Jim. Edward Arnold portrays the character role with a deal of realism. He has the opportunity to run the gamut of emotions and feels through his role. Mr. A. is, of course, Edward Arnold is seen as the little lady Diamond Jim loved and lost. Cesar Romero is the mustached mecine man who wins the heart of the beautiful young woman who like to be treated—indefinitely—and Binnie Barnes plays Lillian Russell, famous American beauty. Eric Blore and George Sidney, comedy characters, come
in for their share of praise; in fact, everyone does his bit to make the whole an entertaining thing, and everyone has succeeded. You’ll get a kick out of the colorful background too and the rather expert way Director Eddie Sutherland has handled the entire production.

**Preview Postscripts**

Binnie Barnes works hard at making American movies while her husband carries on his business in England. Thiers is probably the world’s champions long distance marriage. Fact is, Binnie’s ‘worst’ half plans to drop over to this land of equal rights and unequal fights to see his wife this fall... Edward Arnold has been sipping the sugar plentifully and the Powers That Be who hold his contract are beginning to worry, ‘tis said. However, Mr. A. is such a swell actor that he may be able to get away with the colorless, too... We also have the temperament of Jean Arthur present in this opus. She’s a clever gal, is Jean, but it is known around Hollywood as being one that is hard to handle. A great little scene-stealer, too. The setting for this production set Uncle Carl of Lang mervyns; in fact, one set alone cost $103,000. Anything to entertain the public. That is Universal’s matto. And goodness knows, they’re right! This one cloudburst in color; in fact, that alone makes it worth the price of admission; that, and of course the consistently clever cast.

★★★ Old Man Rhythm (RKO)

If you are one of Buddy Rogers’ fans you may be disappointed to see so little of your favorite in the picture, which brings him to the screen after an absence of nearly three years, but gives him little opportunity to display his musical talent. The picture is unusual in that there are fat parts for almost everyone but the star.

The plot is laid at Fairview College, with a typical musical comedy background where there is more interest in sex than science. The fun begins when George Barbier, who carries the title role hilariously, enters college to watch over his son, played by Rogers. He becomes the life of the campus and succeeds in breaking up a romance between Rogers and Grace Bradley by pretending he has lost his fortune. Miss Bradley withdraws and all signs point to a season of romantic study for Rogers and Barbara Kent.

A picture of scattered entertainment, it gives opportunities to several young newcomers. Joseph Hodges, a pretty girl, who was discovered singing at the Coconant Grove and Sonny Lamont, a very fat boy who handles himself with dexterity,
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A story you’ve never read before—the real reason for the devotion between Jean Harlow and her mother—in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Show promise. Grace Bradley and Betty Grable sing and dance well and heard your largest favorites—Eric Blore, Johnny Arledge and Donald Meek—are as amusing as usual. The music is tuneful and catchy, there are lots of laughs and it is censorship proof.

Preview Postscripts

There’s a scene in this picture in which the girls are called upon to serenade the boys. Now, just what the well-dressed girl should wear to serenade her man was a little item that called for much talking and debate. When you know that the cast consisted of twenty-year-olds (excepting Buddy), you’ll realize that the players had their fun and the director his troubles. But the show reveals that much ice cream, candy and cake were to be eaten and did the boys and girls have a gay, old-time—for the first few days anyway. Now, however, none of them—except litlll 270-pound Sonny Lonam can look a sweet in the face. Despite his “excess”, Sonny is some mean hofer. Somewhere along the way, it was discovered that Buddy Rogers could take shorthand, and was he kept busy while the script girl was at lunch! Buddy learned that sometimes it’s a bad thing to be too clever and willing... Barbara Kent used to be a great favorite with the fans. Then she up and got married and retired. Now she’s back again... petite and pretty than ever. Her marriage, by the way, is one of Hollywood’s most successful... .

A story of unrequited love is stepping right along toward stardom and little Joy Hodges, too, looks as if she’s a comer. Yep, this picture serves to exploit a lot of youthful talent you’d never heard much more about before very long.

★★★ Smart Girl (Paramount)

Bright and amusing and nothing to give you brain fog is this well-dressed comedy of errors. The comedy is carried effectively by Joseph Cawthorn, and the directing is done by Pinky Tomlin, who proves that he can act as well as write and plug songs, for nary a note does he warble in this.

Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick are left to shift for themselves when their father, caught in the depression, shoots himself. Gail takes the first offering from the late Taylor, with whom Ida also is in love. Ida discovers that her ability as an artist is worth money and gets a job designing for a rival manufactured by Miss Joseph Brown. When Sidney Blackmer, an unscrupulous oil man, hires Kent to work for him and Ida learns that the company is about to be investigated by the Government, she evolves a plan to save her brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

Gail Patrick has just about everything—beauty and brains. Yes, the cast of this picture was supposed to be copied after the charm of Miss from Alabama has studied law and still is ambitious to become a senator from her home state. That, despite a growing movie career, if Paramount doesn’t do in her, Miss P. they’ll discover she’ll eventually become a money-maker for em... Ida Lupino, as you may have guessed, is about as pretty as a doll. She’s everywhere at once, has more energy than a small dynamo and is strong on fast conversation. No, there’s neither a dull moment when Ida Lupino is on a film. The story is this: it’s 1940, Miss Ibbetson (Mae Clarke) is the news editor of “The Daily.” Joe Cawthorn, a man in her employ, is in love with her. She’s studying law and possibilities of marriage to Joe. Then comes a offer of a job in Chicago, to work for the Daily. The only drawback is that Joe goes along with her. Miss Ibbetson accepts the offer, but Joe decides that he’s going to live in Chicago with her. She leaves him and goes back to Joe Cawthorn, who has been arrested and is in jail. Miss Ibbetson is now the news editor of “The Daily” and Joe is her chief. Miss Ibbetson is now a reporter for “The Daily.”

Preview Postscripts

Young girls, you’ve got to be more interested in character studies than in plot action to enjoy this picture. The dosings of a wealthy, canvass Canadian family. But if you like sharply drawn characters, you’re in for an evening’s entertainment for each in his role deserves a big gold star. The picture itself is rather dull and rather, and yet, Director John Cromwell has made a rambling story as compact as possible. If the picture is in the three-star class, it is strictly because of his exploitation of the well-chosen cast. We are treated to the spectacle of the Whitecoats at home. Behold a gable, old grandmother, a weakling poet son, a boy in whose eyes a noble head of the house, a daughter suffering for twenty years from tuberculosis and who comes of certain parentage as bride to one son, and a very self-sufficient New York secretary as bride to another. The fact
Jean Parker, looking like an East Indian princess, appears with Margo at the 'Anna Karenina' preview. Isn't Margo a cute trick?

that the brides fall in love with a couple other guys (sons-of-course) makes for the only real interest in the yarn. Jessie Ralph, Ian Hunter, Kay Johnson, Nigel Bruce, David Manners and Molly Lamont all have almost equally important roles and, as we've said, they're all equally good in them.

Preview Postscripts
One of the most important members of the cast of this little opera is Oscar, the parrot. Oscar was heard as well as seen during the early days of production. In fact, he was so much in evidence, he was soon banished to his boudoir. Seems that in the big dinner table scene, Oscar, who picked up phrases quickly, shouted, "Lock 'em up," which means in studio parlance, "the scene is over; tear down the set." Before anyone could speak, walls began to come down on all sides. Well, that was when Oscar was given his walking papers... Jessie Ralph, who plays the grandmother, has made eight pictures so far, in seven of which she portrayed characters of different nationalities... Molly Lamont, the ingenue, is a little English actress RKO imported from South Africa. She was the ping pong champion there and thus for no one in Hollywood has been able to beat her at the game... C. Aubrey Smith's cocker spaniel, known as Sinner, applied for a job in the picture and b'shosh, got it. Speaking of dogs, a Great Dane adopted the cast. He would arrive each morning and stay with them all day... Kay Johnson, who has perhaps the most important role in the picture, was once again directed by her husband, John Cromwell. However, Mr. C. plays no favorites at the studio... David Manners, also in this large cast, is about to receive his citizenship papers, David back from Nova Scotia.

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International Typewriter Exchange
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MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

Lips and finger tips must match—that's the latest rule for make-up! And you had better follow it because you'll look pretty scrambled if you don't.

It sounds like more work, but it isn't. You can be all matched up today without wrinkling a brow or lifting a finger. Because Cutex has brought out a complete range of harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes.

6 smart harmonizing shades

Just pick the smart shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that will best accent your costume—you can choose from Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

Cutex is a polish that flows on evenly, leaving no rim or streaking of color. It won't chip or peel off. Cutex finger tips—and toe tips, too, if you want to be very smart—will stay marvelously smooth and gleaming.

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CUTEX Nail Polish and Lipstick
NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckie
Modern Screen

November 35

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For perfect make-up match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible Rouge blends perfectly with your skin and actually stays on all day. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new different cream base lipstick, melts deep into your lips leaving no paste or film... just warm red, indelible color. Irresistible Face Powder is so satiny-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes and stays on for hours.

Be completely fascinating, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears

modern screen

NOW SHOWING

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M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!

SING THESE SONG HITS!
"One Sunday Afternoon"  "You Are My Lucky Star"  "Broadway Rhythm"  "Sing Before Breakfast"  "I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

JACK BENNY  ELEANOR POWELL  ROBERT TAYLOR
UNA MERKEL  FRANCES LANGFORD  SID SILVERS  BUDDY EBSEN  JUNE KNIGHT  VILMA EBSEN  HARRY STOCKWELL  NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
The annual DeMille epic is once more with us, and as is usual with the efforts of the great Cecil B., it is loaded with spectacle and grandeur. The sight of what looks like 10,000 Hollywood extras in full armor smocking each other down on the plains of Jerusalem is edifying enough in itself, but Mr. DeM., comes through with several other lavish touches just to remind you that movies can still be made for a million dollars. The story has to do with Richard the Lion-Hearted, who joins the Crusades to escape a marriage to the sister of his cousin Phillip, King of France, and finds himself almost immediately obliged to wed the daughter of the King of Navarre. He's quite pleasantly surprised, however, when she turns out to be Loretta Young. As portrayed by Henry Wilcoxon, Richard is a tall and hearty guy whom you'll like immensely. Loretta Young is as beautiful as ever and the rest of the cast (all 10,000 of 'em) is excellent. If you like your DeMille, here's one of his best.

Preview Postscripts
This is tops for all the DeMille spectacular spectacles. Cecil B. outdid himself on lavishness more from sentiment than extravagance this time. Seems the DeMille ancestors fought the good fight in the Crusades. It's their coat-of-arms used in the picture, too. A dozen authorities did research for over a year before the cameras ground out the first foot of the 300,000 mode. Nope, you won't have to watch that many unreel, since only 10,000 feet were released. Paramount fell decidedly Middle Aged for about six months, what with every available corner on the lot flouting medieval castles, ramparts, moats, catapults, etc. One set alone took up four acres, and it was a daily occurrence for 1500 people and 800 horses to be working at the same time. Even if you aren't statistical-minded it still took 4800 pounds of nails for "props", 46 tons of lumber and metal for one siege tower, 2500 pounds of crepe hair for mustachios, 18,000 yards of cloth, several thousand wigs, fifty gallons of imitation blood and a few tons of chain mail. Climatically though, the film didn't cost a penny, since there's an absolute parallel between the ozone and vegetation in Palestine and California. But it looked for a while like the whole project would flop since not a falcon could be located in this country or England. In desperation, a director turned to the L. A. directory and discovered Orin (Continued on page 8)
A GOLDEN SYMPHONY
OF THRILLING SONG,
VIBRANT ROMANCE
AND SOUL-STIRRING
EMOTION!

Even the world’s applause ringing in her ears
could not silence her yearning heart-song for one
glorious moment with the man she loved and one
enchancing hour with the son she could never claim.

Harry M. Goetz
presents an EDWARD SMALL production

"The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
GEORGE HOUSTON
HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCALK

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
"My Headache—Tired Feeling—BANISHED!"

Zannon, who not only had a falcon but eight of them . . . Henry Wilcoxon was the true martyr of the "Crusades." He had to live for four months with the birds and his horse. This meant giving up his pet passion, yachting, since the falcons objected to the water and the crew objected to the horse. Mr. Wilcoxon had to give up hair-cuts for almost a year, too. Just here a year from England, he is amused at the sacrifices American actors have to make for their Art . . . Katherine DeMille received her role in the picture as a Christmas present from Papa. Determined to make her own way in the movie world, Katherine has turned down good offers for roles because she felt that her father's "drag" was responsible . . . Loretta Young has been in the flickers for years and years—but she started at fourteen. Considered by many as one of the ten prettiest girls in Hollywood, Loretta is kept busy dashing from one studio to another and trying to keep her weight up. Just made her first trip to Europe. Fred Perry is reported to be one of the reasons . . . If you keep your eyes open, you can spot many an old-timer in this—William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Hobart Bosworth, Lillian Rich and Florence Lawrence.... There was no dearth of excitement while shooting this, either, since the scenes were generally thick with flying arrows, fire-balls, falling walls and much smoke and fire. Firemen were on duty all during the mob scenes and it was a regular occurrence for several warriors to plunge into the five feet of water in the moat in order to extinguish their flaming costumes. Director DeMille has a patented "mob system." He uses eleven assistant directors on a scene calling for a thousand extras. Each assistant is in charge of a group of one hundred, and this group in turn is broken up into sections of ten with a competent extra in charge. He's used the same warriors in so many pictures, that they've formed a club known as "Cecil's Warriors."  

"Isn't Your Health Worth THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

* Longer if you care to

better because you chew it

George Barbiere, Burns and Allen in "Here Comes Cookie."

Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps."
THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT’S first motion picture production

“A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM”

from the classic comedy by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

JAMES CAGNEY JOE E. BROWN DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT FRANK MCHUGH ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE IAN HUNTER VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY HOBART CAVANAUGH GRANT MITCHELL

Augmented by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premiers of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.
Coffee-making is an art—take a tip from Charlie Ruggles

(Right) Mr. Ruggles isn’t out to claim any honors in the culinary field, but he does boast making a good cup of coffee via the drip method.

(Below) Doesn’t the Dutch Apple Cake that Charlie’s cook baked look too tempting? The recipe for this and many more delicious coffee companions are free for the asking.

By Marjorie Deen

IF THERE is anything Charlie Ruggles likes it’s coffee and ... you know the sort of thing I mean ... coffee and doughnuts, coffee and pie, coffee and cake and of course, coffee and coffee cake.

But of first importance is the coffee itself, which, in Mr. Ruggles’ estimation, must be full flavored and crystal clear.

From the early morning “cupacoffee” on through the day with Charlie it’s coffee here, coffee there, coffee, coffee everywhere. Coffee for breakfast at his farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley (served in colorful Mexican pottery cups to go with the decorations which are Mexican throughout), coffee at the Brown Derby for lunch, coffee in the studio commissary between scenes, yes, even coffee in the dog shop that is Charlie’s pet pastime (no pun intended!).

Charlie raises dogs, you know, in extensive kennels on his farm. The card of the dog store where they are sold reads: “The Terrier Shop, Accessories and ‘Puppies, operated by Charlie Ruggles’ See-Are Kennels.” And it was in this shop that I finally caught up with the elusive Mr. Ruggles after tracking him for days!

When I arrived I found Charlie brewing for himself, under the interested gaze of a prize cocker spaniel, a generous pot of coffee for mid-afternoon consumption. That’s what started the conversation along coffee lines, in the first place, and that’s how I discovered that the Ruggles’ food favorites are of the type that are at their best as coffee-companions.

WE STARTED OFF by discussing doughnuts as we “dunked” them cheerily and without shame into the delicious coffee Charlie had made. Quite a coffee-maker is Charlie (I understand this is his only culinary accomplishment). He insists that the first requirement for a good cup of coffee is good coffee, ground especially for the type of coffee-making utensil you intend to use. Personally he prefers coffee made by the drip method, with which I am in hearty accord.

For drip coffee as for any other, the coffee must be measured accurately. The amount varies according to personal preferences, of course. Some prefer very strong coffee, others a trifle weaker. But really weak coffee should never be permitted to make an appearance anywhere. After the required amount of (Continued on page 58)
How he became the best-dressed baby in town

(As told by Danny's Mother)

Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. "How come, Hazel?" I asked Judy's mother. "I work harder than you, but your clothes are whiter."

"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out all the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous golden soap is so cheerful of naphtha that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.

And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in my wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell in "Dream . . . ."

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

notch, with particular emphasis on the Broderick gal.

Preview Postscripts

RKO went Venetian with a bang for this one. Three sets were used to construct a canal that would have put the European studios to shame. A faithful reproduction of the Lido was constructed on another, even to the same pattern in the grilled iron balconies. A half dozen de luxe gondolas were patterned after an imported original, while the half dozen gondoliers were all imported originals. Mr. Fred Astaire tapped up the ladder of success in a comparatively short time, but even the top rung doesn't satisfy him. He's the World's Worst Worrier. Practice has already made him perfect in the opinion of everyone but Mr. A. He's at it from morn 'til night and often then. Fred originates all his own dances and those of his partners, while the chorus work is the idea of Mr. Hermes Pan, RKO's dance director. . . . Mr. Pan has used the same thirty girls and boys for the choruses of the Caribou, Continental and Piccolo, . . . Ginger Rogers' story is what makes gals forsake home for Hollywood. She was born and raised in a little Arkansas town, but neither Ginger nor her mother, Lela Rogers, intended that she'd stay there long. So dancing, speech and singing lessons shared honors with spinach on Ginger's daily diet. From Broadway Lela brought her daughter to Hollywood and is now the proud mama of a star. In what private life Ginger's allowed, she's Mrs. Lew Ayres. . . . The fact that Helen Broderick's just making her film debut isn't the fault of RKO. They signed the actress two years ago to a contract. She was to make her first picture on completion of the Broadway run of "As Thousands Cheer." It was complete 74 weeks later. Miss Broderick's been married 25 years to Lester Crawford, with whom she appeared in vaudeville.

Eric Blore literally shot to cinematic fame after "The Gay Divorcée." Any set on which he's working has to be closed to visitors since re-shooting scenes mounts up in the money. And every Blore comedy scene brought on so many laughs from the spectators that the studio faced bankruptcy. Even now the crew wreaks an occasional scene with badly suppressed giggles.

★★★ Alice Adams (RKO)

Katharine Hepburn can now go back to her slacks and her hideaway for a spell, for with her swell job in "Alice Adams" (Continued on page 60)
Ear to the ground, and foot
Hollywood front from romances

You may worship the ground your favorite movie stars walk on, but we know a girl who doesn't even have kind words for the air some of them breathe. She's a stewardess on one of the transcontinental planes, and she has decided opinions in re a few of the lovely ladies who fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Up in the clouds there are no autograph hunters outside of a stray angel or two—8,000 feet above sea level and the Warner Brothers—a star's real character asserts itself. Among the screen sirens this little lady nominates for oblivion are Miriam Hopkins, Katherine Hepburn and Nancy Carroll. On the credit side of her books she lists Jean Harlow and Kay Francis; among the favorite male flying stars are Wally Bersey and Dick Barthelmess.

Mary Brian continues to be the unmarriedest gal in these parts, despite the fact that she's been linked with enough prospective bridegrooms to keep the average girl in husbands the rest of her days. Our specs tell us that Dick Powell, when he first arrived in Hollywood, proposed to Mary several times and got the downward thumb on each occasion. Dick and Mary are still pals, but it seems Dick has given up the home-and-kiddies idea, at least for the present, which means he's not confining his crooning to La Brian.

Fame is a fleeting thing, if you can believe Arline Judge. Arline took a peek at the International Exposition at San Diego recently, and while strolling about the grounds, she was approached by a stranger who offered her a job in the nudist show. "It's seventeen bucks a week," the guy told her, "but here's the big inducement. The Hollywood producers are always looking over the show, and a girl as cute as you oughta stand a chance of getting in pictures." "It's a nice offer," replied Arline, "but I'm afraid my husband wouldn't let me. He hates the movies!" And that's the true story of how Arline lost her big chance to become a movie actress.

James Melton, whose radio baritone has won him a lot of fans, recently arrived in Hollywood to star in the musical, "Stars Over Broadway" Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who have turned out more hit songs than you can choke a crooner with, wrote the ballads for the picture, and they came to a slight impasse with Mr. M. regarding one of them. Jimmy liked the music, but he didn't care for the words. He particularly didn't like the words "scrambled eggs," in the song. He didn't mind scrambled eggs in their place, but he refused to sing about them. As we march to press the battle still rages, with Warren and Dubin standing up for the ancient (though sometimes

Three pretties and a gent you may not spot as old smoothie, Clark Gable, Robert Russell, Frances Langford and Jean Harlow; Hollywood Hotel show. Here's a jolly family scene, the O'Briens with their Irish colleen, Mavourneen. And if she isn't about the cutest, we can't judge 'em.
ungrammatical) art of song writing and Jimmy defending the dignity of the crooning profession.

The title of this little episode is *A Ribber Ribbed or A Blonde’s Revenge*, and it’s the reason why director W. S. Van Dyke is out gunning for a girl named Harlow. Recently Van tossed a formal dinner party for Regina Cannon, and the Harlow name was not on the guest list. Dinner was progressing in a quiet, dignified manner at the Van Dyke menage when a limousine drew up to the front door and in marched Jean and a gal friend, both attired in slacks and blouses and both bearing blankets and a picnic lunch. La Belle Harlow and friend swept into the dining room, eyed the guests, spread their blankets on the rug, opened their lunch boxes and nonchalantly tossed banana peels and egg shells on the floor. From a critical standpoint, it was one of Jean’s best performances. Incidentally, it also broke up the dinner party.

Credit Raquel Torres with creating an innovation in Hollywood parties. She and hubby Stephen Ames entertained 200 tourists at their home recently, and while guests cocktailed and roamed about the house and grounds everyone wondered how the hostess would solve the problem of introducing celebrities. The answer came with the arrival of the first star, when a loud-speaking system boomed out: “Ladies and gentlemen, for your approval—Binnie Barnes.” And after each announcement the panic was on, what with most of the guests making a dash for autographs.

While we’re mentioning the Raquel Torres-Stephen Ames party, it might be well to add that the real fun began when some of the visitors decided their host was Eddie Cantor. While the rush was on poor Stephen was accidentally shoved into the swimming pool, clothes and all. At this crucial point Vince Barnett heroically tossed off his coat and dived in to the rescue, much to the glee of the guests. So now Stephen is wondering whether the thing really was an accident. Maybe Rubinoff was in the crowd.

It’s girls like Wendy Barrie who send travel bureau men off to rest cures. Before the completion of “A Feather In Her Hat” she announced to the waiting world that she would pack herself off to London to be maid of honor at her sister’s wedding. By the time the picture was completed she had completely forgotten London and announced her destination as Honolulu. Maybe that explains why two days later she packed her belongings and left for Mexico. Anyway, it’s nice that she could get away for awhile, don’t you think?

*(Continued on page 54)*
Will Rogers and his friend, Wiley Post, met their death when Post's plane crashed in a fog near Point Barrow, Alaska, on Thursday night, August 15, 1935. The entire world mourns the death of these famous Americans and the millions who adored Will Rogers' pictures, his radio talks and the wisdom and friendliness of his writings will find his loss irreplaceable.

By Hilary Lynn

The Last Interview

you don't think I should say that about your favorite humorist. But you haven't even given a chance to finish. Then Hal Mohr added, "And he's the most generous, the most sincere, the most lovable man it's been my good fortune to meet up with in my many years as a merman in this industry."

Hal Mohr settled comfortably back in his chair. The expression on his face was that of a man who is about to talk upon a favorite subject.

"The night before Will starts working on a new picture," Mohr told me, "he sometimes gets round to taking the script home. Just to get the general gist of the story. Next day he arrives at the studio, smiling that wise-sheepish smile of his—totally and blissfully unprepared for his lines. The old-timers have learned to expect this—but the newcomers! Nobody ever tells them that one of the idiosyncrasies of America's favorite homespun philosopher is never to learn his lines for a part, as the author intended them to be spoken.

"So imagine the actor who's never played with Will Rogers before! Innocent as a lamb, he arrives on the set, bubbling with gratitude at the opportunity to play in a picture which everyone
knows beforehand will be a knock-out box office success because Will Rogers is in it.

"He waits for a certain cue in a speech. The cue doesn't come. For Will ad lib his lines. Furthermore, he improvises them differently every time he plays the scene. It isn't because he's too lazy to learn them; it's because each time he rehearses a scene he thinks of a better way of delivering a speech. Something spontaneous that fits the situation far better than the lines the author has written. A spicy, humorous touch, like those that give his morning column such punch.

"Vaingly, the script girl—if she's new—corrects him. Then she, too, learns her lesson, accepts these Rogersisms as the rest of us have learned to do, and trusts to Providence. None of which ever feazes Will. He goes right on, improvising better and better lines and wisecracking with the crew who worship him."

"But don't run away with the idea that actors object to working with Will. On the contrary. They love it! Playing with Will Rogers is ready-made Heaven for all aspiring young stars, once they get used to Will's way of doing things.

FOR Will Rogers is probably unique in the industry as the one important star who'd rather face an assemblage of cannibal chiefs than face the camera in a close-up. He'll invent all sorts of machinations to avoid having his full face in front of a lens. He'll go out of his way to push the other actors up to face the camera, while he plays with his back to the lens. You can imagine what a break that is for the young up-and-comers, who have come away from making other pictures with other stars firmly convinced that every screen celebrity is necessarily greedy for close-ups.

"When the picture finally reaches the cutting room, it's a foregone conclusion there aren't going to be any full face close-ups of Mr. Rogers. Which may give you some idea of the man's modesty."

"Modesty—and generosity! His two chief characteristics. You will forgive me if I grow eulogistic. After all, I'm speaking of the man who helped me win Evelyn.

"I'll tell you a little story—a Will Rogers story.

"The company for 'The County Chairman' had gone to the Mojave Desert for location shots. Naturally, when Will Rogers arrives anywhere, he's mobbed by the usual welcome committees, the town band, and the autograph books. Diffident as he is, Will has learned to take this kind of thing in his (Continued on page 95)"

**BEHIND** many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands... "Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's... gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health... constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes... at any drug store.

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When Nature forgets—remember

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

15
Heads, lovely heads, and all offering new faces for each of you! Reading from the top down: Dixie Crosby's young-girl arrangement of soft curls and a ribbon, Binnie Barnes in a severe, classic hairdress and below in two soft, feminine arrangements that are equally becoming. And then three stages of Ginger Rogers’ hair combs from the early “Change of Heart” days to the present “Top Hat” sophistication and chic.

Tired of looking at the same face? Then change your coiffure as Hollywood does!

By Mary Biddle

WHEN YOU'VE gone shopping for a new hat, haven't you often wanted to buy a new face to go along with it? Of course you have. So have we all. We have peered hopefully into the mirror, trying on this model and that, hoping to find the hat that would “do something” for us, that would bring a new and interesting stranger to the mirror instead of the same old face. We all get tired of our faces, even the glamorous ladies of Hollywood. There's many a girl who would give most anything she possessed if she could look like Norma Shearer, and yet I know for a fact that Norma gets afflicted with the “I want to be different” spasms, even as you and I. What does she do about it? Well, she generally rushes to Antoine's to have an entirely new hair-do to pep her up.

The hairdressing shop is a better bet than the hat shop for finding a new face, even though the hats this year would certainly tempt us to buy a whole assortment of new faces, if we only could. Hats have “gone Hollywood.” They're dramatic. They're playing the grand lady. Don't you love them? But let's don't wear the same old faces under them. The best way to find a new “You” in the mirror, and to find a new “You” to arouse interest in someone else's eyes, is to change your coiffure.

EVERY WOMAN dreams of finding the perfect hairdresser. I suppose, who will do her over in the twinkling of the scissors. But good hairdressers are rare, that is, good to the point of being artists.
able to create the particular type of
to the particular type of
hairdress that flatters you, and satis-
files your urge for being made over. 
Most hairdressers will ask you, “How
do you want your hair cut?” So you,
in the final analysis, have to be the
guiding genius of your own coiffure
destinies.

Binnie Barnes was partly my in-
spiration for writing this article . . . 
and you were the rest of it. She gave 
me such a grand story about her own 
changeable coiffures that I had to 
give it to you, along with my own 
 amplify, of course, because 
your letters indicated that you were 
fairly shouting for advice on “How 
shall I do my hair?”

Naturally, it would be impossible 
for me to prescribe the perfect 
coiffure for each one of you. But there 
are certain principles of hair ar-
rangement that Binnie and I can 
give you, however, that should help 
you to decide what particular type 
of coiffure suits you best. First off, 
remember this very important 
“Don’t.” Unless you have the per-
fectly chiseled features of a Dolores 
Del Rio, don’t go in for extreme hair-
dresses, or sharply defined outlines 
of hair. Irregular features, and most 
of us have them (including the 
stars), demand a more lenient ar-
rangement of waves and soft out-
lines.

If your face is long and thin, your 
coiffure should be parted on the side, a 
not-too-high part, and brought down 
in a swirled wave or soft bang (or 
bangs) across the forehead. It 
should have a soft fluffed out effect 
over the ears in order to give round-
ness to the outline of the face. Now 
on the other hand, if your face is 
round and full, you should have a 
coiffure with a high side part, an 
off-the-face effect, and a flat ar-
rangement over the ears.

LARGE loose waves are the vogue 
nowadays. Small wavy waves 
are too unnatural looking, and be-
sides that, they add years to the face 
instead of subtracting years from it. 
Let’s hear what Binnie has to say 
about her own illustrated coiffures, as 
applied to hairdresses in general. 
Take picture number three, the one 
with the medium length bob, and the 
large loose wave. Says Binnie, “I 
think it is natural and new in this hairdress, but when in doubt, 
there is nothing like it. It is becom-
ing to young and old, fat and thin, 
and to regular and irregular fea-
tures. If it were not for the fact 
that we girls are looking for 
variety, this style would be uni-
versally adopted, I’m sure.”

Because “we forever are looking 
for variety,” I’m going to interpose 
a suggestion (Continued on page 94)
The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

**NINO MARTINI**, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

**MARIA GAMBArelli**, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.

**SCHUMANN-HEINK**, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.

**GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

**MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK**, world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green
Even though Claudette Colbert rushes busily from Paramount to Columbia making pictures, her doting audiences bemoan the necessary lapses between her screen appearances. She's just that popular. Lately Claudette's make-up kit was parked at Columbia where she was filming "She Married Her Boss." And according to enthusiastic reports, you can prepare now to enjoy it as much as you did "It Happened One Night." Melvyn Douglas and that dashing Mike Bartlett are her romantic partners in this gay opus. Out of role, Claudette still keeps the gossips wondering about her romantic interests in life.

She marries her boss
Roger Pryor is the lad around Hollywood who can repeat the title below with fervor! He's been Ann Sothern's boy friend for sometime despite the various rumors out of Hollywood that would make you think their mutual heart throbs aren't real. Roger and Ann are teamed for "The Girl Friend" on the screen, too. Ann is the charmer who put North Dakota on the Hollywood map and she has done the old state proud. She's got talent galore and beauty plus—but just look at this stunning portrait for full appreciation of the latter.

What a girl friend!
Just let Hollywood give Mr. Muni a role he can sink his teeth into and you will be assured grand cinema fare in your home town. Paul is the chap who quietly goes about this business of acting and with deftness puts across one fine performance after another. It's no wonder that the Brothers Warner keep him safely under contract year after year. "Dr. Socrates" is the uninformative title of his next picture in which he has Ann Dvorak as his leading woman. Paul isn't disturbed by the rumor hounds because he remains devoted to Bella Muni.

Dr. Socrates
Dickens and Elizabeth Allan seem to strike the fancy of the M-G-M bigwigs as an unbeatable screen team! And certainly, the deceased Mr. Dickens would be the last one to protest such an alliance, for Elizabeth seems to have the happy knack of making his most delightful heroines live, again. So great was her acclaim as David Copperfield's mother that Elizabeth is now playing Lucie Manette, the immortal heroine of "A Tale of Two Cities." As for Monsieur Charles Boyer, that gallant Frenchman has become a domestic menace on these shores. There's something about those quiet, suave performances of "Private Worlds" and "Shanghai" that have set the average American wife's heart going pit-a-pat at the mere mention of his name. Right now Charles is making pictures in France and his wife, Pat Paterson, is following suit by appearing as Mme. Boyer in a French picture.
It's gotten so that the John Monk Saunders are about Hollywood's most active commuters. First John dashes over to England to run up a little story for Gaumont-British and then the little wife, Fay Wray, packs her bag and hikes along after him to do a picture for the same busy British film company. It's almost reached a point where the New York ship reporters never know whether they are having a farewell or welcome home interview with Fay. Incidentally she's home for a spell and you'll be seeing her in "Alias Bulldog Drummond," in which Jack Hulbert rescues our lovely heroine from a gang of jewel thieves.
Michael Bartlett's screen career has been brief to date but more than auspicious in that he has had the luck to play romantic leads with two of Hollywood's biggest box office darlings—Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever" and Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Michael, believe it or not, escaped a New England textile career by his music-loving mother upsetting his textile-minded father's after-college plans for him. She had watched his success in Princeton Triangle shows and realized that he had a voice and talent. One break followed another with result that the handsome Bartlett profile is star stuff.
her mother's failure brought Harlow fame

By Ruth Biery

THERE ARE really two Jean Harlows—the one you know on the screen and the one you might have known had Fate not intervened. And yet, there is little doubt that this second Jean would not be a star today if the first Jean had not come to Hollywood first.

But to understand about these two women—the mother and the daughter—it is necessary to begin our story back many years, in the heart of the Middle West, Kansas City.

Picture a large and well-furnished suburban home edging a bustling, rapidly growing city. The war was over and Kansas City was settling down to the boom of the mad twenties. An average American family lived in that typical house of the immediate post-war period. Dr. Montclair Carpenter was a dentist with one of the most lucrative practices in the city in that day when people could afford to humor their teeth and pay cash for the humoring. He was one of the backbone-of-the-city type, an elder in the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, a youthful pillar in business and social circles. His neighbors could not, and cannot, speak too highly of him.

His home differed only in one respect from those of other successful men in the community. His wife was more beautiful, his daughter more adorable than the other wives and daughters. Harlean Carpenter was undoubtedly the most beautiful young matron in Kansas City. And Harlean Carpenter, the second, looked much like her. Although those who knew them well then claim the child did not have the beauty of the mother.

The family seemed happy. The mother each Sunday attended the church where her husband was so prominent. Little Harlean went to Sunday school. There were many merry parties where the wife of the successful young doctor was the envy of the other women. Her beauty was so striking, her naturalness so fascinating.

IT IS NOT fair to guess, ever, at what causes disension in the “happiest” family. Even though we live next door, we cannot know—really know. Somehow, husbands and wives never tell, even in court, the true aches of heart and of soul.

We can wonder, of course. Part of the fun of living is wondering about our neighbors. We can ask ourselves if the lovely, young Mrs. Carpenter caught that post-war fever of so many women—the desire to accomplish something. Did she catch the feminine disease of ambition which was just then beginning? When we are ambitious, really ambitious, there is nothing we can do but give in.

The outlet for true beauty was then in Hollywood, as it is today. So one morning, Mrs. Carpenter burned the bridges of suburban life in Kansas City behind her, tucked little Harlean Carpenter, the second—then about seven—onto a train and headed westward. She divorced her husband.

We probably shall never know exactly what happened to the two Harlows during their first experience in Hollywood. Hollywood is always a trying place for great beauty coupled with great ambition. This is an old saying, but it’s true: You may have talent, ambition and beauty, but you cannot have success without the “lucky break.” If Director Von Sternberg had not seen Marlene Dietrich lunching in a restaurant in Germany; if Mauritz Stiller had not refused to step foot on American soil unless a little friend, named Greta Garbo, were not given an acting opportunity! Somehow, the moment did not come to Mrs. Carpenter.

She returned to the home of her father, a town near Kansas City. Little Harlean was growing up. As she rounded into adolescence, she showed signs of developing the beauty of her mother. The mother began to think more and more of the future of this tiny miniature of herself. What would she be?

How many, many times have we seen this in Hollywood! There is no ambition more subtle and yet all-consuming than the ambition of a mother transferred, often without the mother’s knowledge, from self to child. Ann Dvorak’s mother had it. She renounced a brilliant career for marriage. When marriage failed, she became intent upon Ann’s career. Ann was to have what her mother had missed! She was to become a great star, she was not to renounce anything for marriage. And it isn’t only in Hollywood! How many times have you heard mothers say, “If only I had had a college education! Well, believe me, my daughter is going to have what I missed!”

Mother and daughter drew closer and closer together. They became two lovely, brilliant dashes of femininity traveling life’s challenging road as a unit. Hollywood often has wondered about the (Continued on page 64)
Did you know that Jean’s mother once sought stardom?

Above, the resemblance of Jean and her mother, Mrs. Bello, is amazing. Long ago in Kansas City, friends thought that Jean would never be as lovely as her maw! Here they are in a recent “snap.”

Right, Hollywood has wandered about the great bond between Jean and her mother. Jean feels she owes everything to her mother’s driving ambition for her. “Riff Raff” is Jean’s next picture.
THE CONVERSATION reported below took place the other day between Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper as they sat with me in an office on the M-G-M lot. Unknown to the two boys, everything they said was taken down in shorthand just as they said it. Freddie flipped a coin with great dexterity as he talked. A bag of jelly-beans passed back and forth between them. And as they chewed they talked. They were both very serious, very dignified, very mature. And neither of them were conscious of the way in which they were revealing themselves. In this talk you will be able to perceive the rudiments of their youth philosophies. The young buds of their skepticism, the innocent birth of their knowledge that Fame is fleeting and easily forgotten.

A striking study in contrasts, these two lads. Sturdy, American, twelve-year-old Jackie with his bright gold hair, his broad, sun-tanned face, the easy assurance of his "tremendous experience" and the more delicate, poetic, nine-year-old English Freddie, with his brown, Byronic curls and lilting English voice. On the surface, two child stars. Under the skin, two little fellers who forgot, now and then, the rigors and responsibilities of stardom and lapsed into boy talk of motor-bikes and pillow fights and aeroplanes and cabbages and kings.

Here is what they said:

Freddie: How did you get started in picture work, Jackie? I don't know that I ever heard, you know.

Jackie: Oh, I've been in pictures about seven or eight years—well, a long time ago I did extra work with Lloyd Hamilton. I think I was about four or five, but I wasn't noticed on the screen at all. But then later, at Fox, Mother was working in the music department there; they were picking out someone to sing a song in the Fox Movietone Follies and my mother thought she might as well take a chance and bring me along. She didn't say, though, that I was her boy. I sang my song and they thought I would be good for Our Gang Comedies and they told Hal Roach about me and he signed me up. I think that's how it was. My mother knows the story backwards...

Freddie: But what was "Our Gang"? I don't know that I ever heard of it, home in England.

Jackie: Oh, just shorts! Well, it was fun, though. A lot of kids. There was a colored boy in 'em and a big fat boy, and we used to get into mischief all of the time. That's about all there was to it. You ever do any work over there in England?

Freddie (modestly): Well, just a little. I began when I was about five, too. I was on the stage a little. Just charity work, you know. They don't allow little boys on the real stage in England.

Jackie (knowingly): Oh, sure. I know, benefits and things. Well, how did you get over here, then?

Freddie: Well, I came to New York for my vacation. Cis and I, you know. Cis is my Aunt Milicent Bartholomew. And we heard about "David Copperfield." And I asked Cis to write out to California and say that I wanted to play David. She didn't want to, but I made her write and Mr. Selznick invited us down to his house and I recited Shakespeare and things and I fitted the part and...

Jackie (enthusiastically): Swell! I don't think anybody else could have done that part, either. I mean it. You were swell. No other little English boy in the world or any other little boy in the world could have done it. I've read the book and I saw the picture and no one could have done it a-tall.

Freddie (flushing with the pleased embarrassment of one artist receiving rare praise from another): When did you read the book?

Jackie (indifferently): Oh, I dunno. Years and years ago.

Freddie: Did you read "Oliver Twist"?

Jackie: No, I didn't.

Freddie: I'm going to play Oliver in the fall, you know. Did you read "Pickwick Papers"?

Jackie: Nope, never have.

Freddie: Oh, you should! It's the funniest book I ever read. I read it when I was six. I used to read parts of it out loud to Cis to make her laugh, too. You should get that book.

Jackie: I very seldom read. I think living's more important than reading. More important for your work, you know. More fun, too. I like Dickens, though. Dickens and Mark Twain. But I very seldom read because I can't sit by myself and keep quiet. Not unless I'm told to.

Freddie (flipping a coin): I like to read. I read almost all of the time. I like aeroplanes, too. I had a lot of aeroplane models given (Continued on page 88)
Eavesdropping on Jackie Cooper (top, left) and Freddie Bartholomew (center, left) we get a vivid picture of their reactions to autograph hounds... other boys... books... bikes... write-ups... favorite stars... tricks before the camera and fan letters, with Jackie always a little skeptical and willing to warn Freddie of life's pitfalls: (Top, right) Freddie at four, when he appeared at benefits in England and (center) Jackie at two. (Right) Just a couple of hard thinkers. They'd like to do a film together some time.
Because of her grit and determination Ginger Rogers, below, now has success and fame. Right, Mrs. Rogers, Lew Ayres and Ginger.

_Le Blanche Sweet_

No longer a movie queen, beautiful Blanche now conducts a radio program. Ginger and Helen emerge in "Top Hat."
a tribute to
Ginger

From an old-timer who admires
the courage of this young 'un

GINGER ROGERS always reminds me of a swan. Have you ever watched a swan glide across the water? Make its progress, reach its goal with beautiful grace? And apparently without effort? And then have you been surprised to notice how hard and consistently that swan has been working beneath the surface all the time in order to produce that seeming ease, that thrilling motion?

So it is with Ginger. Take her, at twenty-four, one of the very greatest of the stars. Rapidly approaching that million dollars earned through her own efforts which she has set for her mark. Beautiful, goodness knows. Well-groomed always. And the one and only dancer Fred Astaire ever has brought himself to compare with his sister, Adèle—now Lady Cavendish—with whom he danced his way to fame.

None of these things were dumped into Ginger's lap, believe me. She has come a long way and worked hard to find them. And if you've acquired another impression about her from the bare facts you've read in her biography, let's look behind the scenes of a few outstanding incidents.

Fifteen years ago Ginger Rogers was nothing, had nothing. She was a gangling, freckled nine-year-old. Named Virginia McMather. (It was a small cousin, incidentally, unable to pronounce her first name, who called her Ginger. And she came into the Rogers name when her mother married a second time.) However, even back there, when Ginger lived with her grandmother while her mother went out to earn a living for all of them, Ginger was on her way. For she was teaching herself to be a leader, being a stern taskmaster for herself in all she did. Taking one medal after another at school. In tennis. In swimming. And never for one moment failing to believe in herself or in her future.

EVEN IN those days she showed the discrimination which is so often an anvil on which success may be forged. It was her English teacher, one Ruth Browning, for whom she developed the inevitable school-girl crush. You've heard, perhaps, how charmed and attracted by this woman's speaking voice and her choice of words, Ginger invited her to come and live with them.

We all have impulses to do things like that occasionally. But we squash them usually. Whereas Ginger always has had enough spirit and courage to put her impulses into action, been eager enough for the experience they would offer not to count the cost too high in the event they didn't always work out right.

"Never," Mrs. Rogers says, "will I forget the day Ginger came home and calmly announced that she had asked Ruth Browning to live with us, to share her room. At first I protested. But then I discovered that Ginger had sold Miss Browning on the idea, too. She never was one to give up easily. And even as a little girl I never knew her to stop at any half-measures when she set out to accomplish a thing."

That relationship with Ruth Browning proved a very happy one. And it wasn't until she married that she left the Rogers home.

"I owe a great deal to my long and close association with Miss Browning," Ginger says. "She taught me many invaluable things. Fairness in dealing with people. To see the other fellow's side as well as my own. And most important of all, probably, to get out and work for the things I wanted. To reach towards them constantly by study and determination. To waste no precious minutes sitting back and dreaming."

"She always pointed out to me that to advance ourselves we must take steps. That not to take steps is to stand still or, worse, to slip backwards."

We were sitting on the set in front of her portable dressing-room. And so often it was the spirit in her voice that made her words seem bright and convincing. Nevertheless, while she talked, young and, for the moment, serious, I couldn't help thinking how useless the same advice and influence would have been if she hadn't been receptive to it, if she had been gaited for indolence and failure. You've heard, of course, (Continued on page 69)
A hectic two hours with "unapproachable" Laughton

JUST CALL me "Kitty, the girl reporter." Or, if you think that too informal "Scoop" Albert will do.
Toss the false whiskers in the corner. Put the Sherlock Holmes magnifying glass aside.
Boys and girls, I got the story. I'm a little weak and shaken. I may never be the same again. But
I got the story.
The funny part is that the original assignment seemed so easy and pleasant. "Charles Laughton
is arriving in New York Saturday," my boss said. "I'd like you to do an interview with him."

Could anything be more simple? Wait a minute! Wait until I tell you what happened.
Very sweetly I called Mr. L.'s press agent and said I'd like to interview the actor. And from
that moment on the calm stream of my life became a rushing torrent.

"Interview Laughton?" the press agent screamed. "My God, Kitty. He arrives in town at nine a.m. on the
Century. He sails for England on the 'Ile de France' at eleven and during those two hours he has to get his pass-
port, his re-entry papers, and heaven knows what. The boat will probably have to be held for him. Interview
Laughton? It simply can't be done. In the first place there isn't time—not a minute's time. And in the second
place I have a wire from him saying, 'Positively no interviews.' You can't interview Laughton. It isn't possible."

YOU'D BETTER not say "can't" to an Albert. The 'never-give-up Alberts" they call us. "Do or die" is our
motto. Would you like to see the coat of arms? At nine a.m. that momentous Saturday morning I ap-
peared bright and smiling at Grand Central Station.
The press agent saw me. His looks were so black I thought he was going to a funeral. "You can't stay here," he said to me. "Nobody can interview Laughton. I told you that yesterday. There isn't time. Now be a
good girl and go away. "Come on, Kitty, Laughton won't have an interview."

"Look," I said, "there comes the Cent-
tury."
The press agent gave me another dirty look and ran toward the train. I thought, for a minute, he was going to throw him-
self under the wheels. I ran after him. The train stopped and Laughton—all done up in a big-checked coat, grey trousers and
a hat that once had a shape but didn't now—got off.
I'd heard he was morose, melancholy; morbid. Instead
his face is like a jolly little boy's face. And his smile is something wonderful.

"I feel fine," he said. "I slept eighteen hours a day
on the train. I feel fine, but a bit like a ground squirrel.
Do you sleep well on a train?" he asked me.

I'd never seen the man before. The press agent, who
was trying to pretend he didn't know me, had not intro-
duced us. But Laughton's question forced him to mumble
something about my identity. "And now, good-bye,"
the press agent said. "We're off to the barge office to
get Mr. Laughton's passports and things. Good-bye, Kitty."

"Good-bye," I said, and got in the taxi with them.
Laughton began to worry on (Continued on page 96)

(Left to right) Dewitt Jennings, Dudley Digges, Laughton,
Herbert Mundin, Gable and Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty."
Myrna knows all the answers

by Elizabeth McDonald

"I like people who can laugh at themselves," says Myrna Loy

(Left, above) Her contract with M-G-M finally patched up, Myrna Loy returned to the Coast to resume picture work. (Center) "Escapade's" director, Robert Leonard, and Luise Rainer, the girl who got the role Myrna detested so. (Bottom) Despite people saying that Roz Russell is a second Loy, they're pals. Roz and Clark Gable in "China Seas."

MYRNA LOY wears life like a ribbon in her hair. A gallant perky ribbon, and as brightly colored as the one a little girl in Montana used to wear years ago.

And because you can't take life seriously when you wear it like that, Myrna Loy goes right along laughing at things other people take pretty desperately, little things like disappointments and responsibility and herself. And even studio difficulties.

"I like people who can laugh at themselves," she said, pouring another cup of coffee and at the same time unwittingly proving herself a member of her own fan club. "The people who don't take themselves seriously."

Rosalind Russell is one of her best friends in spite of the fact that she has been hailed as the second Myrna Loy. Great friendships have crashed on less than that.

"It's unjust to Rosalind," Myrna said when I asked her about this. "Being likened to anyone takes some of your personality away. She is so much of an individual, so much herself that it is unfair to compare her to anyone else. Rosalind is a personality in her own right."

There had been talk of rivalry between Myrna and William Powell, rumors that she is reluctant to co-star with him.

"I liked playing with Bill." The warmth in Myrna's voice scattered those rumors to the four corners of the earth. "He's one of the swellest people I know and a grand actor and he's got an absolutely marvelous sense of humor."

Hollywood has a predilection (Continued on page 73)
"I WAS sixteen," laughed Merle, "when, as the poets say, 'Love first came to me'... and it was in India... and there may be sweeter things than first romance but never again anything quite the same..."

And that started us going. And now you are going to hear about the real romances of Merle Oberon. We'd been laughing together, Merle and I, over the sundry rumored romances and rumored engagements which have adorned her name ever since, as Ann Boleyn in "Henry the Eighth," she first made the screen Oberon-conscious. She's been reported, almost daily, engaged to this one, "interested in" that one... and the latest rumor dear to Hollywood cocktail hours, is that, almost any day now, Merle and David Niven, my dears...

I said, "It might help to allay these fanciful fictions if you would tell some of your real romances..."

Merle said, amused, "Of course. They haven't been terrifically exciting or unusual, though. Just the romances every girl has, I suppose. But such as they are, they're mine and not made up for me by gifted imaginations. I had, of course, a romantic background. Several romantic backgrounds and they made of me, quite naturally, a very romantic person."

And then she told me of the Island of Tasmania where she was born and where her father, an Army officer, died three months before she was born. She told me of India, Bombay and Calcutta and the hill country around Darjeeling where she spent her young girlhood. She attended La Martinière College in Calcutta. Her uncle, also an Army officer, held the strict, Army-officer's point of view as to how a young girl should be raised. The small Merle was kept secluded from the world. She studied Latin and French and Hindustani. She sewed fine seams and learned piano and was drilled in the courtesies of an old civilization.

AND FROM her shadowy distance she looked out on India... on child marriages, small, tanned girls bearing babies almost as big as they... the gay life of the Army Post... beautiful women "out from home" defeating boredom with gay flirtations and romances and dark flowers, carefully suppressed... She read Tennyson and the sonnets of Sappho and dreamed as all girls dream. She spent hours alone visualizing herself as the Dark Lady of Somebody's sonnets. She saw herself as a figure of mystery, rather fated, cloistered in a garden where the lotus and the mogra trees exhaled their unearthly fragrance. And she dreamed of a man who would find her there, a man tall and dashing and very handsome, who
would love her in silence and from afar the long years through, scarce daring to breathe her name.

"My dreams," she said, "were very exotic, which is odd because I am not."

She is, actually, young and sun-tanned and completely unaffected. Her hazel-green eyes have only a suggestion of slant at the outer corners. Her hair is of a bright brownness. She wore lemon-yellow sport pajamas, no jewels. We sat together in her dressing-room on the Goldwyn lot and sipped iced tea. She loves to wear overalls without benefit of laundry and to go deep-sea fishing. She spends most of her spare time in slacks or a bathing suit, swimming and playing hand-ball on the beach. She never wears orchids. She never wears jewels. She loathes hats and hairdressers and dressing up. New York scared her to death. She is still terrified of Hollywood and of all the beautiful, self-assured women here. If anyone praises her acting she is delighted. If anyone tells her she is beautiful she thinks they're kidding her. She loves children and people who clown. And she is amused at her own exotic roles on the screen. She loved her part in "The Dark Angel" and is relieved that Mr. Goldwyn is going to let her be just an English girl, herself.

And yet, young and natural (Continued on page 98)
KATHERINE ALBERT and Adele Whitely Fletcher, those two demon Hollywood interviewers, quarreled so over an Astaire interview that we ended the argument and salvaged a life-long friendship by giving the assignment to both of them! The interview, herein related in play form, is what actually took place, scene by scene, and we think you'll enjoy it—we know we did!

CAST

FRED ASTAIRE..............................Himself
MARY BURGUM..........................Editor of Modern Screen
ADELIA BIRD.............................Associate Editor of Modern Screen
PRESS AGENT............................An Earnest Young Man
KATHERINE ALBERT and
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER...........The Interviewers

Time: Last Spring.

Locale: A tea-room in Rockefeller Center, New York City, filled with the hubbub of the luncheon hour. A good part of said hubbub comes from a round table at which sit Mary Burgum, Adelia Bird, Katherine Albert and Adele Whitely Fletcher. All four have just come from a preview of "Roberta." Judging by the slightly hysterical conversation of K.A. and A.W.F. there was only one person in the production—Fred Astaire.

Katherine Albert (in the plaintive little voice she uses when she is endeavoring to appear a conscientious contributor and generally helpful): But Mary, I think the readers of Modern Screen would love the life story of Fred Astaire. In six parts, say. I really do!

(From Mary Burgum emanates the Great Silence common to editors who aren't rising to bait.)

Adele Whitely Fletcher: Mar-ee, I'll do a Fred Astaire life story in six parts for nothing. For nothing, Mar-ee! For nothing!
K. A.: Listen, Mary. I'll pay you, if you'll let me see Fred Astaire!

Mary (helplessly and hopefully): Well, Astaire just happens to be in California. So I don't see how either of you are going to see him. To get a life story or any other story.

Adelia Bird: I've no doubt the dears would hop a plane tonight. Even pay their own passage. I've heard about such women but I never saw two before—thank goodness!

Mary (subtly changing the subject): I thought Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers were awfully good in the picture, didn't you?

K. A. (vaguely): Irene Dunne? Was she in it?

A. W. F. (equally vague): Ginger Rogers? Was she in it?

Mary (bustling like a good mother hen): Come, come girls. Eat your salad. Remember what our Sylvia says about vitamins. After all, Fred Astaire is three thousand miles away.

K. A. (sighing hopelessly): Three thousand miles...

Mary (continuing as if there had been no interruption): If he were here now I'd let you both see him. Under the circumstances I'm sure it would take both your brains to get one story!

A. W. F. (who, at moments like these, imagines herself a philosopher): Maybe it would be better not to see him, Katie. You know, save your illusions.

K. A.: You save your illusions, Pet!

A. W. F. (taking a chance on her illusions): Mary, is that a promise? May we both see him? When he comes to New York, I mean?

Mary (wearily, paying the check. Demanding certain sums from all. K. A. and A. W. F. hand her theirs dreamily. After all, money means so little to them): That's not what I said, Fletcher. But okay.

Adelia (to Mary. She has been trying to pretend that K. A. and A. W. F. (Continued on page 75)
THEY'RE TALKING about Joan Crawford again. And that's one of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports. What are they saying now? No, not that she is flitting from man to man, not that she is being wild and gay, not that she is dissipating her talents and energies upon private emotions.

They said all that years ago. They have something new to talk about and find fault with now.

Now they're saying, "Why does Joan shut herself away from the world?"

They're saying, "What's the matter with her—building that big house and furnishing it so beautifully and then never giving any big parties in it?"

They're saying, "Why doesn't she go out more? She must be very unhappy since she stays away from large crowds of people as she does."

Only faint echoes of this gossip come to Joan's ears. But we discussed it one day as we lay sunning ourselves on the edge of her crystal clear swimming pool.

Joan smiled, "Isn't it funny?" she mused. "For so long I worried about what people said. I tried to mould my life as 'they' seemed to want it moulded. And now I've stopped and it's all so simple.

"I live as I want to live. I've not deliberately done anything, not consciously changed my mode of living. I simply discovered the things that gave me the most personal peace and happiness—and then I did these things."

"When I was married to Douglas our house was always filled with people. Douglas liked a lot of people around him. He had many amusing and charming friends. Some of these people who filled my house I liked—others I did not like at all.

"After our divorce I was, I guess, a little neurotic. Or perhaps I was behaving perfectly naturally. At any rate, I wanted to see only my few dearest friends—only those who had remained loyal and steadfast and true throughout all the trying phases of my life. I wanted only those who understood. And in having only them around me I discovered that I had never actually enjoyed the big parties. That is fairly simple, isn't it?

"When I remodeled this house I did it because I loved it, because I wanted a place which reflected my taste and which was comfortable and efficient in every way.

"You see, I didn't do it for show. I didn't do it so that a lot of people who care nothing for me and about whom I care nothing could come and admire or criticize.

"I think my drawing room is beautiful. It is all white and blue and cool and I admire it as I would admire a beautiful painting that I had selected. There are many others who enjoy it with me—but they are close and dear friends, who understand what it is I really want.

"Parties are like eating too much candy. If you have them all the time they lose their charm and zest. One is soon satiated with them. And that is wrong, especially when an occasional party in honor of some event can be such fun.

"Recently I gave a birthday party for Franchot. It was something to look forward to. Something that was great fun to plan. And we had a marvelous time. Some people made a big to-do about it and said I was 'coming out of my shell.' That I was 'throwing my house open again.' What nonsense! Heaven knows when I'll give another big party. That one was grand, but if I had had a party every other night that week it would have been no fun at all. It wouldn't have been anything special. And I wanted that to be something special."

(Continued on page 65)
A STRANGE man, they call Fredric March, in Hollywood. A man who is different, not of the mould to be expected.

Writers do not like assignments on Freddie. They do not enjoy interviewing him. He is kind, he is courteous, he is even delightfully entertaining but he says nothing exciting, nothing to make a sensational story.

I do not pretend to be wise enough to describe accurately this man whom Hollywood calls strange. I do claim to have collected enough incidents about him and to have seen him frequently enough to form a wholly individual opinion. I am giving you my opinion, with the incidents, and I am wondering whether you will agree.

To me, Freddie would not be "strange" in Racine, Wisconsin, where he was born in '98. He would not be different in Madison, where he went to the University of Wisconsin, nor in Poughkeepsie or Minneapolis.

In fact, I believe he is, in Hollywood, exactly what he would have been in Racine, had he remained there. And that is what makes him unusual, almost out of place, at times, in Hollywood. Assuredly, the average Hollywood actor would seem unusual in Racine, as a leading citizen.

Take the first time I met Freddie. He had not entered pictures but was playing John Barrymore in "The Royal Family" on the Los Angeles stage. I was invited by a nonprofessional friend to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. The name of Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) meant something to me; the name of her husband meant nothing. I had not seen the play. I only knew he was one more stage actor.

I remember how I stared at him. Accustomed as I was to actors, I simply could not believe this man to be one. He was just a nice man. Good looking, in a friendly way, as the president of a small-town bank might be thought good looking. He was quiet, reserved, speaking when spoken to rather than engineering the conversation.

I finally asked him a reporter's oldest question. (Incidentally, he did not know I was a reporter.) "And what is your ambition, Mr. March?"

At first, I thought he gave an answer as old as the question. "I'd—I'd like to stay in Hollywood!" But when he gave his reason, I changed my mind. He said, "I want to settle down to living in one place. Have you ever played stock? We were the first to take the Theatre Guild plays on the road. In one of the southern states, we were to play in a gymnasium. When we arrived, there was a basket ball game in progress. We had to wait until it was over and then set our scenery before our audience. Another time, we played in an auditorium which we later learned was condemned. There was no running water in another theatre and we had to scoot next door to the Chamber of Commerce to wash our faces. The stage offers glamor but Hollywood offers contentment." I tried not to smile. A man who could see no glamor in Hollywood must be a very bad actor! I decided I didn't even want to see his play.

My next experience with Freddie was after he had signed with Paramount and made several successful pictures—"The Wild Party" with Clara Bow, "Paris Bound" with Ann Harding, "Footlights and Fools," "Jealousy" and "My Sin."

Perhaps you do not remember these early pictures or what was said of him. He was being called the second John Gilbert or John Barrymore, not the first Freddie March. I decided I must have been mistaken about him and went down to have tea with him and Mrs. March. I expected to meet the second John Gilbert or Jack Barrymore, both of whom I knew and privately considered fascinating, "good copy," but "slightly cracked."

Fredric remembered our first (Continued on page 93)
“AND BELIEVE it or not,” Eleanor Powell rushed on breathlessly, “I play a part. I speak lines. In fact, I play two parts; you see, it’s dual personality business!”

Miss Powell, in case we’ve jumped you, is featured in “Broadway Melody of 1936.” Miss Powell is the twenty-year-old dancing sensation of New York night clubs and musical comedies. Miss Powell has been adjudged the world’s greatest feminine tap dancer by the Dancing Masters of America. And yet, that which principally interests Miss Powell is that she has lines to speak! “Twas ever thus, we suppose, since the time the clown wanted to play Hamlet and the millionaire’s son had designs on driving a taxi.

ELEANOR POWELL was brought to Hollywood to dance in Metro’s newest spectacle. She had no thought of speaking her piece. Tapping her way through a couple of hot sequences was what she was engaged to do. And then came the tryout for the, as she puts it, leadin’ lady role. She won—as she’s had a way of doing since she was eleven years old.

At that time, the very youthful Eleanor was pushed into a Black Bottom contest. Yes, literally pushed into it. The other entrees were professionals, one of whom—the blondest and prettiest, of course—was scheduled to
Unaffected and unspoiled, you’ll like Eleanor Powell
by Regina Cannon

win. It was all sort of, as Bert Lahr would put it, “in da bag.” And then this child, who had been discovered turning expert cartwheels on the Atlantic City sands that very morning and engaged by Gus Edwards to fill in a spot on the huge café’s program, was asked if she’d like to get into the fun. The youngster didn’t realize she was expected to decline and she certainly didn’t know she was not supposed to win.

AND SO, the prize—two almost priceless tickets for a current prizefight—was hers. Afterwards, a waiter thoughtfully relieved her of them. If Eleanor had brought the bits of pasteboard home, they could have been disposed of for $200, which certainly would have helped the Powell exchequer at that point.

After such a sensational and unpremeditated début at the Ritz Grill, the very young lady decided that hers would be a theatrical career. Why, it was so easy. The music played and somehow you just danced. You simply couldn’t help it. All the drudgery of the Russian Ballet, bar work and the floor turns suddenly emerged into a beautiful routine. Eleanor, herself, was surprised at what a cinch it was! Surely, this was the thing to do. It was far pleasanter than being a school teacher. Anyone could tell you that!

And so, every summer Eleanor (Continued on page 66)
LOOK OUT, Jean Harlow, here comes Lois Phillips! I'll leave it up to you and you and you. Does this gal look like Harlow or does she look like Harlow? Well, that's what I asked for. I asked the girls throughout the country who bear a resemblance to Jean to send me their photographs. I've also asked for Jean Crawford and Constance Bennett resemblers. (You still have time to get these in.) And now I want pictures of girls who look like Claudette Colbert.

But now let's look at Lois Phillips, a little Oakland, California, girl, who, at a glance, might be Harlow's younger sister. I'm publishing her picture, as I promised I would, and am sending her a long letter containing personal advice—advice which will tell her everything she wants to know about herself.

First of all, I want to give Lois a tip. And it's a tip which every girl in the world can use, including the movie stars.

Lois, don't—just because you look like her—don't imitate Jean Harlow's mannerisms, her walk, her haircomb. Be yourself! You are basically the Harlow type, yes—but, that doesn't mean that you should try to make yourself a carbon copy of her. Carbons are never so clear as the original! And I wish the Hollywood stars would put that in their cigarettes and smoke it. They imitate each other until I'll bet their own mothers are confused.

You see, there are just a certain number of basic types in women. In all literature there are just thirty-six basic plots. Yet millions of stories are written. The brilliant author dresses up an old plot, does some fancy writing and adds an O. Henry twist to the ending. So what? So you think you're reading a brand new story.

If you're a clever woman you'll do the same thing. Use your own basic type, as an author uses a basic plot. Dress up the type. And don't forget the O. Henry twist at the end. How's that for you? That's individuality, girls. That's what yanks you ahead of the crowd and makes you a person and not just an old left-over Garbo, Harlow or Crawford.

I get so sick of women alibi-ing themselves because they look like someone else. You won't believe me, but honestly, I've had women say to me, "I don't have to reduce. You see, I'm the Mae West type and she's fat."

My God! Did you ever hear such a thing! Basically they may be the West type. But those same women could go to town in a big way—they could go North, South, East and West if they...
would check the excess baggage they carry around.

So, Lois, be glad you’re the Harlow type. It’s a darn good type. But be individual. Be Lois Phillips, instead of a Jean Harlow imitation.

As a matter of fact, you’re in better general proportion than Jean. You need to take off a little weight all over (and I’m explaining just how that is done in my personal advice to you) and it ought to be easy for you to do what I did for Harlow. (Stick around, you other girls. It won’t hurt you to listen in on this. You’ll find plenty of things you can apply to yourselves.)

Lois, I want you to watch Harlow carefully. See all her pictures—her latest one is “China Seas”—and discover for yourself what’s right and what’s wrong with Harlow.

You won’t want to imitate her walk, certainly, or her voice. She always plays tough roles on the screen and walks and talks in character. So lay off that. It’s all right for the dizzy dames Harlow portrays. But, Lois, you look like a nice, sweet girl. You wouldn’t want to be tough.

That walk of Harlow’s makes her neck appear shorter because it has developed some shoulder muscles. So I’m going to tell you—and all the rest of my girls—how to have a long, graceful neck. There is nothing so attractive as a beautiful neck.

In my work I have actually been able to lengthen necks—in one case I succeeded in adding a little over one inch (there’s one for Ripley). And what I can do, you can do. Here’s how.

Clasp the hands together at the back of the head toward the top. Relax the head. Let the chin fall on the chest. With your hands pull down hard as if you were trying to put your forehead on your stomach. (Don’t worry, baby, you’ll never make it, but go as far as you can.) Now this is important: Keep the head relaxed. Don’t resist the (Continued on page 67)
AFTER COMING to Hollywood and being almost attacked by a “quickie” director (for the dignified, big directors who work for reliable companies do not do such things), I at last got work in a studio, through the help of an artist named Bradley. I was asked to do a bit and, because of the meanness of one of the extra girls, I failed. Joan Crawford found me, crying alone on the dressing-room balcony. She said if I would meet her the next day she would help me. Now go on the with story . . .

Joan Crawford met me at the studio gate the next day, although I had thought she might forget her promise by morning. But I was wrong. I did not know Joan.

I appeared at the gate promptly at ten and one minute after ten she drove up in her car. “Hi, there. Am I late? Well, you look better this morning. Come on.”

I tried to thank her for all she was doing for me, but she wouldn’t let me. She seemed very embarrassed to have anybody thank her. “I don’t understand why you’re doing this,” I said.

She answered at once, “Because I know how it is to be blue and discouraged.”

And now she took me by the hand and led me around the lot introducing me to every assistant director at the studio and saying, “This is a friend of mine. She’s cute and pretty and has talent. Any time you can use her for a bit or even for extra work it will be a personal favor to me.”

Finally we wound up at the casting office. She told the people there the same thing. This tour had taken up about two hours. Joan said she had an appointment and then she hung her head and blushed, “Gee, I hate to talk about this,” she said, “but do you need any money? If you do . . .”

She was so afraid of hurting my feelings, so I stopped her from going on. “Oh, thanks,” I said, “but I have enough money. And I hope some day to repay you for what you’ve done for me this morning.”

“You can,” Joan answered quickly. “When you’re in a position to do so, help another girl.”

Before I had time to speak she had jumped into her car and was gone.

That was the beginning of my career as an extra. Calls for work began to come. One (Continued on page 78)
OLD, WRINKLED, water-marked charts . . . dividers . . . rules . . . logarithmic tables . . . the paraphernalia of the sea. Of such things are dreams made, but to Henry Wilcoxon they are glorious playthings, keys to adventure. When Richard, the Lion-Hearted, leaves the studio and heads for home, he leaves only a name behind and Henry, the Lion-Hearted, comes into being with his zestful plans for the exploration of those vast wastes of water in the Pacific that have never borne the keel of a white man's boat.

Some twenty years ago a raging hurricane howled savagely down upon a little group of islands huddled fearfully in the Caribbean. In the uncertain protection of a small cove on the Isle of Dominica a faint wail was heard at the height of the storm. Hurricane-born, a baby-boy's cry challenged the winds.

And that innate sense of challenge grew as the boy's body grew—tall, straight and powerful.

But a challenger leads a restless life. After all, one must have something to challenge and with every conquest the available field is narrowed down. And a man gets tired of the fictitious strife found in acting and hankers for something real (Continued on page 53)
WELL, THE first fall flurry of clothes buying is about over and I suppose you are all tricked out in either one of those Mussolini-like military toppers or a dashing Renaissance creation. Summer is definitely on the shelf and cool autumn is in the air . . . even out there in Hollywood where fall comes along more reluctantly than it does in more rugged climates.

This is my inventory time . . . oh, I know you shouldn't
Some behind-the-scenes chatter about fashions you'll be copying

By Adelia Bird

A white chiffon coat with great flowing skirt is trimmed with elaborate bands of white fox.

This is the dress of Grecian charm which Dolores wears under the smart coat at left.

Above, another lovely white gown and an unusual bridal headdress from "I Live for Love."

be taking stock in the fall but this is a different sort of inventory. This is my own private check-up on what Hollywood has been up to while the rest of us have been up to our ears in fashion ticker tape. And, my pets, much has been happening out there. Not only in the studios but about town where our cinema darlings parade their latest and smartest bibs-and-tuckers.

At the studios the designers are busy with many new pictures which will carry their most inspired new ideas to you via the screen and the stars who sponsor them. Talking with several of them, I have ferreted out some ideas that will turn into real fads for you, unless I am just an old day dreamer!

OVER AT M-G-M and a chat with Adrian. He is busy with sketches and fabrics for Joan Crawford's new picture "I Live My Life." Joan and Adrian have decided that her costumes for this picture must be basically simple.
Above, since fall brides are as popular as June ones, this beautiful bridal veil and coronet worn by Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life" will prove a grand inspiration. Tiny seed pearls in sea shell scallops form the coronet from which the tulle veil falls. At right, Adrian's newest contribution to youthful fashion fads — a polo coat for formal evening wear! He designed this for Joan to wear over a matching dinner gown. Every detail is like the original sport coat.

These two get along beautifully calling one another pet names and much gay teasing during conferences ... there's none of the clash between designer and star in this set up. Joan says, "Nothing extreme in this picture, darling. I play the well-bred girl and I must look it. What do you think about having my hair cut shorter, too?" Adrian agrees, so you will see Joan with her hair in a shorter and, I think, much more becoming length.

Adrian has just called Joan into his studio for a fitting and to approve some more sketches that he has made. Adrian surrounds himself, as well as his stars, with glamor. His studio is cool, white and many-mirrored. There is a small stage one step up from the studio floor ... it is curtained off and behind this Joan disappears to try on a costume. This is one which she will wear in a ball sequence. When she is ready she calls out to Adrian, he in turn pushes a series of electric light switches, pulls back the curtains and there stands Joan in a flood of lights which brings out every detail of the gown. Joan grins widely as she turns in the costume but Adrian stands with folded arms, taking in every detail and frowning slightly. Finally, he says, hitting upon what evidently has been bothering him, "The waist is too low." That decided, Joan comes down off the small stage and kneels on the floor to inspect some of Adrian's newest sketches spread out for her inspection.

I have shown two of Joan's (Continued on page 71).
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne

"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW MY ENERGY"

- The Langhorne estate, "Greenfields," is famous for its hospitality. "I notice that Camels disappear amazingly fast," says Mrs. Langhorne. "Every one likes them—they are mild and you never tire of their flavor." Costlier tobaccos do make a difference!

- "I certainly appreciate the fact that Camels never make me either nervous or edgy," Mrs. Langhorne says. "I can smoke all the Camels I want." It is true that Camels never upset the nerves. The millions more Camel spends are justified. Smoke one and see.

Mrs. Langhorne grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, IL., Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSALEAR

Camels are Milder...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.
So sweet and demure is Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts. She has a role well suited to her in "She Couldn't Take It," a Columbia picture, with Georgie Raft as her leading man.
Wake up that Sleepy Under Skin with "Deep-Skin" Cream

See outer skin lose Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes

The first line that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that right under it skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy.

Every blackhead you find means that those same little glands are overworked! Getting clogged! And that's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

How to stir up underskin

But you can waken that sleepy underskin! Start the circulation going briskly again. Stimulate those little glands and cells to full activity!

What your underskin needs is the rousing action of Pond's deep-skin Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed fine oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt...

make-up...skin secretions. At once, your skin feels fresher, livelier—looks clearer.

Then you pat fresh Pond's Cold Cream right into your newly cleansed skin. Pat it briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland and fibre is wakened by this treatment. Toned up. Invigorated! Your skin feels alive!...wide-awake! Do this day after day—regularly—night and morning.

The very first treatment makes your skin clearer—feel satiny. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—young. Its color blooms again!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment...Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to invigorate your underskin—wake up tired skin glands, nerves and cells.

Every morning, in the day time before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Try this for just a few days—Send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. You'll always be glad of the day you started to use Pond's! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away

POND'S, Dept. 156, Clinton, Conn.

Enclose 50c (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with precious samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Mrs. Richard C. du Pont

Society aviator who holds many awards for her achievements in the air, says: "After using Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks as if I never saw a speck of dirt! I never have a sign of a line or wrinkle."

Miss Moralyn Tanksley—St. Louis: "Pond's Cold Cream stimulates the very life of my skin. It has kept away many a line and blemish."

**Good News**

*(Continued from page 13)*

Here's how it happens in Hollywood. A well-known stage actress, out making her first picture, invited a number of the natives to a cocktail party in honor of Bette Davis, who had once played a bit in one of her Broadway shows. The appointed hour arrives, the photographers arrive, and the guests arrive, all in fancy attire. Finally, comes the guest of honor decked out in slacks. "Look," she asks us, "in what turns out to be perfect grammar, "for whom is the party being given?" When we replied, "For you," you could have knocked her over with a caviar canape. But the ever-present Davis poise comes to the fore and she joins in the fun while the photographers snap their pictures and a good time is enjoyed, as they say in the papers, by all.

Among those glimpsed at the Davis "surprise" party was Paul Cavanagh, who played tall-dark-and-handsome to Mae West in "Goin' to Town." The blonde one, he says, is one of the most charming women he has ever known. The report of a romance between them is just one of those things, for Paul has other plans and so has Mae.

From now on, Gene Raymond will probably have all his birthday parties out in public, and here's why. Jeanette MacDonald and several other film ladies threw a birthday dinner for Gene at the Beverly-Wilshire, and after the cake-cutting ceremony they gals lined up to kiss the guest of honor. Four young ladies at the next table noticed the proceedings, got into the line-up and received one of the Raymond kisses. Gene was so pleasantly surprised he had a piece of the birthday cake sent to their table. Girls who like cake and kisses are making reservations now for next year's party.

Probably the first person to learn that Winfield Sheehan and Madame Maria Jeritza were to be married was Shirley Temple. Shirley and the former Fox producer are pals, and he wanted her approval before he took such an important step. At a dinner party, with the opera singer seated on one side of him and Shirley on the other, Sheehan advised the young lady of his plans. Although Jeritza won the man of her choice, Shirley says it's still 50-50 between them. "Because," she explains, "during the dinner he held hands with both of us." So if a report of a Sheehan-Jeritza break-up comes around, you'll know the siren who caused it.

When it comes to following in the footsteps of Garbo, the unofficial championship should certainly be handed to Marlene Dietrich. We don't mean that the glamor girl is attempting to imitate the silent one on the screen—we mean that Marlene has been taking up with practically all of Greta's former gentleman friends. First there was Fritz Lang, and then came Rouben Mamoulian and Count Carpegna, all three of whom once rang the Garbo doorbell. Just to complete the picture, Marlene is now seen about the night spots with John Gilbert, who was Garbo's biggest heart throb before she decided she wanted to be alone.

*(Continued on page 99)*
Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!
COOL UNDER FIRE!

Cooler—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B & W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffles is coming, do right by yourself and your throat; get on the trail of KOOLS. And send for illustrated premium booklet.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS

KOOL MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

Kool Cigarettes—Now at Popular Prices...Also Carry B & W Coupons

KOOL MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

Make-up artist Jack Dawn prepares Gail Patrick for the cameras.

Directed by Katherine Albert

MAKE-UP! That's the thing all you folks who follow this department so avidly—all you folks who intend to make theatrical work your life's career or who are simply having the very time of your lives with amateur theatricals—want to hear about.

This month I've captured Jack Dawn, the make-up expert at M-G-M. He has grease-painted everyone on that lot from Garbo to the humblest extra girl. And the boy knows his stuff. I'm sure you'll be thrilled by what he says. But before he starts let me remind you that there is still room for dramatic clubs. And if you want to start one, write to me in care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I'm also eager to answer any personal dramatic problems. But don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

And now Jack Dawn, the make-up lad, gives you some advice:

"In making up a character for the stage or screen it is infinitely better to underdo it, and let the acting take care of the rest, than to overdo it. Conspicuous make-up detracts from a performance, since the eyes of an audience will focus upon the unusual.

"The keynote of any make-up is naturalness. That is why I advise anyone who contemplates making-up for a certain character to seek out a similar character in real life and memorize the contour of the face, the highlights and shadows. Make mental notes of the particular facial characteristics you wish to portray, and then go about gaining that effect in a natural manner.

"In my opinion most make-up mistakes are made in the portrayal of old age. But it can be done convincingly if you study the physical changes that occur in a face as it ages.

"First of all, as a person becomes older, the muscles in the face sag, resulting in lines. The eyes sink back in the sockets and the puffiness goes from under the lids, allowing them to droop over the eyes at the outer corners. The lines at the sides of the mouth become straight. Sagging muscles result in hollows under the cheek-bones. Eyebrows turn down at the corners and appear much thinner. The point of the nose appears to drop lower.

"Now the best advice I can give on age make-up is to tell you to study a member of your family or a friend who appears to be the character you wish to create. Compare their lines to your own, then visualize these lines on your own face.

"A grease-paint foundation is the (Continued on page 87)"

How to make up for stage and screen
JOAN
Why so fussy about cleaning your face?
It's late.

LOTTY
I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN
What's the harm in that?

LOTTY
Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, choked pores may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it really works.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullavan
Star of Universal's "Next Time We Live"

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH!
I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
coffee has been placed in the section of the drip pot intended to hold it, boiling water is poured over the grounds—and I mean boiling. It generally takes five minutes for the water to drip through.

Whether you use the drip or percolator method when making coffee, you should try the new liners and filters that can be used in either type of coffee pot. You place the liners in the part of the pot in which the coffee grounds are to go. The gossamer-thin filter paper is then placed inside the liner and all is ready for the coffee to be added. If you want to make sure that your coffee is clear and without a trace of sediment in the bottom of the cup, these new paper gadgets will do the job for you. They have little cross cuts in the centre to fit over the percolating spout which in no way minimizes their efficiency, if you use a drip pot. They do a neat job of emptying out the used coffee grounds in one operation, too.

And now that we’ve discussed coffee-making a bit, let’s get back to the foods that Charlie Ruggles prefers as accompaniments to the perfect cup of coffee.

The doughnuts of which I was speaking a while back were of the new popular whole wheat variety. You can kid all you want about “sinkers” but certainly the doughnuts made by Charlie’s colored cook were very delicious. There was a large proportion of whole wheat flour used in their making and not one trace of a greasy taste about them. The recipe? Certainly! I’ll tell you later on how to get it.

Of course, in every man’s estimation pie is the ideal coffee-companion. Charlie is no exception and admits that Lemon Cream Pie is his favorite. It’s a first cousin of the Lemon Meringue Pie—only creamier, as its name suggests. So many lemon pies taste like flavored flan that I was overjoyed to get, from Charlie’s cook, a new recipe for a lemon pie that has a smooth, mouth-melting filling. This recipe, too, is yours for the asking.

I was also able to get recipes for two more of Charlie’s favorite dishes—one a dessert, the other a breakfast hot bread of the simplest sort. This breakfast bread is called Cinnamon Crumb Cake. It’s as spicy as its name suggests but far easier to make than you’d ever think it could be. It can be made up in the morning in a very short time, especially if all the dry ingredients are sifted together the pre-

When Binnie Barnes gives a typical English “Tea” Party for her British compatriots she also caters to the preference of her American friends by having a generous supply of coffee on hand. A tremendous variety of foods accompanies these beverages—strawberries (in season or out of season) with whipped cream and powdered sugar; jams and marmalade; buttered slices of currant bread, crumpets, muffins and scones; Swiss roll, plum cake, homemade chocolate cake, and iced cup cakes. Binnie, dark haired and British, plays the blonde American Lillian Russell in “Diamond Jim Brady.” Una O’Connor and Herbert Mundin are her guests.
vicious evening and left in a covered bowl for early morning use.

The dessert I spoke of is of the Dutch Apple Cake variety. A simple biscuit-like dough is placed in a pan. Into this are pressed thin, wedge-shaped pieces of apple with butter, sugar and spices sprinkled over the top. In the Ruggles version there is still another ingredient—mince meat. Now that there are delicious, inexpensive, ready-prepared mince meats available at your grocers, you'll find this dish easy to make and perfect to eat. It's called New Netherlands Cake if you care to know. And you may have the recipe free if you care to have it.

Of course, in speaking of dishes that should accompany coffee we must not entirely overlook coffee used as a flavoring in desserts and sauces. One of the nicest of the coffee desserts I know of is coffee Marshmallow Mousse, a very rich, easy-to-make sweet—the kind the luncheon or bridge club will rave about. But save out a generous portion for father's dinner too! He won't turn up his nose at this one, I'll wager. Here's the recipe:

COFFEE MARSHMALLOW MOUSSE
18 marshmallows
1/2 cup strong coffee
1/2 pint whipping cream
1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar
Place coffee and marshmallows in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water until marshmallows have melted. Remove from heat, turn into a bowl and cool. Place in refrigerator until mixture has set to the consistency of a thick syrup. Add sugar to cream. Whip cream until stiff. Fold cream into marshmallow mixture. Turn mixture into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Return to refrigerator until firm, about 4 hours. Serve plain or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Cut this recipe out, mount it on a card and save it for future use. But send for the Ruggles recipes too, right away.

Each recipe is printed on an individual card of filing-case size. Filing cases to hold them can be purchased for a few cents in almost any chain store. Though not essential such a case is nice to have if you are starting to make a collection of these Star Recipes. When you realize that there is no cost to you beyond the price of the stamp or postal use when sending in your coupon, you'll surely want to send for Modern Hostess leaflets regularly. Why? They start immediately by sending you recipe cards which give you directions for making Charlie Ruggles' favorite coffee companions! You'll love the little design on the cover of the leaflet, the name of the star, on each card. Not to mention the enthusiasm with which you should greet recipes for Cinnamon Coffee Cake, New Netherland Apple Cake, Whole Wheat Doughnuts and Lemon Cream Pie. Well, here's the coupon, you ambitious cooks! Use it immediately.

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Charlie Ruggles recipes for November, 1935, at no cost to me.

Name...........................
Address...........................
(City)...........................
(State)...........................

“Beats my home-cooked spaghetti a mile—quicker, easier—costs less, too!”

“I DON'T wonder Mary was surprised.
I certainly was the first time I tasted Franco-American. Up until then I firmly believed no ready-prepared spaghetti could possibly be as good as home-cooked. But Franco-American is actually better—ever so much better! I use it all the time now and I've told a number of my friends how delicious it is.

“We all agree it has the best sauce we ever tasted. In fact, we never knew how good spaghetti could be till we tried Franco-American!”

Good? No wonder!
Franco-American chefs use eleven different ingredients when they prepare their delectable sauce. Tomato puree, lusciously smooth and rich. Golden Cheddar cheese of just the right sharpness. Selected spices and seasonings, each one adding its tiny bit more of zestful flavor and delicate piquancy.

“Why should I bother with home-cooked spaghetti now?” women are saying. “I never could make as good a sauce as this. And I'm not even going to try.” Franco-American is so much easier, too. No cooking or fussing—simply heat and serve.

And here's a pleasant surprise. You pay less for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the time you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.
Any Woman can be Up to Date
(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and bring herself up to date.

With Zonite available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is not caustic, not poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid) Zonite comes in liquid form—50c, 90c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 61. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
**MODERN SCREEN**

**They swapped powders!**

**The Blonde’s skin brightened—**

**The Brunette’s was shades clearer**

**BLONDE:** “Look! Your Brunette powder makes my skin glorious!”

**BRUNETTE:** “No more Brunette for me! Your Rose Cream makes my skin clear!”

The two girls had happened on something that many a woman can benefit by.

Creamy-skinned, Miss Hope Gatin (left) had deadened her skin with too light a powder, Miss Marjorie Striker, darker-hued, had damaged her fair skin with too dark a powder!

Then, how can I find my shade, you ask. Study your skin—no your hair, nor your eyes! Is it sallow? Your powder can brighten it! Dull? The right powder will make it clear!

But old-style, deadening shades can’t do this!

With an optical machine, Pond’s tested over 200 girls’ skins. They brought to light the hidden shades that make skin beautiful. In blondes, a suggestion of bright blue intensities that dedicate transparency. In brunettes, a hint of brilliant green brings sparkling clarity!

Now these magic tints are blended invisibly into Pond’s new shades. Try them—see the difference! Each does something special for a different type of skin.

Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint

Brunette—clears creamy skins

Rose Brunette—warms dull skins—tones down ruddy ones

Light Cream—a light ivory tone

See how delicately Pond’s clings. Won’t clog or cake. As natural as skin itself!

Over 200 girls’ skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond’s new Face Powder.

**New Reduced Prices**

55¢ size now 35¢

9.10 size now 70¢

**5 Different Shades FREE!—Mail Coupon Today**

(This offer expires January 1, 1930)

POND’S Dept. 19, Bremerton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond’s new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5 day test.

Name__________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

State________________________

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61
MODERN SCREEN

The charm of lovely eyes can be yours with MAYBELLINE

Eye Beauty AIDS

MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

between you and me

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that has interested you. Address: MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

First Fan Letter

I have always been a movie fan but for the first time in my life I feel moved to write a fan letter. After seeing the artistic perfection of Nelson Eddy's performance in "Naughty Marietta," I knew that my reactions would have to find expression. He embodies the most unusual combination of charming personality, and fine acting ability and superb voice it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. To see the audience simply laugh and cry with breathless attention to Mr. Eddy's glorious voice and to hear that crowd break into thunderous applause to an empty stage and to see the people leave the theatre with dreams in their eyes, was to me a unique experience. Mr. Eddy is no doubt accustomed to ovations but I'm sure he has never had one more sincere.

I love good music and consequently have avoided musical pictures because I did not care to have my ideals shattered. I attended the showing of "Naughty Marietta." I must say my better judgment but found myself enthralled after the first few minutes. Thank you, Mr. Eddy, for your excellent rendition of the numbers and please be assured that all of us were extremely interested and enjoyed the showing of your art. We appreciate a true artist and I feel that you have the makings of a star for you have the ability to bring life to the things you portray.

—By Chester E. Letcher,

New Talent

Hurrah for "Escapade"—bound to make you forget the humidity in the air. Bing Crosby proves to be a star with a heart in affording lovely Luise Rainer (picked to give full scope to her varied assortment of excellent talent. In short, he just fades into the background as the feminine contingencies in the picture play themselves in the forefront. What a grand bunch of femininity it is, too—Madys Christians and Virginia Bruce with Laura Hope Crews thrown in for good measure. I just ate it up and found it one of the best features of the summer output.—J. Edward Mulerca, Waterbury, Conn.

Hisses and Applause

About this wonderful star of "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever"—I wish to say I'm sick and tired of her posing and high-hat airs. Who? Grace Moore, of course. She's the most unnatural thing that there is in Hollywood. Did you ever notice any picture of her? She's sure to have everything "perfect" about her. No one ever seems to catch her unaware, or without that sugary smile on her face. That's what makes her so unnatural. We fans get sick and tired of all that posing. I, for one, like Elisabeth Bergner (pictured). You certainly wouldn't call her beautiful, nor even pretty—still she attracts attention by her very naturalness. Give us more of her!—M. G., Geneva, Ohio.

Loyal to Buddy

All the world admires a person who refuses to give up and hasn't Buddy Rogers proved that "you can't keep a good guy down?"

We loyal fans who have backed Buddy Rogers right from the very beginning of his career ask that he be given another chance. Buddy proved in his early pictures that he could act and when he was refused the good stories he wanted, he didn't leave Hollywood to forget, as so many other stars have done. He started out to show the big shots of the film capital what he really could do.

He was a Broadway hit in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" and later he had his orchestra featured on two large radio networks. Recently he proved himself a success on the London screen with his portrayal of a real youth full of the joy of living in "Dance Band." Besides, in the last three years that he has traveled with his orchestra, he has packed the theatres and night clubs wherever he has appeared.

Doesn't all this prove that he hasn't been licked? And he's even returned to Hollywood, where he has been working in "Old Man Rhythm," to show them he isn't afraid of what its kleig lights and glamour do to a career.—Marilyn Bournell, MIlwaukee, Wis.

Beautiful Horror

After I read your reviewer's opinion of "The Bride of Frankenstein," I just had to speak up in defense of what was to me a beautiful and infinitely touching picture. I have never seen a finer or more moving performance than that of Mr. Karloff as that pitiful, grotesque monster, reaching out in vain, for human companionship.

I realize that there are some people who do not like horror pictures, but I do not see how even these could fail to appreciate Mr. Karloff's magnificent work, to say nothing of the beauty of the entire production. I am interested to see this picture again at the earliest opportunity and the fact that it drew capacity crowds during its showing here proves that the majority of fans do appreciate this type of entertainment.

Maybe you had better keep the Movie Scoreboard it seems a bit more accurate (Continued on page 83)
and vital—something with "guts."

Not long ago, in the devious manner in which such things happen, a man came to Wilcoxen with a strange tale. Somewhere between 120 and 130 degrees west of Greenwich and within thirty degrees north latitude lay five lost islands. Beautiful things they are, too, according to the fragmentary reports and seamen's tales that have sifted down through the century—lashed and green, abounding in game and fresh water, surrounded by sea and sky bathed in sun and the soft trade winds. Inhabited? No one knows. Treasure? Rich in natural wealth—or just an island strangely immune from the foot of man? Again, no one knows.

I GAVE up all ideas of following the sea for adventure," Henry told me, "long ago. It seemed there was no real romance left—nothing to do, no honestly hard jobs to go out and lick. When speed swept wood and sail from the trade lanes, speed and hurry swept the battle of a man and his ingenuity against the elements from the sea. Steam? Bah! It's as safe as a baby's crib! Gyroscopic compasses, radio, gadgets galore, tremendous hulks of steel driven at set speeds through any seas! They sail themselves. Thrilling situations at sea nowadays occur either through carelessness, had seafaring or are one of those thousand-to-one shots that always happen to the other fellow—like winning the Irish Sweepstakes.

And then this came along. I hardly believed it at first. New land, unexplored and, in reality, hardly discovered. In 1840 a sailing vessel making its way back to the States passed them miles off. The Captain made an entry in his log and paid no real attention to it. He wasn't interested. Maps, especially of Oceania, were rather vague and incomplete. True, they didn't show on his chart, but that didn't mean the islands hadn't been discovered and claimed years before.

"That was our first clue. We had his port of clearance and his destination. We had his number of days out of port and a fair guess at his approximate speeds. Can as any sailor can tell you, that is far from sufficient knowledge to go cruising along thousands of square miles of sea with any hope of success. Next we heard of an old chart, rough and inaccurate, made by a venerable Captain of the old school who sailed quite close to the islands in 1860, twenty years later. By crossing their courses and, even allowing for glaring mistakes in their rule of thumb figures, working out their speed and dates, we've been able to narrow down the search considerably.

"Where are they, or, where do we think they are? Don't be silly! I'll tell you all that when I'm safely at sea and beyond all chance of being beaten to the lost Islands. For years I've dreamt of this sort of adventure—just the three of us in a forty-foot schooner headed for parts unknown, to discover and explore. That's life!"

No one could call Henry Wilcoxen a frustrated man, despite the fact that he minimizes all the things that have happened to him in search of action. He has had plenty and he admits there is really no very good reason why he is alive today—except that the roaring inferno in which he was born seems to have implanted in him a strange, almost mystical, quality of
This is the mother
Who trudges and shops;
And carries and peddles
And sheds and shops;
And broils herself
In the kitchen steam,
And pushes a stove
Till she wants to scream.

And... And... Carrots
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10c.

10c.

10c.

10c.
Hollywood. She replaced Greta Nissen.
It is weird—the way the lucky moments that had passed the "first Jean Harlow" dropped so neatly into the lap of the second! It is touching the way the one Jean Harlow was to fulfill the ambition of two women.

AND perhaps the luckiest break of all for Jean was the fact that she had, at her constant command, the experience and wisdom of two women. She was not one alone, battling Hollywood, she was two.

What might have happened if Jean Harlow had been forced to pass through her Hollywood experiences alone, as Barbara La Marr did? Her fame was so instantaneous and nothing can be as deadly a menace as quick fame. Then marriage, suicide, quick marriage and quick divorce. Ah, here were experiences which might have wrecked one Jean Harlow, standing alone. But with two of them, holding hands, combining experience and knowledge.

I talked with Jean Harlow not so long ago about her philosophy of living. She told me she and her mother had worked it out together. She said: "I am very lucky. The majority of girls my age do not have an understanding about life. They are mostly seeking not to be bored. They are hunting for a reason for living. While I have learned that life is a very glorious adventure. I am grateful—at twenty-two, I know how wonderful it is to be alive. There is neither a past nor a future. I have learned that. Do not misunderstand me. I am not a drifter, I am a fighter. But I have learned about the plans of mice and men." I fight only for today. Once, I thought I knew what life would turn out to be. So did my mother. Now, I know there is no use in planning for something which may never come to pass. Why should one take away from the joy of living each day for something which may never happen, for something which has happened but over which you have no control. My mother has not had an easy life. Neither have I. We have worked out this idea of living, together."

One Jean Harlow, alone? A girl who is still so young? Could she have worked this out alone? Could she have bounded to success, alone? Could she have faced what she has faced and won single-handedly? I doubt it.

Each time I see the Jean, our Jean, on the screen, in performances which are assuredly growing better and better, I think of this hitherto untold story. I remember I am not seeing just one Jean Harlow—but two.

TURS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly...and it's important that he should. For the revision a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's needs—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body. It will never cause gripping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and thorough.

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature Chas. II. Fletcher. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.
and, therefore, a vital part of my life. And isn’t it much nicer to have films sent over from the studio and see them comfortably in one’s own home than to go out to a stuffy theatre? I think I’m terribly lucky to have the opportunity and I can see nothing odd about the thing."

"But certainly when I can’t have entertainment brought to me I go to it. Concerts, stage plays, opera—I wouldn’t miss them. I always go.

BELIEVE that perhaps the answer is what I am one of the few people who actually love my home. It represents something to me—the beauty and security that was lacking in my early life. It also seems the reward for the hard work I’ve done. There is not a vase or a piece of linen in the place that I’ve not selected lovingly. It took months to complete. And whatever help I got the good of it if I were not to be in it?

"I won’t follow the accepted pattern unless I like the pattern."

"On ‘cook’s night out’ everyone in Hollywood dines out. But I have lots more fun. I cook the dinner myself."

"No, I’m not going to tell you that I’d adore cooking three meals a day, every day. I wouldn’t. That would be dull and monotonous and I hate monotony. But I like to cook. I think it’s a real artistic adventure. And I’m a good cook, too.

"I manage my own house, partly because I like it and partly because I can save money doing it. Once I had a secretary who took care of things and then I decided that it would be better if I kept the accounts myself. As a result I have to write down how much I was able to save on both small and large ordering.

"Actually, I’m a frugal person. I learned that when I was one-well, you couldn’t even call it a budget. You’ve got to have some money to budget and I didn’t have any. But you’d be amazed at how little it takes to run this house, if you’re careful about details. And I am.

"But I like to live nicely. I dress for dinner every evening (and I’ve heard that I criticized) and it isn’t to put on swank. If it were, I’d certainly say so, because if I felt myself I wouldn’t wear it. I dress for dinner simply because it makes me feel good. After working all day under those glaring hot lights, with make-up on, it is good to go to a marvelous sensation in the world to take off that make-up and put on a pretty dinner dress—a simple, cool dinner dress—and have a nice, quiet meal. Anything I love pretty clothes. I wouldn’t be a woman if I didn’t. I really look forward to the dress I’m going to wear on the evening after a hard day’s work.

YES, I live in my home, live in it in every sense of the word. Now wouldn’t I be the last person to live in a house? When I have this pool here and this marvelous and private place for sun bathing?

"I can’t see that I’m so odd or strange, can you? My life seems very sane and logical to me. But if it weren’t, I wouldn’t care. I’ve stopped that. I have never hurt anyone knowingly or willfully, in my life, but I live as I want to live. I do, insofar as I can, as I please. And I’m happy. I am as happy, I imagine, as any woman in the world!"

The sun bath was finished. She stretched her beautiful, long, lean legs. "And now I want to go to the studio for a wardrobe fitting," she said.

Suddenly I saw the maddening bursle of the war, the incessant din of the lots. Even the thought jarred upon the peace of Joan’s garden.

She must have read my thoughts. "Knowing how hard we picture people work, do you wonder that I love this peace?" she asked. "Realizing how much we play act, should anyone be surprised that I like to stop playing when I come home?"

No, I don’t. And one shouldn’t. Joan is happy and she’s happy, and the success that came from work, work, work. Certainly, she should be at liberty to take that reward as she likes.

Well—she is!

DANCING LADY

(Continued from page 43)

and her mother returned to Atlantic City, where there was always a job waiting for a good dancer, which meant that Eleanor had a good job. In the winter she returned to her native Springfield, Mass., where she helped teach dancing school and attended high school. Then the summer when Eleanor was sixteen and at this eventful date, it was decided that she try her luck in New York. Now, you know, no one has much luck in New York at first, and neither did this better-than-pedestrian and multi-artist. The town was full of postponements and promises and people’s relatives who have an “in,” and managers who want tap dancers when you can only do ballers.

"It seemed," said Eleanor, "that the only way out of a ballet had situation was to learn tap dancing. And so, I took ten lessons from Jack Donald— and that was all the tap training I’ve ever had.

Imagine! And this gal is the title-holder for taps. She won theloff contest for five years in succession, a contest in which the judges sit under the stage and where perfect taps, shading and rhythm count. The girls never seen while in action, so beauty, personality and smart clothes are of no avail. You’ve gotta tap, sister, or you don’t win. Hard lines for relatives Bill Robinson has held the men’s tap dancing award for years.

"But, " continued Miss Powell, "with a few soft shoe routines to the good, I landed in ‘Follow Thru,’ a show that ran two years and gave me a chance to save up. Then came some other hits, and now the movies! I can’t believe it. Wait ‘till my grandmother sees the picture. She’s just living for it!"

ELEANOR POWELL must be one of the minor mysteries to Hollywood. She is simple and unassuming. Nothing is too much trouble in order to perfect her work. Endless rehearsals, striving for new effects, bouncing out of bed at 2 a.m. to try a new step that has suddenly, out of nowhere, occurred to her.

"I’m always afraid I’ll forget how," she confesses cheerfully. "Suppose sometimes I just can’t get going. I’m like some one who plays the piano by ear. He’s always afraid that the last thing he’s played is going to be the last thing he’s played. Oh, gosh, don’t even let us talk about it!"

Eleanor talks as fast and as entertaining as one does who loves to recount experiences. If she makes a misstatement, her mother corrects her. She said she danced twenty weeks at the Casino de Paris on Broadway. Her mother reminded her it was seventeen. "Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly, "you’re right, it
was seventeen." She never attempts to take credit for what she hasn't accomplished. She'd rather be well liked than rich or famous. She did several years of vaudeville. Most troupes refer to it as "did—like 'doing' time, or something just as tedium. Eleanor has friends on everyone on the bill. Every stage doorman is remembered by her. She produced a little booklet which says: John Elmore, st. doorman Seattle—swell. Bill Everett, st. doorman Dubuque—swell. Jim Jason, Columbus, a little grouchy first half of week, but swell by Friday!

Yes, when people see Miss Powell, so tall and so expert in her profession, they forget she's only a kid. Then they meet her. After that, you somehow feel like getting out the roller skates and going after hot dogs. Not silly; just young.

It isn't easy to write the success story of a twenty-year-old who's been one—a success, of course—for so long.

AND when I started, all I wanted was a job," she'll tell you. "My mother had done so much for me. She was a widow when I was only two and ever since then her ambition was to try to give me the things my father could have, had he lived. Well, I've always wanted to do my bit and, just lately, I think I have."

Reports at Metro on Eleanor's performance in "Broadway Melody of 1936," are extravagant. Her dancing, of course, is the hit word. Her acting, too, is said to be sincere and convincing. It would have to be that. Anything the Powell attempted would have to be that. She is under a long-term contract to the studio and will return to Hollywood after she appears in a Shubert musical show on Broadway.

"I like Hollywood," reiterates Eleanor. "Of course, I'd like to meet people who weren't so wealthy, too. You know, middle class, like I am. You know, without swimming pools. I get mixed up when I tell it, but—you know?"

And as she told all about it, Miss Powell packed to go to New York. Forty pairs of shoes—ballet and tap—all well worn, had to be crammed into a special trunk. Trick soles to make the taps come out closer which says that Jack Donahue fixed before he passed away several years ago—great-hearted Jack who helped the kids who wanted to dance and forgot to watch the clock to see when the lesson was up, Jack who starred in musical comedy, but never failed to notice the merit of some in the chorus line. The pair that Mr. Donahue fixed for Eleanor has never been worn since he left the stage forever. To him, Eleanor gives credit for much of her success."

**IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE HARLOW**

(Continued from page 45)

pull, but make your hands do the pulling until you feel the stretch down your neck and way down your back. Oh boy, that will stretch muscles that have been contracted for years. This is also wonderful for nervousness.

Now place your right hand on the left side of your head just behind the left ear, with the finger tips pointing downwards. Turn your head to the right. Relax. Put your chin just a little in front of your shoulder. Pull hard enough with your hand to feel a good stiff stretch down your left shoulder and into your back. Repeat on the other side. This is a sure way to

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**Thousands get Amazing Results with Yeast Foam Tablets—a Dry Yeast—the Kind Science finds so Abundant in Health-Building Vitamin B**

If you suffer from any of the common troubles listed above, let Yeast Foam Tablets help you correct the condition now. These pleasant, pasteurized yeast tablets have done wonders for thousands of men and women.

Doctors all over the world recommend yeast for combating skin troubles and faulty elimination. In these easy-to-eat tablets you get this corrective food in the form science now knows is so rich as a source of Vitamin B.

Tests reveal that from dry yeast the system quickly absorbs generous quantities of the precious element that gives tone to the digestive system, stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. No wonder users report such amazing results!

At a well known clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported marked improvement within two weeks. Before starting to eat this dry yeast, some of these patients had used laxatives almost continuously.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this dry yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

**FREE! This beautiful tinted mirror, gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.**

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Please send me the handy tinted make-up mirror.

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Don't Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivilly. A cold is a serious infection unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinidine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at the cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinidine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinidine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be safe in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinidine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

MODERN SCREEN

Have a lovely, long, graceful neck.

(Aside to Mabel Slater, Newark, N. J. Your picture was swell, too. You're a close runner-up for the Harlow resemblance. You must watch your little tummy and hip line, but you certainly have a million dollar smile. Use a little salt to season, when people tell you that you're perfect as you are. You can be gorgeous if you'll get just a little thinner.)

AND now back to Lois. Since you're living in Oakland, California, where it is cold and foggy a great deal of the time, you need plenty of heat producing foods. And this goes for everyone living in a chilly climate.

Starches are heat producing but since you need to lose weight take your starchy occasionally in the form of a baked potato. Be sure to eat skin and all since next to the skin are minerals that the body needs. Eat raw yezers or whole wheat bread. Never eat bread unless it is two or three days old, or toasted.

Meat is another heat producer. Have meat at least once a day, but only broiled or roasted. And when you require sweets take only natural honey and fruit sugars, especially good are the sugars found in a very ripe banana.

(Aside to Ted Lands, New Orleans, La. From the ankle to the knee you have a perfect Harlow leg. Looking at your picture, I can understand why they call you the Jean Harlow of New Orleans. But if you'd take off just a little weight from the knee to the hip you'd have a good chance of being Miss New Orleans or, maybe, Miss America. I was in New Orleans last year and I'll never forget the grits and gravy and all the rest of the swell southern cooking. It's wonderful, but, oh baby is it fattening! So be careful. You have a great deal of personal charm and a lovely looking face but listen, honey, don't slump. Stand straight and walk straight and dance for fifteen minutes a day with your shoulders thrown well back.)

So many of the girls who sent me pictures this month are too fat in the hips. Well, that was Jean Harlow's trouble when she first breathed into my studio in Hollywood. Her body was beautiful but the hips needed shaving down. And Sylvia is the gal who did it. Here's the hip exercise I gave Jean. You girls need your mother or a girl friend to help you out. Lie on a bed with your arms above your head and relax. Then have your helper put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as you can while moving the position of the hands. In other words, tell your friend to imagine she is trying to pull you up, too. Do not press the thing on the other side of the body. Darling, that breaks down the fatty tissue and keeps it that way!

And now, Lois, here's the last word. You're blonde, but I can't tell by your picture just how platinum your hair is. But here's a tip for you. Platinum is one of the most expensive things in the world—and that goes for the hair, too, especially when you lose it. Platinum hair becomes brittle and breaks so easily. So be careful. A woman's hair is her crowning glory—but a bald head isn't a pretty crown. And a wig slips sometimes. So keep your scalp loose with massage and always use plenty of oil on your hair before you shampoo it. And there you are—all the rest will be in my personal letter to you.

O'YES, speaking of letters I want to say this. I personally read and answer every letter I receive. Write me care of Modern Screen, 49 West 40th Street, New York, City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I have so many people to help. I do not neglect anyone but I can answer you much more quickly if you will ask me just one question at the time. The other day I had a sixteen-page letter, with a question in every line. Now use your common sense a moment and you'll realize that that letter has to be put aside until I can take care of the more considerate girls who just ask one question. And now, Lois, I hope you've had a thrill out of seeing your picture in this magazine. I'm sure it will help you. Let me know if you're being a good girl and doing the things I've told you to do. More power to you darling. Sylvia's with you every day in the week including Sunday and believe me I'm for all my other babies too, but I must demand that you make yourselves as attractive as possible.

And now, come on, you Crawford and Constance Bennett doubles. And you girls who look like Claudette Colbert. I want to help you, too. Remember you don't need to look exactly like the movie stars. In fact, you shouldn't. The basic type is what counts.

I want to see more of you! But when I get through with you there will be less of you to see!
(Continued from page 33)

A TRIBUTE TO GINGER

how during the Charleston craze Ginger won a state championship, whenupon she was booked in vaudeville for four weeks at one hundred dollars a week. Virtually launched upon her theatrical career, in other words, and perhaps hearing this you've thought how lucky she has been.

ON the set that day Ginger told me more about that contest. Her mother objected to her entering it. Perhaps she felt Ginger had no chance. For she never had a lesson in her life and skilled dancers were among the entrants.

"But," Ginger told me, "I didn't give up. I argued and pleaded. I made mother's life miserable. I'm afraid. Then finally, the night before the contest, I won her down. And she went out and bought white Romaine crepe and brilliant trimming. And we worked all night. And in the morning the dress for me to dance in was finished."

For years I've watched the Hollywood girls, at close range, thanks to my work in the studios and the film colony friendships I hold so dear. And as I so often point out in my radio talks I find it exciting and inspiring to watch them build beauty and charm and fame for themselves. As deliberately and practically as you would build a house with either bricks or timbers.

In fact I'm pretty well convinced that the only difference between those who arrive and those who don't—is in Hollywood or anywhere else—is that the first put their shoulders and their brains behind their ambitious dreams. And the others, except for an occasional spurt of effort, just sit and dream.

Ginger and Lela Rogers' troubles weren't over when that Charleston contest precipitated Ginger into the theatrical world, let me tell you. Quite the contrary.

"The worst time mother and I ever had," Ginger told me, "came soon after that. I had a vaudeville act I called Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads. Another act came along and offered my redheads more money. They left me flat. Mother and I didn't have enough to pay our hotel bill, much less return home to Fort Worth."

It was in Chicago that this happened. So Ginger and Lela went to live in a theatrical boarding-house, in one of those rooms which people of the theatre who have been down on their luck never forget. A room with a torn and gritty carpet, half burned-out electric light bulbs, dirty lace curtains. A room which they loathed even though it they wondered how they were to pay for the sorry and shabby shelter it offered.

So what happened? Did Ginger quit? Wire her old friend or a relative to send her money? She did not! She'd gotten into this jam and she's gone out of it. What if it did mean taking a job in a cheap cabaret? Dancing in a sleazy ring in the dark? It meant enough money to pay their room rent and get them to Fort Worth via tourist tickets, even if it didn't leave much for food.

And when Ginger reached home again was she discouraged by that experience? She wasn't! While her mother earned enough to keep them working on a local paper Ginger whipped another act into shape. A single. Something she could carry herself without any help from any other redheads.

SEARCH YOUR SKIN

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, will not start started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is really clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It re-supplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible.

Thousands of women have overcome dry, waxy skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubri-cating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penney postcard)

Lady Esther, 100 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream (plus five shades of your Face Powder).

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

S6.

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
Exquisite but not Expensive

When ever one of these kids signs up for a picture, a party is in order. So when Toby Wing departed to make a film in Canada, she gave the gals a spaghetti treat. Semi-circling the spaghetti pot are Grace Durkin, Marsha Hunt, Paula Stone, Toby and Fat Wing, Barbara Fricke, Anne Shirley and Sue Carol.

Her first engagement was in Memphis, Tennessee. There’s no need to go into the pinch-penny methods the Rogers had to use to get there.

"Memphis, Tennessee," said Ginger, "Will I ever forget it? Or the practically empty theatre to which I played my first show. I was so nervous I had all I could do to get my feet off the floor and my songs out of my throat. The manager wasn’t exactly impressed. In fact while I was doing my number he ordered his assistant to can’ me. To get another act. And Mother heard him.

She laughed. But you knew darn well it hadn’t been a laughing matter when it happened. For they’d spent their last cent to get to Memphis and they were strangers there.

"Immediately Mother told me what she’d heard." Ginger went on, "I grabbed her by the arm and we rushed out of that theatre to walk through the Memphis streets until it was time for me to go on again. Playing two shows, you see, I was entitled to my pay."

So Ginger played her second show. The theatre at the second she was crossing over. That helped somehow. Ginger took it as a challenge and stepping out on the stage prepared to show them. When she danced, something hopeful and exciting and a picture stirred in the hearts of those who watched out there in the dark. And when she sang they dreamed and believed again.

"How easily she dances!" they whispered to one another. And "How naturally the warm, full notes flow from her throat!"

Not once did they suspect how desperately hard she was trying to please them—how consistently, step after step, note after note, she was giving all she had. For if they had suspected any of this she wouldn’t have been such a hit.

Then there was the unhappy marriage Ginger had to overcome not long after this. Youthful marriages which crash usually aren’t any great help to progress. But it was inevitable, I think, knowing Ginger and her impetuousity, that she must come to just such a marriage as she did when she was seventeen and she and Jack Culpepper, a good-looking vaudevilleman, played the same circuit. Before their marriage which took place on the stage one night after the final curtain—in quite the romantic manner you’d expect of Ginger—Lela Rogers had plenty to say about this union. All of it unfavorable. But imme-

diately that marriage ceremony was performed she stopped talking and began to hope for the best. However, a year later when Jack and Ginger were separated because their bookings now took them on different circuits, they wrote to each other admitting it all had been quite a mistake.

Whereupon Ginger didn’t, as Eighteen so easily might have, sit down and dwell upon her disillusionment. Instead she worked harder than ever to shape a new, full life for herself. To continue with her self-improvement and become interested in so many things that the loss of no one thing ever could leave her bankrupt. To analyze exactly what had happened to her marriage so honestly and with such frankness that she grew neither cynical nor bitter. And so she came along through the years to her recent marriage with Lew Ayres with all the hope and belief of one who never has failed in this respect.

And what of Ginger right now? Well, in the studios they’ll tell you no one works harder than she does. It isn’t, you see, simply her inborn sense of rhythm that makes her the dance floor in intricate, beautiful motion, that brings her such high praise from Fred Astaire. It’s the weeks she puts in working and consistent routines before a picture goes into production. And Ginger is also mindfully of personal progress. In the Rogers-Ayres house you find dictionaries everywhere. Since Ginger is ambitious to increase her vocabulary and become an easy, fluent talker she will admit no new word into her speech until she has become thoroughly familiar with it, with both its pronunciation and its meaning.

For little things like this I give Ginger as great credit as I give her for coming the long, hard way she has travelled to find her present success. It’s so easy for us to develop blind spots about ourselves, never to see ourselves with a perspective.

And so I say Ginger reminds me of a swan. Because when she swims across the dance floor with beautiful grace it’s due to the weeks and weeks during which she rehearses her routines. And because, if her biography indicates that she’s come to her beauty, her fame, her wealth, and her stardom by a straight, easy road this is because she has let nothing down her. Because, like a swan, she’s working hard and consistently always. Even if it isn’t evident on the surface of things.
costumes from this picture. It was too early to get a complete layout of fashions for you but it does show you what Adrian is aiming at. And too, here are some of the things he thinks about these designs. The most amazing and probably the one costume that will have the most fashion significance is the polo coat used for formal evening wear. This is exactly like your good old camel's hair model but is fashioned of a rich metal cloth and is worn over an evening gown of matching fabric. The lapels are exaggerated but the raglan sleeves, the stitched seamming and the sash belt of the original sports coat have been faithfully copied by Adrian in this luxurious fabric. Adrian feels this will appeal especially to young people who like comfort as well as novelty in their evening wraps. It is modern and gay, quite in tune with youthful spirits.

The formal gown which Joan was trying on this particular day has been dubbed "The Bounty" by Adrian. The name is particularly inspired because Adrian thinks that "it looks like a gallant ship in full sail." Much like those ships used in "Mutiny on the Bounty" which was being filmed at the same time. The shoulders of this gown are wide and very square. Looping up over the shoulders, like wide suspenders, the white metallic cloth forms a square neckline in both front and back. The belt is wide and the gown is floor length with a slight train. Joan wears no jewelry with this except a single wide jeweled bracelet.

The wedding headdress you can see on page 50 is made of seed pearls in a scalloped coroilet effect. Very charming for fall and winter brides.

Of new fashion trends, Adrian says, "Generally speaking, women's clothes will be more elaborate than in some years. There will be an abundance of furs and embroideries. Tweeds will be more popular than ever, too."

Off-screen and about town, Joan has found a new spot in which to place her beloved fresh gardenias. She pins a small bunch of them to the trim of her new fall sable sash of black satin. Of course, being fresh, they have to be changed every time Joan steps out but it's a swell idea, if rather impractical for the likes of us!

Incidentally, while on the subject of fresh flowers, I have to tell you that Marlene Dietrich wears real rosebuds for earrings. Try to trump that as an idea!

A trot over to Warners yields the stunning pictures of Dolores Del Rio which can be glimpsed on pages 48 and 49. This is the wardrobe that she wears in "I Live For Love." All the producers seem to have their stars living for something this month, what with Joan living her life and Dolores existing for love.

Orry-Kelly has done himself proud on this group of costumes. They are beautifully designed and are full of sparkling fashion details. As you can see, Orry-Kelly is much influenced by the Grecian trend of formal fashions. His evening gowns all have the drapery and the flowing lines that are characteristic of this fashion phase. You may be slightly confused over so many different influences being apparent in fashions this season but trust in what makes buying new clothes such an exciting pastime. To jump from military daytime clothes to Grecian robes by night and then off on another tangent into the period of the Italian Renaissance allows no chance for monotony in your dressing.

THERE is more than a bit of Renaissance in the dramatic black velvet gown and cape. The wide, starched white lace collar used so ingeniously for the entire decorative motif of the costume is typically Renaissance in character. The most amusing thing about the cape is the fact that it looks like a separate wrap but actually it is merely the great train of the dress brought up and thrown casually about the shoulders to form the cape.

Orry-Kelly says of Dolores, "White is Dolores Del Rio's best color. At least ninety percent of her wardrobe is in white and instead of making her look larger, as white is prone to do upon the screen, it makes her look slimmer and smaller. Next to white I like black for her, black velvet especially is becoming either with or without the relief of white. She looks well in the rich, deep shades of the Renaissance, too. The warm, glowing reds and wines, the regal purples, the golden yellows and antique greens."

Pointing to the lovely white chiffon gown of Grecian inspiration, he says, "The Grecian mode is especially grand for Dolores, giving her an old-world grace combined..."
with ultra-modern smartness. She looks best in these gowns that have soft fullness and drapery above the waist and long sweeping or draped sleeves.

And showing me the white fox trimmed wrap that tops this charming Grecian dress, she said "I am one of the few women who can wear white without looking cheap in it." That is why he used it so lavishly for the top of this coat... double bands of the fabric from the sleeves and the collar.

Although she rarely ever wears any hair ornamentation, with this costume Dolores used gardenias at the sides of her dark hair. Again Orry-Kelly made a comment, "Though she usually wears her hair parted in the middle and swept back from her brow, she has decided now that she values it by parting it to one side."

Another white gown has less drapery but still follows the Grecian silhouette. It is soft dull velvet with spade shaped and bloused bodice cut to form a halter at the neckline which is ornamented by two clips. The skirt is folded across the front in a soft, straight drapery.

I simply couldn't resist showing you the bridal veil arrangement which Dolores wears with a regal same gown that in a scene from her picture. A crushed fold of tulle is drawn nun-like under the chin and meets the veil just above and behind the ears where it is held by two miniature magnolias. The top of the head is left bare as the main part of the veil flares out from the back. A single large white magnolia is held in the hands. A perfectly charming idea and one which you call and winter brides should copy.

Everywhere about Hollywood you notice that the stars are wearing flowers and more flowers, artificial or real. Besides Joan's gardenias and Marlene's rosebuds, there's Claudette's black and white afternoon dress topped by a wisplength cape of white velvet violets. Imagine such a swank! And besides the cape, Claudette also has a tiny tulle ribbon of the violets and a gauzette edging of them on her black gloves.

Kitty Carlisle likes pansies and since the season is over for fresh ones, she wears a clump of velvet ones on her new purply-blue felt hat and a small bunch to match tucked under the arm. Other girls are learning how they can switch these pretties to other costumes when the spirit moves. These are all fads, my pets, and good ones to adapt to your own uses.

ANN SOTHERN is sporting a purple evening wrap to promters that offers a startling yet right practical idea. The sleeves and gloves are all one... a cozy idea for chill winter nights, what?

You can have your heels or leave them off according to your mood. Many of the smartest gals adore the heelless evening sandals. Dolores Del Rio and Joan Bennett two of these. Joan bought a dozen of ornaments recently and Dolores wears Grecian heelless ones for evening. Low heels are generally favored by a majority of the stars.

And how would you like to be all done up in suede? Dolores has an entire suit of chamois colored suede. Sally Eilers has an amusing picture dress in Venetian blue suede with its short full skirt finished off with strips of blue, green, red and yellow leather. And just the other night, Frances Dee caused a sensation by appearing in a white suede evening gown, cut very severely, its only trimming a bunch of scarlet suede poppies. You can't say the cinchards are afraid to wear something new and daring.

The peasant type dress, by the way, is a great pet about town at the moment. Its tightly fitted bodice and short full skirt have a youthful zest that appeals to these youthful-loving stars. Marion Davies was showing me one of her favorite variations of the suede jacket its the sapphire blue skirt, very full, worn over a bright red taffeta petticoat and tipped by a basque blouse in boldly printed taffeta. Huge sleeves and shirred onto the armholes and caught into tight narrow cuffs at the wrists.

Over at RKO Bernard Newman is up to his ears in sketches and costumes for two new pictures... one is a group of costumes to be worn by Ginger Rogers in 'In Person' and the other is the exciting job of doing costumes for Lily Pons debut in 'Love Song.' Since Mr. Newman had not yet completed all these costumes, I was unable to get pictures of them until later but a brief description of one or two will give you an idea of how fascinating they will be.

For Ginger there's a street costume in lightweight gray wool with short flared skirt and blue taffeta trimming at the neckline. Over this goes a two-thirds length coat of taffeta with off-shoulder cutouts at the blue. All her accessories are of the blue taffeta.

Then there's a perky, young looking cocktail suit in which light blue and navy are combined with a small jacket in the navy blue and has sleeves and collar in quilted effect. The skirt is navy with fullness centered at the front below the knees. This, too, is taffeta.

One of the most dramatic of the Lily Pons costumes is one ensemble in a metalized chiffon drapery used in both skirt and bodice although the general detailing is one of great simplicity. Over this she wears a knee-length cape, fastened at the side with the openings bordered deeply in silver fox, a single jeweled ornament holding the cape together at the neck and shoulder.

Claude Gillingwater, on telling you about the new and interesting clothes you will see soon on the screen but this gives you some small idea of what a lavish hand is going into the designing of the stars picture clothes this season. And too, what original twists the stars themselves give to their off-screen costumes of the blue.

I have prepared a new leafflet called 'Star Tips to Smartness' which you may have by merely sending a stamp, self-addressed envelope: Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.
MYRNA KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

(Continued from page 35)

for stalking the seal "team" on any two stars who have made a decided success together in one picture. It isn't a good thing for any man and woman to be co-starred so often that the fans look upon them as a team. Too many things can happen. A new contract for either—and the fans are bound to resent the career-divorce of two stars they have come to look upon as partners. Other screen partnerships have shown how disastrous a split can be for one or the other of a so-called team. Do you remember Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell? What I mean is, you still remember Janet Gaynor, don't you?

Because a "Thin Man" happens to come along, just as "Seventh Heaven" did years ago, and the man's and woman's parts complement each other so beautifully, there really isn't any reason to condemn two stars to a life of Hollywood service together, is there?

Of course you all know how Myrna started out being the weird exotic that Natasha Rambova saw in her and how her eyes (laughing American eyes they are with incredible lashes and a fascinating quirk at the corners) were elongated into mysterious Oriental ones. And after a few successful roles, a nice kid from Montana was amazed to find herself the Yellow Peril of all good American homes.

In the beginning Myrna took those parts seriously. She was only a kid. She laughed at them. And then suddenly she was determined to get away from them.

It isn't easy getting away from being a type. Myrna Loy discovered that. It was difficult to convince the studios she could play the heroines of "Penthouse" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady." But she did play them and so beautifully that out of them came a new type for Myrna...the gallant lady...the good sport...the ideal wife to lighten a man's dreams.

They've been saying things about Myrna in Hollywood since she took a plate for New York and the boat to and from Europe. That's she's temperamental. That she sucks. "If it's temperament to stand up for your personal rights, to refuse to see a career you've sunk an awful lot of hard work into, threatened by an utterly unsuitable part, then I'm temperamental," she announced calmly. "But I don't suck."

You can tell that by looking at her

La Dietrich and Gilbert seemed verra interested these days, Mary Astor's with them at the Trocadero.

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I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

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Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour to the eyes.
BRIGHT IDEAS

THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble-your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Lol your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful. No heat-no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little Stadette—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!

Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

MODERN SCREEN

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-31, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. They are the Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

mouth. It's generous, that mouth, and when her face is in repose it quivers up a little bit at the corners, the way her eyes do. No doubt about it, it's a mouth that wouldn't mince words when it had to, a mouth that could be angry. But it wouldn't sulk. You know that.

"I've worked her all my life. You see, I've always had responsibilities," she went on frankly. "And it's been good for me. It's made me more ambitious than I probably would have been. It's made me more conscious of the world around me."

People are saying I walked off the set of 'Escapade.' I didn't. I've never taken a run-out powder in my life. But the part made me unhappy.

"My heart sank when I was made up for it. The girl staring back at me from my mirror wasn't the girl in 'Escapade' at all."

"She was an artless girl, an unsophisticated girl with charm enough to win the hero, a jaded artist and man about town. Louise Rainer became that girl when she subsequently played the part."

You knew instinctively what Myrna Loy meant. Regularly chiseled features can be toned down. But Myrna's face is too suggestive. Her tilted eyes and piquant nose could never suggest the quiet or demure. She has made herself look grotesque at times, she could undoubtedly achieve down-right ugliness with tricks of make-up. But it is easy to see how impossible it would be for her ever to look plain or nondescript.

"Miss Rainer made such a grand thing of the part that I felt more than vindicated when I saw her," Myrna said simply. "You see, it was just one of those unpleasant things that so often have a way of turning out for the best for everyone concerned."

"Being unhappy about the way I looked in the picture was the least of it. There was a German version of 'Escapade' and Paula Weselki played the role. I was doing it. She was grand in it, so absolutely perfect that the studio wanted me to be as much like her as possible."

"For days I went on, so nervous and upset by the whole unhappy situation that I couldn't sleep nights. I knew I was being a fool, but that I was going to gameOver isn't in my line at all, but if I could have done them as myself I wouldn't have minded so horribly. They might have been poor things, but they were mine."

"But I couldn't even be myself. I was to imitate another actress. My work is too important to me to endanger it without doing serious damage to my whole situation."

"It got to a place where I couldn't stand it any longer and I went to the Powers That Be and thrashed out the whole unhappy situation. The picture was scheduled for me at the time, so after some discussion I was given a leave of absence. But the studio knew where there could reach me every moment I was away."

"I went home that morning and got my dog and his dog and house and moved there to a friend. I had to go away. Ever since I started in pictures I've never had a real vacation. I was going to have one now. Get away from Hollywood and get a perspective on myself. Be able to laugh at myself again. You see I was beginning to feel sorry for myself and I couldn't stand that."

"'Move over you!' I said to my dog as he sat dolefully in the door of his house looking up at me. He always senses when things are happening. 'I'm in the dog house too.'"

"But I didn't crawl into the dog house with him. I went to Europe instead and did all the things I was supposed to do out, since I was a kid and geography was the only subject in school that really interested me."

"You can't ride over the Continent in a plane as Myrna did and look down on farms and cities and see them dwindle to pin points on a green terrain without feeling that the things that are happening to you are really unimportant after all...

"You can't walk up the Champs Elysées in Paris and see the naked flame, flaring high over the Place de l'Etoile. You can't peruse and read the simple inscription on that stone slab, without knowing that you have to live your own life as you want to live it, without always being aware that if 20 years go on and how some things live and other things die and a lifetime is only what you make of it yourself."

"Life first," Myrna said.

"I have friends there and when I saw how they lived it opened my eyes to the way things are done in Hollywood. We rush around and burn ourselves out. Early studio calls in the morning and then, after a grueling dash, we dash about as madly for a few days of relaxation. They were so grand those calm, unending days in England and France... late breakfasts and after that tennis or golf... teas in the country and a stroll along the beach trying to outdo everyone else or racking their brains for smart or witty things to say..."

"But it was in Paris I saw something that struck me most forcibly of all. It was just before dawn and the farmers' carts were beginning to come in from the country. We took a coach over to Les Halles, the market place."

"An old farmer was dozing as his horse shambled slowly down the Champs Elysées. He had been to work early that morning. The reins held loosely in his hand and sometimes the horse would stumble and the old fellow would come awake a little, then sink back to sleep for a moment and chuck elaborately at his horse to show he was still master of the situation. Then his head would nod again and the horse would slide off into a dream."

"That cart got to Les Halles just as surely as though he were cracking a whip over the animal's neck all the way. It really was an object lesson. And I determined that from then on I was going to take a page from that old Frenchman's book of life and work straightly for a life and work easier than I ever had before."

"I'm not going to wait until I can get in the dog house again before I take a vacation."

"She smiled straightly at me."

"It was a life lesson of the simple, to the world as it is lived outside of Hollywood. Now I'm always going to have a perspective on my life...

"There's no doubt about it that time has done things for Myrna Loy, has made her more vital, more knowing, has given her an air about her. Ever since I've known her she has been a Myrna threatened to desert Hollywood. For when she and M-G-M came to the parting of the ways, those smart producers, Huth and MacArthur, signed up Myrna for a role in one of their Astoria-made productions. Myrna liked being in New York. She enjoyed the shops, the shows and the flavor of the place. But the other things that the Big City had to offer. But—think of it—a Thin Man without Myrna! Without her laugh and her natural acceptance of things as they come, without the little moxie she made at her screen husband and at herself and at life."

"As we go to press, the M-G-M-ers and the Loy have patched up their differences and Myrna is in Hollywood waiting to start work in a picture.
aren't there): If it's true that good writers must have emotions, these two should make Shakespeare look like a Sunday supplement scribbler.

(Fade Out on Scene 1)

SCENE II

Time: Four months later.

Locals: An executive office in the RKO building.

(P.A., the press agent, who must keep on tap solely for interviews.)

P.A.: Mr. Astaire will be here any minute now and I'll bring him in. He's a swell guy. You'll be crazy about him.

K.A.: Will he? (She lifts the little brown sailor number she is wearing at what she trusts is a more beguiling angle. She chooses a deep leather chair in which she scores the advantage of the soft, dark lighting which filters in through the Venetian blinds. And, having made this flattering choice, she smiles sweetly at A.W.F.)

A.W.F. (as the press agent exits she reluctantly takes the executive chair behind a big flat top desk. She applies just a little more lipstick, carefully. She has no intention of looking too executive): You know, they say Fred Astaire won't talk about his personal life. His marriage or anything like that. Perhaps we'd better not ask such questions. I wouldn't like to offend him.

K.A. (every inch the thoroughbred): Why, my dear! I had no idea of asking him anything personal! A gentleman like Fred Astaire! Really! By the way, Pet, isn't that a new dress? A new hat? A new bag?

A.W.F. (more self-conscious than she'd like to think): Yes—er—you know I always buy summer things late in the season. They mark them down so!

K.A. (sweetly): Of course, I didn't dream that you'd bought all those new things for this occasion. I knew you must have some good practical reason, De-ah.

(A commotion is heard off-stage as the press agent with Fred Astaire comes along the hall from the elevator. Doors open so the stenographers may peer out. Office boys shuffle along at a respectful distance unmindful of the "rush, special!" interoffice communications in their hands.)

P.A. (entering with Fred Astaire): Miss Albert, Miss Fletcher...Mr. Astaire.

(Ad lib greetings as both girls rummage frantically in their bags and at one and the same moment bring forth little blue cards which proclaim their membership in good standing in the Fred Astaire Fan Club.)

K.A. and A.W.F. (in triumphant unison): We belong to your club! Fred: Swell! (He turns to the P.A. in relief.) Am I delighted! I thought this was going to be an interview.

P.A. and K.A. and A.W.F. But it is an interview.

(Fred Astaire lets out a little groan and, like a man led to the electric chair, pats his briefcase on his lap. However, he smiles. His hazel eyes are bright and the whites very white. He is nicely tanned. And with all due respect to his tailor, the greens he wears is benefited by the fact that he wears it, by the lean, active lines his body lends it. He pulls a huge blue handkerchief from his pocket and mops his face. He looks expectant. As expectant as you look in a dentist's chair. Obvi-

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only his reputed dislike of interviews is no pose. You can see he is making a valiant effort to hide his discomfort and appear gracious.

K.A.: (softly, oh so feminine): You did your first picture with Joan, didn't you? Joan Crawford.

Fred (looking puzzled, not believing that such an innocuous speech could come from the mouth of a dreaded interviewer. He doesn't know these girls, he says. Yes he is. Helped me learn the ropes. That's on the level, in spite of that cute little Hollywood rumor that I was displeased because my role in "Dancing Lady" wasn't big enough. I didn't want it to be any bigger. All I wanted to do was to earn a little bit of Hollywood as a K.A. about you, see, some people had sort of liked me on the stage and I figured that if I flopped it would be just too bad for me. (He first, well, A.W.F.—well, flutter, shall we say?)

Fred (continuing): My arrival in Hollywood is something I shan't forget. Boy, was I in a dither. You see, I'd just been married two days when the bride and I flew out. It was my first flight and I still had the stakes from that. I'm an artist. Studios were huge, so impregnable with their iron gates. But once I was inside it was different.

A.W.F.: Of course, the thing I've never been able to understand is why the movie producers didn't give you a contract long ago.

Fred (he's interested now and much less nervous): Funny thing about that. Adele (referring to his sister, Lady Cavendish, with whom he danced to fame), and I made a screen test years ago when we were playing in "Fanny Face." But they caught us just when the first popularity of musicals was on the wane and nothing came of it.

A.W.F.: What about the rumor that you didn't like "Flying Down to Rio"? We heard you tried to buy up the negative so it would never be released.

Fred (he grins, brand smile of his): I heard that, too, and boy, was I ever flattered. I went around saying, "Astaire, they must think you're pretty good." First I was pleased that anybody would think I had enough money to buy a film—that would be about a million dollars, wouldn't it? And second that 1'd got a leg up on such a great artist that I'm lucky to stop something that didn't suit me artistically. As a matter of fact I liked "Flying Down to Rio." (K.A. just smiles sweetly and snuggles deeper into her leather chair. As she looks at Fred Astaire you expect to hear her purr. But actually there is no sound.)

A.W.F.: (carrying on for the benefit of the two of them, Annoyed to think she should be forced to seem the aggressive type, she gives K.A. a dirty look, which K.A. ignores): Were there dancers in your family? There must be something to account for you and your sister.

Fred (he doesn't mind looking now): Not a one. My mother is grand looking. Young and slender. But she wouldn't even dance a step with me. There was never anybody about whom kids had been associated with the theatre. Adele was sent to dancing school when she was six—and like most kids in the time of Fred Astaire, we in Omaha, then. Later, when we moved to New York I was sent to dancing school. I remember just one thing about that first teacher. He used to put his boot on a chair like this (his movements off screen are as graceful as his on-screen dances. There is a flow of motion which seems to have something of the ballet and, we have no beginning and, we have no ending and, if you're good, he'd beat time on the slats. But I learnt what showmanship I know from a man we met in vaudeville.

K.A. (being helpful about the interview for the first time): You went into vaudeville as kids?

Fred (he smiles, remembering): We needed the dough. My folks had some tough breaks. In spite of this my mother fought against the stage. But my father, feeling we kids had some talent, was all for us. And we were crazy about the theatre. I don't even remember how we got the job. I think my father knew a man at the management or something. And at any rate, there we were tramping all over the country and learning about routines and arrangements and all the theatrical tricks of a couple of small sponges. It was swell.

A.W.F. (taking the interviewing reins into her own hands, and taking in the demure little southern belle with soft, big brown eyes): How do you plan your dances?

Fred (both girls realize that he loves to talk about this. And they figure that, if the fans are half as interested in them as this master dancer achieves his effects as they are, they'll let him go on. He is now earnest and eager): Want me to start from the beginning? (as K.A. and Fred Astaire do the "Folks Who Dance the Blues") I'm going to tell you the music by the composer. Irving Berlin's doing the stuff for "Follow the Fleet." I'm going to the studio every day and work on routines from ten until six. My assistant and I have an empty stage where they put a piano and full-length mirrors. It's real work. By the time the picture has worked the first, I've lost several pounds. I mop those pounds off with my handkerchief.

This assistant of mine is grand. As I'm dancing through the stuff, "Not for good, Fred," or, "I'd cut that a little, make it quicker."

Then I'll have a tough day. What I want to do this is go home. I want to quit for good. But he won't let me. "Stick around," he'll say, "until you've done your best." I think he feels something. It's mean helping an old lady across the street or giving a blind man a nickel. He means for me to get one good step, one good idea.

And it's funny but when one comes another follows. It starts going great and I feel good again. And before we know it it's a new day.

A.W.F.: And how does Ginger Rogers' part work in?

Fred (in admiration for Ginger is unbounded): After the basis for the dance is doped out we work together, plan double tricks. I'd feel like a fool working out a girl's steps. But Ginger's quick. She's swell.

K.A. (smugly): I never see Ginger Rogers. (Fred looks very puzzled. His eyes voice his question. And K.A. positively preens, as she says) I only see you.

Fred (he is really worried now. The blue handkerchief appears and he mops his brow): Gee! Really? Do you mean I do too much, try to steal the spot? Because if that's so I've got to change. Really? (she's going) The way your eye should follow. What can I do?

K.A. (not at all embarrassed): It's nothing you can help.

Fred: But...

A.W.F. (hurrying in with conversational first aid): Katherine means, Mr. Astaire, that you should have seen the beautiful Bill Robinson himself I were on the floor with you, she'd only see you. And (trying to be shy in a very blonde way) that goes for many others.

Fred (quickly changing the subject): You mentioned Bill Robinson. Now there's a dancer, he can dance any time, anywhere, anywhere. He'd walk in this room and if you said, "Rip off a couple of steps, Bill," he'd dance. Just for the joy of it. I can't do that. I've got to have the routine set and the
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Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain.

Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.
job led to another. And so, after all my amazing first experiences in Hollywood, after what, in some small way, I called success and failure I was now one of the thousands of girls whom you see dancing in the background on a ballroom set, divining as it were my charmingly wonderful Long Island homes, applauding someone on a stage in a theatre shot.

I was determined now that I was an extra I was not going to be an "average" one. I was ambitious. I had said that if I did not become a leading woman in a couple of years I'd be a Soar. I was going to show how some of the others who were just in the game to make an easy living would lag at the back of a dancing set so they would not have to work so hard. I'd volunteer to be close to the star. And when the others would ask me to gay parties I would say that I was much too busy to go home. I would say that I felt this would get me somewhere. It was years ago that I made these resolutions. And I'm still an extra. Sometimes I wonder what's the use? Yet this is the only work I know. It brings me a living on which I can get by and I have the hope that some day, in some small way, I will be discovered—that some director will pick me out of the crowd and give me a chance. And now I must tell you about my life as an extra. Once, or so people believe, extra girls know the stars. I can't write this in chronological order. I'm just going to jump around and tell you how I see life. My life is easy and nice. But when her husband—and also her producer—Irving Thalberg comes on the set to untangle some difficult scene, she is as nervous and jumpy as a bit player. They call each other "Miss Shearer" and "Mr. Thalberg" and you'd never dream that they were stars. They are star and boss when I see them together.

Norma is very careful about her work and will go to any amount of trouble to keep things in order. She is the most amazing star I've ever seen. I've tried and tried to make her out but I can't. When you catch her face off guard it is the saddest face in the world and when she is on the set she seems to have eyes for no one but Von Sternberg. I wonder how she is going to behave with other directors now that Von is no longer with her.

He is the boss of the set. He storms and raves and is so sarcastic that everybody cries. She is nice, too. That's a fine tan he has. Isn't it? Walter (interrupting and a little frightened) Will meddlesome order luncheon now? K.A. and A.W.F. (as if they have just returned for off-duty) Has there been an order luncheon? Oh yes, to be sure, luncheon. "Fade Out—none too soon—Scene III—and two interviewers who aren't what they used to be."

CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(Continued from page 46)
me that she is always trying hard not to appear to be the sort of girl she plays in pictures. I realize that it is a handicap for a star to be habitually cast in tough, handballed roles. She must feel it necessary to make an attempt to dispel the illusion that she is tough and handballed off screen. But sometimes I think she tries too hard.

I was on the set the day that Harlow came back to work after the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern. I must say she was very brave. We were instructed beforehand that none of us were to extend sympathy or to mention the tragedy at all, for fear it would break her up too much and she would be unable to go on. Although everyone felt terribly, we tried to be as gay and as casual as possible. And, except for the fact that Jean was laughed at when she had to do so in a scene, you would never know anything had happened.

I feel very sorry for Mrs. Temple, Shirley's mother. That woman is trying very hard to keep little Shirley from being spoiled. But it's a difficult job. As yet, Shirley is still the same, level-headed kid she's always been, but sometimes it is sickening to see how the actors gush over her.

The men actors are always saying, "Will you marry me, Shirley, when you grow up?" The women are always admiring her curls and her clothes. If Shirley is ever spoiled, her fans won't be to blame. It will be the actors on the set with her who are at fault.

I COULD go on like this for pages, telling you about my impressions of the screen stars but since this is my story as well as a story of Hollywood I want to tell you what personal adventures I had.

You remember the artist, Bradley, who got up on the Garbo set? Well, he was being more kind to me. And although he argued with me all the time, begging me to throw up the idea that I was an actress, telling me that I didn't have a chance in a million, I knew he was fond of me.

One night I came home to my little apartment to find a note (I was from the lobby set and they're the most wearing of all) and found Bradley waiting in the lobby for me.

When we were in my apartment he took me in his arms and said, "You know, darling, I love you." I laughed. "Well, I don't know." He was almost gruff about it. "I do," he said.

And I told him he wasn't acting at all like a movie lover. "It isn't my intention to do so," he said. "I don't like movie lovers and I didn't come here to make love to you. I came to ask you to help a girl out of trouble. I just wanted to tell you I loved you first so you will believe me when I say this girl is merely a friend of mine—nothing more.

"You remember the 'quickie' director you told me about, the one who was rotten to you when you first came to Hollywood?"

I remembered it all too well. Bradley continued, "He's pulled the same stunt on another girl. The only difference is that she reported it and now that rotten little director says she is trying to frame him and he never saw her before. If you'll be brave enough to testify that he had her fresh with you it will help her out tremendously.

I hesitated a moment. This might, I felt, hurt my poor little career. And then I remembered how Joan Crawford had said I could repay her for her kindness by helping another girl who needed help. "I'll do it," I said.

But I didn't know what I was letting myself in for.

(To be continued)
she has given the rest of Hollywood's young ladies something to shoot at. As the heroine of this romance of a small town girl she has captured all the charm and beauty that Dorothy Tarkington originally wrote into the character, and when La Hepburn captures things they're really captured. For instance, she has been a clerk all his life, which means that Katie isn't often invited to the parties of the wealthier belles about town. She makes one of them to supply enough money to buy him a gift for his birthday, which turns out being a dinner party conducted by a non-too-graceful daughter of Ethel, who was hired for the evening. Hepburn, beautifully photographed, has a swell supporting cast in Fred Stone, Frank Albertson, Charley Grapewin and the aforementioned Mr. MacMurray.

Preview Postscripts

Miss K. Hepburn rivals Miss G. Garbo in managing to get publicity by ostensibly avoiding it. She ducks into corners, hides behind benches and climbs trees when a photo-sleuth appears, and she is apt to walk down a side street or sit on the curb at the studio gate. There's no hokum, though, about keeping her private life really that way. She's famous for securing the quietest divorce ever heard of in Hollywood from her stock-broker husband. And the quietest wedding bells were for the ones and her mother, Lelia Hayward. Booth Tarkington's famous story has long been a role that she's tried to convince the studio heads to give her a try at. Little Women was another. This marks the début of the head of the house of "Stepping Stones" in films. Fred Stone has long been in demand by the studios, but he was too fond of the footlights to pay much attention. But there was a long time when Mr. Stone wasn't in demand as an actor. Following an airplane smash-up he was told that he would never again walk, let alone dance. But the doctors didn't reckon with their patient... True, he had to walk on crutches for a good many months. He learned to dance on them, too... Evelyn Venable is married to Hal Mohr, a cameraman, and living high up in the Hollywood hills in a modest house. They put all their money into the view... Helen Hopper's one of Hollywood's most sought-after ladies. She's a former De Wolfe Hopper wife, but famous in her own right, too.

**Dante's Inferno** (Fox)

If Signor Dante should happen to drop into a movie theatre one of these days he'd discover that the boys at Fox have taken considerable liberties with his poem. He'd find his Inferno a carnival concession run by Spencer Tracy, who puts Hades over with a bang and builds himself a gigantic amusement park and a colossal gambling ship. We have to tell Mr. Dante that Spencer's been in the amusement park business before and that it isn't by his company, he sold it off and on ever since, but finds time to swim, play tennis like an expert and ride a bicycle twenty miles a day. Producer Winfield Sheehan was recently married to Maria Jeritso at the San Fernando Mission. Never been married and never been in love 'til he met Jeritso a few months before. Mr. Sheehan's off to Ethiopia to keep Mr. Alger's to shame. Born to poverty-stricken parents, he sold papers, wrote for them, and for many years now has been one of the outstanding leaders of the motion picture industry.
The Thirty-nine Steps
(Gaumont-British)

Here, movie-goers, is the answer to the
question you've been asking: "When will
we see Robert Donat again?" After "The
Count of Monte Cristo," as you probably
know, Donat returned to England where he
did a play—and this picture. It's a
grand film and he is grand in it. A fast-
moving mystery and plenty of good fun
are mixed with the chills. Donat and Made-
eleine Carroll, who plays opposite him, have
many chances to show their skill at the
light comedy touch. The plot moves along
like greased lightning—and while, like most
mystery plots, it isn't noted for strict
adherence to realism, it's believable enough.
Has to do with a traitorous organization
called The Nineteen Steps which is endeavor-
ing to sneak some valuable state secrets out
of England. All this leads to much dirty
work on the Scottish moors and consider-
able glib talking and fast action on the
part of Donat. The settings and scenery
are interesting. There are some excellent
bits of acting by lesser characters. The
direction is smooth. And Donat—we re-
present—is grand. We wish he'd make more
pictures.

Every Night at Eight
(Paramount)

An unpretentious little musical number
is this one and we chalk it up on the score-
board as pleasant and mildly diverting en-
tertainment. Obviously fashioned to catch
the fancy of the amateur hour devotees. It
has Frances Langford, Alice Faye and
Patsy Kelly as three working gals who
have a yen to sing. In fact, they have a
talent for it, and after an appearance on
one of them their amateur programs they
join up with George Raft, who has or-
ganized a band and wants to go places. It
won't surprise you to learn that success
comes along eventually, and with it re-
mance, although everyone in the audience
knows that Frances Langford is in love
with George Raft about three reels before
the news gets home to our hero. Patsy
Kelly helps things considerably with her
drowdy comedy, and the Langford gal, who's
photographed better, will turn into a
good screen bet, for her voice registers
well. George Raft is George Raft, and
that can mean whatever you want it to
mean.

Preview Postscripts

Getting the drop on television, Mr. Walter
Wonger gives us a look at Miss Frances Lang-
ford working into the microphone. Miss
Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody."

NEW FIGURES FOR OLD
QUICK, SAY THOUSANDS

TO THINK
I LOOKED LIKE THAT
JUST A FEW
WEEKS AGO!

GAINS OF 10 TO 25 POUNDS IN A FEW
WEEKS REPORTED BY USERS

SKINNY people who never could gain
an ounce—many who for years had
seen themselves held back by a bony,
gawky figure—cannot say enough in
praise of this remarkable new discovery
that has given them normal curves and
natural attractiveness they so long had
wished for—in just a few weeks.

Doctors know that the real
reason why great numbers of people find it
hard to gain weight is they do not get
enough Vitamin B and iron in their
daily food. Now with this new discovery
which combines these two vital ele-
ments in little concentrated tablets,
hosts of people have put on pounds of
firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining
normal, good-looking pounds, but also
naturally clear skin, freedom from indi-
gestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful
This amazing new product, Ironized
Yeast, is made from special cultured
yeast imported from Europe, the
richest known source of Vitamin B. By
a new process this yeast is concentrated
7 times—made 7 times more powerful.
Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of
strengthening iron.

If you, too, are one of the many who
simply need Vitamin B and iron to
build them up, get these new Ironized
Yeast tablets from your druggist at
once. Day after day, as you take them,
watch skinny limbs and flat chest round
out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears
to natural beauty, new health comes—
you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and run-down you
may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and
iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast
should build you up in a few short weeks
as it has thousands. If you are not del-
ighted with the results of the very first
package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many
easily prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets
sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These
cheap imitations usually contain only the
lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron,
and cannot possibly give the same results.
Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.
Look for "IY" stamened on tablets.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right
away, we make this absolutely FREE offer.
Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tab-
lets at once, cut out the seal on the box
and mail it to us with a clipping of this
paragraph. We will send you a fascinating
new book on health, "New Facts About
Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed
with the very first package—at money re-
tunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co.,
Inc., Dept. 311, Atlanta, Ga.
NEW SHOES for OLD

Longford was wonted to fame on the air waves, after a season or two in the musical comedy racket. On completing this picture she tucked away a nickel movie contract with her Columbia Broadcast one. Weighs 96 pounds but can beat a half dozen husky gals when it comes to hard work. She's dippin' chowder about David Mowbray and his ador- ate eclair is and is seldom seen without a few of each. . . . Alice Foye, like Miss Longford, is a protégée of Rudy Vallee—and more than that according Bente Blankenbreider. She sported a mammuth star sopplife while at work on this film, but shyly refused to acknowledge the don's name. With wealth comes the movie coffer, Alice built a palatial Beverly Hills home and recently invited a crowd to help initiate the pool. The fact that at last minute a plan broke down and there was no water in the pool didn't start the initiation. The hostess provided roller skates. . . . George Raft is the young man who causes all that fanfare. He can mail as Rudolph Valentino's successor. But in spite of the sweat of his brow and the brilliancy on his pompadour, M. R. didn't file his Great Lover's shoes. It wasn't his idea, any- way, as he prefers tougher roles. George never uses a hanky, just collects them. He has several hundred to data.

★ ★ ★ The Gay Deception

(20th Century-Fox)

There's deception in the title, but the picture really is Gay. It's all light-hearted and nonsensical with a plot that's conspicuous by its absence. Francis Lederer is irresistible as the happy-go-lucky young Prince who decides to do some bell-hopping in New York's most ultra hotel. Either the director forcibly restrained Mr. Lederer from discussing on a cast-iron topic, World Peace, or quietly cut any such glum remarks, for the handsome hero seems to have nothing on his mind but Frances Dee. And no wonder—for Miss Dee turns on the charm full force and gives a grand performance of the rich little poor girl splurging on sweatpants and banquet hued Countess, her show's passport into high society club never to return ever. The rest of the cast doesn't let you down, either. Alan Mowbray portrays another suitors for Miss Dee. Somebody else. Or other, but Benita Hume is the girl who shows up the lower nature of society debs. Lionel Stander and Alain Tamirot clip the artistic standards for gangsters and Luis Alberni and Ferdinand Gottschalk outset themselves in a couple of comedy scenes. The story is pretty tangled up in spots, come to think of it. But you'll enjoy yourself so you won't be thinking anyway.

Preview Postscripts

There should be a law against Mr. Francis Lederer. Here's the most ardent exponent of the World Peace Movement. Mr. Lederer has caused more discord in happy homes than any other actor. He started by raising the pulse of the Czechoslovak ladies in his native country at the age of sixteen. Since that time he's been the matinee idol of London, Paris, New York, and points west. Production on this picture had to be held up so that he could address the National Association of University Women who were holding their annual convention in Los Angeles. He was the first actor so hon- ored by the association. Miss Mary Anita Loos, it is rumored, may take him out of circulation one of these days. . . . Frances Dee is one of those young ladies who an- nounced that she would never marry an actor, then turned around and came home to Joel McCrea. However, she's the only one to become Mrs. J. McC. They're strong advocates of the simple life and savings banks. Most of their money is put into the soil—some several thousand acres of it in the San Fernando Valley. They're raising thorough- bred horses, prize livestock and a healthy assortment of a hundred or so acres for their collection of "this could only happen in Hollywood." Five years ago Miss Dee appeared as a lowly "extra" in her first pic- ture, while Mr. McCrea was supporting "flacker maybe you saw Jack, but more likely you didn't. He was the teller in the bank for about two minutes. . . . Alan Mowbray and Benita Hume were as chummy off-screen as on. They were great friends back in Marrie Olde England, from where Miss Hume just crossed over the pond. But Mowbray wouldn't stay away that long, though, having too soft a spot in his heart for this country. He's written several stage hits himself, including being a member of the production of "Shanghai," the new play of Mrs. W. W. Carpenter, his wife, has also been with him in many plays. . . . William Wyler, director, is rumored to be married, but, if he is, he's more, he intends to stay that way. Those divorce rumors were squelched once and for all when Mr. Wyler had a birthday a few days after starting on this picture. His wife sent her gift over the set for him. It was a de luxe sport model motorcycle, all done up in pink and blue ribbon. Mr. Wyler promptly put his car in the garage and spent his time differentiating the bike—even to parts. It was not only a convenient gift, but a sentimental one, for Mr. Wyler and Mr. W. W. Carpenter were both in love on the Universal lot, the two would steal away at every opportunity and go riding on the cop's motorcycle.

★★★ Here Comes Cookie

(Paramount)

You can bring your paper hat and your confetti to this little opera, for it's the predictable Onion Lake, you'd think celluloid you'll see all season. It's Burns and Allen, and it's their best picture to date. The story has George Burns, a spluttering old millionaire who wants to prevent one of his daughters (Betty Furn- ness) from marrying a money-seeking for- eigner. In order to pretend he's poor he deeds all his money to his other daughter, who happens to be Gracie Allen. Gracie thinks the old gent really wants to get rid of his daughter, and starts a publicity cam- paign by filling the house with down-and- out vaudeville acts. There's a seal in every bathtub, an acrobat in every bathroom, and the old family mansion looks like a poor week on the Gus Sun circuit. What goes on from there you can find out for yourself. In a scene that dance number called "The Vamp of the Pampas" Gracie proves herself one of the ablest comediennes in the business, and the rest of the cast does excellent stojing for her.

Preview Postscripts

Gracie Allen and George Burns have been in the moon pitchers only about three years, but they've long been popular on the stage and radio. All the time they've been the brain-waves for George and his brother, Bill, think them all up. But without Gracie there'd be none, for she's the one for ideas. They've just been married now, besides their little daughter, adopted eight months ago. . . . Betty Furness was used to having her picture taken before coming to her new home. He's the model for a couple years in New York. She's never seen on the set or off without a voluminous knitting lop, and has outfitted herself, all her friends, and most of their
Melvyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Edith Fellows in "She Married Her Boss."

friends in natty knits. She’s cuh-razy about smart but inexpensive clothes, and to show that the combination was possible, she opened up her own shop in Westwood Village, the University shopping section, and is showing the tricks to the college girls.

★★★ The Irish in Us
(First National)

With such fine Celtic names as O’Brien, Cagney and McHugh attached to a picture bearing this title it will come as no surprise to learn that things concern themselves mainly with the doings of an Irish family. O’Brien is Frank. Brothers Pat O’Brien and Frank McHugh turn an honest dollar or so with the police and fire departments, but brother Jimmy Cagney’s talents run toward managing prize fighters. He finally lands one named Carburn Hammerschlag (Allen Jenkins), and his activities with this punch-drunk warrior keep the plot rolling. The producers might well be accused of having kissed the blarney stone once or twice too often in the making of this one, but the overdose of sentiment is more than balanced by some good lines and several rip-roaring comedy sequences. Jimmy and Pat are excellent and Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh, you may notice, have made definite improvement in their brand of comedy. (A little restraint goes a long way, eh, boys?) Olivia de Havilland playing the love interest, will bear watching.

Preview Postscripts

Pat O’Brien and James Cagney are good friends since Broadway hoofing days, when they lined up in the same act on the five-o’clock. At that time they weren’t just positive where their next meal was coming from, but it didn’t matter so much either. Now they’ve got large and imposing houses atop Hollywood hills, swimming pools and a Public. And none of this matters so much, either. Pat is married to a girl who’s never been on the stage, and they’ve just adopted a small daughter, Mavourneen, for whom they practically built their whole home, what with nurseries, salariums, gymnasiums, etc. Jimmy’s married to a former actress... Olivia de Havilland first came to attention out here in Hollywood when Max Reinhardt took such an interest in her while casting for his great spectacle, "A Midsummer Night’s Dream," which was put on in the Bowl. He decided Miss de Havilland had something, and she’s now proving it as far as the movies are concerned, too... Mr. Reinhardt also mentioned James Cagney as one of the ten Reel actors in Hollywood... Frank McHugh is one of

It was strange that the son of an Admiral and the descendant of generations of Navy men should care nothing about the Navy. But Dick Melville thought he would rather sing than do anything. He finally joined the Service to prove to his father that he could succeed. When it came time for him to leave, however, he found that his heart was bound up with loyalty and love for the Navy and for the girl who showed him the right path to follow.

You’ll enjoy reading “SHIPMATES FOREVER,” a grand story of life in the Navy, where the highest ideals of loyalty and devotion prevail. The complete story of Warner Brothers’ picture, starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, appears in the November issue.

Other stories and features in this issue include “Barbary Coast” starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea... Margaret Sullavan in “So Red the Rose”... Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person"... Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love"... Paul Muni in "Doctor Socrates"... Maureen O’Sullivan and Norman Foster in "The Bishop Misbehaves"... "Broadway Melody of 1936" with an all-star cast... Tom Brown in "Freckles"... Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in "Thirty-Nine Steps"... Nancy Carroll and Loyd Nolan in "Atlantic Adventure"... "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson... "Hangover Murders" with Constance Cummings, Robert Young and Edward Arnold...
the members of the Warner Bros. stock company who really wears well. Says he learned that laugh back about a monophone tape on record and then listening to it for hours until he got it as silly as it is now. That's really working for something worth while. He's just become the property of a son and so Jack he's going to teach him to laugh like his Dad before he let him even talk. This will save him years of practice acquiring the art.

★★ Special Agent
(Warner Brothers)

Someone dug rather deeply into that attic trunk for the script of "Special Agent" and emerged with a gangster tale which registers as a minor item in the month's list of entertainment. The picture starts out to be a second "G-Men," exploiting the accomplishments of Uncle Sam's agents, but after the first reel it reverts to the gangland type of picture prevalent in these parts several seasons ago. The story has George Brent as a special agent presumed to be a newspaper man, in order to get evidence on Ricardo Cortez, the current Public Enemy No. 1. The fact that Cortez openly courts Betty Davis, who keeps the gang chief's books, gives the tale a touch of fantasy. In spite of the time-worn plot most of the acting is excellent, particularly that of Ricardo Cortez and Betty Davis, who deserve more important surroundings than these.

★★ Alias Bulldog Drummond
(Gaumont-British)

Do not let the title lead you to think that this British import is in any way like the gay and adventurous Drummond pictures which Ronald Colman has done. Because it isn't. We scrutinized the screen's great puzzlement throughout the preview and finally came to the conclusion that it's all supposed to be a burlesque. We imagine it's supposed to be funny. But English comedy is rarely funny to us, unless Beatrice Lillie is somewhere in the vicinity. Jack Hubert plays himself into a lather, trying to make a go of things. Fay Wray looks lovely, but has little to do. We were sorry to see this actress, who has advanced so noticeably of late, wasted in a mediocre part.

★★ The Girl Friend
(Columbia)

We hesitate about speaking our mind on this, since libel suits are such a nuisance. Miss Ann Sothern waves her eyelashes about and Mr. Roger Pryor sports a brave new mustache. The plot is exciting, too, having to do with Mr. Pryor and two starvling gals, who pose as a few people they aren't and take advantage of a dear old lady in the country who serves fried chicken three times a day. The D. O. L. has a granddaughter, too, who turns out to be Ann Sothern. Romance bursts into bloom and Ann gets grammar to slap another mortgage on the homestead so that she may marry into a London theatre. Roger shouldn't be blamed for that idea, though. It's just Columbia's excuse to put on a musical comedy, very similar to the real thing in a New York theatre. Roger shouldn't be blamed for that idea, though. It's just Columbia's excuse to put on a musical comedy, very similar to the real thing in a New York brewery. Roger shouldn't be blamed for that idea, though. It's just...
BETWEEN YOU AND ME

(Continued from page 62)

than the opinion of just one reviewer.—Ruth Marie Bailey, San Jose, Calif.

A Fan-Tasy

Tarzan gazed interestedly at the Twelve-trees. He approached the Short one, but he couldn’t Bennett, Lloyd how he tried! Finally, Maureen O’Sullivan smothered by, and Tarzan Astor.

“Do you know how Hardy this tree is? I can’t Keeler. It’s supposed to be a Laurel, but I think it’s an Oakie. It’s the biggest one in the Woods, too.”

“Pits-I,” said Maureen, “get your Hatton we’ll take a Cantor around the Vallee, the scene is Devine.”

“Nixon that,” replied Tarzan, “you Kent Crabbe my act, Anna Sten! No, not for all the Muni in the Temple Wood I March away and Lee-ve this Oakie! Carrillo! O’Sullivan, you’re a heel!”

“My Loy!” exclaimed Maureen, “Ayres never a dull moment. I bet the county Marshall couldn’t budge you. Well, I’m going to cross the Brook on my Pine Rait which is floating in the Jordon. Might e’en ride as far as the Hudson! Boy! you’d Love it. But Faye all I know, you’ll be Standing here until you’re Blue in the face. In a few minutes I’ll be Knight and there won’t be a Wray of sunshine left. You’re not as Young and Hale as you used to be Heather, Angel.”

“I’ll Grant that,” Tarzan replied. But to himself he mumbled, “Hayes! I couldn’t Cooper up if I had the Best Manners in the West!” Then aloud he remarked, “Why Dunn you Steel a peep and Fine

Phillips Holmes took sister Madeline to see Evelyn Venable in “Romeo and Juliet.”

Sounds crazy, BUT IT WORKS!

EAGLE BRAND CARAMEL PUDDING

1 (or more) cans Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

Place one or more unopened cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours. (CAUTION—keep can well covered with water.) Chill. Keep in can till needed. To serve, dip can in hot water. Punch hole in bottom. Remove entire top of can. Loosen contents with knife dipped in hot water. Turn on plate and slice. May be served on pineapple slices.

- Try it. It’s the best caramel pudding you ever put in your mouth. Keep several cans of caramelized Eagle Brand on hand. - But remember Evaporated Milk won’t—can’t succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!


Borden Quality

Three little Crosbys—Phillip, Gary and Michael—with their host, Charles Wesley Ruggles, Jr. Mike wants food! And quick!
out if the Cook has the Garbo ready? I'll wager Four Mills, we'll Dinah-ette—"

"Great Scott, Tarzan," Maureen declared, "you speak too Lowe; speak a Tone higher. And Holt on, you Carlisle lad, you're not like the namesake."

"If I Wing you with this Stone, you'll see Sparks, and I'm not Lyon, Judge for yourself. I Swanson, you act like you're my Foster child." "Menjou now," retorted Tarzan, "don't get Fox-y with me, or you'll Rue it. Go Crosby the Fields, I'll have this bent before the Soothern Summerville be Dunne. Or why don't you get your Pallette and paint a Page or Moore? You might Mack a picture of the Hillie. You have enough colors—you have White, Green, Blue Brown and Grey. Dodd darn if you haven't got enough to paint the city of Huston, and all you ever painted was a Dove."

Beery well then. But Hohli on, Big Boy, don't think you're so smart just because your name is Weissmuller."

"Dee whiz," expostulated Tarzan. "I can't Baer it, go jump in the Lake."— Walter Le Bon, New Orleans, La.

**Constructive Criticism**

I felt I had to protest against some of the letters published in your grand magazine. This is a criticism of your latest book; by the way, it's tops. For instance, that letter in a recent issue concerning "nice girls" isn't a personal opinion and not interesting or constructive to others? I like best the letter congratulating the deserving players, and the intelligent about the celluloid.

Personally, I admire all the actors and actresses—for they are all doing their very best to amuse and entertain us. Who could do more? Naturally I admire some stars more than others, but a really good performance, to me, is more important than an outstanding personality.

One other thing I dislike in some letters is that so many writers discuss the stars' private lives. I'll bet the most malignant writer has the shadiest past.

A good rule is not to let the gossip about the stars bias one's opinion. They give us so much, surely we can concede them a little privacy. My hope is that more fans will praise instead of condemn our hardworking friends of the silver screen. 

— Summerville, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

**Paging Nils Asther**

Two years ago Nils Asther made "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It was a grand part for him and he revealed talents nobody had suspected. This success he followed up with a magnificent portrayal in "Storm at Daybreak." His comeback had caused a sensation and he was again acclaimed one of the finest of Hollywood players. But suddenly there was a relapse and he was cast only in lesser productions unworthy of his ability. Yet, even when handicapped by these trivial roles, Asther held his consistently fine standards with beautiful characterizations that invariably saved the picture every time.

And now even that has ended and we don't hear of him at all. We are unwilling to accept that time-worn explanation that he has had a relapse. For Asther is imp-
When he says GOOD-BYE
DOES HE MEAN FOREVER?

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I LOVE YOUR CAREFREE DISPOSITION!

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NOT FIT TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE!

“TUMS” SAYS FRIEND...

DON'T TAKE YOUR WOES TO RENO, DEAR—
GIVE HIM TUMS—AND STAY RIGHT HERE!

YOU'RE PERFECT NOW—WE WILL NOT SEVER—
I LOVE YOU, DARLING—MORE THAN EVER!

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MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN'S
DRAMATIC SCHOOL

(Continued from page 56)

safest way for an amateur to begin. Choose a soft color, being sure it doesn't give a white and chalky effect. A shadow with plenty of yellow is the best. Cover the face thoroughly, being sure that it is applied evenly.

In choosing a lining color try as much as possible to get the color most nearly matching the shadow colors in the subject's face. Then start applying the shadow exactly as seen on the face that you're copying. Start by molding in the lines and contours of the aged face.

"But, by all means, do not start by trying to put in wrinkles! Wrinkles do not age a face. They simply make the character conspicuous.

"Blend these shadows carefully until they become what the name implies, simply a shadow and not a dab of different colored grease paint. For this purpose I recommend brushes and a technique similar to that of an artist painting on canvas.

"After the foundation and the shadows have been over-slickly applied the face should be highlighted. For this purpose use a grease paint two shades lighter than that of the foundation. This should be placed on parts which should stand out in relief, such as cheekbones or sagging muscles.

"Make-up of the eyes in a character of this type presents an interesting, if a difficult problem. The small wrinkles about the eyes largely denote the disposition of an elderly character—whether during his life he has been happy and easy-going or gloomy and self-centered.

"In age the eyelid tends to droop over the eyes especially at the outer corner. Since age also weakens the eyes there is a definite tendency to squint, causing lines to form next to the nose and between the eyes on the forehead.

"When a person is habitually mean, this squint becomes the frown causing these small lines to curve downward. In the happy, elderly type these same lines adopt a definite, upward tilt. In drawing in these lines and the lines of the forehead, it is best to have the subject squint his eyes and wrinkle his forehead—and then copy these natural furrows.

"Applying the eye-shadow is not difficult. In the first place be sure to be heavy in order to give the sunken appearance, stress being placed on the portion next to the nose. Be sure, however, to blend it carefully with the foundation, so that there is no definite demarcation.

"The age wrinkles should be applied last of all, and should not consist of just a pencil mark. In a natural face a wrinkle consists of a highlight and a shadow. Every wrinkle should be topped with a highlight, the wrinkle being more important than the shadow. The dark line as well as the light one should be blended with a brush into the foundation color.

"In drawing, the lines extreme care should be taken to make them so thin that they might have been drawn with a pin.

"If you choose to descend the process of making a character because so many of the points brought to light in this problem apply to other phases of character makeup.

Thanks, Jack Dawn, that's a swell lesson. If you want to know the colors to use for character make-up, their names and number, write to this department, Modern Screen Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
me for Christmas, but I never did anything with them. How do you think I'm getting along out here, though, Jackie? What do you think I ought to do?

Jackie (chewing a jelly-bean with a constraining, saggacious air): I'm not very far along myself. I don't know so terribly much. But if you keep going as you're going now it can't hurt you.

Freddie (as one artist to another): How do you make yourself cry in pictures, Jackie?

Jackie (laughing): I learned how in school! I don't think you have to ask that, though. I saw you in "Copperfield," like I said, and I thought you would kill yourself crying.

Freddie (his gentle courtesy covering a quiet insistence): Oh, thank you so much. But how do you cry?

Jackie: Well, it's this way—y'ee, my feelings are very easily hurt. If anyone scolds me I always cry. Can't help it. And the director knows this and he bawls me out whenever he wants me to do a crying scene. 'Course I know that he doesn't really mean it, that he's just doing it on purpose to make me cry. But it hurts my feelings just to hear the old angry words and I just cry, that's all.

Freddie (impressed and respectful): Does music ever help you?

Jackie: Sometimes, if it's sadistic. How do you do it?

Freddie: Well, I just—well, Cis helps me a lot. We talk about sad things, all sorts of sad things like pets dying and how far away home is and about ships that go down at sea and things like that. Jackie (generously): Yeah, that's a good way, too. You ought to watch Wally Beery though. He can just come into a scene where I am crying and you can see the tears just come into his eyes. They come out of his heart. He doesn't need any tricks. And then we both get crying good and hard. We help each other. And then sometimes I read the script—here in "Skippy," and I just feel it and start to cry. Ever try that way?

Freddie: I did that way in "David Copperfield." Of course, you have to read very slowly, don't you think so? If you skip, it doesn't make sense or bring any tears. You're apt to think of other things, too, jolly sort of things. Say, do you think being in pictures makes boys conceited, Jackie? Someone asked me that the other day. I thought it very silly.

Jackie (authoritatively): It's up to the boy, I think. If a boy in pictures wants to think he's much bigger than anyone else—well, it might make some boys conceited—but I don't know, I've always gone around with other boys. Wherever we move there's an understanding that all of us kids just play around together. Some boys are jealous. I'm down at the beach, say, and some of the kids start razzing and you ask them if they want to make anything of it and that's all right. They just want to see if you're all right, what kind of a kid you are. Well, we get in fights—we're all the same. I don't know, I just work here at the studio and then I go home and leave the studio right here where it is.

Freddie (laughing): I feel that way, too. Of course, I haven't met many boys over here as yet. Do you get tired of people asking for your autograph?

Jackie: Oh, no. Sometimes, like at football games, it's a nuisance. There'll be a play I want to see and just then some piece of paper will pop up and I'll have to write my autograph and miss part of the game. But you should try to be nice about it at all times, I think.

Freddie (with a little sigh): I know. I went out to luncheon yesterday and I had to wear the same smile—like this—for about two hours until my jaw was stiff. But I think we've got the advan-

Luella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel programs are gala occasions. Roz Russell, Clark Gable and Joan Harlow do a scene from "China Seas," while Frances Langford (extreme left) and Dick Powell (extreme right) add their bit in song.
It's street-car, and I'm getting a little fresh.

Perhaps I should be more like him. He always believe in studying music and French and stuff like that.

Freddie (happily): I studied French last year and I don't know a thing.

Jackie: I've taken French since I was eight, and I still don't know a thing. Well, that's that. What star would you like to be like when you grow up?

Freddie (with his little note of firmness under his gently courteous manner): I want to be like myself, always.

Jackie: That's good, too. That's swell. But sometimes it's good to have a target to aim at even if you know, even if you never mean to hit it.


Jackie: Sure. He's good. But if you stay on the screen until I am as old as Wally and if I can be as good as he is, I'll be satisfied, you ought to know all about everything in the studio, too, not just the acting part. I'm keen on the good department. And the way effects are done. Remember in "West Point of the Air"—that crash? Well, that was miniature and it looked very good. It's more wonderful the way they do it, I think.

Freddie: Yes, and in "Copperfield" there was a shot when Mr. Fields is outside and he nearly drops his cane—well, that was miniature. I saw it done.

Jackie (chewing thoughtfully): The most interesting thing is the sound department. It's nice to know a few things, like about not making too much noise under the microphone and what not to touch and all.

Freddie: Speaking of sound, I have a new siren on my bike.

Jackie: I'm going to have a Birmingham Rover next year. It's a very fast bike. I'm going to get a speedometer.

Freddie: I know. They're very keen, the Birmingham types. When you're going sixty you're really not going more than twenty.

Jackie: I'm awfully glad you're on this lot. I'd hate to be a boy to talk to. D'you know, I'd like to do a picture with you some time.

Freddie: So would I. Jackie: Here's how I learn my script if you want to know. I always read my lines just before I go to bed at night. And then I look at it again in the morning. It's my advice not to study it too hard, because if you learn your lines too well you find yourself sort of reciting them, rather stiff.

Freddie: That's what I think, too. I just look over my lines at night and then in the morning when my mind is fresh, at about eight, after my shower, I look at them again and I know them. Of course, you've always got rehearsals if you've got to learn them.

Jackie (with an air of seasoned experience): It's always best to know them, though. It's part of being what we call a good worker.

Freddie: Yes, that's what Miss Edna May Oliver told me when she was playing my Aunt Detsy in "Copperfield." Jackie: I like her work, but the sooner I get done on the set the happier I am. All morning I'm waiting for lunch and all afternoon I'm waiting for 6 p.m.

Freddie (laughing): I know. I like fifty-two, but I'm sure you'd like him, "Jackie." (with a tolerant smile): Yes, you meet all kinds of people. And you should keep on being different people yourself, too, Freddie. That's my advice. I believe it in changing my character from time to time. All types of people are popular. If you are bad in one picture, you have to figure out why and sort of change character for the next one. I believe in studying music and French and stuff like that.

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Freddie (laughing): I know. I like
MODERN SCREEN

I FOUND OUT

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purest taste
costs but
10c

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to work because once I got started I
knew I'm on the way to getting through.
But the only part I really mind is the
waiting around...

Jackie: Yeah, when they get tied up.
I never knew what to do with myself
when I'm waiting around and then, just
as they get ready to shoot, I find some-
thing I want to do. Say, I saw a write-
upe about you in a magazine last night.
Do you read all your write-ups and things
the critics say about you? I'd do.

Freddie (indifferently flippant a coin):
I don't.

Jackie: I like to see what the critics
say: 'Course I get sore now and then.
I try to be as good as possible, but one
time they wrote that I sashed reporters
and I never sassed anybody that didn't
saw me first, but they put that in and
from that time I was sorta sore.

FREDDIE (still indifferently): I don't
see the sense of them. They're writ-
ten and forgotten. I make the picture
and I do my best and that's all I can do
about it no matter what people say. And
when you're grown up and are maybe a
tramp or maybe a king, what good does
it do you then?

Jackie: Well, you could look back and
remember what you were doing when you
were a kid. If you didn't have the no-
remorse sorta life then you just give up
Say, by the way, I don't like motorcycles,
do you? They're too big. I like motor-
boats.

Freddie: How fast do you go?

Jackie: About forty—fellow I know
has a motor-boat and he rides around
Beverly at about fifty miles an hour. He's
going to be killed some day.

Freddie (philosophically): It'll be his
own fault.

Jackie: Sure. What swimming pool
were you at yesterday?

Freddie: At the Garden of Allah. I
swam twenty-three lengths of that pool
and then we had a water pillow fight
and then...

... And then the two boys shed the
bright sheath of their young starfdom and
were "just boys"—advice and their pub-
lic and their future forgotten in the
immediacy of a present made fascinating
by motor-boats and pillow fights and pools.

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF NELSON EDDY

(Continued from page 29)

him and might open new and lucrative
fields to him. It was the new and lucrative
fields that prevailed upon Nelson, not the
lure of the lights nor the fandom of ap-
plause.

They were not destined to be of a very
long duration, those first lessons. For
scarcely had they got well under way when
Mr. Bigsham died. And then Nelson tried
two teacher and another, learned the oper-
arole of "Aida" and "Pagliacci," sang
with the Philadelphia Operatic Company,
with the Savoy Company, an organization
devoted to giving the works of Gilbert &
Sullivan. He joined the Plays & Players,
a Little Theatre (rumored to have been
in two of their plays, singing and dancing.
The Plays & Players, by the way, only
engaged Nelson after thumbing the pages
of the Social Register and finding the
Eddy name safely listed among the so-
cially desirable.

He played in "The Marriage Tax,"
with George Dallas Dixon's society
musical which was elaborately produced
at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. He
said, "I played the part of the King of
Greece—and imagine my chagrin when I
glanced at the program on opening night
and that it was billed merely as the King
of Greece! The next morning my feelings
were considerably assuaged when I opened
the morning papers to find my first press
notice." His anonymity had served me
well for it was all very flattering. There
was a demand for the real name of the
King of Greece! Nelson's life in those days and in
the days to come would sound like a copy and
a very detailed one of the Musical Direc-
tory if everything he has come to be role
in which he has sang were to be listed in proper sequence.
The sequence is relatively unimportant,
perhaps. What is very important is the
methodical, block-by-block approach in which
this young man went about building his
career.

It was then he joined the Philadelphia
Civic Opera Company under the tutelage,
conductorship and boss-almostignorance
of Alexander Smallasses that he made his
next great advance. It was," Nelson
told me, "the work of Alexander Smallasses
that moulded me into an opera singer."

In that company Nelson sang twenty-
eight roles. And in that company also, was
one Edward Lippe, himself a singer of note,
later to become a teacher of singing and
one of Nelson's closest and dearest
friends. And Edward Lippe listened to
the young man with the silver-gold hair
and the steady eyes and accurately
and knew, as David Bisham had known,
that here was a voice in the grand man-
ner. He knew, too, that young Eddy's
voice would suffer irreparable damage if
he did not learn to conserve it and to
conserve himself, did not cease from work-
ing in an office, taking correspondence
or guarding the candle of his youth at
both ends. And both ends work,
not play. He knew that he must be made
to stop singing in churches, in four-a-
day movie houses, wherever and when-
ever he could command a job.

You have a very fine voice," he told
him. "You won't have it long. You are
singing too much. You are wearing it
down.

And by that admonitory talk averted a
terrified and interested in all things and in all things
studied with Edward Lippe and then was
turned over to William Vilonat who
had been Lippe's teacher too.

There had come into Nelson's life, by
this time, another influence...

Nelson said to me, "So many people
have wandered have thought it strange that I
don't wear beads or am not even ru-
mored to be; have thought it odd that
a young man, especially a young man in
gentle life, should be running around
there, everywhere, with this charming girl
or that. Am I a recluse, people have
asked? Does my music so enthral me that
I can't think and talk to me? Am I a woman-hater? What?"

The answer to these queries, curiosi-
ties and wanderings is a simple NO. I shall
tell you . . . a little.

About the time I first began to study
voice I was still attending School Sunday
School. My teacher there was a charming woman
and when I was confirmed she was my
godmother. She was very musical, very
interested in all things and in all things
musical. Her mother and my mother, she
and I soon formed a congenial quartette.
That pretty blonde on Lew Ayres' left is his sister, Charlotte Gilmour.

Lew and Ginger are showing her Hollywood town.

and before very long we shared a home together. All three of these dear women were deeply interested in my career. They listened to me practice for long hours. They helped me with my scores and roles. They followed every part I sang with the flattering interest only loving and affectionate women can give. Then my godmother's mother died. Which left the three of us.

"In the meantime a friendship deep enough, strong enough to be called love had developed between my godmother and me. She gave me so great a devotion, so overwhelming an affection that I felt the need of no other. I can and I do pay her now the affectionate tribute of saying that for anything I am today or may be tomorrow she is in no small way responsible.

"Everything that a woman could do for a man she did for me. She was patient, self-sacrificing, tender. She made, for many years, all other women seem but pale reflections of herself.

"And this is why, this is the real reason why I did not go jumketing about with girls of my own age. This is the explanation why I did not become involved in the customary romances.

"I have left much unsaid. To speak of this at all is like touching something both painted and beautiful on the quick. I can only repeat that this very strange interlude is why I have never gone about as if young men have never become engaged, have never married."

When William Vilonat spread before Nelson Eddy the map of his life and said to him, "You must do this—go here—go there," a less resourceful young man might have been confounded. New York—Dresden—Paris—here, on his mother's small salary and with no savings garnered from the years of barely making ends meet—how could be?

But Nelson invariably accepts a challenge with his head high. He answers the questions of life in the affirmative. He never says "Can't!" Besides, now he had faith in his own ability. The faith comes from a man who has never become involved in the customary romances.

Once that faith was established he went to a wealthy Philadelphia banker who had known his family for many years. With the simplicity and directness which characterizes everything he does, he laid his problem and his plan on the banker's table. He explained that there was gold in his throat but that he needed gold in order to mine it. And he came away from that interview with several thousand dollars in his wallet.


H E said, "I thought only of the terrific amount of work ahead of me. I felt no more emotion in going to Europe than when I was transferred from one newspaper office to another. I never really saw Europe. Not, certainly, the café and boulevard life of the Europe of pleasure. We lived with a German family in Dresden. Very simply. I studied and practiced for hours every day. I attended opera every night. I learned the great opera roles in four languages. I did exercises and scales and sight, site, thought and talked work—work—work. I worked all of the time. I subjected my mind and body and my instrument to the most rigorous, unrelenting process which is operatic training. I never met a girl. I never had a rendezvous with anyone except," Nelson laughed, "Vilonat."

Which probably accounts in great part for that young and shining quality of untouched youth which is Nelson Eddy's today. He says, "It was the sum of life's pleasures and pastimes. Young love—gay romancing—casual adventures—the crazy, happy-go-lucky, catch-a-catch-can kaleidoscope of youth are all ahead of him. For he has never known youth.

"And then," Nelson took up the thread, "after I gave back, Arthur, my pet, the biggest concert masters in the world, took me under his management and put me in the big time, touring the country with various orchestras. I began to be an entity in the concert and in the singing world. I had the same sense of achievement and satisfaction that I had had in the Mill Iron Works when I got to know the product I was handling."

Life began to read more than ever like a musical directory decorated with laurel wreaths. One becomes hopelessly amazed in the imposing list of orchestras he has sung with—the Philadelphia Orchestra, Detroit Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony in Oratorio. . . The conductors he has sung under now are the most ambitious . . . Wissall Leps, Alexander Smallens, Fritz Reiner, Alberto Bimbini, Sylvan Levin, Albert Goates, Pietro Giannini. Sir Hamilton Harry, Alfred Hertz . . . the radio hours he has filled with song include the Hoffman Hour, Newton Hour, Atwater Kent Hour, Maxwell House Show Boat, Ford Motor Program, Columbia Concert Broad-
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MODERN SCREEN

casts, Hollywood On The Air, Philharmonic Orchestra Broadcasts, New York Stadium Oratorio Broadcasts and the annual summer Symphony Concerts.... They stand as the tangible insignia of the work, the indescribable work which has been the dominant factor in my life....

At about this time, too, William Vinton passed away and Nelson resumed his studies with Edward Lippe who had definitely abandoned singing for the teaching of singing. Nelson said, 'I've been with Lippe ever since, or he's been with me. He's even come to Hollywood movies here and there, and is doing extremely well. He's not only my teacher but one of my closest and dearest friends. That's his picture over there on my desk. Almost every other night he's apt to drop in on us, stay for dinner, spend the evening messting about with my records and recordings. We have no set schedule for lessons now but whenever I strike a snag I run yowling to him for help. If I have trouble reaching or holding a certain note he helps me.

It was while I was on tour, while singing at the Los Angeles Philharmonic that the movies came, as it were, into my life. I had already made two or three movies for the Philharmonic. I had heard of movie scouts in the Philharmonic. I'd never heard of movie scouts! They came to me after one of the performances and asked me to make a test. They might as well have asked me to do a little act on the Midway at Venice Pier so foreign was the idea of working in pictures to me, but I never thought of such a thing. And it came to me as a shock. But there it was — another job! I thought it over, with prayer and fasting. Then, the papers — published and published — the glamour of Hollywood played no part in my decision because, to tell the truth, I don't think I'd ever heard about it. It was a new medium. With one song I could reach most of the world from where I stood rather than to carry my voice with me from city to city. Then, too, I could have a home. I could have a home at last, and my mother. And as though it were something I had been missing all of my life, a sharp nostalgia for a home woke in me immediately I realized I could have one. I thought of all those migrations of my childhood, from one town to another. I thought of all the touring I had done. Yes, it would be pretty sweet to have our own place, our own things, a garden and flowers and books and dogs and cats — to take some sort of house.

And speaking of my childhood reminds me that I've not mentioned my father since we talked of boyhood. He's remarried. He lives in Jamestown, Rhode Island. I always go to see them when I am anywhere in the vicinity. We are very good friends, my father and I. I have a small eight-year-old half sister, too, Martha Virginia. And Martha Virginia is very musical. She plays and sings with more talent than I have, where I am in New England my father brings her to my concerts and we have great times together. Their interest in music is one of the pleasures of my life.

But to go back — it was the thought of a new job to be done, the thought of having a home that did lead my decision to try the movies. I rented this house here in Beverly Hills. Mother came out. We engaged servants, bought cars, began to live as we have not been able to live before.

'I've gone at this film work in what might be called the traditional way. I suppose. I mean, I started from the ground floor. I've tried to learn everything there is to learn about the making of pictures. I started by studying recording and photography. I wanted to know how to photograph properly. I wanted to understand the processes of recording. The words you sing on a concert platform come through a microphone and the orchestra goes through a microphone. I had to make sure what those differences might be. I learned the vagaries of panchromatic make-up. I did a couple of comedy bits in 'Naughty Marietta.' I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. For the first time in my life I knew the flat taste of discouragement. I had concert and radio work, of course but I had never tackled anything I hadn't been able to beat—and I certainly didn't want the wrong kind of fame. Then came 'Naughty Marietta'!

And by the light in his blue eyes, the smile framing his mouth, I knew the satisfaction of being in the right profession...the fan mail coming in by the tons, literally. Fan mail he reads himself, every letter of it. His mother calls them over first, separates them into plausible and improbable letters, and then Nelson reads and answers them when answers are especially requested. Satisfaction over a job well done — none of the egotistic inflation which sometimes veers fame.
GOOD CITIZEN

(Continued from page 41)

“Actors in Hollywood have never had to think. Perhaps we have not wanted to tempt our good luck by too much thinking! No one can blame us. We are the modern Cinderellas and don’t wish to wake up and find ourselves drab little boys and girls again. But now, with the threatened salary cut, we are faced with using our brains. Our salaries are the impetus stirring us to serious thinking. Are we worth the so-called fabulous sums we receive? I want to say right now, I believe I am. Luck may have started me but I have been paid since then because my pictures have made a profit. What man doesn’t think he is worth his income? I believe when anybody says he is not, he is lying. The innate conceit of man forces him to feel, I am worth all I can get!”

“Over a period of five years in Hollywood, I received $434,500. Out of that, I saved half. The banker’s training, you see.”

“Therefore, it will take ten years to save a capital of $500,000, from which, at four per cent, I will derive $20,000 a year on which to live, will pass on, of course, to my adopted children.”

“I know how many people will feel when I admit I spent $267,250 in five years in Hollywood and paid an agent ten per cent or $43,450. I believe every motion picture person supports dependents. I know Mrs. March and I support our families outside our own. Our income tax is more than $20,000. We pay one half of one per cent of each check to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. We give $1,000 yearly to the Community Chest. If you will deduct all of these set expenses before we begin to live, you will find the reason we live so simply in comparison to many, many Hollywood families with even a lesser income.”

And when I sent this interview to my editor, he did not print it. He said the story sounded as though I had been talking to a banker.

But you know, what the editor missed, was: "I had been talking to a banker! I was talking to a man, grown from the boy who had left Racine, Wisconsin, to become a chief, who had been president of his senior class at the University, football manager and Iron Cross man, I was talking to a man who for his ability to make the most of responsibility and yet maintain a wit and charm, as we all try to maintain it. A boy who won through a scholarship, a bank job in New York City, who saw the long, steep hill to a safe income of $20,000 a year in the banking business and changed his vocation. I have talked to many in New York who knew Freddie when he was living in that little Brooklyn boarding house, attending classes in acting, fencing, dancing and reading plays as he wrote text books in college. Freddie March accepted acting as a career, exactly as he had accepted banking. He said that he was a business man. If one could learn to be a banker, one could learn to be an actor.

He didn’t like Broadway or stock companies. He wanted Hollywood so he could settle down and become a citizen in a community. If he had remained in Racine he would undoubtedly have become president of the Racine Chamber of Commerce. He was a power in college. He would have become a power—a youthful, handsome, backbone-of-the-city power in any community. He would have made speeches. He would have been admired,
loved, respected. He would have taken weak social positions and made them successful! He would have telephoned his wife for advice.

During a recent visit to New York, I kept on digging for information about Freddie. Two little stories:

He was living in his dingy little apartment with Don Cameron, stage actor, now playing with the Church. Freddie started for rehearsals one evening when he was doing one of his earliest plays. A young girl was crying in front of his apartment house. The girl was one of his tiny kittens, abandoned in a gutter. Freddie suggested, "You take two home and I'll take two. We'll raise them!"

When Mr. Cameron arrived home, late that night, Freddie called the baby's milk bottle in his hand, a towel in the other. He was softly massaging the kittens with the towel. Someone had told him a cat licks her babies, not only from affection but because there is no cat-caster oil on the market.

The next story has just happened. A boy, whose Freddie knew, he was learning to become an actor, was riding his bicycle when a car ran over him. The boy was just one more actor out of work, his friends were in similar condition. One day, I was surprised to remember Freddie, out in California. The search for help reached him on the morning Florence Eldridge recently went to the hospital. But the check the doctor gave him was large enough to see the boy through the hospital and back on his professional feet. Freddie's note said, "Thank you for letting me know about this!"

A man who felt responsibility for kittens stranded in his community; for humans who had once been of his community. I wondered where the little boy was. I say that Freddie March, the young actor, did only what Freddie March, the young banker, would have done for those kittens—that Freddie March, the great actor did for the boy exactly what Freddie March, the great banker, would have done.

If Rudolph Valentino had become Mayor of Milwaukee, no one would have understood him. Freddie March will always seem equally strange to Hollywood.

It's a nice strangeness. A comfortable one. Something for all of us, in Hollywood, to depend upon. Something to remind us that our conceit in "glamor" may not be the most important thing in the world.

MODERN SCREEN

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BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 17)

here about the medium-length bob. It is really the most adaptable haircut you can choose, because it can be worn in so many different ways. You can have the hair brought back on the right side, swirled up neatly across the forehead and left on the left side. Then you can achieve different effects by wearing the left side curls in loose ringlets one day, and in soft puffs the next. This arrangement adapts itself beautifully to the present popular draped-over-the-right-eye baret that leaves the entire left side of the hair uncovered.

The medium-length bob can also be adopted at the time when, as Binnie phrases it, "we wish for long hair and the dignity that goes with it." The addition of a braid can give the illusion of long hair, and the resulting coronet arrangement is especially beautiful when worn with evening gowns. Binnie likes a few soft curls around the face with this type of coiffure and she finds hair ornaments effective, too. For long hair, the classic figure eight coil at the nape of the neck, with the hair drawn softly back from the face, gives a statuesque dignity.

Softness is Binnie's preoccupation! The only times she sponsors a shoulder-length bob is when the hair is drawn severely back behind the ears, but with a few ringlets in the hair. The actor has head to break the hard line, and with curls clustering at the nape of the neck to insure a softening influence. Pretty hair is essential to this type of hairdress.

THE lovely, soft thing that I Binnie does with bangs is a lesson to all of you. Remember Binnie as the beauti- eous Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim Brady"? With her fluffy bangs and her fluffy parasol? She believes that there is nothing which softens the features of a youthful face more than soft ringlets bounchly curling upward on the forehead.

But she also believes that nothing so succeeds in calling attention to lines and age. She doesn't advise bangs for the person with a plump or square face, or for those who are short. She does believe that we should all experiment with bangs in one form or another. They can often do so much towards giving us new faces.

After all, there are bangs and bangs, the correct type of bangs. The smooth blonde ones of Joan Blondell, the softly curling Colbert bangs, and the huff-bangs on the side of the face that can be made to give the illusion of a wave when you're tired of them as bangs. Personally, I think the side bang can be ever so charming, but, when it swirls down onto the forehead and just brushes the eyebrows.

Of course a permanent, a good permanent, I mean, is the advantageous basis for any type of curled or waved coiffure. But I've often wondered why more girls don't discover how chic and youthful un- waved and well-brushed hair can appear.

Carole Lombard is one of Hollywood's foremost exponents of the hairbrush, and a type of sleek hairdress that she has worn to the smartest advantage is one in which the hair is worn perfectly straight, but with the ends curled up to deform from the severity of line with a deep fringe of bangs softly curled over the forehead. This is the perfect an- swer to the girl whose permanent wave hair has been sacrificed by the air force, and who has been asking, "What CAN I do with my hair?" She can have just the ends perma- nent again, or she can ramp the ends with a good waving fluid and do them up on curlers.

FOR the young girl with the too high forehead, the hairdress just described is excellent. Do you know how to de- cide whether you have a high forehead, a normal or a low one? Well, the space from the browline to the hairline should be the width of your first three fingers if your brow is normal. If your hairline is that of the '50s, your brow is high and your hair should have bangs or a downward wave to conceal part of the forehead.
If you have an unusually nice natural hairline at the face, do capitalize on it! The most generally becoming coiffure for you will be a side view, and the hair is combed smoothly backward with an upward off-the-face trend, with large natural waves ending in loose ringlets, and allowing the tips of the ears to show... the "Ginger Rogers" type.

Let's follow the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers as she changed when she played in "Chains of Heart" with Charlie Farrell to her "tops" roles today as partner of Fred Astaire. You see her first with a semi-long bob with bangs from forehead to temple. Then she has a change of heart and chooses a coiffure which shows, rather than conceals, her lovely hairline. In her third film she wears more graceful, and wears her hair in an off-the-face arrangement with the curls piled high... our idea of the metamorphosis of the coiffure is over.

You'll find that comparatively few of the stars go in for center-part coiffures. For those who do have the oval face of a Julie Haydon or the regular features of a Binnie Barnes, the center part can achieve a sweet and sanni-look that is enviable, but for most of us I'm afraid that it achieves only a frank unbecomingness.

If you want to look what I call "S. S. & G." (Sweet, Simple, and Girls!), Dixie Lee Crosby's coiffure is the one to copy, with maybe a ribbon and a bow. Now Dixie must learn to look older! For the thought, she would choose a higher coiffure, one that gets up and away from the neckline. That's one of Hollywood's tricks. When a role calls for youth to graciously assume middle age, up goes the coiffure. Remember Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude". When she was a young girl her coiffure was "sweet and low" when she portrayed middle age, up went the hairline and the whole contour of the coiffure was scooped for a year... a booklet of coiffures of the stars! Six of your favorite stars illustrate six different hairdress styles created especially for them by Perc Westmore, famous director of Hollywood hair styles. Back, front, and side views are shown! These complete construction photos will enable any skilled permanent wave artist to reproduce exact copies. You can take the booklet right along with you to the hairdresser's and have a coiffure styled for you exactly like one of the stars. How is that for the final word in helping you to style coiffures?

So far all I've been doing since writing this coiffure "preview" for you, so I was sort of four-star minded when I went shopping for ideas in the stores and beauty shops. You may want the names of these four-star items that I put down on my shopping list? A personal favorite is a small color strip that is a favorite with the stars, and that is a safe-guard for your own personal hair hygiene; a rinse that is just a tiny tuff of coloring; a brush that has its bristles so cleverly arranged that it actually encourages a wave (and encourages more highlights, too); and a shampoo especially designed to encourage waviness. Remember, the quality of your hair plays a very important part in the styling of your coiffure.

THE LAST INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 15)

Mary Bidle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your booklet on "Coiffures of the Stars.

Name

Address

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PLEASE enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If you want additional bulletins or booklets from past issues, enclose an additional s.a.e.

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the way to the Battery. "Good Lord," he said, "we'll never get through in time. This dreadful red tape will take hours. I'll never make the boat. I'm sure I won't, if it's another of your tricks. And I must make the boat. You see, I'm meeting my wife in England. I can't arrive there as a Frenchman. I must be an Englishman, too, Good Lord! And I'm worn out." He turned to me. "You'll be worn out, too, if you've just finished Mutiny on the Bounty."

I said I felt sort of worn out already.

WHAT a picture," Laughton said. "Such work. The location was at Catalina. We climbed up the rigging and sat on guns, and bits of mast kept falling on us. Do you think we make the boat? Just at that moment I thought we'd never make anything again. There was a sickening crash. Our taxi spun into the middle of the street. I found myself in the middle of Charles Laughton's stomach. The press agent groaned, "See what you've done! You've yelled at me. You bring me bad luck."

We had, it seems, been hit by another taxi. Our cab was damaged. We got out and took the cape to the boat."

"Well," Laughton said, "that was close."

He slumped down in a corner of the cab, rolling those wonderful and expressive eyes heavenward. "I never seen him do on the screen so many times. "Do you know what I thought? I thought I should never be able to finish the Ring Lardner stories I'm calling out. Lauder's works? I'm reading him for the first time. How wonderful he is. Really a great writer."

"Don't you think so?"

I wasn't thinking. I wish I had tried to get a "scop."

The press agent shouted, "Come on."

I said maliciously, "You see, there out time for an interview after all."

And just then the press agent showed Laughton in a taxi and started out without me. He thought I had ditched me.

But you can't ditch Kitty, the girl reporter. Just like a gangster, a more. I followed them in another cab. And when the press agent and Laughton came pulling into Laughton's state room, I was sitting there.

The press agent gave up. Laughton began to laugh. And from then on we all had the time of our lives.

Laughton is an autograph hound, wires and cablegrams from his table and ran through them. "Nothing from my wife," he said, "I'm flummoxed. I won't have to sign autographs if I'm flummoxed." He turned quickly and espied an enormous box of flowers. "Looks like a coffin," I said.

"Aren't you feeling a little soul?" Laughton mused. "And right over your head is the life belt."

He opened the box and found a card. Relief flooded his face. "Ah," he murmured, "from Elsa."

The ship reporters began to arrive. They surrounded Laughton and fired questions at him. I've never seen a man look so bored. One of the reporters asked him if he had seen certain famous singer on the coast. "Good Lord, no. Oh heaven's no," said Laughton, "a movie actress for a concert star."

That ended that interview.

Then autograph seekers began pouring in dozens of boys and girls with books and pictures and asked him to write. "To Mush from Charles Laughton."

NOW I can't do that," he complained. "Really can I write 'To Mush?'—oh, heavens."

Another one asked him to write, "To Sol."

"How very Biblical," Laughton said, and wrote to "Saul."

The lad will undoubtedly change his name.

More ship reporters came. Laughton ordered champagne cocktails. The reporters wouldn't have them so Laughton and the press agent and I drank them all.

I heard the reporters asking questions but they didn't seem to make sense. Ships always excite me.

They asked him his favorite role. He said it was "Ruggles." They asked him about his playing""Cyrano de Bergerac."

He said he hadn't decided what sort of a nose to wear, most actors who played it, he said, were very lean, handsome men who stuck on a false nose that looked like a weeborg. He said he didn't want to do that.

As I think back it all makes sense. Friends didn't make sense then. The reporters all seemed so earnest, too.

When they left Laughton turned to me. "Aren't you an interviewer?" he said. I nodded. "Then why don't you ask questions?"

I said I didn't feel like it.

"That's good," said Laughton. "I hate another one. I can tell you why I don't like it. Once Roland Young and I were having terrible difficulty with a scene. It was very late and we had worked very hard that day. We sent our lines, nor, and got them straight. Finally we got the hang of it and we were just going into a scene when a paper man stepped up to me and said, "Mr. Laughton, which do you like—English or American films?" And now I can't for the life of me remember whether I killed him or not.

"Let's go up on deck," he went on, and wave good-bye. Did you ever hear the story of the man who was always seeing his friends off on boats and then one happy day he was actually going somewhere himself? Imagine his amazement when he discovered himself out on the dock waving goodbye to himself."

Well, even now, that doesn't make any sense."

1. DAEY STERLING, Dept. 156-9, Forest Hills, New York

2. Have you ever, for instance, from your world as far out as the lonely, empty desert,snapped a 45 inches.

3. It's a very simple life in the desert, you know. They have only 40 hours a week.

4. They have only 40 hours a week.

5. They have only 40 hours a week.
THE STARS REVEAL YOUR DESTINY!!

What October holds for each of you, as indicated by your horoscope, is revealed in this new magazine of personal astrology.

Did you know that the secret of your real character is written in the stars? It is! Each birth sign, which is an astrological division of the year corresponding roughly to the calendar months, indicates specific characteristics for the people born in that sign—indicating their vocational bent, their temperamental bent in love and life.

Also each planet in the heavens exerts its influence on each of you. The changing position of the planets determines the changing influence upon you, day by day and year by year, according to your birth sign. Famous astrologers have combined in this new magazine, YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE, to reveal to each of you the effect of the planets on your birth sign for the month of October—in general and day-by-day.

Bill Powell dates his best girl, Jean Harlow. They look romantic, don't they?

AND we walked around the dock some more. It was very nice because there were so few people on it. And that's how it happened that the press agent and I walked down the gangplank—or rather, were pushed down the gangplank by the Ile de France attendants—just as they were lifting the dam thing up. One more second and we would have sailed to quarantine and come back with the pilot. Or maybe we would have been stowed-aways and gone to England with Laugh ton. I would have liked the latter best.

As we were being shoved off the Ile de France Laughton shouted, "Wave to me." So he stood on deck and we stood on the dock and waved. He shouted, "Give me my love to Grandmaw," in a very American accent.

Some people on the dock, waving to friends on the boat, looked bewildered. So a woman on the boat satisfied their curiosity by taking her nice white bag and writing on it with a lipstick, "Charles Laughton." She held this up above Laughton's head. Everyone shouted. Laughton waved some more and just as the boat took off or heaved agh or pulled anchor or whatever boats do, he clapped his hands above his head in the position of a diver and for one breathless moment everyone thought he was going to jump overboard.

I was quite weak and had to sit down. And so I got my story. And so I was the one and only magazine writer in New York to see and interview Charles Laughton.

Now that I come to think of it, maybe I didn't interview him after all.

My life is calm once more. But Laughton has spoiled me for other stars. He's swell. He's a scream. Please don't shoot—but honestly it isn't so much what he says as the way he says it. That clipped British voice. Those sly looks. You have the feeling that—no matter what he says—he is kidding everybody and everybody.

Great and versatile actor that he is I now think it might have been a good idea if I had asked him to tell me his theories about acting.

Well, maybe when he comes back from England I can get an interview with Laughton—all I did this time was to be darn near killed, to drink champagne cocktails and to have more laughs than I've had in a year of polite interviewing conversation.

And this—gentle readers—is one girl's two-hour adventure with the greatest actor the screen has ever known.
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MODERN SCREEN

THE ROMANCES OF OBERON

(Continued from page 37)

and unself-conscious as she is, there is about her an aura of strange fascination. "My first romance," she said, "was, of course, absolutely different from my dreams. I was at a dinner dance given by some friends in Calcutta. It was almost my first public appearance. During the course of the evening, as I was dancing, I happened to look up just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of a tall, fair chap in polo clothes, rather dishevelled. He stood there, glared at him for an instant and disappeared. It never occurred to me that he’d been glaring at me. Why should it? I’d never laid eyes on him before. I forgot all about the incident until, half an hour later, I found myself being introduced to him. "We went into the garden. An Indian moon was low in the sky. There was that. But certainly." Merle laughed, "there was none of the silent, suffering reticence I’ve dreamed about. For he said to me instantly, ‘I am in love with you. I have been for months.’ I’m returning to England in a few days. Will you marry me?"

I thought at first that he was mad. Then, thought that he was fooling me. I looked at his eyes and knew that he was not. He was quite sane. And completely in earnest, I didn’t understand—how could he be in love with me when we’d met less than five minutes ago?

I appeared that he’d seen me around, here and there. He said that it had been love at first sight. That startled me! He told me that he was having great difficulty to get an introduction to me. He’d made a practice of doing just what he had done that night—he’d barge in on places, look them over carefully if I were there, and then vanish. This time he had dashed in, had seen me, had gone home to dress and there he was!

Merle said, remembering, “I didn’t fall in love with him at first sight. It would be more romantic to say that I did but these are my real romances, no fiction allowed! I was startled to see him at all. But my dreams had not prepared me for anything so masterful, so matter-of-fact. Such a love, was not the way of the poets. And then he left for England, all nice and broken-hearted, and then I knew. Immediately he sailed. I knew that I was being left to face the new life with him, and then the time. And I had a beautiful time, writing very bad poetry, languishing, suffering exquisitely. And when, a few weeks later, my uncle’s leave fell due I begged him to take me home to England with him. On the trip home, Merle confessed, her dreams of Nicky were slightly involved with her secret ambition to go on the stage. She rather fancied herself as an actress. On that journey, said Merle, “I spent my time visualizing myself as a sort of composite Shearer and Garbo one moment and as the wife of Nicky, in an English garden, the next. And then there he was, meeting me. We were both very young and very much in love. I was sixteen. He was twenty-one. And not a shifting between two. Both of our families were very violent, indeed, on the subject of early marriage. It was all very young, and, we thought, so very tragic. There were dozens of them, were forever and more rushing together again and crying. We can’t stand this! Then I began to meet people who said, ‘You really love him, don’t you? I thought so myself. And so, gradually, painfully, Nicky and I drifted apart.

MERLE remained in London. Her uncle left her there, reluctantly, with a little money and a great deal of inde- pendent public appearance. The British Film Company of London was holding an audition at the Café de Paris and attended the audition with the hope of being "discovered." She was not, but she did land a job at the Café as one of the hostsesses. And there...

“Second romance came to me there," said Merle, “he was an older man, a for- eigner, of Austrian birth. He was charming, sophisticated, clever, mysterious. He made me feel as if I had dreamed I would feel when love should come to me. Sort of sacred and set apart. I knew that I was in love again because I was tragically unhappy when I was with him and curiously unhappy when I was with Nicky. It had all been clear and plain and I’d known what he was all about. With this man there was something I didn’t understand. There were things he didn’t say.

Merrily went by. Merle had begun to work in the studios. One day a friend of hers said to her, casually, “Since when have you taken to going out with married men?”

Merle told me, “I can remember now how my heart stopped beating. I thought, ‘He is going to pronounce a sentence of death on love.’"

I suppose," said Merle, laughing a littie, "Union writers would call my first romance ‘Young Romance’ and my second, ‘Married-Man Romance.’ And now comes one which would be titled, I’m sure, ‘The Romantic Friendship.’

BECAUSE," said Merle, “if you have read the daily papers, Miss Hall, you know all about the romance that is developing between me and David Niven; I’ve never made any statement about this. No one seemed to know that I was anything but another one of the usual young actresses. There is no engagement, there is no romance in the literal sense of the word. It has been hinted that we are in love, that we may be married any day now and so on. Here is the real truth: I was awfully lonely and homesick when I first came to Hollywood. It was a dream come true, just to be here, but even a dream come true can be a chilly thing when there is no ‘home’ person to share it with. David is a home person. I’d met him a few times at home in England. Then he came to Hollywood. He’s gay and amusing and clever. We speak the same language.

“We are friends, David and I. We are not about to announce our engagement. We’ve never even discussed the state of marriage. "I’m not being clever about this. I’m not being cagey and secretive. When, if ever, I reported my romance to the papers, you’d be the first to announce it to the world. Frankly, Proudlly. And I’ll give up gladly my work, my career, my entire scheme of living, for a love like this. But that day has not yet come. Nor that man. And we have completely jolly and satisfying times together, David and I. But the same we give it is friendship—not love.”
GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 54)

If Hepburn and Leland Hayward are married now come Leland arrived at Katie's Alice Adams preview with Margaret Sullivan in tow? And why did he try to duck when the demon Scotty snapped their picture? And after the preview, why did Katie sneak out the side door? It's questions like these that make us go so goddamn interesting. If you prefer, they help make this interesting burg so goody.

Everybody's yelling about a new discovery in these parts, so we may as well add our voice to the clamor. She's Edith Fellows, she's nine years old and she practically steals Claudette Colbert's new picture, "She Married Her Boss." Here's how Edith was "discovered": When Director Gregory La Cava sent out a call for a youngsters, doling mothers appeared at his office, among their offsprings, and all of the little darlings were equipped with starched dresses and a prepared speech. Edith appeared sans mother and in everyday clothes, marched into the La Cava presence and said: "I understand you wanted to see me." P. S. She got the job.

Luise Rainer, who scored such a hit with Bill Powell in "Escapade," is hardly what you can call the cameraman's friend. She's always hard to get, but recently at the Café Lamaze with Max Reinhardt, Jr., and two other male friends, the boys cornered her. As a gag, the gentle- men refused to pose with her. When they finally consented, La Rainer, continuing the jolly theme, slipped up and left the table. A few minutes later she returned, making a grand entrance which was marred only by the fact that she slipped and fell flat on her backside features—and right in the middle of the dance floor.

Art for art's sake is Hollywood's motto, even though some of the stars will support Art till it kills them, provided it's accom-panied by the trappings of publicity. Last summer, however, there was evidence of a considerable amount of sincere interest in the Hollywood Bowl concerts. The Bowl, in case you don't know, is a natural amphie- theatre in the Hollywood hills, and features during the summer an excellent series of symphonies and light operas. A number of stars purchase boxes for the season, for it's considered quite tony to be listed among the patrons and patronesses of the Bowl. Look- ing over the list we were pleasantly sur- prised to find the name of that avid music lover and follower of the arts, Mr. Stepin Fetchit.

Seems like you've got to have a college education to become a western star these days. Paramount started the vague when they took Randolph Scott out of the University of Alabama and put him on a horse, and now several studios have hard riders with diplomas. John Wayne is a University of Southern California boy who made good on the celluloid plains, and Charles Starrett, who went afoot to Dart- mouth, now finds himself in the saddle upholding the honor of the west.

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Although we make every effort to ensure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for any occasional omission or inadvertent error.
Shirley Temple is thinking of hiring the Stanford football squad to accompany her on her evenings out. Shirley isn’t looking for gigolos—what she needs is a set of bodyguards to protect her from admiring fans who make a mass attack every time their idol appears in public. Shortly after their return from Honolulu, Shirley and her mama visited Grauman’s Chinese to get their first look at “Curly Top.” No sooner were they seated than recognized, however, when practically the entire audience from the other side of the house moved out to get first-hand peep at the picture’s title role. No bones were broken in the stampede, and everyone got a look at Shirley, with the possible exception of the little lady herself, who found her immediate vicinity so crowded she couldn’t see a thing.

You may have seen Lew Ayres on the screen for the last six months or so, and he’s made a decision to stay home and keep house for Ginger; on the other hand, he has just signed a contract to direct. It seems Lew has always harbored a yen for a megaphone. A few months ago he made a home movie, with the cast made up of his movie colony friends. Lew wrote the scenario, built the set, dressed the cast and directed the picture. A few nights ago he showed the results at the Rogers-Ayers house. Nino, Robert Montgomery, and a few others, who happened to be present, was so impressed with Lew’s work that he immediately signed him to a director’s contract.

And how about a few better roles for Bette Davis? The little Davis lass, whose Mildred in “Of Human Bondage” was one of the outstanding screen portrayals of last season, actually hasn’t had a part worthy of her talents since. In her newest picture, “Special Agent,” she has so little to do she could almost as well have stayed home. Aside to the Warner Brothers; how about giving this little girl a big hand?

Either there’s been a decided improvement in the quality of the picture they’ve put out here, or people actually hate to leave Hollywood. Of late there have been numerous “farswells” for visiting celebrities and locals alike, and as a rule the honor guest likes the party so well he decides to stay around another week or so, perhaps in the hope that a few more kind friends will say it with their wallets. The latest guest of honor who just couldn’t bear to leave was Merle Oberon. After the completion of “Dark Angel” with John Merle announced she was going to entrain for England, the Samuel Goldwyns honored her with a very elegant going-away party. Everything was so lovely that the famous Arkansas-born Texan, as is her press-agents are wont to describe her, decided to stay. It’s getting so “goodbye” doesn’t mean a thing around here.

Now that Will Rogers is gone, many wonder what sort of reaction the two pictures unreleased at the time of his death will receive. One of them is “Round the Bend,” opened in Hollywood two days after the funeral. We stood in line half an hour to buy a ticket, inside, Will’s first appearance on the screen.


The Nino Martini success story is one of those things you read about. (All right then, come on and read about it.) Back in 1929 Mrs. Jesse Lasky heard Nino singing in a Paris cafe. The Laskys brought him to this country and starred him in a musical short. Those were the days when songwriters had begun to sing and make noises, and Nino’s voice didn’t register well so his contract was cancelled. For several years it was tough going for Nino, until suddenly he burst on the scene with a flood of success. His first hit was “Coquette,” which was produced by Mr. Lasky. A friend of Nino’s told us that his income for 1936 will approximate $250,000, which is very nice indeed when you consider that lot of guys who were failures in 1929 aren’t doing so well these days, either.

If you’re ever looking for some easy money in a hurry, it might be well to follow Peter Lorre’s example. Peter, you may remember, wore a shaved pate in “Mad Love.” A few weeks later he started work on “Crime and Punishment,” and everyone on the set had an uncontrollable desire to rub his stubble of growing hair. So Mr. L. put the thing on a paying basis by charging a nickel a rub. In two days he amassed $2.45, and set up a Lorre lunch fund for studio office boys. Try it some time.

That the wedding bells are imminent for Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford seems to be a foregone conclusion along the Boulevard, but here’s a question some of the natives are asking themselves. Who is the handsome young man who has been piloting a motorcycle to Santa Barbara these last few Sundays with dignified little Mary perched on the seat behind him? The young man is Craig Reynolds, who was Hugh Enfield when he played opposite Mary in her recent stage appearance in “Couture,” and who is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Rumor has it that they are merely friends, but if you’ve ever ridden on the back seat of a motorcycle—well, it must be love.

Buddy and his band have been playing an engagement at Mr. Wrigley’s Catalina Island these past few weeks, and friends insist that when America’s Boy Friend returns to the mainland the little lady waiting at the dock will be America’s Sweetsheart.

Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro at his special show.

was greeted with applause, and throughout the picture there was genuine laughter from people who loved Will so much in life they can still laugh with him on the screen. It was a splendid tribute to a man who is really an American institution. It was conclusive proof that he will never die.

Eddie Robinson doesn’t like to complain, but he’s willing to bet he receives gosier presents from fans than any other star in the business. While most movie personalities are getting useful things, the Robinson message is cluttered with Chinese earthenware, strange Aztec objects, totems and several dozen items the identity of which even careful research fails to disclose. A few weeks ago a package arrived containing a strange object about the size of a golf ball. Eddie, who thought it might be something explosive, took it to a policeman, who didn’t know what to think. The gift was carted to a chemist, who found it to be a low grade of ammonium, the stuff of which perfumes are made. “It’s nice,” says Eddie, “but I’ll gladly trade it for a pair of socks.” Size eleven, in case you’re interested.

Hollywood heat wave (as we go to press): The big romance of the month continues to be Cary Grant and Betty Furness. They’ve been doing the night openings quite consistently, although we must admit to having seen the young lady on more than one occasion with Cesar Romero ... Estelle Taylor, who gave Lee Tracy most of her time last month, has swung over to Van Smith, who was reported about to marry Nancy Carroll ... Nancy’s ex, Jack Kirkland, having been recently divorced by Jayne Shadduck, has been giving all of his attention to June Travis, whose pappy owns the Chicago White Sox ... Irene Hervey continues to decorate the arm of Bob Taylor, and it looks like romance ... The report that a certain well-known star was seen out dancing with his wife has been vigorously denied by both parties.

It may not make any difference to you that Lilian Bond is married to Sydney Smith, but it meant a lot to a gal in New Zealand. Lil is showing her pals a letter from the young lady which says, “All happiness—for three years I’d been wishing you’d get married. The man I love got a crush on you the first time he saw you on the screen. When he found out you were married, he proposed, and our wedding bells will ring early next year. Thank you very much.” And Lil has the letter and Sydney to prove it.
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