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The Titles That Won IN THE MOVIE TITLE CONTEST
Silver Screen
February

Mae West

The Wits OF HOLLYWOOD
Both for Beauty’s Sake

HER COAT, $2500
HER TOOTH PASTE, 25¢

All women welcome the cleanliness and brilliance this tooth paste affords

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven’t tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA — Direct from its N. Y. Stage.

Broadcast by LISTERINE, announced by Geraldine Farrar

Complete operas... 3 hours... Every Saturday... all NBC stations... see your newspaper for time.
The Picture of the Month

P A U L M U N I

the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in

B E T T E D A V I S

—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.

"B O R D E R T O W N"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.

S I L V E R S C R E E N f o r F E B R U A R Y 1 9 3 5
Man and wife! Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler were married after they finished "The Good Fairy."

A LETTER FROM LIZA.

(We opened your mail—'Scuse it please!)

MY DEAR,

It's "June in January" in this neck of the Hollywoods all right, with romance smeared all over the place something terrific! Hardly had we gotten Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres tucked away in their new Beverly Hills house, when Evelyn Venable dashed off to Yuma to marry Cameraman Hal Mohr, and Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton (from Merrie England) did the same.

Then Margaret Sullavan up and also did an off to Yuma with Willie Wyler, her director. What a "takum" Hollywood did when they heard about that, for Maggie and Willie had been scrapping and yapping at each other like two spotted brats ever since the first day of production of "The Good Fairy."

Then, on a Thursday, they went to the projection room together to see the day's "rushes." "That scene smells," announced Margaret. "That scene is perfect," retorted Willie. "You are the most contrary person I ever met. With you on the set it's as peaceful as a roller coaster. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" "Sure," said Margaret, "and let's go out to Venice and ride on the roller coasters."

So, to Venice they went like a couple of fresh kids, and when they went through the long dark tunnel on the roller coaster Willie kissed Maggie right smack on the kiss. Did she haul off and pop him one? No, she cuddled. And that, my dear, is how Love was born. . . The next day, at the "rushes," he proposed and was accepted with a chipper "Well, why not?" and the following night, after working until nearly midnight, they flew to Yuma and were married there at eleven-thirty of a Sunday morning.

Well, so long, I've got to go now and throw myself into my work.

Liz.
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-QUO-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

for February 1935
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—Splendid. Another of our childhood favorites brought to life on the screen in a most commendable manner. The entire family will go for this as it did for "Little Women." (Anne Shirley, Tom Brown.)

BATTLE, THE—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer which will stir up your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Lodge, Charles Boyer.)

BROADWAY BILL—Splendid. Horse racing is the basic theme of this utterly delightful comedy-drama that teams Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.

CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE—Good. An ironic character study of a group of passengers on a pleasure cruise. They are taken out of their element in the comedic episodes. (Jack Gilbert, Walter Connolly, Helen Vinson, Victor McLaglen.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Fair. Two gags of jewel thieves try to outwit one another. The idea, always good for dramatic purposes, is not worked out interestingly in this instance. (Fay Wray, Cesare Romeo, Henry Armetta.)

COLLEGE RHYTHM—Good. It will be interesting to see how the modern hero does to prosaic business when his turn comes to make a commercial touchdown. (Lanny Ross, Jack Hulbert, Mary Humes.)

ENTER MADAME—Fair. Elissa Landi as a tempestuous European opera star who falls in love with an everyday American, Cardoza. The comedy situations are light and airy, and there's some good music in it.

EVELYN PRENTICE—Excellent. That gorgeous creation of Myrna Loy as Bill Powell (of "Thin Man" fame) together again in a serious domestic drama that won't ever make a splash. The ideas you have here are Isabel Jewell is splendid in the courtroom scene.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Fine. A fascinating story which takes place between a philosophical priest and a charming crook (Walter Connolly-Paul Lukas). Gertrude Michael is the beautiful feminine interest into the romance.

FLIRTATION WALK—Fine. Just the sound of this title brings up thoughts of West Point—and, correctly, too. Dick Powell as one of those devastating cadets, with Ruby Keeler the daughter of an officer. Get it? Of course, there's music!

FLIRT WITH DANGER—Fair. Edgar Kennedy, William Cagney and Bob Armstrong are teamed in an amusing melodramatic-farce in which they are mixed up in everything—from cabaret broths to fake revolutions.

FUGITIVE LADY—Fair. A case of mistaken identity. Irene Dunne as Grace Flower Rice to pose as the wife of Edward Hamilton. Naturally this is the cause of many exciting situations. (Donald Cook, Rita Le Roy.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Good. Erich Von Stroheim, as the Commandant of an Austrian military post, whose routine existence is suddenly dramatized by the advent of a Russian girl (Wera Engels) and an American (Leslie Fenton).

GAY BRIDE, THE—Fair. Carole Lombard and Chester Morris are teamed together in a gagster story that borders on satire. During its lighting situations it is really quite amusing. (Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, Sum Hardy.)

GAY DIVORCEE, THE—Splendid. You'll travel far to find a more realistic and joyous comedy than this, and to see more exquisite dancing. But, having been in the order of the day when Fred Astaire graces a film. (Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Ed, Everett Horton.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—Good. Here you have a dramatic glimpse into the lives of eral frustrated university graduates—after the fiasco of commencement day. (Phenanote Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dorval.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Fine. This sentimental Gene Stratton Porter novel has been filmed remarkably well. You will like Marian Marsh in the title role, also Ralph Morgan as the family friend, and you may bis Louise Dresser for her fine playing of the cruel mother.

HOME ON THE RANGE—Only so-so. A Zane Grey story that has every conceivable type of melodramatic action mixed into its plot. The youngsters may greet it graciously, but not adults. (Joe Morrison, Jackie Coogan, Randolph Scott, Evelyn Brent.)

I AM A THIEF—Good. There's excitement and thrills galore when two bands of intelligent crooks pit their brains against each other during a trip on the Express travelling from Paris to Istanbul. (Ricardo Cowen, Mary Astor.)

I'LL FIX IT—Fine. Jack Holt (our favorite he-man) cast as a politician whose soft spot is his kid brother and, eventually, the kid's schoolmistress (Mona Barrie).

IT'S A GIFT—Fine. Here's a barrel of fun for all W. C. Fields' addicts, and their name is legion. Baby LeRoy in this, too. So what more can you ask if you're looking for laughs and plenty of nonsense?

JEALOUSY—Fair. A priceless yarn with a melodramatic twist that occasions a number of thrills before the surprise denouement is reached. (Nancy Carroll, George Murphy, Donald Good.)

KARA—Just Fair. Steffi (La Curaracha) Dunas in a melodrama of the South Seas. In the cast Mitchell Lewis, Raymond Hatton, Regina Toomey.

KID MILLIONS—You shouldn't miss this latest Eddie Cantor opus—it's a sure cure for the blues. It has delightful comedy, some good songs, and a swell cast, including Ethel Merman and Block & Sully.

LADY BY CHOICE—Entertaining. An unusual and intriguing situation arises when Carole Lombard, an alluring fan dancer, adopts the astute May Robson as her mother. (Roger Pryor-Walter Connolly.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Just Fair. In the silent days this was once done as "Broken Blossom." This version of the story will not linger in the memory as that did, however. (Geo. Kato, Jean Parker, Anna May Wong, Joe Morrison.)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Fair. A blending of business and romance, with Gloria Stuart, Ross Alexander and Philip Reed providing a comedy triangle, and Joseph Cawthorn creating the merry hearty laughs.

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Good. Fashioned from the musical comedy of the same name you must all be familiar with, the gorgeous songs in this film which has Gloria Swanson, John Boles and Doug Montgomery in the tempestuous leading roles.

ONE IN A MILLION—Good. A sincere, nicely told little story about the poor little shop girl (Dorothy Wilson) finds herself in the arms of the wealthy shop owner's son (Charles Starrett) at the fadeout.

OUTCAST LADY—Fair. Remember Michael Arlen's "Green Hat"—later known as "Lady of Affairs" with Greta Garbo? Well, here is it again, all toned down to a dull grey by the censors, and with Connie Bennett & Herbert Marshall in the leading roles.

PERFECT BLUES, THE—Good. A fairly entertaining society drama that becomes a ticklish murder mystery before too many reds are wound up. (Dorothy Libaire, David Manners, Sheets Gallagher.)

STRANGE WIVES—Amusing. Saddled with all his wife's Russian relatives, an American businessman considers himself in a heck of a mess. But the situation rights itself in a most amusing manner. (Roger Pryor, Esther Railet, June Clayworth, Ralph Forbes.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Fine. Again Jimmy Cagney is the center of a fast and furiously exciting melodrama—with milk wars, gangland and romance generously blended together. (Patricia Ellis-Alen Jenkins.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—Good. Showing the disastrous effect the divorce of his parents (Edward Arnold and Karen Morley) has on a highly sensitive lad of ten (Frankie Thomas).

WEST OF THE PECOS—Fine. This is a grand Western—good story, beautiful photography, and smooth production throughout. Cast includes Richard Dix, Martha Scarpe, Louise Beavers, Fred Kohler.

WHITE PARADE, THE—Excellent. A fine, sensitive story woven around the life of a student nurse in a large hospital. Exciting from beginning to end. Fine performances by Loretta Young, John Boles, Sara Haden, Dorothy Wilson, and Jane Darwell.

Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline." With "Back Street," "Stingaree," "Age of Innocence," and "Sweet Adeline" to her credit, Irene has done even more than Mae West to popularize the "Gay Nineties."
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 portrait 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 to 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 Army 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.
"You're Telling Me?"

Ben Franklin Started The War Of The Revolution
By Writing Letters. What Can You Do?

The $10 Letter

PERSONALLY I always feel uncomfortable during the kissing scenes, and have also sensed the same feeling in others in the audience," writes Lauretta Chapman of Grand View St., Los Angeles, Calif. "For one thing, people always look so silly when they kiss—their faces getting so absurdly distorted. To me one of the high points of 'The Thin Man' was the natural, unobvious way the main character's affection for each other was shown."

We always listen for the break away.

I AM surprised that Silver Screen doesn't have much to say about Lyle Talbot. He is versatile, plays any type of role, and is an all around good actor on the screen. 'To my way of thinking,' writes Alexander C. Mackay of Maiden Ave., Hot Springs, S. D., 'he should be starred by his studio. I have seen him in stock and like him equally as well on the screen.'

Since 'One Night of Love,' Lyle is going good.

HELEN NORTHCATT of N. Church St., Grass Valley, Calif., writes "What I would like to know is why Tarzan is always so clean shaven in all his pictures, while Neil Hamilton is heavily bearded."

Supposed to be sixteen years old, Extraordinary development due to Vitamin M-G-M.

I THINK that Evelyn Venable possesses the most beautifully shaped eyes in pictures, and she is my favorite actress. After seeing her act in 'Death Takes a Holiday,' I believe she is deserving of better and bigger parts. To use a collegiate phrase, 'She is daring.'" writes Ace Macy, Battery D, 16th C. A., Fort DeRussy, T. H.

I surrender, dear.

"EVERYONE has his own opinion of pictures," writes Birinder O'Connell of Dunlee St., Norwich, Conn., "but perhaps I prefer pictures with a sense of humor in them rather than the mushy kind. True to form was 'The Richest Girl in the World.' With Miriam Hopkins starting in her humorous way, this picture was first rate."

That's right. Lust is always so serious.

"MELODIOS, graceful, beautiful, thrilling and satchured with heart interest scarcely describes the enchanting song-picture 'One Night Of Love,' featuring golden voiced, exquisite Grace Moore dominated by her masterful, operatic instructor, Tullio Carminati. It is like a beautiful dream coming true and leaving us wishing for more, especially Grace Moore," writes Ed. S. Phelps of Houston, Tex.

You mean—it's O.K.

"HAVE you ever dreamed of being sophisticated, or even wanted to be?" asks Helen Butler of Collver St., Syracuse, N. Y. "If so, you will give up the idea the minute you see Jean Parker as the sweet heroine of 'Have A Heart.'"

All right, the hell with it.

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Powdery Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age spots. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint warm and use daily as face lotion.

MOST INDENIBLE of all lipstick

Here at last is a lipstick that simply does not come off. This application glorifies your lips with striking clarion color that actually lasts all day. No other lipstick on, or hereafter need be, like Permopoint. A new design application has made this a new-type cosmetic—soft, smooth, non-drying—makes lips more beautiful than ever before and makes the easiest to use and most indelible of lipsticks.

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Stays on the Lip Day or Night

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ELEANOR KOCH of LaMoille, Ill., writes "One night at the show, 'He Was Her Man,' someone, who sat behind me, didn't like James Cagney. She said, 'All he wants to do is kiss. He's too mushy. I like the other man better (Victor Jory).'

I don't, so I turned around, and perhaps if she hadn't kept still just then there would have been a fight."

Now there's a real Cagney fan.

"WHY does the movie heroine, who is supposed to be rolling in poverty, always wear such exquisite, enticing and expensive lingerie?" asks Margaret Hayden of Pasadena Ave., Ariz. "The latest example of the kind of underwear the poor girl wears in Grace Moore's otherwise perfect picture, 'One Night of Love,' where the great voice teacher comes into her dressing room and makes her hold a couple of high 'C's for him. Instead, she holds a style show of what lingerie the well dressed rich girl should wear."

We wouldn't know about that.

"THE brightest corner in our cinema Hall of Fame," writes E. D. Hall of Bowser Ave., Dallas, Tex., "has long been occupied by that petite versatile artist, Miss Helen Hayes, whose acting is so fine and sincere that she wrings our hearts, and whose charm is truly a 'sort of a bloom on a young woman.'"

We liked the first part of "What Every Woman Knows" best.

"WHAT I can't understand is, why they don't Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable star in another picture together again. The public is almost 'wild' for an other picture like 'It Happened One Night,'" writes Mary Lonaine Lyons of Mississippi St., San Diego, Calif. "Well, here is hoping that the public and I get our wish (I used the turkey's wishbone for this)."

But you have to wish on all the shooting stars and dandelions, too.

"THE screen is infinitely richer with a personality like Francis Lederer's," writes Ida Kauch of New Glarus, Wis. "He has already endeared himself to the fans with his youngness of spirit, his joy of living, his gusto and his warm friendliness."

Your graceful vocabulary indicates that your taste is a further compliment to Francis.

"IRENE DUNN is lovely," writes Alyce Noe of Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, "a very pretty lady like Francis Lederer's," writes Ida Kauch of New Glarus, Wis. "He has already endeared himself to the fans with his youngness of spirit, his joy of living, his gusto and his warm friendliness."

Your graceful vocabulary indicates that your taste is a further compliment to Francis.

"IRENE DUNN is lovely," writes Alyce Noe of Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, "a person I should really love to know. But why cast her as a shabby lady, or almost one? She is far too lovely to impress you as one living the part."

We are told that the pretty girls are the very ones who skid.
DO YOU LONG FOR

Beautiful Skin?

These little wafers have done wonders for thousands.

YOU CAN MAKE your dream complexion come true. But remember—this—is you can't rub away a bad complexion with expensive creams and ointments. You can't cover it up with cosmetics. Get at the cause. Most muddy, pale complexions, pimply, blotchy skins, are caused by sluggishness of the bowels and lack of calcium in the system. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct both of these troubles—quickly, easily, pleasantly. Thousands of charming women owe their clear, healthy skins—their satin-smooth, radiant fresh complexions to these marvelous little wafers. Try them for a few days—then look in your mirror!

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Write, 33-35 W. 33rd St., New York.

SILVER SCREEN

STARS MUST EAT FAVORITE DISHES OF CHESTER MORRIS!

The Wives, At Home, Keep The Screen Lovers Happy.

By Ruth Corbin

The Wives, At Home, Keep The Screen Lovers Happy.

By Ruth Corbin

I WENT out to call upon Sue Morris the other day, and I found her in the kitchen fixing some sandwiches for Chester, who was working until "all hours" that night at M-G-M on retakes for "The Gay Bride," in which he is co-starred with Carole Lombard.

Sue said that she knew Chet was going to be too tired to eat a regular dinner so she was fixing up something light and tasty for him. She looked very pretty and was wearing a little white organza apron over her dark wool dress.

We talked about foods, of course, and children and keeping house in general. Suddenly it dawned upon me that Chester Morris is a lucky man. Moreover, he isn't the only one. There are a baker's dozen of lucky men in Hollywood, who have won an enviable place in the films and who bask in the spotlight of fame. They are married to charming women, many of whom could win film success for themselves if they chose, but they prefer to live in the reflected glory of the men whose names they bear. Some have never tried their wings but are pretty and talented enough to win a hearing if they so desired. Some, when they married, gave up careers that had begun auspiciously.

Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mrs. Richard Arlen and Mrs. Chester Morris all had their careers nicely launched when they married. Now they are quite satisfied to be merely the wives of famous actors.

I asked Sue about—it how she has been able to find happiness in marriage after her brief taste of stage success.

"It hasn't been difficult," she told me, "I don't believe there is room for more than one career in the same house. When Chet and I were married, I decided to make a career of marriage.

"I can't tell you about all the little, absurd things that happened in those first few years of our married life. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to step off the stage and into the kitchen and be able to make the wheel go round without any friction. Chet and I managed to do it, because I was so anxious to be a success as a housewife and he understood and app

Sue Morris, wife of Chester Morris, makes up a batch of Chet's specialties.
vinegar, salt and pepper.

"Chet and I usually have sandwiches and coffee before going to bed. We got into the habit when he was on the stage in New York. Before we were married, I often visited at his home and saw how they enjoyed late suppers after his father and he returned from the show. I decided to encourage rather than break him of the habit, because he liked to tell me during this meal what had gone on at the theatre each night. Friends often dropped in and joined us, and it was really fun.

"Now, of course, since Chet keeps daytime hours, we are getting away from the habit except when friends visit us.

"Chet has never been hard to please where food is concerned. He eats energy-producing foods and tries to keep himself in good condition, but he has never followed any kind of a diet.

"He doesn't care about salads. Likes plain foods and vegetables. He is fond of brussels sprouts, canned peas, roast beef, steak, tripe and fried onions. We have lamb chops frequently because both of the children like them.

"Chet likes Spanish omelettes, made by beating up eggs with several tablespoons of cream and milk, and adding tomatoes and seasonings to taste with salt, pepper and paprika.

"Sometimes Chet likes tartar sauce for dinner. It doesn't sound very appetizing but it looks good and he is very fond of it.

"I place about four tablespoons of raw ground steak on a plate and cover thinly with tartar sauce. Then I drop a raw egg on the top of this and place about two tablespoons of finely chopped onion on the side. Served with fresh bread and butter and coffee, Chet insists that nothing could taste better.

"I often serve stuffed crab. The recipe sounds difficult but is really quite simple.

**Stuffed Crab (or shrimp)**

2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
1 teaspoon sugar
1 lb. of crab or shrimp
2 green peppers
2 cups of thin cream
1 teaspoon mustard, salt and paprika
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

Half cup mushrooms

Put butter, flour and cream in a double boiler and stir until thick. Add mustard, sugar, salt and paprika to taste. Add crab or shrimp meat, into which chopped peppers and mushrooms have been mixed. Fill shells and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Remove, cover with breadcrumbs and butter, and place under the broiler until browned.

Another favorite dish with the Morris family follows:

**Cheese Fondue**

1/4 lb. melted butter
1 finely chopped onion
2 eggs well beaten
1 lb. American cheese
1 chopped tomato
1/2 teaspoon mustard

Place the butter and cheese in a double boiler and add salt, pepper and mustard. Beat all together and cook until the mixture is creamy and melted. Remove from fire and add the beaten eggs. It is then ready to serve.

According to Sue, Chester's favorite dinner includes:

- Minced clam soup
- Lettuce salad
- Thousand Island dressing
- Rare roast beef
- Baked potatoes (canned)
- Creamed peas
- Brussels sprouts
- Camembert cheese
- Apple pie
- Coffee

---

### "B.O." IS NO JOKE. MY DOCTOR SAYS EVERYONE IS SUBJECT TO IT!

**But, Doctor, you don't mean to say I could be guilty of 'B.O.'?**

**My dear young lady, we all perspire, our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily...**

**The other night at the dance—was 'B.O.?'**

**The reason I had so few partners...**

**Stop in the store and get Lifebuoy now**

**A popular partner now (Since Lifebuoy ended 'B.O.')**

**How the men flock around her!**

**Lately she's become tremendously popular!**

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LIFEBUOY Stops "B.O." (Body Odor)

HEALTH SOAP

for February 1935
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

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
SHIRLEY TEMPLE has come open about her romance. No. Hollywood denials for her, decided that Jimmy Dunn is her coo, and she doesn't want those movie blondes poaching on her. The other day on the set of "Eyes," Jimmy was making paper denials for her the adoring Miss Temple when she breezed on the stage, and, there the vacant chair, plunked herself right in the director's lap. Shirley gave her the dirtiest look any female ever gave another female you don't mind lending me your man, do you, Shirley?" said Alice. "Jimmy and I are going to be tear in the new George White Scandals." "Huh," remarked Miss Temple crossed the stage and plunked herself in the director's lap. But she couldn't stand it very long, Styly she worked her way up to Jimmy's side and whispered his ear, "I'll marry you."

MAURICE CHEVALIER is up to his tricks—visiting Kay Francis. But it still gets those transatlantic telephone calls from Rome, Italy.

DON'T ever say hard-hearted Hollywood! Little Mary Blackford (you probably saw her in "Love Time") was in a serious automobile accident, and the doctors told her she would be paralyzed for life unless she had a very expensive operation. So Mary's young pals got together and arranged for a Benefit Ball at the Coconut Grove, with Will Rogers as master of ceremonies, and Hollywood simply broke a blood vessel getting there. Everybody bought tickets and nearly everybody attended. Over $6000 was cleared. Will Rogers and Joan Crawford took over the expenses of the benefit.

A YEAR has made quite a bit of difference in the fortunes of the Holts. Last Christmas they barely had enough to eat,
soon as they learn each other's telephone numbers. No, Lew and Ginger are the conservative type, thank goodness, and mentioned way: courtship, church wedding, things in my time but never one so simple, romantic as theirs was out at the Little in Glendale. Ginger looked simply beautiful and a big picture hat. Her little was her maid of honor, and her two best sod. Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, were bad Ben Alexander for his best man. Lew lenson and William Bakewell have all been yed together in "All Quiet on the Western together in this jealousy-ridden Holly others, always rejoicing in the success and ng had its humorous note. Lew sold his simply dripped chromium months ago, as for his simple mode of living and bought an. In this sedan he and Ben arrived at in their striped pants and top hats, but a hat, forgot about the topper as he was knocked it against the door and away it ill with Lew chasing after it like a quarter-
back trying to retrieve a fumble. Hundreds of fans waiting outside the church for autographs had the laugh of their lives.

The wedding reception was held in the French Room of the Ambassador Hotel, where there were gathered a few close friends of both families, and a few of the Press, to toast the bride and groom in champagne and cut the cake. Then a lot of husbands, including Andy Devine, Wally Ford and Ronnie Burla, lined up to kiss the bride, Lois Wilson caught the bride's bouquet, a camera flashed, and the next thing you knew the young couple had disappeared.

Believe it or not, up until the time they disappeared from the French Room neither Ginger nor Lew had the slightest idea where they were going on their honeymoon. It's so typical of both of them that places mean nothing. "Well, where will it be, Ginger?" Lew asked as they got into their coasts, "Monterey or Arrowhead? Name it." He flipped a coin and the mountain cabin at Lake Arrowhead won. I don't suppose any Hollywood honeymoon was ever decided upon quite so casually as that.

Nor, for that matter, do I suppose any going-away wardrobe was ever quite so simple as that of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres. Lew wore the inevitable corduroy and lumberjack shirt, and Ginger wore a beret, sports coat and knitted pajamas. Mercy, when Monsieur Lanvin hears about that he will probably swoon dead away in Mesreurs Patou's and Lelong's arms while Madame Schiaparelli fans him back to life. Mercy, yes.

But the honeymoon didn't last long, as Ginger had to start work immediately on "Roberta," which they do say is going to make "The Gay Divorcee" look like an orphan. Anyway, Ginger and Fred Astaire dance together again and that's all I ask out of life—that and a million dollars.

I saw Ginger on the set, and I must say I have never seen anyone so happy, so utterly utterly happy, and it is certainly a treat to find someone utterly utterly happy in this town where worries breed faster than mosquitoes in Jersey. Ginger is tops in everything. She's young and healthy and rich and ecstatically in love. Her last pictures, "The Gay Divorcee" and "Romance in Manhattan," are breaking box office records all over the country, which has suddenly become so Ginger Rogers-conscious that her studio had to stick another zero on to her salary check.

You might think that all this suffusion of happiness and gifts from the gods and RKO (you should see the silver they crashed through with for her wedding present) would make Ginger a bit smug and conceited and self-centered. But that just shows how little you know about Ginger Rogers. What is this little Rogers red-head really like? Well, I'll tell you, but do take "The Continental" off the vitrola or you'll have me dashing out into the night looking for tables to dance over with Fred Astaire.

When Ginger (her real name is Virginia, but a baby cousin gave her the nickname and it stuck) was seven years old she was living with her mother, a newspaper woman, in Washington, D. C., and in those days the Rogers were having a depression all their own. Mrs. Rogers was given an...[Continued on page 59]
In The Movies Mistakes And Successes Run To Big Figures.

WITHOUT any attempt at exaggeration, if R-K-O officials were called upon to list their assets, they could set down, beside the name of Fred Astaire, "credit, $1,000,000,000." The terrific success of R-K-O's "The Gay Divorcee," made possible by the talented dancing feet and personal charm of Astaire, plus the expectations of the company for a rich financial harvest in subsequent flickers in which he will appear, justifies my million-dollar appraisal of him.

This being the case, it was a $1,000,000 blunder on the part of M-G-M to permit Fred Astaire to get away from them. I do not say, mind you, that this is the only million-dollar blunder which has been made by Hollywood, for it is the purpose of this article to catalogue and index some of them, but I cite Astaire's case because it is typical.

M-G-M, by virtue of its contract with Fred Astaire for the Joan Crawford-Clark Gable picture, "Dancing Lady," had the opportunity to examine him carefully. They had expert Coast make-up specialists to study and supplement the contour of his face for camera possibilities, they had ace cameramen to photograph him flattering-ly, and they had the adequate leisure to study the composite results in the daily "rushes" or shots of the picture.

Just what the talent scouts of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thought of Astaire was best expressed in the completed picture. He appeared in one scene and his contract was not renewed. The M-G-M official who failed to renew it must just as well have thrown $1,000,000 out of the window. At R-K-O Astaire has been built into the newest star of the musical pictures. Teamed with a Warner discard, Ginger Rogers, he is destined to be one of the big money-makers of the present celluloid era. And there, in a nutshell, you have the Hollywood situation—Fred Astaire, turned loose by M-G-M, and Ginger Rogers, turned loose by Warners, making money for R-K-O.

The Million-Dollar Blunders of Hollywood, however, are confined to no one company, because all of them have made equally expensive mistakes.

Warner Brothers made a Million-Dollar Blunder in the case of Clark Gable. Warner talent scouts first saw Gable when he appeared in Los Angeles in the stage showing of "The Last Mile." They signed him to a contract immediately. However, it was in the era of romantic heroes cut from the pattern that produced known had it not been for the series of accidents that conspired to make M-G-M's "Free Soul" famous in the annals of celluloid. Much against the better judgment of the studio, Gable was given his chance, and, with his one punch at Norma Shearer's chin, he ushered in a new cycle of leading men, paving the way for Cagney to kick heroines in the posterior when he wasn't drenching them with grapefruit, or is the plural grapefruits? I am inclined to credit the belated discovery of Gable to Director Clarence Brown who megaphoned that fateful picture, "Free Soul." It was Brown who fashioned the chin-punching scene which raised Gable overnight to the star class, and, in the same picture, Brown brought the fading Lionel Barrymore back to national recognition. The eldest son of the Royal Family of Barrymores, discouraged at bad breaks, was seriously thinking
of turning director and had already essayed it. Brown persuaded him to take another fling at the screen as an actor. Lionel's speech to the jury had every electrician and prop man on the stage in tears, when the scene was finally shot. At the very moment when he was content to retire, Lionel Barrymore was given the Academy award for the finest solo performance of the year.

Before explaining the dramatic background in many of these cases, perhaps I can present a clearer picture to you by listing what I choose to call Hollywood's $1,000,000 Blunders:

1—Universal rejected Norma Shearer, Colleen Moore, Janet Gaynor and Bette Davis.
2—Paramount refused to renew the contract of Wallace Beery, rejected the screen test of Margaret Sullivan, rejected the screen test of Gladys George, newest Broadway sensation.
3—Every Hollywood studio rejected Marie Dressler until she finally landed at M-G-M.
4—Fox failed to renew a contract with Rudy Vallee, rejected Alice Brady.

5—Sam Goldwyn bought off a personal contract with Robert Montgomery after the first day's "rushes."
6—Columbia had the first tip on Margaret Sullavan, Katharine Hepburn and Aline MacMahon, rejecting them because they wouldn't screen well.
7—Warner's released Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers.
9—R-K-O would have turned thumbs down on Katharine Hepburn had it not been for a wise director.

Now let us look at the record of these amazing rejections of performers who represent millions of dollars at the box-office. Norma Shearer today is the glamorous star at M-G-M, and the wife of Irving Thalberg. Oddly enough, it was Thalberg who tossed her out of Universal. Miss Shearer was tested in New York by Universal for the leading femme rôle opposite Reginald Denny. They offered her $75.00 a week; she asked for $100.00 a week and transportation expenses for herself and mother to the studios. Thalberg, then the head man at Universal, resenting the "hold-up" of the bold unknown, promptly cancelled the deal. It was not until a few years later, and after Norma had been rejected at M-G-M for a lengthy interval that Thalberg, who had shifted to this studio, realized her box-office appeal and raised her to stardom.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., personally rejected Colleen Moore, wiring to the Coast, after seeing her in a Universal picture, "to retake that part played by that girl, Moore." She reached stardom at another studio. Janet Gaynor was an extra at Universal, and so modestly situated that when they decided to screen-test her for an important rôle, she had to borrow make-up from Mary Philbin, then a star. The test was bad, Janet Gaynor was forgotten and drifted from the lot. Not long after, she was the biggest money-maker at Fox. Bette Davis was a sickeningly sweet ingenue at Universal, her look of pathetic meekness and humility rivalling the humility in Buster Keaton's sad face. She photographed badly and Universal was quite correct in falling to renew her contract. Warner directors, however, saw her possibilities as a feminine "heavy," and her performance in "Of Human Bondage" for R-K-O was one of the [Continued on page 51]
The Days When I

Posed

Recollections Of Leyendecker, Brown, Underwood
And Other Famous Artists
—And $6 A Day.

By Neil

Hamilton

There was one time when I earned my living posing for artists in New York. The first one I ever worked for was Joe Leyendecker. I met him while I was doing extra work at the old Biograph studio up on 17th Street, in a picture which I remember had something to do with Roosevelt's life. I think the director was Bill Nigh.

On the set one day I met a strange man with a long beard. I thought at first he might be a Smith Brother. But after hearing the story of his life I learned he was once a well known photographer. Through a series of unfortunate circumstances he had lost his position, money, wife, everything, and was forced to do extra work. He told me I had a good head to draw and suggested if I wanted to make some money I ought to go around and see some artists.

Up to this time I hadn't even known that artists used models. I thought they just sat down and drew. I was given a letter to Joe Leyendecker, who was then located in the Beaux Arts Building at the corner of 40th Street and Sixth Avenue.

I went to see him with something of fear and trepidation. I had no idea of what manner of man I was to meet. But I certainly was not prepared for the very mild-mannered, extremely courteous and beautifully turned out Mr. Leyendecker. His studio was beautiful. Almost palatial. I was met by his secretary, Ted Beach, the original Arrow Collar man and an associate of Mr. Leyendecker for some thirty years.

I sat down, while he sketched me for the rest of the afternoon. At the end of the day he handed me a check for six dollars. Later I did some Arrow Collar posing for him and a number of Saturday Evening Post Covers. One of these, the original of the Post cover for Thanksgiving, 1918, now hangs in my home.

Through Mr. Leyendecker I met his brother, a commercial artist in New Rochelle, and Gales Phillips. This latter artist then arranged for me to meet Norman Rockwell. It was through this gracious method of one artist sending me to another that I came to know and work for over a period of three years, some of the finest painters in America.

The pay at that time was six dollars a day. The hours were from nine to five. The work was easy, the conditions and surroundings always very pleasant. The men were invariably amusing, and hard working. In all the years I worked as a model, incidentally, I never once glimpsed anything of the unconventional atmosphere which, according to public belief, pervades an artist's studio.

As the famous "Arrow Collar" man.

The late Clarence Underwood, famous for his Underwood Girl and for water colors, was the only artist I knew to fit the popular picture of what an artist should be like. Shaggy hair, what there was of it. Baggy [Continued on page 62]
There is something awe inspiring about interviewing a star like Mae West. When you suddenly realize that you are monopolizing a full hour or so of the time of a woman whom millions of other persons stand in line for hours to see on a big square of silvered cloth, you get a sort of dismayed feeling inside.

Mae alone isn't the inspiration for this tongue-tied condition. After all, she is only a woman (although one of the most fascinating of her sex—underline sexy). She is merely a five foot blonde with sea green eyes that survey you indolently, and with a slow smile that is tantalizingly reserved. No, the awe is not occasioned by Mae, so much as by the knowledge that you have taken for yourself sixty of her precious minutes. If you are not careful or long experienced, you are apt to forget the questions you came to ask.

Nor does Mae attempt to put you at your ease. She talks little unless she is first addressed. She answers questions freely and frankly, but she seldom volunteers information.

For the purpose of finding out something of Miss West's forthcoming picture and after-plans, I went to her dwelling place. She lives in a royal suite in an exclusive apartment near the center of Hollywood. She occupied that apartment immediately after her arrival in Hollywood more than two years ago. Other than having it re-decorated, she has made no changes in her residence. She has no plan to move; if she remains in Hollywood another five years, those years are likely to be spent in this same apartment. Mae doesn't like moving.

She doesn't like moving because it means losing old friends and making new. She is extremely slow about building friendships. She seems to weigh each new acquaintance carefully. Perhaps it is because she finds so many wanting that she rarely adds to her small circle of intimates. She hated Hollywood when she first arrived there. It was so strangely different from the New York she loved so dearly. Time has changed that: she is fond of Hollywood today, primarily because her present circle of friends includes most of those who were constantly near her in the East.

So, being happy in Hollywood now, Mae has no intention of leaving soon. Despite all rumors to the contrary, she will not star in a stage play on Broadway next spring. "I'm here to remain until I see evidence that my pictures are not being accepted by the public," Mae told me. "When that happens, I will leave. I won't have to be thrown out. I don't intend to be one of those stars who outlive their usefulness and welcome. When I'm through on the screen, I want to be the first to know it."

A nationally known cartoonist not long ago pictured Miss West standing on the brink of a precipice, trembling and frightened. The abyss at her feet was labeled "Oblivion."

The cartoon bore the title: "WITH CENSORSHIP, WHAT NOW, MAE?"

She is not standing on the edge of any cliff. She has never been more secure than she is at this time. Censorship holds no problem for Mae, because: "It is just as simple to be subtle and not risque, as to be subtly risque," Miss West said to me. "My comedy has never been vulgar nor objectionable. I don't believe that the millions of decent people who go to see my pictures would do so were those pictures insulting. I have never made a deliberate attempt to include vulgarity in my film or stage plays.

"My last completed picture, 'Belle of the Nineties' has been passed by the censorboards of every state, and it is listed among the five leading box office successes of the present season. It leads 'Chained' and 'Born To Be Kissed' and pictures of other stars. Does that look like failure?"

Mae is proceeding carefully with plans for her new picture, "Now I'm a Lady" (that title must bring a smile to your face). The story opens on a Texas ranch, where you'll see Miss West in a cowgirl's outfit.

(CONT. ON PAGE 64)
“Who’ll Buy

The blonde secretary, pretty enough, herself, to have parts in pictures, took the message laconically on her little pad. Bartering for talent. It was all part of a twenty-five-dollar a week job to her. Perhaps she says to herself sometimes, “With a different sort of break, I might be the one to getting three thousand dollars a week.”

Sam Goldwyn on the 'phone,' announces the dictograph, "Sam Marx, head of the story department at Metro," it utters again. The agent deals with these personages. Amounts of money are mentioned. "I can get him for . . . well, I can't get him for less. . . . All a part of the day's work.

The agent makes an appointment to take a prominent writer, dickering for a contract with a large studio, to lunch with an executive. "Now, listen," he directs the timid scriber, "If I say, 'All right . . . let's just forget it!' and get up to leave, you follow me, do you hear? Don't you say a word. Just follow me. What . . . No . . . of course I won't leave you alone with him! I'll stay right with you. I wouldn't think of leav-

Rosalind Russell is the big new news at M-G-M, and an agent put her there.

B E A U T Y brokers. Merchants of talent. Mendicants of magnetism. Who'll buy a romantic hero for a song? Going . . . going . . . to the highest bidder. What am I bid for rich, ripe, salty experience? How much for youth, for pulchritude, for vibrant eagerness? How much for mellow age? What am I bid for intelligence and the will to learn? How much for the power to create stories which the public will love and make part of its consciousness? How much for the power which permits men to combine modern mechanical miracles with human puppets and produce moving shadows with life and strength and power?

All these things are for sale in Hollywood and the agents are the brokers of this valuable and potent merchandise. Their busy offices hum from morning until night with the bartering of this magnetism, this creative ability, this beauty and this power. They measure it, appraise it, place price tags on it and peddle it by the piece or by the gross. Rarely does an actor, a writer or a director make his own business arrangements with the studios. He places himself in the hands of an agent who, for a certain per cent of his earnings will "sell" him to producers.

I sat in one of these busy marts the other evening after five. That is the hectic time of day in these circles, because picture people who are "between jobs" rarely function until late in the afternoon. Messengers scurried, long distance telephone calls came in and went forth. The office staff was working at top speed. I was admitted to an inner sanctum, the office of one of the chief talent merchants.

Between remarks to me he talked on the 'phone. "Don't offer me any such ridiculous sum!" he commanded a prominent executive. "Don't talk that kind of money to me! Why, do you know what I am asking Warner Brothers for that man? Well, stretch your neck a little hit or we can't talk business at all. I'm asking five thousand a week for him . . . and that's that!" He slammed the receiver down, muttering. He called a secretary. "Take a wire . . . Mr. Whoozis of Whatzis Park, New York. 'Asking five think I can get three . . . stop . . . wire me lowest money for which you will come to Hollywood . . . stop . . . regards . . ."

Little Cora Sue Collins does not go knocking at producers' offices for jobs —she has an agent.

The receiver slams again. I visited several agents and talked with them about their methods of merchandising. One of them was Arthur Landau of the firm of Landau and Small, which handles such celebrities as Jean Harlow, Bob Montgomery, Jack Oakie, Johnnie Weissmuller, Alice Brady and perhaps two score or more important stars, directors and writers.

The business divides itself naturally into two major sections. Dickering contract terms for people who have reached the stage at which studios want their services over a protracted period . . . and swinging contracts or single assignments for newcomers or established folk who are free lanceing.

We keep in touch with the story departments on all the lots," he told me. "We know what stories have been bought, what stories are being adapted for production and we begin plugging our available and suitable clients for parts in them long before any production plans are announced in the papers.

For instance, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was planning 'The Good Earth,' we thought that our Helen Morgan was ideally fitted for the rôle. In that case we had not only a vast amount of competition from American actresses, and good ones, too, but there was also the problem of whether they wanted an American

Gene Raymond has a representative, but he decides if he will take a part.

20

S I L V E R  S C R E E N
or an all-Chinese cast. Irving Thalberg took weeks to make up his mind about this latter question and we devoted those weeks to taking Miss Mencken to Chinatown, studying mannerisms, hairdress, allowing her to absorb the Chinese atmosphere. We made three or four silent tests of her in Oriental costume and make-up and when Thalberg was ready to decide, we made sound tests for him.

"It was worth the trouble. After all those weeks of work and anxiety, we signed Miss Mencken for the rôle . . . one of the important rôles of the year. "How do you go about selling 'new' personalities?" I asked him, recalling that dear old Marie Dresser was considered a "new" screen personage and a distinct gamble when Mr. Landau took her under his wing. This question elicited in-

Lyle Talbot is coming along in fine shape and his agent gets a cut of his pay.

formation about Rosalind Russell, who is considered the next big bet at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, since her success in "Evelyn Prentice" and "The World is Young." Mr. Landau's scouts discovered her in New York. They would not allow her to be tested there but brought her to Hollywood where they could supervise the tests themselves. They "sold" her to Metro from those carefully made samples of film.

Sometimes there are slips and hitches, even after a contract is signed. Cora Sue Collins' agents...
A Great Talent Requires
More Rehearsing Than A
Trained Flea.

THE current social sea-
son in Hollywood
threatens to be a
forlorn flop.

It's really serious.
Night clubs are actu-
ally echoing with empty-
ness and if the most
popular film hostesses
laid all the regrets to
their exclusive din-
ers end to end, they
would probably all
go to a sanitarium
for the winter (the
hostesses, of course).

You see, during the
last year, all the upper
rust boys and girls out
here have discovered
that practice (lots of it)
turns a lot of em-
barassing imperfections
into some very screenable
trumps, the sort that cause
the studio front-office boys to
do some fancy bidding.

It's this new practice drague-
and not romance, that has caused
Joan Crawford to drop out quite
suddenly from all our social whirligigs.

"I'm sorry, my singing lessons, my prac-
ticing, you know—" is Joan's sweet but
firm refusal to all invitations to play these
days. Two hours every day with her vocal
instructor, Otto Morando, is her relentless
schedule. Sometimes, when she is working,
the lessons take place at midnight, but they
TAKE PLACE.

The story that lurks behind Joan's fanatical
determination to become a lyric soprano or bust,
comprises an amazing tidbit even in Hollywood.

It seems that for years and years, Joan has
dreamed of doing, someday, the title role in "The
Merry Widow." When she learned last year that
Lubitsch had been signed to megaphone the epic
for M-G-M, she made her yearnings known in the
places it would do the most good. But the sad
fact that her singing voice was doubtful in the
high places put her out of the running before the
starting shot.

Well, THAT couldn't happen twice to anyone
named Joan Crawford. Several days later Mr.
Morando was hired, and Joan has slaved at daily
breathing exercises, the monotony of scales and the humdrum
business of diaphragm control ever since.

But the village rumor runners have it that Joan's vocal
equipment is now blossoming into a set of superbly trained
instruments, and that Morando is now suggesting the possibility of grand opera
to his prolific pupil, and that Joan isn't exactly putting her hands
over her ears when the subject is mentioned.

You'll be able to judge Joan's new voice in her next picture
"Reckless," in which she is scheduled to sing two difficult numbers.

And if you think Joan is a martyr to the practice-makes-perfect
credo, take a look, a long one, at Fred Astaire. He spent three
whole months in
Hollywood mak-
ing "The Gay Di-
vorcée," and was never
seen outside the studio,
actually not even once!

When cocktail gatherings and amusing buffets were mentioned
to him, his Chesterfieldian refusals al-
ways gave work as an excuse, but he never revealed
what kind of work. However, the tenants in his
apartment house could have informed many a
ballad hostess on this score, for Fred Astaire
practices his table-to-dine-to chaft dance rou-
tine many hours a day and night.

He is actually afraid to stop practicing. A close
friend of his told me that once or twice he let
down the grinding pace of home practicing, and both times he
suffered terrific spills, right on the stage, too. And both times
these falls resulted in injuries to his priceless tendons that kept
him bedridden for several weeks.

Astaire actually gets clauses written into his apartment leases
permitting him to dance as much as he likes and at any hour of
the day or night.

Now the Croxley's are known to every fan in and out of Holly-
wood as the champion stay-at-home couple. But the new twins
and Gary Evans aren't the only reason Bing and Dixie spend
seven nights weekly in the music room of their Toluca Lake home.

By
Julie
Lang
Hunt

Fred Astaire,
who is stepping
into a big place
on the screen,
has to protect his
practice hours
by special leases.

Jeanette MacDonald sings for hours
before her mirror,
trying not to look too hideous— Tough.
Bing has found that the most difficult trick to turn for the screen is cromming and looking romantic while he croons. His early singing was directed to a microphone, but now it's in the direction of the colony's most beautiful blondes, and there's a vast difference according to Bing.

So, nightly, Dixie sits beside Bing, or she hangs over the piano, and Bing practices the nuances of love's young dream, while still remembering to breathe correctly, to hesitate after each lyrical phrase, and to enunciate clearly.

And if you don't think that's a big order try it in your own music room some night.

And then there is little Helen Mack, who packs away more emotional talent than Hollywood's current brace of foreign stars. Helen's practicing is necessitated by the fact that the studio seldom deals out a big juicy dramatic role to her. Because she is only five feet tall, she's classified as the perfect ingenue. Well, Helen knows that she isn't an ingenue, and that she will lose her sure-fire emotional ability if she doesn't do her "homework."

So-o, Helen puts a record of "The Rosary" on the phonograph, then steps right up to a mirror, and practices sobbing and crying. She believes that even a foolproof emotional role can be ruined if an actress doesn't know her p's and q's about sobbing. Letting tears flow is a tricky business, and Helen realizes that she has a natural flair for it. If you saw her sob scenes in "The Lemon Drop Kid," you'll know that practice has kept this youngster "tearfully" perfect.

Just because I love a good flashy contrast, let's put Carole Lombard under the microscope next. The calm, cool, casual Carole has her practice mania too, and it's CLOTHES. She's the only girl out this way who will truthfully admit that she likes that title "best dressed woman on the screen," and works hard to keep in the running.

When Paramount's designer, Travis Banton, completes a new screen wardrobe for her, Carole takes each gown home several days before she wears it on the set, and practices in front of triple mirrors for hours. In this manner she discovers how to sit, walk, and lounge in each costume, to show off its best points to the best advantage.

At the moment she's absorbed with the frocks she is to wear in "Rumba." Some of them have treacherous trains, which require concentration, others have flowing sleeves which can be made to appear even more graceful with a little home practice. Then there are the hats which demand hours of study in tilting and pegging.

You won't believe it when I tell you that Charles Laughton is a charter member of the practice fraternity. He told me a few weeks ago that he spent eight months pouring over the charts and portraiture in the libraries, museums and old palaces of England before he made one scene for "Henry the VIII."

He won't consider doing an historical character for the stage or screen unless he is permitted just that much time to study every gesture, reaction and idiosyncrasy written down by historians or caught by an artist's brush.

At the moment he is buried beneath a deluge of material on Louis XVI, for "Marie Antoinette." M-G-M must wait to start this production until

The master microphone buster, Bing Crosby, and his very critical son.

Norma Shearer can work, but, by then, the thorough-going Charlie will have read up every available book written on the jelly-spined monarch.

And Norma, who will play the ill-fated "Marie Antoinette," opposite Charlie's weak-kneed Louis, recently joined the perfectionists. The faultless Norma now contends that hands can be more expressive and more important in screen acting than faces or voices, but these appendages must be trained rigorously to make the grade.

Therefore Norma practices pianoforte finger exercises daily to develop limberness and grace of movement in her wrists and fingers, and maybe that's the real reason living Thalberg had that sound-proof room built in his quarters.

Of course, everyone knows that Jeanette MacDonald takes a singing lesson every day of her life, but only a few of the inner circle have learned why she must have a free hour before dinner every night.

We'll let you in on the secret. That hour is spent before the mirror of her dressing-table, where she applies her lipstick and again, while carefully scrutinizing her face as she does so. Jeanette says that all singers are taught to soar to the upper register with head thrown back and mouth wide open, a combination that photographs the first stages of a tonsillectomy.

So the sly MacDonald, through grinding practice, has perfected a new method of smacking those top notes without causing her lovely face to crack up into a Grand Canyon effect.

And now I have one to tell on William Powell, and maybe he won't like it, but it's too good to keep. Bill takes a daily workout with a metronome (you remember. [Continued on page 72]
IT'S NOT ALL HOKUM
Hollywood Has A Kind And Loving Heart—Mary Blackford Knows.

By Henry Willson

"Hello... let me speak to Miss Crawford... William Janney calling... tell her it's important...!"

"Hello... Patricia Ellis calling... I'd like to speak to Mr. Gable... very urgent...!"

"Hello... Will Rogers? Hyah, Will!... this is Tom Brown. Listen... you remember Mary Blackford?... played with you in "Ah, Wilderness}?... Well, Mary's having a bad time of it since that automobile accident... the doctors think the nerves in her neck are completely severed... anyhow, the poor kid's paralyzed. Our crowd is promoting a Benefit at the Cocoanut Grove and we wondered if you..."

When the Junior Hollywoodians go to bat for some worthy cause, it's with a heart-warming vengeance, and no foolin'!

After the tragic accident that left one of their most promising members completely paralyzed, the Juniors decided to do something about it, and r-r-right now!

Nothing but a long series of special treatments promised any hope that their comrade would ever again rise from her hospital cot to dance, swim and play tennis with them. And it hit the kids pretty hard.

Dropping everything, they organized a Ways and Means Committee for the purpose of raising enough money to tide Mary's family over the long, bleak period that the girl must be away from them; and, with enough left over to see to it that Mary had every possible comfort during the long months of her painful confinement. The Committee comprised Anne Shirley, Anita Louise, Grace Durkin, Patricia Ellis, Sue Carol, Dorothy Davis, Tom Brown, William Janney, Howard Wilson, Eddie Rubin, Henry Wilsson, Pate Lucey, Stanley Davis, Gertrude and Trent (Junior) Durkin, and Helen Mark.

Blocking off the movie territory, the kids set out to "get their men" (and women) for as many Benefit tickets as the satellites could take without yelling: "Uncle!" And the wholesale response was more than satisfactory.

In the first place, they negotiated for the use of the Grove, and got it at such a reasonable price that the gang joined hands and did a May-Pole dance for joy. Then, with the foundation laid, they scattered in all directions, cornering helpless stars, directors, executives and "just plain people"—the like of whom Lincoln said "God must love, because there are so many of 'em!"

Because Will Rogers had generously been taking care of all hospital, nurse and doctor bills, the youngsters promised that if he would just attend the Benefit, they wouldn't ask him to do a thing. "Just be there," they begged.

"Huh," Will chuckled. "You don't think I'm goin' to come and keep quiet, do ya?... I gotta speak a piece, or some-thin', can I?"

So Will spoke his "piece"... and more! The kids had kept the whole thing a deep secret from Mary, only telling her to be sure to listen in on that particular night, as there was a swell program being broadcast from the Grove.

Imagine the sick girl's delight when, before the entertainment, Will's voice issued from her loud speaker, tuned very low so as not to disturb the other patients.

"Hello, Mary..." Will said, "it's way past my bed time, but the boys and girls have fixed it for me to tell you that this is your party. I guess everybody in town is here tonight, eatin' and laughin' and wishin' for your very best health. You know... gosh, this is the first time I ever been to this high-toned joint. And... the next time I come, I'm gonna bring you with me!"

Many times Will has visited Mary at the hospital. And, because of the peculiar harness around her injured neck, he calls her the "girl on the flying trapeze." For an hour, he sits and tells funny stories in his own inimitable manner, in the hope of cheering the patient invalid. Not that Mary particularly needs cheering. For, in spite of the black outlook, she never for a minute entertains the thought that the treatments will fail to bring about her complete recovery. Her friends keep coming daily... her nurses read to her... and the Fox Studio sent up a motion picture machine to her hospital room one [Continued on page 50].

Silver Screen
Marlene Dietrich's new picture is now called "Caprice Espagnole"

with Lionel Atwill in support of the beautiful one.

Studio News

The Pictures That You Will See In April Are Now In The Making, Watched Over By S. R. Mook.

On the Warner Lot

A NOTHER big month in the studios with lots doing all around. At Warner Brothers they have Paul Muni's new picture, "Black Fury," which also features William Gargan and Karen Morley. It is a story of the coal and iron regions. Although no locale is given, I get the impression that it is Pennsylvania. The scene is a dance hall in a mining town. Muni and Karen are walking across the floor with another couple, towards another table in the foreground where Slim (Gargan) is standing.

"Where!" Paul whees. "I gets all steamered up!" The other couple laughs and leave them. Paul glances at Karen and sees she is staring at Gargan.

"Bill greets him casually. "Hello, Joe."

"Slim!" Paul exclaims, stepping over to Bill and making quite a fuss over him.

"How you do?"

Karen smiles wanly, seeming to be uncomfortable in the presence of the two men, and I immediately suspect there is some undercover stuff going on between her and Bill.

But Bill is quite self-possessed. "Fine, Joe," he answers.

"Say, it's good I see you," Paul begins, bubbling over with good humor. Suddenly he turns to Karen and excitedly whispers something in her ear. She seems to be apprehensive as what he is telling her but Paul does not notice it. He continues aloud, effusively, "Sure! Why not? He good feller, I like him." Suddenly he turns to Bill, "Slim! I want you should come by wedding from Anna and me."

"Say! That's swell!" Bill announces enthusiastically, shaking hands with Paul. But the glance he shoots Karen confirms my suspicions.

"Even you be coal policeman," Paul announces, pumping his hand vigorously, "I ask you just the same."

"O.K." Bill agrees, "but you gotta let me kiss the bride."

"You asking too much." Paul retorts looking proudly at Karen and scratching his head uncertainly. Then he playfully pokes Bill in the ribs with his elbow. "But you come, anyhow. We see!"

I can't get over Gargan. The last time we got crooked together, just before he went to Europe, he looked like an elephant. Now, they call him Slim—and I don't only mean in the picture. He's lost thirty-two pounds.

"Easy," he smiles when I exclaim over it.

"All I did was cut out bread, potatoes and starches, only eat half as much of everything else as I used to and take a few simple setting up exercises every morning—nothing strenuous." He looks me over appraisingly. "I can see I'm going to have to take you in charge. You're nobody's nilph!"

"Me!" I exclaim. "What the devil are you talking about. I've just lost an inch around the waist. I had to so I could get my clothes fastened."

"It's not enough," Bill announces judiciously. "Nowhere near enough."

[Continued on page 66]
NOW if I just sat here and enumerated all the wits of Hollywood and the cute things they've said, mercy, child, we'd be here all winter, and personally I've got better things to do. ZaSu Pitts has just called that she's putting on a pan of fudge, and is waiting for me to crack the nuts, and the way I feel today I'd be ten times happier cracking nuts for ZaSu than cracking jokes for you.

Of course, the last time ZaSu invited me over for a batch of fudge, the goo ran all over the frigidaire, and the last discouraging glimpse I got of it, it was making "gravy" (Shirley Temple calls chocolate sauce "gravy") on a leg of lamb, which is certainly one place you don't expect to find fudge. So I must hurry out there to see that the "soft ball in water" isn't too soft, and naturally I want to get this wit business over as quickly as possible. So when I say laugh, frozen face, you laugh, if you know what's good for you.

I just sort of hope now that you have gathered from the above that I'm the type who much prefers, of an afternoon, a dish of fudge to "dishing the dirt." I am afraid, oh so, so afraid, that Hollywood wit rather centers around the "dirty crack," and it all had me quite confused when I first came out here, as I considered myself a sophisticate and tossed out "louzy" on all occasions with more sognée than Raquel Meller tosses out violets.

But, for the purposes of this story, we are going to consider Hollywood humor in its more pleasing aspects, and simply ignore those nasty, naughty people who make Sex sound so difficult, indeed we'll leave them to their vils and moosies. The kind of wit we're going in for won't involve a survey of sin (Oh, I bet you're disappointed) in fact it won't involve anything but a series of wits which I trust you will have the goodness to pat away quietly as I am very sensitive.

Of course, everyone in Hollywood goes in for "laughs," and so, after the day's work at the studio is done, there's nothing like gathering at a friend's house and disturbing the neighbors by a little noisy chinning. Bill Powell's house is one of the favorite nocking places of Hollywood wits and halfwits because Bill is an excellent host, always in gay spirits, and never muffs a snappy comeback. Carole Lombard, Bill's ex-wife in case you remember figures and not names, is also right there with the witty wisecrack, and the elegant bon mot, and their little evenings at home must have been something in the nature of a scene from a Noel Coward play.

I didn't know Carole and Bill when they were married, that was before I came to Hollywood, but Madge Evans gets kidded because she has a reputation for snappy comebacks.
OF Hollywood
By Elizabeth Wilson

she made down to Los Angeles to a preview with Bill and Carole. The radio in the car suddenly crashed through with the "Blue Danube." "May I have this waltz?" Bill inquired formally. "Yes, thank you," said Carole. So these two mad people got out of the car and went into a stately waltz right there in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard, while the traffic whirred about them.

"You dance divinely," said Bill, "do you think talking pictures are here to stay?" "No," said Carole, "I think they're only a fad. Actors will never leave Broadway." These two kept that up until a radio announcer batted breathlessly in to tell about Mr. Levy's two pants suits.

Carole's stories are famous, so famous in fact that it is easier to break through the Notre Dame line than it is to get into her dressing room at lunch time, what with Croby's and Marx Brothers and Rafts and standees and pushovers. But the biggest laugh I ever got out of Lombard was one quiet day, when only about fifty of her friends were present, when she suddenly threw the newspaper aside, rose dramatically, and announced, "Oh—Oh—at last I have found the way I want to die." We all hustled over, quite curious to learn what manner of extinction appealed to the Lombard, and following her fingertip read, INDIAN DIES AT 106.

Which recalls to mind the interview I had with Nancy Carroll about four or five years ago in New York when I was writing her life story for the magazine. "And how do you want to die, Miss Carroll?" I asked, already putting down "on the dance floor of life." "I want to die at ninety," said Nancy, "shot by a jealous husband." Well, when we got over to Bill's house (he hasn't moved into his magnificent estate—gorgiously fitted up by Billy Haines with bits of the Acropolis—as yet), and for a while there, during the recent California gubernatorial contest, he wasn't sure that he ever would, so he quaintly called it Sinclair's summer home) one evening recently there was a crowd of merry people, including Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, the Charlie Butterworths, the Dick Barthesmes, Una Merkel, and the usual uninvited. Bill was over in the corner with a group of men telling a naughty story

he had picked up that day in the barber shop. He had just reached the climax of the story—the place where he had to use a vulgar word—when one of those sweet Little Nells joined the group of men. The quickly cleaned up story fell flatter than a flannel cake. "And so," said Bill with a faint shrug, "like Iris March, I died for purity.

Seeing Charlie Butterworth, that droll comedian, again reminded me of the time I had seen him in New York. Butterworth, off the screen, is just the same as Butterworth on the screen. The same kind of humor and the same deadpan expression. Every time one of Charlie's friends calls him up and invites him and his wife to go to a preview Charlie always asks, "Is Toby Wing in it?" It seems that Charlie has been admiring the Wing curves and contours in the fan magazines for quite some time, but has never been able to find her in a picture.

The last time I had seen Charlie in the flesh was at a party in New York in the winter he was appearing in "Flying Colors," and doing bed-room scenes and black-outs with Patsy Kelly. The hostess that night was one of those gushing, insistent women on the look out for "something for nothing." She gurgled to Charlie, "Of course I didn't invite you here as an entertainer, Mr. Butterworth, but couldn't you do just one of the sketches from your show for us?" "Do you care which sketch I do?" Charlie asked solicitously. Then he proceeded to take off his pants, put them across his arm, and walk out of the room, and out of the party.

Irvin Cobb is so famous for writing, speaking and other good works that he has no more privacy than a goldfish. (He originated that classic phrase.) In addition to her shining blonde personality, Carole Lombard has a brilliant sense of wit.
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Maryann, 500 Madison, 5 St. Ave., Redologna, Calif.
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Each Puzzle Represents the Name of a Picture.

H O W S the I Q this evening? Can you tell what these simple little pictures represent? Go on, guess anyway. In the improbable event that you do not immediately put your finger on the right answer, do not worry about it or go into a decline, just turn to page 61 and there the correct answers will be found.

for February 1935
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
The dashing Clive of India was a flamboyant braggart who did impossible things successfully.

RONALD COLMAN
LORETTA YOUNG

The film now-a-days that cannot boast of a pedigree is a forlorn picture indeed. Ronald Colman has brought to life for the screen "Clive of India." This famous character, alas, had no moustache. Loretta, who set off so sweetly the costumes of "Rothschild" and "Caravan," must feel right at home in the crinolines of that picturesque day.
SHE is found only in the best pictures. Or, perhaps, a picture becomes important if Claudette is in it. "Imitation of Life" was remarkable for her performance. In it she was a thoroughbred who could wheedle a housepainter or battle for a living, side by side with her dusky Delilah, and yet never be aloof nor lose her gracious dignity.
HERBERT MARSHALL

He is the best actor among the more mature heroes, and how the ladies do fight for him! His English culture, his never-to-be-forgotten war experiences, and his own natural charm have made of him one of the most enjoyable performers. He was born in London on May 23, 1890 and the fans, in gratitude, should at least make it a legal holiday.

With Miriam Hopkins in “Trouble in Paradise.”

With Norma Shearer in “Riptide.”

With Garbo in “The Painted Veil.”

With Margaret Sullavan in “The Good Fairy.”

With A Little

George Raft is a dancing man who can make a living at it.

Buster Crabbe, the Olympic swimmer, can collect plenty of cash in either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean.

Will Rogers gets hundreds of thousands of dollars for appearing on the screen, but, for all that, he never neglects his very successful newspaper syndicate.
The Happiest People In The Movies Are The Ones Who Can Walk Out Any Time And Never Miss It.

Maxie Baer may be as good an actor as any screen hero, and some think that he is, but Maxie keeps the old TNT punch tuned up—in case.

Grace Moore, Astaire and Maxie Baer are good anywhere, but when we see some performers who have crashed the movies because they had become famous on the radio, we feel like the distracted husband and yearn to waken them to the fact that acting is an art. Or isn’t it?

Fred Astaire (left) has a fine screen personality and he can put over a song, but, nevertheless, he never lets those dancing feet get out of practice. He knows they will click anywhere if everything else goes wrong.

The Metropolitan Opera is the very summit of life’s ambition for most singers, but to Grace Moore it is just something to fall back on.
Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister" with John Beal. This famous play, with Cyril Maude, years ago ran for over a year in London and three hundred performances in New York, with Miss Maude Adams as Lady Bobbie. Barrie first wrote it as a book.

Katharine Hepburn as Lady Bobbie. Barrie described his heroine—"The gladness of living was in your step. Your voice was melody . . . to think of you is still to be young."

Katharine and Beryl Mercer. When Gary Cooper made "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," Miss Mercer made a hit as the old lady.
That Make HISTORY

Sir James M. Barrie's Pictures Are The Milestones Of The Movies.

There's a new Barrie picture coming. Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister." This is the seventh Barrie picture. They are "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" (called "Seven Days"), "Sentimental Tommy," "What Every Woman Knows" and "The Little Minister."

Years ago the gentle Barrie introduced most of us to delicate fantasy. His great success had the usual influence on manufacturers, and Peter Pan collars were worn by one generation, at least. He studied people, and we have felt grateful many times to him for one of his observations. He said that lovers always smile at one another, and, for years, whenever we have seen in the subway or bus a young pair whom we suspect, we have slyly watched and sure enough—lovers always smile.

Through all of Barrie's stories runs the mother love type of woman who manages her dumb and contented man by sweet flattery. Perhaps the return of Barrie is the cue for girls to once again bolster up the pompous males. Instead of, as now, taking the men's jobs away from them—and then, rather nonplussed, the smarties find that they have to support the gentlemen.

James Matthew Barrie was born on May 9, 1860 and made a baronet in 1913.

Brian Aherne and Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," which was released recently. This, also, was a famous play of twenty years ago.

A "Kiss for Cinderella" followed "Peter Pan." Tom Moore, Betty Bronson and the war babies cared for by "the ragged little London drudge."

An old still. Betty Bronson as Peter Pan.
Actors can win fame by the use of false whiskers, but girls have to stay beautiful.

We once talked fused to wear if great actors, being separate personalities. That's why they get typed. Emil Jannings was the characters are unforgettable. a little.

The remarkable make-up (Lon Chaney and his work) there is an opportunity to create striking characters. The cry for new faces if make-up was more glow saw Fred March as Ben Barretts of Wimpole Street. We saw Browning in Sten. Here's for interesting pictures. But girls.

In Marlene's new picture, "Caprice Espagnole," she tries, by means of a striking headdress, to present a new Dietrich.

The decorative winged serpent of Cleopatra hardly changed Claudette at all.

It's Charlie Ruggles, released from all his parts of the past simply by a moustache in "Ruggles of Red Gap."
A good player who said he re-
se his public liked his face.
vent the audience to think
great aid to them in creat-
he no such escape, and
false hair, and his screen
suggests him
Marshall (be-
screen misses
us and today
actor who will

We
he

Who is it? He has
a chance to win new
success because of
the make-up. It's
Franchot Tone.

Lionel Barrymore is
a master of make-up,
which transforms
him for "David Cop-
perfield."

Bing Crosby (left)
in fun puts on a
false moustache and,
presto, he becomes
someone else.

Herbert Marshall in
"The Good Fairy" is
someone you have
never seen before.
The disguise is a great
help to him in making
his screen character
fresh and interesting.

The "Gay Nineties"
hat cannot fool us—
we know our Mary
Boland. She's in
"Ruggles of Red
Gap."
The piano is no decorative prop. Cagney is really a musician.

The Beautiful New Home of James Cagney
In Beverly Hills, California.

The stunning living room is a triumph of furnishings in correct proportions. Large canvas sets the note of spaciousness. The walls are just bare enough to create the feeling of freedom. A room in which one can breathe.
THE unexpected contrast is always popping up, until by now we should really count on it. We have seen the homes of opera singers who had no more taste than a truck driver might have had, and here is the home of James Cagney—a truck driver in his recent picture, "The St. Louis Kid," and on every side there is a real feeling of true artistic appreciation. As a matter of fact, Cagney is a person of culture and education. "He was always with a book" said one who knew him in his early stage days. What a perfect description of a boy with a fine mind!

Cagney came from a rough environment, and because of this he does not take the beautiful things for granted. He works for them and loves them. To reach the goal which this home proves he has reached, Cagney has had to fight. The aggressive threatening menace, taught to him by life, has become his screen mood. A grapefruit in the face of failure, that's Cagney, And a home of refinement and culture. That also is our Jimmie.
WE HAVE long suspected that the ponderous intellectuals were merely dull and stupid. And now the public, panting along behind us, has come to the same clear view, and from this mountain top of common sense has signalled "We refuse to be bored." It all came about when Bill Powell and Myrna Loy made "The Thin Man."

The gayety and charm of that piece filled the theatres in such fashion as to leave no doubt of the message. Now the producers are applying their new wisdom. The "Casino Murder Case," a Van Dine murder story, is being rewritten to bring in the laughs. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy are being teamed again in "Wife Versus Secretary." Fortune indeed is the player in Hollywood who can be funny. Clark Gable surprised everyone with his real flair for comedy in "It Happened One Night," and his popularity has increased enormously because of it.

The wonder is that the producers have been so long in finding out about laughs. When they read that Charlie Chaplin's income tax topped all others they might have suspected, or when they rode past the wide acres of Harold Lloyd's home one would think the idea should have struck them.

We hope nothing has happened, however, to awaken those shrinking violets, the Marx Brothers.

Una O'Connor got one of the big laughs of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," when she did her roller skate walk. As Mrs. Gummidge in "David Copperfield."

Bill Powell and Myrna Loy brought on the public revolt against dull pictures. The beauty of this scene from "David Copperfield" will be appreciated more if the audience is in a happy frame of mind. Elizabeth Allan and Basil Rathbone e-courting.

The romantic Novero piece, "The Night Is Young," must have comedy. Charles Butterworth, as the horse car driver, and Una Merkel as Fanny, the dancer.
The Public Wants Its Drama Entertaining And Amusing. There's Gold In Them Thar Giggles.

Mr. Micawber, W. C. Fields, is one of the main characters of "David Copperfield," and his humor will carry the picture to success. (Freddie Bartholomew as David.)

Edna Mae Oliver is always getting laughs. It is the secret of her success. In "David Copperfield" she is Aunt Betsey and Midge Evans is Agnes.

Novarro and Edward Everett Horton, whose appearance on the screen is enough to bring a laugh—the finest tribute to his past performances—in "The Night is Young."
What Are These Curves And Enticements? Is It Art?

For relaxation Lydia Roberti dons this new Tahitian bathing suit, after being wrapped up all day in the studio.

Peggy Fears, completely shrouded by a costume so-o-chaste, is supported in "Lottery Lover" by a chorus wearing long black stockings. With the New Deal, things are getting into better shape.

Imagine the chagrin of the producers, who are trying valiantly to keep their pictures cold and respectable, to find that it is quite impossible to put a girl in a picture without the old allure starting to vibrate through the theatre. Girls completely dressed have developed an intriguing mystery that enhances the come-hither effect, in spite of all that the designers can do.

And so it goes. The girls can not be denied. They never have been successfully scorned, and it is no time to begin now, when with everything except marriage licenses costing so much more. Pile your flounces upon them, swathe them in frills and bundle them up in furbelows, you will have your trouble for you pains. In the confident glance of their eyes, in the arrogant poise of their heads you will meet your match. There is such a thing as a sexless girl. Dress her as you will, she will yet succeed in dominating the thoughts of mere men.

The girls are on their way.

Steffi Duna and Regis Toomey in "The Girl of the Islands." Steffi looks cute in her costume and the island touch puts the whole thing on an educational basis.
Kathleen Burke, who does her best in a modest way to introduce the theme of feminine beauty in Gary Cooper's new "Bengal Lancers" picture.

Evelyn Laye in "Princess Charming." Recently she has been in Hollywood assisting Ramon Novarro in "The Night Is Young." Pretty, too!
THE readers of SILVER SCREEN recently were given an opportunity to vote for the Most Popular Man in the Movies, and Clark Gable won. Constance Bennett—who will next co-star with Clark—acted for the thousands of Gable fans, and made this presentation of the medal.
Kitty Carlisle Throws Her MASK Away

Hollywood Frowns On The "Dead Pan" of European Diplomatic Circles, Kitty Finds.

In reading the name of Kitty Carlisle as a featured player when a new film is flashed across the screen, a number of definite pictures float through my mind long before the lovely Kitty herself has a chance to float before my eyes in her film character.

First I see her as the suave and amazingly charming Prince Orlofsky in that delightful operetta "Champagne Sec," which was one of the hits of last year's theatrical season. Next comes a brief glimpse of her in that extravagant mystery film, "Murder at the Vanities" (her first screen venture), but, as she gently remarks, "the least said about that the better."

And then there is that vision of her sitting on the piano bench in the Dean's library at Princeton, singing "Love in Bloom" with Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not." That, of course, comes Kitty in her sumptuous rôle of the Russian Grand Duchess in the Bing Crosby picture "Here Is My Heart," adapted from the well-remembered "Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Remember it as a silent picture, with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. Of course you do. And I bet you're saying to yourself: "They could never do it as well again."

Well, Kitty saw that silent version run off at the studio and she says it was just as funny as seeing a snapshot of a girl you know in a bathing dress with stockings. So-o-o....

But the loveliest memory that I now have is that which I carried away from the Ritz Tower, in New York, that afternoon in December when I was fortunate enough to have an hour's leisurely chat with her all alone.

Kitty had just arrived in town that morning, and, already, the living-room of her suite was filled with adoring friends and the telephone kept ringing incessantly. But, true to the profession she has so gladly chosen as her own, she calmly shooed everybody out and sat down on a low divan beside me.

In person, Kitty, who is tall and willowy, with a lovely oval face, deep brown eyes that hint of mysteries still unsolved, dusky hair and a pale olive complexion, is twice as fascinating as she has yet appeared on the screen. Perhaps it is because she is still a bit camera-shy, whereas, from the cradle, so to speak, she has been at home in the drawing-room.

"When I read 'success stories' of some of our famous film stars, who have risen almost from nowhere, fighting all manner of handicaps in their steady climb upward, I feel they deserve great praise," said Kitty humbly.

"You really haven't had any handicaps at all," I murmured. "Don't you consider yourself fortunate?"

Kitty's dark eyes flashed contradiction. "I have something to conquer, too," she told me. "You see I spent most of my life abroad (I was born in New Orleans, but we left there for good when I was eight); first there were fashionable schools and then later I was presented to society in Paris, Rome, and London.

"Naturally I was taught how to walk and talk and behave like a lady. But I was also schooled to conceal my thoughts or emotions. In diplomatic and court circles it is not considered wise to reveal your innermost thoughts. This studied control of my facial expression is the very thing I have to fight so hard against in Hollywood."

With a swift gesture she covered her face with both her hands, then, just as swiftly drew them away. "There," she cried, as I gazed into her smooth, untroubled countenance, "that's what they call a dead pan in the studios. I'm so afraid that in correcting it, I'll go to the other extreme and start mugging."

Remembering that most of the reviewers, after seeing her in "She Loves Me Not," had commented most favorably on the pleasant absence of all ugly facial expression when she sang in that picture, complimenting her instead for the perfect control of her lovely features even when she reached her highest notes, I assured her that this seeming handicap wasn't going to prove half so disastrous as she feared.

"They say," I remarked, "that Bing Crosby never plays with the same leading lady twice, and yet you've had that distinction. Does up! What's your fatal charm?"

"Kitty laughed. "No charm at all," she said. It's just that Bing is unusually shy. I guess when he discovered that I was twice as nervous as he was when we were doing [Continued on page 48]"
Claudette Colbert, beautiful and sympathetic, gives another magnificent performance, and her heart-break in the last scene, when she gives up the man she loves, is something you will long remember. Louise Beavers is excellent as the colored Delilah, and so honest and real is she that you have to exert will power to keep from getting up there on the screen and slapping Fredi Washington for being so mean to her.

Briefly, the story concerns two young mothers, Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers, who are thrown together by the worst circumstance, and who combine to battle life for the sake of their two little girls. As the years pass, riches and success come to them and they reach out eager hands for happiness, but they clutch only bitterness, despair and disappointment.

Louise's daughter breaks her mother's heart by publicly disowning her in her effort to pass as white. And Claudette's daughter, home from finishing school, falls desperately in love with the man Claudette loves and intends to marry, and she is forced to sacrifice herself to keep her daughter's love. Rochelle Hudson and Ferdi Washington as the daughters give grand performances. Warren William is perfect as the heart interest, and old sour-faced Ned Sparks is funnier than ever.

**THE MIGHTY BARNUM**
**Rating: 99**—**MAGNIFICENT—Universal**

RARELY, too rarely, do you find a picture so lovely, so warm and human, so utterly poignant as is this translation to the screen of Fannie Hurst's famous story of the tragedy of motherhood and the tribulations of the negro race. Quietly and sincerely dramatic, without one false touch, this picture simply tears your heart out, beats relentlessly against your emotions until you forget that it is only make-believe, and you, too, are sobbing like a baby over Aunt Delilah's funeral.

In "Imitation of Life," hungry Ned Sparks gleefully watches Claudette Colbert "brown the wheat.

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**IMITATION OF LIFE**
**Rating: 99**—**MAGNIFICENT—Universal**

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In "Imitation of Life," hungry Ned Sparks gleefully watches Claudette Colbert "brown the wheat."
THE PAINTED VEIL
Rating: 87—A RADIANT GARBO—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A
other Garbo triumph. A truly interesting picture from every angle—story, cast and direction. And just when I was about to decide that Garbo was a little too cold and passive for my type, here she appears on the screen more alluring and fascinating than ever. And I have to become a Garbo fan all over again. And so will you, if you were slipping too, after the frigidity of "Queen Christina."

This time Garbo plays a warm, human, lovable (and what a cute giggle she's got) Austrian girl who marries Herbert Marshall, a struggling young scientist on his way to China, not because she loves him, but because she knows marriage is expected of her by her family.

In China she becomes a part of the English colony and falls passionately in love with George Brent, a no-see-do-well polo-playing young Englishman who lives on his wife's money. Marshall discovers her infidelity, Brent turns cad, and Garbo is forced to go with her husband into the interior of China where disease is raging. Here she finds the meaning of real love.

Herbert Marshall is magnificent, and his scenes with Garbo are well-nigh perfection. Garbo is excellent, both as the silty young girl in love, and as the heart-broken woman facing tragedy. And she is still the only actress on the screen who can wear a tight-fitting turban, and look too breathlessly beautiful.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES
Rating: 82—EXCITING—Walter Wanger Production

Here's the most unusual, interesting and exciting political picture you've ever seen. It's as thrilling as a Dashiel Hammett mystery story, and as arousing as a governmental exposé. Every man, woman and child ought to see it, and learn once and for all times, why countries really go to war. And it isn't to make the "world safe for democracy" either. No, it's to make millions and millions of extra dollars for those vultures who grow fat on the dead bodies of American citizens. Goodness gracious, get me a soap-box quick.

The picture opens with the cultures, who own munition plants, shipyards and steel factories and newspapers, deciding that it is time for another War, and they're all ready to put a political pressure on the President of the United States so he will have to declare war.

But the President, superbly played by Arthur Byron, is an honest, peace-loving man, and doesn't want to plunge his nation into wholesale bloodshed just to please a few greedy politicians. And so, the day the President is supposed to go before the Senate and declare War, he vanishes.

Then, there's a swell mystery with every-body suspected—even Andy Devine, the White House grocery boy—of kidnapping the President. It's exciting all right, whether you like politics or not. Giving splendid performances in the picture are Edward Arnold, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Osgood Perkins, Janet Beecher and Peggy Conklin. This will be one of the most discussed pictures of the year.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN
Rating: 74—A BOY AND A GIRL—R-K-O

Well, here's that idol of sixty million American women again, Mr. Francis Lederer, the giggling Czech. In this picture Lederer plays a young Czech-Slovak who is turned down by the immigration officials on Ellis Island because he has no money and no job.

But Lederer escapes from the boat which is returning him to Europe, swims ashore, goes ecstatic over New York, and meets Ginger Rogers who feeds him coffee and doughnuts, just about the time he is discovering that America is not the land of milk and honey it's cranked up to be.

Ginger falls for him, and takes him home to her tenement flat, where he sleeps on the roof, while she and her young brother, Jimmy Butler, figure out jobs for him.

The climax of the picture is simply elegant, and don't you dare miss it, for it contains some of the best laughs of the season.

Lederer is all for marrying Ginger but can't because he has entered the country illegally, and so he gets a shyster lawyer, who promises to make him a citizen but is really double-crossing him. And then his pals, the policemen, take charge and in a few hours Mr. Lederer becomes both a citizen and a husband.

BRIGHT EYES
Rating: 70—OUR SHIRLEY-Fox

The newest Shirley Temple picture has quite an air of Christmas about it. After seeing it you'll probably dash out and buy a lot of Christmas presents for the kiddies. Shirley has gone back to acting naturally and is just as sweet as she can be in this picture.

She plays the daughter of Lois Wilson, a servant in the house of Dorothy Christy. [Continued on page 58]
night so that Mary could see herself in the recently completed "Love Time" in which Mary played Pat Paterson's sister. "It will be all right," she whispered. "Oh, I know it will be all right . . ."

When Anne Shirley was making "Anne of Green Gables," the supposedly exclusive Katharine Hepburn sneaked on the set, watched Anne doing her stuff, and liked it well enough to give the kid a rousing pat on the back.

So, when the Blackford Benefit came up, little Anne took a deep breath, approached the untouchable Katie and asked if she wouldn't help the cause by taking some tickets.

"Do you think I ought to go?" Katie asked with mock anxiety.

Anne was flabbergasted. "Well . . . uh . . . it would be nice . . ." she stammered.

"Nice?" Hepburn glared. "Perhaps it would be 'nice' . . . but, do you think I ought to go?"

"Oh, dear! . . . I!" poor Anne was plainly flustered.

"Never mind," Katie grinned. "How many tickets do you think I should take? Would twenty-five dollars worth be all right?"

Anne admitted that it would, thanked the impulsive Heppy and started away.

"Wait a minute!" the star shouted. "Let's get the director in on this, too!" And, pulling up her billowy skirts, she made a mad dash for the disconcerted gentleman who picked up his heels and ran for cover!

But, Heppy finally caught up with him—backed him into a corner and gave a sales talk that left the poor fellow howling for mercy!

Sue Carol phoned a very important studio executive and invited him to take a handful of tickets.

"Will Rogers will be there, and . . ." she began.

"Will Rogers!" snorted the exec. "Phooey! Don't be fooling me! I ain't believing it . . . Rogers never goes to those things!"

"Believe it or don't," Sue insisted. "Will bought all the tickets and he'll be there!" "Some tickets he bought, maybe. But, a hundred dollars I'm betting you he won't be there!" "One hundred dollars?" Sue echoed. And, before the gent could change his mind, "I'll take it . . . And thanks a lot . . . every little bit helps!"

Will was there. And the Big Shot paid off, good-naturedly enough, and Sue promptly turned her winnings into the fund that will be the means of restoring Mary Blackford to health.

Ann Harding bought ten tickets; Billie Burke made out a check for the same number; Sally Eilers was so impressed with the kids' enthusiasm that she took fifty tickets, promising to sell all she could and keep the rest for herself. Joan Crawford, having been told of the girl by Lois Wilson and Eddie Rubin, did more than her part in having Mary transferred to the hospital where Joan has maintained a "free bed," for, these many years. Furthermore, she has taken on the cost of further treatments until the grateful Mary can be completely cured.

Came the Big Night, and the Coconut Grove was jammed to the doors. Elbow room was at a premium, and it would have done Mary's heart good if she could have seen the way Hollywood turned out for the Benefit of one stricken citizen.

Even Richard Dix, who shuns public places as a Scotchman dunks a dinner check, came out with the new Missus, tucked himself into a secluded corner and enjoyed the show thoroughly.

Lee Tracy was there. Loretta Young, May Robson, Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Paul Kelly and a hundred others.

Your old favorite, Carmel Myers, sang a song and surprised us even further to see her, not only still young and beautiful, but possessing an unusually pleasing voice.

And, after plenty of entertainment, interspersed with dancing, came the pièce de résistance—our unquestionable favorite—Will Rogers!

Oh, it was a grand party! The kids are to be heartily congratulated on their unerring efforts in making the event such a howling success.

When you're down, Hollywood's youth is behind you!
THERE is nothing in the world so important to beauty as the corners of your mouth turned up. You may have the prettiest clothes of any girl in your set, the loveliest figure, the most glorious skin. But if the corners of your mouth turn down, you don't have beauty.

Look at Joan Blondell. There is a smile that wins! And she takes pains to keep it in A.1. smiling order. She has found, as has many another actress, that smiles and what she eats are closely related. There is a definite connection between diet and strong, healthy teeth and firm, pink gums.

Taken internally, in large enough quantities, orange and lemon juice do great things for your teeth. We have always known that they fortify the system against such things as colds and minor illnesses. But scientists have now demonstrated in a series of interesting experiments, that they prevent the development of new dental troubles, help keep you the teeth you have in excellent condition, and strengthen and firm your gums.

The following test was tried out on a group of children for a year. They were given two glasses of fresh orange and lemon juice a day, in addition to a regular wholesome diet. At the end of the year it was found that in these children tooth decay decreased 57 cent per cent and gum troubles 89 per cent. Quite a showing, isn't it? And a hint to you to try the same thing.

Just on the dollars and cents side of the ledger, isn't it better to drink those de-licious pints of orange juice, or indulge your craving for a long glass of lemonade, than to endure the agony of the dentist's chair, with its flattering effect upon your pocketbook?

Lemon juice is one cosmetic which is equally good inside and out. There is nothing which will whiten your teeth more effectively and safely. Try this. Add a few drops of lemon juice to common table salt or baking soda. Brush your teeth with it. It makes, according to dental authorities, a splendid home-made cleanser.

Orange and lemon juice in addition to your regular diet won't give you perfect teeth of course. Proper chewing, too, is essential to the health of your mouth, because good circulation in one of the most [Continued on page 72]

Million Dollar Blunder

(Continued from page 17)

grander bits of make-believe, good enough in fact to dwarf the companion role of Leslie Howard, in "The Big House.

Paramount believed Wallace Beery was all washed-up. The comedies he had made with Raymond Hatton were box-office flops, M-G-M signed him up for "The Big House," "Min and Bill" and "The Champ." They proved that Paramount had made a Million Dollar Blunder. The screen tests of Margaret Sullavan, made at Paramount, were rejected by the production board. More recently, Paramount rejected the screen test of Gladys George, who was then appearing in a play called "Queer People." She was an unknown and the Paramount execs were unimpressed, although the eastern Paramount office sent along a voluminous recommendation.

Some time later, Broadway awoke in the morning to hear the town raving over "Personal Appearance," first big smash hit of the 1934 dramatic season. The leading lady became a star over night. Every fickey company rushed to sign her, including Paramount. It was the same Gladys George the Paramount production board had rejected weeks before, but M-G-M had hired her, showing rare sagacity on the part of Bob Rubin and Bill Grady. It is not generally known, but Miss George, then a brunette, appeared with Charles Ray in pictures back around 1923.

Fox could have signed a contract with Rudy Vallee, after the George White picture, and failed to do so. On an eastern trip of Hal Wallis, Warner's general manager, I took him to see Vallee and now Vallee is a Warner star.

When I was penning dramatic criticism for the lamented Evening Graphic, I suggested three players, who were then unknown, to Columbia. Reviewing "It Love Were All," at the Booth Theatre in November, 1923, I wrote of two performers in it. "And caught and riveted my attention. One was Aline MacMahon, the other was a girl named Margaret Sullavan. That same night, I told the president of Columbia, to sign them immediately. Cohn himself never saw these two performers, but, instead, detailed somebody from the New York office to look them over. Both were rejected. Nothing daunted, and my enthusiasm in discovery still untempered, 1 told Columbia to sign Katharine Hepburn, but an unknown. They assured me, gently but firmly, that because of her exaggerated cheekbones, that Hepburn would not photograph well.

The Million Dollar Blunder which Columbia perpetrated in regard to Miss Hepburn became a very understandable when it is realized that R-K-O almost turned her loose. Had it not been for Director George Cukor, it is to be doubted that R-K-O to-day would have her as their biggest money-maker. He insisted on casting her for "Bill of Divorcement." When the executives saw her in person, noticed those high cheekbones and that angular face, they raged and stormed, but Cukor, who knows his art, was adamant. Whether or not the company ever gave him a bonus for dropping the equivalent of several million dollars into the R-K-O coffers I do not know, but Cukor was entitled to a pretty penny for his sagacity.

Warners believed Myrna Loy was all through when talking pictures arrived, as she always had been cast in exotic foreign or half-caste roles. M-G-M grabbed her, teamed her with Max Baer unsuccessfully and then hit upon the William Powell combination that converted "The Thin Man" and "Evelyn Prentice" into pure gold. Joel McCrea was a bit player at Metro, the studio released him and he became a star at R-K-O. Charles Boyer, new Fox star, whose "Caravan" is a big money-maker, was brought to Metro to play in the French versions of pictures. They released him, and he returned to France dejected and heartbroken at his failure. Then Fox made him a star. Ann Dvorak was a dancing girl in M-G-M musicals but soon musicals lost their vogue and Ann was out of a job. Howard Hughes, at Warners, picked her to play Paul Muni's sister in "Scarfie" and today she is one of the fine emotional actresses of the screen.

Greta Garbo, oddly enough, almost ruined the screen career of Lew Ayres. After knocking about Los Angeles, crooning with dance bands, Ayres finally was given his big opportunity, landing an important part in Garbo's "The Kiss." It was her last silent picture and a tremendous flop, financially. So M-G-M aired Ayres, and it was not until he had scored a personal smash in Universals "All Quiet on the Western Front" that the blunder was realized. Columbia's salvaging of Grace Moore emphasized still another Million Dollar Blunder on the part of Metro, for they had her under contract and made two pictures with her. They believed that her type of singing was not commercial. Columbia, with rare acumen, turned her over to Victor Schertzinger, musician and director, and "One Night of Love" is rolling up one of the huge all-time grosses of the industry. Marie Dressler pounded the pavements of Hollywood, literally and figuratively, [Continued on page 52]
our scenes together, it simply bolstered up his ego and he lost his shyness while trying to help me overcome mine.

"And that," I said dryly, "is a situation in which every self-respecting male longs to find himself—just once."

"Exactly," agreed Kitty. "Do you know," she confided after a moment’s silence, "that Bing has never yet picked a ‘hit’ song. When we were doing ‘Love in Bloom’ together, he shook his head and said: ‘This will never be a hit.’ I thought he must know and just took it for granted the number would be a flop. Imagine our surprise when it became a sensation! It’s generally the outsider who “feels instinctively” when a song is going to be a sure-fire hit. Odd, isn’t it?"

I asked her if she missed the brilliance of the Continental drawing-rooms and the Court functions.

"No-o," she answered. "Of course, it was thrilling to walk up a grand staircase, with men and women in gorgeous uniforms and evening regalia, medals and jewels glittering on every side, and a King and Queen waiting to greet you at the top. But, honestly, I’m glad that part of my life is behind me. It was colorful. At the time, it seemed real enough. But I don’t miss it. I get lots more fun out of working. Singing... that’s what I enjoy most.

"At Paramount, everybody has been so very friendly. When Bing Laughton—Charlie Laughton (what a wit he is!), Bing, Charlie Ruggles, George Raft, Claude Colbert (there’s a woman for you, lovely, temperamental, and altogether in the swing of the tiny dressing-rooms at about 6:30 in the morning, to be made up, it’s just like being back at school. Just SO ingratiating, so frank, so genuine. That other life was pleasant, the people I met were interesting, but for the real zest of living give me the people in the theatre, the directors, the writers, actors, they’re all alike. Their enthusiasm governs their tongues—they say what they think and to the devil with too much diplomacy, they do what they wish and to the devil with stiff conventions. I sometimes wish I had figuratively been born in a theatrical trunk.”

"Don’t be silly," I admonished her. "A background such as yours is not to be scoffed at. Especially since you’ve not allowed it to tighten your mind in any way. But tell me truly, doesn’t Hollywood itself seem terribly provincial after Rome and Paris and the Riviers?"

"Kitty said nothing for a moment or two, diplomatically cautioning her tongue. Then she smiled. “What I like about Hollywood most is that for the first time in my adult life I have never picked a song that everybody out there has a home of his own—I have my own garden, my own servants, I can order my own meals. This is heavenly after living in schools and hotels for years. One thing I miss, though, is music. The symphonies, opera, concerts. You can’t get them out there. But as long as I can dash back to New York for an occasional visit, then I like Hollywood.”

"How did you happen to get into pictures?"

"It’s really a long story," replied Kitty. "But when I decided to go on the stage, I also decided that I wasn’t going to be a society artist. I studied for years under some of the best singing teachers in Europe. Then I went to London to take a course in dramatic art. When I arrived in New York three years ago, I was pretty well equipped.

"My first engagement was in Vaudeville. A condensed copy of my contract read: ‘Two months, were grueling months, and constantly I heard the people in the act whispering “Broadway—we must make Broadway.” I began to feel, too, that...

"Yet when I was offered the role of the Prince in ‘Champagne Sc’ I was positively panicstruck. It was part secondary to Peggy Wood’s, but it was told there was a chance for me to steal the show in the second act.

"I just laughed, perfectly convinced that with Peggy Wood in the show I would pass unnoticed.

"The day I tried on my costume for that second act you could see from the cape floating from the shoulders... the producer took one look at my legs and said ‘You’re made for it.’

"Kitty laughs reminiscing. “He really had taken a chance on my legs, you know. I might have been knockkneed or bow legged.

"The play opened in Westport and on the second night Kitty had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while entering the door of the dressers. I was to take a test. Then, quite unexpectedly, Kitty received offers to make tests for every big picture company in the business on the morning after the show opened in New York. She had already signed a long contract with Paramount.

"Were you nervous when you made your screen test? I asked.

"No," said Kitty frankly, "I wasn’t. I didn’t really care then whether I went into pictures or not. Perhaps that is why I came through O.K. I didn’t care enough to be nervous of the outcome. Now that I’m in, though, I’m as nervous as a kitten. Isn’t it strange? For now I really must make good.”

"Sometimes," I said, "the things that at first seem of casual importance in one’s scheme of life may eventually be the leitmotif of an eventful career."

And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The story of her life is a shining example of just how people, little noticed, may make big contributions to the art of the world. And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The story of her life is a shining example of just how people, little noticed, may make big contributions to the art of the world. And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The story of her life is a shining example of just how people, little noticed, may make big contributions to the art of the world. And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The story of her life is a shining example of just how people, little noticed, may make big contributions to the art of the world. And so it may prove with Kitty Carlisle. The story of her life is a shining example of just how people, little noticed, may make big contributions to the art of the world.
THRILLING WORDS . . .
BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it— and keep it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a woman who thinks she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged— tiny blemishes appear— blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day— ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN—THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S EASY TO HAVE A GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

GINGER ROGERS
STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"
to call her again. The man kept his promise. And now Kathleen admits that telephone call has all the pangs of a broken romance.

JANET GAYNOR'S new boy friend, Doctor I. Veblin, of New York (Janet calls him "Veblum") spent Thanksgiving with Janet in Hollywood, and it does so look like a romance.

THE biggest surprise of the Mary Blackford Benefit Ball at the Coconut Grove was when Ann Harding entered the ball room on the arm of—Harry Bannister. When Harry heard that Ann had been ill, and she really was seriously ill for several weeks, he flew to Hollywood to be with her. There was a reconciliation, and now Ann and Harry are carrying on like a couple of sixteen year olds in the throes of their first romance.

IT'S more than a rumor that John Barrymore and the beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore have come to the parting of the ways. John is in England and Dolores in their hill-top home in Hollywood with the two babies. The last time we saw those two out together was at the Mayfair, where John, naughty man, had arrived in a tuxedo and old felt bedroom slippers.

THE preview of "The Mighty Barnum," in Glendale recently, brought out a number of movie stars and more sidewalk stand-ees and autograph hounds than a Hollywood opening. The director, Walter Lang, came with Carole Lombard, Veree Teasdale was with Adolphe Menjou, who is simply magnificent in the picture, Norma Shearer was with Irving Thalberg, and Pola Negri with a gentleman.

THE other day a very mangy looking ad appeared in one of the local papers, to the effect that Richard Dix endorsed Palm Springs tea. When his press agent saw the endorsement she frothed at the mouth and wondered who in heaven's name had managed to wangle an endorsement out of Richard Dix for Palm Springs tea.

Then Dix's studio got busy and called up the press agent and demanded to know who had wangled an endorsement out of Dix for Palm Springs tea. So the press agent called up Dix, expecting him to be furious, and asked him who possibly could have signed that release for Palm Springs tea. "Shhh," said Mr. Dix, "I own Palm Springs tea."

GLENDA FARRELL'S young son, Tommy, had the kind of birthday party that every youngster would like to have, when he entertained a group of young friends at his mother's home recently. There were horses to ride, target practice, movies in the projection room, and, of course, a swell birthday cake with a model plane mounted along with the candles— for Tommy is a most enthusiastic aviation fan.

The icing on the cake read: "To Flyer Tommy Farrell—Happy Birthday and Happy Landings" and Tommy was so thrilled when he saw it he couldn't talk. Like most movie kids, Tommy gets a much greater kick out of meeting a pilot of a real plane than he does out of meeting Clark Gable or Bing Crosby.

ALICE WHITE has found a way to overcome her most annoying fault—forgetting. She slips a list of daily reminders into her cigarette case and every time she opens it, there it is, staring her in the face. Alice says that a slip in a cigarette case has a string around the finger bent a mile.

HARRY COHN, Columbia producer, thought it would be a good idea to take the entire cast of "The Captain Hates the Sea" down to San Diego, California, for a gala premiere there. To be rented a private car on the three something limited, told the cast to be on time, and wired San Diego of the thrill in store for them. Sure enough, when the train pulled in there was the Mayor, and the Chamber of Commerce, and several bands, and Rotarians, and keys to the city and everything—but

Yuma, Nevada, Knows No Depression.

Wide World

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Actors' Screen Guild Ball in the Biltmore Hotel. Love is grand!

[Continued from page 15]

passed the examination and found she didn't have to recite all the things she had studied so vigorously, she confided to a friend, 'I certainly built that scene up.'

OMAR KIAM, Park Avenue's ultra-designer, whom Samuel Goldwyn persuaded to come west and do movie costumes, has found that women of all ages react alike to a beautiful gown. When little Barbara Lee, just eighteen months old, tried on a hoop skirt dress which Kiam had made for her to wear in the film "Clive of India," she stood before a bevel mirror and went through all the rapturous exclamations of a debutante wearing her first evening gown. After admiring her reflection for nearly ten minutes, young Barbara added one touch of her own. She threw her arms around Kiam's neck and gave him a great big kiss.

KATHLEEN HOWARD, formerly fashion editor of Harper's Bazaar and Metropolitan opera star, and now a movie actress, has confessed to one of the strangest Hollywood romances! Seems Kathleen answered the phone in her apartment one night and heard the fascinating voice of a strange gentleman. She asked what number he wanted and the man with the fatal fascination in his voice replied, "Your number!"

Kathleen asked him whom he wanted to talk to, and he gravely assured her, "I want to talk to you. She was a little shocked, a little outraged—and secretly a little intrigued. But the marvelous voice held her at the phone several minutes before she hung up. Covet she made him promise not

Evelyn D. Kelly is introduced by Mrs. Cooper to Gary. Evelyn has written to him every week for eight years—over five hundred letters. She's the champion fan of the University of California.
no one got out of the private car except Allan Skipworth. All the other players had decided to drive or fly down for the opening. So "skippy" had a parade through town all by herself.

PRETTY Lilian Harvey, after two years in Hollywood, still admits to confusion over American slang expressions. While describing a gown recently to a friend, she cried enthusiastically: "And it fits like—like—" she paused while searching for a clue to a phrase which would do justice to this masterpiece of dress-art, then burst forth with: "Like the skin on the wall."

NYDIA WESTMAN just doesn't like planes. When she was a little girl one of those old meanie grown-up practical jokers told her that she could float through space with the aid of an open umbrella. So Nydia tried it, using a haystack as a taking off point. A broken leg was the result and ever since then Nydia has been perfectly content to let others go in for aviation, while she keeps both feet on the ground.

TWO of the most excited people in Hollywood now are Lyle Talbot's mother and father—Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood, no kidding—who are visiting their son, and putting their approval on his new Beverly Hills home and his new girl, Polly Waters, from Birmingham, Alabama, and, as Adrian always says, a Birmingham is worth two in the bush. Lyle gave a big party for his Mom and Pop at the recent Benefit Ball at the Coconut Grove, and the old folks had a swell time cavorting with the young folks.

DURING the recent rains in Hollywood—and my, children, in Southern California it never rains but it pours—a Paramount writer was wending his weary way home from the studio through oceans of water and slush, when suddenly a strange apparition met his eye.

Across the street from his own Toluca Lake home, he saw a dozen or more people gathered clubbily together under a dozen or more umbrellas, and gazing with awe and fascination into the kitchen window of Mr. George Brent's home, while the rain went pitty pat. Consumed with curiosity the writer joined the group and saw: Greta Garbo cooking dinner for George Brent.

The writer told me that he had never seen such a gay, carefree, charming Greta in all his life and she was tossing potatoes and pans about in delightful abandon. With the rain dripping relentlessly down his neck he joined the party of looker-owners and peeked until Greta—aw, shocks pulled the shade down.

MARLENE DIETRICH may be the quintessence of glamour and beauty but there are those little "homey" touches about her which endear her to her co-workers. She came on the "Caprice Evening" set the other day, looking divinely beautiful, when she saw her hairdresser, Nellie, struggling with a blouse she was making: "Nellie, that is all wrong," said Marlene and proceeded to hold up production while she gave Nellie a special fitting.

RICHARD DIX is one Hollywood actor who can truthfully say that his ancestors came over with the Pilgrims. It is reported that he can portray the romantic and colorful life of his ancestor, Capt. John Brimmer, on the screen. History books didn't say much about Brimmer, but it was likely he saw the color of death at the hands of the Indians, because he learned so much about savage warfare during the seven years they held him captive.

YOU use a cleansing cream to remove dirt. You should remove dirt from the pores, for otherwise this dirt may lead to blackheads, enlarged pores, rough skin.

You massage your cream deep into the skin. Then you wipe it off. But all of the cream does not wipe away...part stays in the pores. And because part does remain, it is vitally important what that cream contains. So we made a face cream that does more than remove dirt and make-up. It is truly revolutionary!

You see, scientists have at last discovered what happens to skin as you grow older. They have found that all young skin contains a certain natural substance which acts to lubricate the skin...keep it soft and radiatorly alive. As skin grows older, this precious substance decreases.

We searched the world for this natural substance and found it at great expense that it could be obtained in pure form. Then we found a way to put this rare element into a new face cream! We named the new cream Junis Facial Cream. And we called the rare, natural substance Sebisol. No other cream contains Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

Results astonished women. Women of twenty were delighted to feel the freshness and smoothness it gave to their skin. Older women, especially, rejoiced to see ugly blemishes begin to disappear. In their place came a lustrous, glowing, healthy skin that "over 30" women had never hoped to see again.

We invite you to use Junis Cream regularly as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other cream. For Junis cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol...to soften, lubricate, beautify. See what this new kind of cream can do for your skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all large goods counters.

JENIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT
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 enemiy 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.

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2. Lady at Large

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Awarded to Mrs. Martha Holman, 3515 Oregon St., St. Louis, Mo.
Titles submitted:
1. Yours to Date
2. Just Once More

THIRD PRIZE
Remington Portable Typewriter
Awarded to Helen Baker, Belding, Mich.
Titles submitted:
1. Nice Girl
2. Hello! Beautiful

FOURTH PRIZE
Dorothy Gray Make-up Kit
Awarded to Barbara Buddlong, 622 N. Court St., Rockford, Ill.

FIFTH PRIZE
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Awarded to Flora S. Wong, Box 1654, Clifton, Ariz.

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Awarded to Rose A. Mansfield, 34 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Ciro's Perfume
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The Winners of the Four Bottles of Victoria Perfume "Heure Intime"
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The Winners of the Twelve Waterman No. 91 Fountain Pens:
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H. L. Beem, 145 Aberdeen Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Durward Bracken, 206 Judah St., San Francisco, Calif.
Ken Broughton, 2712 Stone Park Blvd., Sioux City, Ia.
John Chrusch, P. O. Box 29, Hazleton, Pa.
Albert Clarkson, 34-7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TENTH PRIZE
The Winners of the Twelve Waterman Lady Patricia Fountain Pens:
Mrs. Louis Bright, 2222 Donald, Atton, Ill.
B. L. Clements, 16618 Shule Ave., Cleveland, O.
Eleventh Prize
The winners of the Twenty-Five Leathery Combination Compacts and Lipsticks:

Catherine Benoit, 219 N. 1st St., Gal, City, Ind.
V. Collins, 2508 Richardson St., Montreal, Can.
Mrs. P. C. Joyntyman, 337 Chestnut St., Liberty, N. Y.
Mrs. B. Duquette, 90-20 Sutphin Blvd., Jamaica, L.
Kathryn Fuller, 464 Grand Ave., Winona, Minn.
Elise Gibson, 5510 Wayne Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Ellen Gordon, 91 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elina Harris, 287 Crescent, Brookton, Mass.
Mrs. Merle Hawkins, 502 W. 4th St., McCoop, Nebr.
Antoinette Jamierson, 114 W. 22nd St., New York, N. Y.
Beth Jones, 620 Red Rd., St. Louis, Mo.
Cato Karos, 1601 Grand Ave., Racine, Wis.
Beverly Kinyon, Box 127, Staplesville, Tex.
Lorrice G. Latz, 54 Main, Carthage, N. Y.
Pattie Macklin, 1501 W. 32nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Hattie Ruth Merritt, 462 Kentucky Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Mrs. W. W. Montgomery, 451 So. White, Kansas
City, Mo.
Mrs. G. Mertzett, 215 W. 22nd St., Riverdale, N. Y.
D. Norris, 2113 Hampshire Rd., Cleveland, O.
Harvette D. Orr, 721 N. Elgin, Hartford, Calif.
Louise Pansal, 4186 Ave., Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. Irving L. Scott, Somon, Calif.
A. Thane, 55 Highland St., Winchendon, Mass.
Dorothy L. Tinkle, 307 Moker, Bay City, Mich.
E. W. Winters, 77 Cherry St., Holyoke, Mass.

Twelfth Prize
The winners of the Twenty-Five Ronson Cigarette Lighters:

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John S. Antkowski, 122 Sears, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mildred C. Paum, Patterson Hts., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Jane Bishir, 903 Manhattan, Dayton, Ohio.
Jean Harper, 3910 31st St., Cleveland, Ohio.
W. W. Ray, Booth, Main St., Lynch, Ky.
Herbert N. Crell, 23 W. N. 1st St., Miami, Fla.
Margaret Wart, 6720 S. W. Bringingame, Portland, Ore.
R. Gerozsky, 77 Spadina Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.
Shirley Greenwald, 24 Gorham, Rochester, N. Y.
E. W. Greenhaw, 208 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Marjorie E. Hammond, Pleasant St., Essex Junction, Vt.
Laurel Hawker, 1317 Hermosa Ave., Alta Loma, Calif.
R. D. Joyce, 33 Lenox Avenue, Oakland, Cal.
W. J. Kekker, 5th St., F. Wayne, Ind.
H. M. Keyes, 712 West St., Fostoria, O.
F. E. Mallery, 1812 Cortiss St., Akron, O.
Thomas Manno, 245 E. 21st St., Locust, Ohio.
V. Neff, 4416 N. Meridian, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mae Nix, 2006 Holborn Ave., Cleveland, O.
Margaret Nepple, 2800 Ruckle St. #2, Indianapolis, Ind.
Grace F. Parsons, 2100 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Claire L. Roper, 310 Am., Cautity Blvd., Reading, Pa.
Dorothy Schott, 205 Lee Hall, San Antonio, Tex.

Thirteenth Prize
A special Consolation Prize of Martha Washington Colonne Colonne Vanity in attractive cases of silver and black with a specially designed powder compartment. The Martha Washington Colonne Vanity have been sent to the following:

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Betty Barry, 2200 N. W. 3rd St., Miami, Fla.
Lousa Buehler, 505-10th St., Carlstadt, N. J.
Mrs. John Bush, Lake View, Fort Henry, N. Y.
F. G. Chalmers, 527 Winthrop, New Haven, Conn.
Oveta R. Cates, 700-1st Ave., Baltmore, N. Y.
R. R. Corry, 240 E. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.
J. A. Dore, 121 Prospect Ave., Irvington, N. J.
Paul R. Fortez, 3977 Texas, San Diego, Cal.
H. Fredericke, 45 Main Blvd., Hawthorne, N. J.
Marie A. Gleanon, 345 Main, Worcester, Mass.
Anita Haines, Box 21, Colorado, Colo.
W. E. Hoffmann, 4638 E. 35th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. L. Ester, 214 S. 15th St., Coralville, Tex.
R. G. Johnson, 446 S. Madison, Stoughton, Wis.
Mrs. F. S. Lippold, 3332 Gwyns Falls Pk., Baltimore, Md.
H. A. Lockwood, 1505 Oxford St., Berkeley, Cal.
R. L. Mallett, 416 Lincoln Way E., S. Bend, Ind.
Kathleen Powell, Lucky Lake, Saska., Can.
Annette Pisan, 2340 Cottage, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. F. Schwoemer, 3553 Gunter, New York.
Leah Stevens, 43 Linda Ave., Oakland, Cal.
Jane Stevenson, 350 Pittsburgh Clr., Edgewood City, Pa.
C. Van Court, 230 W. 46th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
J. Wissman, 883 Highland Ave., Massillon, O.
and Theodore von Eltz—which house is ruled by Charles Selton, a crusty, invalid uncle who waxes his will to get things he wants. Shirley is the pal of the boys down at the flying field, and when her mother is killed on Christmas Day, Jimmy Dunn and the other boys adopt her and take her to live with them at the flying field. But old Uncle Selton interferences, and Shirley hides in a plane and gets caught out in the most terrific storm you've ever seen. Of course, there's a happy ending with Shirley drawing Uncle Selton, Jimmy Dunn and his girl, Judith Allen, all together as one big happy family. Shirley and Jimmy Dunn make one of the screen's best teams.

ONE HOUR LATE
Rating: 68°—Grand Comedy—Paramount
A perfectly swell little comedy, without any pretensions or chitchat, but my, how you will like it. Joe Morrison, of "The Last Round-Up" fame and who made such a hit in "The Old-Fashioned Way," is featured this time, along with Helen Twelvetrees, in one of the most charming young leading men we've met on the screen in a long time. Joe has personality, good looks, and best of all a voice that is a voice. There are those around Hollywood who do say he's better than Crosby, but you can argue that out for yourself.

Joe and Helen are just two young people who punch the clock and draw their twenty-dollars a week in one of New York's big skyscraper offices. Helen has ideas she feels are vastly above her wealth so she throws Joe over and goes on the make for Conrad Nagel, her boss, and one of the most delightful scenes in the picture is where Conrad Nagel and Helen get caught in an artichoke. There's an exciting and thrilling scene in an elevator stuck in the Tower, with most of the characters in the picture bidding not to do what they were going to do. Arlene Judge is swell as one of the file clerks. And there's Toby Wing.

BEFORE MY WIFE
Rating: 66°—And Lies and Lies and Lies—Paramount
And behold a very good picture, even though it does have a plot that's no more sophisticated than Joe Penner's duck. It's sort of reminds you of the good old silent days when socially prominent young men (usually Warner Baxter) got disinterested in love and went to the Indies (usually Lupe Velez). But my, my, with everybody on the screen trying to talk like the Thin Man lately (and not succeeding) it's rather refreshing to have something naive and dramatic like "Behold My Wife."

Anyway, Gene Raymond is a wealthy and socially prominent young man who is sincerely in love with a stenographer, but his nasty old aristocratic family, headed by Laura Hope Cresw, succeeds in breaking up the romance, and thereby causes the death of the little scion of the family. Gene, furious with his family, goes on a spree and wakes up in New Mexico, where he is being cured back to health by a beautiful Indian girl—Sylvia Sidney, to be sure. To spite his family (he has a family complex) he marries the Indian girl and takes her home.

Ah, then comes the drama. Gene's sister kills a man and Sylvia, who has learned that Gene only married her to disgrace his family, takes him to Ben Gay. Then Gene discovers that he is really in love with his Indian wife, so he confesses to the murder and tells her. And then the detectives, thank goodness, discover that everybody is lying, and so there's your happy ending.

REVIEWS (Continued from page 49)

SWEET ADELINE
Rating: 69°—Irene Dunne Sings—Warner
Back to the gay nineties! But this time not so terrifically gay, unfortunately. However, lovely Irene Dunne is given an opportunity to sing at least six beautiful duets, including "Why, Do You Ask Me If I Always Get Me, so what more can you ask of life? Irene plays a very respectable young girl who serves beer and sings songs in her father's Hoboken beer garden. Donald Woods, poor but proud song writer, is in love with her, and persuades her to go to New York and become the prima donna of his operaetta, which, tsh-tsh, is financed by Louis Calhern, who has evil designs on the lovely and innocent Irene, the old rout. But true love finds a way.

Hugh Herbert, as a scion of one of New York's first families, is at his best and practically steals the picture. Nydia Westman also contributes nicely to the comedy. Irene, in bustles and sweeping trains and big hats of the nineties, looks utterly beautiful and sings excellently. One dandy ensemble is about the most gorgeous thing you've ever seen. Phil Regan, Noah Beery, Ned Sparks, Joseph Cawthorn and Wini Shaw complete the cast.

HERE IS MY HEART
Rating: 62°—Bing Crosby—Paramount
Judging from the ovation that Bing received from the appreciative audience at New Westwood the other night, just the minute his name was flashed on the screen it was quite evident that the fair-haired boy of the movies. Many a leading man would give his bottom dollar to get a hand like that. But Bing's dialogue writers, alas, aren't as good as they used to be. There are situations and gaps in his new picture that just don't come off. Somebody fumbled—but it wasn't Bing.

This time your favorite crooner plays a young millionaire who turns waiter so he can woo the Princess Alexandra, one of those exiled Russians with a lot of swank and no money. He gets involved with her scheming, bankrupt family, and he and the princess have a fine time telling each other off, until love finds a way. Kitty Carlisle is lovely as the princess and sings beautifully.

Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, and Regina Dors are good players, but unlike his other roles Bing's crooner plays a young millionaire who turns waiter so he can woo the Princess Alexandra, one of those exiled Russians with a lot of swank and no money. He gets involved with her scheming, bankrupt family, and he and the princess have a fine time telling each other off, until love finds a way. Kitty Carlisle is lovely as the princess and sings beautifully.

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD
Rating: 58°—Drama—Universal
Claude Rains, who made such a hit in "Crime Without Passion," plays the lead in this picture and gets our vote now for being one of the most talented and exciting actors on the screen. The story's about a young married couple, Claude Rains and Joan Bennett, who live in Paris, in 1914. To please his wife, Rains accepts a job on an anti-war newspaper, published by the ambitious and slimy Mr. Lionel Atwell. Rains' editorials against armed conflict, until Atwell doubles-crosses him and sells his newspapers to the munition interests. In the meantime, Atwell has fallen in love with his wife, and they have a baby. Finally, Rains decides that he must protect his family and exposes Atwell's lies, and the two families become reconciled.
To prevent this!

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Don’t take chances with your hair. The risk is too dreadful; the penalties too severe. Falling hair, scalp infection, loss of lustre and hair vitality are a high price to pay for any permanent. All too frequently they follow the use of improper materials and the alarming practice some shops employ of using the same pads repeatedly, thus transferring hair and scalp disorders of another woman’s head to your own. Most women are unaware of such things but Nestle feels that the facts should be known. For Nestle is thoroughly protecting you against unsanitary and dangerous waves. To those beauty shops guaranteeing the use of genuine Nestle materials, Nestle has issued a certificate that readily identifies them as a Licensed Nestle Shop. Look for it when you enter a beauty shop. It is your assurance that sanitary conditions in permanent waving prevail at that shop.

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**LOOK** for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave.

She's Ginger!

[Continued from page 15]

assignment by a newspaper—those were frenzied wartime days—and she had to leave for Europe in four hours. She was frantic; she wouldn’t have time to take her baby to her mother’s in Kansas City, and she just couldn’t afford to give up the job because they needed money so badly.

Little Ginger, realizing her mother’s anguish, announced that she would go to Kansas City alone. And so she did, except for her doll, and she made the change in Chicago, and finally arrived in Kansas City. A nice looking middle-aged woman came up to her on the train and said, “Child, you are to come with me. I will take you to your grandmother.” “No, ma’am,” said Ginger, “I can’t go with you. My mamma told me not to move from the train until my grandmother came for me.” “But, dear,” the lady insisted, “they won’t let your grandmother come down the stairs. She’s in the waiting room and I will take you to her. I belong to the Travelers Aid.” “Well,” said Ginger cautiously, “let me see your badge.”

That’s Ginger for you at seven, and that’s Ginger for you at twenty-three. A sane, level-headed young lady who takes no wooden nickels. Many a stage door play boy, many a snappy salesman, many a fast-talking director has had the little Rogers girl ask to see his badge, figuratively speaking.

Although Ginger was born in Independence, Missouri, and spent her early childhood in Washington and Kansas City, it was in Fort Worth, Texas, that she passed most of her school days, and it was there that she first won recognition as a dancer.

Along with several other school girls she won a Charleston Contest held by a local theatre and was offered a contract by Paramount to tour the United States in stage shows. Ginger’s red hair and green eyes, not to mention her no mean ability as a dancer and singer, quickly put her over with the public and she became known as “the little dynamo.” This tour all over the country cured Ginger of any desire to travel again for a long long time. Just recently she has decided that it might be fun to go to Europe. After the movie house shows came legitimate musical comedies in New York with Ginger well on her way to becoming another Marilyn Miller, when the ole debbil movies got her.

Her first picture was made at the Paramount studio in Astoria, Long Island, and it also happened to be the first picture for Norma Shearer and very early the first for Cladette Colbert. The picture was “Young Man of Manhattan” and Ginger played Puff Romolph, the collegiate vamp, and to this day Puff is still her favorite screen role. Cladette and Norman were newly weds in these days and Ginger says that when Norman and she did their love scenes the director, Monte Bell, would have to get Cladette off the set before Norman could remember his art.

Ginger has two more ambitions right now: one is to become a great writer and the other is to become a great actress. She has ideas, grand ideas, for stories and plays but she feels that she lacks the vocabulary to express them properly. So she bought a dictionary, a big shiny dictionary for her mother’s birthday present. Everytime she reads a book, which is every night, Ginger underlines words in the book that she doesn’t know the meaning of. Then she will look them up in the dictionary, write down the meanings, and memorize the words and their meanings.

This habit of Ginger’s, though really quite praiseworthy, is rather annoying to Mrs. Rogers and Cousin Phyllis, as you have
Are you a Shadow-Hunter?

• Does your complexion cause you to seek the concealment of dim lights and shadows? Are you a "shadow hunter?" Then remember this: Regardless of how much office work or housework you do — regardless of climate or the "hardness" of your water — Campana's Italian Balm bears this guarantee: "To banish dry, rough, red or clapped skin more quickly and at less expense than anything you have ever used before." This famous skin protector has been sold in winter-loving Canada for over 40 years and is still the largest selling preparation of its kind in the entire Dominion. Largest seller also in the United States in thousands of cities coast to coast. Try it at your expense. Use the coupon. (Bottles — $5c, 60c, and $1.00; tubes — 25c at drug and department stores).

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no idea how disconcerting it is to be reading a book and find it all marked up. Mrs. Rogers says that "Nijinsky" was something awful, and she just had to get herself another copy, Ginger's literary activities began when she was about ten years old. "The Oaktree and Her Children" was her first literary offspring, and quite good too. A few years ago Ginger wrote the music and lyrics of a song called "The Girl Who Used to Be You," for which she is still getting royalty checks. The first royalty check was for $4.41 and she framed it. Ginger's pet tastes are French she owns. She likes all out-door sports and excels in all of them. Right now the fat is bowling, and when Lew and Ginger go over to the Beverly Hills bowling alley the old-timers stare in open-mouthed amazement. She can even beat Fay Wray at ping pong, and to beat Fay Wray at ping pong means that you are tops in Hollywood. She plays a mean game of tennis and swims like Johnny Weissmuller. Ginger is a real sport and likes to beat, but she knows how to gallop and be beat constantly by a dame so she often throws the game, but not noticeably, so that her opponent can win. Poor Lew doesn't know when he is really beat or Ginger and none of which she is just letting him beat her to keep his pride.

She is never so happy as when she is puttering around with a can of paint. Before Lew and she married she had the line concession on his tennis court. Every week she would arrive with her paint and paint new lines. Then would come the flower pots and the furniture, and then, when every yard for around was all done up, poor Ginger would just have to content herself with sketches in water colors.

Even when an actress achieves the prominence of a Claudette Colbert—or, perhaps, especially when she reaches that status—her agent is important to her. Remember when Claudette's career was on the up-and-up, Paramount offered to make that delightful picture, "It Happened One Night," for Columbia? She wanted very much to make that picture and she also wanted to make the equally successful "Imitation of Life" for Universal. At the time, it looked as if re-signing with Paramount would destroy her chances at both these productions. And just here her agents, Schulberg-Feldman, entered the picture. They arranged her new contract with Paramount so that it called for a stipulation that no pictures a year, and so that she could free lance in her spare time. Thus was Claudette given to us those two delightful performances in pictures off her home lot. And thus did we, the public, profit. Smart fellows, these agents!

Imagine her, at the peak of the position of Gertrude Michaels not so long ago. Metro brought her to Hollywood and from New York, placed her under contract. She did very little with her and failed to take up her option when it came due. Gertrude, tossed into the stiff Hollywood world, could not pretend that she wasn't a little lonesome sometimes. Savvy, there was only one little supporting job. Schulberg-Feldman became interested in her, signed her for a short period, obtained one or two small roles for her in this production. "The Gay Divorcee," "My Man Godfrey," "I believe a little girl." — and that role put small Cora Sue into the big money class.

Ginger has very few close friends, because she doesn't like to go to gay parties and she doesn't like to give them. Lew and she are exactly alike in that respect. Mrs. Rogers made them go to an important dinner party one evening and they haven't finished gouging about it yet. "The only thing that was settled the evening," said Lew, "was that Garbo was a great actress. I'd rather bowl!"

Her favorite novels are Somerset Maugham and Katharine Brush. Emeralds are her favorite jewels, though it happens to be diamonds that she owns. She likes to go to night clubs in New York but Hollywood rarely sees her in the night spots, aside of course of a coat or a can of paint, most likely, while Lew plays to her on the piano. Ginger is very self-conscious and nearly has a fit when people stare at her, but she keeps her feelings she never shows it, but will wait until she goes to bed that night to cry. She acquired that habit when she was a little girl.

While she was visiting her grandmother in Kansas City, those lonely months while her mother was away at the Front, Ginger wrote many letters, one, especially, which I think is to men to help love and consider her. In consideration of her mother. Not often does she find that trait in a child. But remember, in those days Ginger and her mother often pocketed over 200 dollars a week. "Dear Mamma," Ginger wrote, "I have heard a train whistling today and I said on that train is my mamma but you were not on that train. I don't understand Daddy and I made a garden. We planted rediddles and letts and and of it is mixed. I hurt my finger and it is wound up but it dont hurt as much now when we come home I would like you to bring me a doll and a doll buggy. If you can afford to bring the two, bring the all right and if you can buy a doll that is all right too, your darlingst daughter, Virginia."
in a state of near-hysteria during the entire probation period. The chances are that his mental state is such that he does not do himself justice in those so important tests. It is up to the clever agent to convince the wise producer that small flaws in a test performance are due to this understandable nervousness.

I learned during my peregrinations about the agents' offices that there is a dearth of leading men in pictures at the moment—that the Gene Raymonds, the Lyle Talbots, the Edward Arnolds are selling at a distinct premium. The question with regard to these young men is not, "Who'll buy my hero?" but a wailing cry from producers about "Who has a hero to sell? Oh, who will sell me a hero?"

Of course the personal element comes into all this from time to time. As this is written there is a rumor that Katharine Hepburn may be planning to marry her agent, Leland Heyward. I know of at least two agents (one a man and one a woman) who are hopelessly in love with clients.

And there is the story of Ad Schulberg, erstwhile wife of B. P. Schulberg, producer. Mrs. S. saw Sylvia Sidney in New York in the play called "Bad Girl." She was interested in the actress, convinced of her possibilities and promise, and also convinced that she had picture possibilities. "Ad" worked for months to convince his producer-husband that the little Sidney was a picture bet and that he should sign her. She finally succeeded.

Later the Schulpbergs separated and there were rumors for a year or two that Sylvia, a full-fledged picture star, was Mr. Schulberg's newest and biggest heart throb. The Schulpbergs are reunited now and there may be something ironic in this; B. P. is still producing Sylvia's pictures, Mrs. Schulberg's agency is still handling the Sidney's business, and Sylvia's next picture, under the Schulberg joint management, is to be called, "Behold My Wife!"

The beauty brokers, the mendicants of magnetism, the merchants of talent are among the most powerful, the most important people in Hollywood. More important to most players, perhaps, than producers. They are often the guides of film destinies. Pioneers, sometimes. Mentors to their clients, always. They have been responsible for our seeing interesting people on the screen, people we might not have seen without their help. Had it not been for these merchants of beauty and talent, we might have missed some excellent performances, some glamorous personalities, in the past few years.

Well, who'll buy my hero? What am I bid . . . what am I bid . . . ?

Correct Answers to the Puzzle Pictures on Page 29
1. "Caravan"
2. "David Copperfield"
3. "Judge Priest"
4. "Broadway Bill"
5. "Imitation of Life"
6. "Covered Wagon"
7. "Happiness Ahead"
8. "Merry Widow"
9. "We Live Again"

If everyone in this office uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests) there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with 500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted
Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.
The Days When I “Posed”  
[Continued from page 18]

by Jane Heath

CAN ANY MAN you name know the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it’s time to take steps. You might take to Kurlash too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They’re curled back like a movie star’s, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just $1! too!

Jane L. is right when she writes that it’s worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly above the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know Tweezette? It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs $1 in any good store.

Ruth W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant’s brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene ($1). You’ll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker it looks and it will make your hair!
The Wits of Hollywood

[Continued from page 27]

about Sam Goldwyn, who informed Louis B. Mayer that his newest European importation, the charming Mady Christians, would be "colossal in a small way," and I joined a group around Una Merkel, who was getting a hasty snack in the dining room. Una had been doing re-takes on "Evelyn Prentice," with Bill and Myrna Loy, and was still in make-up. "Una," Bill said to her, passing the canapes. "You look much too smart in this picture. I'd like to see you play a good old southern bit."

Well, that had me in stitches, and I hope you get at least a bustling thread out of it yourself.

The youngest of the Hollywood wits is none other than little two-year old Baby LeRoy, who, at the rate he is going now, will grow up to be a combination Irvin S. Cobb and Dorothy Parker. Baby LeRoy's vocabulary is quite limited, but he knows one word that is guaranteed to upset all studio activities immediately, and when he is just not in the "mood" for work Mr. LeRoy doesn't hesitate to use it. Frequently, ah, too frequently, on the set when the lights have been adjusted, the cameras ready to turn, and the director has called "Quiet," there is a deathlike silence, and then "Ruthroom" announces Baby LeRoy.

I suppose you've heard about the time Shirley Temple was making "Baby Take a Bow" and informed her director, Harry Lachman, that if she wasn't any good in the picture she guessed the critics would call it "Baby Take a Flop." Shirley kept her little ears open and not much goes on on the set that she doesn't hear about. While her little stand-in (Shirley calls her her "step-in") has to sit quietly in the scene for camera angles, little Miss Shirley visits around. One day she heard two of the hairdressers on the "Now and Forever" set discussing a third who had just had her appendix removed. "What's an appendix?" quibled Shirley. The hairdresser, not being quite sure what an appendix was herself, said, "An organ." So Shirley ran over to Gary Cooper right away and solemnly an-

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Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

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WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

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nounced that poor Ethel had had her organs and pianos removed.
Ah, those kiddies. But come now more virile stuff. Much to my surprise one of the funniest luncheons I have ever had in Hollywood was a luncheon for baby Rosemary, one of the killer Grey (George Raft's trainer and bodyguard) sat down at my table in the Paramount commissary. "That little rump," said Rosie with his familiar smile, "think he can fight." "I could so lick Carnera," Killer insisted vehemently. "Why I could even lick you." You can't even lick your lips," said Rosie. "And besides, I got those cauliflower ears from calling up your girl." One of the best parties ever given in Hollywood was an epitaph party. Each guest had to write his or her epitaph on a slip of paper. Then the papers were collected, one person read them, while the other guests had to guess who wrote which. Will Rogers sat over in the corner composing his epitaph when a muchly married movie star (Oh, you guess, it's easy) sat down beside him and begged him to write an epitaph for her as she wasn't so good at that sort of thing. "All right," said Will. "I'll write one for you, but you must not to get mad." Then he wrote: "She sleeps alone at last."Irvin S. Cobb wrote for his epitaph:

Hone lies Irvin S. Cobb.
Not that it makes any difference.
I spent a grand day at the home of Irvin S. Cobb and his lovely, grateful wife Colleen Moore. It was a long long and laughed from the minute I stepped into the patio (where once the great Garbo loped) until I stepped out, but to save my face in the midst of the marvelous stories he told, which simply had me in convulsions. Perhaps it was because I ate too much fried chicken and sweet potato pie. Anyway, I recall I was ready for seconds on the corn bread when Mr. Cobb thundere'd, "Where is that old family retainer we hired over the weekend?" After the luncheon Mr. Cobb showed Claudette Colbert and me the pictures of his daughter, his friends and grandchildren. "That child," he said, "was born in Italy. All day long I paced the corridors of the hospital in Florence, believing I had lost my only child. I had my father, and at last the little nurse came to me, beaming from ear to ear. "Senor," she said, 'you have ze be-o-optiful bambino. A baby, mon cheri." And right then, and there, we were sort of expecting a baby.

But to go back to the epitaph party. Irvin S. Cobb wrote: "Well I've played everything but a harrmit." And Richard Arlen came through with: "Out of one depression into another." For her epitaph Madge Evans wrote: "Evans, Miss, 1915-1935.

There's another gal who is quick on the uptake. If you can "top" Madge, you've done something. A gossip column of one of the daily newspapers recently included a paragraph about Madge which read:

"And it wouldn't surprise us one bit if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery were married." When Madge read the columnist a wire saying: "It's not surprising but it would certainly surprise me again." Before we end this ditty—oh, you do get a lucky break sometime—I must tell you about my best Hollywood insult, which contains a spritely line about dropping a tooth and talking to him for about an hour at a party and was just on the verge of telling him he was my favorite actor (yeah, I tell that to all the boys) when suddenly he asked, "And what do you do?"

"I'm a fan writer," I said. "Too bad," said Mr. Laughton, regretfully. "And you seemed so nice.

Jimmie Fidler "Come-upped" And saw Mae West [Continued from page 19]

fit. That should be "sumpin." From Texas she goes to South America, and there she'll see her do a rhumba dance. That should also be "sumpin." Finally she ends up in Hollywood, marrying one of New England's most exclusive social sets. And that should really be "sumpin."

She plans an innovation for her new picture—also "sumpin" will be given more to do. In the past, there has been little else besides Mae. As usual, however, her next leading man will be a little-known actor.

"I like to use new leading men," Mae said, "I always did that when I was on the stage. I believe the public likes to see new faces, and certainly new romantic actors. To me, watching the familiar loving-making of time-worn leading men is much the same as witnessing an ex-husband make love to another woman. It is "sulld; it carries no punch."

Mae's past leading men were Cary Grant and Rogers Pryor, both practically unknown before their breaks in her pictures, but both immediately famous as a result of their lucky opportunities.

Mae believes in preparedness. Her pictures are perfectly prepared for production before she ever steps on a sound stage. The story and the characters are played out on her before one foot of negative is exposed.

She is the complete boss of her pictures—and has her own way about everything. When Mae calls, the studio stops—unless you got to play each step with the various officials in charge of direction, camera, wardrobe, music, story, and so on. So much for Mae's plans. Now a few words about Mae West, the woman. No better insight into her character could be written than to briefly describe the enor-....
West's only remark on the subject of her charities, when I sought information, was: "I don't give to be talked about. People do those things for the good of their own hearts."

That was all. Whatever information I have been able to secure came from outsiders—Mac's friends and relatives.

One told me of a recent gift to four branches of The Salvation Army. When Miss West wrote "It Ain't No Sin," one of the characters was inspired by The Salvation Army. The picture was highly successful, and Mac decided that she owed something for the inspiration, so she set down and sent checks totaling one thousand dollars.

From an official of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, I learned that Mac is one of the most consistent contributors to this institution for the care of destitute actors. She said, "You'd be surprised at the number of famous stars (some of them widely publicized for their kindnesses) who never contribute a cent," the Fund executive said. "They are not all like Mae West and Will Rogers."

When I expressed surprise (that was before I pried into the secret of Miss West's many gifts to charity), this official informed me that Mac not only contributes regularly to the Fund, but she also sends additional, unsolicited checks when she learns that the money is needed. On the morning of my conversation with this executive, the Fund had just received Mac's check for one thousand dollars.

Mac has a decided fondness for children. She is constantly donating blocks of tickets so that orphans or indigent kiddies may see circles on shows. Once Mac accompanied a group of nearly a hundred orphans to a circus, but the publicity was so lavish that she has never since gone with her parties, although she continues to play "hidden host."

When she was a stage star in New York, she lived with a woman who was a mother of two children. Mac and the small son and daughter were as intimately close as were the mother and her children. Miss West rarely failed to bring them toys and gifts when she was away for any length of time. Her reputation spread from these two children to other youngsters of the block, until Mac became their universal favorite. Things reached the point where mothers were threatening disobedient children with, "Tell Mae West on you if you are bad." The effect of this threat was always surprisingly good.

As I left Miss West's apartment following our interview, I secretly hoped she might repeat her famous "come up and see me sometime!" phrase, not because I wanted to "come up," but because I wanted to hear the line from her own lips. But no such good luck befell me.

Later I learned that, although she has created many catch lines that have become the by-words of nations, she rarely uses them herself. Her "peel me a grape" and her "you can be had" and her "I ain't ice" and countless other contagious remarks were composed for film use only. If they now annoy you through constant repetition, it is because her imitators, and not Mac, use the phrases to death.

Still, no star is more entitled to use the expression, "come up and see me." Not only does Mae live on the top floor of one of Hollywood's loveliest apartment buildings, but she is also at the head of the film ladder.

Mac West is sitting "on top of the world."

"STunning" until he saw her pimply skin

End pimpl.es, blackheads
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End pimpl.es, blackheads
with famous medicated cream

Wonderful for
Chapped Hands, too

Last minute studio news confirms rumors of Mac West's new picture. It will be "Now I'm a Lady"—and, dresses and all, strictly up to the minute—The "Gay Nineties" can Go Hang.
"Glad to see you again," Muni remarks in passing. Then, "Get a load of this." They're rehearsing the scene once more and Muni's stand-in does the rehearsing for him. And what I mean is that boy really goes to town. He can get enough emotion into saying "Good morning" to keep Eric Linden in death scenes for a year.

William Gargan, as the policeman, with Paul Muni and Karen Merle in "Black Fury."

Oh, yes. I almost forgot to tell you to get a load of Muni's hair in this epic. It's naturally black, but, for his act, he's dyed it so that it's a cross between a strawberry red and a mouse blond.

Life is just one laugh after another today at Warner Brothers. From "Black Fury" I saunter over to "Devil Dogs of the Air" starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

"I wasn't sure it was you," Jimmy observes as he comes up for the handshake, "You're getting so fat I didn't know you." "Listen who's talking," I jerk. "I know," he nods. "I can just look at a ham sandwich and take on five pounds. I lost some while I was sick, though." "What do you mean, while you were sick?" I ask.

"Sure. We were on location at Coronado and I was laid up for a week with stomach trouble. Ten days.

This picture is along the same lines as the phenomenally successful "Here Comes the Navy," with the same duo—Cagney and Pat O'Brien pulling a Flagg and Quirt.

As it is, Cagney seems to have a little of the best of it with Margaret Lindsay (the girl in the case), although she is giving him what-for at the moment. She has just ordered him out of the place when she glances thru the window and sees Pat striding across the bridge towards her restaurant. And Jimmie are in the kitchen.

"Quick!" she cries frantically, "You've got to hide!"

Jimmie is amused at her alarm but permits her to pull him across the kitchen towards a door. He fails to notice that the door she has opened leads into the ice box.

"Here," Maggie orders tersely, "Get in there!"

"I'd get into a closet any day for you, sweety," he grins. But she only pushes him inside and slams the heavy door. It automatically locks. Fancy Jim's astonishment when the cold begins to take effect. I'm laughing.

"Cut!" orders Lloyd Bacon, the director, and a second later Margaret has disappeared.

In "Devil Dogs of the Air," Margaret Lindsay has occasion to shut Jimmie Cagney in the ice box. Tsch! Tsch!
bought fifty copies of that issue of your magazine and sent them to theatre managers I know throughout the country, so they can see I’m in the swim. It’s just as easy for them to let them know such things. Dick, I hope your magazine noticed the jump in circulation that month and if there’s anything I can do to let them know it was solely because of your article, don’t hesitate to call on me. So much for that. Now, here, we have the one and only Margaret Sullivan giving a demonstration of high-grade histrionics in a piece called ‘The Good Fairy.’ I believe Herbert Marshall plays the male lead. Yes, that’s right because there he is.”

Mac is easily good for another half hour but I am close to being unconscious by this time. I can do to sit down on a chair and look around. We are, apparently, in the men’s shop of a very swanky department store. Marshall is just coming out of the barber shop. Right where the men’s store ends there is a bargain counter with some cheap furs on it. La Sullivan is standing there looking at them. She feels one tenderly and then compares it to the next one. She tries one on, changes her expression and looks at herself in different poses.

“Lovely,” Marshall remarks quietly. She doesn’t recognize him and looks at him in amazement. Such effrontery.

“I said it looks lovely,” he repeats. There is a pause, and then, “I thought you might have something to say about me.”

“ ‘It’s I’”

“It’s me,” he explains (I wish I could teach these script writers that the correct English is “It’s I”). “I feel rather naked,” he goes on. “Awful, isn’t it? You see, the beard, I mean. That’s what I was trying to tell you.” And then it comes out. Herbert has had his beard shaved off.

Serves him right for wearing one in the first place. I’ve met Mr. Marshall several times but we never remember each other. I don’t know Miss Sullivan at all so there’s no use hanging around here any more.

“On your right,” Mac begins as we approach the next stage, “we have what is destined to be one of the biggest money making pictures of the current cinema season—‘Strange Wives.’ Dick, I’m asking you, is that a box office title or is it a box office title. Say it over to yourself a few times so you get the hang of it and you’ll find you like it.”

Well, “Strange Wives” is, apparently, about a lot of wives who are dissatisfied with their husbands and are always on the lookout for something new. This particular scene is in a box at the theatre where all the wives and their sweeties are watching a show—or supposed to be. There are

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Esther Ralston, Francis L. Sullivan, Roger Pryor, Leslie Fenton, Hugh O'Connell, Ralph Forbes, June Clayworth (an English importation) and Cesar Romero.

The dialogue is the usual spy and stuff for such situations, where they're all trying to carry on sub rosa flirtations. There is one humorous bit where one of the men has his arm around a woman's waist, and the man on the other side of her, thinking to put his arm around her shoulders, encumbers the other chap's hand and starts holding it.

I haven't seen Esther in a coon's age and I'd like to stop and say "hello" but they show no signs of ever finding this little scene and so I'll pass it by.

What a gripping story this is! Claude Rains, in the title role, writes and directs articles for the paper of Lionel Atwill, and they are published under Atwill's signature. Atwill, within a month, becomes the man of the city. When, in the last scene, the interior of his newspaper office is shown, Bullen's are posted all over the front of the place and there are literally hundreds of people surrounding and reading them. Suddenly an old granddaughter pushes her way through the crowd and dices her market basket.

"What has he done?" (Lionel Atwill) to say today?" she inquires.

Imagine my delight when the scene is finished to discover that the old granddaughter is none other than Margaret Mann. You may recall Miss Mann as the mother in a picture a few years ago called "The Four Sons." When a performance she gave, Fox purchased her under the signature of Leo McCarey as "The Sixty Year Old Cinderella." She was put under "a long term contract" at a salary of $9,000 a year. What they didn't guess was that the Fox publicity men were really a contract for six months, with options coming up every six months whereby they could renew it. On the strength of all the publicity she was given, she went home to Scotland to visit her sister whom she hadn't seen in twenty years. When she returned, she was notified her option would not be taken up and she had pretty tough sledding ever since.

She is one of the real aristocrats of the screen as well as a (at least) first class actress. With her all the craze for May Robson and the late Marie Dressler, someone doesn't give Margaret Mann a chance is something that's not only the Hollywood public but that anyone who thinks nothing is good unless they have to pay a four figure salary to get it, know.

Every time I come out of the studio I swear it's my last trip. The place is run like a madhouse. I ask the still man for a picture of this scene. He can't get a picture because neither of the leads (Rains or Atwill) is in it. I ask the script girl for the number of the scene so I can get the dialogue. She's a gal who has to show her importance or she feels she's been shown by refusing to give me the scene number. Maybe I'd have had a laugh on this set if Walt Disney had been on the picture, but I've been here but he isn't working today.

That's the breaks I get.


At M-G-M.

There are several pictures going here but I've already told you about all of them except "Backfield" and "David Copperfield," the Dickens' story. "Backfield" is a story about four small boys—Boyd Young, Russell Hardie, Stuart Erwin and William Tanner—who grow up together. They steal a car and a kindly juvenile court judge paroles them into the custody of Preston Foster, who coaches a school football team in winter and runs a playground for poor children in summer. When the boys grow up, they're an unbeatable backfield combination known as "the Bombers." The Bombers' record at the time, old Grandpa Foster is coach at Pacific University, so they go there and play on his very fine team.

Rus and his sister, Betty Furness, have a brother (Ted Healy) who is a crook. After he gets out of prison he tries to get the boys to sign up with him for pro football. Bob is all for it as he wants to make enough money to marry Betty. Besides, he's getting pretty cocky.

So, one Saturday, Mr. Foster in the rôle of disciplinarian keeps him out of the game. Next day Bob has disappeared. Stu and Leo Carrillo (a friend of the boys) suspect Bob has gone to join Ted. They get in their car and go after him. There is an accident and Stu is badly hurt.

As I, in all my glory, arrive on the set, Stu is just returning home after a siege in the hospital. It's a great reunion all the way around.

The boys have gone to fetch Stu and the rest are getting a little party—if there is such a thing in the middle of the road. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Russell Hardie goes to open it and, lo and behold!—there's Leo Carrillo with a big cake in his hand.

"Oh, hello," says Russ. "Hello!" beams Mr. C. "I am justoat in time."

Why M-G-M doesn't do something with Rus is more than I can fathom. There is a nice-looking boy who can really act. All those who saw him on the stage in "The Criminal Code" can appreciate how well he can act. They've had him under contract for a year and a half and all he plays is bits while the studio heads go yapping around the country yelling for "new faces."

"I've got one of the leads in "Sequoia," he says. "It's a nice role when I start sputtering about his tough luck, and I'm in hopes that I'll do me some good. Here! Try some of this ice cream. It's swell."

The cake is nothing but a big block of wood but the icing is real honest-to-God, Grade A chocolate, "the McCoy" as Mr. Winchell would say. They've got a big bowl of it on the set, and one of those little gadgets you use to squirt it on the cake with, in fancy designs.

Stu is pushing himself around the set in his wheel chair. You may get an idea of the state of Stu's energy when I tell you they can't even get him out of it between shots. "Like to try it?" he asks, getting up
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**At Paramount**

FIRST thing on the program over here is Cary Grant in "Wings in the Dark." They've only just started so I can't tell you much about it, but apparently the girl who
was an explosion and Cary was blinded. At first he thought it was only temporary blindness but as we find him in the occu-
lant's office, with the ocularist (Arnold Korff) and the nurse (Rita Ovbin), things don't look so good.

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**Wings in the Dark**

"Do you see this light?" the doctor inquires, flashing a small light in front of Cary Grant.

"No," Cary admits regretfully. "Hm. Hm," the doctor voices thoughtfully. "That will do." "Now, Mr. Gordon," the nurse suggests, "If you'll just come this way, please," leading him to another part of the room. "You might as well be as comfortable as you can." I imagine telling a man who has just been blinded that he might as well be comfortable. "Well?" demands Cary impatiently. "Just as I thought," the doctor informs him, unable to resist the temptation to give himself a pat on the back. "They are surface burns. The explosion did its damage to the eyeball itself. You're lucky. The thin skin surrounding the eyeball is quite intact."

"But I can't see," Cary cries.

"The chief injury results from a major disturbance of the eye fluid, Mr. Gordon," the doctor explains.

"Tell me the truth," Cary begs, unable to think of all this jargon, "will I ever see again?"

"Cut," orders the director. And that's that.

We also have the Empress Dietrich working on what is supposed to be her last picture under von Sternberg's direction—not that it matters.

The picture is called "Caprice Espagnole," and, as usual in Von's pictures, they have one of the most picturesque sets imaginable. It's an alley or street in Spain. We see the stucco walls of the house gleaming brightly in the artificial sunlight. Steps lead from a lower street up to the door of the house which fronts on another street. Dietrich, looking very beautiful in her Spanish costume, with a large comb stuck in her hair, is waiting along with an officer—Lionel Atwill.

"You don't like to be seen with me, do you?" she inquires.

"Rather not, my little walk didn't become the talk of the town," he admits. "However, he goes on importantly, 'I'm inclined to risk that, if...'"

"Of course, he goes on importantly, 'I'm inclined to risk that, if...'"

"Well, if it's not too far."

"Oh, no," she reassures him, "I live quite near you."

Despite Miss Dietrich's assurance that she has a sense of humor and could play comedy and despite the reputation Joe has built up as a wit, I've never heard a joke cracked or even anyone laugh on one of Von Sternberg's sets. There is an oppressive air about his pictures while they're in their filming and I am glad enough to rest my scene and get on to the next picture.

The next one happens to be "The Gilded Lily," starring Claudette Colbert. It's the first shot in the picture, so I don't have to ask what the story is about. This is one time I can report the scene and go to see the finished picture without knowing what's going to come next.

It's a bench in front of the public library in New York. Chaldecott and Fred Mac
Murray are sitting there. He's all sprawled out and Claudette is holding a bag of pop-
corns.

"Big stuff, eh?" Fred hazards, "Watching the world go by."

"Right," she agrees. "Big stuff."

"Of course," he continues, "there are differ-
ent ways of watching. Take a guy who eats peanuts. Every time he cracks a shell he has to see that his thumb is in the right spot. Then he has to take the pea-
nuts out and then throw the shells away. A fellow like that can't concentrate. See what I mean?"

"Perfectly," says the understanding Lily, "but popcorn!" he continues, warning to his subject, "popcorn was made for watching the world go by. Look! I stick my hand in the bag without taking my eyes off the street. I throw the popcorn into my cra-
w, chew, and I'm still looking. That's what I call class."

"Sure," she agrees enthusiastically. "Pean-
ut eaters don't know how to live."

"Tell me something," Fred asks, abandon-
ing the subject of popcorn versus peanuts, "do you love me, Lily?"

"No-o-o," she smiles,

"That's the way to talk!" he exclaims, all set up over this good news. "No worries, no jealousies, no nothing. Just meeting you every Thursday night and eating our pop-
corns."
Well, I must admit there's a lot in what he says and I can think of many things worse than eating popcorn with Clau'dette on Thursday night—or any other way—

with or without love.

Recently Wesley Ruggles, the director (and husband of Arline Judge) and Claude Binyon, the scenario writer, have been teamed for a series of pictures. This is their first under the new deal. Previously they have made "College Humor" and "Shoot the Works" together. There's no reason this shouldn't be as good or better than the others—even with a star as eye-filling as Clau'dette.

At RKO

T H E only things shooting at R-K-O are Hepburn and John BEaII, who are entering their tenth week in "The Little Minister," and Ann Harding in "Enchanted Ashes." Both sets are closed. The studio announces that Hepburn will sing in this picture.

At Fox

O NE picture going here, "The Mystery Woman," is about Gilbert Roland, John Halliday and Mona Barrie. Practically

everyone is a crook and each suspects the others. They might have titled it "Cheating Crooks"—except that that title has already been used. I think John has just about convinced Mona that Gilbert is the crook. They're on an ocean liner and it is just pulling into New York harbor.

Gilbert meets the other two on the promenade deck. "Oh, here you are," he remarks. "The only two people aboard I hasn't said 'goodbye' to."

Halliday looks at him and gives him the coldest of bows. Mona smiles but it is only a smile of good manners. "Goodbye," she says briefly.

"I'd like to say "au revoir,"" Gil persists, "but, unfortunately, I'm only going to be in New York a few hours. That's what he thinks, I think to myself. I know these crook plays. He'll be caught sooner than shooting.

"Really!" Halliday remarks, interested for the first time. Then he turns to Mona: "Don't you think we'd better look after our baggage?"


This is one of the screwiest sets I've ever been on. Everybody connected with the picture is crazier than a March hare.

"How are you?" Gil begins when the scene is finished. "I haven't seen you in a year.

"He shows remarkable discrimination," John Halliday puts in.

"And I haven't seen you," I remark to Mr. Halliday, "since I saw you on the New York stage in "The Charity.""

"My first part in New York," he helps me out, "was in 'The Whip.' But, of course,

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Have a Beautiful Smile

[Continued from page 52]

vital elements of healthy gums, and proper chewing means good circulation in your gums. If you are under a dentist and under an X-ray you would see that your gums are full of a network of tiny capillaries through which blood flows. X-ray studies of teeth while people are eating have disclosed that the circulation of the blood through these small channels is increased by proper and vigorous chewing.

Chewing always increases the flow of saliva and is valuable to the digestion of food in the mouth. The increased flow of saliva is vital to the health of the teeth and helpful to the stomach as well. That is why chewing gum is good for you. As you chew it, your gums are stimulated and gradually to a better color, a firmer tone. And necessary saliva is sent down inside you.

So there are two good reasons for indulging your fondness for orange juice and chewing gum. When you read that, SMILE! So much for your teeth and tummy. Now just a word about your skin. There is a new way, and we love new ways, to a clear complexion. Take a cake of yeast. Make a thick paste with it by adding slowly some hydrogen peroxide. Spread this paste over your face and neck, keeping it away from your eyes. Allow it to remain on your skin until it dries, some twenty minutes. Lie down and rest while the twenty minutes pass. Rest is essential to any body. Wash off the yeast off with lukewarm water. Pat your skin with witch hazel, to close the pores. If witch hazel is a little too strong for your skin, use the cologne water you have.

After this treatment you will find that your complexion is clearer and smoother than ever before. Be sure to follow the witch hazel with a good nourishing cream if your skin is inclined to be dry. One of the young stars who does this regularly tells one of her fairies that she feels her mouth disappear. But that is another story.
Their "Homework"  
(Continued from page 23)

you practiced piano with one of the darndest things for years was to teach the instrument tick-tacks, tick-tacks. Powell reads off the lines of his current or forthcoming picture, so that he will learn to slow down his acting a bit just when the rush out tumbling all over one another.

Just like Norma Shearer, Franotch Tone has hand trouble. He isn't at all backward about admitting that, whenever he is at home, he does a suit which has all the pockets sewn up tight. This novel procedure is assisting him in breaking what he believes to be a bad screen habit, that of digging his hands into his pockets and plunging forward.

Then there is George Raft's sudden obsession with contract bridge, and don't get the idea it's for fun, because he loathes the game. He plays several rubber every night to help him memorize his lines. George was never shy about telling people he was a "dud" when it came to remembering long talks scenes. And, what's more, the nightly bridge is helping him amazingly.

And we shouldn't forget little Jean Parker, who annihilates almost every hour of leisure for real to help with the newest makeup tricks. Jean has never let a Hollywood makeup operator or hairdresser help her at any time. She is an excellent artist, and perhaps as a reason she has the truest expression of make up. Jean's practicing consists of trying out new and unusual effects with her brows, her eyes, her lips and her hair. In fact when she is working, she curls up her mop of chestnut hair on hairpins before she goes to bed. In the morning it has dripped into place, and without the aid of a marcel iron or waving comb she's ready for the set.

There's the world's champion, Max Baer, who goes to school five hours a day when he isn't before the cameras, studying the whole and the why of screen acting with Phyllis Laughton, the famous dramatic teacher. Why, there's even the great Cecil B. DeMille, who takes home the rushes (daily camera shots, to you) of every picture he directs, to show to his four children, Cecil, John, Katherine (of whom cannot talk), and Richard. He asks for truthful opinions and ideas and, believe me, he gets them, with hardly a "YES" in the entire family.

And, finally, there is Shirley Temple (honestly I'm not kidding) who is studying French an hour a day, so that she can make everyone of her pictures into versions for the foreign market. Which proves that practicing can begin at five, or does it?

All of which makes me quite happy that I'm just one of the folks whose good can come at home after a hard day's work, put on my old blue rode, put my feet on the sofa and fall asleep over the evenning comics.

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ACROSS
1 Expression of delight
2 A great favorite of young and old
3 Expression of approval
4 Anna Steen’s first American picture
5 The star of “Stamboul Quest”
6 A corner
7 Aadir
8 Parent
9 Three-toed sloth
10 Percolate
11 Skill
12 Negative
13 First name of most famous aviatrix
14 To grow old
15 A cleaning fluid
16 Pertaining to the nose
17 Ruby Keeler’s husband
18 Measure of weight (abbr.)
19 The happy violinist in “Caravan”
20 Prefix denoting from
21 The lovely child actress from England
22 Eastern (abbr.)
23 Paid publicity
24 Prince Dimilte in “We Live Again”
25 Type measure
26 An amount on which rates are assessed
27 Smart
28 Shut in
29 Her latest picture is “Maybe It’s Love”
30 “The Girl From Missouri”
31 Lister of Greek alphabet
32 With Ricardo Cortez in “I Am a Thief”
33 The male sheep
34 Toni in “Now and Forever”
35 A bluish gray metal
36 Fifty-one
37 Measuring device
38 An adjective
39 A figure (abbr.)
40 Melody
41 A single unit
42 Organ of hearing
43 In a state of eager curiosity
44 Tellurium (abbr.)
45 The familiar fan dancer
46 To walk laboriously
47 A denial

DOWN
1 Tom Martin in “Gentlemen Are Born”
2 A human being
3 Within
4 A great Hollywood director
5 Mode of transportation
6 The loveliest music in “The WHITE PARADE”
7 Possessive Pronoun
8 The act of uniting
9 In a like manner
10 Goddess of dawn
11 Soon to appear in “The Little Minister”
12 Sometime

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

ST CLARK GABLE FR
TOM ALI OLA COO
UNA WEAR ECOF ORB
A ROT BETTE RANE
ROSCEO NNA PENNER
THENRY G BULGET
T BA RUGGLES ELK
KILNL LE B ALlen
ELL EL ELL D EET EL
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AGO THRILLERS DI
CARTOONS COMEDIES

The Editor
FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY"
NOW GAIN 5 LBS IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New Mineral Concentrate From The Sea, Rich in NATURAL IODINE Building Up Weak, Run Down Men and Women Where All Else Fails.

HERE'S good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been underweight for years: 3 to 8 pounds in 1 week guaranteed—12 to 15 pounds in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt, now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches—the weight-making elements in your daily diet—include a rich supply of precious NATURAL IODINE.

Kelp-a-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm, solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

ATHLETE UNDERWEIGHT...GAINS 4 LBS. IN WEEK
"Due to stomach trouble, constipation and indigestion, have been underweight for 4 years. Kelp-a-Malt tablets made me gain 4 lbs." T. R. Ryan, New York City

Helps Correct Gas, Acidity, Constipation
Large numbers of people are using Kelp-a-Malt for stomach troubles, gas, acidity, intestinal disorders and constipation. Kelp-a-Malt is particularly effective for conditions of this character because in the first place, it is rich in sodium which quickly converts an acid stomach to normal alkalinity. Also it is rich in assimilable phosphorus and sulphur, the vital elements necessary for prompt elimination of body wastes.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chest and skinny limbs fill out, and flattening extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
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, H
Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York
MISS HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MISS ANNE GOULD, New York
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, New York
MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York

Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost everyone is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

Camels are Milder... made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.
How I Raised Shirley Temple—By Her Mother
SORE THROAT

SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT

Don’t put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You’ll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA
Every Saturday . . . 82 NBC Stations

PLEASANT TO TASTE . . . SAFE TO USE
"The most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would never receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to America's dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns are as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages now—a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... brighter teeth and healthier gums.

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<td>75 West Street, New York, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.</td>
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Silver Screen for March 1935
A LETTER FROM LIZA
(Delivered in person)

DEAR ELLA,

Well, here I am in New York after a most exciting plane trip across the continent with Carole Lombard, and if you want to know what its like to be an aviation passenger in a plane, eleven thousand feet up in the air, and not a camera in sight, I'll tell you—next month with pictures. For it's a long story, and I always believe in making a long story longer, and Carole, simply smothered in orchids and fried chicken, will take up practically my entire vocabulary.

Naturally, being of that old school of pseudo-literati (though I've never made one of Joan Crawford's evenings with the intelligentsia), I hot-footed it to the Algonquin for my first luncheon in New York, and who should be sitting there, up to her eyelashes in interviewers, but Madge Evans. Madge had on a minx coat that fairly shrieked thousands, but when I commented upon its grandeur, murmured with assumed elegance, "Oh it's just a few old shavings from Leo that the studio whipped up for me." Well, when they shave Leo again I want to be around, that's all. Madge was also sporting a diamond that flashed enough to light up the Rainbow Roof of Radio City.

Gee, I'm sorry to read in the papers that Mary Pickford has been divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, because it looked, for a while there, that there might be a reconciliation. But Douglas is the rolling stone type and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. Already he's doing figure eights at St. Moritz with the Duke and Duchess of something or other. Mary's doing all right with her radio broadcasts.

My, my, it's exciting to see so many people on the streets. If Hollywood Boulevard can muster up three pedestrians after ten o'clock you know darn well there's been an earthquake. But alee sauce, as Myrna Loy used to say when she was Miss Fu Manchu, Hollywood's got its points and I'll be lying back in two weeks. Get that fasted calf ready, Hollywood, and I don't mean Kate Smith's.
Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!
Laurel New his night involved fiasco Don glorified delightful water, around fascinating containing (Wynne Will be beauty tary of you younger son, irritated by his wealthy family's lack of democracy, marries an Indian girl just for spirit (Raymond.)

BELLA DONNA—Fine. A British adaptation of Robert Hitchcock's dramatic story o. the beautiful adventuress who, while married to an English engineer, falls in love with a charismatic Egyptian. (Conrad Veidt, Mary Ellis, Leonard Mudie.)

BEST MAN WINS—Good. The stiltward Jack Holt and dynamic Edward Lowe do their "stuff" in this film which, with a few flaws, lives up to its motif. Florence Rice is the girl they emote over.

BRIGHT EYES—Good. The atmosphere of Christmas hovers over this latest Shirley Temple yarn, and you'll love it. As an added gift, we have Jimmy Dunn teamed with our Shirley once again.

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fine. These Charlie Chan films always promise a nestled evening. Obadiah, as perfect as the statue Chinese detective unravelling a murder mystery that has the French police baffled. (Mary Brian.)

CHURCH MOUSE, THE—Good. The transformation of an ugly duckling, employed as secretary to an important businessman, into a raving beauty is used once more with the usual entertaining results. (Laure La Plante, Ian Hunter.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fine. A new Will Rogers film ought to gladden all your hearts. The scene is Wyoming, at the time when women gained their first vote, and the cast boasts Louise Dresser, Evelyn Venable and Stem Fitchett.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Fine. A (laughing on the character died takes place between a philosophical priest and a charming crook (Wallace Beery.) Dunray, played by Robert Harron, is the heroine who weaves romance into the theme.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—Amusing. There's a threesome in this sparkling comedy that few of us can resist—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery! Have we intrigued you?

GAMBLING—Fair. George M. Cohan (re-creates himself in "The Phantom President") in a mystery play of his own writing which unfortunately won't add any laurels to his crown. (Wynn Gibson, Dorothy Burgess.)

GRAND OLD GIRL—Good. A story woven around a small-town high school with Mary Robson the kind-hearted principal. It's full of holism, but you'll enjoy it nevertheless. (Mary Carlisle, Fred MacMurray.)

GREEN EYES—Fair. A mystery yarn that is rather mildly motivated. In cast Claude Gillingwater, Bruce Grey, Charles Starrett.

HERE IS MY HEART—Entertaining. A charming comedy with music patterned after the delightful "Sunbonnet Sue" and the "Guitare" theme and with Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle singing their way into your hearts.

IMITATION OF LIFE—Splendid. Fanny Hurst wrote this story touching so feelingly on the race problem. Generous comedy situations are woven with the poignant drama of incidents. (Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, Warner Oland.)

IT'S A GIFT—Fine. Here's a barrel of fun for all W.C. Fields' addicts, and their name is legion. Baby, it's a gift!... So what more can you ask for if you're looking for laughs and plenty of nonsense?

LITTLE MEN—Fine. A tender little tale of boyhood, written by the famous author of "Little Women." The story takes place in New England in the '70's, and the cast includes Frankie Darro, Dickie Moore, Ralph Morgan.

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Interesting. Paris during the war. With Charlie Rains as a journalist who ghost-writes for his publisher, Lionel Atwill, the latter having a yen for Joan Bennett, Rains' wife.

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Fair. Wilson Baines, the popular wise-cracker, is with us again in one of his typical roles. Conrad Nagle plays his superior officer and Esther Ralston is the girl they both love.

MEN OF THE NIGHT—Fair. A melodrama crook story that will satisfy you on a double-header program. Judith Allen and Bruce Cabot head the cast.

MIGHTY BARNUM, THE—Fine. With Wallace Beery playing magnificently some of the more interesting incidents in the life of America's greatest circus manager, you're bound to be entertained. (Adolph Menjou, Virginia Bruce.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Fair. There are some amusing sequences in this screen story of a Hollywood studio's search for a second Shirley Temple. (Arline Judge, Ray Walker.)

MURDER IN THE CLOUDS—Fine. All air-minded youngsters will eat this up, and who isn't a "air-minded youngster" these days? It has thrills, mystery, romance. Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak have the leading roles.

MYSTERY WOMAN—Entertaining. A dramatic film based on an espionage idea that holds the interest consistently. (Rod La Rocque, John Halliday, Mona Barrie and Gilbert Roland.)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Slightly goozy. You have the makings of an hilarious if somewhat nutty plot when an eccentric inventor turns store statues into human beings and human beings into stone! (Alma Mowbray, Florence McKeevny.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Good. A breezy little yarn about a night club entertainer (Hume BARNES) who, in her spare time, gets mixed up with jewel robbers, romance, etc. (Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanagh.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Amusing. One of those rollicking little comedy stunts that are so similar throughout. Your lips all the way through—with Joe Morrison, Helen Twelvetrees and Conrad Nagle in the cast.

PAINTED VEIL, THE—Interesting. The glamorous Garbo is involved in one of those inevitable triangles with John Barrymore and Charles Channing, and with such charmers as Herb, Marshall and Geo. Brent capturing her heart—and ours, too.

PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE—Unusual. This film dares to be different. At the same time it tells a story of political intrigue that is absorbing and romantic. (Arthur Byron, Ed. Arnold, Peggy Conklin.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN—Good. Douglas Fairbanks returns to us in a British film featuring the romantic exploits of a Don Juan grown considerably older and somewhat wiser. The feminine eye-falls are Merle Oberon, Beulah Bondi, Adrianne, etc.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN—Fine. Francis Lederer is in a naïve little tale of a foreigner who has difficulty making the grade in America—but who finally achieves happiness through the aid of a chumie—Ginger Rogers.

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Good. A mystery story having a political background, with a generous mixture of suspense and romance. (Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell.)

SEQUOIA—Fine. All lovers of animals will be fascinated by this film depicting the romance between a deer and a puma. Jean Parker is the little lady who adopted these two in their infancy.

SWEET ADELINE—Colorful musical. The Gay 90's once more! This time with Irene Dunne emporing and singing gloriously in the title role. (Louis Calhern, Hugh Herbert.)

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your emotional interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

WHITE LIES—Fair. A melodrama involving a glibbeded "top," a publisher, the publisher's pretty daughter, and a murder of course. In cast, Victor Jory, Walter Connolly, Fay Wray and Leslie Fenton.

WICKED WOMAN, THE—Fair. Mady Christians, the glamorous Vienesse actress, cast, oddly enough, as a Texas swamp lady who kills her brutal husband and spends years preparing to pay for his crime. (Jean Parker, Chas. Bickford.)


SILVER SCREEN
She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town, found himself pitch-forked into the rough of Red Gap. • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough screen character of Red Gap. • All of which explains how the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap", the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the plots ever concocted. • Just to Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien the manner in which a gesture of the hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even his walk is funny! • who makes his bow to the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, and hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".

for March 1935
LIPS
that have ALLURE
How To Use A Lipstick.
By Mary Lee

Once when we were a very young and new beauty editor, we told a certain alluring movie star that she had the prettiest mouth we had ever seen on the screen.
"It just speaks for itself," we declared.
And she was furious.
"Do you mean to tell me," she raged, "that I have those horrible painted looking lips! Off with your head!" Or words to that effect.
We learned then, that many of the movie stars are the most conservative people in the world about the use of make-up, particularly lipstick. They know how frightfully important it is. They know that often it is the keynote of the entire appearance. They insist that only the right use be made of it.
The shape of your mouth is one of the most characteristic things about you. Try this game sometime. Draw the shape of the mouth of your favorite movie star on a piece of paper and see if your friends can guess whose it is. Nine times out of ten, if you have drawn it well, they will recognize it.

Lips important? We should say they are!

In making up your mouth, first decide what the general shape of yours is. On this page we have selected six attractive types from which to choose. Is yours a wide, generous mouth like Joan Crawford's? Has it the deep, seductive curves of Harlow's? Is it sweet and shapely like that of Margaret Sullivan? Or broad and fairly direct as Katharine Hepburn's. Or small and deeply curving like Joan Bennett?

You will find if you study them, that your lips are similar to one or the other of these types. We have selected them not to encourage you to pick out one of them and make your lips like theirs. On no! But to help you see your mouth at its lovely best in the person of a star, so you may highlight its best points with your lipstick.

One of the most fatal and un-beautiful things we know is that always unsuccessful attempt to shape lips in some way that nature did not intend them to go. A perfect Cupid's bow, if you do not have a perfect Cupid's bow naturally, is not at all essential to beauty. But decide on the real shape nature intended your mouth to have and then glorify it.

Out in Hollywood they have a number of tricks with lipstick. If lips are too large, lipstick is used conservatively. If they seem too small, generous lipstick will make them more prominent and therefore seem larger. One star whose mouth was too large for beauty found that a trick with two shades of lipstick helped her. First she outlined the edges of her lips with the darker shade. Then she did very carefully. She then filled in this outline with a brighter shade, blending the two together into a smooth whole. It is a trick which takes practice and a steady hand, but it does make a large mouth appear smaller.

One girl had a large lower lip and a very much smaller upper one. She solved her lipstick problem by painting only the upper lip, pressing the two together to transfer color to the lower one. This had the advantage of bringing the upper lip into prominence and minimizing too low or too large.

If you like the color of a certain lipstick, but do not find that it is permanent enough to suit you, here is a trick that will increase its staying qualities. Apply it generously, smooth it in, then while you are powdering your face dust a thin film of powder over your lips. Wipe this off. Re-apply the lipstick and let it dry. This will make the color last twice as long as it would without the powder.

If, on the contrary, it is a very indelible lipstick you like, yet you feel it is a little too glaring. do this. Put it on as heavily as you like. Then press your mouth against a piece of tissue taking off an imprint of your lips. This will remove just the right amount of lipstick to give you a conservative appearance, without impairing the indelibility of the lipstick at all.

If you have any difficulty in deciding which rouge to use with which shade of lipstick, look into the Christy Gift set. This is a brand new arrangement which places together eight rouge shades with their appropriate lipstick colors. Each is numbered, so that you may order them by number thereafter.

This takes the guess work out of make-up! It assures you of a natural complexion too! While we are on this subject of naturalness, a word should be said of Tangee, that magic little stick which changes color on your lips to the shade most becoming and natural to you.

Elizabeth Arden makes a number of fascinating roge and lipstick ensembles to be worn with the different shades fashion is favoring this year.

Here is something in the way of lip preparations which has received all too little attention. It's mean Roger and Gallet's lip pomade. It is shaped like a lipstick, has a lovely rose color (which of course doesn't pretend to be lasting), and the big advantage of softening and soothing and making your lips chap-proof.
His FLAMING SWORD smashed India.
and the heart of the woman he loved!

CLIVE of INDIA
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

Starring RONALD COLMAN
LORETTA YOUNG

with Colin Clive - Francis Lister - C. Aubrey Smith - Cesar Romero
Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI - Written by W.P. Lipscomb & R.J.Minney

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta"! First time on the screen! See

The charge of the battle elephants...strangest warriors in history...in the mighty conflict at Plassey! See

Clive crawl through enemy lines at Trichinopoly, to become a nation's hero...a Man of Destiny! See

An Indian ruler's human chessboard...with beauties as pawns...and with Death to the losers! See

for March 1935
MRS. EMMA THOMAS of Edgecliffe Drive, Los Angeles, Calif., asked Cary Grant to tell her his preference for comedy or dramatic roles. CARY GRANT'S ANSWER:

Chalk, in itself, is quite a tool. I assure you. I do hope you will continue to like me on the screen. Let's hope you'll be seeing me for some time to come.

CARRIE Klovrza of 30th Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., in her direct manner asked Jean Muir about her career. JEAN MUIR'S ANSWER:

Dear Carrie, Klovrza,

Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed reading it. In response to your question, I am almost a musician on the screen. I have been in a little over a year under contract to Warner Bros. I have been working in pictures, but I don't know about Hollywood as a town. And at my next motion picture I will find more time to practice. Thank you again for your letter. I appreciate your writing. Your letters are the only authentic Hollywood teas.

Sincerely,

Jean Muir

MARJORIE OWEN of Isle, Minn., admires Patricia Ellis immensely, but she wrote to ask if Patricia emulated the man on the flying trapeze. PATRICIA ELLIS' ANSWER:

Dear Miss Owen,

Thank you for your very kind letter. Let me first say that I am not interested in any kind of flying, but I think you have a very good sense of humor. I am looking forward to seeing you soon.

CARRIE Klovrza

MARY RITA NICHOLSON of Center Street, Chicago, Ill., asked Bob Montgomery to clear up the point as to whether he had or had not a good singing voice. BOB ANSWERS CHARACTERISTICALLY:

(Montgomery's Letter)

Dear Miss Nicholson—

Thank you very much for your letter. As for my voice—don't believe all you hear over the radio. In common with a good many voices in the world mine only sounds really well in the shower—

Thank you—

Robert Montgomery

LEONARD THIELMAN of South Barker Ave., Evansville, Ind., asked "Which was your best performance, Mr. March?" FREDRIC MARCH'S ANSWER:

Dear Leonard Thielman,

My dear Leonard,

Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed reading it. In response to your question, I am almost a musician on the screen. I have been in a little over a year under contract to Warner Bros. I have been working in pictures, but I don't know about Hollywood as a town. And at my next motion picture I will find more time to practice. Thank you again for your letter. I appreciate your writing. Your letters are the only authentic Hollywood teas.

Sincerely,

Fredric March

PATRICIA ELLIS

Dear Patricia,

Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed reading it. In response to your question, I am almost a musician on the screen. I have been in a little over a year under contract to Warner Bros. I have been working in pictures, but I don't know about Hollywood as a town. And at my next motion picture I will find more time to practice. Thank you again for your letter. I appreciate your writing. Your letters are the only authentic Hollywood teas.
SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . . your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she never goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for your complexion to find spring-freshness and satiny-smoothness!

IVORY SOAP : • 99 4/100 % PURE
**DIFFICULT DAYS?**

I don't have them any more!

“When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question— even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet.”

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for you. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is not a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try.

---

**An Invitation**

To try it without expense; mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and receive trial box free.

Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________

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**You’re Telling Me?**

The $10 Letter

**THE** movies provide a temporary, but complete, anesthetic for hours when fear and anxiety and a tired body tangle thoughts. They lift me from my own life,” writes Hannah Gimble of S. E. Rivers, Bloom- ville, Ind. “Often I slip alone into a seat (a cheap seat in the balcony now, where I may go with unpolished shoes and cotton gloves, and where, dropping all defenses, I can, or a tears, discontinue the fight.) When I do this, I can forget who I am, and where, and why, and, out of the affair, and from the arm of the player, I find rest and a new will to go on.”

See Gibbons’ “Shakespea Are Born” and “The Gay Di- vorce” then let me know you’re don’t.

“IM TELLING you that every tense- ment, every gutter, every cemetery, every poor house is chuck full of logical end- ings,” writes Jim Wallace of Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif. “Each time you pick up the paper and read through the divorce columns and the murder stories, you find dozens of ‘em. We can’t escape ‘em. But in my movies, I want glamour, and fairy tales, and poor boys who get rich, and mugs who get the right girl, and all the rest of it. Gimme the fantastic, the im- possible, the whatever you want to call it. It’s escape from reality, and priceless.

Gee, don’t say it’s impossible!”

“WALLACE BEERY and Will Rogers are my true favorites, for they have un- derstandable reactions to situations that confront them in their screen stories. I like them because they do not suppress their emotions with a ‘spoker face’ expression. There is no question as to how they feel—it makes them human,” writes Herman Hoch of E. Anaheim Road, Anaheim, Calif.

That’s the way we play bridge.

KAY LEATHERS of Pack- and Rd., Toledo, Ohio, writes: “I can’t resist giving Charlie Ruggles a figurative pat on the back for his grand work in ‘Pursuit of Happiness’. He even made my husband chuckle and, let me tell you, that’s the height of something or other ‘cause he’s a sort of ‘movie-grouch!”

What every woman knows!

---

**What’s The Use Of Voltaire’s Defending Your Right To Express Yourself Unless You Write Us Your Opinions—And Call A Spade A Major Suit.**

Marlene Dietrich talks to Japan at the opening of the Trans-Pacific Radio Tele- phone. At left: Y. Sakai, Tokyo newspaper man. Now Japan can talk back.

THE REASON I enjoy Miss West is because she is refreshing after the ‘weak’ women so often portrayed by the Jean Parker, and the strong silent women as portrayed by the Garbo,” writes Helen Spuyen of Walnut St., Newark, N. J.

“Here’s to Mac—long may she star.”

She’s a comedienne. Isn’t that what pleased you?

“LONG before movies were invented we had robbery, arson, murder and sudden death just as we do today,” writer M. I. Woodruff, of Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. “No doubt Uncle Tom’s Cabin and ‘Hamlet’ were responsible for earlier lapse from civic virtue. At that, ‘Hamlet’ presents every type of violence from suicide to murder. Yet children are urged to witness as many performances of ‘Hamlet’ and the rest of Shakespeare’s plays as possible. Why blame the movies for crime and delinquent children?

The Bard should be barred, eh?

“SO COMPLETELY was I held and fascinated by Robert Donat in ‘The Count of Monte Cristo’ that I hate to find fault. But shouldn’t his hair have grown to a greater length than his coat collar, inasmuch as mine reaches shoulder length in the passing of one single summer?” writes Jean Darling of Roberts Ave., Glen- side, Pa.

Ah, but you do not have rats to eat it off.

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**Silver Screen**

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$10 for the best and $2 for every other letter printed. Address “You’re Telling Me,” Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.
Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.

Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!

Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.

Heigh-Oh, Everybody!... Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors—Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubadour, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.

Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.
Jobyna Plans Dick Arlen's Diet

Um-m-m! Steak And Onions

By Ruth Corbin

NE of the most sensible and capable wives in Hollywood is pretty Jobyna Ralston, wife of Richard and mother of eighteen-months old Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr.

I visited at the Arlen home, out near Toluca Lake, the other afternoon. Dick had gone fishing. The baby was asleep and Joby was fixing a green salad and getting a steak ready to fry. She told me that steak, smothered in onions, is Dick's "favorite fruit" for golf afternoons, because he is about as hungry as a bear when he returns from the links.

Dick takes his game seriously and, every afternoon that he is not working, he can be found at the golf club. In the beginning, he was rather clumsy and handled his club like a baseball bat, but now he is rated as one of Hollywood's best golfers and shoots around 70.

After she had finished in the kitchen, Joby took me into the living-room and showed me her preparations for St. Patrick's Day. She has inside the little place cards herself and attached them to small clay pipes, and the favors are green crepe paper stove-pipe hats. Her room decorations are large green paper shamrocks. It is very easy to create a bit of Ireland in Joby's drawing-room for she has so much needlework in evidence and two large brass chests near the fireplace.

Joby says they have friends in on St. Patrick's Day every year, because it is the one day of the year when they can have their favorite foods without making apologies to anybody. Joby is Irish, even to the name—good old "Brady."

Believe it or not, her favorite dishes are pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, and corned beef and cabbage. Dick's favorite entree is "Tennessee mammy," and he knows all the tricks of Southern cookery.

The Arlen's nurse is a real old Southern mammy who knows her share of the culinary art too, so the kitchen is an important part in the menage. It is done in canary yellow and white with a white and yellow tile floor, a huge white gas range, with roomy baking and warming ovens, and large windows through which the California sun pours all day. White and yellow curtains frame the windows and there are small potted geraniums on the sill.

Jobyna and Dick are Hollywood's hardest perennial married lovers. Neither seems a day older than when they stole away from the Paramount studio, where they were working in "Wings," and went to Riverside to be married. This took place about nine years ago.

They only succeeded in getting enough time off for the wedding ceremony and never a sign of a vacation for three years. Joby worked in 13 pictures in a row and Dick in 11. When they finally went to Honolulu, Joby said she couldn't by any stretch of the imagination call it a honeymoon, for they were old married folks by that time.

What honeymoons they had was spent afternoons and Sundays at their Toluca Lake home, laying concrete and upholstering furniture. They spent their spare time down town, rummaging through basement stores for striking pieces of run-down chairs, sofas and such and they would buy and repaint and re-upholster them. They made a real hobby of it and at the same time they turned their place into a real home at small cost.

Joby said that when they first started housekeeping she was glad she could cook, for they always had a ravenous appetite at dinner time, and, when they worked after dinner, they would fix a midnight snack. They still do, upon occasion.

Joby's pièce de résistance is fried chicken, Southern style, which she makes by rolling each piece in a batter made of egg yolks and then rolling in flour and frying until brown.

She is
equally good at making spaghetti. Nobody ever thinks of turning down an invitation to her famous spaghetti dinners. She cooks the spaghetti Italian style. Here is her recipe:

1 lb. spaghetti
15 lb. ground round steak
3 diced onions
Cup of olive oil
Small piece of garlic
Large portion of celery

Heat olive oil and put in the diced onions, small piece of garlic and celery. Heart and cook until tender, then make the steak into balls and cook with the mixture and add a pound of freshly cooked spaghetti.

The Bing Crosbys are neighbors of Joby and Dick and the two young couples are practically inseparable. They dine and play together. Dick and Bing play golf and discuss children together.

Dixie Crosby has returned to pictures via Paramount, and, the day I visited with Joby she, has received a tempting offer from an independent company which she was seriously considering. I believe it is only a matter of time until she will return to the stage, for young master Allet is a healthy, normal baby and can be safely turned over to his competent and sympathetic nurse. Joby would not need to feel she was neglecting him when he is in such capable care. She gave up the screen a year and a half before baby Richard was born.

Dick and Joby made an extensive tour of Europe last year and took the baby and his nurse with them. While they were running around Switzerland they left the baby at Nice.

Joby showed me a beautiful gold bracelet with bangles on it. Each bangle had been purchased in a different country during their visit and was a gift, of course, from Dick.

She said they did not care much for American foods as they were all rich in oils and fat, although they were served with tempting wines. Dick got along fairly well during the trip and had to exercise daintily and diet, too, when he returned, before he got down to his right weight.

Dick is terribly fond of beef stew but doesn’t eat it very often. Instead he eats medium rare steaks, smothered in onions, and more frequently he eats lamb chops with green peas.

Both are fond of green and combination salads. Also of avocado salad, but this they eat only occasionally because of its fattening qualities. For Dick’s benefit they use very little bacon and mineral oil dressings prepared with sugar, salt and pepper. They also use a non-fattening salad dressing made by mixing lemon juice with honey.

When they entertain the Crosbys they serve dinner family style of course, but when more guests are invited, they serve buffet dinners, with cold meats, sandwiches, and relishes.

Joby and Dick often enjoy light midnight “snacks” together, of scrambled eggs, cooked with finely chopped tomato and a small bit of green pepper, and they prefer ovaltine to coffee at these late lunches.

They aren’t the only ones who entertain on St. Patrick’s Day. When I began counting Irish noses in Hollywood, I found a baker’s dozen quite easily, and most of them remember the traditions of the old sod. There are George Brent, Phil Regan, Bill Gargan, Colleen Moore, Maureen O’Sullivan, Ruby Keeler, Margaret Sullivan, Boris Karloff, Pat O’Brien, Binxie, Mary Boland, etc. The list is endless. I’m Irish myself. I have always felt that Clark Gable was miscast in his real life role. He is Irish and believe he would have made a better Irishman than for he has the true Irishman’s sense of humor and good-fellowship and his favorite dish is Irish Stew. He told me so.

for MARCH 1935
Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, that's all!

It is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE... Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢
DOLORES DEL RIO is the one Hollywood beauty who has discovered a way and means to retain her beautiful bronze sun-tan all the year round. The sun-bath at her home is not just one of those ordinary sun-bath contraptions. It is a pit, six feet deep, with stairs leading down to gleaming white sands. It is here the lovely Dolores basks daily in not just ordinary sands, either, but the very finest, imported twice yearly from a particular seashore at Monterey, California, and said to contain a certain crystalline element which sustains great heat value, making for an even, healthy, more permanent tan.

FRANCES DEE's sister, Margaret, makes her film debut in "Becky Sharp," in which picture Frances makes her "come-back" after becoming a mother. Margaret just happened to drop out on the set to see her sister one day—and the director saw her—and loved her, a new actress. And we sit on sets day in and day out and no director yet has even given us a side-glance.

JOEL McCREA and Pat O'Brien both buy the dresses and hats their wives wear. And that's courage.

SINCE their grand performances in "Imitation of Life," folks out Hollywood way have been wanting to know something about Louise Beavers and Fredi Washington. Louise was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was educated in the public schools of Pasadena, California. She entered pictures about 1923 and works continuously, but not until "Imitation of Life" has she ever had a truly great role. Louise Beavers off the screen is very much like the young Aunt Deleiah on the screen. One of her most cherished possessions is a wire from Claudette Colbert received the night of the preview of "Imitation of Life."

Fredi Washington, who plays Aunt Deleiah's daughter in the picture, and makes you dissolve in tears when she repeats at her mother's funeral, was born in Savannah, Georgia, and she attended the St. Elizabeth Convent and the local high school there. She has appeared mostly on the New York stage in such successes as "Porgy" and in "Black Boy," opposite Paul Robeson. She was acclaimed by the critics when she appeared in the screen production of "Emperor Jones," which was done by an all-colored cast.

After "Imitation of Life" she returned to New York.

H. V. HUGHES and Marian Marsh are the most consistent night clubbers these winter nights in Hollywood. While he was week-ending in Palm Springs, playboy Howard escorted Isabel Jewell to the Dunes, and to the tennis matches, and here and there, but Lee Tracy didn't seem to like the idea much so Isabel came home.

MARLENE DIETRICH has decided to do for the cameramen what Joan Crawford did for the gardeners. In every scene almost of "Caprice Espagnol" she has cameramen strew all over the place. And now Marlene matches her petticoat with the fragrance of the flowers. Although she thinks this cameraman lad amusing and contagious, it's still tuberoses which Marlene surrounds herself with in her dressing room and home.

MAY ROBSON and Nat Pendleton spend all their spare time on the "Reckless" set bending over a checker board. May claims she's the best and Nat claims he is.

CLARK GABLE has deserted his famous swimming sweaters, which were such a rage a year or so ago, and has now gone in for zipper jackets.

JOHN LODGE has his Easter plans all made, although he isn't sure all his friends will like them. This Easter some one gave his four year old daughter a pair of rabbits. Now the Lodge backyard houses twenty-four bunnies which John is planning to give to all his friends as Easter gifts.

AFAMOUS painter who has just done Dolores Del Rio in oils says that Dolores is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, and calls her a "cathedral in a jungle"—whatever that means.

ONE of the most sought after actors in Hollywood right now is Tullio Carminati, who rode into cinema fame along with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love." Every producer is trying to get him all signed on the dotted line. But the intelligent Mr. Carminati will not accept a role unless he likes it.

RICHARD DIX and his wife, the former Virginia Webster, are Hollywood's newest socialites.

THIRTY-FOUR girls applied for the position of maid to Fay Wray when she arrived in London. Eleven offered to work for nothing. Fay's choice turned out to be the Princess Marina's former maid.

AT RECENT Hollywood social affairs Connie Bennett has started the new fad of wearing a large silver initial in place of a corsage.

JEANETTE MacDonald is practically the only actress in Hollywood who never uses perfume. She likes it—but it makes her sneeze.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN went back to Alabama recently to see the folks and returned to Hollywood with three new horses for his car.

JEAN HARLOW, Hollywood's newest authors—and just wait until you get a load of her new book, it's really something—sleeps these nights with a pencil

[Continued on page 58]
"IT'S A SWELL"

The Writing Profession, Thanks To The Screen, Is At Last Out Of The Garret And In The Money.

I FEEL, as I start this article, much as a vandal might feel who sneaked into the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the dead of night, knife in hand, to slash and rip a beautiful painting. The parallel is not too far fetched. I'm about to destroy the generally accepted portrait of an author, the romantic portrait that hangs on the casel of public imagination.

While acknowledging the vandalism, I must blame the whole thing on the editor of this magazine. He called me on the telephone the other day. With a Little Jack Horner gesture, he grabbed the dial instrument, put in his thumb and pulled out my number from the criss-cross of wires that go to make up the Murray Hill telephone exchange of New York.

"Sullivan," he snarled, "you have written at length of the terrific salaries that are paid to motion picture stars and you've arched your editorial eyebrows at the fortunes paid to motion picture directors and executives. What about the writers? Do they labor in the Hollywood vineyards just for Art, or is there a cash register attachment on their typewriters? I want you to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the colossal sums of dough that are hauled out of Hollywood each week by your companions in literary crime."

That was on a Monday. On Tuesday I called him back and said: "Mr. Editor, I've taken the sitzeasy just up with some of my fellow writers and we think that we would be better to skip the whole thing. After all, we writers are idealists, and while we do ask money for our efforts ..." I got no further than this. On the other end of the phone strange noises were manifest and it was evident that Ye Editor was in a bit of a temper. "So the writers won't talk, eh?" he challenged. "Sullivan, have that article on my desk by noon or you're through, canned, fired. That's final." He hung up violently. When he hung up, I sensed that I had come to one of the crucial moments of my career, Well, sir, I was in a quandary, I had no Camel to give me a lift, as the ads say. I had no Murad to give me that non-chalant feeling. I didn't even have a Spud to cool off the editor. To borrow the words of another literary giant, Durante, I was mortified.

I had to do something, but what? The editor demanded that I sell out my fellow writers for a mess of potage. With a bag of gold in his hand, he was seeking to bribe me into becoming a Benedict Arnold. He asked me to plant the kiss of Judas on the checks of the Writers' Guild. Then and there I made up my mind I'd tell him a thing or two. I called him on the phone. I said: "Mr. Editor, I'll write the article immediately."

So, here goes. Here's the lowdown on the best racket since repeal. Help yourself to a fortune.

Let's start at the beginning, as the man said who dug the Holland Tunnel. I know, after sixteen years of writing for New York papers, that those of you outside our profession have some romantic notion of what we are like.

It is the general conception, for instance, that a writer is a cross between a poet and a dreamer, and twice as impractical in business affairs. As a matter of fact most of the writers I travel with are just about as impractical as J. P. Morgan or your local banker. It is gener-

Robert Riskin is the writer who made both "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" great screen successes.

Frances Marion writes almost entirely for the screen. Author of "The Champ" and "Emma."

Laurence Stallings (left) and Maxwell Anderson who wrote "What Price Glory" while working on the editorial staff of the old New York World.
ally believed that a creative author can be singled out from a crowd by his pale and interesting countenance, the pallor being the direct result of undernourishment. I deny this vigorously. If a writer is pale, it only proves that he spends too much time checking his dough in the United States mint.

It is believed that the greatest writers live in attics. Ridiculous—they all have yachts. The only part of the romantic Portrait of an Author which is true is that part of it which has him chuck-full of bad corn liquor. That is reasonably accurate. I can suggest one addition. If he is a newspaperman, you can add to this picture a turned down slouch hat, and, if he is in

Ben Hecht takes his ease. When he works somebody pays $1,000 per day. He is the highest priced of the Hollywood writers.

Let's draw a more accurate picture by means of comparisons. Ronald Colman gets a lot of money to star in a picture. Ernst Lubitsch gets a lot of money to direct it. Irving Thalberg gets a lot of money to produce it. Yet one writer got $2,000,000 for authoring a single picture. General Lew Wallace, who wrote "Ben Hur," drove a shrewd bargain, getting a cash guarantee and an option of the profits. As a result of this clause in the M-G-M contract, his end amounted to close to $2,000,000. Dreamy-eyed, impractical authors? Impractical, my eye.

George S. Kaufman, another starry-eyed, impractical colossus

Bradford Ropes off in pin money, $250 for "42nd Street," a fabulous money maker. Fox also refused to give the figures, so here they are. Fox paid Noel Coward's prize of $110,000 for a double sale of "Cavalcade" and "Bittersweet." Paramount was the third of the majors to refuse price lists of authors. Perhaps they didn't want me to know that they paid Ernest Hemingway $25,000 for "Farewell to Arms."

Those poor authors! A wave of sympathy for them sweeps you when I tell you that Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern split a cool $125,000 for picture rights to "Rose Marie." William Anthony McGuire and the collaborators on "Rio Rita," divvied up R-K-O's check for $125,000. Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin backed up their armored money trucks and carted away $320,000 for "Smilin' Through." Rudolph Besier got $90,000 for "Harlets of Wimpole Street." Dashiel Hammett's "The Thin Man" netted him $75,000. Philip Barry was enriched by $75,000 for "Animal Kingdom."

The Salvation Army really should have its attention directed toward these starving authors. Columbia paid Joseph Hergesheimer $25,000 for "Tellable David." Louis Bromfield came out of his attic long enough to pick up [Continued on page 61]
“I CAN HARDLY WAIT—”

By Helen Louise Walker

I AM counting the days! I can hardly wait until I may see upon the screen a number of pictures which are now in production or are waiting for release. This is not merely because I have been told that these are super productions with expensive casts and elaborate sets and costumes. It is because of the human elements concerned in their making... the real drama behind the shadowed drama, if you know what I mean.

A motion picture is a delicate product. A great many people contribute their efforts to its making... and it is by this combination of human beings, by this strange welding of effort, emotion, cross purposes, concentration, that astounding effects are sometimes produced. A picture is not like a ragout... so much of this, a dash of that and the flavor will be thus and so.

Pour into a pot a director, in love with his leading woman, the leading woman in love with some other star's leading man, a character actor, agonized over his wife's illness, a child star, wide-eyed at the wonders of a new make-believe world, an eager novice, so tense with the desire to make good in her first part that she is practically paralyzed each time she must read a line... a romantic hero, blazé with the adulation of a million women. Add to these the temperament of the writer of the story, the frustration of the man who adapted it, the artistic strivings of the cameraman... the shrewd analysis of the producer who is paying for it all and who sees it in terms of hard, cold dollars and cents.

It is a taut combination of human effort, ambition, emotion which may lead you, in imagination, anywhere! The real life drama is often much more important than the concocted one.

I am looking forward, for instance, to "Reckless," which is now in production at M-G-M with Bill Powell, Jean Harlow. Everyone in Hollywood and a great many people outside have known for months that Jean and Bill were in love with one another. Each of them has suffered a deal of heart-ache in the past few years. Their romance was founded, in the first place, on mutual sympathy and friendship. How, one wondered, would they work together?
Hollywood Is Impatient To See The New Pictures, For, Behind Many Scenes, There Are Hidden Dramas and Romances

There is a new, a gentler Jean these days... there is a mellower Bill. They seem to have such fun on the set between scenes. There are little, secret jokes between the two of them, little presents left on dressing tables, hurried excursions to the commissary while the lights are being re-arranged.

I want to see whether this new found happiness shows in their performances. I want to know whether I shall see upon the screen the different Jean and Bill whom we see off the screen these days. I want to see whether that new-found spark between them will photograph...

I am counting the days, too, until I see "The Good Fairy" with Margaret Sullivan. Margaret, you know, fell in love with William Wyler, the director, while they were making that picture. The story of that romance is one of the most amusing in all the annals of Hollywood romance. The two did not know one another until they met on that set... and they took an instant and violent dislike to one another. Margaret’s dislike for Bill and her disapproval of his directorial methods became so acute that she demanded that her agent secure her release from the picture, even if it cost her her Universal contract!

They used to squabble over the rushes in the projection room. One evening the squabbling became so animated that Bill suggested that she have dinner with him so that they might continue the quarrel. Margaret consented, vigorously, and afterward they went to the beach where they discovered a mutual passion for riding on roller coasters. They rode round and round, disliking one another less with each dip and curve and finally Bill kissed her, anticipating a good poke in the nose for his temerity. But Margaret did not resent it, so... naturally... he did it again. By the time the concession closed and they were obliged to cease their dizzy hurrying through space, they were engaged.

They were married when the picture was finished.

Will the growth of that romance show in the picture? Will the mutual dislike between director and actress show in the early sequences and will the dawn of that love show in Margaret’s eyes as she looks past the camera at Bill? Will she give her best performance in this picture? I am counting the days...

I am counting the days, too, until "Caprice Espagnole" shall be released, with Marlene Dietrich. Here, indeed, is drama behind drama which should make its mark upon the picture! Marlene, of course, is devoted to Josef Von Sternberg, as an artist, as a mentor, grateful to him as her [Continued on page 63]
"HOW I RAISED SHIRLEY"

"Does Shirley Eat Her Spinach?"
You Will Want To Read Mrs. Gertrude Temple's Story.

I GET letters every day from mothers all over the United States asking me about Shirley. How I have managed to raise her this far without her being spoiled, how I avoid discipline, or how I get her to do the things I want her to do.

I want to tell the truth about Shirley from the time she was born, until today, and I want everyone who reads this story to know that I am not trying to gloss over or omit anything from my story.

When Shirley was born, I had two older children—both boys. My oldest son, Jack, was fifteen and my youngest, "Sonny," was twelve. Naturally, with such a wide gap in their ages, I have not had the problems in discipline between Shirley and her brothers that happen in most families.

My husband and I had always wanted a baby girl, so when she came we were delighted beyond reason. She was a pretty little baby with blue eyes, golden-hair and rosy checks. From the first, we have kept her on a strict schedule so far as diet, sleep and exercise are concerned and she is the living proof that healthy children are happy children. She has never cried or been disagreeable in any way.

Even when she was teething, she gave us very little trouble. She had her "off" days naturally—but we kept her as quiet as possible, and that was all. Beyond a few "sniffling" colds that she has caught five or six times during her life, Shirley has never had anything wrong with her physically. She has escaped the diseases that most children fall heir to. Her brothers had already had mumps, measles and all those contagious, childish ailments, but, as Shirley has never attended public schools and has not been allowed to play in public parks or at crowded beaches, she has not contracted illnesses of any kind.

She is an independent little rascal, has her own private opinions about everything and does not hesitate to speak her mind. She has never been a mollycoddle in any sense of the word. I have never believed in talking "baby talk" to her or in making her feel younger than she really is. In fact, Shirley has always been treated like a grown-up, because all the rest of her family was grown-up when she came to us.

When she was two years old she began to display a rare sense of rhythm and would keep time with her feet to the music on the radio. Finally, I enrolled her in a baby dancing class and she soon became their star pupil. However, I do not believe that the dancing lessons can be credited with developing Shirley's personality. That is something she has always had. When she was a baby, she loved everybody she met and was always alive to everything going on around her. She loves people now. She loves crowds and she likes action. She wants to be doing something every minute. She hates to keep still and never could.

As for problems in discipline, they are few and far between. I have been very careful about never letting her fall down on anything I have asked her to do. If she does anything that I know is not right or good for her, I point it out to her right at that moment. She rarely repeats an offense. Shirley is sensible and this makes things easy for me. I think every mother can do the same with her children if she has patience and time to do so.
Shirley's diet has been rigidly adhered to and she eats all vegetables with relish, even spinach and carrots. Just recently she has acquired a distance for eggs. I give her one for breakfast each morning and lately she has left about half of it. She says she doesn't like it and I haven't forced her to eat it. The same goes for buttermilk. She doesn't care for it and I haven't tried to make her drink it. I have never cuddled or "hubbled" Shirley and if she ever offered to rebel against my wishes I would use force to see that she did what she was told. I have spanked her soundly upon three or four occasions when she was slow about minding me, but I do not find it necessary to use force often. Although she is good and tractable, like every child she has her moments.

I believe firmly in the old maxim, "spare the rod and you spoil the child." I think a child must feel that you are willing to back up your demands with force if necessary. This conviction gives you moral support as far as their own thoughts are concerned. And I do not believe a spoiled child is ever a happy one.

I am an old-fashioned mother in every way. I do not let Shirley get the idea that she is too important in our scheme of existence. At home she feels that everything revolves around her father. His work is the important thing to us and the hub around which our home turns. At the table we discuss his problems and views and the problems of the boys quite freely, and we, ourselves, never bring up anything about the studio. If she mentions anything that has happened, we discuss it just like we do everything else that comes up at the table. But we never make a "to-do" about her or let her think of herself as an extraordinary child.

For the same reason we do not take Shirley to see picture shows. I do not want her to feel that people are showering her with attention or that she is any different from other children. On the set, I insist that her co-workers do not make too much over her in any way. She is treated in the same way that the other actors are and is frequently called "Miss Temple" when it is time for her entrance on the set, so that she never feels like a baby.

Shirley has a lot of playmates at the beach, but I have a tacit understanding with the mothers of the children who play with her that she must not talk about her work and they must not impress her with it's importance. Not long ago a little girl came to visit her who has been seeing all of her pictures, and who was filled with a kind of adoration for her. She sat and looked at Shirley with such wonderment and awe that it made her uncomfortable. After the little girl went away, she said, "Mama, why do you suppose that little girl kept looking at me like she did. I didn't like it."

Naturally I can't let children who feel that way play with her. Shirley has never had tantrums, because she has always had the right amount of food, sunshine, fresh air and enough toys to keep her happy. Children usually develop tantrums either because they do not feel well or because they have been handled too much. Shirley hasn't been. I have never given her any more attention than was needed. Never have I allowed her to be rocked or petted too much, even as an infant.

She has never been given much medicine. She doesn't like magnesium, so I don't give it to her. I give her castor oil whenever she needs it, which has been on rare occasions when she seemed about to develop a cold, and Shirley loves castor oil. Don't ask me why, but she really does. (Continued on page 66)
**WHY STARS CLICK!**


By Elizabeth Wilson

For years, as the daughter of Fu Manchu and in other exotic roles, Myrna Loy succeeded in interesting no one at all, but, recently, in a new type of role, she has charmed all beholders.

W**hat** changes a star into a genius? Well, you'd be surprised, or maybe you wouldn't. It isn't a mink coat or a Rolls Royce or a Marquis or a gardenia. It isn't mineral, animal or vegetable. It isn't the Theatre Guild or stock in Rochester. You give up, you say, and want to play bridge? All right, it's a mood.

Every star who has reached success has arrived there because of a mood—a mood that suits her and which she can do better than any other star. She may have been playing around studios for years and been sweet and lovely to her mother and the producer, but she never really clicks until she finds her métier, as we say on the Left Bank.

And Mr. Movie Star may have had years of experience on the New York stage or with Max Reinhardt in Berlin but, until he finds his mood, he simply isn't accepted. He's just an other actor, and she's just another actress—voilà—the mood. Then a genius is acclaimed by the frenzied fans overnight, there's a pretty high-de-do at the box office, and new contracts are signed.

Well, now, in eight cases out of ten, that mood is an innate part of the star which has been bottled up by too much acting and too little direction, until suddenly a smart director sees it, releases it, and it bubbles all over the place in sparkling beauty. Goodness gracious, what with all this talk of cases and bottles and bubbles you'd think we were going to have a champagne party. Well, I can think of much worse things to have.

Now there's Myrna Loy. Thank heavens. For six years Myrna has traveled around Hollywood, hanging her hat first in one studio and then another, until she was back where she started, firmly convinced that life is a vicious circle and that the dope who wrote, "I am the master of my fate" should be made to work for Warner Brothers. Poor Myrna got so involved with the Fu Manchus that she almost had to marry them. For years no one saw her out of her little mandarin robe except on those occasions when she was swathed up to her eyebrows in misty veils and played exotic sorceresses and evil-eyed yodls with poisonous inclinations and perfectly vile dialogue.

Gee, Myrna used to get dejected in those days. But what could she do? After all, a gal has to eat or else, and Myrna's the eating kind. Soon folks were saying "Poor Myrna," and giving that it-won't-be-long-now toss to the noodle, when who should ap-
I used to see Jean a lot in New York in those days and she was as blue as Bing Crosby's eyes about the whole mess. "They just want to undress me," she moaned. "It's just Sex, Sex, Sex, that's all I am to them. I want to act in dresses so high they bruise my tombus. I don't want to play straight leads. I've been a comedienne. But, gee, they won't give me a chance. And I'd close the window thoughtfully just in case Jean might decide to end it then and there on Park Avenue.

And then—mon dieu!—as we were walking on the Left Bank—she found her mood! As the little gold-digger in "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust" Jean clicked so loud that nearly all the actresses on the Metro lot decided to snub her. That's the best test for success. Jean is and will be, like the girls she plays on the screen. She is always in a good humor, always ready to play and joke, always cordial and friendly, and ready to help a fellow in need. Jean Harlow is what Damon Runyon calls a "right" person.

It was scrapping that won fame for Jimmy Cagney on the screen. When he played a nice, polite, refined little gentleman the public would have none of him, but when Jimmy hauled off and landed one on the big palooka's kisser, or pasted a grapefruit on Mac Clarke's pan, the public just went nuts and Warner Brothers had to buy a grapefruit grove and bigger and better palookas. The red-headed Cagney found his mood all right in "The Public Enemy" and had been hitting on all cylinders ever since. His last picture, "The St. Louis Kid," is breaking box office records all over the country, with Jimmy playing a tough, smart aleck truck driver.

Nobody can pick a fight like Jimmy on the screen. His scrappiness is famous where ever movies are shown. But the real Cagney is a quiet, intellectual sort of chap, who reads deep, dull tomes all done up in leather bindings, and speaks in a voice so low that you have to listen hard or you won't hear. His hobby is going to auctions where he buys etchings and rare antiques. But time was when young Cagney was not so quiet and intellectual. He was brought up on the sidewalks of New York, where survival of the fittest is the general idea, and that explains all. You gotta fight on the sidewalks of New York, and you gotta heat the other fellow to the punch. Yes, Jimmy had a lot of training for the scrappiness that has made him famous on the screen.

Clark Gable is a guy they gave the works to. Poor Clark had to play everything from gangsters, to ministers, to salvation army officers, before he hit his stride. Gable takes comedy—cast, clever comedy—as naturally as a duck takes to water, but he had to be loaned out to Columbia to do "It Happened One Night" before his delicious fans discovered his flair for comedy.

Years ago, Gable spent many dreary months trying to crash pictures, but not a studio would give him a nibble. Finally he managed a few bits, then a small gangster part in a Crawford picture, and then the famous Joe in Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul." That was all very nice, but it wasn't Gable. Eventually the public got tired of gangsters and Gable became just another leading man for the very glamorous ladies of the Metro lot. The Gable bubble has "burstd" his kind friends said, we'll give him six more months and he'll be deader than Napoleon.

Then came "It Happened One Night," with both Gable and Claudette Colbert giving two of the most charming and natural performances that have ever been [Continued on page 62]
“Tea-Timing With The Horsy Mr. Howard”

“Polo is living, much more than acting is,” says the star of “Of Human Bondage.”

By Dena Reed

A CTING isn’t a profession for men. It’s much better for women. It’s an outlet for emotion, good for vicarious living. But a man doesn’t want to live vicariously. That’s why, when we grow up, we more interested in life than in art.

It was rather an inflammatory speech for the usually reticent Leslie Howard and it caused considerable agitation among my tea, toast and marble cake. Perhaps you wouldn’t mind your jam diving into your teacup but I imagine that you’d prefer to leave it quietly on your toast, especially if you were teatimining with a very English gentleman in a very English club.

“By inference you are saying, of course, that it is no man’s job?”

“Naturally,” agreed. “It isn’t!”

How did we ever get to this I began wondering? Then I recalled it had all started when I met, with quite natural trepidation, the popular Mr. Howard of London, Hollywood, and sometimes Broadway, at the theatre where he had just concluded rehearsals.

After a very charming greeting he had slung on a roomy raglan coat and pulled down a soft English hat over his eyes, and off we were across town to a club he frequented on West 45th Street. No one recognized the slender, rapid-striding actor, and presently we were carefully admitted to surroundings which produced the eerie sensation that we had been whisked to London, quite as if we were characters in the ever memorable “Berkeley Square.”

But here we were and he was saying the most incredible things . . . “Acting is a profession primarily for women!” “A man doesn’t want to live vicariously . . .” Amazing possibilities . . .

Looking straight into that well-known sensitive face I asked, “Then just why are you acting? You can do pretty much as you like, can’t you?”

“Pretty much,” he conceded. “And soon I hope to do completely as I wish. But one makes certain commitments.” He paused and looked over at me, and, as I smiled he seemed quite pleased that he should be understood. He laughed quickly, adding, “And those obligations must be worked off. So now I am doing a play and then I shall act in more pictures.” Finally I hope to direct pictures, which will be precisely what I wish to do!

“It began, you see, when I was attending college, I wrote plays for intracollegiate theatricals. Then I found myself combining writing and directing, and finally I even played some of the parts. When I began to discover acting was a means of making money, and very easy money it seemed to me, I naturally gravitated to the stage and so to motion pictures. Much “Now, directing for the stage, telling people what to do, doesn’t interest me in the least. I want to direct motion pictures, for to be a successful cinema director one should either write the story or collaborate on it. Then one has to plot the picture according to scenic effects and camera angles and, finally, production starts. That is my idea of something worthy, a real accomplishment.

Mr. Howard’s life was now so well behaved it would have done me proud at Buckingham Palace and indeed I began to feel as cozy and at home as if I were one of Queen Mary’s own sombreros. I did hope Mr. Howard wasn’t going to put any more upsetting ideas into my little head.

“Until my Warner contract is satisfied I shall have to content myself with directing in my free time and indeed I am to have an opportunity with Korda at Elstree during the next year.” It made me feel very disconsolate. But his eyes shone brightly and on his lips was one of the elusive smiles which have endeared him to countless thousands of women. Yet, way off there in England . . .

“I am very genuinely fond of Hollywood,” he said simply, as he bent me to my next question. “It’s home. There one has a house and horses and dogs and family and friends—not many, but a few old ones—in the British colony which has been established in the last few years. One does not want many friends. But horses . . .”

You have no idea of the tremendous meaning he can put into the little six-letter word “horses.” He says it as one would be apt to say “love” and “sweetheart” and “dearest.” Perhaps that is because all of his good times, and therefore his best memories, are involved. He likes “horsy” people—literally, I mean—these who keep horses, ride them, exhibit them, and especially polo players, for polo is his chief delight. “Polo is living, much more than acting,” he remarked.

“. . . Which brings me to a realization,” he said thoughtfully, throwing his head back, narrowing his eyes and joining his fingertips as you have characteristically seen him do in his films, “a realization that everyone in Hollywood today is interested in vital living, believing in life itself rather than in the make-believe of the stage and screen. Everyone, from Jack Bartymore down.” And a very nice way for a Howard to put it, too.

“When we are young, very young, we believe in sacrificing everything for art, ‘art for art’s sake,’ but when one gets my age—and my age is a ripe Pitkin adolescence—one wishes to become involved in life itself. In California there is country home life, the sun and the whole out-of-doors, which takes care of the two things I most [Continued on page 72]
"LONDON IS DIFFERENT"

Evelyn Laye Likes Hollywood,
Humor And Being Alone.

By Lenore Samuels

"WHAT I admire most about you Americans is your gayety, your unforced enthusiasm, your ability to imbue the most trivial happenings with an air of enchantment that is most exciting. New Year's Eve, for instance, Frank and I arrived just in time to celebrate. I felt so absurdly young, so exhilarated, almost like a schoolgirl, but oh, so supremely carefree. Now, in London, where I've spent most of my life, it would have been quite different. I don't know, but I've felt older ever since there, older and less exuberant. Yet I adore London. I feel as if I 'belong' there. And one really has to be serious sometimes."

This from Evelyn Laye, the lovely blue-eyed golden-haired musical comedy and screen star, who had been drafted to Hollywood from her native London to play opposite Ramon Novarro in the hit M-G-M operetta, "The Night Is Young." With her husband, Frank Lawton, she had been spending a few days at the Hotel Gotham, in New York, before sailing for a brief vacation in London between pictures.

She was alone at the moment, Mr. Lawton having gone off to "do a picture show" by himself.

"I told him before we were married," confided Miss Laye, who has a sparkling, responsive personality quite unlike our conception of most English girls, "that I simply must have several hours a day to myself for shopping, or practicing, or just to gad about in. Frank came right back at me and said: 'Thank heavens. I couldn't bear a woman who expected me to tag around with her every time she had a free moment.' And that was that, as you Americans so aptly put it."

She laughed heartily, and by heartily, I mean just that. Nothing trilling and self-conscious about that laugh at all. Miss Laye wisely reserves her trills for those moments when she is called upon to reach her high Cs. Her laughter is deep, spontaneous, sincere. And when you have laughed with her just once, you carry away the delightful impression that she has been your friend for years. "Hollywood did me a lot of good," she continued. "You can't indulge your moods out there for very long. Perhaps it's the climate. I don't know. But everybody is so eager to absorb and enjoy everything—worlds and play both. For the first time in my life I felt I simply must join in the fun-making or be out of things entirely. And it was high time I started. I really loved every minute of my stay there, and I'll be glad to get back."

Having practically been born to the stage (her parents were both connected with the English theatre all during her childhood), and having played on the stage and screen in her own as well as this country, Miss Laye's unbiassed views regarding the films were definitely worth listening to.

As for her private life, she has the typical well-bred Englishwoman's aversion to speaking about it. She spoke occasionally, in the course of our very diversified conversation, about Frank Lawton, the real-life English stage star whom she recently married in Yuma, Arizona. But if she had been asked to embroider the occasion after the manner of a "love confession" story, she would—to use a tritey old Americanism—have shut up like a clam and not uttered another word.

"If that is 'glamor,'" smiled Miss Laye, "I'm afraid I'm just not glamorous, and never will be."

Mentioning the recent censorship of pictures in Hollywood, she seemed to be of the opinion that it was necessary to a certain extent. A good, meaty plot-thread is far more important to ensure a film's success than any number of over-hectic sex sequences, she thinks. At the same time she does not believe that it is wise to make a heavy percentage of starkly realistic, close-to-life dramas. She has the idea that they destroy the illusions of many young women who are forced, by circumstances, to lead drab existences, and who see their own plight too clearly as a result of these films. For them it is necessary to paint life in more colorful tones, and for them it is essential that much music and dancing and laughter be injected into the films.

"I thought that your 'One Night of Love' was one of the most entrancing films I had ever seen," she told me. "It was too bad that 'Evensong' was released at the same time. ('Evensong' was a British film in which Evelyn Laye was starred, and which possessed the same identical motif and the same romantic atmosphere as 'One Night of Love.') But, while 'One Night of Love' kept to its gay, romantic key, 'Evensong' [Continued on page 72]
I t was a crowded evening at one of Hollywood's popular "night spots." The music sounded erratic, snatches of melodies succeeding each other in an odd manner. One moment a dreamy waltz—the next a hot-cha number.

The couples dancing smiled good-naturedly and shifted their steps to match, recognizing the musical idiosyncrasies as courtesy gestures. Just another Hollywood custom! To greet each screen star with a refrain from her favorite song.

Filmtown's musicians must keep up to date on the songs which identify certain players in the public mind. This is a tourist town, remember, and the luminaries twinkle regularly at hotel cafes and night clubs. And by their tunes can we currently know the intuitions, regardless of their change of hair-color or make-up or costume.

Often the song announcing her presence had once been sung by the actress; it is associated with her screen personality. Sometimes it is a harmony not particularly emblematic of her but known to be her favorite.

The gentle notes of "Love, Your Magic Spell is Everywhere," immediately impressed the picture-wise, and we turned expectantly toward the door, knowing that Gloria Swanson was arriving with Herbert Marshall, her romance of this season. This song is from "The Tresspasser," and she still regards it affectionately.

A lilting lift in the music sent a ripple through the room, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling?" That meant, of course, Maureen O'Sullivan.

It changed a moment later to "Sweetheart Darlin'," which indicated the presence of Marion Davies.

"La Cucaracha" succeeded it, and we knew before we looked that Steffi Duna was entering, on the arm of an adoring swain.

A blare, a clash, a frenzied piping, and "Yes, Sir. She's My Baby," ushers in George Raft with Virginia Pine amidst many smiles.

Another softly came, "That's Love," from "Nana." And, as she was shown to her table, Anna Sten softly hummed, in her voice like a muff of emotionalism:

"Kiss me and say goodbye—that's love
Laugh with a gay goodbye—that's love
I'll never ask you why—
That's love—Goodbye!"

Nelson Eddy was identified by "The Carlo," which he sang in "The Student Tour."

As the notes died away they were replaced by the dulcet harmonies of "Orchids in the Moonlight." No need for the master of ceremonies to announce June Knight. For the girl whose life has been so dramatic since she sang her way into Hollywood hearts as "the Nightingale of the Cocosnut Grove," is always greeted by this particular melody.
At The “Night Spots” of Hollywood The Stars, As They Enter, Hear Their Own Theme Songs.

June Knight’s song is “Orchids In The Moonlight.”

“Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere” bursts forth when the orchestra leaders wish to welcome Gloria Swanson.

“Night and Day,” popularized by “The Gay Divorcee,” suddenly occupied the orchestra. Fred Astaire, of course! Gay and debonair, the dancer-actor bowed his thanks.

“Ah, say not so. Another love will cheer thee.”

Softly, subtly, this melody in sad, minor tones drifted over the cafe. Though he has not sung it in a film, it has been Douglass Montgomery’s choice ever since he saw “The Constant Nymph,” and he has raved about it so much that his preference has become known.

The earliest recollection that I have of Hollywood greeting a star with her favorite song was the entrance of Ruth Roland, at any public place, where there were musicians on hand to turn on the lovely charm of “Roses in Picardy.”

One year her “buddies” the war vets in a nearby soldiers’ hospital, made a beautiful folio of “her” song, exquisitely illustrated and signed by each grateful invalid, in appreciation of her visits and gifts. It is still one of her most cherished mementoes of a colorful career.

Only once has little Cora Sue Collins “stayed up late” for an evening celebration—a premiere. The event was made doubly important to Cora Sue by the orchestral rendition of “The Little Princess”—just a bit or two of the score, to bid her welcome. It had been written especially for her to sing, in her childish treble, in “The Spectacle Maker.” It goes—

“Little girls in castles grand
Sometimes sit and sigh,
Looking for a magic land.
Never knowing why.”

Maybe lots of folks have grown tired of “The Last Round-Up,” but it is still ace-high with Ken Maynard, and whenever he shows up at a rodeo the band blares forth this grand old tune.

Oddly, considering the sophisticated veneer which the stars wear, the songs identified with them and which presumably express them to their public, are of sentimental strain.

Norma Shearer, for instance, is acknowledged to be a worldly-wise woman, the last syllable of the modern film. Yet the song by which she is best known is the rather saccharine “Smilin’ Through,” though her own favorite is one from “Riptide.” It too is sentimental, and in yearly, “Life was calm as a summer sea, when silver moonlight beams and love beckoned me.”

What more vivid exponent of modernism could one find than Joan Crawford, with her frank and vital attitude toward life and all the chameleon efforts to progress along with the trend? Yet her personality is protean. Does one ever think of Joan as belonging to last year—or even yesterday? She is of the hour, always, however last the modes may march.

But when she enters any public place now the orchestra instinctively turns to one of her latest numbers from “Sadie McKee.” It begins, “All I do is dream of you,” and adds, “I’ll always feel the same.” It has a line, too, about “Not for a day.”

What does she mean in associating her with that song is that, regardless of her changes of appearance, their affection is constant.

Who would identify the charming but rather flippant love of Maurice Chevalier with fidelity, with memory’s dreams? But his entrance is greeted by the liquid waltzing of, “Now or never and forever, I love you,” from “The Merry Widow.”

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule of musically symbolizing players with sentiment. The favorite tune of the windshield Jimmy Durante, welcoming him with raucous outbursts of noise, is the famous Inka Dinka Do.

I once heard him sing it—or how it, or murder it, or what you will—at the Stad Writers’ Club, and the [Continued on page 60]
AND now a new and lustrous star flashes across the cinema heavens.

Margo!

You saw her as the Spanish dancer in "Crime Without Passion." Overnight, as a result of that artistic triumph, she skyrocketed to fame. In a single appearance, she not only won the acclaim of critics and public alike ... but gave promise of great things to come.

With the soul of an artist and the heart of a child, she electrified Hollywood and the rest of the nation. The most vivid and compelling personality to emerge from the great unknown in mam a moon, she met with instantaneous response.

Without the beauty of a Del Rio or the elemental savagery of a Lupe, she reflects, on the screen, the temperament of the Latin race. Outside the studio, she's refreshingly vital, engagingly alive, a volcano smouldering in the flesh.

Margo is the "find" of the season, and rightfully so.

Direct from the dancing world, Messieurs Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who share honors for "Crime Without Passion," picked this little Mexican star. Against the advice of experts, they cast her, without previous dramatic experience, in a role that many a far more seasoned actresses would have considered twice before attempting.

"When I was handed the script of 'Crime Without Passion,' I had little use for the character I was to play," Margo told me, as we lunched in the studio restaurant on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. She had recently arrived to play one of the featured roles in "Rumba," co-starring George Raft and Carole Lombard.

"I had never read a script before, but I felt instinctively there was something lacking in the part. Consequently, in my own mind I changed the character.

"Helen Hayes helped me a lot while we were on the picture. Miss Hayes, you know, is Mr. MacArthur's wife, and spent much time in the studio during production. She took a liking to me, and she made a number of suggestions that I found invaluable in getting over certain effects."

The character of the Spanish dancer in "Crime Without Passion" was colorless. Margo endowed her with a vibrant warmth and humanness. She made of her a sympathetic figure who won over the audience in her very first scene and retained this interest until the close of the picture. Some-what of an achievement for any actress, considering the part as it was originally in the story ... and more particularly because it was interpreted by a girl who had never appeared previously as an actress.

But acting and dancing go hand in hand, believes Margo. "In interpretative dancing, you tell a story in movement just as you act out your story on the stage or screen. Every muscle must be trained, every move means something, and this includes, of course, the face, which must express, in the dancer, the mood of the moment. To be a really great dancer, your face must indicate the trend of the story as clearly as the rest of your body.

"I found this requirement to be of much value when Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur asked me to appear in their picture. More ... I soon learned that much can be told by the eyes alone, without any visible movement on the face. I think my very best scene in 'Crime Without Passion' showed me at the telephone, just after I had finished talking with my lover. My face remained passive and calm, but I tried to show in my eyes what was raging in my mind."

Possibly Hecht and MacArthur did not realize the full potentialities of this latest sensation of the screen, when they signed her to a contract. Then, again, there is the possibility also that these gentlemen of astute and robust wit (they wrote "The Front Page") were just canny enough to know what they were doing. At any rate, Margo proved that in the future any appearance she may make will be in the nature of an event.

Who is this girl of the single name, whose...

[Continued on page 70]
S. R. Mook Visits The Studios And Talks With The Stars On The Stages About The New Pictures.

The company is on location on the "lack lot." The lack lot adjoins the Lakeside Golf Club where old Massa Crosby can be found with a masque in his hand and a song in his heart practically any day he isn't working. Today, however, it's a murder I'm after—not a crooner. So out to the lot we scamper with a hop, skip and jump over the worst roads I have ever seen. In fact, I am sure they used them for trenches during the filming of "All Quiet on the Western Front." We pass quickly through the swamplands of Louisiana, a Gra's palace, an African jungle, an old stockade before which many a movie redskin bit the dust and, presto! Here we are in the little English village of Cloisterham.

As you know, or anyway you should know, my sweet, Dickens died before he completed "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." So-o-o, solving the mystery has been a pet parlor game with authors for many years. Now, Universal has decided to put an end to all this shilly-shallying and solve the mystery so colossally it will stay solved for all time.

"You see," Ed tells me sally, "we don't yet know what happened to Mr. Drood, the night he disappeared in a terrific thunder-storm, because the script department has only got as far as Dickens went. From there on it's a big secret and you'll have to wait until the preview for the solution."

"All right," I agree, "I'll wait. But it better be good."

O-o-oh my! What an eerie looking place the set is. Deep, sinister shadows from a dying sun accentuate the gruesomeness of tombstones sprawled here and there on as frightening a bit of a burial ground as I have ever seen. It's the crypts, me hearties—the crypts of Cloisterham Cathedral, and if you know of anything spookier than an old English crypt don't tell me.

Claude Rains plays John Jasper, the choirmaster of the cathedral. He has become a secret addict to the opium habit and just to look at him is enough to make your blood run cold. If you ask me, we're going to find it was he who done poor Ed Drood in.

"Good evening, Durdles," Mr. Rains crooks to Forrester Harvey who is all fixed up like nothing human. Durdles is the keeper of the crypts, and he is just a little on the insane side.

"Oo do you want to bury. Mr. Jasper?" Durdles gulps, he being a man who believes in getting down to cases.

[Continued on page 71]
WHO shakes you out of the arms of Morpheus? Who rouses you from somnolence just as your head is sinking heavily on the shoulder of a fair female? Who-oooh, I wonder who-oooh? Gee, it's been a winter since we used to lift over the Manhattan night club floors to the strains of the famous who-oooh song and hide our bottles under the tables—mercy me, how Pippa passes. Well, as I was saying before I began to reminisce, who can drag you out of the last stages of beddy-bye slumber and make you go ha-ha-ha?

Of course, I don't have to tell you, my bright public, you know already. None other than the Messieurs Sparks, Horton and Armetta. As a constant picture-goer, and I am constant in my own vague way, I have seen many a picture simply dying on its feet like a party where the guests won't mingle, when suddenly in the fifth reel enters Mr. Sparks, or Mr. Horton, or Mr. Armetta and a ripple of joyous expectation sweeps over the entire theatre.

Everybody wakes up and sits up, and another dull picture is saved. The suffocating British in the Black Hole of Calcutta never welcomed those rescuers so much as a bored audience in the black depths of the Roxy welcomes those three picture-savers, Sparks and Horton and Armetta.

After seeing Mr. Horton save "The Biography of a Bachelor Girl" one night recently, and Mr. Sparks and Mr. Armetta accomplish similar feats for their current pictures, I began to wonder about picture-savers. What do they do when they're not saving pictures? What is their home life? Their sex life? Their ambitions? And, inebriate fan that I am, are they as funny off the screen as they are on? So, I put my fascinator about my shoulders, and rushed out into the chilled afternoon air to investigate picture-savers.

Ned Sparks I found in his apartment in the Chateau Something or Other high in the Hollywood hills. Minna Gombell lives above him and Una O'Connor lives next door and he could easily ask the girls in for a round of rummies, but I don't think Mr. Sparks' present design for living includes women, no matter how charming. Of course, Mr. Sparks didn't say so, and of course I didn't ask him, me being a lady more or less, but I kinda gathered that he had sort of soured on the female race, and I vaguely recalled a picture I had seen of him in a Los Angeles newspaper, a year or so ago, accompanied by a feminine portrait and a little item about alimony. Alimony can sour a man quicker than lemons.

But what Ned Sparks did tell me was that he didn't see why I was interested in his private life, so I just said, "Oh, Mr. Sparks, I bet you say that to all the girls," and proceeded to enjoy myself as best I could with a man who didn't laugh for the entire half hour I spent with him. He looks and talks the very same he does on the screen, the same sourpuss of a pan, the same staccato delivery, and I had but to close my eyes to imagine that we were doing a scene from "Imitation of Life" and he was telling me, "Well, do I get my pancakes? That other guy got a hundred thousand dollars." But then I realized that I'm not Claudette Colbert, not in my old beaver and my twenty pounds overweight.

Ned Sparks was born in Guelph, Ontario, a devoted son of a devoted mother. He tried all kinds of small town occupations but couldn't get particularly interested in any of them, so he lit out for Dawson City, Alaska, to make his fortune. But he was bitten by a chiseling bug, instead of a gold bug, and he made his way from Dawson City to Colorado playing in every little honkytonk along the route. Then, with a theatrical troupe, he started barnstorming the Middle West and claims that he discovered villages that even the Indians had overlooked. In fact he played in everything from a hayloft to an opera house. Somehow or other he got to New York where he played the lead in "Little Miss Brown" with Madge Kennedy, was acclaimed by critics, and in the next few years appeared in thirteen good Broadway plays. He met Constance Talmadge and was urged by her to take a chance at moving pictures, so he made five pictures in New York with Connie as his leading lady. Ten years ago he came to Hollywood, and as a comedian has been saving pictures ever since.

Ned Sparks' hobby, in fact his grande passion, is hunting and fishing. Whenever he isn't working he can be found either in the woods or high in the mountains hunting and fishing and roughing it to his heart's content. He feels very close to the soil and...
his ambition is to make enough money so he can retire and go back to the soil—but not behind a plough—with a pretty cow and a lot of frisky dogs. He has his eye on a tract of land in Canada, near where he was born, where there are hundreds and hundreds of miles of timber land. So every time you laugh Ned Sparks is getting nearer and nearer to the soil.

He reads a lot, particularly books on government, finance, exploration and mystery stories. He considers acting a business and himself a business man. He doesn't go to Hollywood parties or night clubs but he does relish a good stag party occasionally. The great love of his life is Betsy Ann, a three-year-old Boston bull, who is about the most intelligent dog I ever met with. Betsy has a miniature bed with pillows and sheets and blankets right at the foot of her master's bed. Betsy, he says, is his best friend and severest critic.

I met Edward Everett Horton for cocktails at the Vendome and the hour I spent with him will go down in my own private history as one of the gayest hours of my life. Mr. Horton, unlike Mr. Sparks, laughs continuously and simply explodes with enthusiasm about everything from Lamb chops to a Durer etching he has just purchased. I hadn't met with such joie de vivre since, well before the Black Watch of October 1929, and I must say it certainly warmed the cockles of my heart to see a person get so much joy out of living. His enthusiasm is so genuine and so infectious that soon I was giggling like an ingenue, and I realized that he has only to be himself on the screen to save any picture from dull oblivion.

Between laughs I learned that the pride of the Hortons was born and brought up in New York, the son of a former city editor of the New York Times. He developed a flair for footlights early in life, and after several successes in the East came to the Coast to appear in legitimate plays—that was sixteen years ago—but he was soon won over by the illegitimate movies. His first big talking picture success was "Reaching for the Moon," which picture, I am told, he stole so completely at the preview that it had to be re-cut. For, after all, it was Douglas Fairbanks' picture.

His biggest enthusiasm right now is for his ranch out in the Valley, near Encino. An Easterner always thinks of a ranch as acres and acres of land where cowboys round up cattle and hold rodeos. But a ranch in California can be anything from a gas station to Pickfair. But Mr. Horton's ranch, which would be a farm if it were back East, consists of about ten acres of every kind of tree that grows in southern California and a house that is really something to admire. He calls it his picture house, for, after each big picture, he builds another room. "The Merry Widow" room is a knockout, and the "Design for Living" room is an eye-opener—the bar, the closets, the halls, etc., are all named after pictures which paid Mr. Horton for saving them. He keeps forty-three workmen on his ranch, so no one can accuse him of chiseling on the NRA.

He's very proud of his fruit trees, which are kept in excellent condition, naturally, by his forty-three retainers. He never picks the fruit, or permits anyone else to pick it. He likes to see it on the trees. He burns other people's fruit for his table. About three years ago there was [Continued on page 70]
Janet GAYNOR
Warner BAXTER
in
One More Spring
with this splendid cast
WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
and STEPIN FETCHIT
Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke
NOW that Marion is all settled in her special dressing-room bungalow within the artistic confines of the Warner Brothers' lot, action begins on her new pictures, whatever they are to be. One, anyway, will be "Page Miss Glory," which was purchased after it scored on Broadway. It is a real comedy, and that's the way we like our Marion.
"Forsaking All Others" was a good picture for Gable, giving his new comedy ability rope enough to run yet keeping his restrained menace quality within a gable length, as it were. You can look forward to "Adam Started It," in which Constance Bennett and Clark go to the Fourth Estate. They also go to the bank, for both have new M-G-M contracts. Gable's is for seven years and at a good increase over his present salary.
AFTER a rest, during which Jean went in for clothes and the forces of purity very intelligently went in for good pictures, our Platinum Haired Actress has made a picture called "Reckless." You'll see it—everybody does. At left is a still from an embattled sequence—Jean, in jail, is fighting for her rights as the jail attendants give her a bath. At right, Jean in a beautiful short evening wrap, with panels of silver fox placed vertically. On the up and up, that's Jean.
WARNER BAXTER, Janet Gaynor and Walter King have made a picture from "One More Spring." The fine success which the book had shows us that, hard times or good times, the old heart of humanity is still in the right place. The picture should be delightful. In the story Warner Baxter goes bankrupt. A discouraged musician joins forces with him and they set out for Central Park with the bed—all that is left from the bankrupt shop. Here they convince the street sweeper to let them move into his tool shed, and soon they take in Janet Gaynor who has even less than they have. In spite of the fact that they possess nothing, they find that they have much to give and, finally, Janet and Warner look forward, quite happily, to one more spring.

So it will ever be. In time of plenty we, like the Children of Israel, grow slack and worship the Golden Calf, but when hard times come upon us, we, or at least the gifted Mr. Nathan, produce a fine story of spiritual beauty.
WAS ALL WE GOT OUT OF THE DEPRESSION—It Was Worth It

Walter King and Janet Gaynor raising funds.

The appearance of Janet surprises the park man.

At left: The old Park Cleaner makes a deal.

At right: The new arrival is made welcome.
"Picture Heroes"

The Handsome Hero Never Knows At What Minute He May Have To Carry Off The Leading Lady—No Time Then For Sciatica!

Charles Ruggles, known in the heavy weight circles as "Rugged Ruggles," keeps himself ready for the gallant moment which may arise when Mary Boland will have to be carried up the mountain.

Below: Gene Raymond with an armful of Barbara Stanwyck. A scene from "North Shore." Gene can juggle 'em—and Barbara weighs 120 pounds.

WHEN Marion Davies was in "Little Old New York" years Louis Wolheim, who, though he has a face like a Missing Link, was really a college professor and not a very healthy elephant, had to pick up the fair Marion and carry her. To the complete disgust of the director and probably of Marion, he dropped her.

When the lover whispers "I love you more than Woolworth loves nickels," that is right. Perhaps he does at that, you can be sure of these things. But when he recites for the dainty 180 pounds of a fair one, then all fooling ceases. He takes any longer. He has to be able to lift a derrick.

Perhaps that is one reason why the men have to keep down their weight, for it is pretty embarrassing to have the hero ask "Is there a derrick that goes with it we remember our pictures, Roger lifted Mac West and thought nothing. Still, he must have been thinking of something.
During a location trip at Sonora, California, for "The County Chairman," even Will Rogers got out the old lariat and looked for some steers, for exercise. There were only sheep, but Will doesn't need to fear for his reputation either as a roper, actor or broadcaster. "Must be republican critters, judging from their fightin' spirit," Will probably thought.

Nat Pendleton has the Olympic form, but they never cast him as the hero.

Carl Brisson takes pride in keeping fit. He once was a fighter. He is next in "All the King's Horses."
In The Pictures The Fair And Lovely Ones Never Wait In Vain.

Below: Frank Lawton as David Copperfield and Maureen O'Sullivan as Dora.

Don Alvarado as Morenito and Marlene Dietrich as Concho in the new picture "Caprice Espagnole" (tentative title). In Spain, even the victim of a grande passion flirts a little.

IT IS an Old Wives' idea that "Mr. Right" will that orange blossoms and wedding bells will in this modern age has figured out a new comfortably with her own radio set.

But, in the pictures, Mr. Right is quite sure to his superior qualities have left the marriagable of the local Lotharios. If the rate of marriages Robert Montgomery and Ronald Colman. And possibly go in for raising a family of grocery dependably respond to love's sweet awakening?

When Mr. Right comes along he'd better look in the movies.
Do The Girls Enjoy The Pictures Solely Because They Satisfy Romantic Longings?

Anna Sten is now an accepted and respected actress, and in Hollywood they like her. Gary Cooper has been secured to play opposite the lovely Russian in "The Wedding Night."

Myrna Loy and Bill Powell have made marriage seem very attractive and many a pretty fan has looked about more anxiously than ever for "Mr. Right."
A MUSICIAN MAKES


DO YOU remember those far away days when Rudy used to sing songs through a megaphone? It came to be his trade mark. Then the microphone, and the radio, and the big sponsored programs that are heard in so many different places came along and Rudy was the best of the lot. Millions and millions have heard him and now he has made another musical picture. It is called “Sweet Music.”

Whether as master of ceremonies or performer, whether on the screen or on the air, Rudy Vallee has come to mean just about the best that is going.

Rudy Vallee, a college man who makes you have more respect for the brain trust—his income tax is probably big enough to pay them all.

Helen Morgan sings. Rudy guides his orchestra to help the singer to her best.
A Musical!

Rudy directing, Ann Dvorak dancing, and the beauty chorus of "Sweet Music." Up-to-date modernistic settings appropriately decorate this streamline musical. All right, Ann in a feather cap.
Pictures Are Going

"Mississippi" is a show boat piece. Queenie Smith does a dance as W. C. Fields makes the music.

Fred Astaire, to whom the credit is due. His dancing is quite good enough to start a trend; his affable personality helped a lot.

La Cucaracha And The Continental Will Have To Become Wall Flowers When These New Pictures Take The Floor.

Margo was a dancer before "Crime Without Passion" revealed that she was also an actress of great talent.
The great success of "The Gay Divorcee" has set the pulses of the producers going in dance rhythm. Ricardo Cortez in "Wonder Bar" aroused some enthusiasm, and George Raft's "Bolero" carried the idea along, but it was not until the hit of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers that everyone suddenly discovered, all at once, that they were crazy about dancing. "Roberta" is the next for this talented team, and Raft's "Rhumba" is also attracting a great deal of attention. It is in this piece that the new mystery hit-girl, Margo, dances.

We believe that the explanation is (we always have to explain everything) that music particularly suits sound pictures, delighting our ears, but unless there is dancing there is nothing to watch. However, if Ginger is on the screen the eyes have it, too.

Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are together in "Go Into Your Dance," but they are essentially soloists. Still it will be good.

Carole Lombard and George Raft in their dance in "Rhumba," which carries on their great success in "Bolero."

Paulette Goddard rehearses dancing, to be ready for Charlie Chaplin if he decides to dance in his "Production Number Five," which he is now finishing.
IN
STYLE

Smart for street wear is this two-piece, black wool crepe frock worn by Steffi Duna. You will see it in "Red Morning." The bow collar and gauntlet cuffs are of black patent leather, the edges fringed. This fringe is also used on the hem of the blouse.

Bright scarlet uncut velvet is used for the bodice of this frock of Steffi Duna's. The front is gathered at the neck and the two crossed straps form the bodice back. The same material in black forms the close fitting skirt with its brief train.
A million eyes marvel at the beauty of Claudette Colbert... how many look at you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

There's a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with stars like Claudette Colbert... Carole Lombard... Sylvia Sidney and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownet and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

Max Factor Hollywood

Claudette Colbert illustrates her Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up

Face Powder
To harmonize with my coloring, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge
Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone... and creamy-smooth, like finest satin texture... it blends evenly... imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring to the checks.

Lipstick
Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

So share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now made available to you. 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 advice and illustrated book on the art of make-up, mail coupon below, direct to Max Factor, Hollywood.

Mail for your Color Harmony in Powder and Lipstick

Max Factor

0.15 oz. .50 oz. 1 oz.

Net comes in .50 oz. of each of 28 shades and Lipstick, color sample, four shades, Lipline (directions for pots and base).

Also send me Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 64 pg. Illustrated Information Book, "The New Art of Beauty, Made Like A Movie.

Name

Address

City

State

1935 Max Factor
A TEAM is made of two players who are better with one another than they are with anyone else. It is a long time since Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen played "What Price Glory"—it was a silent picture—but they still are the perfect complement for each other, and that's the sort of compliment that would probably cause them to snarl—"Oh, yeah!"

In "Under Pressure" the famous pair have Marjorie Rambeau to support them.

Scene from "The Cock-Eyed World," which still holds the record for many theatres.
Each Puzzle Is the Name of a Film

Do You Know Your Titles?
Correct answers on Page 81

Picture writing is as old as Aunt Emma... older.
The early Indians used picture writing, and now our Injun blood is coming out. If you are mystified, just turn to page 81 or call on Charlie Chan.
Adventures In

By

Muriel Babcock

MY, MY, the things that happen to movie stars just because they happen to be idols of an adoring public. Some stars get lace comforters, petit-point bags, dog harnesses and scrap books because they are popular. One young lady I know acquired her most ardent fan as her husband—she's very famous as an actress, and he's equally talented as a writer—but I won't tell you their names for a minute. Another handsome idol of the screen was offered—but, he didn't accept, alas—a Baffan lassie as a slave girl. Imagine having a pretty slave in floating veils and gold earrings to run your bath and see to it that your pants were pressed.

Surprising, startling things happen to stars in the public eye. They have real adventures with people. Exciting, stimulating adventures, sometimes; strange, weird experiences, on occasion; and often they run into tragic, sad situations of misspent emotionalism. Again, even as you and I, they have boxes with whom to contend.

I must tell you first of that rare romance between Joan Bennett and Gene Markey which developed because Joan became an idol of Gene's long ago. When Gene was a tad in short pants and Joan a little girl with golden curls, Gene saw a picture of her which intrigued his imagination. He was living in Lake Forest, Ill., and she had been visiting with her father, the famous actor Richard Bennett, in White Sulphur Springs, not far away. A boy pal of Gene's paid a visit to the Springs and came home with a picture and glowing tales of the little Bennett girl. He painted so vivid a picture of Joan that it caught Gene's fluid imagination to an extent that, thereafter, the stories he was even then trying to write had as their heroine a girl named Joan.

Years later he saw her in the play, "Jarnegan," and recaptured the impression of her which had enamoured him as a lad. But he couldn't seem to meet her. He wrote a script for a Long Island studio and suggested to the producer that a girl named Joan Bennett would fit the leading rôle. But Barbara Bennett, Joan's sister, did the picture.

Gene came to Hollywood and, oddly enough, in this town where there are so many parties and where they both had so many mutual friends, Gene and Joan met only once, and then for a very few minutes at the home of John Gilbert. Joan left early, and Gene only came as she was leaving. They were constantly missing each other at parties after that, but all the time Gene's admiration for her was steadily growing.

He was like a fan; he saw her every picture; knew practically her every move, but could not meet and know her personally.

Then, as you know, Joan broke her hip. To her great surprise she received a box of beautiful roses from Mr. Gene Markey, with a little note saying: "When you feel better, I should like to come and see you." Every week came a box of lovely flowers. When Joan felt better, a friend gave a luncheon for her at Town House and suggested asking "that nice Mr. Markey who sends you flowers." Joan asked him to tea first, and received him as she snuffled with a bad cold. They had a fine time, but came the day of the luncheon and no Gene. He had caught her cold. But
The Stars Never Know
What A Stranger Will Do Next When He Recognizes Them

A little girl once camped on Jean Harlow's doorstep, morning and night, refusing to leave.

and travel across the country to see her. Hence I like this little tale which she says personally her greatest adventure in popularity.

She was standing in a bookstall in Paris, browsing among the dusty volumes, when she heard a sailor looking at her. He walked around and back and forth and finally summoned courage to speak to her. "Are you Jean Harlow," he inquired, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"Yes, I am," she said.

"Oh, I'm so homesick," he stammered, "and it's so good to see someone from home."

He was so sweet and so glad to see her, but not because she was a star but because she was an American girl, that she was genuinely moved. They spent the afternoon together and became good friends.

Garbo's adventures, because of her fame, have been multiple. I personally know of one girl who was so excited about the Garbo story that she borrowed Garbo's car and followed Garbo around in it and tried to drive away in her black limousine threw herself in front of the car. The chauffeur narrowly missed killing the girl.

The hotel manager stepped into the picture, discovered the girl came of wealthy parents, telephoned the father long distance and the latter came to Hollywood by plane and bore his errant, hysterical daughter back home. It was merely case of mis-spent emotional energy, much as that of the girl who crashed the M. G. M. lot by claiming to be a writer for a tennis magazine called the "Buck Stops" and follow Bob Montgomery from pillar to post. And also like the little girl who camped on Jean Harlow's doorstep morning and night, and followed the family couldn't use the front door, until finally Jean became alarmed that the child would die of starvation and cold. She personally took her home, home 10 miles away.

To Lew Ayres, I believe, has fallen one of the most stimulating adventures, as a result of being a popular idol. Out of a clear sky one day came a letter to him from the famous scientist, Einstein. The letter went something like this:

"I understand that you are a great student of astronomy. This interests me and if you will get in touch with my co-worker at the California Institute of Technology, he will be glad to help you in every way that he can."

Lew was dumbfounded. He was interested in astronomy but how did Einstein know? Did the letter come as a result of the scientist reading articles about movie stars? Did it come because Einstein was a fan of Lew Ayres?

Lew doesn't like to talk about this experience. He won't show great enthusiasm, he said, "in being such a generous and fine gesture upon the part of such a great man."

My, my, the things that do happen to our extremely popular movie idols!
MERMAN OF MAZDA LANE

When Ethel Merman Sings You Understand Why They Named That Explosive "Ethyl."

By Julia Gwin

Backstage at the Alvin Theatre, New York, where Ethel Merman is running off with the honors of that sprightly musical comedy, "Anything Goes," just as she has with everything she has ever appeared in, I was having the time of my life. The show was in full swing and ever so often Ethel would pop into her tiny, well-appointed, scruptulously clean dressing room to make a change for a scene of conversation. The house was sold out and each one of her songs was received with the kind of applause we have learned to associate with this slim, dark-eyed girl... thundorous is the word.

"Nice audience," she commented after her first number. "I can always tell if they're with me five minutes after I've stepped on the stage."

"Aren't they usually?" I asked.

"You're being nice, too," she countered. "Don't run away. I'll be back in a jiffy."

I followed her on the stage and from the wings watched her do her stuff. I wondered, as I had so many times before, what it was about this girl that made you like her. She has beauty of a kind, but her voice is everything we have been told a voice shouldn't be. Yet she has only to open her mouth and she simply wows them.

I remember the first time I saw Ethel Merman. I had been hearing about her for a long time. The owner of a little Long Island radio station claimed Ethel had done her first radio work there... a fact of which she seemed infinitely proud.

People would ask me, "Have you seen Ethel Merman? She's at the Richman Club. Don't miss her" or a similar remark. However, my first glimpse of her was in a short, I've even forgotten the name of the thing. She stood beside an enormous desk and sang up to the judge... she was on trial for something or other. I thought she was terrible and was amused at all the empty ballyhoo going the rounds.

Then I saw "Girl Crazy," and decided she wasn't so bad after all. For days I went around singing "I've Got Rhythm." It was her "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" in George White's Scandals which finally turned the trick and won me over as one of her ardent fans.

I returned to the dressing room and was still thinking along these lines when Ethel dashed in.

Glancing up I saw on her dressing table a picture I recognized as George Gershwin. It was autographed "Lucky the composer who has you to sing his songs."

Observing my interest in Gershwin's picture she said, as she made a hurried change: "George once told me never to take a voice lesson as it might destroy my naturalness, which was the thing that put my singing across."

"Do you like my make-up mirror?" she said, all of a sudden changing the conversation. "I'm awfully proud of it. When I was working on 'Kid Millions' I had a hair dresser named Connie and a wardrobe girl named Carev. I called them Conn and Care. They gave me the mirror. See, they put my pet names for them on it." The mirror of black and chromium had a small plate on its base which read "To Ethel Merman from Conn and Care. 1934."

"I loved working with Eddie Cantor. I'm in his next picture, you know, and terribly happy about it. He never 'hogs' a scene. He is always trying to help everybody. Often he would say, 'Stand over here, Ethel. The lighting is a little better.' or 'try reading the line this way. It's more effective.' He's a real trouper if I ever saw one. He and Ida saw the show Thanksgiving night and sent me a huge bouquet of orchids which I wore in the last number. I just got a letter from him today written aboard the Rex. He liked me in this show and says, somebody we'll do a show together and make it into a picture. I'd like that because it would save us all those rehearsals on the set. Isn't he swell?"

"This picture business is still new to me and I get as thrilled over a story or a review as I did the first time I ever saw my name in print. A few days ago I read a review of 'Kid Millions' in one of the movie magazines and they didn't even mention my name. I felt quite like a little girl who has been stood in the corner for something she didn't do."

"When 'We're Not Dressing' opened here in New York I sat right on the edge of my seat through the entire picture. It was, except for shorts, really my first picture. Paramount had kept me on the coast two weeks longer than my contract called for."

(Continued on page 66)
"I didn't know I could be so happy!"

You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger...

It's so thrilling to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look—these are warning signals that you are not removing cosmetics properly.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, carries away 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—protect your skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

**LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE ROUGE AND POWDER—but NEVER do I RISK Cosmetic Skin! I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It DOES leave your skin like velvet!**

Loretta Young
Star of 20th Century's "Clive of India"
LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER
Rating: 98—The Best of the Year, or Any Year—Paramount

If I were invited to a luncheon at Garbo’s today and had been informed that Clark Gable, Ronnie Coleman, Gary Cooper and a case of champagne were going to be there—and someone suddenly called to tell me that there would be another preview of “Lives of a Bengal Lancer” at noon, why I would simply wire Garbo “Miss Otis regrets she will be unable to lunch today” and go to see those Bengal Lancers again. Yes, it’s that good.

According to my way of thinking, which is perfectly normal I’ve been told, this will be the best picture of 1935 or any old year you care to bring up. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, and so will you, no matter whether you are man, woman or child, if it awakens that adventurous spirit that is sort of tucked away in every mortal’s breast. Personally, I’m leaving for India on the next boat and I expect to move right in with the Bengal Lancers.

The story is laid in the Himalayas in India, near the dreaded Khyber Pass, and that scenery, what scenery, will simply knock you cold. Sir Guy Standing is the colonel of that brave, fearless regiment, the Bengal Lancers, and to this regiment one fine morning comes Richard Cromwell, fresh and half-baked from a British military academy.

The colonel is his father, but not one word of love or praise does young Cromwell get out of the grim old man who holds his regiment and England above all else. Iked by this treatment, the boy rebels and gets involved with Kathleen Burke, a spy used by a dangerous native potentate. Dick is kidnapped and taken away to a fort in the desert, and his two officer pals, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, disguise themselves as native merchants in an effort to rescue him.

There are thrills that make your hair stand on end and an exciting attack by the Lancers that is quite the most thrilling thing I have ever seen on the screen. There are laughs and tears, and that greatest of all human emotions—loyalty.

It’s hard to say who’s best in a cast that is all good. Gary Cooper, who is my idea of sex appeal, is better than ever before and that’s saying a great deal. Franchot Tone (now wasn’t Henry Wilcoxon an old stupe to walk out on that rôle?) proves that he is an excellent actor who has never before been given a real chance on the screen. Dick Cromwell takes an unbelievable rôle and makes it so real that your heart simply breaks when you see him crying in the final fade-out.

The photography is nothing less than inspired. But the greatest rave, I guess, should go to Henry Hathaway, one of Paramount’s youngest and most inexperienced directors, who, in the face of all odds, made the greatest hit of the year out of an old story that the studio had had lying around on the shelf for years, and which no director wanted to tackle.

THE LITTLE MINISTER
Rating: 92—Kate in Scotland—R-K-O

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who did so well by our Jo about this time last year, now takes a trip at Sir James M. Barrie’s “The Little Minister,” and I hereby hasten to report that again she does not let us down on one of our favorite fictional heroines. In her rôle of Rabbie Hepburn is ideal. Though I may be struck dead for saying so I just don’t see how Maude Adams herself could have been any better.

As the pseudo-gypsy girl who leaves a lord and his vast castle and falls in love with a little minister who’s as poor as the proverbial church mouse, our tempestuous Kate is given ample opportunity to be winsome, tomboyish and oh-so-beautiful. Sharing honors with her is John Beal, whose portrayal of the little Scotch minister will go down in cinema history as one of the best screen performances ever given.

THE GILDED LILY

“Miss Garbo’s Bachelor” Metallic—David Copper


This picture serves to launch Mr. Johnny Beal in a big way, so neither R-K-O nor you and I will have to worry about him any more. The conflict in his soul between Good and Evil (according to the Scotch elders) is delightful. And there has never been a more charming love scene, written or acted, than that between Hepburn and Beal down by the old mill.

The supporting cast is well up to par, with Frank Conroy playing the rich lord.

[Continued on page 60]
Beauty of lips and neck-line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do — Enjoy DOUBLE MINT Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.
More Gossip
The Inside Angle.

(Continued from page 17)

and pad at her bedside just in case she gets an idea for a story in the middle of the night.

FAY Wray, writing from London, relates her most amusing blunder. She rented a car, because she wanted to drive herself and see everything possible. She was blissfully taking in the sights, when she suddenly realized everyone else was driving on the wrong side of the street. When a London "Bobby" stopped her she was most indignant, but after confessing she was an American he offered to escort her home so she couldn't get into any more trouble.

NOW you girls who simply swoon with delight when Bing Crosby begins to croon will see what kind of a gal your favorite boy friend picked for his wife. Dixie Lee (Miss Bing Crosby and mother of three) will appear in Paramount's "Win or Lose"—and, furthermore, will sing a Gordon and Ravel song titled, "You Me Do Tings.""

YOU'LL never believe it of Joe McCrea but he is really antique-minded! His one thousand acre cattle ranch at Chatsworth, boasts a ten room house chuck full of antiques and heirlooms, carefully assembled after some of the most persistent remounding of grandparents. Noted among the collection is a wide and tall canopied bed of rosewood, seventy-five years old, which belonged to his great-great-grandparents. There's an old rocking chair which belonged to several more "great-greats," and even baby Joé McCrea comes in for his share of antiques with his crib, which dates back some seventy-five years or more, slept in by Joel, his grandfather, great-grandmother and several et ceteras.

MAY ROBSON has written her son daily for thirty years.

MAE CLARKE set a new precedence last month for recuperative invalids. The little actress who left the picture colony several months ago to recoup her strength, made her first appearance back in Hollywood at a gay social function. Prettiest and more vivacious than ever Mae would not listen to one word of sympathy or I'm-so-sorry. Skip-it was Mae's attitude, and she was the gayest of the gay.

WELL, it does look like Janet Gaynor is kinda sweet on her new boy friend, Dr. L. S. Veblen of New York. When he had to leave Hollywood in January after spending Christmas and the holidays with her, Janet and her mother boarded the train with him and left for New York too. Janet had a swell excuse—she wanted to see "The Farmer Takes a Wife," which play she will do on the screen.

RICHARD DIX is wearing a wide grin these days, and justified it is. The actor embarked secretly a little over a year ago upon a venture which has today evolved into a thriving, remunerative business. What, and where, you'll never guess—it's the growing of tea at, of all places, that popular winter play-ground of the stars, Palm Springs. The tea leaves have always grown wild on the California desert, but it was only a year ago that their possibilities as a health drink were brought to Dix's attention—and you should see him today, simply "steeped" in enthusiasm over processing and distribution plans for his "Palm Springs Tea." Looks like one of our favorite actors is about to retrieve at least the tail of that shirt he lost in the 1929 Wall Street crash.

WHICH reminds us, Ralph Bellamy is another of the "Spring" enterprise property owners. He and Charlie Farrell, owning together a tract stretching over some fifty-two acres, are actively promoting and financing what, according to them, is the desert resort's most urgent need—a clubhouse and two championship tennis courts. With the entire film colony tennis-minded these days, Ralph and Charlie have anticipated the need and expect to have over a half dozen courts constructed and ready for play by next fall. There's nothing like having a business "on the side."

GENE RAYMOND plays sunrise golf. That means he's whacking the pill about each morning before five o'clock.

HOLLYWOOD has now gone in body and soul (with more bruises on the body than the soul) for roller skating—and the old rollerdrone out at Culver City has taken on a new lease of life, and hasn't been so gay in years. Gloria Swanson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., started the fad last spring when they first returned from Europe, but it didn't really catch on until this winter. Cary Grant and Randy Scott are the most enthusiastic of the skaters and nearly every week they throw a dinner party which invariably ends up at the rollerdrone. And one night a week all the younger set, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, William Janney, Pat Ellis, etc., do their dancing on skates.

THERE was a skating sequence in "Fir- tation Walk," which was taken at the rollerdrone, and it will show you that Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are a girl and a boy who know their ball bearings.


Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, the new discovery who, in "Bright Eyes," made all the critics burst into superlatives. There have been two screen roles especially written for her in "Dante's Inferno" and "Redheads on Parade."
CLAUDETTE COLBERT is crazy about the Mills Brothers’ records and plays them over and over in her dressing room while she is waiting for studio calls. She plays the same record over until she knows the words perfectly. Then she sings the song in her bath every morning for a week. Then she is bored with it and learns a new record.

CARL BRISSON lives in Clara Bow’s former house and Clara Bow lives in Marlene Dietrich’s former house and Marlene lives in Colleen Moore’s former house and practically every actress in town lives in one of Garbo’s former houses. It’s her little way of playing “fruit basket turn over.”

JIMMY CAGNEY, who, like Ginger Rogers, springs an unexpected talent on you every month, has now gone into etching boats, and has a collection that’s so good a New York art dealer wants to exhibit it in New York this spring.

WHEN Miriam Hopkins returned to Hollywood recently to play the lead in “Becky Sharp,” she flew all the way from New York to the Glendale airport with young Michael Hopkins, her adopted two and a half year old son, in her lap. Finally she could keep her eyes open no longer, so she asked the steward if he would entertain Michael and let her have just a few minutes of sleep. Michael screamed quite bored by it all. When she waked up about an hour later there was no Michael to be seen, not in the aisles, not any place. “Oh, my baby,” Miriam shrieked, “he’s fallen out of the plane!” But she soon discovered her young son sitting in the pilot’s lap and steering the plane as big as life.

ANOTHER royal family of the theatre is getting well launched. It seems. Madeleine Holness, sister of Phillips, and son of the famous Taylor, made her stage debut last season opposite her dad in the successful “Big-Hearted Herbert.” Now, it’s Ralph, the “Baby” of the family, who will make his first stage appearance this winter with both his dad and sister in a popular comedy. Of course Phillips continues to hold up his share of the family glory in his current role of Pip in Universal’s adaptation of Charles Dickens’ “Great Expectations.”

GENE RAYMOND has a drawer full of medals won in fencing tournaments.

GEORGE RAFT and Virginia Pine are still that way about each other, and can be found dining almost every evening at the Vine Street Brown Derby.

ELIZABETH ALLAN had an idea that she might save time in getting her morning paper by training her little Scotty to pick it up at her bungalow door. The Scotty brought her one paper the first morning and gradually increased the amount until he was bringing in six or eight papers a morning—and a couple of bottles of milk! Elizabeth’s neighbors in the swanky Garden of Allah are raising complaints, you may be sure.

HERBERT MARSHALL swears that Garbo told very amusing stories while they were waiting between shots on “The Painted Veil” set. That one of them was actually a side-splitter. Wish we knew what it was but the gent won’t tell us. Probably a Swedish dialect story.

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Reviews (Continued from page 56)

“THE LITTLE MINSTER” won everyone’s heart, Katharine Hepburn, John Beal and Mary Gordon.

who got jilted, and Beryl Mercer playing the “mistress of the parish,” Alan Hale, as the town drunk, gives his usual perfect performance and Andy Clyde’s “World Weary” really something to get excited over. It’s romance, pure and simple.

HELLDORADO

Rating: 77—THAT’S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS—FOX

A very entertaining picture with an idea that’s distinctly different. One of the most romantic places I know is a ghost town, albeit, as they say in classical literature, a town which was once the scene of a gold rush—and that is what Hellorado is.

Caught in a cloudburst, a group of people wander into this godforsaken village which has been deserted for thirty years, and whose only inhabitant is a goofy old pioneer, who is still waiting for his partner to return and tell him where he hid the stake to the mother lode. Swell atmosphere, eh?

The grandson of the long lost partner is one of the people caught in the storm and thought by his boys as boasting a modern gold rush is instigated. Dick Arlen is the boy. And Madge Evans, very lovely, is the rich young society girl, engaged to a stuffy millionnaire, who falls in love with him.

Bellamy is the millionaire and Henry B. Walthall is the barmy old pioneer. Also caught in the cloudburst, and contributing excellently to the humor, are Jimmy Gleason, Stepin Fetchit, Gertrude Short and Stanley Fields. There’s a swell romance and perfectly marvelous atmosphere.

THE GILDED LILY

Rating: 89—YOU’RE THE TOPS, COLBERT—

HERE’s a comedy that sparkles brighter than Cartier’s Fifth Avenue window and Tiffany’s pet showcase to boot. It comes as near being another “It Happened One Night” as you’re likely to find wandering around this good year 1935, so take my tip and don’t miss it.

Claudette Colbert, who flips out successes just as regularly as the phone bill comes, is the star of this comedy de luxe, and is simply tops as Marilyn David, the modest little stenographer who, quite inadvertently, becomes the toast of the night clubs, all because she passed out one night over a double highball.

Claudette knows her comedy and is right there with the tempo and the shading. Her first night club appearance, when she turns the most dismal flop into a sensational triumph, is about the funniest scene there has ever been in a picture, and at the preview the audience broke into lusty cheers when it was over.

When Claudette is jilted by a duke’s son, who has been visiting America in cognito and with whom Claudette has fallen in love, believing that he is just a nice young man looking for a job, her newspaper reporter boy friend decides to play it up in the tabloids—and overnight Claudette becomes a celebrity. This is the beginning of a story that goes from one swell situation to another.

Fred MacMurray, as the ship’s news reporter with big ideas, is something new in leading men and you’ll like him. Ray Millard is very handsome and attractive as the young lord. Louis Alberini and Warren Hymer are grand in small parts. The picture is well directed by Wesley Ruggles.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL

Rating: 87—HIGH COMEDY—AL-G-M

ANN HARDING fans will perk up after seeing this, for she’s the grand gal of “Holidaa” again with none of that sweetness and light of “Enchanted April” and gallant dullness of “The Fountain.”

This time she plays a young artist who returns from Europe—where they say she’s had a “past”—and is met in New York by the editor of one of those confession story magazines who wants Ann to write her biography because she knows intimately the best celebrities. Ann’s quite broke and is quite willing to invent a love-life for herself that will satisfy the most insatiable tabloid readers.

Then, back into her life comes a childhood sweetheart, Edward Everett Horton who has developed into a politician with senatorial ambitions, and when he hears that Ann is writing the story of her love-life he almost has compunction fits, for there is nothing his campaign lacks but a good juicy scandal.

With the aid of his prospective father-in-law, a famous publisher, Horton tries to make Ann tear up her biography, which only serves to infuriate the youthful editor, who happens to be Bob Montgomery. So there’s a battle royal over poor Ann’s love life, with everybody shouting and calling names. Well, see for yourself who wins.

Bob is simply swell as the young editor, and Edgar Horton makes the grandest Congressman we’ve seen in many a day. Charles Richman, as the Southern pub-
lischer, manages to steal every scene he's in. And there's Una Merkel, thank goodness, gay and sparkling as ever, but why just let her do a walk-on?

LOTTERY LOVER
Rating: 51—MISSPLOMEN IN PARIS—FOX
This picture serves to introduce to the screen Peggy Fears, of Park Avenue via the Folies. She plays Gaby Anme, the most talked about woman in Paris. The director and the dialogue writer haven't done so well by Peggy, who looks exciting enough but doesn't do anything or say anything that could possibly shock your great-grandmother. Maybe wicked women in Paris are like that—but personally I suspect that old bongey man, the censor.

Anyway, when the navy reaches Paris all the boys are eager to meet the toast of the town, who lives on champagne and black orchids. Realizing that it takes a lot of dough to date that dame the boys pool their resources and draw lots to see who will be the lottery lover.

Lew Ayres wins and goes about wooing Gaby, though his heart simply isn't in it as he has met Pat Paterson, one of the chorus girls in the show, and they've found out that they're from the same home town.

Well, what chance has Sin after that?

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
Rating: 73—BUT THE PLOT ISN'T—M-G-M
Ramón Novarro is a handsome young Archduke of Vienna, who falls in love with a ballet dancer, but has to give her up with tears and sighs and make a duty marriage for the sake of his country. (Stop me if you've heard this one before.) Nine out of ten operettas have it, but what nine out of ten operettas don't have is Charlie Butterworth, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton, and that's why this is a better than usual operetta.

Evelyn Laye, as the young ballet dancer, sings splendidly. And Ramon Novarro gives his usual first rate performance. But somehow or other the story never allows the two lovers to rise to any great heights—except on the ferris wheel—and to the comedians belong the picture. Long live Butterworth, Merkel and Horton.

Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl."

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Why Stars Click!

[Continued from page 25]

given on the screen. Gable’s popularity shot up like a skyrocket. According to a recent contest in Silver Screen he is today the most popular of the male stars. Clark Gable found his mood in a hitch-hiking scene.

And Gable, in real life, is very much like the casual, likeable newspaper reporter in the picture. Money and fast cars and fine feathers mean nothing to him. He doesn’t think he’s a particularly hot squire, he thinks just he’s got a grand, and he’s darned glad to get it. He has to dress up on a large scale to go to parties. He’d rather have fun with the boys. Every chance he gets he grabs his guns and makes a dash for his cabin in the High Sierras where he hunts and fishes and tramps in the snow and cooks messes over a camp fire. He’s no sissy. He’s a regular guy, and not just a leading man for glamorous ladies.

George Raft is another guy who flocked around Hollywood for a long time before he got his break. Raft was discovered in “Scarface.” The scene in the picture that put him over was the long “dolly” shot of him as he walked away from the gangster he murdered. George once told me Helen did the same thing a day later the director took that scene. “Gee, I can’t do it,” he told the director. “You’re not taking the picture in sequence. I haven’t murdered the guy. I’ve killed him, isn’t anybody. So how can I act the part?”

“If you had just murdered a man, how would you walk away from the scene of the crime?” the director picked.

“Td done it,” said Raft. And that’s how he played the scene that catapulted him to fame over night.

This “deadpan” I suppose is Raft’s mood. He can do it better than any actor in Hollywood. Completely opposite from George’s deadpan is the pizzazz of Dick Powell. Powell, a popular young master of ceremonies from Pittsburgh, was brought to Hollywood and tested for all sorts of parts. “What to do with him, what to do with him,” groaned the supervisors, and then as sort of an afterthought they stuck him in “The Blessed Event,” to play the smart and suave orchestra leader, whose part smacked slightly of Rudy Vallee.

Dick Powell, grinning, bubbling over with healthy fun, and lifting up and down on his toes, became an instantaneous hit. Dick Powell was merely playing Dick Powell—and he was exactly what the doctor ordered. Dick Powell is the Rudy Vallee of the screen and, just as there has never been anyone to take Rudy’s place on the air, just so Dick Powell is completely typed on the screen, and no one can do a Dick Powell role but Dick himself.

About seven years ago J. P. MacEvo, the well-known writer, wrote the sketches for the first preview and was in New York, and was aiding in the production of it. Mr. MacEvo had a very nice, conscientious, but apparently dull and colorless secretary who seemed to have no talent despite the fact that he had graduated from Notre Dame. “I want to act in your revue,” the secretary, none other than our own Charlie Butterworth, told Mr. MacEvo, and that genial gentleman, because he, too, was an alumnus of Notre Dame, said, “Okay, but I’ll keep your secretarial job open for you.” Charlie was stuck in a sketch at the last minute and went over big on the opening night. New York had never seen such a peculiar brand of comedy before, and they were crazy about it. “Hello,” said Mr. MacEvo to Mr. Butterworth, “you were either scared to death, or you’re a factor. Can you do it the same way over again?” Charlie has been doing it the same way ever since. Somehow or other he didn’t click in pictures when he first came to Hollywood, so back he went to New York to score again in “Flying Colors,” then back to Hollywood, and third time the charm. In fact, so well was he in “For-saking All Others” that Metro has announced that he will be made a star.

This is the sort of story that is told in which Mr. Butterworth made his debut was a rather pretty girl, named Helen Morgan, who had a sobby sort of voice. Helen was later on a rather poor, but very energetic dancer with a dance ensemble, and the act was a big flop. “She can’t sing worth a dime,” the stage manager told Mr. MacEvo. “You’d better get rid of her.” But Helen didn’t want to be canned, and made the suggestion that she sing out in front of the curtain while they were changing the scene, and “I think I’ll sit down,” said Helen, “I’ll sit down in the footlights and make it sort of intimate.” Well, the footlights weren’t ready, and getting Helen quite past before the song was over, so the stage manager, who had become reconciled to Helen, suggested she sing on the piano, twirled her handkerchief, and sang a low crooning blues song, and the audience went wild. Miss Morgan has not been able to get down off the piano since.

Bing Crosby used to sing at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood. He had an agent, oh dozens of agents, who tried to get Bing Crosby into pictures, but he was stubborn and not particularly handsome, so the producers simply said “No sex appeal” and let it go at that. Today, mind you, Bing Crosby has the second biggest fan following of any male star. No sex appeal? Why, practically two-thirds of the female population of America, especially the young school girls, are just “mad” for Crosby. When his pictures are previewed at Westwood Village, a college town, the poor house is practically torn from its foundations by the ecstatic young co-eds who’d rather flunk in chemistry than miss a Crosby preview. And I’ll never forget the look of horror that came from a group of teenagers in the Paramount studio to “There’s D’ee-trich over there in the table in the corner, I don’t know who the devil was, but he was the lead in ‘Lom-ber and Jack Oakie and Gary Cooper.” But one glance would the child give them. She had found Bing Crosby, in an old slouchy yellow sweater, and she was in heaven.

After all the studios went thumbs down on him Crosby went to New York and there became a mild sensation on the air. But even then, the major studios wouldn’t give him a tumble. He made slap-stick comedies for Mack Sennett. And then Paramount finally got wise to the things and big halls of Well, just try and get him away from them now.

It was the gentle poise and quiet beauty of Norma Shearer that damped her from a star into a genius. As far as beauty is concerned there has never been anything put on the screen to equal her. Three movies in “snailing Through” and “The Barretts.” Wally Beery’s uncouth humour and beefy heartiness raised him from the ranks of “Journey’s End” and “Pride and Prejudice” to a status only Claudette Colbert or Joan Crawford could equal. Joan Crawford gave up a lowly ban with “Til” and “Possessed” became a dramatic actress. There she was romping and ringing doorbells and took to seclusion, gardenias and Franch Tone. Bette Davis was just another blonde ingenuity on the Warner lot, and not a par-
ticularly good one at that, when John Cromwell and "Of Human Bondage" got hold of her and now Bette is acknowledged one of the best actresses in Hollywood. Her mood was not sweetness and light, it was the tragedy of the woman of the streets.

And all you've got to say is "wistful" and an entire nation thinks of Janet Gaynor. Frank Borzage and "Seventh Heaven" typified Janet—but definitely.

"I Can Hardly Wait——"
[Continued from page 21]

I happen to know that she has resented intensely the adverse criticism which has been directed at her recently and that she is determined to prove, if her own efforts can assist in doing it, that he is every inch the genius which she has always believed him.

She has strained every nerve to give a brilliant performance which would do him credit . . . justify their mutual belief in one another. If "Caprice Espagnole" is not a vivid and exciting picture, it will not be because of lack of effort on the part of these fine artists! I expect to see Marlene at her loveliest.

It is going to be fun. I fancy, to see Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler together in "Go Into Your Dance." After Ruby had persuaded Al with some difficulty that her picture aspirations were no mere whim, and, after she had proved her ability on the screen, Al consented, grudgingly, to allow her to continue with that promising career. But he announced to all and sundry that he and Ruby would never make a picture together.

Well . . . he gave in on that point, too, and the results should be very interesting. It seems to me. Jolson is a seasoned trouper and the little Keeler knows her apples, too. They have made an agreement to try to steal scenes from one another. None of this sentimental business of giving away the close-ups! I visited the set not long ago. Each of them has a small, portable dressing room. When a scene is finished each goes to his own little cubicle without a word. No congratulatory remarks, no fawning, no compliments, no reproaches. It appears, on the surface, to be an exceedingly grim competition for public favor. If you did not know that they were actually very much in love, you might think that they were serious . . . almost malicious . . . professional rivals. The rivalry is genuine, without a doubt and I shall be eager to see who wins the laurels in the picture.

I want to see "Rhumba" for a number of reasons. In the first place, it has Margo in it and I am interested in Margo. I saw her first when she was dancing at Agua Caliente. This led to an engagement in Los Angeles and then to New York, where she was a featured dancer. A Paramount talent scout saw her, tested her and waxed enthusiastic. But he could arouse no enthusiasm among Paramount executives. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur signed her on a personal contract, used her in "Crime Without Passion" and discovered, along with the rest of the world, that here was a sensation.

Now Paramount has borrowed her at a sizeable sum for the George Raft picture. She is a lovely thing, electrically alive, a-thrill just now with her first taste of success, with gratitude toward the people who have made this success possible. The little Mexican is not a beauty in any conventional sense but there is so much ani-

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motion in that face, so much grace in her body..."

She loves dancing as a drunkard loves his tippie. She dances alone in her apartment (as Joan Crawford used to do) when she is in the mood. And the mood is a dreadful thing that could happen to any one... would be to lose the ability to dance. I want to see whether she lives up to the promise she has shown. I want to see whether her hopes and belief in herself are justified. I want to see whether we have another Joan Crawford in this girl...

Another reason for looking forward to "Rhumba" is those gorgeous costumes which Crawford wears. This may be feminine and frivolous... but, do you suppose that they can be as effective on the screen as they were on the set? Al-ho!

Hollywood is extremely aware of this personal, human equations and their effect upon a picture. The personnel of the Columbia studio was acutely aware of the situation between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy during the making of "Man's Castle"... and their hopes were justified by those few performances Loretta made for Spencer, you recall, were falling in love... and the camera caught that flame.

Years ago when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert glimpsed one another in the first time on the set of "Flesh and the Devil," a romance sprang into being which not only interested the world for months but which, at least, was not meant to do with Garbo's subsequent triumphs.

Evelyn Venable sacrificed an excellent contract with Paramount so she might accept one which (in a picture which Hal Mohr was photographing... "The County Chairman," with Will Rogers. Hal saw Evelyn first through the lens of a camera, when Fox borrowed her from Paramount for "David Harum." It was love at first sight... but Evelyn was not of age and her father had stern ideas about youthful romance. The Fox offer was only temporary and there were one day, when she was not needed there, Hilda, the pair fled to Yuma and were married.

So, you see, the camera's eye on that picture was also the eye of Evelyn's lover... in the latter sequences, the eye of her bridegroom! Will you be able to discern her response to him in those sequences? Evelyn's honeymoon was spent before that camera and in her bridegroom's eye! I want to see that picture!

There are other pictures imminent with drama behind them. There is Claudette Colbert in "The Golden Lily," a rôle which seems typical of Brissou... There is John Beal rising to unexpected heights in "The Little Minister," where he can count on the camera to work with Katharine Hepburn contributed to this outstanding performance.

The human element... the drama behind the drama... Hollywood knows how important this is... and Hollywood counts the days until these pictures are released!

"It's A Swell Racket!"

[Continued from page 19]

$5,000 for "Virge Winters," Eugene O'Neill snared $85,000 for "Strange Interlude," Somerset Maugham fattened his bankroll by $25,000 when "Of Human Bondage" was made for him... "Way Down East" sold recently for $100,000... "King Kong," the joint efforts of the late Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper was sold down the river for $36,000... "Viva Villa," in the shooting of which Lee Tracy posed in a balcony, gave Tin Pan Alley the liquid melodic idea of "Stars Fell on Alabama," paid Edgeworth Pinchon and O. B. Smith $17,000.

Ben Hecht, I'd say, was the highest priced of the Hollywood writers, Hecht specially in repatriating and rectifying the blunders and inaptitudes of other writers. Howard Hughes once tried to sign this genius of the typewriter to a two-year contract at $25,000 a year but Hecht flunked it down. For whimpering "Scarcare" into shape, Hecht got $1,000 a day and the job in twelve weeks, which is a tribute to his artistic hatchet. Any major company in Hollywood would cheerfully give him from $50,000 to $60,000 to adapt a script and consider himself lucky. The same goes for Charles MacArthur, Gene Fowler, the third of this brilliant triumvirates, gets $25,000 or more to adapt a script, and more than that for his play "Paree." but finds that regardless of the delicacy of treatment the script can't be adjusted to pass the censors and retain any salt value. That is the identical situation in regard to Metro's "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

Having traced this alluring pen picture
of authors in general, I can hear you readers saying: "How long has this been going on?" The companion query to that on your part is "Hey Sullivan, tell us how to make that Kind of change?"

I'm glad that you have asked me. You came to the right person. When I first sat down at a typewriter, my hand laughed too, but in ten easy lessons I mastered the whole thing. After my eighth lesson, which was delayed in the mail because the correspondence school headmaster had neglected to put a stamp on it, I got my first New York job on the old Evening Mail. After the ninth lesson, I prevailed upon the owners of the paper to hire the Managing Editor and give me his job. It is amazing how easy the whole thing is, and I will explain it to you in a nutshell.

The first thing to do, of course, is to get a typewriter. It is easy to slip into error here and burden yourself with lessons in typewriting. Don't do this. The real romance of a typewriter is reserved for those of us who hit it with two fingers. There are a lot of systems of typewriting, but the best is the Hunt-and-Miss system.

Now you are seated at the typewriter. The next step is to carefully insert a piece of paper, any kind of paper will do in a pinch, in the roller of the machine. You are ready for authorship. Sometimes you won't be able to think up a sensational idea for a story as long as five or ten minutes. To while away the time, walk up and down the living room. This never fails, and if it does fail, the exercise is beneficial at any event. At the end of ten minutes, you will feel a strong urge to write, and at this precise moment, hurry back to the typewriter and get set, because ideas will not, as a general rule, yell: "Ready or not, here I come." They come unexpectedly so always stay close to the typewriter to be in position for them.

The first idea, if you are talented, will be a plot for a musical comedy picture. In your mind's eye, you will see the three characters stepping down out of the typewriter, (A), Hero, (B), Heroine, (C), Villain. With these three characters in the bag, so to speak, you are on the high road to fame and fortune and a Hollywood contract. Now the plot begins to develop in your mind. What, you say to yourself, is to prevent the heroine from being a tap dancer? The answer is nothing. The heroine, you visualize it, is the understudy to the dancing star of the musical show. On the eve of the opening in New York, the star falls and sprains her ankle, and the understudy rushes in, replaces her and becomes a star overnight. For the sock fascism, the understudy marries the hero. If you have any qualms about the star who sprained her ankle, it is advisable and permissible to take her out to the racetrack and destroy her. They do it to horses.

Plots like this will bob right up out of thin air and actually typewriter themselves once you get into the swing of the thing. In a month or so, when your friends discuss Hemingsway, you will say: "He's a bum, a twain." Of course, while the plots of stories are a cinch, you may experience some difficulty in hitting upon the right titles, you know, titles that have a catchy quality to them. For your story of (A), Hero, (B), Heroine, (C), Villain, I'd suggest something like "The Show Must Go On." This has never been used and you can have it. On second thought, you can't have it. For an original story like that, I can get $125,000. That's what Noel Coward got for "Cavalcade."

There are two ways of looking at Dentyne

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Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods—but not today. Dentyne's extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing everyone needs.... It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.

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You can recommend Dentyne because of its delicious flavor, also. Everyone will agree that its delightful spiciness is completely satisfying. Its firm chewiness makes it still more enjoyable. Your friends will be delighted to learn of such a different, distinctive gum. Dentyne, you know, comes in a handy vest-pocket package—a shape that originated with Dentyne and has identified it for many years.

Next month Ed Sullivan defends his beloved New York, and tells what Broadway has done for Hollywood.
Silver Screen for March 1935

Merman of Mazda Lane

[Continued from page 51]

to make a number, 'The Animal in Me.' When the picture was over I couldn't believe for a moment that that number was out. But I've put her name on my list, and the thing which makes me feel pretty good and the world altogether beautiful. They thought it was so good that they saved it and are using it in 'The Big Broadcast of 1935,' and so, without doing a lick of work on that set I'll be in the picture."

"Perhaps they thought the picture might need bolstering up and decided to keep 'The Animal in Me' just in case," I suggested."

"I didn't know interviewers could be so nice," she laughed and her very long lashes curved up against her lids as her eyes twinkled. "But anyway, it's a consoling thought."

She dabbed powder on her nose, and I thought, as I watched her, how she used to pound a typewriter for a living not so long ago. Ethel has a secret desire to go on the stage. As a little girl in Astoria, where she was born and raised, she used to make peep holes in the high board fence, surrounding what was then the Paramount Studios, and peck in at the stars little dreaming that this same studio would some day be clanging for her script. That wall was the first obstacle she had to overcome. They wouldn't let her in the studio but her determination to see what was going on found a way.

In the meantime she grew up and got herself a job as a stenographer although the waiting irked her. Her work with the millionaire sportsman, Caleb Bragg, was interesting but it was so much more exciting when night came and she faced the batteries of eyes and lights in the local night clubs. A feeling of Righteous Slips on her shoulders, as comforting as a rich, warm cloak.

"Mr. Bragg knew George White," Ethel told me, "and dictated a letter of introduction to me for him. Imagine how I felt typing such a letter about myself."

When I carried it to Mr. White he looked at me and said: 'You want to be a show girl? What! Me! A showgirl!' I gaped, and Mr. White wouldn't seem to agree with that idea so I returned to my typewriter. I got a kick out of going back to Mr. White, and being featured in the 'Scandals,' after he had been so sure I wouldn't make the grade as a singer. But my bubble burst when I discovered that originally I had made such a big impression on him that he remembered neither me nor my carefully typed letter.

... I'll have to leave you again. You could have picked a better place for an interview, you know." And she touched my arm with a kind of playfyl push. It's a habit she has when talking with you.

"What!" I exclaimed. "I'm telling you to come through the halls and into the dressing room.

"Wait, we'll have a bite to eat after the show." Ethel said but I persisted and she told me she had been away to meet a friend. He had wanted her to go with her on a visit to the dressing room in the Alvin Theatre.

Ethen Merman's name is more or less to the movie Main Streets, but along the star-studded stretch of New York's Broadway she is something of an institution. The public has been trained to predict that pictures will claim more and more of her time, just as they have so many other stage and radio stars, which is good news to the overwhelming number of fans she has gathered to herself in her first two pictures. For she is not only a regular fellow, a good mixer, the spirit of convivial happiness but a perfectly swell comedienne and a grand person. Her ship has come in and she in absolute command.

"How I Raised Shirley Temple"

[Continued from page 23]

She will actually lick her lips after taking it and ask for more. 'The same goes for cod liver oil. If I ever find it necessary to give her magnesia, I would insist and force her to take it, but it has not been necessary so far and I have respected her phobia against it.

I do not think parents should be unreasonable and force children to do a thing they dislike to do, if something else that they do like will work just as well. However, if a question of authority ever comes up I think a parent should stick by her guns and insist upon absolute obedience.

Occasionally, I need to reprimand Shirley for arguments with her younger brother 'Sonny.' Sometimes they get quite loud in their differences about what should be done about their pet dog. They have a Scotty, of which both are equally fond. Sometimes 'Sonny' thinks Shirley is letting him run too much, or treating him, and then an argument develops. As 'Sonny' is twelve years older than Shirley, they are never two any more than there are many times when neither will give in and I must show my authority. I tell him to be his age and Shirley to keep quiet and it ends there.

If I lower my voice, then Shirley knows it is time to quit whatever she is doing. She says: 'When mauna speaks awfully quiet, I know it is time to be good.'

The other night they got into quite a 'quarrel' over the piano. Shirley wanted to play it at the same time and they were fast coming to blows when I stepped in. That, at the table, I find it necessary to ask Shirley to be still, as she feels quite as big as the rest of us, and when we are deep in a discussion she is apt to say we are wrong and tell us why she thinks so. It is a habit I do not want her to get into, so, even when we are alone, I don't allow her her too many privileges. I believe children should really be ruled before the age of eight. Shirley is a truthful youngster by nature although she has an imaginative turn of mind. I have never heard her andrinate or tell anything that was even slightly untrue except twice--just recently, too. I pointed out to her how foolish it is to try and fool anyone, especially someone like myself, so, twice. Shirley is an old soul for her years, and has more experience than she has. I feel that I have convinced her. I didn't punish her or anything, but I tried to show her the futility of doing it.

Shirley really has a rich imagination. I can illustrate what I mean by telling about her playmates. From the time she could walk and talk until she entered pictures, Shirley had two imaginary playmates which she created herself. She called them Ree
and Ray. They were a little girl and a little boy and whenever she played anything, she would pretend that she was on one side of her and Ray on the other.

If she were building blocks, for instance, on the floor, she would give a part of them to Ray and another part to Kay and a third portion for herself. She would talk to them and explain what she was doing. At night, I often heard her talking to them and telling them stories after she got into bed.

Shirley is a real tomboy, too. My greatest difficulty is in making her rest enough. At the studio, I watch her carefully and insist upon rest between scenes at frequent intervals. She doesn’t know her strength and if I let her alone will actually play until she is exhausted. She has a portable dressing room which is always near the set and when I find her getting too tired, I take her inside and let her lie down and rest with her doll or play quietly with some of her toys.

At night when I put her to bed, her eyes grow heavy immediately and I kiss her good-night and walk across and turn off the light. She is usually asleep by the time I reach the lamp, she is so tired from work and play.

She enjoys a restful sleep. In the morning, I can see by the dent in her little bed that she has not even turned over or changed her position in any way during the night.

I call her at seven and when she is wide awake, give her a small glass of orange juice. Then, I get her up and bathe and dress her and give her a breakfast of cereal, toast, codlins and eggs and a glass of milk.

Then she is dressed and we go directly to the studio. She loves working in pictures, for it is action. There is something doing all of the time and she is a born actress. There is no game that could be invented which would please her better than acting. She likes to do her job well too, and takes great pride in putting over a good scene.

She insists on being with her all the time. Once I left the set for a half hour without telling her I was going and when I came back I found her in tears and the whole company trying to make her happy. She loves me and her father to the point of devotion, so this proves that strict discipline does not hurt her. It only affects her for her parents. I know that some people think we are too strict with little Shirley but I believe we are fitting her in the only possible way that will be to her advantage.

We do not want her to become conceited or spoiled. We have insisted upon a clause in her contract that if, at any time, we feel that screen work is changing her personality or keeping her from being absolutely normal, we can break our agreement with the studio and retire her from the screen. We would do so, too.

We are not taking advantage or reaping any undue benefit from her screen career. I am getting commensurate pay for watching over her at the studio. I coach her with her lines and take care of her every minute of every day and the studio pays me well for this work. It is the only money we receive from Shirley’s screen work. Her own salary is being invested in a savings account. As soon as it gets large enough we are going to put it into a trust fund and keep it until she grows up.

We live very simply. We have a phone and a moderate priced car, only one servant and we do not go out any more than we did before Shirley came into pictures. Less, if anything, because we feel it is necessary to keep ourselves and Shirley out of the public eye as much as possible.

We have a happy and normal family life. Naturally we have problems like everyone else, but they are small and not too difficult.
Sometimes Shirley develops a desire for something that is not necessary to her. But I don't get her everything that she wants. I don't want her to think that she can have everything she desires, but because, some day, she may want something that she cannot have and it would break her heart.

Not long ago I had her down town and she saw a beautiful doll. She wanted it with all her little heart. It cost ten dollars and I didn't feel able to get it for her. She begged hard for it. I told her she could not have it. I knew she was tremendously disappointed but I didn't think it was right to pay ten dollars for it because she needed other things much more. When we got in the car to go home, Shirley kept her face averted and did not answer when I spoke to her.

Finally, I turned her little face around and there were tears running down her cheeks. She said, "Mother, you can't know how much I wanted that doll."

I felt my will power going but I was determined not to cave in. I just told her why I did not get it. She didn't argue any more but I knew that her heart was set on it. Several weeks later I relented and went back to the store with her and the doll was still there, but barely worn from much handling. Evidently other little girls had wanted it just as Shirley did, I asked the saleslady if she could get a reduction on it for me, since it was soiled and shop-worn.

I felt if I could get her to reduce the price then I could buy it for Shirley without seeming to have weakened. The saleslady couldn't, so I didn't buy it. I told Shirley that it was soiled and not worth the money, so she didn't ask for it. And I never bought it. This may seem a small thing but it will illustrate my system of dealing with Shirley.

I never allow her to wheelie anything out of me. By the same token, I never allow her to be bribed. I make it a rule on the set that nobody must promise her anything for work well done.

I have seen children on the set who have been paid to get good looks, to work for their mother, and to be attractive to the camera, until they won't try to do anything unless they are paid for it or unless they know that payment will be forthcoming. That is very bad for discipline, in my opinion.

Some mothers have trouble with children sucking their thumbs. I was bothered by this trait in Shirley when she was small. I tried everything without curing her. I even tried putting on thumb stalls which are sold for this purpose, but Shirley is a double-jointed girl and found it an easy matter to slip these off. She continued the habit until she was two years old and I made it a matter of pride. I cut a thumb from an old glove and cautioned her not to get it soiled. Kept her proud of it, by tying it down, so she could not possibly remove it, and by making her think it must be kept clean and nice. I gradually got her to forget the habit.

Then when she got older, she acquired the habit of biting her nails. I put bitter aloes on them, pepper and everything, but it did not do. Finally, I appealed to her pride by putting natural colored polish on them, and she quit biting them.

I find it easy to appeal to Shirley's pride. She likes to be clean and to look nice. She loves to bathe although she doesn't like to have her hair shampooed. Naturally, I am not impressed by any arguments or discussions, but go ahead and shampoo her hair when the time comes. I do so every other week.

A couple of years ago, Shirley developed a craze for crutches. She wanted a pair, thought they would be fun to play with. I had some difficulty in showing her how absurd her desire was, but finally succeeded. She doesn't get a lot of privileges that other children enjoy. She can't go to the circus or do any of that sort of thing with any measure of enjoyment because she is always stared at and made to feel uncomfortable and she can't understand why, so we avoid crowds whenever possible.

We had a difficult time doing our Christmas shopping. We were working on the technicolor sequences of "The Little Colonel" for one thing and found it difficult to get away. And the other Christmas shoppers "ganged" us every time we put in an appearance.

We slipped away from the studio one afternoon and went down to see Santa. Shirley wanted to talk to him and tell him to bring her an electric train. Santa started to shower her with attention and ask her about her work, but I gave him the high sign and he was sufficiently tactful to understand that I didn't want her to feel important. She was quite happy to see a window full of little Shirley Temple dolls. She was so busy looking at them that she failed to spell out the banner above them proclaiming that they were named after her.

She said: "Look mama. These pretty dolls have dresses just like mine."

If it could always be as easy to keep her from knowing that she is different or set apart from other children, I would be happy.

I haven't had any problems in child training yet, but I am afraid mine are coming in the days ahead when Shirley will know that she is adored, and when she will be able to read the worshipping fan letters that are pouring in on her. I believe that I will be able to help her avoid the pitfalls that surround child stardom. At least, I hope so.

The mother of a famous child star has a difficult road to travel. Nobody can know how difficult unless they have a small celebrity in their own house.

I am sincere about this, however. If the day ever comes when I feel that Shirley is becoming self-conscious or too aware of her screen importance, I shall cancel her contract immediately and let her grow up into a normal young girlhood, far from Hollywood and its studios.
The Theme Songs

[Continued from page 29]

solenm "eminent" almost had apoplexy from laughter. He goes crazy—and you go crazy. It's contagious.

Likewise, the four cyclonic Marx brothers were good marksmen with their "Animal Crackers," which still enlivens parties.

Certain songs do suggest players' personalities. One glimpse of Jeanette MacDonald's pink and gold loveliness brings to mind "The Merry Widow" refrain: "Words may be unspoken, yet I know you hear, music sings, your heart replies—"

It is so easy to picture her gliding gracefully to the swelling rhythm of that lilting waltz, as I have watched her at parties, whether or not one saw her as Sonia, the gay widow of Franz Lehar's amusing kingdom.

You remember "All Women Like to Play the Game of Love," from "Hold Your Man." Also, "To Be Aloof is Quite Passe—That's No Game to Play!" Don't those gay, insouciant words just seem composed for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow? Hollywood thinks so.

And one naturally imagines the poetic soul of Ramon Novarro to be attuned to such delicate music as his favorite, "The Pagan Love Song," from "The Pagan." In soft tones, he begged, "Come with me where moonbeams light Tahitian skies, and the stars water linger in your eyes." One is esthetically pleased to picture him there, singing the evening away in a绣袍 with nature—and her. One couldn't possibly associate him with a hot-cha number.

The title song of "One Night of Love," composed by Victor Schertzinger, immediately suggests Grace Moore, the prima donna of the silent era.

"Love is Love, Anywhere!" Ann Sothern sang, in "Let's Fall In Love," and instantly the public took her to her heart as another sweetheart of the shadows.

"Tonight is Mine" has been synonymous with Irene Dunne, ever since she sang it in "Sing Sing." Though new tunes, like "Love In Bloom," came and gone, Bing Crosby is best known by "Please" and "I Surrender, Dear."

Carole Lombard's pet melody is "My Little Alice Blue Gown." It is a contrast to her modish personality, but local orchestra leader knows her liking for it and invariably she is greeted with a few passes.

For years it has been known that "The Lonesome Road" was Gary Cooper's pet tune. He doesn't remember where or when he first heard it. But he is so constantly humming it that his friends half him with:

"Look down, look down that lonesome road."

Before you travel on."

"One Hour With You!" croons the 1935 swain, his eyes beseeching the current crush to join him in the joys of cocktails and caviar. "Skip it!" retorts the modern maiden: "You're no Eddie Cantor." That's Eddie's radio reliable, as you air-addicts know.

What makes a movie song hit? The producers would appreciate an infallible rule. Public response never can be predicted. Sometimes it's a catchy rhythm, most often it is a sentimental ballad, that impresses the memory and sets every one humming or whistling it. Songs, like stars, have their quiver in the spotlight, and fade.

So Hollywood's cafe musicians must be Minute Men, constantly augmenting their repertoires with the latest stellar hits.

right for you. Your lips look soft, lovely, appealing. The kind of lips men like to kiss. Try Tangee. There are two sizes...39 cents and $1.10. Or send 10 cents with coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. 1 enclosure $2.50 (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

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4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set for March 1935

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set with Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. 1 enclosure $2.50 (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check for $2.50

Flesh

Rachel

Light Rachel

Name (Please Print)

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4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set with Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. 1 enclosure $2.50 (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check for $2.50

Flesh

Rachel

Light Rachel

Name (Please Print)

Address

City State
When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"

What an old sieve she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'll fill the requirements of our position here."

She's bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantry when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Be safe every day—use Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

You need Mum for this, too. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

The Picture-Savers

[Continued from page 35]

acting in her initial film venture inspired hardened critics of the theatre to write pages of praise in her behalf? Who is she, what is her background and how did she get the part? But let's hold MARGO and see what happens.

She danced for months at Agua Caliente, popular play spot of the screen colony, and sang at Las Angeles' Cocoanut Grove, with both being offered so much for a single film test.

It took New York, and the Waldorf-Astoria, to discover and uncover those talents that made her the toast of Hollywood. And it took two young eastern producers, who would release him. So young Armetta learned to labor customers.

After he went in for truck driving, railroading, and just any odd jobs he could get until one lucky day he landed a job in Harry C. Hansen's Club in New York, which is the leading actors' club in America. He became the friend of many of the actors who visited the shop daily, and after a few weeks' acquaintance, Raymond Hitchcock, attracted by Armetta's jovial disposition and the funny little twits to his head and shoulders, offered him a full-time job as a barber and the beginning of a great friendship—and of three years in Hitchcock shows.

Armetta was well launched then on his third pictures, and Mrs. Armetta, who hadn't been able to get a job in months, was given a small role in De Mille's "King of Kings" and was paid five hundred dollars for one week's work.

And one day, when he was a struggling young Italian boy in New York City, walking the streets day after day looking for a job, he discovered, one afternoon, a filthy little soft drink stand in lower Manhattan where one might purchase a chocolate ice cream soda for two cents. It was just a tiny little soda, but Armetta would lap it up and say to himself, "Someday I shall be ree-a man, and I shall buy beeg-a soda."

So now Henry Armetta never misses a chance to buy beeg-a soda, but with sort of a mournful shake of his head he will tell you: "At it doesn't taste so good as the two cents one did in school."

Of the three picture-savers, Armetta has had the most exciting life, has gone in for more extremes. He was born in Palermo, Italy, and has lived under various conditions for a life at sea. When he was fourteen he ran away from home and became a stowaway on a boat bound for Boston. He was arrested when he landed and thrown into the jail, but an Italian harber, who had once been a stowaway himself, guaranteed to give the boy a home and work if the police
much hope for my dream to come true.

"Grandmother, on the other hand, encouraged me. I danced at home, in the yard, at the homes of friends. I was continually trying out new steps, gyrating, acting out little parts to the tune of different songs I sang. It was my whole life, and no matter where we danced to live my thoughts were on dancing.

"We moved to Hollywood to make our home. To be a dancer still was my one goal, my sole object in life, and Mother, realizing this, took me aside one day and said:

"Margo, I must return to Mexico. Your grandmother will remain here. Even before my mother had finished, my mind was made up. I knew the answer. I would remain in Hollywood with my grandmother and continue with my dancing. I still was in my teens but with the courage of youth I knew that we could manage.

"I worked on the choice of three pictures, but, while going through the routines, I knew I didn't belong there. I felt I was destined for something far higher."

"I knew I wasn't ready for New York. Agua Caliente appealed to me but my grandmother wouldn't hear of my going there.

"Finally, one night, a manager called me by long distance telephone. I shrieked to Grandmother, "It's Agua Caliente and they want me to go down there.' 'Tell them NO,' Grandmother screamed back, from the next room.

"Agua Caliente called me three times, and my grandmother finally was won over to coming with there for a try-out. If we didn't like it, we wouldn't stay. We left for the Mexican resort in a day or so... and remained nine months.

"One day, while he was rehearsing by myself, a stranger walked into the room. He was dressed like a Frenchman and watched me for several minutes before speaking. Then he said: 'I have enjoyed your dancing with much pleasure. How would you like to go to the Waldorf-Astoria?'

"'I'd like it,' I told him.

"'Very well,' he said. 'If you have no contracts to fulfill, please wait until you hear from me.' I am Renee Black, of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"I didn't think very much about the matter, for I had never heard that Renee Black was a scout sent out by the Waldorf every year in search of talent. I dismissed it from my mind. When the racing season was ended at Agua Caliente, I went to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles for an engagement.

"It was while there that Mr. Black got in touch with me. He had just returned to New York and discussed the question of my going east with his directors and wanted to know my price.

"I airmailed him a letter, asking for what I was worth. I was willing to go. A return telegram advised me to leave as soon as possible. Later, I learned I could have demanded much more."

"At the opening of the winter season, Margo intrigued the fancy of New Yorkers with her dancing and became the rage of the Waldorf-Astoria. George Katt espied her and took her as his dance partner when he made a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre.

"And when James Savo, a friend, learned that Hecht and MacArthur were preparing for "Crime Without Passion," he took Margo to see the former. Hecht was so impressed by the young dancer that he immediately signed her for the leading part of Carmen Brown in the picture, and also affixed her signature to a long-term contract.

"Without any practical acting experience, Margo made good in spectacular fashion. A good dancer, though, says Margo, must be a good actress... and that's that.

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**RED, CHAPPED HANDS?**

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**Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream**

**HERE'S a sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!**

**A hospital secret**

This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

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Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

**To end skin faults**

Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a face powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

---

**WONDERFUL FOR SKIN FAULTS, TOO**

- HELPS END LARGE PORES

- BLACKHEADS

- PIMPLES

- OILY SKIN

- FLAKINESS

---

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer doesn't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 83, Baltimore, Md.
abhor—a big city in the dead of winter! I’m afraid I find most of New York very depressing with its Sixth Avenue, its noises and its great Henry Ford. It was in the truest Cole Porter sense! He doesn’t have to take orders from a director; I’m sure he wouldn’t, because he’s mastered acting. He doesn’t have to struggle and strive to succeed, it’s all too easy, and so he doesn’t give a shuck for anything save a chukker. Natural, isn’t it? He has really left it all behind. I said I guess I’d better be running along.

“I’ll go with you,” he answered quickly. “I’ve got to get back to the hotel, for I’m going to have to organize the opening of the indoor polo season.”

We walked across town again and presently we caught sight of a store displaying in its windows all sorts of games—badminton, backgammon, deck hockey and any number I couldn’t name, and some he’d never seen.

“Are they the immense?” he asked with more enthusiasm than any Englishman has a right to have, “I must buy some for the hotel. Let’s go inside.”

He turned me around and we were on our way—for a locked door. The place had closed for the day. It didn’t daunt him, though.

“I’ll come back tomorrow,” he determined.

As we walked along he itemized all the things he was going to buy and send to the children.

“I thought you were going to buy them for the hotel,” I reminded him.

But he wouldn’t have anything, he chuckled, “one usually starts out with one idea, only to end up with another.”

“After I came from Europe I flew to the Coast and had to come East in a dreadful hurry, so I took a plane despite the fact that I usually become violently airsick. Against such a possibility I asked a friend, a great man, I might mention, ‘I’m too old to be a traveler,’ I explained, ‘will you come along, like a good fellow, just in case? Of course he agreed, and of course he became airsick. By the time I got him I didn’t have time to feel wretched myself, which served admirably’ he laughed.

He looked at me, shyly, almost, but with that delightful twinkle in his eye which shows he’s pleased, you understand. He felt there was some subtle change in him. Perhaps it’s this business of living vitally; or the fact that he is no longer to continue to do things he doesn’t like. He shook hands, and I didn’t add anything but ‘goody-good,’ I simply couldn’t wish him ‘good luck,’ for, if anything, he has had too much of that already, and I didn’t want to find it a real joy to tell him he was a happy man. Actually I hope he’ll have to work and fight and stumble before he finally gets what he wants, which of course he will. I imagine he would then find it ‘sporting.’ And that’s what I found him

London Is Different (Continued from page 27)

suddenly went heavily dramatic, even tragic.) I grew old in that film, terribly old and cantankerous and unwanted. It was life, you see. Grim and unpleasant. And although I doubt if they liked to leave the theatre in a happy, contented frame of mind, I wouldn’t blame any woman whose own life lacks romance if she preferred you to accuse it to ‘Evassilson.’ And yet it was a fine production, as fine as ever England produced.

Regarding Hollywood, Miss Layne was ungrateful.

“Much as I hate to admit it,” she said, “being a loyal British subject, you know, I must give Hollywood credit for the

Tea-Timing With The Horsey Mr. Howard (Continued from page 26)

FAT GOES- OR NO COST

LOST

36 Pounds

No Diets! Feels Fine!

...DETOIT LADY SAYS

Don’t envy others with their slender lovely figures. Do as this Detroit lady did. She writes: “I reduced 36 lbs. with RE-DUCE-ODIS after over weight since 1920. I recommend RE-DUCE-ODIS because I found them to be harmless and not weakening in any way. They reduced me, yet I did not have to deprive myself of normal, strengthening food. Because they are in taste-less capsule form I found them easy and pleasant to take.”—Mrs. Dorothy Lawrence, 2185 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich. Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 8 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-ODIS.

NURSE recommends this easy way

Quoting a San Francisco Graduate Nurse: “In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health trying to reduce. My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-ODIS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others.”

LOSE FAT-OR MONEY BACK

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-ODIS, you get your money back. You risk nothing! START TODAY before fat gets another day’s headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send $2.50 for 1 package or $5.00 for 5 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells “HOW TO RE- DUCED.” Not necessary to order RE- DUCED-ODIS to get this book. Sent free.

GOODBYE, FAT!

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Send me the FREE Book “HOW TO REDUCE.”

If you wish RE-DUCE-ODIS check number of packages here:

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Address:

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MINING

Ming Toy, toying with her tea. I began actually to understand why he likes polo, a game that offers a great battle, for you can’t fight back on the polo field. And he’s only got one life, I thought it had been delightful. I knew I was the envy of every American girl who was sitting at a drug-store counter drinking her “one coke please”—but I said I guess I’d better be running along.

“I’ll go with you,” he answered quickly. “I’ve got to get back to the hotel, for I’m going to have to organize the opening of the indoor polo season.”

We walked across town again and presently we caught sight of a store displaying in its windows all sorts of games—badminton, backgammon, deck hockey and any number I couldn’t name, and some he’d never seen.

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markable strides it has made. Even their weakest efforts seem to be imbued with a certain intangible something that lifts them above our British films. Not all our films are bad; you. We do make a 'Henry the Eighth' now and then, don't we? Perhaps this tremendous enthusiasm that you feel towards everything you do is reflected in your pictures.

"In England we have always prided ourselves on our ability to do a costume picture better than you do in Hollywood. We were so meticulous about all the details, such as using the correct small box for a certain period, and little things like that. Sometimes we were simply horrified at the technical flaws glossed over in Hollywood costume pictures. But now, since I've watched 'David Copperfield' in the making out at M-G-M, I have to doll my hat to you on this score also. The settings, the costuming, and the atmosphere of Dickens' story have been so faithfully reproduced that it has left me speechless. I feel sure that it's going to be a marvellous film."

As Miss Laye married Frank Lawton just after he finished playing the role of David Copperfield as a grown man, that ought to be reason enough for her thinking the film will be marvellous.

Although she has a contract with M-G-M, the moment she hit New York from Hollywood and started seeing plays with her husband, a veritable nostalgia for the theatre came over her again. Six years ago she made a sensation here in Noel Coward's charming operetta, 'Bitter Sweet.' Since then nothing has turned up in the way of a successor to bring her back to us in that medium. "If only," she wished eagerly, "Noel would write another operetta like that. I know that he has it in him. But he has so many ideas that he wants to carry out first that he simply refuses to get around to it. He really is a genius."

I agreed and asked if she had seen his "Design for Living" when it played in London. She laughed, "They didn't think it was quite nice over there, you see. So nobody took me to it, but I wish now that I had slipped out and seen it by myself. Noel adores writing those slyly witty, sophisticated things, but underneath he is really very sentimental and romantic. I know.

Next to London, Miss Laye adores New York. She never tires of going in and out of the shops, and, by way of contrast, she can get as much fun out of shopping at Macy's, where she buys perky little gifts for the girls back home, as she does while buying clothes at the exclusive 57th Street shops. She loves to shop alone, too. In fact, she likes going off every once in a while and living by herself.

Once she spent two weeks in a caravan parked miles away from civilization in England's lovely lake country. Nobody recognized her, and she was able to do chores that she couldn't wear for her public, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. She threatens to do the same thing again sometime when she returns to Hollywood. But I doubt whether the American public, with its enthusiasm for celebrities, will accord her the same privacy that England did when she hopped into her caravan. For she has her deep-blue eyes, golden hair and deep throaty laugh she's got more glamour than she suspects, even if she has an aversion to "love confession" stories.

When you see her in "The Night is Young," I'm sure you'll agree with me heartily. And when you leave the theatre humming Sigmund Romberg's exquisite airs "When I Grow Too Old To Dream I'll Have You to Remember," it will be of the vivacious, fascinating Evelyn Laye you'll be thinking.

---

**Beware of napkins that don't stay soft**

HAVEN'T you—like many other women—wondered how napkins can feel soft to begin with, and later turn into instruments of torture? Chafing...cutting...rubbing delicate skin surfaces until every step hurts!

Here's your answer: They harden.

Surface softness in a napkin is no guarantee against hardening. Lasting comfort must be built in! That's the principle upon which Modess is made. That's why Modess is soft to start with—and stays soft in use.

Special materials go into Modess. And they're put together in a special way. No other napkin can duplicate Modess construction, which means that no other napkin can give you the comfort that is yours when you wear Modess.

**Take ten seconds—and make this test**

Even before you test Modess in use, your eyes and your finger-tips can prove to you why and how it's better. Feel the softness of the specially-treated surgical gauze that covers the pad. Then turn back the gauze and see—just underneath—the layer of downy fluff that cushions the fluffy filler. That's exclusive with Modess.

And notice this about the filler. It's not made of harsh, papery layers. Millions of tiny fibres, actually blown into shape, form its yielding softness—make it super-absorbent—and proof against hardened edges.

And remember—this softer napkin is safer, too. There's a special protective backing that guards against "accidents."

**Modess is not expensive!**

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. You'll be astonished at its low price. But even better than its bargain price is the lasting comfort Modess brings. Wear Modess once, and you'll have solved the chafing problem!

---

**MODESS stays soft in use!**
"Why, don't you remember, Durdles?" Mr. Rains amazes. "You promised to show me around the Cathedral crypts by moonlight. I'm a bit of an antiquary—and I've an eye for beauty—and a mind to see the spirits at night."

What a man, what a man! Durdles takes a ponderous, ancient key from a hook and starts to open the crypts. With an eerie light on his face and a wild, insane look in his eyes he turns to Mr. Rains and shouts, "Tombstones and monuments. All mine!"

I haven't a doubt in the world but what Mr. Rains, in his big, black cape, tucked Mr. Drood away under one of those tombstones, but no amount of coaxing could get the solution to the mystery out of Smart Walker, the director, who just kept repeating, "You'll be surprised when you see it on the screen."

Well, all I've got to say is, I hope Mr. Dickens' spirit won't be too surprised.

David Manners plays the disappearing Edwin Drood, nephew of the opium-taking, palm-singing John Jasper and Douglass Montgomery plays Neville Landless, the hot-blooded young Englishman from the Isle of Geylon. Heather Angel, the very recent Miss. Ralph Forbes, is quite, quite lovely as Rosa Bud, only I must ask you why or how did Dickens have the nerve to call a heroine "Rosa Bud?"

Mr. Walker is preparing for another "take" and my nervous system just won't stand it, so I go on over to the next stage and there—right in the flesh—is Chester Morris cavorting around in a piece fittingly enough titled "I've Been Around." What that boy could tell if you could get him talking! But that's beside the point, unfortunately.

Everybody is too busy to tell me what it's all about but the scene is a very elaborate bedroom. Through a window at the far end can be seen bushes all covered with synthetic snow and glistening in the artificial moonlight. In the distance can be seen a church steeple. It's built in miniature on a scale that makes it look exactly the height it would if it were really as far away from the window as it is supposed to be. They are all ready to shoot the scene when suddenly the camera man yells—"The steeple is out of the picture!"—so everything is held up for ten minutes while some sweating laborers move the church steeple six inches to one side. Then the scene proceeds.

"It's the perfume I never can forget" Says CARY GRANT

There's glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing touch. No wonder April Showers is the world's most famous, best-loved talc!

April Showers TALC

Exquisite, but not Expensive

CHERAMY PARIS

Soothe THOSE TIRED EYES!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES


Rochelle Hudson and Chester Morris in a little thing called "I've Been Around" until they change the title.

April 1935

Studio News

[Continued from page 31]

Rochelle Hudson, whom Chester has married—"in the picture—is in bed. She almost died and all around her are her family and Chester—Ralph Morgan, Gene Lockhart and Isabel Jewell. And does Isabel look ducky in a slinky evening gown that fits her like a sausage skin? Boy, howdy! I can hardly bear my eyes off her long enough to return Chester's insults.

"Can't somebody say something?" Rochelle demands weakly from the bed. It's worth going to see the picture just to see the emotions working in Isabel's face as she casts about desperately for something to say. "Happy New Year!" she gets out finally in a strained voice that is tinged with hysteria.

"Dick," Chester says seriously when the scene is finished, "Ain't you ever going to call us up any more? I don't have time to call because I'm working so hard and Sue (his wife) feels hesitant about calling you. But we miss not seeing you like we used to."

"I'll call," I promise and really mean it. Chester and Sue are two of my favorites when they lived about three blocks from me I used to see them all the time. Unfortunately, they hadn't any better sense than to move away so now I never see them.

At Twentieth Century

RONALD COLMAN is making his first picture in a long time over here. It is called "Clive of India" and is all about a young chap who was sent out from England to work for the East India Company. The time is 1748 A.D. and HERE, my dears, is some news. For this picture, Ronnie has SHAVED HIS MUSTACHE! Heer—looks—well! He has always been many maidens' idea of romance and I can assure you he looks no less romantic in his satin and breeches and white wig.

This is the opening shot in the picture. Ronnie has just insulted one of the bigwigs of the company by having a native carry an umbrella over his head to shield him from the sun. The governor be the pied Ronnie to apologize, which he reluctantly does. The bigwig, being magnanimous, invites Ronnie to his house and says, "His Excellency ordered me to apologize to you—not to dine with you."

Holy Jerusalem! You can imagine what a stir that retort creates. His fellow clerks
are furious because they know his impudence is going to make it tough on them. There is a great deal of muttering and mumbling as he comes through the room with his friend, Francis Listy.

"Fine mess you've made of things," one informs him.

"Why the devil can't you behave yourself?" another wants to know.

"Get us all into trouble," vouchsafes another.

"It wasn't so funny, after all," a fourth puts in.

And that's how it goes. One can't please every one. The plot is thoroughly involved and Frank Melton is running after a third car. In the rear of the next reel for him?

At Fax

Mr. Will Rogers, having returned from his self-arranged good-will tour, is following the phonomenally successful "Judge Priest" with "The County Chairman." This is an old, old play but it was a honey in its time and Will should certainly make a fine chairman. The plot is too involved to try to give it in all its ramifications but Evelyn Venable's father is running for some office and Frank Melton and Kent Taylor are both running after la V. Frank makes some sort of bet with her that if her father is or isn't elected (I forget which) she'll marry him if she loses the bet.

Well, she loses—or thinks she does—and Frank has come to collect. He has the only auto in town and, my readers (if any), you should get a load of it. It's a 1900 model Oldsmobile and until you've seen it you ain't seen nothing. It won a prize at the auto show a couple of years ago for being the oldest old buggin' car in town. The owner rents it out for pictures for something like $35 a day. How he keeps it going even the makers haven't been able to figure out.

Frank Melton and Evelyn Venable

in the streamlined model of 1900 for "The County Chairman."

Miss Venable—if you care for her type of beauty—looks quite charming in a light blue dress, very form fitting and with a long trailing skirt.

Frank and Evelyn are seated in the contraption, which comes to a jerky halt just in front of the home of Robert H. Doolittle, Justice of the Peace. "Now," Frank exclaims as he jumps out and rescues Evelyn from the smoke, "we'll wake up the old lady."

I always say, you minutes you'll be Mrs. Henry Cleaver!

But she won't. She didn't lose the wager after all and Kent Taylor and Will arrive just in this to lagging when Frank tells me he can't stand all the excitement, explodes and burns up, so he loses both his girl and his car. (N.B. They've also reproduced the auto because the owner objected to having them burn his np.)

"Old Golds respect my throat...and charm my taste, too" says Ginger Rogers

G.P. Lorillard Co., Inc. RKO-Radio Star

AMERICA'S SMOOHEST CIGARETTE

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

You have no alibi whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows how you then do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 70,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

If you really do want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Five Demonstration Lessons. This explains our wonderful method fully, and shows how easily and quickly you can learn to play by using the U. S. School of Music, 1933 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.
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DRAB HAIR

Gilders—When hair turns drab, it dulls your whole personality. Bring out the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair. Get Blondex, the glorious shampoo which will uncover the glistening lights of beauty—keep them un-dimmed. Made originally for blondes—Blondex has been adopted by thousands with drab brown and medium dark hair. For they have found it gives their hair the sheen and sparkle that they cannot get with ordinary shampoos. Try Blondex today and see the difference after one shampoo. At all good drug and department stores.

SOME WOMEN ALWAYS ATTRACT

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their systems free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made only pure vegetable ingredients. Known for their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 13c, 30c and 60c.

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The popular dancing couple, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, stopping in "Roberta."

Over at Warner's

W. ERNER BROTHERS are having their mid-winter dull spell, so there isn't much doing out here. "While the Patient Slept," which sounds to me like one of those hospital dramas, is on location so we'll just skip it.

"Go Into Your Dance," with Ruby Keeler and huddy, Al Jolson, is in preparation.

Frank Borzage, who rarely misses, is directing the new Kay Francis picture, "Living on Velvet," with Benny Williams, of the publicity department, and I stumble on to the stage and right into one of those ducky little triangles. Miss Francis and George Brent (yep, Miss Garbo's Mr. Brent) form two sides of the triangle and there's good old Warren William making as reliable an hypothesis as I have ever glanced at.

Kay looks magnificent in a mint coat that ripples about her quite, quite luxuriously. The room has that "after the party's over" all about it and you just know that somebody is in love with somebody and trying to keep somebody else from finding it out.

The picture takes its name from the fact
that Brent, scion of an aristocratic Philadelphia family, was flying his family to Newport several years before when the plane crashed in a fog and every member of the family was killed but him. He feels he should have been killed, too, and is living on borrowed time—on velvet, as it were. He spends his days and nights drinking, traveling, carousing and getting into all kinds of scrapes. Of course, he has a pal (Warren William, naturally) who sticks by him and, just as naturally, when he could fall in love with all the beautiful women in the world, he falls for Kay who happens to be Mr. William's biologic urge. Evidently, as we walk in, George has just discovered his faux pas.

"You poor darling," Kay begins, seating herself on the arm of Mr. William's chair. "Hold that pose," Brent interrupts very casually, though you can sense the drama behind his words. "A charming couple," he goes on (a little bitterly, I thought) and then, with an enforced laugh. "Good night."

"Wait a minute," William calls after him. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know. Any suggestions?" Brent inquires with mock politeness.

"Aren't you coming home with me?" Warren persists.

"No," but definitely from George. "Good-night, Gibraltar. Good-night, Amy." And our Mr. Brent walks out of the scene, leaving Mr. William looking quite dumb-founded by it all. But Kay—ah, Kay—us a sad, thoughtful look so it's a pretty good guess she knows what's ailing Mr. B. Anyway, it's all quite tense and dramatic.

At M-G-M

T HREE pictures shooting here today but they have more pictures in production at this studio than any other.

Stage 12 has a horsey smell about it, so I hastily give Kay Mulvey some very strong flavored chewing gum and we make our way over this and that right into the midst of a stable. Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are petting a magnificent black mare and I edge in for a bit of petting, too, me being an old horse trader from the South. I hardly get one rub of her soft, velvety nose (the mare's not Jean's) when the director yells, "Get Mook out of here. This is a picture, not a horse show." Luckily, I'm not sensitive about little things like that so I move over to a stall and hide while he goes on with his picture making.

"All right, Jean. All set, Bill. Let's go. Quiet," he shouts in a voice that would waken the dead. The lights go on full force and the mare immediately lets out a whinny so everybody just stands around waiting until she gets bored. You can al-

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Add these to YOUR Personality

Geneviève Torn in "Uncertain Lady"

A Universal Picture

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You, too, if you wish to achieve distinction in a world ruled by men, must know how to influence them, captivate their interest and win their esteem. You must know how to make them feel flattered, gay, inspired or enchanted when in your magnetic presence.

Most women are mere novices in the technique of fascination. The cliché Parisiennes are more adroit; they deftly employ the secrets of man's psychology to stir and sustain his interest. You, too, can acquire superiority in this necessary art, through our systematized training in charm and fascination. A few minutes daily devoted to our unique instructions sent by mail, and you will soon stand revealed in a new light. A keen insight into men's psychology gives you assurance, poise, sang-froid.

Learn to meet every situation with ease and finesse. Our self-revealing test of your effectiveness, and our new booklet, "Technique of Fascination," is offered without cost. Just mail your name and address and your copy will be sent to you at once.

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RENOVATION

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Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the gay musical piece, "Naughty Marietta."

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Los Angeles, Calif.
it's a cinch it's no good. They may say huddled there for hours and it's a cinch a busy man like me can't sit around just to see who wins. But I'm betting on Helen.

On Stage 14, Jeanette MacDonald is bursting into song just as we get on the right side of the big stage doors, so we have to stand still till she finishes—and that's no hardship, either. This is the "Naughty Marietta" set, which promises to be one of the best musicals of the coming season for three excellent reasons. And I'll tell you what those reasons are, if you wish to know, and even if you don't wish to know. Woody Van Dyke, who will probably get an Academy award this year for turning out so many successes, is directing in his usual casual manner. Then there is Jeanette who can sing and look beautiful at the same time. Thirdly, this picture marks the long delayed debut of Nelson Eddy, opera and radio baritone. Whether you'll like Mr. Eddy on the screen is something I wouldn't be knowing but I must say his singing at the Marion Davies benefit and at Marie Dressler's birthday party is something everyone who heard it will remember. So here's hoping he screens well.

At Paramount

When Grace Moore hit that high C in the "Madame Butterfly" aria she certainly started something in Hollywood. The movie mogul took one look at the line in front of the box office where "One Night of Love" was playing, tore their hair, gnashed their teeth and shrieked in their native Hebraic, "Mon Dieu! Cherchez la prima donna" and the great cherche was on.

Finally, with great regret Paramount tapped Mary Ellis, so once more there is a little peace on the campus. Miss Ellis—but I mustn't get started on her, she being one of my pet enthusiasms. She's sung at the Metropolitan in New York and she's sung with Caruso, Scotti and Martinelli. She originally sang the "Indian Love Call" in "Rose Marie." You'll hear more about her all right, too.

Dropping the curtain on her past—but only for the time being. I assure you—her first picture picture is that of the Queen in "All the King's Horses" opposite Carl Brisson. I had hoped when I burst on to her set that she would be hitting high D's but, no! She's merely cuddling and I must say she cuddles very well, indeed.

The King and Queen of Langenstein (Carl Brisson and Mary, of course) have become quite known with each other. The Queen, as a matter of fact, walks out on the King the night of their first wedding anniversary because she just can't abide his awful beard any longer.

Meantime, that popular movie idol, Carlo Roco (who is Mr. Brisson, assis) arrives in town, gets palsy walsy with the King, persuades him to have his beard and—takes alive! The movie actor and the King look just alike, so the way is all paved for one of those mixed identity plots which has been a source of pleasure—and revenue—to playwrights ever since the time of Bill Shakespeare (and I don't mean the football player).

The King takes a vacation and the movie actor takes his place in the palace. The Queen comes home and, naturally (?), thinks he's Mr. Brisson. And that, my dears, is how matters stand in the royal palace of Langenstein as I slump into a creasy chair. Miss Ellis looking quite gaudy in a fanciful dinner gown with gardenias tucked just here, is cuddling very close to Mr. Brisson, who doesn't seem to mind at all.

"I want to live that moment again," says Queen Mary giving it that far-away look. "Yes. But to me—this moment—now—is even more beautiful," he whispers. "And you are lovelier than all the moments that have ever been.

Say! What the heck is all this palaverizing about marriage? Miss Ellis is getting ready to sing that old Beatrice Lillie favorite—"Even a Queen Must Have Her Moment or So." But no. No such luck.

"We weremarried once.

"No one ever closer—never—until tonight. Until this moment—with your hair—close to my hair and your mouth—closer than lovers in a dream.

Hotcha, I always say, and, boy, is she falling for this line of guff. As a matter of fact, if I can get every girl in Hollywood to give all there's a knock at the door and a maid calls, "Your majesty.

Then it is that Brisson realizes this beautiful creature is really a woman and it is silly for him to go on caring when he can never marry her.

And just when I'm all set for a good juicy scandal, too.

Over on the "Mississippi" set dozens of extras are lounging around in their ante bellum hoop skirts and high topplers, playing a bit of running er- oly, or a bit of bit of gum. Well, not such a bit of gum, either. The rest is occasioned by the fact that W. C. Fields is in the throes of doing a scene and that means all business is called off indefinitely. The famous W. C. ad lib as he goes, and never does or says the same thing twice, which makes it very difficult for the director who must make a lot of "takes" or he isn't considered a good director. To date John M. Stahl and Josef Von Sternberg hold the championship for the greatest number of "takes" so they've had their contracts renewed.

The presence of Fields makes any picture important, as he is even more important because it stars the one and only Bing Crosby and a whole flock of new songs. Bing in his inimitable, consisting of mauve pants, a pleated jobat and fancy waistcoat, is really something. Unfortunately for you girls, his sole contribution to this sced (signature) just is one of the big scenes of the picture) is to place a chair in front of the Fields map at exactly the right second to keep him (Fields) from getting a glimpse of his lesser, that an enraged poker player hurls at him.

A very weird poker game, it is, too. Of course, on a Mississippi river boat you expect this kind of thing. But—great guns! You don't expect every other card to be an ace.

Under cover of his mint julep, Fields secretly draws a couple of cards out of the deck while no one looks. But, heck, the cards are all aces so he lets them fall to the floor.

Mary Ellis, a grand opera singer, and Carl Brison, in the romantic operetta, "All the King's Horses."
W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby are the principals in the colorful, costume drama, "Mississippi."

"I just call," he says finally. "Thanks for reminding me."

"Four aces," announces Stanley Andrews triumphantly and throws them on the table.

"That's funny," Francis McDonald marvels. "I have four aces."

"There are only four aces in the deck."

"And that's my game," Andrews answers. "I have four aces."

"That's a rule I never heard of and we'll skip it."

"Mr. A turns belligerently to Al Richman:"

"Why, I've got four aces, too," Mr. Richman admits.

"And what have you got?"

Andrews believes at Captain Fields to be having a little trouble lighting his cigar and considerable trouble getting rid of his aces. I'd say, oil and salt, Captam Fields is probably having palates like his quite nonchalant about it all. "Oh, what have I got?" he repeats. "Let me see, now. Dear me, just a little pair of dances," and with the delightful naiveté of a child Mr. Fields puts five aces down on the table. It seems you two gentlemen have played together before."

"Mr. A. and where I come from is only one thing to do with a crooked dealer."

"Zing! Bing got the chair there just in time.

Joan Bennett and Call Patrick are the locaties in this opus.

There is still another big picture in production on the Paramount lot. Big because it co-stars the very popular Carole Lombard and George Raft, and it also presents the sensational Margo, who can dance like nobody's business. She is the girl who made such a hit in the Charlie MacArthur-Ben Hecht picture, "Crime Without Passion."

"Ever since "Bolero" the fans have been clamoring for Lombard and Raft to dance together again on the screen. So, nice old Paramount, ever cager to please (the public) bought "Rhumla" for them and now you'll see Carole and George giving us that certain something."

Carole plays a society gal, just filthy with milliones. Georgie plays a cheap dancer in a Havana bar-room. He takes a fling at the National Lottery and draws a number that calls for two aces. When he goes to the lottery window to collect he finds the ritzy Lombard right in front of him collecting on the same number he holds. Then he learns how cruel life can be: his ticket is a phoney. He raises such a ruckus Carole magnificently offers to lend him the five thousand to open a dance club of his own. But Raft, surlly and disappointed, spurns her and her offer and says he'll have none of those smoky New York society dances. He meets Margo, beautiful Spanish dancer, and they form a rhumba team which quickly becomes the sensation of Havana. On the opening night of their swanky night club, Miss Lombard again appears in Havana.

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Answers to the Puzzle Pictures

Page 51

1. "The Captain Hates The Sea"

2. "The Belle Of The Nineties"

3. "Outcast Lady"

4. "Rhumba"

5. "Music In The Air"

6. "The Painted Veil"

7. "Hide Out"

8. "The Champ"

9. "The Fountain"

Answers to the Handwriting Contest

Of The Slogan

I Read Silver Screen

Alle May Barry, 2229 S. W. 3rd St., Miami, Fla.

Barbara Bechelder, 315 Madison Ave., Hasbrouck

Heights, New Jersey.

Velma Bebb, 356 No. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah

Edna A. Beethoven, Apt. 10, 65 Melbourne St.,

Sheffield, Aus.

Beverly Bishop, 95 Windway Dr., San Francisco, Calif.

Martha Brown, 716 Eleventh St., Wilmette, Ill.


Ludlow Chichester, R. 1, Horse, Spokane, Wash.

Vivian McDaniel, Palmetto, La.

Beth Sutcliffe, 5504 Park Ave., Montreal, Canada

Leah Eicher, 1794 E. Locust St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Alice E. Floyd, 9 Friend St., Manchester, Mass.

Todd B. Franklin, 1301 Forest Hill, Cleveland, Ohio

Mildred Fritz, 103 Hamilton Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.

Kitten Judore, 801 Fifth St., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Harold F. Gentry, 216 E. Curry St., Phoebeus, Va.

Alfred Greco, 105 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Jeanette Hamilton, 9 N. Main, Park, Tex.

Margaret Stevenson Hawkey, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

Lillian Hines, 1 Casa Corta St., Toronto, Canada

Anna Holcombe, 552 Park Ave., Montreal, Canada

Roger Hope, 8201 41st St., Tacoma, Wash.

Martha Butler, 2250 Warren Road, Lakewood, Ohio

Mary Laver Johnson, 4441 Olive St., Apt. 511, St. Louis, Mo.

Flo Devere Langham, 2436 Polk St., Chicago, Ill.

M. R. J. Labart, 2270 E. 11th Pl., Tulsa, Okla.

Vera McKenzie, 1548 6th St., New Orleans, La.

Maria R. Mills, 229 E. Center St., Marion, O.

Margaret Rhodes Matt, Pennington, New Jersey

Eileen Muldoon, 191 W. 100th St., New York, N. Y.

Dorothy Nelson, 580 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Alice Augustus Norton, 627 W. Olivey Way, Santa

Clarion Ave., Norfolk, Va.

Helen Catherine, 13th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Willie P. Fyfe, 1834 Grand Concourse, New York, N. Y.

Harrett Sanders, 608 S. Lang Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Justin H. Sands, 150 W. 76th St., New York, N. Y.

Tenille Shermer, 328 E. 90th St., New York, N. Y.

Sally Skirrlsted, R. 1, Box 312, Salinas, Calif.


Olivia Thompson, 1907 N. Campus Ave., Ontario,

Calif.

Camille B. Strickler, 1151 Louisiana Ave., Baton

Roche, La.

Beatrice Toomkin, 4145 Esplanade Ave.,Montreal,

Que., Canada.

Betty Thayer Tomkins, 120 Cherry Valley Road,

Chicago, Ill.

G. C. Truth, 1405 49th Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Herbie White, 1531 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Estelle Jameson Wilson, Schenectady, Miss.

Alberta Woff, 18612 W. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Garely Wood, 246 E. 76th St., New York, N. Y.

Anna Zuri, 241 Hill Ave., Riyadh, K.S.

The albums have been sent to Hollywood to be signed, as requested.

The Handwriting Contest

Winners of the HANDWRITING

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ACROSS
1. The little girl in 'Imitation of Life'
2. The cry of a cat
3. Seed
4. A girl's name
5. The cry of a dog
6. Nevada's famous city
7. Who was once a professional wrestler
8. She made her screen debut in 'Happiness Ahead'
9. A community
10. American Medical Association (abbr.)
11. Dorothy in 'Evelyn Prentice'
12. Begin to grow
13. Grudge
14. Star of 'What Every Woman Knows'
15. She will soon be seen in 'Sweet Adeline'
16. She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
17. The first stool
18. He is now appearing on the stage
19. The suffering comedian
20. Example (abbr.)
21. With Garbo in 'The Painted Veil'
22. The American coins
23. Her first American picture was 'Marie Galante'
24. Surface
25. A mode of transportation
26. And (L.)
27. She returns to the screen in 'Carnival'
28. Her next picture is 'Robertson'
29. A male screen player (initials)
30. To partake of food
31. One of the comedians of 'Babes in Toyland' (initials)
32. A Japanese statesman
33. The new Mrs. Ralph Forbes (initials)
34. Symbol for Titanium
35. Rest
36. The least quantity
37. 'The Mighty Barnum'
38. The type measure
39. He plays David Copperfield as a boy
40. A pretix

DOWN
1. She will now appear with Warner Baxter
2. Harold Lloyd's love interest in 'The Campus'
3. A prank
4. An instituent (abbr.)
5. 5 Mr. Peck in 'Peck's Bad Boy'
6. 'Lady Babbie' in 'The Little Minister'
7. Joints on which does swing
8. A mode of transportation (abbr.)
9. Paramount's baby star
10. Point of compass
11. To wobble
12. Myth
13. Now appearing on the stage in 'Dodsworth' (initials)
14. To rattle

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle:

ACROSS
1. Salvation Army (abbr.)
2. That is (abbr.)
3. An immemorable period of time
4. Individual
5. Jenny Lind in 'The Mighty Barnum'
6. 'The Count of Monte Cristo'
7. Village (abbr.)
8. Jackie Cooper's cousin in 'Peck's Bad Boy'
9. Pertaining to an ode
10. Saturates
11. He was excellent in 'Broadway Bill'
12. A falsehood
13. Snare
14. Request
15. Permit
16. To exist
17. Schubert in 'Love Time'
18. His real name is Ramon Saneitigos
19. Uges
20. Define article
21. The president in 'The President Vanishes'
22. She will soon be seen in 'Becky Sharp'
23. Sacred image
24. First name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
25. A measure of duration
26. The Russian peasant girl in 'We Meet Again'
27. A Western hero
28. Sum (abbr.)
29. A couple
30. Freezer water
31. A French actress (initials)
32. Parent
33. The (Fr.)
34. A famous radio organist (initials)

DOWN
1. A giri's
2. A baby's
3. A giri's
4. A Western continent (abbr.)
5. Mr. Peck in 'Peck's Bad Boy'
6. A place'
7. 'Lady Babbie' in 'The Little Minister'
8. Joints on which does swing
9. A mode of transportation (abbr.)
10. Paramount's baby star
11. Point of compass
12. To wobble
13. Myth
14. Now appearing on the stage in 'Dodsworth' (initials)
15. To rattle

The Final Fling
By The Editor

A CANVAS OF MANY THEATRE OWNERS establishes Will Rogers as the best box office attraction among the men of Hollywood. Clark Gable was selected as the second best. Will has a real personality and the public is sharp enough to realize this. In fact, when you think of Will and his way of speaking, your thoughts are dominated by him and what he would probably say about winning the Number One position:

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"I notice that Clark Gable come in second. I didn't expect to develop sex appeal and all I can figure is I never should have changed from my old necktie. I guess this new one kinda dazzled 'em. "Clark Gable's a nice feller, and if my wife had done the votin', the results would have been considerable different. I'm much obliged, anyhow.

"As soon as I heard about me and Clark, I sort of started strollin' around the streets, careless like, sort of expectin' the girls would throw themselves at me like they do at him, but so far there ain't one of 'em made a move yet.

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“Hollywood A Flop Without Broadway”
By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen
April

Constance Bennett
See page 28

“TO NEW YORK BY AIRWAY AND ANYWAY, WITH CAROLE LOMBARD.”
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The Opening Chorus

Norma Shearer, when she received the Academy award for her performance in "A Free Soul."

LETTER FROM LIZA

As WE go to press, right merry too, those little gold statuettes that the Academy award offers the actor and actress who have given the best performances during the year, are still reposing at the jeweller's, but oh what a lot of talk they are causing in this town. Riots are breaking out in all the best places and it's gotten so that no dinner party is complete without a wreath over the fireplace for Wimpole Street.

The picture people seem to agree (fortunately for them, otherwise I'd run amuck on a foggy night and do a little expert throat shilling) that Claudette Colbert deserves to be a candidate not only for her grand performance in "It Happened One Night," but also in "Imitation of Life."

And most of the folks agree that Norma Shearer's Elizabeth Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was really something—but when the name of Grace Moore is mentioned the babies all break out. The Academy, it seems, forgot to remember that the award is for acting, not singing.

And, speaking of acting, Bette Davis' performance in "Of Human Bondage" established a new high in screen acting, and it's Bette who should have been made a candidate along with Claudette and Norma. And, of course, as a dived-in-the-wool Myrna Loy fan I do think that, after "The Thin Man," Myrna should have been a runner-upper or something. I think I'll just go out and buy her a gold statue myself.

The biggest excitement in pictures lately is Constance Collier, who made her debut recently in a little trifle called "Shadow of Doubt." And there seems to be no shadow of doubt but what Miss Collier will be one of the screen sensations of 1935. Don't miss her first picture.

And don't miss Shirley Temple's tap dancing in "The Little Colonel." That grand tap-dancer in tapping, Bill Robinson, taught Shirley how to imitate him in his intricate stairway dance, and Bill says, of all the people he has taught in his life, no one ever caught on so quickly as little Shirley. By the way, the two became great pals during the picture, and when it was finished Shirley gave Bill a miniature of herself in the old-fashioned dress and pantaloons she wears in one sequence, and he claims it is his most cherished possession.

They're the tap-
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!
What Stars' Names Are Represented By These Puzzle Pictures?

IF YOU are familiar with the names of the stars, you will recognize them. By this means we are enabled to use for alphabet soup the letters which ordinarily would be used.

Cudgel your brains. Crack down on your imagination, wrest the answer from your grey matter, or turn to page 80 where you will find the names listed. And won't you feel foolish!
“Spanish Blonde”  
By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! Success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, she shatters the louder the fans. In “Blue Angel” she played an al-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest

That's Marlene Dietrich's succ-wickeder she is on the screen. 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.

“Morocco” added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back

“Morocco”

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful “Shanghai Express” the whoops mirers could be heard from Times here's the good news of the in character—this time as the

“Carnival in Spain”

heartless 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 sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

“Blue Angel”

“Shanghai Express”

“Carnival in Spain”

for April 1935
Autograph albums awarded in the recent Silver Screen handwriting contest.

Helen Vinson’s
SPORTS FROCK

Pattern SS126 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 20 inch fabric and 1½ yard contrastings.


This gay sports frock is made of a good, medium weight and fairly crinkly white crepe banded by strips of fuschia, one of which runs through a dull blue buckle. Matching dull blue buttons fasten it down the back. That fashionable little peplum, which perks up the front and ceases to be in back, is stitched about four times to give it body and a new look. Don’t you love it? It’s simple and carefree, even to the kimono sleeves and the “little boy” collar.

A NEW Handwriting CONTEST

Send In A Specimen Of Your Handwriting. It May Win You A Beautiful Autograph Album Signed By Your Favorite Star.

ANY famous artists are the delight of connoisseurs because of the beauty of their handwriting. The control of a point by the human hand always brings out characteristic individualities. To enter this contest write the words “I Enjoy The Movies” on the coupon below.

On this coupon you will find a blank line on which you are to indicate which star’s signature you particularly would like to have, if you are fortunate enough to win one of the real leather covered autograph albums.

The albums are stamped in gold with the name of the winner, and also with the words “Winner of Silver Screen Contest.” This is done so that when you present your album to some star, who is visiting your city, he will see at once that you are entitled to consideration. You will find, if you win one of these autograph albums, that the name of the motion picture star will give such an importance to your album that any one else you care to ask for a signature will gladly inscribe his name in your book. These will be fifty albums awarded.

After the fifty most interesting examples of handwriting have been selected, the albums will be manufactured and marked with the names of the fortunate winners. These albums will then be sent to Hollywood, there to be signed by your favorite star.

READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

CONDITIONS

1. Fifty autograph albums will be awarded for the fifty most interesting handwriting examples of the phrase—"I Enjoy The Movies."
2. The sample of your handwriting must appear on the coupon below.
3. You may submit as many specimens as you wish but each must appear on a separate coupon.
4. Indicate the star whom you wish to have sign your book.
5. This contest closes midnight, April 6, 1935.
6. The opinion of the editor is final.
7. On the cover of the album will appear, in gold, your name and credit to you as prize winner.
8. Mail coupon to Autograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Mail to
Autograph Editor, Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Use this space for handwriting slogan
Name of star whose autograph you wish
Your name (please print)
Address City & State

Mrs. Harold F. Gentry’s album in center already signed by Gene Raymond.

Autograph of Helen Vinson.

Silver 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

Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle... And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely regarded 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."

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 CATHROHN, GRANT MITCHELL, and famous RAMON & ROSITA

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grand", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

for April 1935
Now YOU Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT...this SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Redusols reduce your metabolism: which after all is nothing more than turning surplus fat into energy. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT.

- There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.
- The REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!
- Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction—physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit for safety. And do not accept any substitute for SAFE Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by perfecting metabolism. Redusols contain no fat or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!

THE DILEX INSTITUTE
5 East 14th St., Dept. 151, New York City

We are very glad to tell you that Redusols have proved very beneficial especially in your case, which was not the same as in the case of the first patient to whom we gave Redusols.

Redusols were prescribed for you by Dr. U. B. Morgan, who is known as the leading specialist in the field of weight reduction.

Dr. Morgan has been using Redusols for many years and has never had a single case of adverse reaction. In fact, he has found that Redusols are safer than any other weight-reducing agent on the market.

There is no danger of taking too much or of developing an addiction to Redusols.

The capsules are easy to take and the results are reliable.

They can be taken at any time of the day and do not interfere with your usual diet.

The capsules contain a special combination of vital nutrients which help to reduce fat and increase energy.

They are made from natural sources and are free from additives and preservatives.

This combination of nutrients helps to increase your metabolism and enables you to burn up more fat calories than you normally would.

You can take Redusols without any fear of harm to your health.

You can lose weight safely and easily.

You can keep your weight at a healthy level.

You can enjoy all the pleasures of life without worrying about your weight.

You can feel confident that Redusols are the answer to your weight problem.

Remember: Redusols are the safest and most effective weight-reducing agent on the market.

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
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Don't Wait—Mail Coupon Now

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Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

Recipes Always Give One An Appetite.

By Ruth Corbin

PRETTY, auburn-haired Betty Young started out originally to be a musical comedy queen. She worked hard for seven years with this goal in mind. She sang with an orchestra in order to pay her way through the university where she majored in dramatics and expression. Then, she finally wound up in a kitchen.

It isn’t as sad as it sounds, however, for the kitchen belongs to the beautiful home in Beverly Hills that Robert Young has provided for her and their adorable baby, Carol Ann.

I visited with Betty the other day. It was the cook’s day off and she was getting lunch for her hard-working, young husband who was coming all the way from Culver City in order to have his mid-day meal with her.

Carol Ann has just reached the ripe age of one year and she is getting into everything and could keep two maids busy following her around and keeping her out of mischief. Her nurse didn’t have a chance to sit down during the whole time I was there, except during the period Carol Ann was in her highchair for her meal. The little rascal looks like Robert, even though she is all dimples and fat wrinkles. She has the same eyes and features as her famous daddy.

Betty Young is a beautiful young lady, with clear gray eyes and auburn hair. She takes housekeeping seriously, but not too much so. She told me that it doesn’t rain her day if Robert forgets to hang up his robe or if he drops the Sunday papers around. They bought their home, in the first place, to live in, and that’s what they are doing with it, according to Betty.

There is nothing in it to make you think of a museum, even though there are a number of beautiful pieces of furniture, some very rare ceramics and exquisite old tapestries that might well belong in one.

Betty is a typical, poised and lovely college girl, who still keeps in touch with her sorority friends. Robert has just been made an associate member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and a patron of Phi Beta, and most of their friends belong to the collegiate crowd from U.C.L.A.

When they were first married, Betty knew practically nothing about cooking. She had managed to cook her breakfast Sunday mornings at the sorority house during the five years she was there, but that was about all. However, like most young brides, she determined to learn and she refused to let Robert hire a cook when they started housekeeping.

They rent a French Normandy house in Los Angeles and she set to work. Luckily, Robert doesn’t care for pastries so that made things much easier. She stuck to steaks and hamburger in the beginning, because he is quite fond of them, and she found them comparatively easy to prepare.

Then she graduated to liver and onions and stuffed pork chops. She gave me her recipe for the latter and it sounded so good that I went right home and tried it myself.

Robert is on a diet now, so she doesn’t cook them too often. She serves liver and onions or liver and rasher bacon, three times a week. She seals the liver in salt water for about twenty minutes before she fries it, because she has found that this removes the strong taste from the meat. Robert likes it equally well with either onions or bacon. He likes mushroom sauce with his steak.

Betty was telling me about the first week of their married life. It was an eventful one in every way. In the first place, the studio strike was on. Then the buns closed and the contract players were given a cut...
in salary. And finally, the big California earthquake occurred exactly a week after they were married. Betty didn't feel it however, so she missed out on this particular thrill.

Robert called her on the phone and told her he was working late that evening and asked her to come over to the studio and have dinner with him there. So she went, forgetting for the moment that she had made meat balls and spaghetti in the oven. She had taken a lot of care in preparing them and it was her first attempt at this particular dish. However, in the excitement of going to the studio she forgot all about them.

Being in the oven, she did not feel the earthquake when it occurred, and when she saw people run out into the street she thought they were excited about a hold-up or something like that, so she didn't give it a thought.

When she arrived at the studio, Robert rushed over to her and took her in his arms and breathed thankfully:

"Darling, I'm so glad you are safe!"

She was taken aback and asked what on earth was the matter and he told her there had been a big earthquake. It was at this moment that she remembered her dinner in the oven at home.

"Horror!" she exclaimed, "My lovely meat balls!"

And was Robert let down. He has never ceased to joke her about the fact that when the halitosis occurred and he was beside himself worrying about her safety, Betty could think of nothing but her meat balls, roasting at home. But it was all right in the end because everybody was too nervous to go back and work on the sound stage. So Robert and Betty invited them to go back home and have dinner with them. The meat balls were delicious and they still remained a favorite on the Young menu.

Betty soon developed into a good general cook. She has never attempted anything too complicated, because both Robert and herself have average appetites and desires. At home, they live just like the young bank teller and his wife up the street.

They entertain rarely, and then only small, select gatherings of friends. They spend their evenings together, reading, singing or playing with the baby. Sometimes they go to the neighborhood theater, and in summers to the beach on Sundays.

When friends drop in afternoons, Betty usually serves orange pekoe and coronet spread with prepared cheese. She favors a brand which she buys from a local shop and which is a mixture of cheese and garlic. Both Robert and Betty are meat eaters and they use a small amount of garlic or onion in everything, wherever it is at all possible. Three vegetables are usually served with a meat dinner.

For breakfast, Robert has the same menu always, "day in and day out." It is orange juice, grapefruit, orange, toast, coffee and cream.

Once, he put on quite a lot of weight for no known reason, so he eliminated all cheese and rich gravies from his foods and soon got down to his normal weight again. He still watches his calories, however, for it seems easy to put on fat.

The day I visited with them, he was looking remarkably well and husky. Robert is not an athletic type even though he stands six feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He never goes in for sports of any kind and, being a great reader and student, he never acquires much tan and therefore doesn't look as sturdy and strong as he really is.

He is quite fond of cheese and tomato, together or separately. Betty fixes them in a variety of ways. For lunch, Robert likes tomato and crisp bacon on toasted rye bread. For dinner, he likes these sandwiches, served with tea. As I said before there is never any dessert at the Young

(Continued on page 13)
Don't let an unsightly skin rob you of romance, happiness.

Do men look your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply red 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!

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES. 10¢ AND 60¢

A Million Dollar Figure

By Mary Lee

"Getting right down to fundamentals," my newest starry favorite admonished me, "it's figures that count. Just look at Jean Parker!"

"Yes, just look at her," I agreed. For Jean has what it takes to make her stand straight and throw our heads back. I've never thought that she had a pretty face. (If this be treason, let me hang for it.) But, oh my stars and staturalities, what a figure! You couldn't take your eyes off her if you tried. And who'd try?

But your measurements aren't Jean's and you will want to know what you can do about it at once... without exercise... without diet.

Well, the right diet and a few exercises are essential to health, happiness and hilarity. But granted you are sensible about those two things, the right foundation garment is the key to a million dollar figure. And are the manufacturers doing "rights" for you! Lady, they are.

If your figure is more than pretty good, the new pantie girdle will make your heart rejoice. It does so many things for you. Holds you firm and slim, does away with the garter marks showing through your favorite dress and spoiling its lines. Garters are trembling for their future these days. What with lastex-topped stockings that stay up all of their own accord, and the pantie girdle, which gives your figure the proper amount of control and stays down with no garters to hold it, it may well be that your grandchildren will ask you curiously, "Granny, what's a garter?"

Zippers are on the increase in girdles, this spring. Three cheers for this! They are so much more comfortable, so much easier to get into and such time-savers. Lastex is on the increase, too. A two-way stretch material that gives you comfort as well as control is bound to win prizes.

One of the big manufacturers has a new and exciting elastic which he calls Fas-tidia. It is almost as mesh, beautiful to look at and as strong as it is. If you are looking for something that will wear and wear, investigate it.

Such nice things are being done in the way of foundation garments for girls with good figures! What the expression of your face is to your features, the way you carry yourself is to your figure. The right foundation garment helps you carry yourself as you should. You may have the loveliest figure in the world and if you carry yourself badly, no one will ever suspect it.

There are too many short pins in the world and not enough long ones!

When you see the wonderful garments they are making for evening, you will want several of them. A foundation garment for evening is most important, because, after sundown, the spotlight is on figures.

There Are Many Ways To Fool The Mirror.

And wait until you see the garments which are designed for these devastating off-the-shoulder frocks! No straps, yet they stay in place like wax! No pinching in or pulling out, they firmly mold the lines of the body holding the diaphragm flat, the hips firm and straight.

We bring you news of the world's most versatile brassiere. It looks at first glance, like a particularly nice one of the usual sort. But, whish, button it this way and it holds round your throat for the halter neck dresses and those sport frocks that open in the back. Button it that way and it is low cut, backless, suitable for any evening gown. Button it criss-cross and it's perfect for sports.

One of the stars had an amusing experience. Try as she would, with the best exercises in the world, she could not establish the figure control she wanted. She wore a heavy foundation garment which did—to give the devil his due—give her a nice figure. Then, one day, she got tired of it, tired of being "controlled." She tossed it away and, wore instead one of the new MissSimplicity garments which are so popular right now. The effect was really quite thrilling. She looked at herself. She did not feel a pound heavier. And, she looked as if she'd lost a ten pounds! And when, the next day, she asked her if she minded, she said, "As much as a gal that's been let out of jail," she told me. So it isn't the weight that counts, it's the firmness.
Keeping Robert Young

[Continued from page 11]

house except when there is "company" for dinner.

They often serve baked macaroni and cheese. And both are fond of scalloped cauliflower. This is prepared first by boiling in salt water until tender. Then, break the head into small pieces with a fork. Place a layer of the cauliflower in a casserole and cover with cream gravy and then a layer of grated American cheese mixed with bread crumbs, then another layer of the cauliflower and gravy and then a top layer of cheese and bread crumbs. Place it in a medium hot oven and leave until browned. It is then ready to serve.

Their "main event" is dinner of course, except on Sundays, when they dine early and rather lightly. Betty gave me one of their favorite "Sunday supper" menus, which they usually serve around 7:30.

Puffy Omelet with Spanish Sauce

Potatoes au gratin  Green Peas
Old-Fashioned Corn Pone  Butter
Avocado with French dressing
Coffee with cream

Here is her recipe for Corn Pone:

2 1/2 cups cornmeal  1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup molasses  2 eggs
1/4 cup boiling  1/4 teaspoon baking soda
water  
1/4 cup bacon drippings  1/4 cups flour
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon salt

Place the cornmeal in a bowl, pour the boiling water over it, add the molasses and bacon drippings, cool, then stir in the sour milk, soda and cold water beaten together.

Next add the eggs which have been well-beaten, and flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Beat thoroughly, turn into a well-greased smoking-hot baking pan, having the batter about half an inch deep.

Bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot.

Stuffed Pork Chops

6 thick chops
green pepper
three green onions
1 egg
2 cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
pepper or paprika to taste

Make a mixture by kneading together the bread crumbs, green pepper, green onions chopped fine, an egg, salt and paprika. Make a slit in the chops, dips them in milk and flour and cook in deep fat for several minutes. Take them out, stuff with the mixture, place in a Dutch oven and cook until well done.

Although she does not usually serve dessert or pastries, Betty sometimes makes what she calls a One-Egg Cinnamon Cake which she serves for breakfast with coffee, especially Sunday mornings when they breakfast late. Occasionally, they have this cake with coffee when they come home late from the theatre.

One-Egg Cinnamon Cake

1 cup sugar
1/4 cup butter
1 egg, beaten light
1/4 cup milk
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder

Beat butter to a cream, gradually beat in the sugar, egg, milk and flour sifted with the baking powder in the order enumerated. Turn into a buttered pan about eight inches square. Mix the cinnamon and three tablespoons of sugar and dredge it over the top of the mixture. Bake twenty minutes. Serve, cut in squares, when fresh. This can be re-heated by placing for a few minutes in the warming oven.

**NOW** You can Reduce YOUR WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . or no cost!

**TEST** the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere for yourself for 10 days . . . absolutely FREE! Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around the waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

- The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

- The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satined fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense! Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card for April 1935

13
"You're Telling Me?"

Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson in a scene from "Life Begins At 40."

Write A Letter To This Page To Tell The World Your Convictions. Air Your Opinions For Your Own Satisfaction. No Prizes Of Any Sort Are Offered.

"I S'MT Fred Astaire a grand person?" asks Betty Edgerton of W. A'ron St., St. Paul, Minn. "His personality and dancing 'gets' a person. I should think a person deep in despondency would leave the theater, after one of Fred's pictures, ready to dash home and try dancing over the tables, thinking it's a pretty good old world after all."

Don't step in the hamburger.

"THE YOUTH of America have selected Joan Crawford as their ideal," writes W. Myers of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J. "There's a girl who is becoming finer in everything she undertakes. There are brains and common sense behind her beautiful being. We have just seen 'Forsaking All Others,' and have returned to college invigorated and refreshed. Joan, the Youth of America salutes you!"

Joan, will you try for dear old Rutgers?

HOKO COYNN of Jacksonville, Fla., writes, "Sated with sophisticated cinemas, I was enticed into a theatre by the intriguing title: 'West of the Pecos.' Instead of the customary hodge-podge of helterskelter, hell-for-leather bokum, I witnessed a really different and diverting Western. Richard Dix, ably assisted by Martha Sleeper, adds another to his lengthening list of sterling performances. The amazing Mr. Dix is probably the most versatile of our male screen stars, changing from Chesterfield to cowhand with chameleon-like facility and ease."

Do you remember him as the football player and "A battle of milk for Mrs. Clancy?"

"I SPONSORED a contest at school which involved the stars of the Screen," writes Jane Guider of E. Boulevard, Charlotte, N.C. "Here are the results:

Most Beautiful Actress: Greta Garbo
Best Looking Actor: Clark Gable
Cutest Actress: Ginger Rogers
Cutest Actor: Tom Brown
Best Actress: Fredric March
Best Actor: Joan Crawford
Most Popular Actress: Shirley Temple
Most Popular Actor: Bing Crosby
Most Conspicuous Actress: Patsy Kelly
Most Conspicuous Actor: Will Rogers
Best Team: Joan Crawford and Clark Gable
Most Sophisticated Actress: Myrna Loy
Most Dignified Actor: George Arliss

AND Miss Ruth Beinke of Gladstone Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "If I should be walking down Hollywood Boulevard I would like to meet the following stars:

Irene Dunne--because she is my favorite actress
Ginger Rogers--because she is so beautiful
Fredric March--because he is a great actor
Myrna Loy--because she has such beautiful eyes
Elizabeth Allan--because she has such a sweet face
Baby Le Roy--because he is so cute
Loretta Young--because she is so beautiful and natural
Bing Crosby--because his singing and acting thrill me."

Note: Four stars made both lists.
"HERE'S HOPING. I see more pictures of my favorites, Phillips Holmes and Carl Brisson," writes Millie McGittigan of New Orleans, La. "And lots of good luck to Silver Screen magazine, that popular mag- 
isation of the South."

Thanks! We huey to the line and let the chips fall where they may.

"LILLIE BELLE BAKER of Crockett, Tex., writes: "Why can't we have good music and do away with one hundred girl choruses that are only grum classes set to music? They are monotonous and tiresome. I haven't seen 'College Rhythm' and I don't intend to after seeing the trailer. I can have the same music on the radio without the head-splitting 'rah-rah.' "Something went wrong with that adver- 
sing."

"WHEN I hear that a Southern picture is in the city, I make a dash for the box office. Because I don't possess the price of a ticket home, I attend the movie hoping to gain some satisfaction and pleasure. Without fail, after hearing Marion Davies' guttural tones and Bette Davis' overdrawn dialect I am furious. Even Louise Beavers is permitted to use expressions a Southern negro will not think of using. The states-Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia-repre- 
sent the Old South, and those states will have beautiful blondes with honest-to- 
goodness draws," writes Virginia Eggers of 12th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

"Away to Dixie."

MARY ELIZABETH BOARDMAN of Dale St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: You ladies can have your Clark Gable—(I'll even leave Marshall alone)—You can keep your Howard and Powell.
But please, oh please, give me Tone! I shan't ever rave about Baxter,
For Crosby I won't even groan—
I don't want Muni nor Talbot,
But please, oh please, give me Tone!"
Franchot's up well.

S. LORRAINE BARRY of N. Sixth St., Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I've always, for some unknown reason, favored the tall, dark, and handsome men, such as the mighty Clark Gable, until one day I fell for a perfectly handsome young man the very image of Gene Raymond. Since then Gene has been my favorite actor. So will you please have Gene Raymond's pic- 
tures come to Harrisburg more often, as he brings lovely memories to me. I'll be waiting.

Wait till the young man sees this! Umm-m!

Picture Titles That Have Been Changed

"After Office Hours" (Constance Bennett) formerly ... "Copy Cats"
"Rocky Mountain Mystery" (Randolph Scott) formerly ... "The Vanishing Pioneer"
"The Great Hotel Murder" (Edmund Lowe) formerly "Recipe for Murder"
"How Am I Doin'" (Mae West) formerly ... "Now I'm a Lady"
"Night Drama" (Richard Barthel- 

"The Devil Is A Woman" (Marlene Dietrich) formerly "Caprice Espagnol"
"Love in Bloom" (Joe Morrison) formerly ... "Win or Lose"
Donna Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla changed her name to ............... Margo

BUT A MONTH LATER

BEES—was thinking and KAY—was thinking

How dreadful to discover that KAY is careless about "B.O!" if I'd ever known that...

BEES isn't as dainty as she looks. She needs Lifebuoy... I know, I'll start using it myself ... praise it to the skies...

TWO MONTHS LATER

Bess, your skin looks marvelous, no wonder you have a new boy friend

SAME TO YOU, DARLING... LIFEBUOY'S HELPED BOTH OUR SKIN... AND IT'S SO REFRESHING... I'VE NEVER USE ANY OTHER SOAP

"B.O." GONE—

Cupid breaks up

"Bachelor Hall"

RENEWING YOUR LEASE FOR ANOTHER YEAR, LADIES?

NO, WE'RE GETTING MARRIED... A DOUBLE WEDDING

"B.O." now? Yes!

Even on coldest days, pores give off a quart of odorous waste. Play safe with "B. O." (lady odor)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. See how much lath- er you get even in hardest water. Note its clean scent that vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

for April 1935
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.
Topics for GOSSIPs

OF COURSE one of the first things to do when you become a movie star is to buy or rent a home high up in the Hollywood hills, and make it as difficult as possible for your prospective guests to find you. Fred Keating recently gave a party at his home, which he calls the "Casa Escrow," and some of the guests, completely baffled, wandered around in the hills for hours trying to find the place. The day after the party he received two very amusing wires from people who failed to show up. One read: "Will you kindly send photo on set, Bernard and to keep of brandy stop we are still lost in the Hollywood hills" (signed) The Gleasons. The other one read: "Is it your idea of a joke to ask innocent people to your house and then run out of carriages and make the house disappear" (signed) Dorothy and Boris Karloff.

JOAN BENNETT works every bit as hard in her home as at the studio. Joan's present homework consists of designing and decorating a new working den for her husband Gene Markey, where he may wrap himself in the silence that invokes the special muses of author-scenarists. Joan is fanatic to have it finished before Gene's birthday, which is fast approaching, as it's to be her present to him this year.

DOLORES DEL RIO's prize bull dog, Michael, sleeps on a miniature bed, designed exactly like her own.

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely clip conscious. Carole Lombard has a different outfit on for each of her new costumes. With a tailored blouse she wears them instead of cuff links, and very chic, too.

NOW that Marlene Dietrich and her director, Von Sternberg, have a "mad" on, Von escorts little Maria to concerts these nights. The other night at the Ballet Russe Von and little Maria were in one row, and almost directly back of them were Marlene and Fritz Lang.

THE real name of Margo, the Spanish dancer who's headed for the top in double quick time, is really something. What imaginations those Spaniards have. Well, if you ever want to be distressingly formal with Margo just call her Donna Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla.

NOT satisfied with owning one of the most unique country places herabouts Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are now resolved that the real charm of the place lies in its taking on an aged appearance. Unable, however, to wait for the years to do their stuff, Ann and Leslie are spending their days evolving new ways and means to make the place look ancient. To date they have pulped the brick walls with white paint, transported green moss from its natural habitat, and contrived every manner of means to grow natural rust on the metal work.

ALL of Gary Cooper's admiring fans couldn't imagine what had happened to their Dream Prince when he arrived at the premiere of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and suddenly stopped short and stared. Gary was most surprised to find the tall door-man at the theatre wearing one of his own uniforms from the picture.

CONSTANCE COLLIER, the famous British actress who has just scored a big personal success in Metro's "Shadow of Doubt," possesses a little Pekinese dog, Elizabeth Brown by name, one of the most famous animal personalities abroad. The anticipated Peke, long a tradition at the brilliant theatrical and literary gatherings at Miss Collier's home in London, has been stumbling over, petted, and had tea spilled on him by luminaries that include Noel Coward, Sir Herbert Tree, Pinero, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Leslie Howard and virtually the entire gamut of Old World aristocracy.

ONE of Hollywood's best pal trios is Joel McCrea, George O'Brien and Rex Bell. The three were buddies at Hollywood High School, and regular get-togethers are held monthly. Little did the boys suspect in those old high school days that they'd all three marry movie stars, but they did. Joel married Frances Dee, George married Marguerite Churchill, and Rex Bell, as all the world knows, married the Danbovoyant Clara Bow, and became a dadd last December. But not even the wires are allowed the rare treat of listening in on the "remember when days."

GLENDA FARRELL's little cross-eyed Siamese kitten, "Frankie," has been bumping around in so much furniture that Glenda has imposed upon the goodness of her friend, Alan Hale, (he's an inventor off screen, as you know), and

(Continued on page 60)
TRIPPING TO NEW YORK

The Actual Blow By Blow Description Of A Trip To New York By Airway And Anyway.

By Elizabeth Wilson

I HAVE seen Carole Lombard in practically all of her little phases, including a recent Mayfair Ball, where she arrived looking so devastatingly beautiful in one of her newest Travis Benton triumphs in evening gowns that six Metro blondes snubbed her cold, two Bennetts ogled, and ten directors' wives wished they hadn't come.

But it wasn't until I saw her, quite by premeditation, eleven thousand feet up in the air, with little snow-clipped Sierras pecking in the windows ("You're the Tops, You're Cornflakes"), that I decided that Mrs. Peters little daughter Jane was the Best One. When I made my decision the rest of the passengers of the Air Chief were a bit pale around the gills but Miss Lombard, the exotic, was tearing away at a leg of fried chicken in the Henry the Eighth manner, and a little wad of cold gravy was reposing on the lobe of her left ear.

At that moment I found myself admiring her tremendously. Always say there's nothing like travel to bring out a person's true character. In my globe-trotting experiences, mostly on the shuttle train between Times Square and Grand Central, I have seen many-a metamorphosis (gentlemen, I give you metamorphosis), many a caterpillar changed into a butterfly, and alas, many a butterfly changed into a worm. But Carole Lombard didn't metamorphose. On the contrary, although things happened on that trip that could have easily provoked the patience of a saint, Carole never once groused, never once changed from her usual gay, what-fun, to-the-devil-with-it self. (Gentlemen, for an ideal traveling companion, I give you Carole Lombard.)

Personally, I'm scared to death of planes. I'm just an old land lubber, as Jack Donahue used to say, and when I hit an air pocket I never lubbed land more. But, one day, when Carole dashed into her dressing room on the Paramount lot, where I can always be found playing Hearts with Fieldy during the important crises of the industry, and said excitedly, "Let's fly to New York Monday— it takes only fourteen hours," it seemed like a good idea, though I, the conservative type, had planned to leave by covered wagon.

But New York in fourteen hours! Believe you me, that's something. You leave the Glendale airport in a Douglas TWA plane at four o'clock of an afternoon and the next morning you're in New York in plenty of time to change your clothes and keep a luncheon date with...
the boy friend. Ella, that's traveling. New York in fourteen hours! That's saving four days on the train. My, my, I never thought I would live to make New York in fourteen hours. And, dear reader, so far I haven't.

It's all terribly exciting flying with a movie star. In the first place, it sort of gets nerved about that a movie star is taking the Air Chief and, suddenly, thousands of fans appear at the airport, and then there are the photographers, and the studio people, and friends who keep telling you about the last airliner that cracked in the Rockies, and orchids that look mighty pert at the airport but are pretty well shot by Kansas City.

Well, I was just about to burst with excitement when an attendant shouted, "All aboard," and we clamored into the plane while everyone screamed, "Happy tailspins" and "Wire me from New York in the morning." The big motors started whirring up came the steps, down came the flag, and we were off. If there's anything more exciting than that moment of take-off I don't know what it can be.

Fieldsy, Carole's secretary and companion, had never been up in a plane before, but just to prove to us that she wasn't a bit nervous about it she dragged out a crossword puzzle book and went to work on a couple of horizontal lines. Carole settled down with a raft of Western Union blanks and began to compose jolly little wires which started off, "Arrived in New York safely, etc., etc.," and I spent an hour trying to decide if I should do anything about that funny little feeling in the bottom of my stomach. (I'm the bottom, you're the tops.)

"It's bumpy," Co-pilot Jones announced pleasantly (you're telling me), I smiled with a double-dog-dare-you [Continued on p. 71]
"These Things Have Counted"

Joan Crawford Recalls
The Poignant Moments
Of Her Life.

By Walter Ramsey

"I shall never forget," said beautiful Joan Crawford, "the night dear Paul Bern took me back stage to see that famous woman, Pauline Frederick."

"At THE Ambassador at noon, then..."

I was there at eleven-thirty. A long friendship with Joan Crawford has proved to me, among other things, that when she says noon, she means twelve o'clock and not one-thirty. At two o'clock, we sat down to luncheon! This, because Joan had been standing at the far end of the lobby for a solid two hours autographing post cards, old letters, hotel stationery, programs—anything and everything that five-hundred young girls, all attending a junior sorority convention at the hotel that day, could beg or borrow for her famous signature! "Oh, my arm!" sighed Joan as we finally made our way through the mob to the Louis XVI dining room, "I think it's broken. How many did I sign, anyway...I almost gave up after the first hundred, but they were so sweet. I hated to disappoint the smaller ones who couldn't crowd their way to the front. I wonder how many there were?"
Just about half a thousand . . . but Joan had signed almost twice that many times . . . some had come back with: " . . . and this one for my sister . . ." Everything from diaries to table linen!

From my vantage point, as an innocent bystander, I had watched the stunning Crawford become the center of a milling, fighting crowd of young girls . . . being pushed and shoved . . . stepped on and yelled at . . . and it suddenly occurred to me that Joan works almost as hard off the set as she does on! She could hardly have put in a more strenuous two hours in the studio. This was work . . . and for what? For the privilege of getting her smart, green sports hat knocked askew . . . her sable coat practically torn from her shoulders . . . an arm ache . . . a headache . . . and two hours delay in a busy day's schedule. I noticed, when I held the light for her much-needed cigarette, that her right hand was shaking from nervous fatigue.

thoughtfully—though she were turning the idea over in her mind. She said, slowly: "Yes, I'm sure it's worth it and more. I think if there was one little child in that entire, milling mob who has illusions about me, who likes me on the screen . . . even one to whom I might be something more than just another movie star . . . it was worth it. I think illusions in people count terribly when you are young—when your whole world is wrapped up in personalities. I shall never forget how much it mattered to me when I met the actress, for the first time, who was the idol of my own private little world. That meeting was one of the things that have really counted in my life . . . one of those all-important things that trim our memory like bright beads . . ."

These things have counted . . .

The words seem hauntingly-familiar; suddenly I remembered a young poet . . . a poet who lost his life in the war . . . his name was Rupert Brooke. He had so beautifully remembered the things that had counted during life, in his lovely verses: how did they go . . . maybe something like:

These have I loved . . . white plates and cups clean-glimmering . . . ringsed with blue lines; and feathers, fairy dust . . . the cool kindness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble . . .

And now Joan was talking of the things that have really counted in her own, vivid life. I waited for her to continue:

"Illusions about people and things have always counted terribly with me," she said in a sincere tone of voice, "Perhaps too much. I've permitted them to hurt me when they were crushing down about my head. But, by the same token, they've been doubly glorified when someone excelled the dreams I held for them. In one particular case, it was a famous woman, Pauline Frederick . . . the single, shining light that meant more to me than all my other little idols rolled into one.

"I can never forget the night dear Paul Bern took me back stage when she was playing a local engagement. I had just . . ."

Perhaps the reason Joan is so tremendously popular is that she loves life and treasures each vivid experience.

Her hat wasn't quite straight, yet. The scarf around her neck looked as though it would never return to its original elegance.

Anyone else but Joan would have looked a bit frayed. But Joan never looks frayed. One has the feeling that she would be smart if her coat were hanging in shreds. But the whole thing puzzled me. I wanted to know:

"Can it really be worth it?"

Joan didn't answer for a moment. When she did speak, it was

come out to California and pictures; and believe me when I say that my career was moving very, very slowly. I was blue and discouraged. I had done nothing but small bits and extra work on the precious contract that had seemed so important when I had signed it in New York. I was too ambitious to be patient; I wanted the moon and the stars right away . . . I couldn't wait for them. It seemed that ambition would burst right through my heart . . . and nothing seemed to happen to advance me. I remember I cried as I watched [Continued on page 20]
Ed Sullivan Says: "HOLLYWOOD"

The Famous Columnist Dep

For years Fred Astaire danced for his dinner on Broadway.

New Yorkers, they got the humor of the refrain, because to a New Yorker, it is inconceivable that any Broadwayite could get along without Broadway. The comic imperatives of the long-nosed Durante saying that "I kin do without Broadway, but kin Broadway do without me" was a sure laugh-getter.

In New York, Durante's song was accepted as grand comedy and he sang it for comedy values. And when Jimmy, in the course of years and through the keen business instinct of Clayton, aided and abetted by the behind-the-scenes advice of Sime Silverman, reached Hollywood, no song in the repertoire of this Cyrano of Slapstick so impressed the picture colony as that one: "I kin do without Broadway." It put into words what the Coast actually thought. Hollywood for some years has tried to convince itself that the picture colony can do without Broadway, but that Broadway can't do without Hollywood.

As a Broadway columnist, I pick up the cudgels and wade into the controversy on behalf of my street. I say emphatically and heatedly that without Broadway, you could wrap up Hollywood and auction it off in Grauman's Chinese theatre.

I'll open with a body blow at the Coast picture colony, hitting them below the cash register. Every major company has come, hat in hand, to New York bankers for money. Chase National Bank dropped over $100,000,000 in bankrupting Fox Films. When Paramount had to thaw open frozen real estate values, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. supplied the acetylene torch of ready cash. Universal turned to Dillon, Read & Co. for dough. Warner's, floating bond issues, enlisted the aid of Gold-


Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes in "Vanessa, Her Love Story." They were both trained where the white lights beam.

I'm thinking of the old Dover Club, the stuffy, ill-ventilated night club that was perched precariously above a dilapidated garage in the Furry Fifties of New York, some years ago. There it was, at all hours of the night and dawn, that Jimmy Durante would parade onto a tiny floor with Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson and sing good-natured songs for the amusement of the guerillas and the cloak-and-suiters who were able to pay for the synthetic champagne we drank in the days of Prohibition. Some time during the morning hours, when the gray shafts of dawn would struggle in through the dirty windows in the place, Durante would sing boisterously: "I kin Broadway do without me!"

The guerillas and the cloak-and-suiters, sitting in a drunken daze at the ringside, their resistance having been beaten down by the infusions of the strange distillation that was peddled as champagne, would laugh and scream at this odd song. As

Mae West learned that walk when she tried the boards of the legit.

Franchot Tone: An actor who graduated from the big time.

The stage play, "The Warrior's Husband," introduced Katharine Hepburn to fame.
Flop Without Broadway

Big Game Trail of Manhattan.

Norma Shearer is a real product of Hollywood.

Richard Barthelmess, a star of the silent days.

Two of the most famous stars, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. Both are Hollywood successes.

man. Sachs and then turned to Hayden, Stone. M-G-M floated a $24,000,000 stock issue through Dillon, Read & Co. R-K-O has been financed through RCA and General Electric.

The argument could end there, on a practical note, but I prefer to rub salt into open wounds. Hollywood would be a bust without New York financing, and it would be a greater bust if New York withdrew its artistic backing, because if it were not for the grand performers trained on Broadway stages, there would be no talking pictures worthy of an audience.

When the "silent" pictures gave way to the talking pictures Hollywood acknowledged its artistic bankruptcy. Up to that time, Hollywood's speech was adequate—at least the heroes and heroines could go into the Brown Derby confident in the knowledge that they could speak well enough to order a hot roast beef sandwich. Some of the more literate Hollywood stars of the silent days could even pronounce hor d'oeuvres, but they were in the minority. When the industry was wired for sound, the first sound that it gave off was an irate S.O.S. to Broadway. The day had passed when the test of a hero was a smirk at thirty paces from the camera. The day had passed when a heroine's chief necessity was a crop of lovely curls and vitrine. Hollywood needed actors, and when they needed 'em, they turned desperately to Broadway.

However, the peculiar vanity upon which Holly-
John Beal is the Newest "Demanded-By-Everyone" Leading Man.

I M A G I N E if you can, a gun by the name of J. Alexander Bleihung making passionate love to Katharine Hepburn! But John Beal, who is one and the same person, is all that the casting director ordered. You recently saw him in "The Little Minister." And you can be prepared to see him again and again. To resort to that muchly used and abused expression, he's Hollywood's newest sensation. Direct from the New York stage, he's already in that enviable position of having studios fight for him.

John is a combination of Buddy Rogers, John Gilbert and Harpo Marx. Occasionally there is a dash of Mickey Rooney. He has the charm of a poet, the ego of a communist, the naiveté of a child—and he's Irish. He's one of the sanest madmen ever to hit Hollywood. In groups of people, he's shy and expresses an innate desire to please. When he's alone with a few close friends he's delightfully entertaining and shockingly frank, and when he's in the depths of despair, resorts to puns.

He is now paying his second visit to Hollywood. The first time he came out to create his original role in the Helen Hayes picture, "Another Language." I call it a visit because he is stubbornly sticking to the belief that Hollywood is never going to hold him. His first love is the stage and he wants to return to it. He's planned to commute between the stage and the screen. And when he makes up his mind to a thing, he sticks with a tenacity that would make a ship's barnacle look like an old tined jelly fish.

Hollywood had it's first Beal shock when a big executive sent for John, after the preview of "Another Language," and asked him to sign on the dotted line. Kindly but firmly, John said, "No. I'm very sorry," he explained, "But I don't feel I'm ready yet for a contract. I promised myself that I would return to the stage and get more experience. I appreciate your offer but I have other plans."

Now big executives are not in the habit of having their lucrative offers turned down. And this one was no exception. He stormed and shook his finger in John's face. Then he offered more money. John stood his ground. He flashed his best smile of appreciation, and in firm tones still said—"No!" The next day Samuel Goldwyn sent for him to play opposite Anna Sten in "Nana." John thanked Mr. Goldwyn and gave him his reasons for refusing. For once the producer was at a loss for one of his famous answers.

Back to New York John went and opened in the play "She Loves Me Not." Then back to Hollywood he came with a contract that allowed him six months for the stage, six months for the screen. His role in "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," was hardly finished when Hepburn walked up to him one day in the studio commissary. "Hello," she said, "so you are being tested for 'The Little Minister.' You seem rather young to me, but maybe you will do." With that she walked away and John practically collapsed in his chair. The following day he made the test. A week later he started in the picture.

With his two-way contract, the lead with Hepburn and life opening up for him at every turn, John should have been divinely happy. But there was one fly in the ointment. He was in love. Oh, very much in love—passionately, ideallyistically, desperately! He had been in that precarious condition for months. It was unbearable.

Helen Craig, a South American beauty, had met John in a summer stock company. As Mr. Winchell would say, they were "that" sort from the start. Being in love was wonderful. But John wasn't selfish enough to ask Helen to give up her career and come out to Hollywood. He had great faith in her work and insisted that she allow nothing to stand in the way of it. Helen would have done it gladly. But being a wise young lady, she decided to let nature and fate take their course.

The distance between Hollywood and New York lent the proper enchantment. John spent a young fortune on telegrams and phone calls. They wanted each other so badly, yet neither would say the word for fear of appearing selfish. Young love is like that. Then one morning, John got up, drove out to Glendale and took the next plane to New York. The week they were married.

Back to Hollywood came John and his bride. Suddenly they realized that life was all too short. They meant too much to each other to suffer the separation any longer. The minute they had stepped into each other's arms again, the realization swept over them. Real love is like that.

Their first evening in Hollywood was an eventful one. John, who had enjoyed a friendship with Joan Crawford and Frances Dee, wanted them to meet his bride. Characteristic of John, whose own life had been robbed of marital happiness, she invited the newcomers for dinner. John and Helen sat at the table, bubbling over with happiness. Joan, sometimes looking a little wistful, watched them out of the corner of her eye.

At the end of the dinner, the butler brought in a huge wedding cake. A thin bride and groom were perched on the top, clinging together in consummation bliss. Sentimental Joan insisted that they carry the cake home and cut it when they were alone.

John is never without his famous sketchbook. Once he went blind from eyestrain [Continued on page 61]
The MAJOR'S DAUGHTER

To Maureen O'Sullivan No Part Is Too Difficult, Whether It Be Tarzan's Mate or Dora Copperfield.

By Ben Maddox

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN was dancing with her best boy-friend in Dublin's fanciest hotel when Director Frank Borzage spotted her. Before she realized his intentions she was whisked into the lead of the picture he was directing John McCormick in over there.

On the way to Hollywood all her trunks were lost and she hadn't even an overnight bag. There was a one day stop in New York City, but she was too busy staring at the sights to do any shopping. So she arrived in Hollywood in the same suit she'd originally sailed in. It was rather the worse for the strain.

So what did Maureen do? She merely went to bed. Yes. That's how she spent her first two days in our dazzling city. She drove down the boulevard to a hotel and didn't come out of her room until two days later. She was in a tired mood then.

Let me tell you this. When Maureen goes into one of her moods, well—she's in it body and soul! 'She's not foolin'. Nor can she help herself when she feels a mood coming on. Oh, at the studio sometimes she has to snap in or out to suit the shooting schedule. But even on those occasions she doesn't literally snap. She has to have time to gather momentum.

Maureen is a creature of moods and they master her unwittingly. She's not at all like Lupe, the human kaleidoscope who makes a business of tearing through the gamut of emotions in five minutes flat. You really have to be acquainted with Maureen for months to acquire an accurate idea of what she's like. Her feelings aren't surface whirls.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I put on my sternest manner and popped this at her, professionally serious. She was sitting across from me in the Metro restaurant where more stars than there are in heaven (see M-G-M) were condescending to forget their fond public and take an hour off for reinforcements.

She chuckled and I realized immediately that she was in her merry mood. That funny little dimple away up on her right cheek sprang into view. It isn't there, except when she smiles. She leaned forward and megaphoned a whisper with her hands: "To the fact that I'm not a blonde!"

But it's not so simple as that. Luck got her her breaks and she's made the most of 'em. And Maureen has quite completely escaped the behind-the-scene employees who adore to experiment with a newcomer's face, hair, figure, and clothes. I don't know yet, exactly, how she was able to get away with remaining herself, but she has accomplished that rare feat. Probably her dewy freshness was so unique that they didn't have the heart to give her the regulation polishing.

The result is that she isn't the orthodox movie actress type at all. Her eyes, blonde and large as 'beguile', are unmascaraed. There's no artful

[Continued on page 61]
The Gay Night Spots

(A Series of Articles on the Rendezvous of the Picture Colony)

Number One

"The Troc"

The Famous Restaurant In Hollywood Where Garbo Recently Made A Public Appearance.

By "Liza"

HOLLYWOOD can take it. We can even take it neat. We have come through at last with flying colors and a fine headache. We can face the music and the cold grey dawn. Now bring on those smug New Yorkers, those effete Easterners, who always used to say, "But, my dear, what is there to do here after ten o'clock?" while we hung our heads in shame and admitted that there wasn't anything to do but go beddy-bye. Imagine our embarrassment.

Just as I, a gay gal with magnolias in my hair and gipsy in my heart, had decided that we Hollywoodians were simply a hopeless bunch of sissies, and there was nothing to do about it but join a circulating library and enjoy life vicariously—along came the Trocadero. And staying up late became a pleasure. There was a new low in beds, in fact the word is fast becoming obsolete in these parts, and already such first families as the Clarence Browns, and the Richard Barthelmesses and the Ricardo Cortezes only vaguely remember the old four-poster. The Trocadero turned out to be the shot in the arm the doctor ordered for pale, anemic Hollywood.

The Trocadero, which was opened last September, is owned and operated by the popular Billy Wilkerson, who also owns the Hollywood Reporter, the daily gossip newspaper of the picture business, and the Ven-

dome, and it took a lot of nerve for him to start it, as all the sourpusses said, "night life doesn't pay." As a matter of fact it never had—before. But just you drop in some night between the hours of eleven and four, and after you've stumbled over Mary Pickford, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Norma Shearer and all the society crowd from Pasadena, Montecito and Santa Barbara, I am sure you won't have to worry over the poor Wilkersons losing their shirt. Their idea was to make it "smart." They did.

Men who hadn't worn tails since Desmonico's was in flower suddenly got themselves fitted up with the latest gadgets, and the dear ladies of Hollywood, who have always had such a time of it trying to see and be seen, simply went mad on a spree of lame and ermine. It isn't necessary to "dress" at the Trocadero, but, strange to say, eighty percent of the people do. And if you know Hollywood you'll understand
Next Month This Series Will Be Continued With An Article On “The Clover Club” And “The Cocoanut Grove.”

Harold Greive, interior decorator de luxe and husband of Jetta Goudal of the silent cinema, gave of his art—and villa—one of the most beautiful, and certainly the gayest night club I have ever seen on this continent, and any other continent you care to bring up, including the Scandinavian. The walls of the lounge are covered with enlarged photographs of Paris which are quite exciting (No, Elmer, no feathery perches). A door to the right leads to the dining room and there, please be, is a dance floor not the size of a dime, but quite spacious enough to dance with a man given to swirling.

On a day is Phil Ohman, pianist sensation, and his orchestra, which every now and then gets supplanted by Boleo and his Cuban Rumba Band—and then, my children, Hollywood puts its mind (and eyes) on a snappy bit of flip shaking.

Downstairs is the bar, and it’s a honey, with the grandest hors d’oeuvres and side cars which bring out the méchant in you, you know, the machin in uniform. (Ouch, I won’t do it again).

There’s a private dining room where you can cavort without Pasadena snooping on you, and a wine cellar that has no equal west of the Mississippi. The Troc also has Gene, late of the Central Park Casino, who is le dernier cri in head waitering, and also a culinary genius in the shape of Chef Dominick Rollerti from the old Hotel Knickerbocker. There have never been any complaints.

A cheery place, what more can you ask of life—besides a million dollars and a Park Avenue penthouse, Celebrities? But yes, definitely, a mess of Celebrities, all over the place. Every night is a Chinese opening night. Every night is an occasion. The Troc opens its doors every afternoon about four-thirty for the cocktail hour, and closes them the next morning as the sun also rises, and between those hours practically every movie star of any importance comes and goes.

Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers made their wedding plans there in a corner of the dining room while Phil Ohman played “The Object of my Affections.” Nine nights a night-cap she beckoned to him and he sat talking to her and Bart for about an hour. (Beery was public husband number one in the department for living.) Marian Nixon and Bill Seiter [Continued on page 59]
"What, No Cinderella?"

"No Woman Is Ever Satisfied. So You See,"

Says Connie Bennett, "We Are All Alike."

By Eleanor Packer

Constance Bennett was born, not with the proverbial silver spoon in her small, pink mouth, but with a more precious gold one, the spoon of a cultured background, of family traditions, of a protected present and future.

There is no trace of the old, familiar success story in Connie's career, no touch of the "rags to riches" theme in her less colorful, amazing life. She did not force herself as many other Canadian-born to the title of "America's Sweetheart," as did Mary Pickford. She didn't follow Joan Crawford's long and heart-breaking path from a musical comedy chorus to stardom. Neither did she bridge the bitter years between obscurity and fame by playing extra roles and posing for commercial photographers, as Norma Shearer did.

Connie was reared in a brilliant, sophisticated world of famous, sophisticated people, friends and companions of her mother and father, Adrienne Morrison and Richard Bennett. She spent her girlhood in exclusive herilds in this country and Europe. She has never known poverty or felt the biting cruelty of the world.

Yet she can portray, with a deep understanding, girls and young women whose lives are entirely foreign to her own. She makes them live and breathe graciously and courageously and as realistically as do Norma, or Joan, or Nancy Carroll, or any of the other girls who have lived through the struggles which they are recording in celluloid.

Often, watching Connie on the screen, I have wondered how she felt when she was playing these girls, how she managed to submerge herself in their lives without one tell-tale trace of her own sheltered, luxury-filled past or present.

Once I asked Frances Marion, Hollywood's greatest woman screen writer, how she could so vividly picture in words the lives and emotions of men and women far removed from her own world--Min and Bill, for example.

"You don't have to live other lives to write about them," Frances told me. "Imagination and understanding are more important than actual experience. I believe."

I asked Connie Bennett the same question.

"All girls and women are fundamentally the same," she answered without a minute's hesitation, "our problems are the same, whether we're sheltered daughters and wives or business women, whether we have to scramble for a living or have luxuries served to us on a silver platter.

"Deep in their hearts all women have the same goals. They want to be happy and they want to be the best in whatever field their paths may take. Wives and mothers strive for the most attractive homes and the most charming children in their neighborhoods. Business women struggle for the highest efficiency in their work and for the charm which will carry them onward and upward. Motion picture actresses work to win stardom and then battle to hold it.

"Women know that they can't stand still, that they must always move forward, to keep from sliding backward. That knowledge belongs to all of us, regardless of money or social position or background. Happiness, too, knows no barriers of wealth or environment. The debutante daughter of a millionaire father fights just as grimly, uses the same tactics of charm and personality, to attract the man she loves as does the factory girl who has to earn every new dress which she wears. The woman with a corps of servants, made-to-order gowns and custom built motor cars faces the same problems in holding her husband's love and interest, her children's admiration and devotion, as does the tired, over-worked wife in a five-room bungalow with no servants and a restricted budget.

"So it doesn't matter fundamentally what kind of a girl or woman I play. Connie's blue eyes gleamed with an intelligent understanding of all womankind. "I know that her problems are universal. Of course, education and environment, conditions over which she has no control, make a difference in her reactions to these problems. Naturally, this girl," she touched ruby red finger tips to the cloth of silver gown which she was wearing for a scene as the society girl in "After Working Hours," "would not say the same words or do the same things that the buffeted, hardworking servant girl of 'Common Clay' would say or do. But, knowing the problems of one makes it possible to understand those of the other. They are both young, eager girls. They live in different worlds and wear different clothes, that's all."

[Continued on page 67]
Get Up a Slogan

Shirley Temple
America's Baby

Can you originate a slogan to put on the marquee of a theatre? The problem is to have it exactly fill the same number of spaces that the name of the star requires. On this page you will find a list of the names of twenty stars. You can use any one of these names, but your slogan has to match whichever one you select. For example, Shirley Temple's name has thirteen letters. There must be a space between the words, therefore the slogan must occupy all fourteen spaces. But should you select the name Jeanette MacDonald, your slogan must occupy eighteen spaces.

We are all familiar with the characteristics of the players and their specialties and lives, and slogans should, to some extent, be descriptive. The cleverest slogans which conform to the rules will be awarded prizes. There will be over one hundred prizes awarded for the best slogans.

This contest will appear also in the May and June issues of Silver Screen. Write your slogan on the coupon on this page, but DO NOT send the coupon in until you have filled out the coupons for May and June also. Then send in all three coupons at one time.

Think Up A Slogan For One Of The Twenty Stars Listed On This Page, But Do Not Send It In Until You Have Completed The Set Of Three Coupons.

Read the Conditions.

1. Each slogan must occupy the same number of spaces as the name of the star that it accompanies. The words must be separated by blank spaces and each one of these counts as one space.
2. No slogan will be judged separately. Each contestant must submit three coupons—one from the April issue (below), one from the May issue and one from the June issue.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest slogans in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.
4. Any reader may send in as many slogans as he desires, but they must be submitted in groups of three, using the coupons from Silver Screen of April, May and June.
5. This contest will close at midnight, June 7, 1935.
6. In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
7. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into.
8. Address your slogans to Slogan Editor, c/o Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Over One Hundred Prizes Are Offered For The Best Slogans. They Include A Typewriter, Men's Watches, Women's Watches, Men's Fountain Pens, Women's Fountain Pens, Cigarette Lighters And Other Valuable Articles. Full Details Next Month.
TWENTY MILLION film fans can’t be wrong and they’ve acclaimed W. C. Fields funny, very funny! He’s convulsed them with his hilarious characterizations in “You’re Telling Me,” “The Old-Fashioned Way,” “It’s a Gift,” and others, and he’ll do it again soon in “Mississippi,” while his M. K. A. , in “David Copperfield,” stands out as the gem of comedy portraiture that crowns him King of Laughter.

Hearing it from his own lips, however, the road that led to his capturing of this laugh- kingdom, wasn’t so funny.

Sprawling across the big blue davenport in his dressing-room at the Paramount studio, he startled me by saying in his quiet way, “A comedian is best when he’s hungry!”

“Paradoxically,” he continued, “to understand humor, to know what laughs are made of, one must suffer. Every laugh is built on heartaches, sometimes tears. Funny, isn’t it? But it is true.

“I don’t know whether I’d start out again to be a comedian or not. As it was I more or less drifted into it, I happened to have a yen for jokes and, also, I was always juggling tin cans, marbles or pebbles, and the neighborhood gang laughed at everything I did or said. The truth is, I was probably the un-funnist kid anywhere around but, naturally, their appreciation of my antics tickled me, and, when at nine, I ran away from home to build my own life, I quickly found that if I could make people laugh I could get more out of them.

“Lord, those were hard years. I slept in parks and was always hungry. When I could stand it no longer I’d swipe fruit or vegetables from the street stands. So, you see, I never overate, never had a chance at sweets or rich foods. I was fifteen when I had my first real meal; steak and fried potatoes. And I still get a thrill out of steak and fried potatoes!

“The first thing I remember figuring out for myself was that

By Maude Cheatham

It takes more than a girl chorus to scare a man who has spent years with the Ziegfeld Follies.

balanced a cane on my chin, put a top hat on my foot, then kicked the hat and caught it on the tip of the cane. Well sir, one night when the theatre was packed, I missed that trick seven times. I always had a running comedy gag to use in such cases trying to cajole the audience into believing these delays were intentional. But when I missed the trick the eighth time I gave up and, tossing the hat into the air, I smacked it viciously with the cane. It soared high above the stage, twirled dozens of times, hit the back curtain and bounced right onto a peg in the hat rack placed beside me.

"It was the most spectacular thing I ever saw. The audience went wild. Many knew it was a fluke but some credulous souls were thrilled at my skill. In any case it was an exciting trick and they applauded several minutes.

"Laughs and applause are all a comedian can hope for, that spells his triumph, so I decided to use this stunt. I had a back curtain made of net and when I hit the hat into the air it would do a series of somersaults and drop into the net, then a replica of the first hat would be thrown onto the hat rack. It proved a sensation and the act over which I had worked and sweated blood for three years to perfect was supplanted by this simple contrivance."

Of course, it was inevitable that Fields and his unique talents would come to the screen but he didn't answer [Continued on page 62]
NOEL COWARD Adopts the Screen

By Mary Mallet

Here Is Your First Chance To See a Real Genius!

THERE combined efforts of Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, expressed in the gruesomely fascinating "Crime Without Passion," sold Mr. Noel Coward to the movies hook, line and sinker. And that's almost as big a plum as getting the name of George Bernard Shaw on the dotted line—for Mr. Coward rubs elbows with the very finest the theatre has to offer, as actor, playwright, composer and producer. He is, perhaps, the most veracious as well as the most sophisticated artist of our time.

In spite of the fact that his name swept the country with the success of at least six of his plays, Mr. Coward believes that outside of London, New York and some of the key cities of America, his name is practically unknown. To the moving picture going public in general he thinks mention of it would go something like this—"Cavalcade?" Did he write that? And "Bitter Sweet?" You don't say!" Which seems to prove that, although he first visited America ten years ago, at the age of twenty-five, with fifty dollars in his pocket—which asset he has built up to a fortune estimated at $5,000,000—he is still possessed of the grace of modesty.

He makes his bow to the movie public as an actor in "Miracle in 49th Street," the third of the Hecht and MacArthur series being filmed at Eastern Service Studios on Long Island. It it portrays a very successful, rather fascinating and quite immoral publisher of books. And the producers would like to stress the fact that words immoral and immoral have very different meanings. When this picture is released I make my bet that you will want to know all about Noel Coward, for he is a grand actor and especially exciting in love scenes. He has several very peppy ones, so they say, with Julie Hayden in "Miracle in 49th Street." So here is some information.

He was born in Teddington, England, December 16, 1899, and educated at Croydon. He made his first appearance on any stage when he was eleven, in a classic called "The Goldfish," produced by the dramatic school he attended, and Gertrude Lawrence, then a little girl of six or seven, had her début in the same piece.

The following year Noel toured England with one of her finest actors, Charles Hawtrey. He played one thing and another until the war broke out, and then he joined the army. After the war he turned again to the stage but this experience had awakened another sense, a creative instinct to write.

Mr. Coward probably has a very good liver, for he never dreams about doing a thing he just pitches in and does it. The fact that his first play, "I'll Leave It to You," was a flop did not disturb him in the least. Practical as he is he would have been astonished had it been a success. One 'does not usually play the violin after the first lesson; how could one expect to write a successful play without experience? Mr. Coward is, before he is anything else, a shrewd business man, and just as a business man tries one thing and then another until his product is perfected, so did Mr. Coward work on his plays. The first three or four were flops, but by this time he had acquired technique and it only remained to develop a subject that would interest the public. He chose youth and its problems, and "The Vortex" was the result.

This play made him internationally famous and put him right at the top of his profession as actor and playwright, for he created the same part in London and afterwards played it in New York. "The Vortex" made a fortune for him. The theme was as daring as it was tragic but it was his brilliant dialogue, for which he has been distinguished ever since, that won first honors.

Since that time he has written some eighty or ninety plays, most of them winning successes, "The Young Idea," "Hay Fever," "Private Lives," "Words and Music," "Design for Living" and "Conversation Piece" being a few of them. "Private Lives" is revived every now and then in New York and is still being played by Little Theatre groups throughout America. His opening for the current season is "Point Valaine," in which he plays with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Lucky? Maybe he is, but he is something else, too. He is a very hard worker, and he gives absolute concentration to the business in hand. He doesn't try to burn the candle at both ends, which is the finish of so many gifted people, as well as some who are not so gifted! When he decided to play in "Miracle in 49th Street" he dropped everything else to study this new technique of acting before a motion picture camera and speaking through a mike. He goes to bed at nine o'clock and rises at six. He has cut out all social obligations. He is intensely interested in pictures just now, and particularly the kind of thing Hecht and MacArthur are doing, and he enjoys working with them. Holly-wood may never get him because he disapproves of long term contracts and factory methods to product Art.

When he is in New York he lives in a tower suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. He has a pent house in London and recently bought a remodeled Elizabethan house in Kent, of which his mother is the lady. Do you get that, girls? He is still a bachelor!

He has never written directly for the screen because he has been plenty busy in other fields, and because he did not think he knew enough about it. He does think that stories written expressly for pictures would prove much more satisfactory than adaptations of either plays or novels. Now that he has had some experience, and his interest has been aroused, there is no telling what may happen. That trip to China he plans on taking in March may produce a screen masterpiece instead of the biography he is scheduled to write. And if it does you'll take it—and I bet you'll like it!

We present to you the screen's guest of honor—Noel Coward.

SILVER SCREEN
By
S. R. Mook

Snooping Around The Busy Sets Of Hollywood.

Joe Morrison, of "Last Round-Up" fame, and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) parking in the park for "Love in Bloom."

At Paramount

I T is always hard for me to temper my enthusiasm in writing about Joe Morrison because I honestly think he is the best bet in pictures today. "Be that as it may," as George Monroe used to say, here he is again, just as I promised you last month, bright and shining in a piece called "Love in Bloom."

As if that weren't enough for a film, my favorite actress, Dixie Lee, makes her return to the screen in the feminine lead. Until you've heard Dixie sing you don't know how a girl should sound on the screen. To insure the success of the picture, Paramount has generously spotted Elliott Nugent in the director's chair. Elliott is the boy who gave you the phenomenally successful and uproariously funny "Three Cornered Moon." On top of all this, his father, J. C. Nugent, one of our leading comedians, is in the cast and also Burns and Allen.

From the foregoing you may have gathered that I think pretty well of "Love in Bloom." It should come pretty close to being another "Seventh Heaven."

Joe is an honest boy, living in a boarding house. Of course he's broke and rather than beat the landlord he gives him a promissory note for his rent. But she—the old helleon—seizes his clothes. Just as he is on the point of leaving, he hears a girl scream in the next room, as though a man were attacking her. He bursts through the door and there is Dixie. It is the only way she knows of getting acquainted with him. She's no fool.

She's down to her last buck, too, so she gets put out along with him. She takes the dollar and buys their breakfast. When Joe finds out it was the last of her money, he goes to a pawn shop, turns in his good suit and gets a funny looking outfit and a dollar to boot in exchange. Then he takes Dixie to dinner. In the meantime they have applied for—and got—a job in a music store run by an old German—Lee Kolmar.

But they have nowhere to sleep. Dixie tells Joe she is going to spend the night with some friends but he is suspicious and follows her. Dixie goes to Central Park. She finally settles on an empty bench, hesitates and sits down. She tries to arrange herself with some degree of comfort and starts to lie down. Then she looks towards the other end of the bench, her expression saying, "Wouldn't you just know this would happen?" There is a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder. A man is settling down on the other end of her bench but the lightning is too brief for her to recognize him and he hurriedly covers up with newspapers. Suddenly they sit up angrily at the same moment to glare at each other. That is, Dixie glares. The boy is Joe.

"I might have known," Dixie explains. "You didn't fool me about staying with friends of yours," Joe boasts. "I followed you.

"What for?"
"To take care of you. Ever slept on a bench before?"
"No," she confesses.
"Neither have I," he admits.

This scene may not sound like much as I have described it but it is one of the most appealing I have seen in a long, long time and Joe and Dixie are not missing a trick in playing it—or any of the others. This is one picture I can hardly wait to see.

Next on the program at Paramount is the one and only Mac West in "How Am I Doin'!" I can tell Mac right now she's Olie Dokie in the box-office reports. You need everything but an order from the White House to get on to her set on account of the threatening letters she's had, but it's well worth the trouble. La Belle is in a lace gown shot with gold and trimmed with deep bands of white fox, but I can never tell about Mac's clothes. I don't know if this is an evening gown or a negligee.

It would seem Mac has a race horse which she takes to Buenos Aires for the racing season. The night before the big race someone tries to steal the animal, but her faithful trainer fights off the intruder and reports the incident to Mac. "The dirty so-and-so," Mac exclaims. "Bring the horse into the house and put him in the guest room."

And what a guest room it is. It looks like the banquet room at the Waldorf. The bed is a huge affair, with a satin coverlet and a canopy that would grace Windsor Castle. There is a pink satin quilt on the floor and they bed the horse down on this and cover him up with another. The Indian groom is patting his head (the horse's) when Mac saunters in with enough diamond bracelets on her right wrist to choke an ox.

"Everything all right, Carlos?" she inquires in the inimitable West manner.

"Yes, Lady," Carlos answers.

"If you want anything just ring for Sanchos," she instructs.

"Still picture, please, Miss West," Kenneth Lober asks.

"Nothing doing," Mac laughs. "You don't got any picture of me fooling around a bed with a horse."

Always kidding—that's Mac for you.

Next we have "McFadden's Flats." In the old days this was one of the most successful pictures Paramount ever turned out. This time it is being made with Walter Kelly, the Virginia Judge, in Charlie Murray's old part. Jane Darwell, who made such a hit in "The White Parade," plays his wife, Betty Furness their daughter, and Richard Crouse and Howard Wilson are also in the cast.

The set is a combination dining room and kitchen. There is a range in one corner and a sink nearby. At the opposite

[Continued on page 75]
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 Kentucky 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!

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!

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in
"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

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.
BING CROSBY
JOAN BENNETT

PARAMOUNTS impressive entry in the current musical race is "Mississippi." This is a "show boat" story, with Bing Crosby singing love songs. The two star performers can well smile, with the certain knowledge that they will look out from the screens of the country upon millions of enthusiastic and delighted customers. It is a costume picture, but not enough to hurt.

Eugene Robert Ricker
"THE reason they have horse races is to find out which bets to p-off. The reason that this page sums up the general situation in the fierce rivalry of the screen, is to tell who is getting the money these days in the much publicized jungles of Hollywood where the Be Dames Sans Merci carry a snickersee and the lone wolf thirs for a blood of his rival. There probably has never been a more hotly contested competition than the struggle for a spot in the sun-arcs which goes on daily on the throbbing battlefields of Hollywood. Remember they are not fighting for bread alone, but for caviar, motor cars, yachts and diamond bracelets. In fact, when a star drops out, it is not because she can no longer act. The reason is that she has lost her pleasure of intrigue and no longer gets a holy thrill out of the ceremony of a double cross.

Gary Cooper as Franchot Tone, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," went beyond anything they have ever done.

"You're the top, you carry cash and carry.
You're the top, you're Franchot and Gary Cooper"

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dancing — and we mean DANCING — in "The Gay Divorcee," which is one reason why the screen is now the dancingest, singingest place in town.

"You're the top, you're Woolcott on the air,
You're the top, you're our own Will Rogers and Astaire."

Will Rogers in "Life Begins at 40." Will is the Champion of the Girls Who Sell the Tickets.

"You're the top, you're the war debt dodgers,
You're the top, you're our own Will Rogers."
"The Thin Man" made history and also put Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the seats of the mighty.

"You're the top, you're California weather, You're the top, you're Myrna and Bill together."

"You're the top, you're the top you're Crawford and Gable."

"You're the top you're the Atlantic cable. You're the top you're Crawford and Gable."

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford are tops on any list—particularly Gable.

"At' Untie cable, "You're the top, you're Crawford and Gable."

"You're the top you're the Atlantic cable, You're the top you're Crawford and Gable."

You're the top you're the Atlantic cable, You're the top you're Crawford and Gable."
A tenderly romantic scene from George White's "Scandals"—1935. Alice Faye yearns toward the dashing Cliff Edwards—as fascinating a Romeo as ever scaled a balcony.

Chevalier's new musical piece, "Folies Bergere de Paris," in which Ann Sothern inspires the gay Frenchman to song.

"Naughty Marietta" brings two favorites, both fine singers. Nelson Eddy of radio fame sings to the beautiful and melodious Jeanette MacDonald.
Bursting Into Song

After This Year, Hardly Anyone Will Dare To Speak Of Love Unless He Has A Good Tenor or Baritone Voice, And Happy Husbands Will All Be Crooners. Today, "Be Mine" Is A Theme For B Minor.

The screen has been credited with great influence. If this is true, the effect of the present crop of pictures will be somewhat startling. Only maidens with a High C will set forth upon the Sea of Matrimony. Passion will be poured forth pianissimo and the lover who finds himself in poor voice might just as well say good night and go home.

You remember Roxanne, in "Cyrano," complained that the plain avowal "I love you" lacked the fascinating and intriguing charm of more elaborate proposals—"A kiss, the dot on the 'i' in loving." That sort of thing used to get them. But this year it will be song. The brawny bass soloist will have girls hanging about his neck like a lei in Hawaii. Every tenor will only have to take a deep breath and let go and the village heiress will crumble at his feet. If your daughter doesn't come upstairs at eleven o'clock, don't think that it is the radio she is listening to. Nope, that's your future son-in-law.

"Mayhap his virtues you don't see
But he proposed in the key of G."

Once was the time when two lovers were safe on the sofa in the parlor as long as they could be heard talking. Nowadays, the danger begins when you hear that first demi-semi-quaver.

There is only one bright spot—crooners usually make more than you do.

Mary Ellis, a singer of many successes, and Carl Brisson tell in song the passion of a king, in "All the King's Horses."

Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) knows about song in the home. In "Love in Bloom," she has Joe Morrison to woo her with sweet melodies.
Smile

Ross Alexander is a new player who, in "Flirtation Walk" and "Gentlemen Are Born," started a flood of letters toward this office. His smile is particularly good to see.

Adolphe Menjou can well afford to smile. He has so easily won to the top again, after so many setbacks.

Jean Harlow, a great actress, smiles at all the guesses about her private life. Few appreciate that Jean cares only for her career, which is still one of the most promising in Hollywood.
Show Your Disposition

A Smile Is A Passport To New Friendships
And A Deed To Old Ones.

Time was when the chorus director used to say "Show me your teeth" when he wanted his beauteous bevy to blossom into smiles. Such a command nowadays would have a more sinister meaning, and laws with teeth are not meant to be laws of charming friendliness. But Depression effects are waning and while we have not yet returned to the days when a great corporation will spend millions to publicize "The Voice With the Smile Wins," it is nevertheless true, as instanced by these beaming, captivating, smiling players.

Did you know that actors and actresses with more or less prominent front teeth were preferred for the movies at one time because they had nice smiles? Mabel Normand and Anita Stewart and Harold Murray, for example.

We like players who can keep their mouths open when they work. Not hanging open or stupidly open, but just enough so that the telltale tremblings and expressive wrackings of the lips may be registered. The amateur always keeps his lips tight shut.

And best of all, we take delight in the surrender and appeal of a generous open smile, which, more than any other expression, reveals the soul—but only the nice part.

Anne Shirley has received many compliments for her role as the talkative waif in "Green Gables." Here is one more:—

We all smiled upon you, Anne, with love in our hearts.

The smiling Joan Blondell back at work after time out for the baby.

Is a big year for Ann Dvorak, and the smiling in knows that everything has been all right so far.
The stars do not mind autographing albums when the owner asks about it. Sometimes, when napkins and newspapers are shot at them, the stars feel that the signatures thus secured will just be thrown away. When the stars in this contest really tried to win them and there were several albums in this contest, the stars knew that their signatures will be treasured.

Silver Screen's photographer has caught some of the playacting stars signing autographs. If the album was one of those pictured here, you will probably wonder if it is the autographing of your book was actually being autographed, and, if yes, if you will receive an original print signed to you.
Vinners Of The Writing Contest.

If you really care to sign, they will send the autographs of the winners of the contest.

Dick Powell, on the "Gold Diggers" set, stops to give his signature to Betty Powers.

Warner Baxter in the act of making Lula M. Chapman very happy.

Carole Lombard signs Edna Gormley's book, and glad to do it.
The Italian Ambassador to the United States, and party, are entertained on the M-G-M lot. Left to right are Marquis R. dalla Rosa, Italian consul; Mr. Robert Vignola; Jeanette MacDonald; Helen Hayes; Nelson Eddy; His Excellency, Augusto Rosso, Italian Ambassador; Comandatore Manzini; May Robson; Mr. Charles Pettijohn; Jean Harlow; Mrs. Charles Pettijohn; Louis B. Mayer; Constance Bennett and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Viscount and Lady Byng have come up to see Mae West, and the famous star of "How Am I Doin'?" serves tea to her famous guests. After the formalities were over, Mae called her guests "Dearie" and "Honey," which pleased Lord Byng very much.
ON THE SETS

When The Great Ones Of The Earth Go To Hollywood They Are Received With Full Social Ceremony By The Screen’s “400.”

NOWHERE is the American system of selecting the names for the Social Register more democratic than in Hollywood. A Lindbergh flies to Paris and from that moment he is one of America’s Great People. An actress plays a great part on the screen and all the world admits her to the exclusive circles of the social world.

It is something of which we all can be proud. We are a people who honor accomplishment. In the group which Louis B. Mayer has assembled from his hired help to do honor to an Ambassador, are girls born to the purple and girls born in peasant cottages, but now they are NAMES and eligible to meet on terms of equality any of the blue bloods of the earth. Past is the aristocracy of money, money gained oftentimes from slaughter houses and doubtful stock certificates. The Aristocracy of Achievement leads the cotillion.

Irene Dunne stops work on “Roberta” to do the social amenities for Brigadier General Alex Ross, Dominion Commander of the Canadian Legion, and Mrs. Ross.

When Vice-Admiral R. A. R. Plunkett-Drax visited Motion-tone City, he was entertained by Shirley Temple all dressed up in a special sailor dress for that occasion.

Will Rogers is honored to stop work and talk with Kingsford-Smith, the great World Flier.
The Screen Is All Waxed
And The Fiddlers Are
Ready For The Greatest
Season Of Dance Pictures
You've Ever Seen.

IT IS a very good thing that all Peter Stuyvesant had to do was be Governor of New Amsterdam. If he had had to make good in Hollywood, his wooden leg wouldn't have helped him. For the light of the Picture Village is the light fantastic, and the Girls and Boys of the Cinema are Treading a Measure—and I don't mean walking on a yardstick.

Imagination falters to conceive of all the twists and turnings of the dancers which are now offered to our admiring eyes. Busby Berkeley and Bobby Connolly and many others have passed sleepless nights over these dance numbers and we can tell you in confidence that there will not be one circular arrangement viewed from above to give you your usual pain in the neck.

"I Won't Dance" sing famous Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'Roberta'—but they do and how!

Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart singing and danc

ing, amid the apple blossoms which are bursting forth just at this season on the old property tree at Warners, in "The Gold Diggers of 1935."

Alice Faye and Jimmie Dunn in George White's "Scandals 1935." Both are good dancers. Alice is ravishing and Jimmie has developed a new personality since playing with Shirley Temple. Swell!
In the "Folies Bergere de Paris," they have taken the well-known trade mark of the star, Maurice Chevalier, and romped about with it, being fanciful and whimsical all the while. Thus you will see straw hats hither and yon, and if you are a native of Danbury, Conn., you will probably have a pleasant evening. We shall skip over the hats and concentrate on the loveliest chorus on the screen.
Every New Hat Finds Its Place On The Head Of A Happy Woman.

A new sailor hat of Oxford gray felt, with a cord of Oxford gray and gold around the crown, and with Arline Judge to set it off.

Mary Carlisle in a becoming hat of finely woven straw, with a jaunty feather.
How Hollywood Stars Emphasize
The Appeal of Beauty

The Secret Is a New Make-Up
Now You Can Share It

YOU 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 satin-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 advice...and to test your own color harmony shade in powder and lipstick...mail coupon below.

Max Factor * Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR...HOLLYWOOD

TO FIT the coupon for Pure-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Envelope 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Sweet Make-Up"...FREE

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE

COMPLEXION

EYES

HAIR

Very Light - 
Fair -
Freckled -
Dark -
Dark

Blue -
Craze -
Crais -
Brown -
Brown

Blonde -
Blond -
Brown -
Brown -
Brown

Redhead -
Red -
Red -
Red -
Red

Type

MAX FACTOR

© 1935 Max Factor
THE new Sten picture again shows Anna in various dresses, none of which are up-to-date. Evidently Mr. Goldwyn does not approve of the modern fashions. Gary Cooper is supporting Miss Sten in "The Wedding Night." It is the story of an immigrant who settled in Connecticut.
FRIDAY BARTholomew Is The Little English Boy Who Came Over To Play David Copperfield And Has Won The Heart Of America.

BORN

TO ACT

By Lenore Samuels

He is a laughing little fellow quite unaffected by in-
terviewers, personal appearance or fame. His next picture
will be "Anna Karenina," in which he plays
Garbo's little son.

"HANDS UP!" yelled this pseudo-
Public Enemy No. 2, and before I
could say Freddie Bartholomew a
good-sized gun was aiming into the
neighborhood of my spine and another
was being brandished menacingly before
my startled eyes. "Your money or your
life!" warned this extraordinary English
boy who in the opinion of many resembled
Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" so closely it
seemed difficult to believe he had been
brought up within the sight and sound of
the Thames instead of on the banks of
the Wabash.

Such was the robust reception accorded
me at the Hotel Gotham in New York one
blustering afternoon in late winter, by this
gifted ten-year-old boy who has given the
screen such a remarkably beautiful char-
acterization of Charles Dickens' "David
Copperfield" it will live in our memories
for many years to come. The youth of
this generation may come to the theatre
prepared to scoff at the mid-Victorian fuss-
siness of Dickens, but it will soon find
itself laughing and sobbing in the same
breath, especially during some of those
moments in which little Freddie Bartholomew
is on the screen.

Freddie's adopted "Aunt Sissy" was with
him when I called, and it was she who
told me how the boy happened to be
favored for the rôle of David Copperfield.
It seems that when Freddie was five he
came to pay her and his grandfather a
visit at their home in Warminster, a short
distance from London. While telling him
little stories and teaching him various lines
from Shakespeare and other dramatists, she
discovered that he had a very retentive
memory and was what they call in the
theatre a "quick study." And soon she
had him "doing his little bit" at Charity
Benefits in the neighborhood. Freddie's
visit lengthened indefinitely and his par-
ents, realizing how happy their boy was
with his aunt, and appreciating the prog-
ress he had made under her patient guid-
ance, decided to let him remain where he
was.

Those of you who have already seen
"David Copperfield" and been bewitched by
the irresistible magic of this boy's per-
sonality, will be pleased to know that "Aunt
Sissy" is to be congratulated for her splen-
did preliminary training of this budding
star.

But to get on with our story. . . . The
years sped by—all five of them—and Fre-
die's ambition to be an actor, as he so
neculously puts it, was crying aloud for
the right to express itself.

In the meantime he kept reading and
re-reading his favorite authors, especially
Dickens, his preferences being for "Martin
Chuzzlewit" and "David Copperfield." "I
had already read "David Copperfield" three
times," he informed me in that exquisitely
pure and well modulated little voice of
the "But, Mr. Todd!" I was so enchanted
that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was searching
for the right boy to play this part, I
begged Aunt to take me to America, just
on a hunch. I felt sure that if given the
opportunity, I could play "David."

So Freddie and his astute aunt crossed
the Atlantic together for the first time,
with Aunt Sissy sick abed from nau de mer
during most of the trip and Freddie com-
ing blithely to each meal (after he had
given up his first) and playing a simply
marvelous game with a little boy he got
to know trying to see who could eat the
most. His aunt firmly believes that Freddie
never gave up playing that particular game
for he's gained all of ten pounds since his
arrival in America.

Straight across the Continent to Holly-
wood they went and soon the excited Fred-
die was standing in front of Mr. David
Selznick, who was to produce "David
Copperfield," and reciting Marc Antony's
immortal speech from "Julius Caesar." Mr.
Selznick listened (just as I did later that
afternoon when he gave the same speech
for me) enchanted and amazed at the ex-
quise interpretation of these lines by a
mere lad with no stage training to speak
of. When he finished, Mr. Selznick said
simply, "You shall play David, because to
me you are David."

Hundreds of little American and English
boys had already been given screen tests
for this coveted rôle, but when he saw
Freddie, Mr. Selznick knew instinctively
that a test was not necessary. In his mind
there had already been formed a picture
of the perfect juvenile, David Copperfield,
and this picture-character had the same
small, delicately chiseled features and the
same dear grey-blue eyes, in which every
thought and emotion was so feebly
mirrored, as had Freddie Bartholomew.
And so another fascinating career was
launched in Hollywood.

Frank Lawton, who plays David Copper-
field as a young man, graciously admitted
that little Freddie interpreted David so per-
fectly, it was a difficult part to carry on.
And Freddie, who breezily remarks that
"Frank and I got along famously together,"
claims that he enjoyed watching the last
half of the finished production best. (After
"David Copperfield," for the screen.)

"Lucky little boy," I murmured, and
could not resist the impulse to draw him
into my arms and give him a good sound
hug before I said goodbye.
YEARS ago Harold Lloyd, living in a loft over a drug store with his father, said, "If I make good in pictures, I shall buy a real silk shirt!" Today Harold is one of the richest men in Hollywood and the possessor of an estate which is famous throughout the country for its lavish luxury.

That silk shirt was a symbol to Harold. A symbol of success! Tangible testimony to the fact that he had made good in pictures. With the passing years that same sort of symbolism has come to be an institution in Hollywood. In the days of Wallace Reid and Tom Mix, ornate cars were the badges of success. Snappy open numbers were the vogue and the more startling the paint job, the more gadgets which were attached to the thing, the greater the evidence of professional triumph.

Of late the system of symbols has grown a little more complex. Cars still figure in it. The first thing your struggling "bit player" tries to acquire is a snappy roadster. That he drives up and down the Boulevard, hoping that someone will notice him and gather that he is prospering ... since success breeds success in Hollywood as well as
in other places. It is not until a player becomes an established star that he can afford to drive a cheap roadster. Claudette Colbert abandoned her expensive limousine in favor of a small coupe after she signed her important contract with Paramount recently.

When your bit player achieves a contract...even a modest “stock contract,” he instantly acquires as elaborate an apartment as possible where he has a mamervant to look after him, to serve cocktails and cozy dinners to his guests, to answer the telephone and inquire, stately, “Who is calling, please?” He endeavors, of course, to have guests who may be of assistance to him in his climb to fame. Possibly the rent is overdue, but he must have caviar and an atmosphere of elegance...he must have the proper background. All this is not as silly as it may sound. Front is important in Hollywood. It is almost an axiom in pictures that a person’s possessions, his manner of living, reveal his success.

When the bit player becomes a featured player, he acquires a dressing room of his very own upon the lot and of course he must immediately have it redecorated...these days in brown and white with carved crystal ashtrays and a few chaste etchings if he is a man. If the player is a woman, she has her dressing room “done” in white with organdie curtains and a few touches of pale green and ashes-of-roses.

It is just about at this point in a picture career that the symbols-of-success system begins to become complicated.

When Sylvia Sidney had been in Hollywood about a year and stardom seemed just around the corner, she bought a house. Now, Sylvia didn’t want a house. She hates possessions because of the hold they have on people’s affections. She dislikes responsibility or ties of any sort. A theatrical nomad, she had lived in a trunk and hotel rooms for years. What was more, this house had a swimming pool, tennis courts, badminton courts and a play room. And Sylvia dislikes games, does not swim and entertains very little.

“But,” she remarked helplessly, “everyone has a house! You must have a house and it must have do-dads for exercise and games. What was I to do? My guests enjoy the do-dads...when I have any guests!”

Lyle Talbot signed an excellent contract with Warner Brothers and immediately acquired a business manager to tell him how to spend or not to spend his salary. A living symbol of achievement.

When the contract is renewed and it begins to seem likely that the career in Hollywood is assured, the film actor acquires a house. Unfortunately he usually acquires simultaneously a number of relatives who are not only willing but determined to be supported in a style which belies his new station in life!

Now, of course, he absolutely must take his telephone number out of the book. It would be too humiliating if his friends were able to look up his number and call him in the usual fashion. It simply isn’t done in these circles.

Having taken these elaborate precautions to insure his privacy, he must now have a little hide-out somewhere where he can “get away from it all.”

Take Douglas Montgomery. Doug [Continued on page 66]
RUGGLES OF RED GAP  
Rating: 85—Top in Humor—Par.
Here's the funniest picture of the month, or any other month you want to name, including Beatrice Lillie's famous March, March—April May and June. Charles Laughton, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, ZaSu Pitts, and Roland Young simply go to town in this picture and you can't even stitch up in the first five minutes of it.

Or you probably know Harry Leon Wilson's famous story by the same title, and perhaps you've seen it on stage and screen before, but you've never really seen Ruggles until you've seen Charles Laughton play him. His characterization of the staid English manservant, who is won by the American Frouds in a poker game and taken to Red Gap, Washington, is a new high in comedy.

The picture concerns the Americanizing of good old Ruggles. Mary Boland, as the nouvelle riche and social climbing Miss Effie Froud, is nothing less than magnificent, and what she does to the French language is really sufficient cause for war. Charlie Ruggles even dozes himself as that breezy, big-hearted westerner, Eggbert Froud, who has a penchant for checked suits, radical ideas, and democracy. ZaSu Pitts, as the widow Judson and the love-light in Mr. Laughton's eye, is simply grand, and so is Roland Young as the English lord who travels to Washington, America, to get his Ruggles back, only to discover that his faithful valet has become a man.

A delightful surprise in the picture is Leila Hyams, prettier than ever, who plays a sort of hostess in a sort of house, and her warbling of "Everybody Loves a baby," accompanied by Roland Young on the trap drums, is your money's worth right there. The picture's a knock-out.

LIFE BEGINS AT 40
Rating: 76—Home-Spun Humor—Fox
One of the best of the Will Rogers pictures. Which means that you and the little woman and the kiddies (brats to the Editor) of the family will find it engaging, grand, homely entertainment with the nation's best box office attraction dangling away at his priceless philosophies.

Will plays his usual small town character; this time he's the editor of a country newspaper which is up to its lynotype in debt. One night Dick Cromwell, who has falsified a prison sentence for stealing money from the local bank, returns to town for the expressed purpose of shooting Banker George Barber, who had him sent up. Will catches him in time, takes him home for hot cakes and philosophy, and throws in Rochelle Hudson for good measure.

Dick decides to accept Will's offer of partnership on his newspaper and begins his courtship of a belle Hudson, while Will sets about chronicling the life of the side, and sure enough, discovers that it was the banker's son, and not Dick, who stole the money to play the ponies down in town.

There are some moments of superb humor in the picture, especially when the Rogers boys have a political rally with a family of hog-callers (and believe me, Ella, I never before realized there was so much technique to hog-calling). You'll split your sides laughing.
Recent Pictures Caught, Criticized
Or Complimented, As They Deserve.

over this, but it won't be so funny when Junior wakes you up the next morning shouting—"Whoa—shah—eeee, Pig Pig Pig Pig." Slim Summerville is grand as the laziest man in town, and so is Jane Darwell as "Miss Ida." Dick and Rochelle make a fine, a mighty fine, young couple.

**AFTER OFFICE HOURS**

**W**ell, Clark Gable, the object of my affections, and yours and yours and yours, too, Toots, now crashes forth as the managing editor of a New York newspaper, and true to the tradition shouts at the top of his voice, hurts expletives at the staff, and talks over several phones at once. (And when I remember that the only managing editor I ever had was as cold as a dead arctic fish I feel that I have lived in vain.)

He fires Miss Connie Bennett of the Southampton crowd, who wants to do a bit of slumming among the ink-pots, and then discovers later that she is a friend of a young society lawyer he hopes to expose. He uses her to get the lowdown on the Southampton crowd, and then when she gets wise and throws him over, he realizes that it's love. Anyway, the snooty lawyer, hoping to annex a few of Connie's millions, murders his mistress, one of the Southampton crowd too, my dear, and so Gable goes into his Philo Vance and you may be sure he gets his man.

Gable is as charming as ever, in spite of his little editorial duties, and the scene where he rides on a speed cop's handlebars just to tell Connie he loves her will convulse you. Stu Erwin as the newspaper's pet photographer is elegant, and Billie Burke flutters around so divinely in her few scenes that you get mad every time she leaves the screen. Harvey Stephens, Henry Armetta, Katharine Alexander, Charles Richman and Hale Hamilton com-

**SHADOW OF DOUBT**

**R**ating: 70°—"THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS"—M-G-M

This picture's importance lies in the fact that it introduces to the movie-going populace, popular, popularum, a brilliant new personality, Miss Constance Collier. Miss Collier has long been a favorite of the New York and London stage, and judging from the reception she received at her first preview she is going to be a top notch cinema favorite in no time.

In her debut film she plays a rich and highly eccentric old aunt who dotes on her nephew, Ricardo Cortez, and threatens to cut him off without a penny if he marries that vulgar Hollywood movie star, Virginia Bruce. Well, Ric walks out on his fussy old aunt after those harsh words, and walks right into a swell murder, a movie producer no less, what fun, and sure enough, just as you suspected, Virginia is accused of the murder.

Things look pretty black for Virginia until crotchety old aunt Constance takes charge, visits a night club, and lays a trap for the murderer, who, in the meantime, has managed to bump off a couple of other guys. Besides Miss Collier there are two more delightful surprises in this picture: Isabel Jewell, as a night club hostess, sings "Shadow of Doubt," and can now go to the head of the class of our best warblers; and second, Regis Toomey returns to the screen—and what a hand the preview audience gave him.

**RUMBA**

**R**ating: 60°—"ALL GOD'S CUBANS GOT RHYTHM—PARAMOUNT

**F**ollowing their success in "Bolero," which I am reliably told did nip-ups at the box office, good old Paramount now gives us Carole Lombard and George Raft in a little something called "Rumba" which is quite, quite pleasing to the eye and ear. I'm a sucker for rumba music any time—it's the gypsy in me—and when little missy Carole and master Georgie go to the trouble to dance me a nice smart rumba for almost a reel I am that pleased I purr.

The story's rather inconsequential, but who cares so long as there is plenty of good hot dancing. Anyway, it's about a Cuban bookef and a high society dame who both happen to draw the same lucky lottery ticket, only George's is a fake. When Carole, just filthy rich, offers magnanimously to give him the money, he tells her plenty and is fired—pronto. Georgie works up a rumba act with Margo (remember her in "Come Without Passion"?), and is the sensation of Havana.

Carole's little four hundred foot rowboat docks again and she is all for falling in love with George when she discovers that he is only an elephant—she ritzed him once and now he's gonna ritz her. Back to New York goes Carole, and hot on her heels comes Georgie, who realizes now that it was all a mistake and he loves her. He and Margo are top billing in a Broadway revue, but on the opening night Margo faints, conveniently, and it is Carole who dances the rumba with George. Lynne Overman, as the bumbling press agent, is grand. Something must be done about Margo. She's much too good for bits.

[Continued on page 58]

The Silver Screen Movie Thermometer Tells You Which Shows To See

Beautiful Madge Evans and Frank Lawton in "David Copperfield," the film that raised the dickens at the B. O.

Carole Lombard and George Raft in a "Rumba" dance sequence, which is the answer to the cries of "Mere, Mere" from the "Bolero" fans.
The GIRL FROM FARGO

Virginia Bruce Has A Blue-Eyed Baby, Susan Ann Gilbert, And A Brilliant Future Of Her Very Own.

By Muriel Babcock

"IT IS about time," remarked my young brother as he looked at the reviews of "The Mighty Barnum," which landed Virginia Bruce to the skies, "that someone wrote the true story of that girl. What a swell, brave kid she has been, how she has fought her way upward and all the things she has accomplished by herself."

"Everyone talks about her as the former Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and everyone seems to know about her marriage and her divorce and her child, but no one seems to know anything about the girl herself."

"Why don't you write it? Tell how she was brought up in a small North Dakota city against a bleak prairie setting, always hungering, like a lot of the rest of us, to see things and to do things in the outside world. Probably because she was a girl and longed for glamour and the luxurious ways of living. Tell how she went to work in the show business, instead of going to college like the rest of her girl friends, because her family needed money. How, now, at the age of twenty-three she has the responsibility of her whole family and herself. That she is sending her young kid brother to college and helping him to enjoy the things she missed."

"Why don't you paint a picture of her with all the lights and shadows and show her for something more than a beautiful blonde who has had top spot in Hollywood publicity because of her marriage? Call it, well I don't know of a better title than 'The True Story of Virginia Bruce.'"

And so here goes, as best I can. My young brother speaks of something he knows. He was a classmate of Virginia's in Fargo, North Dakota, knew her when she was a pretty girl who went to high school dances, who played the piano well enough to be chosen one year as accompanist for the state high school music contestants, but who never, in her wildest flights of imagination, dreamed of being a Hollywood actress. Her family lived comfortably and Virginia was brought up sensibly.

I knew her myself as one of the younger fry of the town. I used to catch my street car at the corner where stood her parents' home, a large comfortable brick house with a big yard. In those days I was a cub reporter on the Fargo Forum with no idea of landing in Hollywood as a motion picture writer. And no idea at all that the pretty little blonde girl who lived on the corner would one day be a star.

Perhaps you know the story of Virginia's getting into pictures, but you don't know the story behind it. There is always a story behind something that happens to change a whole lifetime.

The Briggs family, for that was their name instead of Bruce, lost their money and decided upon a move to California where Mr. Briggs might get a new start. Virginia was of college age and they permitted her that she might go to the University of California at Los Angeles instead of to the state college at home, or to Wisconsin or Northwestern Universities where her pals were headed. Things went no better in California than at home—the depression was starting—and when the family fortunes were at a low ebb, Director Bill Beaudine met Virginia casually, saw in her picture potentials and convinced a skeptical family and an even more skeptical Virginia that she had a big chance.

And so the younger said good-bye to her heretofore carefree girlhood and started at the job of earning a living in the most heart-breaking, most demanding and most fantastically unbelievable profession in the world.

There were a few jobs in Hollywood, nothing in importance, but they paid. Then came a chance to go to New York in the chorus of a musical comedy. Virginia took it. She received, I think, about $50 a week. Half of that went home to California. [Continued on page 62]

Virginia, when she was Miss Briggs of the Fargo, N. D. High School Class of 1928.
THANK YOU—Ruby Keeler—for your wholehearted approval of Lux. Your fans will appreciate this bit of personal advice. It makes them feel very close to you to know that you use Lux just the same way they do.

Things last longer, look lovelier with Lux because it has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no rubbing. It's these things that fade colors, weaken fibres. Lux saves colors, keeps materials looking like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS...

"We use Lux in our wardrobe department to keep stockings and costumes new-looking twice as long," says N'Was McKenzie, Warner Brothers' wardrobe supervisor. "We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies! They look swell! It's a real dollars-and-cents saving."
WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year, we aren't just braggling. 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.

Why 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.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean colds. Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR... with Ex-Lax.

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Echos from Hollywood

THIS comes under the heading of Big Moments. After the previous "Van-nessa," the studio read over the preview cards with the criticisms from the audience, and ninety percent of them said, "there should be more of May Robson in the picture." So nice old Metro restored May Robson to life, (she was killed off early in the picture), and built up her part to last all the way through. And was she proud when she heard about those preview cards!

WELL, Gary Cooper and Director King Vidor claim that it's really true, so maybe 'tis. Anna Sten has a huge white Sunnyside dog, named Drujio, which she brought with her from Russia. During the production of "The Wedding Night" Drujio sat on the set every day and watched her mistress and Gary run through their scenes. "And whenever it was a bad take, that dog barked," said Gary. "And when the take was good the dog would simply lie down. We called him our dramatic critic."

ANDARDING has gone on a trip to China, to rest and regain her lost health. She has had more than her share of hard luck lately, what with bad health, and her fight for the entire custody of her little daughter Jane.

FRANCIS LEDERER and Mary Anita Loos are still nuts about each other, and Stefii Duna is still carrying the torch. Anita Loos is the niece of the famous writer of the same name.

REVIEWS [Continued from page 55]

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON

Rating 51—This Murder Won't Give You The Wallet—RKO

THE particular brand of comedy, death and excitement which punctuates the Edna May Oliver-James Gleason pictures is entertainingly pieced together in their latest effort: "Murder on a Honeymoon."

It is directed with speed and played with enthusiasm by the entire cast. The story concerns the murder in an airplane of a man who later turns out to have been an important witness in a New York Grand Jury case. Lora Lane, Chick Chandler, Harry Eberle, Matt McHugh, Morgan Wallace and Brooks Benedict are all, at one time or another, under suspicion.

The story is not always logical but it manages to be amusing at all times and the stars turn in capital performances.

THE NUT FARM

Rating 50—There's Nothing to Do With It—Monogram

ONCE again Hollywood is given the chance to take some effect Easterns for the well-known ride. With $50,000 in its jeans and the urge to buy a nut farm in California, Oscar Apfel and his wife, Betty Alden, pay a surprise visit to Betty's mother and brother who make Hollywood their home. Wallace Ford, the brother, is a so-so assistant director—when he gets a job—and spends half his day hanging on the phone waiting for "good news."

Betty gets smitten with the movie bug also and eventually induces Oscar to sink his entire fortune in a film, of the "Sheik" variety, directed by Wallace, sponsored by none of the slickest crooks in the business, and with Betty playing the star. The film gets laughed off the screen at the preview, but Wallace, furious that his sister and brother-in-law have been played for suckers pulls a fast one and sells his film to a comedy firm for an excellent profit. A sort of cheating cheaters idea that, in spite of its heartiness, hands you a number of laughs. And the cast, throughout, is uniformly good.

WINGS IN THE DARK

Rating 58—Myrna and Cary Go Up in The Air—Paramount

THE plot concerns itself with the efforts of a well-known pilot (Cary Grant) to prove himself as an instrument that will permit of blind flying.

He is on the point of taking off for a trans-Atlantic flight when an explosion blinds him. He continues his experiments, and at the same time writes articles which are never published, but which are purchased by Myrna Loy, a fellow-aircraft who makes her living doing hazardous stunt-flying. You may have guessed they are in love with each other.

When the demonstration comes and Cary finds out he has been hoodwinked, he's through. So Myrna hops off from Moscow on a non-stop flight to New York—and $50,000.

She makes the flight, of course, but when she's over Roosevelt Field the fog is so dense she cannot land. Her gas supply is running low. Cary, still blind, goes up in the plane with its anxious, frantic pilot and Myrna brings her down safely. He intends going back up again and committing suicide, but the minute the planes touch the ground Myrna purposely runs to him and wrecks his plane so he cannot go up again. The shock restores his sight.

Anyway, Cary turns in the best performance of his career. Myrna is all that could be asked and then some and Roscoe Karns, as her manager, is right on a par with the stars.
The “Night Spots”

“The Troc”

[Continued from page 27]

Lombard met Bob Riskin and discovered that he could dance as well as he could write, and when Carole isn’t working those two can be found there almost any yawning dishing out a mean rumba between plates of lamb and eggs. The tango prize goes to Cesar Romero and Sally Blane, who can toss off as neat a tango as you’ve ever seen. And while we’re giving out prizes one should go to those two most constant stay-up-lates in Hollywood, the Clarence Browns (Alice Joyce). They invariably close the jamb. Clarence doesn’t drink and he doesn’t smoke, so you could hardly call him a reveler, he simply gets his relaxation watching people have fun. The every night dancing sweepstakes are won—but consistently—by Louis B. Mayer, who is the dancingest producer in Hollywood.

The Troc’s most famous, and charming, inhabitant is none other than la belle Dietrich, who used to be one of Hollywood’s best recluses, for the very good reason, she told me once, that there was no place to go. But the Trocadero brings out the continental in Marlene and most any old night will find her there, but beautifully gowned, and dancing and chatting and having a grand time. One week she established some kind of a record by appearing each night with a different escort, including Fritz Lang, Rouben Mamoulian, Felix Rollo, Travis Banton, Cesar Romero, and her husband. Marlene gets a tremendous kick out of dancing, and is a dream to behold on the dance floor. I’d let my soup get cold any time just to watch her.

Of course the night of all nights at the Trocadero (you know I’d get to that sooner or later, didn’t you just) was the night Garbo suddenly appeared. Garbo hasn’t appeared at a night club in Hollywood since the famous Garbo-Gilbert romance, which must have been seven years ago (of course I don’t remember it as I was a mere child on my nurse’s knee then), and when she suddenly did, well, I’m sure there was a bit of flutter about it all.

Phil Ohman and his orchestra were playing, Dietrich was dancing, Lupe and Johnny were scrapping, and everything was as usual when all at once there was a stir of great excitement, an electric thrill, and a startled Gene shoved Miss Garbo and party to a table right next to the band. Weissmullers and very close to Dietrich and Fritz Lang.

With Garbo were Max Reinhardt, noted producer, Natalie Paley, daughter of Grand Duke Paul, Gottfried Reinhardt, Max’s boy, Felix Rollo, and Sulka Viertel. There was a frozen silence as the party seated themselves, with everybody politely ogling and wondering what Garbo would do. Phil Ohman, who always rises to the occasion, began to play Swedish folk songs, Garbo smiled and sipped her champagne. The thaw set in.

For her début in Hollywood’s night life Garbo chose to wear her usual gray tailored suit with tight fitting black beret. She arrived at ten-thirty and stayed until two-thirty, which was doing right well for a girl who never gets out nights and she never once seemed bored, but on the contrary was quite pleased with everything and everybody. A few people came over to speak to her and Walter Wanger, the producer, asked her to dance. “Thank you, no,” Garbo said. “This is all so new to me. Next time.” Next time, eh? Does that mean that Greta is going to make a habit of dropping in at the Trocadero for a night cap?

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The More We Talk About The Famous, The More Famous They Are.

CESAR ROMERO (who they say is a sensation in "The Devil Is A Woman," as Dietrich's leading man) is now Hollywood's favorite man-about-town and can be found in all the late spots, usually with Sally Blaine.

MYRNA LOY cannot stand the feeling of wool, so when she has to wear a wooden dress in a picture she has it lined with silk.

AND Jean Harlow never wears a pair of gloves until they have first been cleansed to take the stiffness out of them.

FRANCHOT TONE'S new coup, a present from Joan Crawford, is so long that he has to pay double rate at parking stations. Now that's something.

WELL, they do say that Paul Cavanagh and Mae West don't have to see each other quite so often just to rehearse for "How'm I Doin'?" And they do say it's a romance, a hot romance.

NEW, young man who has "gone West" is Monroe Owsley, the last of the "tall, dark and handsome" in Mae West's celluloid life. Monroe, a swell young actor who hasn't been around enough lately, plays Mae's husband in "How'm I Doin'?"—her current picture.

KATHARINE HEPBURN and her agent, Leland Heyward, are still in the throes of love. Where Katie goes Leland goes, and vice versa.

SEVERAL children sent in their autograph books for Billie Burke to sign when she was appearing at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, not long ago, in a special engagement of "Her Master's Voice." One little girl had written, "My mother says you have freckles and don't mind. Is this true?"

Billie Burke wrote back: "Yes, I have freckles and don't mind a bit. I am sure God knows what suits each person best, so if he happens to send us freckles, we mustn't mind."

ANOTHER young man who has returned from Europe's colored film, "Becky Sharp," which was found when she discovered that her eyes change color and reflect the shade of the dress she wears. It was all right for Frances to change her mind, her dress, or the color of her eyes, until her optics began to act up on the technicolor picture set, and start running film. But the camera man worked it out with a change of lights and now Frances has to make her eyes behave.

ADRIENNE AMES has returned to Hollywood from her recent European trek but she says she is still sold on American fashions. She travelled in France, Italy, Switzerland, and a number of other countries during her visit on the Continent and saw many attractive gowns, but Hollywood fashions, she claims, are the most attractive to her.

W. C. Fields, the Round-the-World Flier Wiley Post, and Will Rogers at the premiere of "David Copperfield."
"She was afraid to be Happy"

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SO EASY TO AVOID

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FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW


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The Girl From Fargo

[Continued from page 56]

The other half Virginia used for living expenses. She didn’t tell me this, but I know that first cold winter in New York she needed a warm winter coat and she went without it because she didn’t have its cost. A friend gave her a coat for Christmas, and a pretty swell Christmas present it was.

Now, don’t mistake me. Virginia wasn’t going around like a half-starved wisp, thin and threadbare. No, she kept up a brave front, looked as smart and as chic as she could on her slim salary and told no one of what was going on in her heart and mind.

The New York season ended and she came back to California to get a small contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This was in 1933, and on the lot, in a picture, she met that most famous of all silent screen lovers, John Gilbert. Met and loved him with a love that was to grow deeper and more devastating during the two years she was married to him. I think she still loves him, although he refuses to see her and sent back, unopened, her Christmas presents, one of which was a picture of his baby. But, I’ll skip the story of the marriage which ended disastrously for her, as all Jack’s marriages have ended for the women who loved him and married him.

The marriage is only interesting in any story of Virginia in its relation to her life and its effects upon her as an individual. First, emotionally, and second, in the new doors it opened for her.

Emotionally, Virginia suddenly grew up. “I was always rather philogmatic,” she told me one day last summer, “but, don’t think I knew what real feeling meant—as far as anything emotional went. I don’t see how I ever could have become an actress in those old days. I wasn’t aware of what was going on. Suffering—and you always suffer when you love—does some-

thing to your insides. I couldn’t have acted before. Now, I KNOW I can act.”

Gilbert took her into the center of everything that was important in Hollywood, the greatest minds, the most important people of the film colony. She met men and women who knew about great literature, who wrote beautifully, sat and met painters and decorators and great actors. John moved in a circle that included the Donald Ogden Stettiners, the Cecil DeMille, Ronald Colman, the Richard Barthelmess and others. She met poised, gracious women who had made a fine art of being charming hostesses. As mistress of the John Gilbert home, she, too, became a beloved hostess.

At first, she was stage struck. More so than when she first faced a camera. She was scared. It was hard work for a twenty-year-old girl with her Dakota background, substantial at it was, suddenly to become head of a mansion, with a corps of servants, and to manage things correctly and easily. “I’ll never,” she said with a wry smile, “forget the first day we entertained and I had to plan the hors d’oeuvres. I hardly knew what they were.”

But she was spunky. She saw her job through, and in the end, the friends she made through Jack are still her friends and she continues to see them and go places with them. But the inevitable break with Jack came, and Virginia wiped up her blue-eyed baby, Susan Ann, and went back home to the little house in Toluca Lake which she had built and furnished herself and fell in love with it all over again. Then she pulled herself together and went back to Metro and started upon the job of really being an actress.

In “The Merry Widow” you catch the first glimpse of the beauty that is hers and her potentialities. She quite takes

“The Silent Messenger”

[Continued from page 31]

Juggler of Laughs

With a grin, “when I have a Mickeyro role to do, but all my life ‘David Copperfield’ has been a favorite book and I’ve laughed my fool head off over Mickeyro many times, never dreaming I’d ever bring this to life in the scenes that make acting a thrilling game.”

“Yes, I like making pictures and it is no more heartbreaking than any other phase of this profession. Too, it gives me a chance to settle down, I’m tired of traveling around. I’m crazy about the sunshine, I like to play golf the year around and I enjoy beautifying scenery. Here’s the secret. I moved to a ranch in Encino, in the foothills back of Hollywood, just so I could see the sun set over the ocean and watch the changing colors of the sea on every side. God, it’s a sweeping canvas of breath-taking beauty!”

“A Finnish couple takes care of my house. Thomas is my chauffeur, and I’m one of those detestable back-seat drivers but I never, never kick about his wife’s cooking. So, life is pretty sweet for me and I’m very contented.”

During our long chat there were just two subjects he wouldn’t discuss; his age and his marriage.

Well, birthdays will never dim the Fields’ humor, he can go on indefinitely cheering up the world’s tempo. About his marriage, all I know is that it’s a long time ago and was but a brief interlude.

Perhaps that’s the tear on which he has built his laugh-kingdom!

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The Daytime Fragrance

Quiet, but with a strange persistence.
you off your feet in some of those scenes as Jenny Lind.

She tells you quite frankly that she did not herself sing in "The Mighty Barnum." The operatic arias were sung by Frances White, a trained operatic singer, and recorded and doubled into the picture.

"I have a little voice and I can carry a tune," she told me, "but I never could sing opera as Jenny Lind was supposed to have sung it. It would have been ridiculous for me to have tried. They took records of Miss White's singing. I took these home and played them over and over again, singing right along with her and timing each note and each breath to the record. I practiced for days until I was letter perfect. Then they shot the picture and I actually did sing only they didn't use my voice."

She also says quite frankly that never before has she been photographed as well as in this picture. "I really looked beautiful and I'm not beautiful," she told me candidly, "My profile is frightful—see?"

Whether she thinks her profile is imperfect or not, plenty of Hollywood young men think it is okay, judging from the way they try to date her up. Virginia can have all the beauty she wants. There was a young New York millionaire very much in the picture for a while. Edmund Lowe has been giving her quite a rush. Dick Powell has dated her. But she doesn't care much about any of them. "It's pretty hard to find a man to follow Jack," she said with a sly grimace. "He was like no one else could be."

Mostly she goes with Ralph Jester, an art director for DeMille, a tall, sandy-haired fellow with a sharp nose, glasses and a professorial air. He is a great friend rather than an ardent suitor and I imagine Virginia finds him more than unusually interesting because of his knowledge of the arts. For she has developed a passion for good line and design. She is and has been very much interested in interior decoration.

The rooms she added to her mother's home when she moved home to Toluca Lake are an example of her taste. Her own room, particularly, is a lovely blue and peach affair, with the walls papered in a delicate, faintly figured blue wall paper. There is a coarsely woven white rug upon the floor, a big studio bed with a white cover and big comfortable pillows. The window curtains are a soft brown, almost peach. There is a mirrored dressing table and there are white chairs with blue cushions.

Her studio dressing room, a tiny affair in the center of Dressing Room Row, right next door to that occupied by Constance Collier, is done cleverly in blue and white. Blue is her favorite color. Which somehow seems right, for blue is a brave color and Virginia has shown fine courage through hours of glumness.

The first time I saw her in Hollywood, since I had seen her in Fargo years before, she received me in a long, clinging blue tea gown. It made a perfect line for her blonde beauty. If I had seen the gown on any other motion picture person, I don't suppose I would have given it a second thought. But to see Virginia Briggs, I mean Bruce, of Fargo suddenly grown out of her middles and round-collared little dresses into tea gowns—well, it seemed incongruous.

Then I started thinking. Why shouldn't she be as glamorous and as beautiful and as luxuriously garbed as she wanted? For here is a younger who has found her way up honestly and unselfishly, who has not only achieved certain things but has grown in herself along the way. She deserves anything she can get in the way of breaks in pictures and I have a hunch she will get many of them.

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The Smart Manicure
Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez at the football game between the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears, in Los Angeles.

Beal

[Continued from page 24]

and couldn’t work for a month. He sits down and starts to draw whenever he sees anything that happens to catch his fancy. The only person he has never been able to get on paper is Katharine Hepburn. She won’t hold still long enough. For amusement he plays the piano and sings. He has made several records. Recently he invented a method whereby piano playing can be learned by color instead of note. He wants to have it copyrighted and teach. But he humorously predicts that his first pupil will probably be color blind.

When John has work to do, his sense of humor completely leaves him. He locks himself in and refuses to answer his phone. He acts all his roles out before the mirror to get an idea how he will look. But when it is time for playing, he outplays everyone else. His talent for impersonations is marvelous. When he saw Bette Davis in “Of Human Bondage,” he did a take-off on her cockney accent that was priceless. He’s been perfecting his impersonation on Stepin Fetchit and tries it out on the ebony door man of his Hollywood apartment building.

John is humble in his appreciation for his fellow artists. His modesty about himself is overwhelming and his subconscious ego is quite amusing. When he tested for the role opposite Irene Dunne in “Age of Innocence,” he did his level best. But John Boles, being more the type, won out. Later on John Beal was telling of the experience.

“T certainly did make a wonderful test,” he said simply, “I wasn’t a bit nervous and I know I did my best.” There’s no protection in the world against the sincere charm that will allow a person to make a remark like this and get away with it.

Besides being terribly ambitious, overly enthusiastic and very sincere, John has one other outstanding characteristic. Every morning he exercises in front of his open window. In his hands he holds a book of instructions on “How To Develop a Johnny Weissmuller Torso in Ten Easy Lessons.”

The Major’s Daughter

[Continued from page 25]

penciling on her brows. Why, actually, the only cosmetic she uses off-screen is lipstick. Which she doesn’t go on.

Her dark brown hair undergoes none of the customary star rigmarole. No tiresome trips to the beauty parlor for Maureen. The luck of the Irish! No permanent wave, no hours sitting under dryers. All she has to do to produce rippling ringlets is run a wet comb back through her locks. I think she does this often, for I always detect a sparkling mistiness to her hair.

There was nothing to improve about her figure. She has that delightfully youthful poise which comes from living outdoors as much as possible. No pounding by mas- sens or sticking to banana and skimmed milk diets. I told you—lucky!

This particular day we lunched she was wearing a plain tan sweater with a tailored skirt. A linen collar with an Ascot scarf and sport brogues completed her costume. Her clothes are the one thing about which she distinctly isn’t moody. Before Borzage came across her she’d spent a year in a Parisian finishing school, and she landed here with an expert knowledge of what is apropos for her type. She sticks to simple lines and I’ve never caught her cluttered up with bizarre, Adrianish bows. Or even in those slacks which some girls can’t resist.

Now, it seems to me that a young woman who can decorate a tree-top as Tarzan’s dream damsels, and then can put the thrill of life into the Barretts’ stuffy drawing room, is quite a remarkable person. And so this Maureen is. That was no flash-in-the-pan versatility, either. She had just finished acting in two more equally different pictures when this tete-a-tete took place.

As dear, helpless Dora in “David Copper- field” she had been too adorably dumb. You know Dora and how the poor thing got a headache when she ventured to try adding up the household expenses. Maureen detects adding, but that’s not because she’s dumb.

At the same time she had been playing a delectably modern colonel’s daughter in “West Point of the Air.” That role was
a cinch. In real life her own father is a
major in the British army. So she toured
as Dora and took it as easy as Robert Young's
sweetheart in the air epic.
I reminded her, noticing what a gay
state of mind she was in, that she wasn't
always so bubbling over. A couple of weeks
before we'd had a luncheon date and when I
got to the studio I was informed that
the director wouldn't let Maureen out.
They were filming Dora's death scene.
Maureen, surfeited with discreet Victorian
drapery, had been propped up all morn-
ing on her death-bed. The trouble had
been in getting her into a properly sad
nook. She'd felt so healthy and cheery that
day. It took George Cukor forty-five
minutes to lure her into the Copperfield
blues. And since there were more shots
to be made on the scene in the afternoon
he was taking no chances of my popping
up his wistful Dora. As if I could have!
I'll bet she was magnificently gloomy for
days after.
This is the ever-stimulating attraction
Maureen possesses. She's intense. She feels
with every bit of emotion in her.
At school she used to insist on having
her own way, with dire effects when she
and her teacher disagreed. In Hollywood,
when she's assigned a part she doesn't want
to play, she is inclined to follow a pro-
cedure which has true finesse. Rather than
fuss endlessly, she becomes "ill." First
thing the studio knows she is in a hospital.
Naturally they can't put her in the role
when she's sick. Well, anyway, that's what
a little bird tells me!
She's a very obliging person, but she
doesn't apple-polish. There isn't a gush in
her. To me this modest reserve indicates
her good breeding. When she talks you
aren't left up in the air. Her sentences
carry a ring of finality. Not that she's
the least arrogant. But she doesn't mumble
or sound as though she has a "maybe"
mind.
What I consider most admirable in
Maureen is the capacity she has for sorting
out the superficial things which intrude
upon the average person. She is concerned
only with what matters to her. There's
no waste motion, mentally or physically.
For instance, Maureen's in love. (An ele-
gant square-cut diamond decorates her en-
gagement finger.) She's too preoccupied,
consequently, with her work and her fiancée
to seek the ordinary devices for whiling
away time. What the eventual outcome
will be of her long-suffering romance with
Johnny Farrow, dangling author-scenarist,
remains in the lap of the Gods.
Before she came to Hollywood Maureen
wasn't thin. She had stacks of admirers
and didn't give a second, or at least a
third, thought to any of them. She met
Johnny Farrow shortly after settling down
here as an actress. They've had their
quarrels, but she's convinced that he Mr.
Right. The unfortunate hitch has been
that they both are deeply religious and
their church forbids divorce and re-mar-
rriage. Johnny was married in his pre-
Hollywood era. He's got a divorce and
they're waiting for a special dispensation.
Maureen's moved into a house in Bever-
lly, which proves conclusively that a girl
can succeed without being a standardised
Hollywood siren or a sappy sweet thing.
She's been delivering such surprisingly fine
performances that she's fated for even bet-
ter roles.
The only spectre that haunts her nights
is the rumor that she's to be Tarzan's
dream damsel in another wild thriller with
John Wayne. Warren says she's an
impressive hero, but those animal pictures
are darn hard on a gal, what with tripping
around with monkeys and heaven knows
what else. The leopard skins are deadly.
And she doesn't want to achieve immor-
tality as the girl on the flying chimpanzees.
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\[ \text{Box} \mid \text{Flesh} \mid \text{Natural} \mid \text{Roach} \mid \text{Brunette} \]

spent quite a lot of time and money on his home. Having completed it, he signed a contract the other day with Universal for three consecutive pictures. So he rented a second, very small dwelling near the studio where he can stay when he is working.

Irene Chatterton used to rent an apartment in Hollywood when she was on a picture... although she had a house in Beverly and one at Malibu. Later she acquired a bungalow on the Warner Brothers' lot and spent all her time there when she was in production.

There is a bungalow court on a certain street in Hollywood in which every little cottage is the hide-out of an important star. The names on the cryptic little cards over each door say "Mr. Thorne" or "Mr. White" or "Miss Smith." No one could possibly guess that these are the hide-aways of some of the most famous people in the world.

When they achieve stardom they acquire the bungalow-on-the-lot. Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Richard Barthelmess, Irene Dunne, Richard Dix and a number of other important players have little homes within the studio gates equipped with living rooms, bedrooms, offices, well-stocked libraries, dining rooms, kitchens... sufficiently commodious to entertain sizable collections of guests at dinner.

Stardom brings additional necessities. A house and a hide-out will not suffice now! You must have a vacation spot of your own... a place in which you can get still farther away from it all and in which you may entertain lots of guests who are assisting you in your flight. A house at Malibu used to be the answer to this problem... a yacht, a ranch or a little fourteen-room shack in the mountains with a staff of well-trained servants to assist you in being primitive. Wallie Berry bought himself an island in the middle of a mountain lake in the wilderness somewhere. It can be reached only by airplane... so Wallie is fairly safe from interruption, while relaxing.

The portable dressing room which is wheeled onto the set is the perquisite of an important star... and no star (especially the feminine ones) would be seen without one. Most of the men have them too, these days. Of all the ones I have seen I like W. C. Fields the best. This is a trailer which can be attached to his car. Each morning when he is working, he arises, scoots to the trailer, goes back to bed and to sleep. He slumbers peacefully while he is being trundled to the studio, sits up, has coffee and toast, dictates into his dictaphone his domestic orders for the day. His chauffeur transports the records to the staff at home... and Mr. Fields' orders are duly carried out. (We hope.)

A play room... that means a red-and-black lacquer bar with adjuncts for games) is a necessity when an actor has achieved stardom. He must have a swimming pool even if the smell of water frightens him into nervous chills. He should collect something... first editions (as Jean Hersholt does), or carved porcelain hands (as Lilyan Tashman did), or dolls (as Colleen Moore used to do).

It is reaching a point where a successful actor must either play polo (like Bob Montgomery, Leslie Howard, Will Rogers, Ralph Forbes... well, Jack Holt used to play it but has given it up in favor of his son because it is too expensive, he says, for two men in the same family to indulge in this game!) or the actor must own a race horse.

Clark Gable owns a race horse, as does Mac West, and Constance Bennett recently acquired one. It is becoming an important adjunct.

Stardom frequently brings about the acquisition of the secretary-companion-mentor. Gary Cooper's Jack Moss, Evelyn Venable's Mrs. Gardner, George Raft's "Mac the killer," Carole Lombard's Madalyn Fields. These people order the groceries, fire the cook, assist with the income tax and scold the star for staying up too late. Valuable adjuncts they are! And they earn every cent (it seems to me) that they collect.

They are hard working symbols indeed. However, the fans overlook these ostentatious gestures. The stars are well loved and it pleases the public to have its darlings glittering with jewels and envied by all suckers.
"What, No Cinderella?"

[Continued from page 88]

In turn, any young business woman or wife can understand Connie Bennett. Many stories have been written and told about Connie's obstinacy, her stand-offishness, her cool aloofness. Probably these stories were written or told by men—or by women—who did not have the intelligence to understand. Connie is holding her place as one of the biggest stars of the screen and to progress to greater success, just as Mary Brown, in the coat and suit department, is struggling for the highest sales record with the goal of chief buyer ever before her. Neither Constance Bennett nor Mary Brown has time for unnecessary, trivial things.

For two years Connie refused to talk about clothes, when all her feminine audiences were curious to know the details of the hundreds Bennett wardrobe. That refusal earned her the reputation of being obstinately aloof. If she had explained her silence, any woman would have understood. The explanation is simple. Several stories were written by probably well-meaning, but certainly misinformed writers, describing the ridiculously large sums of money which Connie spent for gowns and jewels and jewels. She was reported to be squandering a small fortune yearly, in times of depression, when the average woman was finding it hard to buy even one inexpensive dress.

Connie was terribly upset by these stories. Understanding women as she does, she knew what the average feminine reaction would be. Resentment, of course, bitter resentment that she should have so many unnecessary luxuries when thousands were starving. But Connie had no comeback. To deny the stories would only make them more important. She did the only thing she could do, firmly refused to talk on the subject.

That Bennett girl has a will of her own. So have all successful women. She has only two ambitions, to progress in her profession and to find her share of happiness. She is a child of the theatre. It has been a vital part of her life from childhood. Yet she has never stepped foot on a stage and has no desire to do so. She has chosen motion pictures as her work and she casts no longing eyes into other fields. She insists that her private life belongs to her and that she be given the right to pursue happiness in her own way.

Connie doesn't ask things of life. She goes out and fights for them. So do all women who find high places in the world.

"Every woman knows that wishy-washiness brings only defeat," Connie said.

"We all admire and respect the girl who makes up her mind what she wants and then goes after it. The snivelers, the soft-pitters, usually find themselves without what they want or with a shabby substitute for it.

"I have never actually worked at anything except motion pictures. But I have many friends and acquaintances who are business women. I have known successes and failures and liked both. And, in the final analysis, I have discovered that we all have the same questions to answer, the same decisions to make."

As Connie talked, I remembered the old story about the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, who were sisters under the skin. And I realized why Constance Bennett, one of the few real Lady O'Grady in the screen, could have an infinite understanding and sympathy for the world's Judy O'Grady, could think their thoughts, live their lives and suffer their griefs so poignantly on the screen.

She knows that their joys and sorrows are exactly like her own. The only difference is in the setting of the stage.

---

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FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It make sikipy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—t-ke keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

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Hollywood—A Flop Without Broadway"
[Continued from page 23]

Broadway stages. How would you feel, if you were an old-line actress on the Coast, a "name" from the silent day, if these five suddenly crowded in on you? Do you think you'd relish it? No, and neither does Hollywood.

Suppose you were a girl comedienne from the "silent" pictures and you had built up quite a name in your field. Overnight, from Broadway stages would come Edith Stuyvesant May Oliver, Mary Boland, Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Gracie Allen, Eva Sully, Patsy Kelly, Lyda Roberti and Miriam Hopkins to challenge your fitness for leading roles. Do you think that you'd like it? No, and the Coast doesn't like it, either, quite naturally, because each of the Broadway invaders is hitting directly at some star's livelihood.

When George M. Cohan, the No. 1 actor of America, went to Hollywood, it didn't surprise any of us on the Coast that the minor intellectuals of the picture industry had sent an office-boy to relay their orders to him. Their infatuation complex had set up what the psycho-analysts call a "defense mechanism." This rudeness was their way of telling him that his reputation on Broadway didn't face them.

Just how greatly Hollywood depends upon Broadway is made clear by a list I have prepared, a list of 185 stars and featured players who have been graduated from Broadway stages. With-drew these 185 Broadway-trained performers, and the moving-picture industry would be so crippled that it might well perish from stagnation. Even now, with Broadwyties bolstering every major company, production of pictures lags far behind the demand for them.

This brings us to another vital point, and one that has never been mentioned in connection with the oft-debated controversy of east vs west. In Hollywood, where production costs are staggering contributions to overhead expense, speed is all-important. Coast directors will tell you that stage performers, accustomed to memorizing long parts in legitimate shows, have absolutely revolutionized the business. They learn their talking pictures rapidly, speed up the productions and permitting directors to complete pictures a week and two weeks faster than on the shooting schedules. For this vitally consequential reason—speed—the Broadway-trained actor and actress is in increasing demand.


The women, in addition to Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and the others I've listed above, could include these Broadway-actresses: the late Marie Dressler, Alina Mahon, Ruby Keeler, Pauline Lord, Ina Claire, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sichey, Alison Skipworth, Jeanette MacDonald, Verree Teasdale, Evelyn Laye, Helen Morgan, Joan Blondell, Ethel Merman, Ruth Etting, Constance Cummings, Fay Wray, Irene Dunne, Diana Wynyard, Ruth Chatterton, Tallulah Bankhead, Mary Christian, Elissa Landi, and last, but assuredly not least, Grace Moore.

Clark Cable, commonly considered a picture product, is Broadway-trained, and it was his stage performance of "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile" road company that won him a flicker contract. Warner Baxter, commonly regarded a celluloid creator, was playing on Broadway as far back as 1924 and was trained in ten legitimate shows, though movie-goers do not know it. Other stages on the Coast are Roger Pryor, Edward Arnold, Bill Frawley, Lynne Overman, the Marx brothers, Al Jolson, Ernest Truex, Rudy Vallee, Frank Lauder, Guy Standing, Paul Kelly, Jack Haley, Hugh O'Connell, Claude Rains, Sidney Blackmer, Edmund Lowe, Chester Morris, Richard Dix, George Raft, Leon Errol, Walter Catlett, the late Lowell Sherman, Reginald Owen, Ogood Perkins, Arthur Byron, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, Walter Huston, Jimmy Dunn, Fredric March.

Rather than bore you, I won't go through the entire list here on my desk, a list of 185 names. However, I've given you enough of them to drive home the point I wish to make, that Hollywood pictures would be a bust if they didn't have this army ofBroadway talent upon which to call.

Their indebtedness to Broadway and New York for man-power and woman-power can't be reckoned in terms of dollars and cents. Mae West, Clark Cable, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Helen Hayes, Will Rogers—these six alone figure into millions of dollars, purely on box-office appeal.

If it is impossible to estimate the dollar and cent value of the performers from Broadway who have invaded, or, for that matter, the pictures, then it is beyond all computing to dope out Hollywood's debt to New York stages for story material and story
ideas. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was taken bodily from the stage and is ranked as one of the greatest pictures of the year. The stage did "Grand Hotel" and did it better, in my estimation, than the pictures. "Dinner at Eight" was lifted bodily from the stage. "She Loves Me Not" on the stage, was better done than in the pictures. You could go on ad infinitum in this record of plays that have served to water the movie mills.

Sometimes the greater scope of the camera, and better casting, has given the celluloid version of a stage play greater dramatic strength. Often we have the reverse, a Joan Crawford trying vainly to convey the depth of Jeanne Eagel's masterful portrayal of "Sadie Thompson," or a Gloria Swanson coping hopelessly with the light operatic demands of a "Music In the Air." These instances are beside the point. The point is that Hollywood would go bust, mentally, if the Broadway stage didn't think for the celluloid tycoons.

That completes my case for Broadway against Hollywood. A summary would prove (1) that New Yorker bankers supply the money to Hollywood, (2) Broadway stages supply the bulk of the actors and actresses, and (3) Broadway stages supply the bulk of the scripts.

Having established these vital points, I'll relax now and pay credit where credit is due. Hollywood directors and cameramen, trained in Hollywood, are GREAT and the capital lettering is mine. The W. S. Van Dykes, the Lloyd Bacon, the Mervyn Le Roy, the Frank Capras, the George Cukors, Norman Taurogs, the Archie Mayos, the Mark Sandriches, and the Clarence Brownes, to my way of thinking, have made greater strides forward than their counterparts on Broadway. These great directors, and I've mentioned only a few of them, are fine artists in every sense of the word. They have given the talking pictures tone, polish, breadth, discernment and imagination.

The East, unable to match these fine directors, is unable to match the Coast camera geniuses. Daniels and Folesey, at Metro; Ray Jane, with Goldwyn, Charlie Lang and Victor Milner, at Paramount, Charlie Roshier and Marley, at 20th Century, Barnes and Van Trees, at Warners, Miller, Glennon and Schatz at Fox—these ten men have developed their art to a point which beggars description. Lighting and photography in Coast productions is nearly faultless. Individual stars, left to their make-up and photography, has achieved almost miraculous results. To these men I tip my hat cheerfully, admitting that we have no one in the East remotely approaching them in skill.

And while I'm in benevolent mood, I'll pay tribute to the movie makers themselves. Without resorting to the New York stage, they built up stars as great as Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Dick Powell, ZaSu Pitts, Mary Pickford, Myrna Loy, Loretta Young and William Powell. And they did pretty well, too, with a girl named Greta Garbo. Some may remark acidly that Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll both were New York chics. That is true, but Hollywood converted the chorus girls into pretty fair dramatic actresses.

There is no doubt in my mind that Hollywood, without Broadway, would not amount to much. Yet the saner view, and an unbiased view, is that working together and forgetting petty squabbles, they form an unbeatable combination. East is East and West is West, but, to paraphrase Kipling's couplet, EVER the twin shall meet. Together, against the world, they're a helluva partnership.

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"These Things Have Counted"

[Continued from page 21]

Miss Frederick in her play that evening. I wanted so much to be like her . . . to make them love me . . . to have her confidence and artistry.

"She was taking off her make-up when Paul and I came into the dressing room. She was feeling discouraged. After the introductions, during which I was so awed that I merely stood and stared at her, Paul said: 'Polly, I want you to meet my friend Shockey. He's the one who's going to conquer the world in an hour. Tell her what a hard row it is . . . how long . . ."

"The glorious Pauline turned and looked at me, seeming to see me for the first time . . . then, suddenly, she arose and crossed her face in the hands, saying: 'Go on and dream your dreams, my dear—conquer the world in an hour! You can . . . you must to badly enough. How might those gallant hopeful words meant to me then . . . and have meant, ever since? And why I now know how much illusions really count?"

The dining room was deserted now, except for a waiter who hovered solicitously in the background, filling and re-filling my glass. I saw one of our own American afternoon sun filtered through the soft, green drapes and made an odd figure of light on the far end of our sequested table. It was a grand moment for other shining bits of memory.

"At home," she went on, "I have a little packet of letters filed away for safe keeping . . . because, they too, represent something that has counted a great deal. I've never spoken of this before . . . there has been no occasion to. After all, my marriage to Douglas is a thing of the past and the differences that brought about our separation are a closed chapter. I should never speak of it now except for the wonder and gratitude I shall ever feel for the sentiment wrapped up in that small package—"

"You see, when I married Douglas, I did a very foolish thing. I tried to make myself over for him. I tried to like the things he liked—the people he liked. I'm afraid my own friends got lost in the rush of visiting celebrities, young sophisticated and youthful literary lights who, because they were important or their friends were important, were always the visitors at our home. I think I knew in my heart that very few of them were my friends . . . but they would please Douglas and so I endeavored to please them. We always had a great deal of my time toward entertaining them. There was almost no time for old friends of my own.

"Yet, when everything was over, when the young sophisticates and visiting celebrities no longer came to our home because Douglas was not there, these letters I've been telling you about came instead. Letters from my friends . . . people I'd not forgotten for a minute, but had badly neglected. And they wrote such sweet things . . .

"At home, when my heart was heavy with grief."

- Miss Frederick ended the story but didn't want to intrude on my unhappiness, but they wanted me to know they were thinking of me. I could have cried over the many words of friendship and affection that makes no demands and refuses to die merely because it isn't fed with flattery and attention! I counted so much when I needed and wanted it the most!"

A short pause . . . Joan was searching back for the real things. Then . . . and there is one or two pages from a letter that has counted more than the usual hard effort and striving we all put into our work. This one scene was not just another fiction character with lines to speak

"I had a chance to re-live a heart-breaking moment of my own experience.

"Do you remember in 'Sadie McKee,' a scene in which Sadie sits by the bedside of the boy she has loved so long and tries to keep him resting—despite the fact that he is dying . . . that she will never see him again? Well, I want you to know that I've lived that moment and experienced that scene again just as realistically as Sadie did."

It was a long time ago, right after I came to Hollywood . . . that I met a very sweet boy. He was a kindly kid and nobody but crazy kids together. All day long, when I wasn't working at the studio. We'd pack an Ambassador, took long motor trips or went to the new shows. But when evening came, we always danced. We both loved to dance, couldn't get enough of it.

"One evening at the old Montmartre we won the dancing contest after an hour of hectic whirling. It was an exceptionally warm cafe. Then we got into Jerry's open car it was chilly. I begged him to keep his overcoat around his shoulders, even tried to hold it there for him, but he wouldn't have it and just kept saying that he refused. He just laughed as he continued to push the coat back. Two days later, the resulting cold had developed into pneumonia. When I entered his room that last evening in the hospital, I knew . . . and yet I didn't want him to go.

"The other day Billie Burke came up to me on the set of 'Forsaking All Others.' She told me that she had seen 'Sadie McKee' and that she was surprised to find out that her name was in the last credit. She was sure that the Keef will always count above all others too because it lies so close to my heart.

"She was silent a moment. I held the letter in my hand. Then she looked up again, she was smiling slowly.

"I hope I haven't given the impression that it is only the poignant moments in any life that have counted. Each since I've known Franchot, I've been learning how much laughter can count and how much it is to be treasured. I've always been able to laugh easily . . . but he has taught me that supreme humor . . . the ability to laugh at myself!"

"One dry on the set, when I lost my temper over a reference made by a radio commentator. I acted in my usual haste and called the man from my portable phone. I was giving him a rather loud piece of my mind . . . telling him exactly what to do with his references in the future . . . I was quite angry and sure I was going to light a cigarette handed me from the excruciatingly unnecessary small auger I. I was truly angry, my face was flushed and I was speaking in words that were the very matter at all . . . except to my silly, injured pride. I think some part of me stood aside and looked at the rest of me that moment . . . and laughed!"
"Franchot asked a question in one word: "WHY?"
"No one will ever know how much that moment counted because in the flash of
that laughter and Franchot’s questioning
I learned, too, the joy of
laughing at small annoyances...watching
them vanish in an inner mirth that
relegates them to the unimportance they
deserve!"

It was late afternoon when Joan finally
gathered her sable coat about her and we
left the dining room. I said "Goodbye"
at the door of her town car and, yet, all
the way home I was fascinated by the
mental list I had made of the things that
have really mattered in the life of Joan:
A little packet of letters....
A simple meeting with a lovely and sin-
cere woman.
The memory of a playmate who died
too soon....
A lesson in laughter;
These things have counted with a girl
who has earned all the glamour and excite-
ment Hollywood and fame have to offer.

Elizabeth Bergner, whose "Catherine
the Great" was one of the successes
of last year, arrives in New York
for a Broadway engagement.

Tripping to New York
with Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 19]

look at the grief box while he stripped his
passengers down to their seats with safety
belts and passed around the chewing gum. Carole
disdained both the belt and the
gum. "See what the boys in the back
room will have," she announced blithely
rummaging around a swell box of fried
chicken, fruit cake, olives, celery and
champagne (a gift from the Brown Derby)
and packing a tray with goodies for Pilot
Burns in the cockpit. One whiff of the
fruit cake and the Pasadena society matron
in the seat in front of Carole turned green
—and while Jonesy rushed for the oxygen,
Carole administered her own pungent

Nurses now tell how
famous medicated cream
Corrects ugly skin faults

Thousands use it for Pimples,
Large Pores, Blackheads,
Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this
transparent medicated cream to relieve
skin irritations, to help clear up blem-
ished complexion—to help restore their
skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thou-
sands are nurses, whose training and
experience have taught them what is best
for the skin.
What it is
This famous medicated cream is Noxzema
Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, grease-
less formula that doctors first prescribed
to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin
irritations.

Nurses discovered its value in helping to
correct skin faults. "It clears my com-
plexion as nothing else does," one nurse
wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough,
chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped
—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Black-
heads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema
Cream—and see what a big improvement
it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off
in the morning with warm water first,
then cold water or apply ice. Apply a
little Noxzema during the day—as a foun-
dation for powder. Use Noxzema until
skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer
Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if
he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous
25c jar—enough to make a big
improvement in your skin. Ad-
dress Noxzema Chemical Co.,
Dept. S4, Baltimore, Md.

Red Chapped Hands Relieved
Overnight...OR NO COST
Make this test tonight on badly 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 sore-
ness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter,
your druggist will gladly refund your money.
BRIGHT

EVE

IDEAS

by Jane Heath

In the Handbag

Beauty in Nature

Men may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in the lounges. Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look much longer and make eyes sparkle...and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.

Improving on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara, Lash tint. $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.

Silver Screen for April 1935

screwing salts, which is neither without, and which proceeded to lift Pasadena's scalp right to the top of the plane. ("You're the Tops, You're Smelling Salts.")

"We call her the little mother of the TWA," I said in most sweetness and with Carole. Carole gave me a glimpse that Karloff might envy. But it's true. Last fall when Carole was hurrying back to Hollywood to run up a picture at Metro, there was a terrific storm over Indiana and one of the passengers, a Tarzan of a man, passed right out cold from fright. When he came to his head was in Lemp's lap (you know, thought he was in heaven) and he was sniffling the inevitable screwing salts while Carole assured him that of course the plane really wasn't going to fall, a little matter that she wasn't too confident about herself just then. And what with a whispering child and a nervous old lady, who deeply regarded feeling out one by one these new fangled contraptions, Carole was so busy playing Florence Nightingale that there was the Glenda airport and the photographers before she even had a chance to apply her lipstick—which is one of Carole's cutest tricks and you must see her do it sometime. Without a mirror and without anything she runs that lipstick over her lips, just once, she never misses, and voice there's as perfect a kisser as Mr. Gary Cooper and the Cooper family in general.

Well, hardly had I gotten the chicken off of Carole's ear and my chin, than I suddenly discovered that the earth, which we hadn't seen for several hours but which I still remembered, was coming to meet us at a terrific rate. "Too bad, folks," it was Jonesy again with his perpetual grin, "but you'll have to get off in Albuquerque and take a train. There's a storm ahead."

Grounded in Albuquerque, among the tepes, New York in fourteen hours, Bah! If there there had been an enterprising dog around to kick I would have kicked him. I expected Carole to go into a pet, and make a scene or something, but to the contrary she was quite gay she dropped a king's ransom in orchids out of the poor old grounded Air Chief. "Isn't it fun?" she beamed. "Aren't those orchids ridiculous? Let's go look for Indians with Navajo blankets, and tepes, and things, I haven't had so much fun in years."

Jonesy and Burnsy, our sterling pilots, didn't show any signs of unhappiness, and that's good with us now that they had us grounded, so, while they carried on long conversations, Carole proceeded to run off another batch of veils, and wigs, and things, and in half a whole pad of telegrams which started off "Arrived in New York safely."

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However, the flight was a bit turbulent, but we made it to Arizona and Nevada and New Mexico. The morning, it's a名声ous hang-up out there, the New York, completely off the track, as they arose at daylight to meet the Twentieth Century.

New York at last—in fourteen hours and three days. However, it's so much fun traveling with Lombard that I'm willing to take another chance on the Albuquerque tepes, and I'll send a note to our friends in the big little station, simply convulsed with laughter when she thought of all that chichi we put on only four hours ago at the Glenda airport.

Well, there was nothing to do but wait for the Chief and see if they would have us, so the next few hours we spent in the Harvey lunchroom drinking coffee and catching up with the Hamburger with the plane, and they should have seen those silly looking orchids curl up in contempt when they smelled the onions. They're dozens of people to see off—and here we're only in New Mexico." and Carole would go into gales of laughter. The flight was a bit turbulent, but we made it to Kansas City where we could get the plane the next night, so we piled aboard, much to the annoyance of the most distinguished passengers but I am told that the onions kept me awake. Carole climbed into the upper in the drawing room (didn't ever see a star take an upper berth) and was soon lost to a troubled world. Last night, the hour that we were supposed to be arriving at the Harvey the plane fell at midnight, and we were delayed and no excitement, found me facing Kansas, an entire day of Kansas (and gentlemen, right there, I was willing to go the TWA) so in desperation I dashed from the train and bought a mystery story with a gory murder in every chapter. Fieldsy found the book to be a "Kaidӗscope," which Bob Riskin had insisted upon reading a story to me, and I assure you the Lombard reads beautifully, but suddenly I realized that the story wasn't getting any place, and then I discovered that thing was getting vaguely familiar. I discovered that Carole was just too sleepy to turn the page, and had been reading over sort of tender towards alm. I'd only be two days late and we could still make out the train.

So, back on the train we climbed, unpacked again, and to Zweig. In Chicago the next morning it was the same old story. However, the Kews were better. It took a bit of work to get headlines that a plane was lost over the city, and for the first time we felt sort of tender towards alm. The train was a bit turbulent, but we made it to Arizona and Nevada and New Mexico. The morning, it's a名声ous hang-up out there, the New York, completely off the track, as they arose at daylight to meet the Twentieth Century.

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end of the room is an old quarter-saved, golden oak sideboard with a lot of pewter and crystal on it and some outlandish colored cookery and statuary.

Mr. Kelly and his wife are having an argument over their daughter, Betty, it seems, is not the wistful little ingenue she appears to be.

"I have some very fine news for you, Dan," Jane observes sarcastically. "Your daughter was sent home from school today. She was suspended."

"Suspending from school?" Judge Kelly ejaculates. "What was she doing—fighting?"

"Even at school she can't forget she's a McFadden," Jane retorts.

"You keep my side of the family out of this," the judge counters excitedly.

"All right," Miss Darwell mutters. "But what are we going to do about it. The city school don't want her. We'll maybe have to send her to a paid one."

"You mean one of them schools like I see advertised where they ride horses and things?" he demands.

"Yes, and learn to be ladies. Finishing schools they call them. It'll be nice," she muses, "for her to have her Latin in the morning and her Greek in the afternoon."

"Her Latin and her Greek," he fumes. "What's the matter with a boy like Sandy (Richard Cromwell)?"

"'Tis ignorant ye are, Dan. Them's foreign languages. Then, as if dismissing the whole thing, "Well, do as you please. After all, ain't you her father?"

"That depends," he argues. "When she's reciting the Sons of Erin she's your daughter—but when she's fighting in the streets, she's mine!"

There is a lot more to this scene but lack of space prevents my giving you all the dialogue. "Car 99" is on location and I've already told you about "Mississippi" and "All the King's Horses" so it's goodbye, Paramount, hello, R-K-O.

At R-K-O

FIRST in importance over here is the famous "Roberta" featuring the song hit, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It's all about a drug shop that Randolph Scott, All-American football player, inherited from his aunt, Helen Westley. Irene Dunne is

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the head designer, Fred Astaire is Randy's friend, Ginger Rogers is the temperamental Countess Scharwenka whom Fred knew in his home town as Little Gatz. This show has more plot than the ordinary musical and even if it isn't highly original, I always say what's the diff if it's pleasant? Particularly when it has a cast such as this, a song like "Smoke," singing like Irene's, dancing like Fred's and personality like Ginger's—to say nothing of giving Randy a chance to do something besides Westerns.

"Me and my shadow" arrive at the stage door and there are signs THAT high announcing "No Visitor—POSITIVELY." That "positively" makes me a little uneasy because the doorman is being difficult about the whole thing. Just then John Beal comes along and the doorman, because John is almost a star, lets us go in for a peep at the set. Once inside I can pooh-pooh because William Seiter is directing, and if he doesn't let me stay I can always call him "Fat's" in print, and Glenn Tryon is co-directing—or something. Anyhow he's there and so is Randy. So I stay.

I can't see what all the commotion is about because the set is only a reproduction of an elevator shaft in a large building. The elevator really goes up and down but the studio is nervous for fear there'll be an accident and they don't want any outsiders getting hurt and suing them.

"Captain Hurricane" introduces James Barton to the screen, but we all know him of old.

He has long wanted Helen Westley (yes, she's in this one, too, heaven he praised) to marry him but Helen is not a gal to put up with his tantrums so she won't. He sells his ship and settles down on Cape Cod to enjoy the fruits of his labors and also to try to get Helen to change her mind.

To make a long story short, he loses all his money and she sells her property and puts the money in his bank account so he won't know hard luck has befallen him, but he goes through that, too. Along towards reel four a ship is sinking and Barton, the old salt, takes his two brothers, who are likewise old salts, and off they go to the rescue. Barton, of course, is the hero of the occasion and they're just getting ready to have a big 'WELCOME HOME' party for him when he returns from the hospital where he went with his burns after his heroic deeds. He had to have burns. Don't you remember Wally Beery in "Tugboat Annie," for Pete's sake?

"And now I'll take you over to my own set," says Beal affably.

His "own set" turns out to be a picture of one of Gene Stratton Porter's books—"Laddie"—and Johnny has the name part, is he a sight? Dust ask! He's got on boots with overalls stuffed down in the legs and a battered old straw hat like farmers wear, because he is a farmer.

"Is this a Charles Ray outfit or no?" he demands tearfully.

"Mr. Beal," I assure him, "The only way I can tell you's and not Ray is that the picture is called 'Laddey' instead of 'Hay-foot, Straw-foot.'"

"Maybe they'll change the name of this one to 'Hey nonnic-nonnie,'" he hopes.
This is one of those farmland idylls with no terrific climaxes—just good clean sentiment—and Grady Sutton. But it has the most realistic reproduction of a farm yard I have ever seen. The weather-beaten house, the harness hanging on pegs outside the barn door, the trees, the well, the wash tubs, the ducks, chickens, etc. There is even an old, old man sitting on a bench by the barn whistling. "This is my big scene," John confides. Whereupon he climbs up on a hay-wagon, seize the reins and clucks giddap to the horses. The horses move forward about ten or fifteen feet and the director calls "Cut!"

"That's the first time I ever drove a team of horses," John exults. "How'd I look?"

"It's a 'long shot,'" informs him glibly. "You're too far away from the camera for the audience to be able to tell it's you."

"I'll fix that, all right," he promises. So the next time they take the scene, here is John peering over the side of the wagon (on the camera side) to look down at the ducks and chickens and make sure he's not running over them. He gets his face about two feet closer to the camera that way.

Also in this picture are Gloria Stuart, Gloria Shea, Charlotte Henry, Donald Crisp, Willard Robertson, Dorothy Peterson and Mr. Grady Sutton.

"I don't know anyone on the 'Dog of Flanders' set," John informs me regretfully when his big scene is finished, "so you'll have to make that one alone."

Well, the picture has just started so they haven't a completed script yet, but it's a beautiful set—*a* road built up to look like a pike with snow on the ground and woods along the sides. A wind machine faithfully reproduces the sound of the wind whistling in the trees.

DeWitt Jennings, all muffed up in mittens, a fur cap and boots is trudging along the road when suddenly a big police dog looms ahead of him. They stare at each other for a second and then Jennings starts backing off. Suddenly the dog spurs at him and down they go—with the dog on top.

"Jennings once owned the dog and he used to beat him some and that hurt him some awful," someone explains to me. "When he left the dog to die little Frankie Thomas found him and nursed him back to life. This is the first time the dog and Jennings have met since then."

Of course, despite my gray hairs and sixty years, I'm still just a boy at heart and I* did* try to beat him some awful."

"Becky Sharp," starring Miriam Hopkins, is on location and "Murder on a Honeymoon" featuring those two cut-ups—Edna May Oliver and James Gleason—finished yesterday, so we can now turn our attention to Mr. Fox's efforts.

At Fox-Western

**THREE** pictures going over here. The first is a new version of "Dante's Inferno." I say "new" advisedly. Not only because it has been done before but because in order to make it bigger and better they have undertaken to write a whole new beginning to Mr. Dante's work. The modern part involves Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor and Henry B. Walthall.

Spencer has ideas for a lot of get-rich-quick schemes. First it's a palatial gambling and pleasure ship. Then it's something else. He finally winds up with some concessions at a summer amusement park. The park has had an old "Inferno" as one of its attractions. Spencer, Walthall, Maidel Turner, and Alan Dinehart are all for building a new Inferno—more stu-

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**YOU'LL** be grateful!
pendous, more terrible and horrifying than the imagination of man has herebefore conceived. But Robert Gleckler, who owned the old one, holds out against them. They finally get his ground and go ahead on their own.

What a set! The rocks, with the steam rising from them, tower fifty or sixty feet in the air. There are devils with pitchforks all the way up the torturous climb. At the top you look down and there is a pool of murky water with tortured souls writhing in it and more devils with pitchforks to prod them back if they should try to escape. There is Tantalus pushing his rock up the hill only to have it roll back every time he get it to the top, and all the other pathetic figures of mythology.

The thing has just been completed and Spence is making his first inspection of it.

“Dante’s Inferno” sounds terrific, but it actually is a story of an amusement park. Robert Gleckler and Spencer Tracy.

There is a beautiful brunette in the most fascinating musical-comedy devil’s costume I’ve ever gazed upon.

“Good evening, Mr. Carter,” she smiles as he comes through the door.

“Good evening,” he smiles back. Walking to the edge of the parapet, he glances over. “I believe the damned thing is going to make money,” he muses, seating himself on the wall.

Suddenly Gleckler is standing there behind him with a wild look in his eyes. A moment later, Gleckler has leaped over the wall and his body is hurtling through space, down towards that murky pit.

It’s a real leap, too. Only, naturally, a double does it for him.

“Boy,” Spence whispers when the scene is finished, “is this going to be a honey! Have you ever seen me enthusiastic over one of my pictures before?”

I shake my head. “Well, I am over this one.” He pauses a moment and then his face lights up. “Dick,” he whispers, “Louise and I are back together again. Gee, it’s great. Will you come out some night to see us and we’ll spend the evening together like we used to.”

“I’d love to.” Spencer and Louise Tracy are two of my favorite people, and it was no small thrill for me to have a separate night with them. The news that they’ve gone back together is the nicest thing I’ve heard in a month.

Next door to “Inferno” is a pleasant little piece called “The Great Hotel Murder,” featuring Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Mary Carlisle, Madge Bellamy and sundry others.

Edmund Lowe, it seems, is an editor of detective stories, living in the Marone Hotel. Victor McLaglen is the house detective. They are at the cigar stand one morning when Vic picks up a magazine with one of Eddie’s stories and reads, “The face is a mirror for the thoughts.”

“A lot of bull,” he explodes. “Theories don’t work out like that in real life.”

“That girl sitting over there, for in-

stinct,” Eddie retorts, pointing to Mary Carlisle, “has a nine o’clock engagement for breakfast with a relative. The relative is late.”

They check up and find he is correct. So they take Mary and go up to her relative’s room, only to find a dead man in there.

Immediately Dr. Temple is summoned, and Eddie finds a tube of poison tablets. “A tube of quarter grains,” he muses. “That’s a lethal dose, isn’t it, Doctor?”

“He wasn’t an addict,” Dr. C. Henry Gordon announces taking the phial and looking at it in a pained way. “I examined his wrist and forearms for marks.”

“This don’t belong to you, does it?” Vic demands, in turn taking the tube and looking first at it and then at Gordon.

“Of course not!” Gordon exclaims, checking his anger. “When I require anything of the sort I can always get it.”

“Oh, yeah!” Vic comes back, giving him a quick look.

“Say, Eddie,” I greet Mr. Lowe when the scene is finished, “is it true that you and McLaglen really feel so keenly about each other off-screen?”

“Don’t be silly,” says Eddie. “I love that old coot-so,” with which Mr. Lowe goes back to make another take and promptly steals the scene from the object of his affections.

But, Henry,” I greet Mr. Gordon when another take has been completed.

“Hello,” he nods.

“Ever hear from Don Dillaway?” I ask. Don and C. Henry Gordons used to be great pals.

“Sure,” Henry replies. “He’s in New York. He’s been in several plays this winter but none of them, unfortunately, were hits. That boy has sure played in tough luck.”

“You said it,” I agree. Don is one of the most agreeable juveniles in the business but he’s never had a chance.

The other picture on this lot, “Life Begins at 40,” starring Will Rogers and featuring Rochelle Hudson, is on location so I can’t tell you about that one. Now let’s jog out to M-G-M.

At M-G-M

First we have Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone in a piece called “Racket.” But I told you about that last month. The next set turns out to be “The Casino Murder Case.” Young Mrs. Llewellyn—whomever she is—has just been murdered and the officers (Paul Lukas and Purnell Pratt) are there. Also Isabel Jewell in a powder blue satin negligee, trimmed in pink, and Leslie Fenton in evening clothes.

“Who found young Mrs. Llewellyn?” Pratt asks.

“I did,” Isabel solos. “I was reading in my room when I heard a sound as if someone were—wearing—Stuffing. I hurried in and saw her.” Suddenly she covers her face with her hand as though to shut out the horrible sight, and buries her face
against Leslie's shoulder, sobs violently.

"Oh, it was awful."

"Come on, dear," he murmurs, putting her shoulder and leading her towards the door.

"Oh, Dr. Kane," Pratt calls, stopping her.

"When you arrived was Mrs. Llewellyn still alive?"

"Go on, dear," Leslie instructs Isabel, pushing her towards the door and turning back to Pratt. "No. She was dead. Her eyes were staring. Her pupils were so dilated I could hardly see the retinas."

"I see. Paul puts in. "Same as young Llewellyn."

"Undoubtedly some poison in the belladonna group," Les explains. "Hyoscin, atropine or scopolamin."

Except for Helen Hayes I have never seen any other actress who could be talking to you casually one moment, break off in the middle of a sentence, go into a scene and start crying real tears as Isabel does in this. That girl can really troupe. When the scene is finished she comes up.

"It's a little late to be congratulating you," I apologize, "but I only saw 'Evelyn Prentice' last night. You were really something in that."

"You're sweet," Isabel answers in a depressing tone. "It was a great acting part. And this is the same sort of part."

"Congratulations in advance this time, then," I offer.

And then the director has to spoil everything by calling her back for another take.

That's the breaks I get. Meet some swell girl like Isabel who thinks I'm sweet and then lose her to a camera man and a director! Heigho. Maybe when I get to Warner Brothers my luck will change.

At Warner Brothers

SOME fun, over on the "Go Into Your Dance" set, some fun. The stage is cluttered up with two dozen or more Mae Wests and an equal number of little cuties in vests, cocktail aprons, and nothing else. It's a night club set with the usual orchestra, dance floor and extras in evening clothes sipping cocktails that aren't cocktails and being very gay about it all. Bobby Connolly, the famous dance director, has been rehearsing the girls all morning, but still the timing isn't exactly right so the rehearsal goes on and on. It's the "A Good Old-Fashioned Cocktail with a Good Old Fashioned Girl" number and Ruby Keeler, looking awfully cute in her little vest and apron and tan, sings the number, while the Mae West girls with their big hats and slinky gowns and sliding hats do their shtick. Then from all corners dash the cocktail ballet, with shakers and ice and everything, and go into a regular routine.

Warner Brothers is awfully excited over this musical and will have you believe that it's the best that has ever been turned out

Ruby Keeler singing her cocktail song for "Go Into Your Dance."

\[\text{Ruby Keeler singing her cocktail song for "Go Into Your Dance."}\]

\[\text{At Warner Brothers} \]

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ELKHART, INDIANA
Teddy suddenly bursts out, "Say, Dick! Did you ever stop to think that paying alimony is like buying cats for a dead horse? You can quote me on that, too. It's quite a thought. Now, here, we have one of Universal's best pictures called 'The Bride of Frankenstein.' You remember 'Frankenstein,' of course. Don't let me tell you what this is all about but you'll have to walk on tiptoes because Mr. Whale, the director, doesn't like visitors on his sets and it's only because you're a personal friend of mine that I can get you on it at all.

We tiptoe on the stage and you can take it from me it's a horror picture all right. All right. The back door of a living room has been knocked out and right there where the fireplace ought to be you'll run smack into a graveyard. We wander about among the graves and suddenly find ourselves in some long, narrow passages that remind you of the catacombs. Everywhere you look are coffins standing on stone and marble slabs. Suddenly Mr. Verneuil (Ernest Thesiger) comes marching along with two henchmen. He's carrying a lantern. He turns in to one of the vaults and holds the lantern over the name plate on a coffin.

"That's the one," Thesiger announces in a satisfied tone. "Get to work." He is laying out his surgeon's instruments on another coffin nearby when he notices the men are standing by. "What are you waiting for?" he yells.

The men look at each other, frightened to the marrow of their bones. But they're more afraid of Thesiger. "Mercy on us," mutters one.

"Do you want me to send you to the gallows where you belong?" Enrico snarls. "It'd be no worse than this," mutters the second ghoul.

Each looks at the other for courage. Then they take a deep breath, spit on their hands, grab their crowbars, and pry the lid of the coffin open.

"Let's get out of here," I whisper to Mac. "Frankenstein didn't have to return as far as I'm concerned."

"Shucks," says Mac. "Don't forget what I told you, Dick. Paying alimony is like—"

But by the time he is finished I'm well on my way to Twentieth Century and hoping the lid lasts until I get there.

At Twentieth Century

I MIGHT as well have saved myself the trouble of coming here. "The Call of the Wild," with John Harry Gable, Jack Oakie and Loretta Young is on location up in Washington, "Les Misérables" starring Fredric March and Charles Laughton doesn't start until tomorrow and Maurice Chevalier is making scenes for the French version of "Folies Bergère de Paris." So I'll just say "goodnight" and "I'll see you next month—unless Frankenstein gets me in the meantime.

Lyle Talbot in a part that he likes in "It Happened in New York."

Gertrude Michael and Adrienne D'Ambricourt emerge, the latter evidently a maid or secretary.

"Thanks," Gert smiles and turns to Adrienne. "Pay him for the tire."

"Is $1.00 enough?" Adrienne asks doubtfully.

"Okay," Lyle grins some more. He looks after the women as they disappear through the service entrance, opens the front door of his cab and shouts at some bellhops: "Hey, you fellows, gimme a hand with these here women."

This is a swell part," Lyle announces when the scene is finished. "It's nice, kind of thing I want to do. Say, Dick, why don't we ever see each other any more? Why don't you ever call up?"

"I will," I promise.

"Come on," says the unromantic Teddy. "I got work to do." We walk along in silence for maybe a half a minute when..."
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. "The Little Minstrel"
4. The pick pocket in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round"
10. Shirley Temple's pal
13. A second world of the Brahmins
16. Within
17. The charming star of "One Night Of Love"
18. Myself
19. Mrs. Bruce Cabot (initials)
20. His most famous picture was "Dracula"
21. The amusing maid in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
22. One of the nurses in "The White Parade"
23. Large eared sex tormentor
26. With Richard Dix in "West of the Pecos"
28. She appears next in "Devil Dogs of the Air"
29. A town in Massachusetts
30. Dances in Rudy Vallee's new picture
31. Encourages
32. He will be seen in "Vanessa, Her Love Story"
33. Usually teased with Mary Boland
36. Joe Penny's lady love in "College Rhythm"
37. Regretting
38. The press agent in "Hollywood Mystery"
39. A suffix
40. His latest picture is "The Night Is Young"
41. Agnes, "David Copperfield"
42. She gave a remarkable performance in "Evelyn Prentice"
43. A directress in "The Thin Man"
44. A point of compass
45. A female sheep
46. Before
48. Elecrified particle
50. Everyone (abbr.)
52. Exhilarating
53. The little bad girl of "Bright Eyes"
54. Perform
55. A very wealthy man in India
56. A wooden pin
57. A thumb or spike
58. Margaret in "The Little Minstrel"
61. He appears with Colleen in her new picture

DOWN
1. With Gloria Swanson in "Music in the Air"
2. A large Australian bird
3. He's in Shirley Temple's new picture
4. Morning
5. Belonging to you
6. The Mexican girl in "Hell in the Heavens"
7. Spoken
8. A point of compass
9. Beguile or deceive
11. Negligible
12. She was the star of "Jealousy"
13. She was born in Montreal (initials)
17. Bill Powell's wife in "The Thin Man" (initials)
19. A separate article
21. The largest continent of the world
22. Abraham's home land
23. A mode of transportation
24. A recently deceased director (initials)
25. "The Orient"
26. A writing implement
27. One of the broadcasting networks
28. Compare to
29. The singer who made "The Last Round Up" famous
30. Now working in "Go Into Your Dance"
31. The Belle of the Nineties"
32. With Margaret Sullivan in "The Good Fairy"
33. Irate or angry
34. In the cast of "Whom The Gods Destroy" (initials)
35. The author of "Silas Marner" (initials)
36. An army officer (abbr.)
37. Therefore
38. What chorus girls do for a living
39. Over again
40. He played the fiddler while Rome burned
41. Parent
42. A British actress appearing in "The Private Life of Don Juan"
43. One who sells
44. Indefinite article
45. To whom Ginger Rogers was recently married
46. Her last is "Borderline"
47. "The Magpye Ballad"
48. A contraction of "it is"
49. Soon to be seen in "Life Begins at 40" (initials)
50. A ash worn by Japanese women
51. To be indebted to
52. Near
53. Exist
54. The former husband of Joan Crawford
55. A well known radio comedian

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

Juanita M. Shirley
Anna H. Meley
Nate Josephine Red
E. I. Amor Be COOE
Et Cora Bud ENYLL
S. S. Sorrows I.
Helen Dunne Allan
Eric Ates Ex
Bart Centres Ex
Ella A. Angell
Eilers V. Ginger
T. C. E. Tear St. S.
D. I. Ho.
R. H. S.
D. Is.
H. A. T.
0. H. T.
I. Sit.
M. Italian.
A. Wallace
E. M. Bartholomew

Silver Screen for April 1935

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Yet Rob is the envy of his music-loving friends.

You, too, can learn to play any instrument this unanimously simple way. No expensive lessons, no time cut out of normal class or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in — because, no matter who you become, yet the rest is only a few cents a S. O. P. A.

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Prize Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Drum, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo,
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Absorb blemishes and discolourations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, vibrant and so soft — face looks years younger. Mercolized 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.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Sim- plifies and preserves a young, soft, velvety skin. The skin always looks really beautiful.

MY EYES ARE KEPT Clean and Clear
by using Murine daily. It soothes and refreshes tired, irritated eyes. Dependable for 40 years.

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GRADUATE: Low Tray, Fred Shavel, Syo Mach, A. Anderson, etc. Mirrors, Bells, Musical Instruments, Musical Books, Improvised Instruments. Unemployed. For Composing, write Roy's Lane, 60 W. 85 St., N. Y.

The Art and Craft of Screen Acting

4th Year Group

Robin Fox, W. J. Roberts, W. J. Brown, etc. Mirror, Bells, Musical Instruments, Musical Books, Improvised Instruments. Unemployed. For Writing, send Roy's Lane, 60 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Alvienne School for Girls

6th Year Group

THRIVE: Margaret West, Marjorie Rice, Violet Winters, etc. Mirror, Bells, Musical Instruments, Musical Books, Improvised Instruments. Unemployed. For Singing, write Roy's Lane, 60 W. 85 St., N. Y.
The Final Fling

The marvels that the technicians of the SRM have performed are appreciated by us, perhaps, more than by most people, because we understand them. We, too, have made things appear to be other than what they were for the camera, and we have seen the film thus manufactured entertain packed theatres. When the raging torrent carries away the bridge, or when the ocean liner staggers in the raging storm, we are appreciative from more or less of an expert standpoint. But the time has come when we wish for less cleverness in picture making. We refer to the custom of dubbing in singing voices when the beautiful leading lady happens to be unable to deliver the operatic goods.

Elissa Landi

We like Elissa Landi and we do not doubt that she sings very sweetly. In order to express more fully the character of the opera singer in "Enter Madame," the sound crew supplied a voice and Elissa made the pictures to fit. The result was that the character became phoney and lost our sympathy completely. We like the pictures and we would like to hear their voices. Let the sound crew build up their volume and timber and aid these singing stars as much as they can, but please let us hear the voices of our favorites as they are being photographed. The business of the clever boys with the amplifying tubes is to give us the illusion of truth, not to rob us of the appearance and sound of reality.

Virginia Bruce, in "The Mighty Barnum," was put in the position of looking incapable and her natural acting ability, which had been winning us, was marred by the confined sound men. Suppose she couldn't sing as good as Jenny Lind was supposed to have sung. We are sure that, if left alone, she would have sung well enough to have won those of us who were already completely beguiled.

We ask an end to the degrading business of having a great star work her jaw in pitiful and often grotesque grimmaces when a singer, with all the vocal tricks of the seasoned operatic performer, does her stuff. Usually the singer sings much too loudly and the "blat" sound has no charm in it anyhow.

Let the dubs cease their dubbing and go back to their "sound effects." No star needs to be afraid. Let the character sing, for it is the emotional quality that counts, not just the noise.

"THE EDITOR"

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—Good Comedy. A football coach takes an interest in four wayward younger, later turning them into crack college football players. (Sca. Erwin, Leo Carrillo, Betty Furness, Robert Young.)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—Splendid. As the artist induced to invent a spicy love-life for the consumption of tabloid readers, Ann Harding is one more sexy, delightful self. (Bob Montgomery, Ed. Everett Horton.)

BORDERTOWN—Highly Dramatic. There's plenty of red-meat in this vital, down-to-earth story of the young Mexican upstart who, after studying law, tries to hit the high spots socially. (Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Eugene Pallette.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—Fair. Whitney is the key-note of this frothy comedy concerning four women who rent a romantic castle in Italy, the ceremonies of which is destroyed by the unexpected visits of their men-folks. (Ann Harding, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen.)

EVERGREEN—Fine. A sparkling musical made in England, with Jessie Matthews, the feminine counterpart of Fred Astaire, dancing and singing her way right into your affections.

GILDED LILY, THE—Fine Entertainment. Chastelle Colbert is "tops" in one of those sparkly comedies on the type of "It Happened One Night." Fred MacMurray is her side-kick in this uproar.

HELLDORADO—Fine. Caught in a cloudburst, a group of interesting characters are marooned in a ghost town which provides a dramatic setting for them all. (Dack Arlen, Madge Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Stepin Fetchit.)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—Fine. The older, wiser children will remember this whimsical Scotch story by J. M. Barrie, and now, with Katherine Hepburn and John Beal cast in the leading roles, the youngsters will have a chance to see what they've been missing about.

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER—Splendid. Don't miss this extraordinarily fascinating tale of an English regiment stationed at a remote outpost in India. Cast are played by Gary Cooper, Frankfort Tone, Sir Guy Standing, etc.

LOTTERY LOVER—Fair. Comedy serves as the initial screen debut for the much-discussed Peggy Fears. The setting is Paris at a time when the American Navy is doing its flag-waving in that town. (Lew Ayres, Pat Patterson.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—Passing Operttte. Even if the story is not particularly novel, the music is charming and so are Evelyn Lay and Ramon Novarro. The comedy is in charge of Charles Butterworth & Una Merlo.

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Fine. An exceptionally well planned murder mystery, with such players as Charles Bickford, Helen Vinson, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer in the principal roles.

ONLY EIGHT HOURS—Fine. In spite of the fact that a hospital is the setting, this is a highly engaging and entertaining film. The patients, as well as the nurses & doctors, have their moment. (Virginia Bruce, Chester Morris.)

RED HOT TIRES—Fair. A melodrama of de- cidually dated type, with a murder, a jail-break, an automobile race, etc., etc., to keep the pace steadily exciting. Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, Gavin Gordon.

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Fine. A romantic comedy, produced in England, with some exquisite Swiss scenery to command your interest, as well as splendid performances by the two leads—Anna Neagle & Fernand Gravey.

SECRET BRIDE—Entertaining. A story of political intrigue in high places, with Arthur Byron cast as the Governor accused of bribery, Barbara Stanwyck playing his daughter, and Warren William her secret husband.

SILVER STREAK, THE—Good. The new streamline railroad train carries the weight of this exceptionally fast-moving, and continuously exciting melodrama featuring Sally Blane, Irving Pichel, Harrie Atchison.

SWEETPEAK ANNE—Good. One of those wholesome little tales that you needn't hesitate to bring the children to. In cast Marion, Tom Brown, Wera Engels, Lucien Littlefield.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Lodge, Charles Boyer.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY—Charming. In this romantic version of the composer Franz Schubert's life, we discover why he never finished that marvellous symphony of his. Helen Chandler & Nerts Kergber share feminine honors, and Hans Jazzy plays Schubert.

WANDERING JEW, THE—Unusual. An impressive, if somewhat ponderous study of the mystical Jew who was doomed, because of some offense during the life of Christ, to wander through the ages to work out his penance. Conrad Veidt in the title role.

WHITE COCKATOO, THE—Fair. A genuine, old-fashioned mystery melodrama, with all the trimmings. The sort of film-play we all dole on at times. In cast, Jean Muir and Ricardo Cortez.

WINNING TICKET—Fair. This relies upon an Irish Sweepstakes' ticket for motivation, and contains all the "human-interest" ingredients. In cast, Leo Carrillo, Louise Faurand, Ted Healy.

WOMAN IN THE DARK—Good. A society melodrama, with Fay Wray the exquisite young lady in distress, Ralph Bellamy the cynical gentleman who has learned how to "take it" and Melvyn Douglas the smooth-tongued villain.
"Treasured Flavor"
Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say — "Beech-Nut, Please!

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES

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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

TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND

Copyright, 1935
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Miss Paine’s Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new “peasant” evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." Miss Dorothy Paine

“They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now,” continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm.”

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

Camels are Milder! Made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... Than any other popular brand
"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad, take us to task for sparing careless men.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women have halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms. If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

Men are indeed the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away
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 hush 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.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-55
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City ___________________________ State
A LETTER FROM LIZA
(Between Excitement)

WELL now that the Santa Anita meet is over (quick now give me a sentence using “Santa!” Ah. I got you that time... “Stay as sweet Santa.”) and Bing Crosby with oats in his hair has returned to the wife and kiddies, and the Messieurs Montgomery, Morris, and Powell have put away their derby’s for the next meet, oh, those smart people, and Connie Bennett has about decided to change the name of her nag, Rattlebrains, because the cracks were getting too personal—which reminds me of my favorite cartoon in the New Yorker, remember, the one where two horses were gos- siping in their stalls about another. “Look at Ella,” says one. “Ever since they told her she looked like Katharine Hepburn she’s been too stuck up to speak to us.”

Well now, as I said up there in the first sentence, Hollywood is in that unhappy state of being “between plays.” We are all ready for the next excitement but we don’t know what it will be. In fact we’re having a lull, and in the midst of a lull I always go quite. And here I go: When little Freddie Bartholomew returned to Hollywood after his personal appearance in New York with “David Copperfield” those gossipy reporters asked the little fellow what his biggest thrill in New York was, and Freddie gallantly informed them that it was when he met President Roosevelt’s mother and she patted him on the cheek and said, “Sometime you must meet my little boy. He’s fifty-three years old.”

And when Jean Parker, doing a personal with “Sequoia,” stepped off the train in Salt Lake City, where she had lived when she was a tiny tot, the inquiring reporters asked her what she remembered about the city. “All I remember,” said Jean, “is a little boy named Billy whom I fell in love with at kindergarten. He was the first love.

That night at the theatre there were fifty “Billies” waiting at the stage door.

Jean Parker—Billy’s last love.
Victor Herbert's Greatest—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 extravaganza...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"

W. S. Van Dyke Production
Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Produced by Hunt Stromberg

for May 1935
REVIEW

TIPS ON PICTURES

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—Fine. And now may we introduce Miss Irene Hervey—of Southampton—teamed up with Mr. Carl Gable, a rough diamond of the newspaper profession! With such playmates as Sta Erwin, Billie Burke & Helen Armetta thrown in for good measure.

ALL THE KING’S HORSES—Fine. A king and a movie star exchange identities in this lavish operetta, so gorgeously conceived that the plot seems as fresh as the morning. Carl Brisson is fascinating in the dual role and Mary Ellis makes a charming quêtee, with a glorious voice.

CARNIVAL—Good. A group of travelling carnival players provide the setting and the drama. On the stage, and even though the plot has a familiar air about it, you’ll fall for it nevertheless. (Sally Elters, Lee Tracy, Jimmie Durante.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—Fine. The New England sea coast is the setting for this bit of historic material, and our period seems to have been captured by James Barton, Gene Lockhart & Helen Travers. Feminine allure is provided by Helen Mack & Helen Westley.

CAR 99—Good. This provides a “look-seee” into the manner in which the radio police wage against desperate gangsters. It is exciting and wellacted. (Sidney Standing, Fred Mac Murray.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—Excellent. Ronald Colman stars as the diplomat who played England carve out India’s destiny back in the romantic Seventeen Hundreds. Loretta Young is his lovely wife.

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Excellent. What we call a perfect screen adaptation of Dickens’ famous story. If you’ve never done yourself a marvelous treat you’re Freddie Bartholomew, W. C. Fields, Madge Evans, Frank Lawton, Margaret Lindsay.

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR—Air-minded people, and even those who did not think they were before, will go for this in a big way. It boasts some thrilling stunt flying, as well as some neat confrontations by Pat O’Brien, Jimmy Cagney & Margaret Lindsay.

DOG OF FLANDERS—Good. This familiar story of our childhood days comes to pictorial life with the help of the Hurrells, giving this boy with such a deep love for his dog, Lightning, (O. E. Hassegerg.)


HOT ON THE RANGE—So-so. The type of western familiarly known as a “hess opera.” With little to boost it above average you recede with such names as Evelyn Brent, Randolf Scott & Jackie Coogan.

HONG KONG NIGHTS—Just fair. One of those foreign, melodramatic affairs, with Chinese gun-runners being pursued by noble American secret service men. Etc. Dyson get it! (Wera Eugells—Tom Keene.)

JACK AHOO—Amusing. This musical farce relies upon the British Royal Navy for a background and has England’s foremost comedian. Jack Hulbert, in the leading rôle. It has its joyous moments.

LADDIE—Fine. John Wayne plays this whole—some Gene Stratton Porter hero, and Gloria Stuart impersonates the sweethearts whom he comes to love. Aline MacMahon, with her usual Wyclle, as “little sister,” makes a distinct personal hit on her own.

LAWLESS FRONTIER—Good. A thrilling film that all children will adore. (John Wayne, Sheila Terry, Yakima Canutt.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fine. Will Rogers at his very best as a small town newspaper editor, a role which he brought off with such songs as a delightful philosophy. (Rochelle Hudson, Dick Cromwell.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fine. This charming story of Miss & Mrs. South (well remodeled from our childhood has been turned into an exceptionally entertaining film, with Shirley Temple in the title rôle, and Lionel Barrymore playing her crusty old granddaddy.

LOVE IN BLOOM—Fair. Although the plot of Doctor and the Nurse (Mrs. Bing Crosby) and Joe Morrison. Also, those goofy laugh provokers, Buras and Allen, can be found here. There are some catchy songs, too.

MAYBE IT’S LOVE—Fair. This was adapted from the play, "Sandra’s Children" (who have to work for a living) but something of the sparkle and zest of the original was lost in the transition. (Rose Alexander, Gloria Stuart, Philip Reed.)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Entertaining. Another musical from England with the charming tenor, Jan Kiepura, warbling divinely. The film has an exciting action, comedy supplied by Sonnie Hale, and feminine allure by Marta Eggerth.


MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Interesting. This film was adapted from Charles Dickens’ unfinished story, and Jackson Breck has taken the part of the boy who has a mysterious disappearance. In this case, the principle rôle are played—well, by Douglas Montgomery, David Manners, Claude Rains & Heather Angel.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—Good. A murder mystery that is played up (for comedy) with such amusing sleghts as Estha, May Oliver and James Gleason arriving at amazing solutions.

NUT FARM, THE—Good. Hollywood is the setting for this little barn yard about an eastern couple who come west to buy a nut farm and, instead, get caught into the racket. (Oscar Apfel, Wallace Ford, Betty Allen.)

ONE MORE SPRING—Charming, Although some of the spirit of Robert Nathan’s novel of the same title is lost in the transition, the characters, the settings and the plot remain as intact, as they are. The scene set by Puertorico. (Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Walter Kings.)

RENAVEDGE AT MIDNIGHT—Just fair. A murder melodrama that won’t raise you off your seat but which may be made up of, what hangs under a double header. (In cast Ralph Bellamy, Valerie Hobson, Catharine Doucet.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Good. Somerset Maugham’s tragedy of mother love and murder narrowed down to a point where it becomes simpler. A clever story, with Ronald Gable & Josephine Hutchinson the three involved.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Good Fun. Irene Hervey does not rely implicitly upon Mrs. Rabbit for her supply of Easter eggs.

RUMBA—Fair. Carole Lombard as the snotty society girl who gets mixed up with George Raft, a tough gangster, but the rumba with him when Margo, his partner, gets conveniently ill.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE—Excellent. A wickedly sly story of the French Revolution, with Leslie Howard cast as the gallant Englishman—masterfully played under this pseudonym while he wagers a battle against the guillotine. Merle Oberon plays his wife.

SHADOW OF DOUITEM—Good. In which Ricardo Cortez tumbles headlong into a swell murder plot when his eccentric aunt (Constance Collier) is murdered. However, the plot remains fixed in the West Indies, with a lot of action, and Merle Oberon will amaze you with her brilliant performance.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Fair. This film has a political background, with Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in the top spots. Also in the cast is Henry Armetta, Andy Devine & Robert McWade.

SWEET MUSIC—Fine. A bright and sparkling musical with a value of radio fame, dominating the colorful scenes. The grand cast includes Ann Dvorak, Noel Starks, Allen Jenkins, Alice White & Bob Armstrong.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your patriotic interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—Good. A mystery story that successfully mixes thrills with the well-known jitters, and with the reliable team of Gay Kibbee and Allyn MacMahan in the leading roles. (Allen Jenkins, Patricia Ellis, Lynne Talbot.)

WHOLE TOWN TALKING, THE—Excellent. This may be a bit of a heartbreaker, and like a lot of other mystery stories, it’s a lot of fun. And it’s different too! (Ed. G. Robinson, John Arthur.)

WHEN A MAN’S A MAN—Good. A western that has ingenuity and a certain definite charm. Even grown-ups may like this a lot. George O’Brien gives his usual stalwart performance and is apted by a fine cast, including Dorothy Wilson.

WINGS IN THE DARK—Fine. A dramatic story of two aviators—Cary Grant and Myrna Loy. With Cary, after he is blinded, guiding Myrna on her long non-stop flight by means of a cunning radio device.

WOMAN IN RED, THE—Entertaining. Barbro Staunrerey plays a professional fancy horseback rider who marries Gene Raymond, a society man who almost frowns on the match. There are many dramatic interludes before the final happy ending. (Genevieve Tobin-John Eldridge.)

SILVER SCREEN
The New Stream-Lined
MAE WEST
by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "GOIN' TO TOWN." No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "GOIN' TO TOWN" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "GOIN' TO TOWN" reaches the screens of the world.
A Girl Is Just As Subtle As The Powder On Her Nose.

By Mary Lee

Alice Faye is a true trained professional.

NOTICE Alice Faye's face! My companion whispered to me. "Did you ever see such a complexion?"

I looked as requested and saw the loveliest face, so well-groomed and charming it caught everyone's eye. Yet I do not believe you could have detected powder on that skin with a microscope.

The best powder is the powder you cannot see on the skin, which blends in with the natural tones and becomes literally invisible. And it is all in knowing how to select it and put it on.

All of us wield the magic of the powder puff. Some of us for better, some of us for worse. So that you may improve your own personal and private powder technique, here are some powder facts to guide you.

First there is the choice of shade. Color is difficult to discuss in black type on white paper, but the first thing to know is that you want to match your skin as closely as possible in the tone of your powder. Most skins have either a rosy or a beige cast, very few of them are pure white. Powders with a pink cast are called "natural." Blush, Flesh, Peach, Roseglow, are some of the specific names for these "natural" tones.

Powders with a beige cast are called "rachel." They vary from a pale tone to deep yellow. If your skin is creamy or very light, these will be most likely to look well.

The "naturals" and "rachels" are the two big color groups in the middle of the powder scale. Above the rachels are the whites, ivorys. Deeper than the naturals are so-called summer powders and the sun-tans. Beware of powders with too deep yellow tones. They make the average skin look jaundiced.

Rules are rules and they are all helpful, but with powder shades you must experiment with the actual powder on your skin in order to judge its effect. Occasionally a clever girl will break all the rules and score a big success. She will tone down a pink, flushed skin by the use of a cool, rachel powder instead of using the logical "natural." Or, if her skin is too pale, she will blend a warm "natural" powder into it over her rouge and give her face more life. But these are the exceptions.

Choose a powder whose texture is adapted to your own skin. As a general thing, light, fluffy powders are best for oily skins, those which are a little heavier in weight (many of them actually contain cream) are for the dry skin. If powder seems to clog the pores or to take off the skin, it is more than likely that you are not using the right one.

A special trick with powder, a trick which is not nearly as complicated as it sounds, is the use of two shades of it on your face. The one, a lighter powder should be put on the features you wish to emphasize; the other, a blending but darker shade, should be put on the features you wish to tone down, the too generous nose for instance or prominent cheekbones. Be sure to select for this purpose a powder which is soft, and powder shades which blend beautifully, so that you cannot see where the one begins and the other ends.

What this two powder technique will do was illustrated amusingly the other day in the case of a young extra whom we shall call Sally. Sally has a large nose and she is self-conscious about it although it is really a very nice nose. She thinks it spoils her face. So she powders it continually. She uses a very light powder because she thinks darker powders unbecoming to her. Of course the result has been that this light powder really makes her nose more noticeable, larger in appearance than is necessary. I explained to her that a darker powder on her nose, a lighter one on the rest of her face would correct her difficulty. She took the tip. Now everybody is saying what a pretty girl Sally has become.

PATTERN OFFER OF MADGE EVANS’ SPORT DRESS

This frock, Pattern SS127, may be ordered in sizes 14 to 26 and 22 to 42. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 39 inch fabric.

Price of Dress Pattern, 15c.
Price of Glove Pattern 1c.
Dress Pattern and Catalog together, 25c.

WITH this sporty little dress it is very chic to wear crocheted gloves, as Madge Evans is doing. Be sure to specify which patterns you desire.

Silver Screen Pattern Dept., 15 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
For the enclosed....................................send to
(Name)..........................................................
(Address)..........................................................
(City and State)..........................................................

Pattern of Madge Evans’ Dress (No. SS127) Size...........................................
Pattern of crocheted gloves (No. 2500) Fashion Book? Yes or No.
(Residents of New York City must enclose 1c. additional on each order in payment of City Sales Tax for Unemployment Relief.)

A PUFF FOR POWDER

Silver Screen
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 Teams 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 L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.
GOOD COOKING
HAS DONE ITS PART IN
Ken Maynard’s
HAPPY MARRIAGE
By Ruth Corbin

I HAVE just found a wife in Hollywood, who believes in that old adage, “The way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.” Mr. and Mrs. Ken Maynard have been married nearly ten years now and they have managed to live a serene and normal life together. And Mary Maynard stresses the point that her cooking has helped to keep Ken happy.

In the first place, Ken fully appreciates a happy home life, since he was deprived of a home until he married. As a Ringling circus star, he knew the privations and hardships of the nomadic life circus people are forced to lead. Mary says he still shows the “carnarks” of it. He likes to be “on the go,” when he isn’t working. Is forever taking trips between pictures to Alaska, Mexico, Yucatan or some other faraway place. He likes company and lots of it, but the kind of company he can entertain informally. When he brings home friends, he drives into the garage with them and takes them up the back way to his den. He practically lives in this room, and even has Mary serve their dinners either in his den or on the balcony adjoining.

Ken’s food habits were formed during his circus-trouping days. He usually eats one

vegetable or meat only for his dinner. He is unusually fond of potatoes and when they are served, he will make almost his entire meal of them . . . with hot biscuits. His fondness for hot biscuits and corn bread amounts almost to a passion.

Mary says that Ken has explained why he likes one food served. During his long circus career, which began when he was twelve years old and continued until he was 21, he had to eat at a long table at which a hundred or more people were

served. When food was passed, everyone took all that they would need at one helping, because they knew it would never get as far as their plate again. Usually, they had a chance to eat only one food. If potatoes were served around his plate, Ken would be content with only one. If meat was served, he would ask for potatoes, and meat. He did not care what kind of meat or vegetable.

When he met and fell in love with Mary, he told her that he had always dreamed of the time when he would have a home and be able to have food served in courses.

The real home atmosphere begins in the kitchen at Ken Maynard’s home.
Mary promised she would do this and from the first she kept her word with him.
They "kept company" for two and a half years, but they were hard years for Ken. He had been put under contract by Fox, but he was1935
gotten in with some of the ex-ecutives and, although he drew a weekly salary, he was not given any roles. Finally, he went to court and had his contract broken because he knew he was finished if he did not appear on the screen. But after he got out of his contract, no other studio would sign him on account of a "gentleman's agreement" that existed at the time between the major studios. So Ken wrote Mary without benefit of money.
In the two and a half years, he was prac-tically on starvation rations and bought her, in all, four carnations and a number of eshop pies. They never even went to pic-ture shows. Then Mary went east and they corresponded and when she returned some months later, Ken had a job as a stunt man in "The North Star" with Sidney, the wonder dog. Ken was supposed to make a run from the roof of a building and leap on a steer. But while he was in the act of running, a careless assistant moved the steer and he hit on the ground. He knew the picture must continue and though hurt, he insisted on going on with his work.
Mary went up to see him at Lake Arrow-head where he was working, and he was so overjoyed at her thoughtfulness that he never even said anything about it to her, but got a marriage license and a preacher and married her almost before she knew what was happening. She said to me that the day after they were married, she and Ken had a horrible quarrel. She decided the marriage was a mistake and wanted to go home to her mother but Ken wouldn't give her any carte blanche. By evening, they had compromised and now, neither remembers what the quarrel was about except that it was terrible and they have never had a serious one since.
They started housekeeping in a one-room apartment, with boots, saddles and "chaps" all over the place and no furniture except a gas plate and some wardrobe trunks and a five-dollar bill.
Mary could not even boil water at first. But she did her best with every meal and always had flowers and candles on the table, even when they had no furniture. Ken is a southerner and likes hot breads of all kinds, especially biscuits. So Mary simply had to give him biscuits once a day. She didn't make them, but she found a shop down on the corner where she could get hot biscuits every evening at five o'clock. For a year she bought the biscuits and didn't bother to tell Ken that she wasn't making them herself. However, came a pay day. Ken decided to move into a better neighborhood and she couldn't get the biscuits any more. It was a shock to him when she had to confess that she hadn't been making them.
She started to learn, however, and eventu-ally she got so she could make them as good as proposal. Then she is an excellent cook. She does all the housework and cooking herself. Makes delicious breads, roasts, pies and everything.
She finds vegetable shortening best for biscuit and pastries of all kinds and she always uses ice water. She says Ken's fa-vorite pie is strawberry. She makes this by lining a tin with pastry, then placing whole strawberries in a solid layer; she pours cream over them until it shows through the berries, and then dust the en-itre layer heavily with butter, sprinkles generously with powdered sugar and, for the top, she makes a lattice of the pastry. She cuts the strawberries and pastry take the same length of time to cook and the result is delicious.
For breakfast, they usually have grape- [continued on page 15]
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

**Cheramy Paris**

**Sooth EYES**


**George Raft**

"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman."

"You're Telling Me?"

I had always thought of the Victorian clothes as being so ugly, but after seeing The Barretts of Wimpole Street I've changed my mind. Those costumes were lovely! I read Elizabeth Barretts' poetry with a new interest now too, because I feel that I know her--a sort of old friend whom I've lately seen," writes Mrs. Lloyd D. Rivers of Chesterfield, S. C.

So culture, too, is blind in its charming fashion.

"IMITATION OF LIFE," writes Mrs. R. Yeargin of 50th St., Sacramento, Calif., "I consider the Best Picture. Louise Beavers was always good in her small parts, but she surely surprised everyone in her role of Delilah--in fact she was a star. And the poor little girl who wanted so much to be white! The only thing people did not like about it was the ending. I did not think Miss Bee should have given up her faithful lover. That daughter was such a fine sensible girl she would have been all right about it. Oh, but I suppose it came out all happy ever after, anyway."

That's great! For you, Mrs. Yeargin, the characters go on living. That's a fine compliment to Claudette and Warren William.

**Carl Algot Johnson**

of N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes, "In 'Evelyn Prentice,' Jack Mulhall gave us a glimpse of a long lost pal in the 'Dragon Murder Case,' good old Robert Warwick appeared in a scene or two as a doctor; and in 'Limehouse Blues,' Wyndham Standing, venerable player, conducted one short investigation as a Scotland Yard official. An odd feeling came over me, when I saw these former stars playing small roles, that here were bits of drama that were real within dramas that were entirely fictional."

Moral, Save your money.

"MY FAVORITE," writes M. Clement of Davis St., San Francisco, Calif., "is Katherine Hepburn, the harum-scarum lady, whose photographic poses are the craziest I've ever seen. I love her for her unconventionalness, her cute hats, and her nose-thumbing at prosaic dullness. Don't pay any attention to the critics, Katy, you're grand as you are!"

"I've heard them myself--'Katy did'--'Katy didn't.'"

"Gee! It was grand to see Myrna Loy in 'The Thin Man' and 'Broadway Bill.'

Now, I have decided on my favorite actress--Myrna Loy! She's a sensation. She fits my ideas of a perfect wife. If I could only find a swell girl like her, I'll marry her. I am just a young kid yet, so I have to keep on worrying until finally I can find a girl like her in the future. I am more interested in seeing some of her coming pictures than anything in the world," writes H. T. Lin of Johnson St., Victoria, B. C., Canada.

That's love!

**Mrs. Angela**—of Jose Julian A. St., San German, Puerto Rico, writes, "After seeing Margaret Sullivan in 'Little Man, What Now?', I was encouraged to go ahead and marry a poor man. Her portrayal of the young wife, I feel sure, will help me through all the misfortunes that may come to me, and I will suffer cheerfully poverty and distress in my married life... if my husband turns out to be another Hans Pen niberg."

Not so much calm resigned acceptance and a little more wisely nagging, please.

"LET'S give the youthful future stars a break. They throw such determination into their acting while trying to reach their destiny of stardom. Those who have reached stardom are sophisticated and are more careless with their acting," writes Jack G. Bartlett of Anson, Tex. "One of the great personalities is Jean Muir. Her best type of role is like the one she played in 'As the Earth Turns.' So on to success, confident youth!"

Youth will be served. I'll take vanilla.

"THE TEAM of Powell and Loy is one of the best on the screen. When I look at lovely Myrna Loy and think back to the old days, I can hardly believe that this wholesome, healthy looking woman is one and the same. I give full credit to the acting ability of Miss Loy," writes Lilian Thompson of N. 28th St., Philadelphia, Pa. "If she gets what she deserves, she will become a famous star, I truly hope so."

Her name Loy made us think she was not miscast as a half-caste.
"HATS OFF," writes Ralph H. Burnstine of Rosebury Drive, St. Louis, Mo., "we bow the head and bend the knee and give praise and credit where they are due: Louise Beavers' performance as Aunt Delilah in 'Imitation of Life' was by far the finest presentation any colored person has ever offered on the silver screen."

Or do you mean Fredi Washington, the daughter?

"WHY, in all the world, don't some of those big shots in Hollywood wake up and put some different clothes on actresses like Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo and some of the others? Ever since 'Morocco,' Marlene hasn't had one dress on that looked like something," writes William Juenge of 399 N. Ave., Kenosha, Wis."

...Sh-h-h! The legs are back in 'The Devil Is a Woman.'"

ANITA DAWSON of Jacksonville, Fla., writes, "I think Francis Lederer has the prettiest curly hair, the cutest giggle and nicest voice of any man on the screen."

And taken all together they spell CHARM.

"FROM those who like a little spice as well as sugar, the acting of that superb imp, Jane Withers, in 'Bright Eyes' will win praise. We applaud her as an actress and for that reason hope we may see her in a slightly more sympathetic role very soon."

Pick the perfect prody—Jane Withers, Shirley Temple or Freddie Bartholomeu.

"I LIKE pictures with lots of action in them, especially detective pictures," writes Ralph Sherwood of Church St., Moncton, N. B., Canada. "I liked the picture 'Girl in Danger,' with Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey. These pictures do not have many love scenes in them and for this I like them all the more. Personally, I think Ralph Bellamy should be a detective in all of his films, and if he were, the theatres would be sure of a large patronage in Moncton."

How to wow Moncton.

KATHERYNE CORWIN of Barnett St., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes, "Just because John Boles was once in a 'Back Street' atmosphere, does he have to stay there? Think of 'The Desert Song,' and 'Rio Rita' and John's golden voice! And now he has become nothing more than a spineless jelly-fish who always wakes up, too late to do anything about it, and finds he's married the wrong girl. Up to now, I've defended him, but if the producers don't do right by John and give him some roles worthy of his talent, I'm not going to be able to hold out much longer."

Last call!

"TO YOU, Shirley Temple, goes the toast of every red-blooded American! You not only give us sweetness in your pictures, but you teach us a lesson to bring our children to model after you. Thanks, Shirley, for the many hours of good clean fun which you give us," writes Raymond P. Hartwell of S. Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

We still like her "Little Miss Marker" best.

"BESIDES being an answer to a maiden's prayer that made Warner Baxter such an act-no matter what he does, he makes you love it," writes Reba London of Union St., Manchester, N. H. "If they had been selling horses in the lobbies of the theatre after seeing "Broadway Bill," I am sure I would have bought one. That's the way you feel after seeing Warner Baxter's splendid portrayal of a lover of horses."

Box stalls for Box Offices.

Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, fresh breath at 1/2 the usual cost

NOW your mirror may tell you what others won't. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, a "coated tongue" condition is present.

The sensible thing to do is to use Pepsodent Antiseptic ... as thousands already do. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth... to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches... the germs of the responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed— you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Pepsodent can be diluted

But in fighting halitosis never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Thus, because Pepsodent is 3 times as powerful as ordinary kinds, it gives you 3 times as much for your money.

So look at your tongue TODAY. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

FOR MAY 1935

13
Add a little Sparkle

...to the Day's Long Grind

THE typing won't seem quite so endless when you use a sprightly sheet of Carter's Midnight Carbon. It was designed for folks like you who like things with a dash! It's a good worker, too, for all its gay silver dress. Makes sharp, clear copies, and is clean to handle. Send 10¢ for a couple of sample sheets of Midnight. Address Dept. S1 — The Carter's Ink Company, Cambridge Branch, Boston, Massachusetts.

Carter's MIDNIGHT CARBON

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger — much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, renew energy, give check color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch results. At all druggists — 15c, 30c, 60c.

WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER
ZIP
THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY
ZIP EPILATOR — IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT DESTROYS SUPERFLUID HAIR

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

SILVER SCREEN
You May Use Any Name On This List.

Greta Garbo
Ginger Rogers
James Cagney
Joan Blondell
Gary Cooper
Joan Harlow
Grace Moore

Clark Gable
Leo Carrillo
Ruby Keeler
Carole Lombard
Madge Evans
Ronald Colman
W. C. Fields
Wallace Beery
Janet Gaynor
Joe E. Brown
Marlene Dietrich
George Arliss
Jackie Cooper

CONDITIONS
1. Each slogan must occupy the same number of spaces as the name of the star that it ac-
commences. It must be separated by blank spaces and each one of these counts
2. No slogan will be judged separately. Each contestant submits three coupons—one
3. Prize will be awarded for the clearest slogans in the opinion of the editor, whose
decision will be final.
4. Any reader may send in as many slogans as he desires, but they must be submitted
5. This contest will close at midnight, June 7, 1935.
6. In the event of ties the names tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
7. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into.
8. Address your slogans to Slogan Editor, c/o

CAN YOU WIN ONE OF THESE ATTRACTIVE PRIZES?

FIRST PRIZE . . . Remington Typewriter No. 9

This is not a portable machine. Although it is very light, it does not fold. It is a standard, dependable, latest model machine—an inspiration to a budding author and a practical aid to a business man.

SECOND PRIZES . . . Two Men's Evkob Watches

These watches are manufactured by the celebrated Evkob Company. The men's watches have 15 jewels and the women's watches have 17 jewels. The cases of these wrist watches are wrought with the finest workmanship. They include link bracelets.

THIRD PRIZES . . . Two Women's Evkob Watches

These beautiful fountain pens will serve the winners for many years as they are manufactured for practical service. They are selected for their pleasing appearance as well as for the scientific principles which they embody. There is satisfaction in owning one of these pens.

FOURTH PRIZES . . . Ten Men's Waterman Fountain Pens

These are the small size lighters which operate from a touch on the lever. They are made from a design which has been thoroughly tested by the manufacturers.

FIFTH PRIZES . . . Ten Women's Waterman Fountain Pens

These are the small size lighters which operate from a touch on the lever. They are made from a design which has been thoroughly tested by the manufacturers.

SIXTH PRIZES . . . Twenty Ronson Cigarette Lighters

These are practical and which will prove to be a source of continuous satisfaction. Full chromium finish makes this a very attractive prize.

SEVENTH PRIZES . . . Thirty Helena Rubinstein Compacts

These are triple vanities in gold with red and black enamel—a perfect make-up kit. Inside there is powder, rouge and a trickly lipstick. A real glass mirror in the lid.

EIGHTH PRIZES . . . Fifty Autograph Albums

Silver Screen's recent handwriting contest was very successful, and the many letters we receive establish that there are eager to have autograph albums with the signatures of the stars. The previous contests proved that they were interested in interesting handwriting. If you are a scrawler when it comes to handwriting, it may be

Slogans Must Be Submitted In Groups Of Three—And Each On A Separate Coupon. But Each Slogan Will Be Judged Separately. And It Is Possible For One Set Of Three Coupons To Win Three Prizes.

Ken Maynard's Happy Marriage

(Continued from page 1)

fruit, toast, coffee and a dish of corn-
flakes with cream.

For luncheon, Mary usually takes salad
with tea. Ken never eats luncheon, and
dinner is always served promptly at six.

Here is one of their sample dinner menus:

Cream of tomato soup
Hased brown potatoes

Hot biscuits

Cup custard

Coffee

Ken's favorite food is fried sweet pota-
toes. He often cooks them himself. He
slices the potatoes very thin, fries them
until brown in butter and serves piping-
hot. With corn bread and coffee, he says
they are the best.

Then, he makes what he calls "num-
ble-jumble." He takes day old corn bread
and crumbles it up and fries in butter. It
is the same thing he gives to the men.

Says he would rather eat it than any-
thing else he can think of.

Mary gave me two of her favorite recipes.
They are:

Corn Meal Muffins

1/4 cup corn meal
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 cup flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons of shortening
1 egg

Sift together the dry ingredients—corn meal, baking powder, flour, salt and sugar; add milk, melted shortening and well-beaten egg; mix well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake about thirty minutes in hot oven.

Stuffed Potatoes

Bake 4 large potatoes. Cut in half and, without breaking skins, scoop out insides and mash; add 1/2 teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoon chopped parsley; 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter and mix with fork. Return to shell, dot with a few drops of milk on top, sprinkle with paprika and place back in oven until brown.

Gellie 1935

Corn

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15
The Gibson Family

Dot Marsh, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

Today Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

Ivory Flakes • 99 4/100% Pure

"Dat ol' tea set of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impot'nt tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful,'" says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I know how nice it always keeps my hands!"

"Purl two—slip one," recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty already!"

"When and if it gets done, Miss Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

"Wash wools with Ivory!" say fine stores

"You're quite mistaken, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm not Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally. "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.
THE most glamorous lady of the screen is in love with a married man—and what's more, boldly admit it. The lady is Shirley Temple, and the object of her affections is Joel McCrea. Between scenes on their current production, "Heaven's Gate," they are wont to dash away to quiet corners to hold hands. But, alas! Complications have arisen with the ever persistence of a cameraman who follows wherever they go. Shirley and Joel one day were certain they had eluded him completely, but, just as suddenly, he bobbed up. Annoyed and thoroughly disconcerted, Shirley cried, "Oh, Anthony—can't you give us just one moment alone?"

JOAN BLONDELL says that every time she works up a good concert, someone always goes and ruins it. The other day she was calling up some of Mrs. Eddie Nugent's friends to invite them to a baby shower she was giving for her, and evidently got the mother of one of these friends on the phone.

"Who's calling?" asked the woman, very bored-like.

"Joan Blondell," said Joan.
"Who?" asked the woman, quite excited, "Who is it?"

"Joan Blondell," said Joan again, and feeling quite grand that the mere mention of her name was causing such excitement. And then she heard the woman turn from the phone and call to someone in the next room, "Hurry, Hurry—it's Joan Crawford! Now Joan is utterly convinced that a lot of people there is only one Joan, and that's Crawford.

EDDIE LOWE, who has kept very much to himself since the sad death of his wife, Lillian Tashman, has started going about these spring evenings with Marian Marsh. Lil's house on Linden Drive, with its formal Empire furnishings which haven't been touched since her death, is now up for sale.

THERE Spencer Tracys are celebrating their reunion with a trip to Europe, and they are taking the two children with them.

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be, they'll tell you, but it's still exotic enough for us. After the nautical ball Kay Francis threw at the Vendome the other night she had an ambulance waiting for her at the door, and when the last guest had departed in the cold grey dawn she drove away to the hospital to recover from a case of flu that was rapidly turning into pneumonia.

Johyna Howland walked away with the prize at Kay's party by coming as a smoke-stack, and sure enough she had nice black smoke coming out the top of her hat.

GRETA Garbo is spending her Sunday mornings these days playing tennis with Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio on their very secluded tennis court in the Santa Monica canyon.

The other day three old-timers, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Anita Stewart, all had lunch together at the Vendome and the stars of today were as busy staring at them as the tourists were busy staring at the stars of today.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is at once the delight and the despair of the enterprising local real estate men. They find it an easy matter to sell her a lease to a beautiful hillside or canyon home, but no sooner will Maureen be established there when she will fall in love with some other locale. And quite naively, with little thought of complication or litigation, she will move—just like that. Which sometimes makes it difficult, especially for her lawyer who has been trying himself in knots endeavoring to unscramble the situation.

BECAUSE of its creamy paint-job Glenda Farrell has named her new car "Cupcake."

NEWEST Palm Springs rage is jujitsu coats. Catharine and Ralph Bellamy started it, but they do not practice the art.

THERE'S an amusing and typically Sally Ellers story in connection with her accepting the role opposite Lee Tracy in Colmihan's "Carnival." Shortly after the birth of her son, Sally nick-named him "Poohs." When she was handed the script of "Carnival," she read it through, and discovered that there was a little fellow in it named [Continued on page 58]
WHEN I was a child, a wee brat on my nurse's knee, my favorite game used to be "supposen" and I was always "supposen" I inherited a million dollars. But when I became an adult (in body anyway), Freud is still a bit uncertain about my mind) I realized that a million dollars is only acquired via the Follies chorus or the Paradise floor show, so now I spend my idle moments (on practically anybody's knee) playing "supposen" I were shipwrecked on a desert island, what ten people would I choose to have with me. A silly game, but really lots of fun. Try it sometime.

Of course you've got to be awfully careful about the ten you select or else before the rescuing party arrives at the end of twelve months you'll either be stark, staring mad, or just a weary looking femur and vertebrae on a lonely beach. That gay Jack Oakie, who was the life of the party the other evening and had you in ripples from your ankles up, might be very funny for one night but three hundred and sixty-five nights of his puns and wise-cracks and you'd consider strangling much too good for him.

And that handsome Gilbert Roland, who dances a mean tango and gives you the business with his eyes, may be hot stuff at a night club, but when Monsieur and Madame Tiger comes snarling through the woods in search of a little breakfast food for their quintuplets, will be able to grapple with them in the Tarzan manner and present you later with a dandy new coat? Oh, you gotta be careful. And remember that women, no matter how charming and soft, are essentially feline at heart and there're going to be enough cats on that island without you taking more along.

After much pondering of pros and cons I have picked, hand-picked no less, my perfect ten and I am willing to match my ten against your ten, odd man loses, any day of the week. Now that I have worked you up to a Billie Burke twitter (oh, haven't I evoked even an itty bitty twit?) I will give you my choice of the ten people I would choose to have shipwrecked with me on a desert island, and I'm sure they wouldn't thank me for it.

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, W. C. Fields, and surprise, surprise—Connie Bennett. Not a punster or a crooner in the bunch, I saw to that, so there will be no real need of murder, though, of course, I realize that at the end of a month none of us will be speaking, C'est la vie, I always say, just C'est la vie. Even on a desert island.

People can't get on your nerves if you don't see them. And after the first day on a cramped and smallish island.
nerves will be sticking out like the aigrettes on Mussolini's hat. So I am taking Garbo along because we'll never see her anyway. She'll be pacing up and down the sand on the isolated side of the island, or else hiding herself in an old tree trunk, so she'll never get on our nerves, or clutter up the place, and even after twelve months she'll still be a mystery and I can still write stories about the woman nobody knows.

Yes, it's most satisfying to be island-bound with Garbo.

I must insist upon having Norma Shearer shipwrecked with me. In the first place Norma can do perfectly ducky things with hair. She has beautiful hair herself and at night rolls it up on bits of paper and the next morning the most devastating curls unfold. With three blondes and a brunette, all accustomed to the latest hairwaving gadgets and drying devices in Jim's beauty shop, tearing around the island mourning over their lost waves, Norma, with her old-fashioned and simple methods, will certainly be an asset. Of course we won't have any little bits of paper for Norma to roll up curls on, but she will be able to work miracles with dried banana peelings. Can't you just see la Bennett's dome all done up in banana skin?

And, while on the subject of beauty, I might mention that Claudette will give the manicures. Claudette always manicures her own nails, and perfectly, and will do so on the slightest provocation. With a moment or so to spare, Helen Hayes always knits, Jean Harlow writes, and Garbo walks, but when Claudette has an idle moment on her hands she starts manicuring them. So, just give her some elderberry juice and an old fish fin and she'll run up some snappy nails for the girls. Of course Norma chews her nails, and both Jean and Garbo have awful habits of peeling the polish off so I can just see poor Claudette raving and ranting, and having a swell time.

But to return to Norma, we also need her to sort of organize us. As soon as she gets up every morning, Norma makes a list of things she must do that day (of course they don't all get done, but we won't go into that) so it will be awfully nice to have her systematize things and assign the little duties for the day, and I trust that Norma will remember that I am a fan writer and never assign me to do the dishes.

Bill will also have our little island as perfectly equipped as the Ritz bar. I always say that so long as you don't know what you're drinking it doesn't matter what you're drinking.

Bill will also have (Cont. on page 70)

Claudette Colbert—be frightened.

Clark Gable—he's just a natural camper.

What a help W. C. Fields will be in case there are any laughing hyenas.

Constance Bennett—as a lookout.

mixer in Hollywood, and even on a desert island we must have a cocktail before dinner. Just give Bill a little coconut oil, a dash of sea weed, and a few clam shells and he will shake us up the tastiest of Martinis. We will have great need of him on our island, where we won't have any requisites of a bar except the thirst. However, I wager that at the end of a few weeks, and with the help of the incomparable W. C. Fields, Bill

for May 1935
A FATALISTIC GIRL

Anna Sten is dedicated to the art of acting as irrevocably as the Vestals, in ancient days, were pledged to serve the altar flames.

By Helen Louise Walker

HOLLYWOOD might learn something from Anna Sten if it would pause to watch and to listen. And so, for that matter, might you and you and you. A valuable lesson in patience, in calm philosophy, in the beauty of plodding, painstaking, methodical work.

Anna has been the passive object of one of Hollywood's most interesting and prolonged experiments. No one knows, even yet, what the result of that experiment will be. And Anna, who should be more intensely interested than anyone else, does not, I am convinced, really care!

You remember when Sam Goldwyn, the super-showman, brought her here from Europe more than two and a half years ago. A Goldwyn discovery is always interesting and here, we were told, he had a new type of star . . . a woman who combined the earthy qualities of a Garbo with the sophistication and smouldering beauty of a Dietrich. Born of a Cossack father and a Swedish mother, educated and trained in Russia, product of the small, rebellious groups of young artists of post-revolutionary Russia, fresh from screen triumphs in Berlin, inured to hardship and struggle, she appeared upon the tinselled Hollywood scene.

She was plump. Her command of English was limited to, "How you do . . . pliz?" After a few disheartening tests and conferences at the United Artists Studios, the experiment began. Her first picture was postponed indefinitely and

She is a true Russian moving irresistibly onward toward a vision that she alone can see. (Right) When Anna first met Gary Cooper, her leading man in "The Wedding Night," she asked him shyly for his autograph.
In Hollywood, everyone awaits the breaks — everyone except Anna Stem.

Farm animals, chickens, dogs and rabbits are a part of life to her. She believes in work—Fate will take care of the rest.

In An Optimistic Town

She and her husband took a house at the beach.

Here she plundered patiently at her English, at her exercises and her diet. She had learned German with a fair amount of ease and rapidity, but she found the English pronunciation difficult. There were more experiments at the studio ... tests for hair, for make-up, for clothes. Tests for dialogue.

The woman who had worked in a restaurant in Russia, where she received her wages in foodstuffs . . . who had plodded miles into the snowy country on foot to secure a little black bread for an invalid mother . . . while she gave her intense and unmonitored services to the theater at night, found these new tasks pleasant, no matter how many difficulties they might present!

In Anna's country the women go into the forests to chop wood, they work in the fields, they carry heavy loads on their backs while toddlers cling to their skirts. Should Anna, housed, fed, clothed, complain because her new employers wanted her to take off weight, to learn a new language, to study a new camera technique? These people were paying her while she learned these things! It was incredible.

It isn't that the little Stem is spineless about her work. In matters of pronunciation, details of costume, make-up, etc., she is willing and eager to take advice from experts. When it comes to actual interpretation of a role, she is firm, inflexible in it. She protests . . . and usually has her way.

I watched her working in a scene for her third picture, "The Wedding Night." Canvas screens enclosed the set and visitors were barred. They were rehearsing the scene in which she talks with Helen Vinson, who plays the wife of the man whom Anna, the little Polish peasant girl, loves. They rehearsed carefully, methodically, patiently. Anna, letter perfect in the long, difficult lines, concentrated upon the "business" of the scene . . . gestures, timing, position, the turn of her head . . . the mechanics of the work in hand. Her delivery of the lines was lifeless, almost wooden.

Abruptly, she was ready for the take. A moment or two of concentrated thought and she came alive . . . she became the peasant girl, renouncing her love. Three takes and the director called, "O.K." They tell me that she rarely requires more than two.

Later, in her white and gray dressing room, she explained, "You must not waste your emotion upon rehearsals. You pass the point of emotion. You cannot repeat and repeat real emotion! You must hold yourself back until you are ready to shoot . . . and then you do it. I could not retake and retake. The life would go out of my work."

That is the reason for the scenes about the set. Any visitor who has nothing to do with the work in hand distracts her, even though she cannot see him. Unless he is giving concrete assistance to the scene, he is extraneous and disturbing.

Between scenes, upon the set, she is quiet and remote. People do not speak to her unless it is absolutely necessary. She is working at her job . . . carefully and painstakingly . . . and no gay Hollywood persiflage must interrupt her.

I asked her what she planned to do if her pictures should not succeed in this country. She looked at me with puzzled eyes. "Why . . . go back to Europe, of course . . . to work!" she said. "I must act . . . or try to act . . . no matter what happens. If my pictures make money and I am paid from that money . . . that is nice. But if I do not earn for my employers, then I shall have to act somewhere for no money at all. I have done it before. You see, I lived for a long time on herrings and black bread. I like herrings and black bread! So long as I may work, I do not care, really, whether I am paid. Naturally, it is pleasant to have money. If I must stay in California, I shall [Continued on page 68]
Merle Oberon Is
A New Beauty For Hollywood
To Admire And Talk About.

By Helen Harrison

Merle Oberon is the kind of brunette that makes a blonde bombshell look like a wet firecracker! Which gives you an idea...

When I drew the assignment to meet La Oberon I bet myself she was one of many things, Madame Butterfly of Wimpole Street, or Anne Sexton of Pago-Pago and I lost on all counts—except, perhaps, Pago-Pago. I discovered that her name is really Estelle Thompson, so you see...

Estelle Merle O'Brien, Thompson, or "Queenie," as her intimates at Calcutta knew her, is an exciting person. She is neither synthetic star nor mystic socialite nor sybarite—though the illusion is perfect. Between you and me she's just a darn nice girl.

Life, for Merle, began at seventeen—and she's twenty-four now, though in her powder-blue negligee with a small train she seemed like a little girl, all dressed up in her mother's clothes. Yes, she was born in Tasmania—which has been made a lot of, despite the fact that Merle has not one hazy recollection of the place—though what you can do with a second-hand hazy recollection of Tasmania I'll never know!

Her mother and she lived with Captain Bartley and his wife (her uncle and aunt), at Calcutta. Her father died before she was born. She had had a fine education and some dramatic experience when, at seventeen, she became, as she says "unofficially engaged." Her "fiance" was employed by an English firm in India. How well he added six columns of figures I can't say, but he played a smart game of polo, was tall and blonde—a dazzling figure in Calcutta's smarter set. Merle, for the first time, but not, I must report, for the last, thought herself irrevocably in love.

When her uncle was given a year's leave of absence they toured the continent, finally descending upon England. "I was thrilled," she says, "for I was terribly fed up on the petty intrigues of Calcutta society. I made up my mind I was going to make good on my own and my firm conviction is that if you make up your mind and work hard you can accomplish anything!" Which advice I shouldn't take too seriously unless you look like Merle—well something.

Her sweetheart, getting a short holiday, joined them. And then her uncle's leave was up. At her insistence he allowed her an extra month in England, leaving the necessary funds and her return ticket.

During that month Merle discovered love can get flatter than a champagne cocktail, and when the last bubble had burst she was waving goodbye to her ex-fiance...

"I've no doubt it was Fate," Merle insists, "for on that very boat he met the girl who later became his wife." Yet he doesn't fail to call Merle up at least once a year to keep alive the flicker of a friendship which meant so much to them long ago. Merle, be it known, brethren and sistern, isn't the type that men forget, nor, do I believe, forgive...

Now don't think she had too much of a struggle in England. Decidedly, she lived on the right side of the Thames, whichever side that is, and, through the connections of Captain Bartley, her uncle, and her godmother, Lady Monticelli, she became a familiar figure in Mayfair. Included in her young crowd were Prince George and some lesser lights of the royal family. But this glamour didn't disuade Merle from believing the stage held more for her than crumpets at St. James Palace. By this time she had plenty of personal glamour and a stage line that was as strong as the Bank of England. So Merle chose a sweethearth with whom she weighed the matter of matrimony for almost three years, only to decide on a solo flight when she left for Hollywood.

It was during the filming of "Wedding Rehearsal" that she was "discovered." It was Alexander Korda, or rather his ex-wife, who should receive credit for bringing Merle into England's national cinema life. During a luncheon hour at the studio commissary she spied her at another table and turning to Korda, remarked: "That girl has the most unusual face I have ever seen!"

Korda went over to her set that afternoon on the pretext of seeing the director, and he was such an excellent actor, as well, that his staged collision with the unsuspecting Merle was never in the least realized, until, long afterward, he confessed. He simply asked her to come to his hotel one afternoon as he was "interviewing several girls for important roles."

She had no doubt about that!

"He hum," said Merle, or the Tasmanian equivalent, and proceeded to forget all about Korda.

Subsequently she heard a great deal about him, both personally and professionally, and decided she must have seemed "very stupid," so she went to see him and he was properly businesslike in giving her her first important part.

"Which points some sort of a moral," she [Continued on page 69]
The WINNING Mr. TONE

Franchot Tone Is One Of The Great Actors Of The Screen—As "Bengal Lancers" Proved.

By Edmund Douglas

The whole trouble with most stories about Franchot Tone is that they never give him a chance. He is not an easy person to interview—or to know—and most of the stories about him have unconsciously I am sure, made him out as pretty dull. He isn’t dull. He has a quiet rippling humor, as I discovered to my cost.

Not long ago I visited a set where he was working. In reporting the activities on the set I wrote, “I can never quite figure Franchot out. He always speaks civilly, sometimes even pleasantly—and that is all. You never know whether he likes you or whether he doesn’t and the idea of just sitting down for a chat with Franchot would never occur to you. Or, at least, not to me.”

A few weeks later I encountered him at our tailor’s. “Hello,” he grinned. “Sit down and have a chat!”

I think I was the first writer to meet him on his arrival in Hollywood. A mutual friend took me to his beach home one day. He was a swell fellow then. Today, two and a half years later, he is still a swell fellow.

Conversation revealed that his real love was the theatre. “I’ve been in a number of plays in New York,” he confessed, “but I’ve never been in a hit. I want to be in a successful stage play.”

Why did you come out here then?” I inquired.

“The money, mostly. At any rate, I have a clause in my contract which gives me an option at the end of a year, too. The studio, of course, can let me go at the end of the year if they don’t want me. But, on the other hand, if I don’t like pictures I can let them go. I can’t go to work for another studio but I can go back to the stage. I figure in pictures I’ll either be a quick flop or a Garten star. A year should be long enough to tell the story.”

Today he is neither a quick flop nor a Garten star. And he is still in pictures. “How come?” I asked.

Franchot grinned. “Oh shucks, Ed. When the year was up I didn’t want to leave Hollywood. I had friends here.”

“Do you feel you’ve any nearer stardom now?” I persisted.

He smiled ruefully. “Look what’s happened to me: When I first came out here I had about six stories in the motion picture magazines. You did one that I liked. That was done out of friendship. The other five were written because I was a newcomer—as one would write about a newly discovered freak.”

“Then I met Joan Crawford and immediately there was another cycle of stories—this time about Joan and Franchot.” I hated that. I feel flattered, of course, when I see my name linked with hers. Who wouldn’t? But I [Continued on page 6]
The GAY NIGHT SPOTS

By "Liza"

MY, MY, if I live to be as old as May Robson did in "Vanessa" I'll never have as much fun as I did at the Mayfair the other evening. (In case you didn't see "Vanessa," I'd better tell you that May Robson is seen in the first reel celebrating her hundredth birthday, and twenty years later in the final fade-out she is still going strong.) The Santa Anita Handicap was run in the afternoon— and I bet you had two bucks on Azucar, you cad—and just as if that wasn't excitement enough for one week-end the aristocracy up and threw a Mayfair party that night. It will doubtless go down in Mayfair history as the horsey Mayfair, though I must say there was a delicious odor of Chanel number 5 about the place, and nothing of the stables.

What is this Mayfair? I'm always raving about when I'm trying to be high-hat and impress you with my fine-feathered friends? Well, Mayfair was established in Hollywood in 1926 as an exclusive club for those engaged in the motion picture profession. Membership is by invitation only, and no new member can be accepted until an old member drops out, and I can assure you that very few are considerate enough to withdraw, even when they're down to their last bankruptcy court, as Mayfair is the best "front" in Hollywood.

Non-members are welcome as guests, only when accompanied by a member, and it's easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is to crash the Mayfair Club. Even if you are an Eastern millionaire with a yacht and a Rolls and a bank account, you stand no more chance of getting to a Mayfair, unless you're invited by a member, than it is almost as good as an engagement announcement when Anita Louise and Tom Brown step out at the Cocoanut Grove.

The night of the awards at the Biltmore. Bette Davis, runner-up, is photographed with little Shirley who won the special award of the Academy for the "greatest contribution to pictures."

Dining And Dancing Cafes Make Special Bids For The Picture Stars Of Hollywood

a rich man has of entering heaven (say I'm going to be awfully mad if I find heaven all cluttered up with Morgans and Vanderbilts), so you can just take your old Rolls and stuff it up an alley, and stand in line outside the hotel portals along with the rest of the fans and tourists. Yes, my dear, it's that exclusive.

The initiation fee, the dues, and the twenty bucks a couple, all go to the Motion.
Picture Relief Fund, which harvests between five and ten thousand dollars from the club each year, so you see it's all for sweet charity. Mayfair has no iron-bound rules but it's supposed to hold a dinner dance the last Saturday of each month, during the winter months, at either the Biltmore or the Beverly Wilshire. Each party is the last word in fashion and beauty.

The stars vie with each other to get the most dazzling gowns, and no one would dare go to Mayfair without a new dress. Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow and Jean Harlow may run around Hollywood during the week in slacks and polo coats, but come Saturday night and Mayfair and out come the diamonds, the orchids and the ermines. During its career the Mayfair Club has had two costume parties, both of which were flops, and proved definitely that women go to Mayfair to show off their clothes.

In 1932 they held a "Hard times party to celebrate the return of Prosperity" and all the members were supposed to come in old worn out clothes and partake of a hearty meal of corn beef and cabbage. What happened? Very few women came. Those who did, led by that beautiful rebel, Evelyn Brent, wore the latest in expensive gowns. And, here's a laugh, the chef very slyly slipped a slice of chicken on every plate of corn beef and cabbage. By this gesture Mayfair definitely ritzed hard times. They never even accepted the introduction. So that certainly put hard times in its place. When better swank is made Mayfair will make it.

The person to enjoy the "hard times" party most was Jack Oakie who, for once, managed to crash Mayfair in his sweat shirt. It was at this party too, that Eric Von Stroheim, who had once been tops in fame and fortune, but toppled, took off his pants, (oh, he had another pair on, don't be squeamish, Ella), autographed them, and presented them to his producer. What a gesture!

But enough of this reminiscing. The horsey Mayfair, the other evening, turned out to be the most brilliant dinner dance the club has had this year, Marion Davies, the queen of Hollywood, was there with the Hal Roach party which was given in honor of F. M. Alber, Jr., the lucky owner of the winning Azucar. And dancing and having fun together were Loretta Young (just back from a harrowing experience of being snowed-in in Washington while on location) with Bernard Newman, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland (who they say cleaned up on Connie's horse, Rattlebrains, who, after being quite indifferent about the whole thing for days, suddenly pranced in second one afternoon much to everyone's surprise, including Connie's), Jean Bennett, so beautiful, and Gene Markey, Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin, Jean Harlow and William Powell, Kay Francis and an Italian title (Kay goes to parties to change her mind, and instead of thinking of the hospital), Peggy Fears with an Egyptian title, Sally Blane and Cesar Romero (who did the best tango of the evening), Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, Una Merkel and Ronnie Burza, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell (with a grand Palm Springs sun-burn), Toby Wing with a Vanderbilt, Ann Soames and Roger Pryor, Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Mary Carlisle and James Blackley (a cute romance), Virginia Bruce and King Vidor, Marian Marsh and Eddie Love, the beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore, the Bob Montgomerys, the Clark Gables, the Chester Morrises, the Richard Barthesmes, the Johnny Mack Brownes, Conrad Nagel, Freddie March, Will Rogers, Fred Keating, Tullio Carminatti, and migoshi I'm bored with this. Well, no wonder the fans jammed the sidewalks in front of the Beverly Wilshire until four in the morning to get autographs and glimpses of their favorites. That old maestro, Ben Bernie, acted as master of ceremonies and apologized for being late by saying, "I didn't realize how long it would take to walk in from Santa Anita. I passed Al Jolson on the way. I figure he'll be here in about a half an hour." (Need I tell you that Ben and Al did not bet on Azucar?)

Ah, me, reminiscing again, but what a whale of a lot of difference one year makes at the Mayfair. The thought occurred to me while I sat watching Dolores Costello Barrymore, sad and lonely and so beautiful, at the Joseph Cawthorn table opposite me. At a Mayfair, last year about this time, Dolores was radiantly happy dancing with John Barrymore who, magnificent in tails and white tie, was cavorting through a tango in old worn-out felt bedroom slippers. Today, John Barrymore is in New York, and the rumor is that he and Dolores have definitely separated.

And it was at this same Mayfair last year, that lovely Virginia Bruce decided to divorce John Gilbert. It seems that John, the great lover of the silent cinema, had been abusive to her in private for quite some time, but this night he became abusive in front of the entire Mayfair. Virginia walked out on him. Tonight, a year later, Virginia is the most sought after person on the Mayfair dance floor.

And a year ago, about this time, Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo were the gavels of the gay and continued to dance the rumba long after everyone else had gone home. Tragedy—and tonight it is Bob Riskin, clever writer who won an Academy Award this year, who leads the fusions Carole through the rhythmic rumba. And while we're on this somber note, seeing Eddie Love and Marion Marsh so entranced with each other, remind me of all the gay times Lil Tashman, who was sort of the very breath of the Mayfair, used to have there, leaning on Edie's arm and throwing out quips so much like confetti, very sick and barely able to be out of the hospital, attended a Mayfair soon after her last operation. [Cont. on page 62]
A GRIN spread over Jack Oakie's moon face as he came to meet me. And what a face! A month's growth of beard, rusty red and bristly, decorated it.

"Tell me," I asked, "will you tell me?" His laugh was the same as the grinnings and disapproving looks he gave the red-headed sightseers who entered his dressing room. "Tell me," I said, "will you tell me?"

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A HOLLYWOOD Holly

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Building. It has been charged that I persuaded her to go to her hotel, so that I could discomfit him, but that isn't so.

Once she had been located, the taciturn Garbo went freely about the city. Night after night, she sat at a corner table in George Lanza's restaurant on East 58th Street. Berthold Viertel was her constant companion. I must report that Miss Garbo, despite her ethereal appearance, has a very large appetite and she liked Lanza's cooking.

Most of the film stars become Polynians or nice-Nellies when they hit Broadway. They measure their words carefully, they are vigilant lest they go to the wrong places, the publicity agents of the major companies arrange the dullest of cocktail parties to which the younger members of the press rush and from which the columnists flee.

For that reason, the columnists cheer up when Connie Bennett, Greta Garbo or Carole Lombard come to town. Each of this trio is a free-spoken, energetic individual, and it is from girls like these that the Broadway columnists get their best stories.

On Miss Bennett's last trip to New York, she had the misfortune to arrive late at a theatre, for a First Night performance. Whether or not she thought that this was Grauman's Chinese Theatre, I do not know, but it is certain that she and her party made quite a bit of noise as they made their entrance. Sid Skolsky, my colleague and an expert newspaperman, sitting in a position from which he could observe the whole thing, boldly and cleverly cut Miss Bennett to pieces in his column next morning. It really was a masterpiece of denunciation and an hour after the paper hit the street, the whole town was gabbing excitedly about Connie's rudeness.

A. C. Blumenthal called me on the phone that night. At his invitation, I went to see the distressed Connie the next morning at the Waldorf. Over the breakfast table, she explained her side of the story to me. She had been out to a dinner party. The hostess didn't rise from the table until 8:30. By the time they reached the theatre, the curtain already was up: "Other people came in later than we did," said Miss Bennett, "and made more noise, but just because I'm a picture star, and make good copy, they attack me." I told her that I could understand her angle perfectly, but that as a newspaperman, I had to applaud Skolsky. He saw a story that would stir up talk and wrote it. Had I been in his place, I would have done the same.

Personally I like Connie Bennett. She is frank, honest and direct. "I have two great faults," she explained. "In the first place, my appearance is against me. People look at me and decide, from my face, that I'm conceited. In the second place, I can't disguise my feelings. If I don't like a person, I can't pretend that I do.

Carole Lombard. [Cont. on page 50]
INTRODUCING
Pinky Tomlin

He composed “The Object Of My Affection” and now he’s in the movies.

By Whitney Williams

I bow to a lanky young gentleman from Oklahoma, who boasts the proud cognomen of Pinky Tomlin.

Pinky makes his screen debut in “Times Square Lady” and is the man of the hour in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, not in years has the cinema center reared up on its hind legs and adjusted its spectacles as this Pinky person has made it do.

Half-crooner, half-maneater, half-hill-billy in his nasal rendition of his songs (I seem to be one-half ahead of Mother Nature, but what’s a half among friends), he has taken all the bored Cinemane by storm... and in his initial picture attracts by his very lackadaisical whimsy. If ever there were a Cinderella tale to be told of Hollywood, Pinky’s is IT (very inelegant language but very much to the point)... and it even approaches a J. Rufus Wellingford plot, with the shady side dropped for humor.

So that you may in some wise recognize Pinky... he is the chap who composed “The Object of My Affection,” one of the ten best-sellers in the current popular music field.

Pinky’s is the story of the farm boy making good in the big city... and how! It is the journal of two hours developing into one of the most eventful short periods of time in the history of success... two hours in which his legs have thus far been spared a fortune. But to continue...

The scene shifts to the small town of Durand, Okla. Pinky, the farm boy, is exercising his vocal talents on the cows and hogs. He tells his mother... “Ma,” he says, “I’m a-going over to see the object of my affection.”

Ma looks at him askance. “What, with that complexion!” referring to a newly-acquired sunburn.

Now, there’s a passage of time... two hours. Two hours to reach his girl’s home. Two hours on which are to be the most momentous in his life. For, during the two hour trip, the words, “the object of my affection,” cease to be a delightful and imaginative mind. Ere he arrives at his destination, he has the song and lyrics composed... “The Object of My Affection”

To that song, written in those two hours, Master Pinky may trace all the success he has since enjoyed.

Comes summer vacation... and he receives an offer to take his college band to Wichita Falls, Tex., to play at a resort. (During the winter months, Pinky earns money by playing at fraternity and sorority resorts, and has since been asked to return with his band to one-half of the University of Oklahoma.)

And here the unpublished song makes a noteworthy debut, scores an instant bull’s-eye.

Pinky likes to recall the occasion... and will, upon the slightest encouragement. “We used to play other popular numbers and about thirty-five couples would get up and dance. When we played my song, at least a hundred and fifty would take the floor. I usually sang the number and the crowd repeatedly called for encores.

“It was then I realized I had a song that appealed to people. If they liked it in Texas, why wouldn’t the rest of the country go for it in the same way?”

Pinky says he asked himself this question not once but many times.

Upon completion of his eight weeks’ engagement at the resort, he received a letter from a New York publishing house offering $1500 for his piece. From that money a great temptation to the lad making only $20 a week, but he rejected the offer.

“I reckoned as how the song must be worth more if the company was willing to pay that sum to an unknown writer,” figured the country boy.

Pinky had read stories about another crooner named Bing Crosby, who had made good in the west. So straightforwardly Pinky and a companion, his “managers,” piled into an ancient Ford and headed for Hollywood, the orchestration of his song being the bulkliest part of their luggage.

The day of his arrival in Hollywood, Pinky crashed the sacred portals of Irving Berlin’s sanctum sanctorum and interested the celebrated song writer in his brain-child.

Pinky made one request. He asked Berlin to write him a letter of introduction to Jimmy Grier, whose orchestra quickened the pulse of couples nightly at the Biltmore Bowl. “I’m going down to get a job with him and a letter might help,” he told Berlin, naively.

Grier readily listened to what he thought was a hayseed from Oklahoma... listened at first with his tongue in his cheek. [Continued on page 60]
The Stars Are Emoting, New Sets Are Taking Form And The Sound Stages Are Busy. Listen To The Hum With S. R. Mook

I glance at her suspiciously. It’s a nasty inference. “You don’t have to get so sarcastic,” I snap, “you’ve finished the scene you were playing.”

“I don’t want to get out of character,” she informs me blandly.

“Let’s get out of here.” Bernie Williams suggests. “You may not know it but you’re well on your way to a row.”

Next we come to “Wanderlust” which is a swell name for a picture—or is it? Anyhow, it stars Alene MacMahan and Guy Kibbee. Minor Watson is in this scene. The setting is the living room of a compli-
The TROUPERS

“DAVID COPPERFIELD” five weeks in production.

Billed as a super-special, it had all the earmarks of a super-flop.
Charles Laughton, playing Micawber, refused to work on the film any longer. His early objections to his part were now justified. After five weeks’ continuous rehearsal and the shooting of several thousand feet of film, everyone concerned was willing to concede that the production was terrible.

Director George Cukor was visibly non-plussed. What to do? Who could remedy the situation?

“We must have a good utility man to build the picture up,” Cukor decided. “someone who can be depended upon to give a sure-fire performance.”

“How about W. C. Fields?” asked an assistant.

“Get him,” came back the director. “Fields is the man!”

On a set at Paramount studios sat W. C. Fields, waiting to start work on “Mississippi,” starring “dat ole man Ribber,” for which he had been slated several weeks.

Came an emergency message from M-G-M.

Fields rushed to the Culver City studios in nothing flat, skillfully evading motor cops along the way. A brief consultation with Director Cukor. A few moments to read the script, make up, jump into a costume.

Behold Micawber!

Fields is a “Builder-Upper”—a trooper—one of the best on the screen today. He can be depended upon for any picture at a moment’s notice, and always gives a first-class performance. He can produce the laugh that will turn poor film fare to good. His name will sell pictures in small towns where new stars may be unknown. Chances are even a poor film will make money if it can boast of Fields in the cast.

He is just one of a dozen of his ilk. They include players of every variety, from the eye filling Thelma Todd to sad-faced Zasu Pitts; from Donald Meek to versatile Alan Hale. Among the better known ones are Minna Gombell, Glenda Farrell, Charles Ruggles, Una Merkel, Stu Erwin, Alison Skipworth, Robert Armstrong, Pert Kelton, and others too numerous to mention.

“Troopers” serve many purposes. They are used to bolster up weak films, or inject humor into monotonous stories. They help build up situations for the stars and lend their well known names to casts made up of new or unknown players.

Nydia Westman, for example, appears briefly in “Captain Hurricane” with James Barton (a newcomer from the New York stage) in the lead, and Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Helen Mack and Lon Chaney, Jr. The film had been in production two or three weeks when Director John Robertson sent

Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert are both veterans. Joan has been on the stage since she used the tray of her mother’s trunk for a crib.

Anne Shirley and Helen Westley in the picture that gave Anne her name. Helen Westley is the Theatre Guild in human form.

Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie. Heggie is one of the reliable—sure-fire, any part any time.
The Stars May Take The Bows, But The Troupers Take Care Of The Picture.

By Jeanne de Kolt}

W. C. Fields' year, Freddie Bartholomew, with him, is working again—with Garbo this time. Things have "turned up" for Micawber and the fans are blocking the entrances at "Mississippi."

Miss Westman has a rush call. He had decided the picture needed another player to inject certain humor into the plot, which seemed lacking.

Miss Westman was selected for the part of Irene Dunne's little sister in "Sweet Adeline" at the last minute. Mervyn LeRoy, directing, had seen Nydia on the stage in New York and was determined to have her for the part. The studio heads were equally determined on a contract player. In the end, LeRoy won; his opponents were forced to admit that Nydia was the one trumper who could do the rôle justice.

These troupers are a straight-forward, simple lot, for the most part. They seldom live up to the popular conception of film people.

Miss Westman, fifth generation of a family of actors and actresses, lives in a small West Angeles bungalow with no company other than one colored maid and two cats. She is an artist of no mean ability and has studied painting all her life. She gives small, intimate parties, goes out very little, has many friends and attends the Art Center school in Los Angeles when time permits. On the set she keeps busy sketching portraits of her fellow players, and has a collection of drawings of the world's most famous movie stars such as would create envy in the heart of any fan.

She drives herself around in a little Ford coupe, goes to Palm Springs for her vacations and has a delightful little garden. The garden, however, is to look at, not to work in. She doesn't like gardening. Although she is extremely popular with the so-called screen sex, Nydia has never been married. At present she is planning a return to the New York stage. Those directors who have come to regard her as the trumper who can be called upon to save their pictures will miss her.

A large group of the "dependables" who make bad pictures good and good pictures better are to be seen in Rudy Vallee's film, "Sweet Music," including Hugh Herbert and Robert Armstrong. They are being used as insurance against a fate such as overtook Vallee's first picture, which was a miserable failure. Hugh Herbert is a favorite for this purpose. He was rushed helterskelter through "Midsummer Night's Dream" so he could build up "Traveling Saleslady" with Joan Blondell and William Gargan.

Herbert has two suppressed desires—to become a famous botanist and to go around the world. He has never had time for either. Perhaps I'd better qualify that statement. He is a botanist—a darn good one—but he isn't famous as such. He goes in for the classics and says that "Oliver Twist" and "Count of Monte Cristo" are the two greatest books of their kind ever written. He believes strictly in the modern idea of matrimonial vacations, and since he is usually too busy to get away, his wife takes a vacation without him every year.

At present she is in China, and if Herbert has his way he will find time between pictures to meet her in Paris and come home with her. Indeed, he may be eating a bouillabaisse in some Boul Miché sidewalk café by the time this story goes to press.

Bob Armstrong, who also appears in "Sweet Music," is a nephew of Rolf Armstrong, the famous artist (Continued on page 60)
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 a great 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 romance. And you're going to dance out 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 Jimmy Dunn make! As for Lyda Roberti... well... team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards... then look out below! Fox Studios have staged this musical with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!

Lyda Roberti  Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge  Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin  Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE
Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

SUMPTUOUS SETTINGS! SPECTACULAR DANCES! GORGEOUS GIRLS INCLUDING 30 BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS!

Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White!
She is the Trilby of Hollywood. Joseph Von Sternberg, the Svengali of this combination, has made pictures that everyone raved over— "Underworld" for example. He is unquestionably an artist. But there are some people who feel that there is too much director in Marlene's recent pictures and, undoubtedly, her latest, "The Devil Is a Woman," will prove that this team of director-star is either a happy one or a union which is not giving the screen the results which lie within the power of Dietrich, our loveliest star.

Sometimes an artist, when he becomes expert in his technique, will paint a still life which is meaningless, while a lesser painter will produce a canvas of distinctly lower standard which tells a story. A connoisseur will rave about the first painting, but the public will take the second to its heart. Perhaps the screen is not yet ready for the sort of picture that is created to glorify the artistry of direction and photography.

Anyway Marlene has a new contract and the Hollywoods are full of directors.

Mrs. Lucia Coulter, 68, wardrobe mistress at M-G-M, has had a busy time of it since the rush for costumes started. She is shown here as she fixed up Elizabeth Allan to appear in "David Copperfield." It was just one of the many costumes she has made for the screen during the last 15 years.

George Arliss as Riche-lieu. Since "Disraeli," Mr. Arliss has brought many famous characters to the screen. Last year his picture "The House of Rothschild" was one of the great successes. Below is a scene from his new picture, showing the gorgeous costumes of the period.
A scene from the greatest of all costume pictures, Cecil B. DeMille's "Crusades." The hermit, C. Aubrey Smith, and his reverent followers enter the castle. DeMille is the beloved of the Hollywood extras. At right, Joseph Schildkraut, Katherine DeMille and Pedro de Cordoba.

There is no denying that when the screen turned from its preoccupation with sex pictures, and began to make films with pictorial appeal, the patrons of the movies did not hesitate to support the box offices enthusiastically. And so one picturesque classic after another has been made into a screen play, and, with one success following another, we have now come to the very peak of this great series of pictures based upon the greatest dramas of history. It will not be long before the crusaders will travel on their pilgrimages across the screens of the country—great characters of history will live again, and every decade throughout the ages will have its screen field day. Never has there been a more educational or entertaining cycle. The youngsters will learn history, period costumes, architecture and the manners and customs of other years, and the producers will reap a golden reward, which they should, and the blessings of mankind as well.
Famous Fiction

The Plots And Characters Conceived By The Greatest Literary Men Of All Time Now Have Their Day On The Screen.

The technical excellence of the modern screen play is such that no theme is too subtle or delicate, too mighty or impressive, to be beyond the scope of the magicians behind the cameras of Hollywood. The classics, on the other hand, offer very inviting problems. In the first place, the picturesque costumes immediately give a different appearance to the action, and the memories of the great players of the stage—Mansfield, Booth, Barrymore—spur the modern screen stars to prove that they are not secondaries in talents. Another reason for the present feast of classics is that the themes are already known and loved by many people. Before Zanuck decided to put "Ivanhoe" into production he had the opinions of librarians and professors, and arrived at the conclusion that there are 30,000,000 persons in the United States who are familiar with Sir Walter Scott's book.

William Makepeace Thackeray could never have conceived the marvel of this picture, with Miriam Hopkins, as Becky Sharp, moving before his very eyes. This photoplay is in color, a new step in the ever advancing wonder of the screen. At the left is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a great actor from England, as the Marquis of Steyne.

Jean Muir and Ross Alexander, the lovers of The Bard's classic fantasy.

Joe E. Brown is now a Shakespearian actor in Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," soon to be seen on the screen.

Bottom and Titania played by James Cagney and Anita Louise.

Titania: "And I do love thee; therefore, go with me; I'll give the fairies to attend on thee . . ."
Fredric March as Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's immortal story, "Les Miserables." Above, March in the prison sequence make-up.

Below, a scene in the galley as the chained prisoners are fed. Jean Valjean plotting his escape.

Charles Laughton and Fredric March co-starred in the famous old story.

Frances Drake, Rochelle Hudson and John Beal in "Les Miserables.

The Classics Appear In A New Form—Better Than The Books Themselves.
Little Helen Parrish, who plays opposite Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "A Dog of Flanders," if the screen influence is not overrated, this costume should establish a new appearance for the young ladies of America.

From England comes this picture, "The Dictator," with our old friend, Clive Brook, and our new friend, Madeleine Carroll.

Below, a new bathing suit design worn by Dolores Del Rio for her new picture, "In Caliente," is the reaction from her costumes in "Du Barry."

Gloria Shea in the new picture from Gene Stratton Porter's famous novel "Laddie."
THE girls and boys of the cinema are up in the attic, rummaging in the trunks and boxes for any kind of costume they can find. Doublet and hose, buskin and bustle, solonaise and kirtle are all good today on the screen. Once it was the time when the very fixity of the appearance of a favorite counted in his favor. Charlie Chaplin's shoes, hat and cane were alive with comedy and as unchanging as the Jack moustache of the villain in the western drama. But, today, our favorites have the souls of chameleons. W. C. Fields somehow manages to get off the tight trousers of Hawes and into the brass buttoned elegance of a Mississippi River captain; Charles Laughton pulls off the dignified apparel of Mister Barrett to put on the ridiculous clothes of the Gay Nineties for "Ruggles of Red Gap," and the next day he is decked out as the detective of "Les Miserables." We are the gainers and the plays are better because of all this wardrobe activity. An actor unconsciously alters himself to fit the spirit of his appearance, and in this we are all alike. Few indeed can overcome the stiffening influence of uniforms or the tendency of evening clothes to transform our usually brilliant selves into stuffed shirts.

If we were very wise we would take advantage of this influence. When we wish to impress Aunt Emma we should wear our new Homburg hat, and when we have to join a frisky house party our costume should be somewhat baggy at the knees and elbows, with a dash of the gypsy in the angle of the hat.

In "Naughty Marietta" Jeanette MacDonald is all frills and furbelows and utterly charming.

Guy Kibbee gives way to the urge and gets himself up in a becoming robe with a Hindu flavor, while the girls wear the national costume of South-eastern Brassiere.

Henry Wilcoxon, at the right, with Evelyn Laye and George Grossmith in "Princess Charming"—the glamour of gold braid and shiny buttons.

A scene from "Spring Tonic"
In "Laddie" you will see John Beal ploughing so naturally you will never suspect that a wooden track for the camera car was laid across the field.

Claudette Colbert working under the direction of Gregory LaCava in "Private Worlds." The director sits as near as possible to the camera lens, so that he may see what the camera sees.
Nothing Is Too Much Trouble To Get The Effect Of Reality.

In the movies, every accessory has to be as real as possible. On the stage, a star would feel that he had betrayed his art if he used real properties. That is, for example, when he plays with machinery or furnaces or flying machines. He is supposed to make you think it is real, and if he can’t do that, he is not a great actor. In the movies, everything is as near to the true apparatus as can be had and, curiously, this does not detract from your belief in the player.

Hollywood goes to endless trouble to build enormous sets which are used but a few seconds in a picture. If the picture is a success the original cost is soon returned.

Personally we prefer pictures taken on location.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald making a scene for “Naughty Marietta.”
Director Van Dyke, the hero of many successes, studies the scene while Sound Man, Camera Man and Script Girl wait.
No Picture Is Complete Without a Chorus

Not Only Musical Pieces Must Have Choruses, Now They Are In Demand For Every Picture.

Sound in pictures once meant that the principal actor stood square in front of the camera and sang his head off. Then the musical cycle, started by Busby Berkeley and others, came along and gradually the plan has changed. Nowadays the singer starts off right in the middle of the screen singing to beat the band, but the camera, with fine understanding, swings away from that violently working jaw and, while the voice continues in pleasing fashion, the eye of the audience is refreshed and gladdened by the sight of the merry, merry girls of the chorus. This is the 1935 design and very good, too.

So they have gone on with the idea. If the audience liked to hear singers and not see them, but preferred to see chorus girls instead, why not carry the thought a little further? So, we have thrilling melodramas, with the voice of the villain from off-stage, and bevy's and garlands of beautiful maidens treading a measure for the tired eye of the business man in the audience. We expect, before long, to have the whole play practically come from voices off-stage like a drama on the radio, while refreshed and tingling with pleasure we watch the chorus on the screen.

“All the King’s Horses” and all the cuties’ calves. Give me a good looking, spritely chorus and the whole theatre seems to be more important, the night seems more of an occasion and the picture glows with the spirit of Broadway.

Carl Randall, dance director, and some of the chorus girls from "Reckless," the new William Powell-Jean Harlow play. It is not a musical.

Alice Faye and James Dunn in George White’s "Scandals—1935 Edition." Alice shows up swell, even in competition with all these beauties.
Goodsee Montgomery and chorus in "Stolen Harmony."

The chorus from "The Call of the Wild"—foreground, Jack Oakie. It is Clark Gable's he-man picture, but you have to have a chorus.

The merry villagers chorus in the horror picture, "The Vampires of Prague."
Bette Davis gave one of the greatest performances of last year in "Of Human Bondage." It was all in the same mood, but tremendous in effect. She will be starred in dramatic plays.

Paul Muni, in "Black Fury," makes a plea for the underdog underneath everything—down in the coal mine, in fact.

Lovely little Shirley Temple has a birthday. One look at Shirley and the whole world and his wife exclaims: "Isn't she cute!"

Most players are very careful, before they accept part, to read the script, and if they think they have a chance to show to good advantage in the picture, they accept the part. Then, to their surprise, when the picture gets before the public some part other than theirs is the one that is outstanding. No matter how long they have been in pictures, no one can tell which is the part that is going to have the popular appeal. It makes it all rather exciting.

The Academy Award was particularly satisfactory, as I selected both Gable and Claudette for the two leading players, and for their performances in the same picture. Neither one outdid the other, both were excellent. Outstanding performances are often remembered even though the character appeared in but a few scenes. Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man," for example, was very fine, but compared with the girl in "It Happened One Night," a very small part indeed.
Edward G. Robinson and Jean Arthur in "The Whole Town's Talking," which is another of those knock-out pictures that we have come to expect from Columbia and ONLY from Columbia.

Mae West in "Goin to Town." Just to keep up her record for being unique, Mae's picture is not a costume picture, but really modern. In fact, she dresses in just the sort of clothes you would expect to wear! Or would you?

Ginger Rogers is more popular every minute. She is fine in "Roberta" and the fans are beginning to realize that she can out-dance, out-sing and out-look any girl on the screen.
Frills

There Is Feminine Appeal About A Frilly Summery Dress.

Mr. Banton, the noted couturier of Paramount Studios, in designing this gown for Claudette Colbert, has gone in for flounces and frothy, alluring frills. There is nothing else that can give the same touch of girlishness.

Mary Ellis resting on one of those stand-up seats to keep from crushing the ruffles on this Banton creation.

Bizza Landi's skirts seem to foam about her. Her dress is of dotted swiss muslin and the frills overlap.
“How Beautiful She Looks” ... they say of Ginger Rogers

Wouldn't You Like to Have This Said About You?

What a pleasure to know that the attraction of your beauty calls forth admiration. How interesting, how thrilling life becomes.

You can share this joy if you learn how to emphasize the charm of your own natural beauty with the magic of a new kind of make-up, originated for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satiny-smooth loveliness... you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color... you will see your lips becoming more alluring with a perfect color accent... and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lastingly beautiful.

So today can bring your most wonderful adventure in beauty. Share the secret of all Hollywood stars... for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up is 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.

POWDER... Creating a satiny-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Raffichelle Face Powder blends in color harmony with Ginger Rogers' light tinter coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.

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For personal make-up advice ... and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick ... mail this coupon.

Ginger Rogers
Starring in R-K-O's
"Star of Midnight"

Lipstick... Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

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Society Make-Up: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

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Mail this coupon for coupon the coupon for coupon in color color harmony... and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Envelope to carry your purchase and handling. You will also receive Max Factor's Illustrated Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," FREE.

Name
Address
City
State
No orphan sachets

STEAMED HER HAIR!

INSIDE this young lady's curly head is a lot of good, sound shopping sense. When she needed a wave, did she drop into any shop and say, "Give me a Permanent"? Yes, she did; but she added, "A Eugene Permanent, with Eugene Sachets!"

Many of her friends fell for "bargain waves," given with home-made or twice-used dabs of sachets, filled with Heaven-knows-what harsh chemicals... and all they got was a mop of dull frizz. But look at her hair. You can see its healthy lustre. You can almost feel its softness.

If your own hair is to receive similar protection, see that no nameless, orphan sachets steam it... look for the trade-mark-of-safety... Eugene.

Each Eugene sachet contains the exact, scientific amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. This gentle lotion, Eugeneol, is a secret formula, used only in Eugene Sachets throughout the world. Be as shrewd about buying a wave as you are in buying fashions or food... don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets"... then read your favorite magazine while you wait for your headful of lovely, lustrous Eugene curls!

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 information for keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
CLIVE BROOK
RETURNS

After An Absence Of A Year And A Half, Clive Brook Is Now At Work
In Hollywood.

SLENDER, grey-eyed, and lacking but an inch of the traditional hero's six feet in height, the Clive Brook who greeted me at the door of his Ritz Carlton suite in New York (en route from London to Hollywood) was the epitome of the Clive Brook we have come to know in such film successes as Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," "Twenty-four Hours" or "Declase."

From this you may gather that Mr. Brook, in person, possesses a charming manner which, if it is not exactly the same as the hale and hearty approach of his American brothers, manages, nevertheless, to put you completely at your ease.

You may also surmise—and correctly, too—that at 11 o'clock on this particular morning he was becomingly garbed in the neat navy blue suit, white shirt and unobtrusive tie that you are accustomed to find adorning every nine out of ten bankers, lawyers or prominent writers whose characters Mr. Brook sinks his cinema teeth into so easily in his suave, sophisticated society roles.

And you may further assume that Mr. Brook can drape himself with supreme nonchalance against a mantelpiece, cigarette in hand, while he converses with engaging candour; that he can narrow his eyes astutely while driving home a point, and can fix you with that half-cynical, half-laughing smile of his just as convincingly as does the Mr. Brook you have all become enamoured with on the screen. But wait... any moment now you expect the navy blue suit to turn into heavy checked tweeds, the cigarette into a pipe, and a peaked cap to envelope that carefully parted, smooth brown hair. And, presto! What have we here? Sherlock Holmes, to be sure! My favorite fiction detective ever since Mr. Brook brought him to life upon the screen not so many years ago.

When I told him I remembered his splendid portrayal of the romantic "down-and-outs" in "Underworld," a silent picture, Mr. Brook remarked most sweetly: "Don't tell me you remember that?"

You would expect this Mr. Brook to say the nicest things!

And speaking of "Underworld," which, by the way, was the film which skyrocketed Mr. Josef Von Sternberg to directorial fame in those post-Marlene Dietrich days, we must come further out in the open and confess that we think Mr. Brook did some of his best work in roles which painted him as a man slowly but surely wallowing deeper and deeper in the mud of human existence. Remember his "Heliotrope" in "Forgotten Faces" (it goes back a few years, but you really ought to remember, for performances like that should not be brushed from your mind) and his almmost impressively "Dan" in Ann Harding's most popular film, "CallanLady."

If you prefer to remember him most kindly as Major (or was it Colonel?) Marvot in "Cavalcade,” I shan't criticize you. It is simply that I prefer Clive Brook when he is tired of it all.

Since Mr. Brook has been absent from these shores for almost a year and a half—much too long, I told him, as the fans are fickle and have lately exhibited a fondness for rugged individualism—it is time you got acquainted with him all over again. And I couldn't personally recommend a more spectacular and romantic return than he makes in "The Dictator," a Toepzlitz Production which he made in London, and which will shortly be released in this country by Gaumont-British Films.

It is an elaborate costume film, the story one of diplomatic intrigue, set against the background of 18th century Danish court life. "It is the sort of thing," Mr. Brook assured me, "that England does so extraordinarily well, and ranks with such tremendous successes as 'Henry the 8th' and 'Catharine the Great.'"

Madeleine Carroll, the beautiful English girl who was in Hollywood for a short period last winter, plays opposite him.

While in London, Mr. Brook leased the historically romantic home of Dickens, which is situated at Richmond, overlooking the Thames. And he had an amusing tale to tell about the rental of this house.

"My wife went to see it with an agent, who knew her simply as Mrs. Brook. He quoted a price of fifteen guineas a week, which was reasonable considering that it was still furnished the way it was in Dickens' time. She was enchanted with the place, so I went up to see it with her next day. The agent took one look at me, then said: 'Are you Clive Brook, the film star?' I had to admit that I was and then there the price was jacked up to thirty guineas, which was laying it on a bit thick, you know.'"

They finally came to terms, and it [Continued on page 68]

By Lenore Samuels

In England Clive made "The Dictator," an elaborate costume drama.
Their Big Moments

By

Julie Lang Hunt

Almost every great scene is an accident. Every one of those sublime moments on the screen that burn themselves into your memory are really the hazardous result of luck. Sometimes these great scenes are tragic, sometimes comic and sometimes superbly poignant, but they are always the phenomena of miscalculation.

Now let us test this "accident" theory on Grace Moore's glorious effort, "One Night of Love," a picture so packed with unforgettable scenes that it is impossible for me to make a personal selection.

However, Miss Moore told me the two sequences in this production that have been lifted out by critics and fans for special mention are the "breathing exercise" bit with Tullio Carminati and the "Madame Butterfly" grand opera scene that was the picture's final shot.

Although I found America's most beautiful soprano know deep in a new script and mysterious looking scores for her next picture (which is as yet untitled), she was anxious to talk about her favorite child, "One Night of Love." She said:

"That exercise scene in which Mr. Carminati piled books on my chest and instructed me to breathe deeply, is actually the culmination of all my own resumé and disdain stored up during the years I was forced to accept the old-fashioned ideas of vocal training.

"Do you know that once I was made to shove a heavy piano around a room to improve my diaphragm control? Somehow I know that an audience would find higher amusement in some of those fantastic and antediluvian notions concerning the development of lung power.

"I selected the exercise in which, lying on the floor, I was weighed down with heavy books and told to breathe deeply, because I felt that just this one flash would be sufficient to establish the ridiculousness of the whole thing."

And there you have it. A great scene is achieved because a star nurses an old grudge against some crusty singing instructors who wasted her energy and time with useless, not to say terribly strenuous, methods.

If you saw "One Night of Love" you will never forget Grace Moore's rendition of "One Fine Day" in the "Madame Butterfly" opera. Perhaps you remember how a strange rapture made your flesh crawl when she sang, "He will call Butterfly—little wife of mine—little cherry blossom—" and closed up your throat when she finished the divine aria on a clear, superb, magnificent high C.

Now, the "Madame Butterfly" opera was selected for the final scene of that production, not because it offered a beautiful photographic background, or an opportunity for the star to starlight in a cloth of silver kimono. It was used for several reasons. "One Fine Day" had been told by friends of Grace Moore, because she asked for it. And these same friends recall that "Madame Butterfly" was the opera in which Grace Moore was the toast of American acclaim, and all this makes me wonder if she made that request because she hoped it would repeat that initial triumph, and bring to her the screen victory that failed to materialize in her picture debut for M-G-M in "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon."

Death scenes, any actor will tell you, are the most difficult chore in stage or screen repertoire. It is almost impossible to make such scenes convincing, and that is why the veteran screen performer side-steps them whenever possible.

But there was no side-stepping of the death scene in "Cleopatra" for Claudette Colbert. History is history, and since the Siren of the Nile selected an ugly little asp as a way out of her difficulties, there was no alternative for Claudette.

But strangely enough, Claudette's suicide scene, seated on a golden throne, arrayed in Egyptian ceremonial robes, has been showered with verbal honors from every motion picture reviewer in the country.

"That amazing look of repressed terror as she grasped the asp was almost too realistic," wrote one critic.

"The best scene of its kind these weary eyes have witnessed in ten years of picture viewing," penned another drama editor.

And because I happened to be on the set the very day this death sequence was filmed (I was working in the Paramount publicity department at the time) I can prove more than an accident, and not even a happy one, showed this scene up to the Hall of Fame.

Because she loathes snakes, even little asps (and what woman doesn't), director Cecil B. DeMille had the prop department make a basketful of nice harmless paper reptiles for the royal suicide. Claudette rehearsed the scene six or seven times with the limp paper props, and everything was finally in order for the first "take."

My roving eye caught DeMille talking to the slave girl whose duty it was to bring the fatal basket containing the snake to the unhappy Cleopatra. It was a good thing that Claudette's eye was not roving in the same direction, because I saw a live and wriggling little asp (venom extracted, of course) talking places with the prop in the basket.

The next moment the lights were on, the cameras grinding, and the brave Queen plunged her hand into the basket for her asp. And because the camera were whirring and because she is a seasoned trouper, Claudette did not let the scream that choked her tumble from her lips, she might well have, but there is the lucky break—she held on to that squirming bit of horror and pressed it to her breast, and the camera caught that superb flash of unutterable terror that passed across her face. And another great scene was added to Hollywood's credit side of the ledger.

Probably the comedy scenes that rise into the stratosphere of fame are the greatest "accidents" of all.

There is, for example, "The Thin Man" and that riotous bit of business that had Bill Powell lying on a divan shooting ornaments of a Christmas tree with a tiny shot gun.

I found Powell on an M-G-M set, finishing his current picture, "Reckless," with Jean Harlow.

"Just the result of a dull afternoon and a bet," Powell explained the mediocrity of chance that motivated this bit of comedy to prominence. "That Christmas tree had been a prop for the set for more than a week and I was getting sick of looking at it. Then there came an afternoon when things were..."
Sometimes A Player Rises To Heights He Never Has Reached Before. It Is His Big Moment, Never To Be Forgotten.

slowly, and I was forced to amusedly, I
decided to improve my aim by annihilating
those annoying tin ornaments with tangled
pieces of wadded paper snapped from a rubber
card.

This innocent amusement started the
cast and every thing at the
same little ornaments, and soon someone pro-
duced a pop gun from the property
department. With this instrument the pastime
grew to a heated contest, with bets being
placed on the marksmanship of a talented
few.

And so the director, "Woody" Van Dyke,
watching the hilarity provoked by the "or-
manent popping" decided to put the "business"
to the production.

Hollywood rates the torture scenes in
"Lives of a Bengal Lancer" as the finest act-
ing Cary Grant has accomplished in his
seven years of picture work.

Cary's best performance was his explosion scene at the end of the picture, but I'll stick to the choice of film fans and critics.

I talked with Cary about this just an hour before he left for his annual New York spring outing.

He said: "That agitated expression on my face
when the bamboo sticks were being forced under my fingernails was realistic enough, I guess. Those darned sticks, ten of them, might have had to be placed and stuck with glue every morning before nine o'clock.

"For three whole days, I had to be led, and
I couldn't smoke and every glass of water had to be sipped through a glass tube, invalid
fashion. I had to hold my hands away from my body and everything else, to keep the sticks from breaking off. It was torture. Probably that is why the whole thing fired me well."

I will never forget the night Mac West's
second picture, "I'm No Angel," was pre-
viewed. The spontaneous burst of applause
that greeted the famous courtroom scene
was one of those unexplainable breaks of enthusiasm and seldom occur today in our
splendidly impersonal "movie" boxes.

As I said, I will never forget this preview,
because I was on the set when that courtroom scene was made. The thermometers zoomed to 104 degrees that day, and as if the weather
was not enough to hamper a schedule de-
vo ted to light comedy, the cooling system on the stage broke down.

Mac, as you remember, was gowned for
that scene in black velvet and blue fox furs,
which didn't help matters. The situation
was further complicated because the day was
Mac's birthday, and he was anxious to get
gone and have a nap before a big dinner
party given in her honor that evening.

Things went badly from the first shot.
Several extras from the hot, and Mac's make-up was ruined by the lights
after each shot.

But during the afternoon a strange thing
happened to Mac. Soon after the lunch hour
a continuous stream of florist boxes were
delivered to her on the set. It was her birth-
day, of course, and her many famous friends
were remembering her, we thought. By the
middle of the afternoon her portable dress-
ing room was almost buried in the accumu-
lation of liberals.

But what few of us knew then was that
every one of those boxes came from the men
and women employees of the Paramount
studio.

It is not strange then, I suppose, that Mac
West was able, on that steamy day, to turn
out the best scene of her career.

Exhibitors' reports (and believe me, stud-
dios live and die by them) indicate that
"Wings in the Dark" is the greatest "tear
jerker" of the year, and the "teariest" scene in
the whole picture concerns a dog trying
to make friends with Cary Grant who plays
the role of a blind aviator.

Cary had been vacationing in a secret hide-
away, and I had almost given up hope of
talking to him about this new triumph of
his, when I found him dining one night at
Hollywood's gayest spot, the "Trocadero.

When men and women tangled, laid
flirted and about us, Cary told me that he
had, hoped, even prayed, he would never be called
upon to repeat what the exhibitors chose to
call his "big scene."

"I had to strike a dog," he told me bitterly.
"Not a really harsh blow, you understand,
but I had to shove that dog from me roughly
and he should not understand why I had to
do that to him."

He was a superb dog, had been raised at
the 'being Live' institution that traced
dogs to guide the blind. I had him around
for weeks before production started so
that we could become thoroughly acquaint-
ed, and so he would learn that I was not
blind, but that at certain times I would
pretend to be and he must lead me just
as carefully as he would a sightless person.

"All this the dog soon understood. But
when we started work, he never could un-
derstand why I had to strike out at
him during that scene in a mountain
cabin when I am supposed to go mad with
rage because I cannot see. It made me
feel so cheap and mean, for I knew the dog's
understand. I hope I will never have to
repeat that performance ever again.

I am sure that for sheer revolting perfec-
tion Bette Davis' scene in "Of Human Bond-
ages," in which she throws Howard's
apartment, will never be surpassed.

Critic's have called that two hundred feet of film a masterpiece of viciousness.

"I try to remember that is was terrified," said Bette, when I discovered her on the set of
Bordertown, and brought the subject up.

To play convincingly the part of a woman
battered by a single kindly emotion, a woman
who was cruel, ignorant, common, shallow
and deprived, seemed almost too much to
ask of any actress.

"I try to remember that on the morning
scheduled for this scene, I happened to read
in the sports section of the newspapers
something about the psychology of pep
talk to football teams just before big
games.

"You will think I am foolish when I tell
you I decided to try the system on myself.
I gave it a try. I argued with myself, and
actually talked myself out of my nervous-
ness and distemper myself. And do you
know, it really worked."

Sometime during the month of June there
will be another great scene added to the
glory list of Mac West's masterpieces.
You will find it in Mac West's forthcoming
picture, "How Am I Doin'?" Watch for the
bit that shows Mac in a South American
dance hall, during a slaying rumba with
Tito Coral and singing a gay French song.

And remember when you see this scene
that Mac West went through the entire se-
quence on the day she received word that
her father had died suddenly of heart failure
in San Francisco.

Remember also, although the studio
called off all work when it learned about the
tragedy, Mac West called up her direc-
tor and asked him to recall the extras and
plan for a full day's work.

"I want to work today," she said. "I must
work. It will help me. And it will help
those extra players too."

No one beyond the immediate production
staff has witnessed this dancing, flirtin,
singing scene, but something tells me that
it is destined to be one of Hollywood's flashes
greatness.
NAUGHTY MARIETTA
Rating: 90—MEET NELSON EDDY—Metro
HERE'S just about the most pleasant evening in the theatre I could wish for anyone. With W. S. Van Dyke directing, Victor Herbert's famous operetta with its lovely, familiar arias takes its place as one of the best pictures of the year. The settings are gorgeous, the music is thrilling, and the photography beautiful—which is excuse enough for you to enjoy yourself, but just wait until you see—and hear—Nelson Eddy.

He's a sensation, nothing less. Pleasing personality, rare charm, and a voice that electrifies you, now what more can you ask? In discovering Nelson Eddy, don't forget Jeanette MacDonald, who looks like a million dollars and sings like an angel. You just can't afford to miss Jeanette and Nelson Eddy and those Victor Herbert arias.

If you've been around much this last quarter of a century, you have a fair idea of the plot of "Naughty Marietta," but don't let it bother you for Van Dyke didn't let it bother him, as, with so much lilted music, beauty and gay comedy, there really isn't any time for story.

Another grand surprise is Elsa Lanchester (Charles Laughton's wife) who has her first important part in American pictures and is a knock-out. She is simply grand as Frank Morgan's awful wife, and Frank, as usual, never muffs a laugh. Now that Hollywood is Nelson Eddy-mad, that personable young man has left on a concert tour, so maybe you'll be seeing him again before we will. Anyway, don't miss "Naughty Marietta."

THE GOOD FAIRY
Rating: 89—LAUGHS GALORE—UNIVERSAL
This picture is simply packed from beginning to end with laughs, and when I left the theatre I had to have my jaws snapped into place again as I hadn't laughed so much in years. If you've something glum around the house I advise you to take him to this picture.

It starts with Margaret Sullivan, a little orphan in Budapest, starting out in the world to make a living by being an usher in a cinema palace. She meets a waiter, Reginald Owen, who gives her a ticket to a ball at his hotel the following night, and there Margaret falls into the arms of Frank Morgan, wealthy South American meat packer. When Frank becomes ardent in a private dining room, Margaret invents herself a husband, she picks him out of the phone book, and then the complications begin.

It is difficult to say which scene is the funniest, as the picture never lets down for one minute. Frank Morgan has never been so superb, not even in " Affairs of Cellini," and he fairly walks away with the picture. But don't belittle Margaret, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall, the hand-picked husband, for they are excellent. Kudos must also go to Beulah Bondi and Alan Hale in small parts.

It was during the production of this picture that Margaret Sullivan, after being as difficult as possible, suddenly fell in love with Director Willie Wyler and eloped with him to Yuma. It is easy to see their complete happiness reflecting itself in the picture.

ROBERTA
Rating: 89—FRED ASTAIRE AGAIN—R-K-O
HERE'S the follow-up on "The Gay Divorcee" that you've been looking for, and your patience is rewarded for it: the top in muscals. That most popular young man, Fred Astaire, goes through the most superb dance routines you've seen since the Continental, and his comedy is just as nimble and casual as his feet. It's another Fred Astaire triumph.

But that's not all. I should say it isn't, for here we have Irene Dunne looking too glamorous and beautiful to be of this world, in some perfectly elegant clothes (sables, my dear, and silver fox, and ermine ah-ah-ah) designed for her by Bernard Newman, R-K-O's new fashion designer, and it's about time they got one too. Irene is given that juicy plum, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and what she does to this old favorite is really magnificent.

Then, too, there's Ginger Rogers, getting better and better, with those trick dance steps, and she does a routine with Freddie that will make your hair curl. And there's Rand Scott, handsome and virile, and Helen Westley and Claire Dodd, and a fashion show that will make the women swoon with delight.

As you doubtless know, the picture is adapted from the successful Broadway musical "Roberta" and has an honest to goodness plot. Rand Scott, just out of college, inherits his aunt's fashionable dress-making shop in Paris, and with his pal, Freddie, decides to run it. Freddie bumps into Ginger Rogers from his old home town, who is posing as a Polish Countess in Paris, and Rand Scott falls head over heels for Rosalind Russell and Paul Lukas casting their undeniable charm over "The Casino Murder Case."
THE third of the Anna Sten pictures is by far the best, in fact, conservative that I can; I might venture to say that it’s a knock-out. And so is Anna. This time she plays the rôle of a Connecticut Polish girl and she plays with such warmth and sincerity that she is so lovely and charming, that she sort of wraps herself around your heart and you hope to goodness you won’t have to wait forever for another Anna Sten picture.

Gary Cooper plays opposite Anna this time, and if there’s any doubt in your mind, after “Lives of a Bengal Lancer,” that Gary isn’t a fine actor, just see him in this picture. Ole Massa Gary, who has been around so long as a strong silent man, has suddenly developed into one of Hollywood’s leading brilliant actors. Maybe it’s the Sandra influence.

But the most delightful surprise of the picture is Helen Vinson. Helen decides to act, and she does it so well that you have the preview audience loudly applauding her scenes. It’s about that old familiar triangle, two women and a man, but there is a problem that holds your interest throughout. The locale is an old farmhouse in Connecticut, during a long cold winter, and there is Gary, sensitive young author who has come home to his ancestors, deserted by his gay, sophisticated wife, and received an inspired letter of the Great American Novel. Anna, the Polish girl who brings the milk each morning, becomes his inspiration—and more. It’s casual, it’s charming, it’s tragic—it’s a picture you really ought to see.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE
Rating: 85—Paul Lukas Becomes the Very Best—Metro

HERE’s the nearest thing to “The Thin Man” that the busy little workshops in Hollywood have been able to turn out since that mad and delightful comedy mystery & the country. Even if you have already read S. S. Van Dine’s book, from which the picture is taken, and know what it was all about you must not miss seeing it on the screen. For here, all done up in thrills and suspense, are some of the best laughs of the year.

Paul Lukas is simply elegant in the rôle of Philo Vance, and even though I am the faithless type, I must say that he makes a better Philo than Bill Powell who has had the rôle copyrighted for the last decade. Of course the dialogue writers were a big help to him, too, for they have thrown him some very witty lines.

I’m not going to give you even an inkling of the plot, if you don’t already know it, and for enjoyment de luxe I advise you to see it from the very beginning. Every performance is outstanding. Rosalind Russell plays the romantic lead opposite Paul, and Miss Russell, who has only been seen in bits before, here proves without a doubt that she has the makings of a star. Also in the cast, and all of them excellent, are Isabel Jewell, Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook, T. H. Healy, Arthur Byron, Louis Fazenda, Eric Blore and Leslie Fenton. The picture is directed at just the right tempo by Edwin Marin, and all I’ve got to say is that Woody Van Dyke had better look out.

FOLIES BERGERE
Rating: 75—La La La Chevalier—Twentieth Century

IF you can’t get to Paris this year just go to see this picture and console yourself, for here are gorgeous girls, gay music, a dash of naughtiness, and M. Maurice Chevalier with the straw hat. The Folies Bergere, in case you are the innocent type, is the place where all Americans, good and bad, rush to as soon as they step off the boat train in gay Paree, and it was there some ten years or so ago that Maurice Chevalier became the national idol. He used to sing “Valentine” in those days, so it is most appropriate that Mr. Zanuck’s picture should start with Maurice singing the same song, but a slightly different version if I recall my wicked French.


In “Times Square Lady,” the new discovery, Robert Taylor, of whom so much is expected, holds in his arms beautiful Helen Twelvetrees.

But don’t get the idea that this is just a song and dance show. There’s a plot. The one about a man impersonating another man, and did his wife know or didn’t she? It’s still a good plot and with Chevalier playing both Charlie, the darling of the Folies Bergere, and the Baron Casini, French aristocrat, it’s very amusing and gay.

Merle Oberon makes her American debut in this picture (she was the famous Ann Bolena of Henry VIII) and didn’t look at all as I expected her to look. She was made up to look exotic and exotic she looked, and I’m all for giving her back to the English, who made a beauty of her in “Henry VIII.” Ann Southern plays Charlie Chevalier’s capricious and temperamental girl friend, and is quite cute. “Requiem of the Rain,” which song Chevalier and Ann sing while the girls go into an ensemble, is bound to be a song hit.

[Continued on page 72]
A Voice, a Phonograph and BRAINS

THE newest romantic hero of the screen owes everything in his life to a phonograph. If Thomas A. Edison hadn't invented sound recording, Nelson Eddy probably wouldn't have become a great singer, and, through opera and concert engagements, found his way to the studios of Hollywood.

As he says—his career is "machine-made." It started with a phonograph. Now he is playing the role of Captain Warrington, opposite Jeanette MacDonald, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's spectacular musical romance "Naughty Marietta." He sings glamorous Victor Herbert numbers with Miss MacDonald and plays a dashing officer of old New Orleans.

There is nothing sensational or meteoric about Eddy's career. In fact, he waited two years for the right screen rôle to come along. He lived in Hollywood, appeared in a few roles, studied the business, and particularly the details of sound recording. He went through studies, almost as complicated as a college course, to prepare himself for his opportunity.

Eddy is an odd mixture. He has the artistry of a singer, but with it the practical and analytical mind of an engineer—inherited doubtless from his father, a scientist and inventor of submarine devices for the government. He loves to tinker. He has invented his own special recording phonograph, and has a veritable sound laboratory in his home at Beverly Hills. No matter how high he soars on wings of song, he's always very near the invention that equipped him with his wings.

He was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, and a good one. He covered the police beat, then was three years on the copy desk. Singing, to him, was a mere pastime, because he liked to sing. As a youngster, he had some idea of becoming a singer, but his was a practical family. And newspaperdom isn't the place for song.

Then the phonograph entered his life. He began to buy records of Caruso and Enrico, of Scotti and Pol Plancon and other great singers. Among them was a number by David Bispham, the great American baritone of his day. Bispham later became his teacher.

Eddy began singing with the records, practicing the inflections, the tone development, the musical idiosyncrasies of the great singers whose voices came from the phonograph.

"I started it for fun," he relates. "And then found that I was actually learning. I'd often laughed at advertisements about learning Spanish or French by phonograph, but I found that, in singing, it was practical. At least, it showed me how a song should be sung. Of course to do it—to find out the technique, the voice method by which the effects were accomplished, came later. I found that I'd learned to do a lot of things wrong from imitating the phonograph. Also a lot of things right. But it taught me for the first time how to sing songs. If it hadn't been for that phonograph I'd probably never have become a singer. I wasn't making enough for expensive lessons—and I didn't have the time, anyhow."

Thus the invention of Edison started young Eddy songward.

Then David Bispham arrived in Philadelphia. A newspaperman told him about the singing copyreader. The great baritone was curious. "The two met, and Bispham listened to Eddy sing."

"You've got a voice," declared the older man. "With a little training, you could be a really great singer."

"Aw—it's good enough to have fun with—but I don't think singing's my racket. I do it just for pleasure," answered the newspaperman.

"It's been a darned good racket with me," answered Bispham grimly. "Look here, young man—I'm going to take you in hand for a while and show you something."

Bispham took Eddy in hand. He gave the young man lessons. He taught him voice placement, tone correction. He showed him how to pronounce unnaturally to make a word in singing sound natural. For instance, a baritone when he sings the word "heart" pronounces it "hart," because the conformation of the mouth in singing makes it sound like "heart" when it issues from the lips. Daily Eddy became more fascinated with the new study, and daily his voice grew better. When Bispham was ready to leave Philadelphia, Young Eddy was ready to go into the Savoy comic opera company, singing in Gilbert and Sullivan and similar comic operas. He achieved instant popularity.

Then he sought another teacher. By now he was serious about this singing business. He studied under several teachers. Then he joined the Philadelphia civic opera, and went in for the study of Grand Opera. And at this period he found the teacher who today is his closest friend, Dr. Edouard Lippe, former opera singer, and world famous developer of operatic singers. Under Dr. Lippe he became a brilliant star of grand opera, and today has mastered 37 roles.

Between opera engagements he was sent [Continued on page 67]
HURDLE COMPETITION!

Men love that come-and-get-me challenge from merry eyes and tempting lips . . . To win them—daily stimulate facial circulation with DOUBLE MINT gum.
"Poohy, so Sally accepted the part without further ado."

WHILE Evelyn Venable's watch was being repaired she bought a large cheap Ingersoll to carry in her purse. One day she drove over to see Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge. Lily, John's little daughter, kept staring at Evelyn and sidling up to her and then backing away, and the Lodges were quite distressed with their daughter's weird behavior. But the minute Evelyn departed Lily rushed to her father and exclaimed in an awestruck voice, "Daddy, that lady ticks."

AT LAST it has come. We knew it would sooner or later. Last week on Highland Avenue, in the heart of Hollywood, a new market opened and on its marquee blared forth: THE WORLD'S SUPER MARKET. Now all we need is a colossal butcher shop.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent have been seen at the Troadelero together several times recently, so we might as well call it a romance. However, it was Bernard Newman, R-K-O's new fashion designer, who escorted her to the swanky Mayfair.

THE Pat O'Brien's recent house warming party was one of those affairs that Hollywood will long remember. Everyone in town was there to admire the new swimming pool, the barbecue pit, and the badminton and handball courts. Bing Crosby started off the informality with a few popular croonings, but before twilight had set in everyone was swaying Adelining. The pièce de résistance was the frantic search for Lyle Talbot's new grey fedora which disappeared, no one knew where, sometime between the hors d'oeuvres and spaghetti. To Lyle's great mortification it was finally discovered at the bottom of the swimming pool.

DOROTHY PARKER threw a come-and-bring-your-dog party to about a hundred and fifty of her intimate friends recently, and now her agent advises her that it will be cheaper for her to buy the house than have it repaired.

When Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford went to a preview they could not hope to escape without having their pictures taken.

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH has discovered a way to take the exercise out of golf. He rides around in a rickshaw from shot to shot.

THE carpenters are busy at Clark Gable's new house, lengthening his garage to accommodate his new "mile long" roadster.

AND the red carnation is having its day in Hollywood right now. Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard were the leaders in the carnation fad, and now they've got the whole town converted, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, who is still faithful to her gardenias.

JEAN HARLOW has announced that spring is here by blossoming out in a platinum colored cellophane bathing suit and opening her swimming pool.

JOAN BENNETT's colored chauffeur, having taken a brief vacation to himself, the Japanese houseboy was by some mischance assigned to drive Joan to her studio the other day. Subsequent results were little less than terrible—the little Ni- ponese, evidently sitting in the driver's seat.

for the first time, narrowly missed a truck, a brick wall, and a telephone pole, and got two tickets before the first mile was up. After missing the truck by a fraction of a second Joan decided to take over the driving herself. Joan seldom drives and isn't very good at it, so by the time they reached the studio it was difficult to say which of the two was the more frightened.

RICARDO CORTÉZ and Ronnie Colman are still going around without their mustaches, which have been keeping them warm for years. And Ronnie Colman, the recluse, has actually been stepping out to a few parties with Loretta Young. The beautiful Loretta gets them all.

DICK POWELL has been taking Virginia Bruce to a few of the night spots lately, but Mary Brian doesn't seem to be at all put out about it.
I See Them On Broadway

(Continued from page 29)

hard is almost as direct in her remarks as Connie, and just as refreshing. She will answer honestly any question that you ask, but she will ask you not to print this and not to print that. I like her immensely, I like the way she swears, her "damns" and "Hells" being a delightful contrast to the primness of lesser personages of Hollywood. Gloria Swanson talks the same language as the Misses Bennett and Lombard. For a time, I rode her hard in the column about Herbert Marshall. "Tell Sullivan," she said, "that if he is so angry because I'm going with Herbert Marshall, that he should be equally burned up at Edna Best for marrying him." I didn't understand the message. "Marshall was married when he started going with Edna Best," explained Miss Swanson's manager, "so Gloria can't understand why all the sympathy now is directed at Edna Best."

Of all the stars who come to Broadway from the Coast, George Raft is the prime favorite. Next to Jack Dempsey, I think Raft has the happiest faculty of saying the right thing, an expression of modesty that is very winning. In his lean days around New York, Raft knew a great variety of people. It was assumed that when he returned here that the former hooper would have gone Hollywood, donned the high hat. Instead, he hunted out all of his friends from the coffee-and-cake days and went out of his way to take them around to all of the places to which he was invited. He is a thoroughly nice kid, and Broadway, which seldom has a good word for anybody, becomes loquacious when singing his praises.

If Connie Bennett got herself panned on the Main Stem for arriving too late at a theatre, Marlene Dietrich got herself rapped for leaving too early. Marlene and Peggy Fears, accompanied by the Jimmy Strooks, attended "Hot Cha," in which Lupe Velez was appearing. They were sitting in Row A, and shortly before intermission, Marlene and Peggy left their seats to visit Lupe backstage. But Lupe didn't want to see them because as she expressed it later, "the two of them—they sit in the front row and they do not smile—their faces are frozen." From there, as I recall it, Marlene and Peggy dashed to Jack Haley's "Take a Chance," and saw half of that. The next day I blasted Miss Dietrich for her discourtesy to fellow professionals, but she claimed that her method was intentional, and that she had been actuated by a keen desire to see both shows in her last day in New York.

Max Baer, and I treat him now as a flustered star is always lively copy when he arrives on Broadway. One night, at the Ha Ha Club, he got himself involved in a jewel robbery; another night, he almost had a fist fight at El Morocco through no fault of his own, and on his last trip, the pettiness of his love-making to Mary Kirk, Brighthelm, and George Haley, cracked Page 1. Of all the people who have appeared in pictures, he is the most colorful visitor to the bright light sector.

Burns and Allen, when they are in New York, spend most of their time with a little clique composed of the Jack Benny, Jack Pearl, and Benny Fields and Blossom Scully. Nat Burns, or George Burns as he is known to radio and picture fans, is probably the funniest of all the comics off-stage. Sitting in the Jack Benny apartment, with his own crowd around him, he puts on a one-man show that is the most hilarious of evenings. Gracie Allen, who is the nitwit of the team in pictures, is very quiet and reserved in these gatherings. Ben

Is your hair **ALLURING** in a "CLOSE-UP"?

Don't let dry, wispy hair or oily, stringy hair offend him. For your hair's beauty, choose the right shampoo

**FOR DRY HAIR**

Don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive and other fine oils. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

**FOR OILY HAIR**

If your hair is too oily, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent and tends to tighten up your scalp's relaxed, over-active oil glands.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S

**OLIVE OIL**

**FOR DRY hair**

**PINE TAR**

**FOR OILY hair**

[Continued on page 61]
Puzzle Pictures

Can You Solve These Mysterious Pictures?

EVERY picture represents the name of some player on the screen. The actors often put on make-up and thus disguise themselves, and here, instead of the actors, we have their names masquerading as this and that. If you recognize them all, you are entitled to call yourself pretty darn smart. If you are not functioning this morning, turn to page 71 and there you will find the answers—and very much simpler, too.
Lyons and Bebe Daniels, on Broadway, prefer the Central Park Casino and the El Morocco. Twice they visited the Casino de Paree, and twice, by and odd coincidence, Ben was dosed by gingerale from the balcony above.

Edward G. Robinson, on Broadway, can be found night after night at the theatre. In the daytime, he is generally in the art galleries. Paul Muni's instincts are just as intellectual. George O'Brien can be found every afternoon at the New York Athletic Club swimming, playing handball or boxing. Barbara Stanwyck spends most of her time in New York hunting out poor families, for Miss Stanwyck and her husband, Frank Fay, are intensely sympathetic and charitable. Just how many of New York's poor children these two support I don't know but the number is considerable. Raquel Torres, Renee Torres and the mad-cap Fifi D'Orsay used to bring plenty of excitement to Broadway when they were all single-o. but they have become very quiet and dignified since Raquel married Steve Ames and Fifi married her doctor. They were more fun when they used to stop at the Warwick. Al Jolson can be found every night in Dinty Moore's, telling track stories when he is on Broadway, and Ruby Keeler spends most of her time with her mother and little sister in Jackson Heights. Ruby rarely visits the night club belt. Alice Faye, when she is in town, will either be found in Rudy Valee's company or with Judge Hymie Bushel, Rudy's lawyer, who once served as the escort for Fay Webb, Franchot Tone, arriving on Broadway, goes directly to whatever theatre his old pals of the Group Theatre, the Theatre Guild affiliate are occupying. The night he brought his family on from upstate New York to meet Joan Crawford. Franchot selected the conservative Central Park Casino for the get-together part, not knowing that Joan and Young Doug Fairbanks used to frequent it in the earlier days of their marriage.

Bert Wheeler, who rose from vaudeville to musical comedy and then to pictures, hasn't changed a bit since his fine old days of success. The half-pint comedian, when he reaches town, makes a bee-line for his old vaudeville sidekick, Harry Jans, and together they visit every hot-spot in New York. On occasion, Bert will get up on a night club floor and recite, in falsetto key, the classic monologue about the "Little Mouse" that betrayed the generosity of a cat. Ricardo Cortez and his pretty wife like to go night-dumbling and, on their last trip here, they sat with us at the Cotton Club opening.

Clark Gable, on his last visit to town, needed police guards on every public appearance, horrified women almost disrobing him whenever he appeared in the streets. Harold Lloyd is infrequently recognized, even by his most rabid fans, because he doesn't wear his glasses off the screen. I met him regularly in Leone's famous Italian restaurant on West 48th street, eating spaghetti the likes of which you've never tasted before. W. C. Fields is another steady customer here. Janet Gaynor, recently, was at El Morocco with blonde Gene Raymond.

The most curious experience I've ever had with a moving picture star was at the New York Athletic Club. I had played a week at the Paramount Theatre, and Gary Cooper was to follow me in on Friday. During the week, I met Cooper, and when he complained of being run-down, I suggested that he go to the New York A. C. as my guest while he was in town and get himself in shape.

Unfortunately, he preferred to go there in the morning, and as I sleep until the
helena rubinstein's new lipstick creation "TERRA COTTA"

Most lipsticks impair your lips' greatest charm—lustre. They either paint or stain—with an ugly purplish undertone. It has remained for the world's foremost cosmetic scientist to actually solve this problem—her thrilling new ingredient that promotes and protects your natural lip moisture. It glorifies your lips' appeal.

Now, in Terra Cotta, she creates a new shade to give glamour and mystery—yet to do it subtly! To please him who is opinionated about your lipstick. For it allows you to seem most decorous and yet be daringly alluring.

A million women marvel at the brilliant change Helena Rubinstein's lipsticks have made in their loveliness. Red Geranium, Red Poppy, Red Raspberry, Red Coral and "Evening" are the shades they love: $0.50, 1.00, 1.25. And now a million more will want the new Terra Cotta—as well... Rouge that whispers of vibrant youth. In shades to harmonize with the lipsticks: 1.00.

Witchery for Your Eyes
Glamorous Persian Mascara—will not smart your eyes, nor easily smudge. Black, Brown, and the new Blue and Blue-Green. 1.00... Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00.

LIMITED OFFER!
Special Set of Pasteurized Face Cream and Beauty Grains "First Steps To Beauty". 1.00
Do you want a glorious complexion—clear, radiant—young? A complexion that makes your cosmetics doubly alluring? Then here is Helena Rubinstein's priceless beauty secret—a secret which has amazed and thrilled the women of three continents. Her two magic preparations for skin loveliness—in a combination package—specially priced.

Pasteurized Face Cream will cleanse, freshen, soften and protect. Swaysays away lines and wrinkles—quickly. Actually transforms your skin...Beauty Grains—a stimulating complexion wash used with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Nothing in the world like it! To remove blackheads and whiteheads—ripe pustules—speed skin renewal—soften texture—normalize oil glands. Ask for "First Steps To Beauty". 1.00 complete.

MAIL SERVICE... If there is no Helena Rubinstein dealer in your community, order by mail. Consultation by mail is also welcome.

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THE GAY NIGHT SPOTS

"Yes," said Lil, "I was right at the pearly gates, when they reminded me of my pearls, so I came back. But Lil never came back to the Mayfair.

Mayfair has always been the place in Hollywood to introduce new fads and new romances. In 1927 the red carnation vogue no men started there one night when William Powell and Adolphe Menjou defied the trusy white, and appeared with a red carnation in their buttonholes. That same year Joan Crawford started the fad of appearing in public without make-up. While the bells of Hollywood were lounging around the Mayfair, the door opened, and the dirt Joan entered, washed her face with soap and water, while the ladies gasped, and made headlines in the newspapers the next day. Pola Negri appeared at the Mayfair one night wearing bracelets of orchids, and immediately a rage for orchid collars swept over the town. The London made special prayers to Saint Poda. This year's fad, white coque feather gloves, was initiated at the January Mayfair by Carole Lombard, and well launched at the next one by Marlene Dietrich and Constance Collier.

A romance isn't considered a real romance by the elite of Hollywood until the young man takes his sweetheart, or vice versa, to the Mayfair. The biggest surprise Mayfair ever got was several years ago when Ira Marcon, the school boy, suddenly appeared at the Biltmore with Norma Shearer. Irving had been beating Connie Talmadge for months, and no one had the slightest idea that he was interested in Norma, but that night cinched it all right. The Carole Lombard-Bill Powell romance was sort of announced at the Mayfair one night, when Carole, completely oblivious to the booker-owners, kissed Bill on the tip of his ear at the end of one of those dreamy waltzes. Then Hollywood knew that the Mobile Miss was in love. Ira Marcon was on his way to the altar. And it was at the Mayfair in 1931 that the glasnost movement started. (Shearer was in town (up to that moment had told everyone that she and the Marquis were still terribly in love) appeared with a great hulk of a fellow who was the powerhouse of the Mayfair and they sat down at the table next to Connie Bennett who was making her first public appearance with the Marquis. My, my, what whispering and ogling went on that night!"

Next to that I guess the biggest excitement there ever was at the Mayfair was the night that Vincent Bennett, Hollywood's producer, arrived as himself as a waiter at Winifie Sheehan's request, and informed Lupe Velez that she was eating her salad with the wrong fork and then pleaded to throw olive pits on the floor and didn't she have a rug at home. What Lupe did to her! And then there was the night that movie parasites caught Connie putting on her makeup, and what she said to them was grand entertainment if you aren't too particular. And a few months later, Gable made that famous quip: "Have you seen Jean Harlow's new gown?..." "No, what does it look like?" "Well, in most places, it looks like Jean."

Well, now I know you've had enough of the Mayfair (you haven't)? How sweet of you, and we'll just remove our lovely figures to the opposite end of the street, where is Hollywood's oldest and soundest institution, and was established long before my time. When I first came to Hollywood the Grove was going in for "nightzs. Thursday night was "Star night." Friday night was "College night." And Saturday night was "Anything Goes night." My first star night at the Grove, soon after I arrived, was Carole Lombard Night. She didn't show up. The manager must have suspected that she wouldn't show, but just to get even, he had all the dolls (which were supposed to resemble Carole) look like something weird from another world. But Joan Crawford, and Marjorie Rambeau, and various others were on that night and I was treated to one of the best acts I've seen since the Palace closed. Joan was getting dressed, at that time, the gardenia craze and she would dance (she's a beautiful dancer) ecstatically in Ric's arms with a gardenia clutched between her teeth. This went on after night after night for many months—until Franchot Tone came out of the East—and always the most entertaining part of the act to me was when young Doug (about ten-thups, would rise, kiss Joan's hand in the English manner, click his heels at Mr. Cortez, and vanish off the platform.

It is always an event when Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians return to the Grove, and the event becomes an "opening night." Recently, they brought out Dolores Del Rio and Cerdic Gibbons, Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, Pat O'Brien and the Missus, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Joan Brown and Brown, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, and a flock of the younger set. The Coconunt Grove may not have the glamour that the Biltmore has of the night spots, but it keeps going merrily and sedately along through the years and has never lost prestige. Oh, yes, I mustn't forget to mention that Bing Crosby got his start here.

The Biltmore Bowl is another old standby. In the good old days, at least three years ago, everybody tried to crowd into
the Biltmore Bowl, but Hollywood got lazier and lazier, and now the Bowl is con-
sidered "way down town in Los Angeles," and it's much simpler to go to the Troca-
den, a new, and if it lacks in movie stars it makes up for it in the younger gen-
eration, which jams the place night after night. It was at the Biltmore Bowl that the younger generation, a few months ago, discovered Pinkie Tomlin, the Oklahoma boy, who was being given a break by Jim-
mie Grier and his orchestra. Pinkie would sell his songs, "The Object of My Affections" unless Jimmie gave him a chance to sing it too. Well, the country boy made good, became the rage of the younger set, and the next thing he knew he had a Metro contract. Most of the big dinner dances, like the Academy Awards, the Warners' Ball, the Marion Davies Benefit Ball, etc., are nearly all held here, and on big nights like these the stars simply pour in by the dozens. It was at the Biltmore Bowl, just a few nights ago, that Claudette Colbert received a gold statue from the Academy and began to cry. And it was at the Biltmore Bowl, the night of the big earthquake, that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres fell in love at first sight.

How's about a nightcap at the Clover Club, before we call it an article and go to bed? The Clover Club is Hollywood's second most popular night club. It was first for a long time until the Troc began getting most of the stars. Frankie Masters' band from Chicago is playing at the Clover now, and has a cute bottle trick that's worth coming miles to see. And George Lamaitre's cuisine is famous. George in-
troduced the cherry jubilee and the straw-
berry romanoff to Hollywood and you've never tasted anything so delicious. Um-
Um!

The cherries and the strawberries are cooked in a chafing dish in a mixture of brandy and cointreau, and poured over a bowl of ice cream—and it's a dream! The other night I was there with Joan Blondell and George Barnes and Glenda Farrell and the William Gargans and we all stuffed cherry jubilees until we couldn't hardly walk. Several months ago the Clover Club fea-
tured Eddie Adams, who is beautiful and single like nobody's business, and Endor and Farrell, international song favorites, and the place was bursting outs its seams with celebrities every night. Marlene Dietrich, with Felix Roldo or Rouben Mamoulian, dropped in almost every night to hear En-
dor and Farrell sing "Everything's been done before, but not by you and not by me."

It was at the Clover Club, a few months ago, that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster made their last public appearance together. And it was here that Carole Lombard walked out when Jean Harlow and Bill Powell walked in. Well, I'm off to bed with a gay little ice pack and I do hope I look as cute as myra Loy did with hers in "The Thin Man."

**Bill Powell's Tricky New House**

WHEN Bill Powell moved into his new home recently there were more floral tributes than the average star could command at a wedding or a funeral. Carole Lombard sent a huge horse shoe (a gag, Elmer) with "Good Luck" on it, and the first Mrs. Powell sent lilies or something.

Bill's house has more gadgets than you could think up in a million years, Bill has always been an authority on beds (no wisecracks, Mrs. Pettibone, if you please) and he has them all over his house, so fixed that you won't see them unless Mr. Powell suddenly decides he wants to lie
down and press a button. Voila a bed.

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### Healthy mouths now come in packages labelled Dentyne

![Dentyne Chewing Gum Ad](image)

**A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them...**

**Dentyne is an Aid to Mouth Health**

The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs — the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

**And a Delicious Gum, Too — Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum... At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different... thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket... an exclusive feature for many years.**
The Winning Mr. Tone [Continued from page 23]

About your married to the Marquee Contest? Then that makes you a Marquess-er, and you're getting right in Connie Bennett's class. Turn to page 14 and write a slogan. Prices total more than $50 each in value.
Jack Oakie Goes Back To Nature

(Continued from page 26)

together and get a kick out of it so I say to myself, why upset the applecart with an outsider.

"A wife might want me to give up my sweat shirts. They're my romantic barometer; if a girl scorns them I know she can't love me." Peggy Hopkins Joyce, a grand girl, too, got me out of my sweat shirts and had me running around in my tux every night.

"Here's a story. Joan Crawford and I were once in a musical show, 'Innocent Eyes,' on the stage. We had a special number called, 'Organdy Days,' where we were all dressed up, me in tails and everything. Well, one night about a year ago, I was backstage at the Swanky premiere at the Chinese Theatre, and as I stood talking to Bob Montgomery and some others, in the foyer, someone nudged me and said, 'I haven't seen you look like that since 'Organdy Days,' and there was Joan laughing at me."

Jack is Hollywood's popular guest, welcomed everywhere, from a gathering of "grips," at Pomeaire Tomlyn's, to a reception for royalty at Pickfair. Not only does he take the girls home to meet his mother but he always makes a hit with their parents. There's the case of the Wings...

When Jack first met Toby Wing he asked her to the Coconut Grove to dance. Her family being very strict she told him he would have to call first and meet them. So, that night, knowing he was on the spot, he rang the Wing doorbell. Half an hour later he dashed out the driveway and soon returned bringing his sister, who was visiting here from New York, to meet the Wings. The family party proved so merry that Toby and Jack forgot all about their dancing date.

He says it's the three H's for him: that he keeps his head, his heart and his health. So, he's always happy.

The grin was still on Jack's face when I left him. So was the beard, but he insisted I tell it goodbye, for the sacrificial rites were drawing near and I would never see it again-except when I view "The Call of the Wild."

Test for Lovers

(Continued from page 27)

Here's news! REAL NEWS!...

... more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable, more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing "accidents!"

It is the new "Certain-Safe" Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and exclusive with Modess. It is the combination of all three features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection! Just do this. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't risk a penny... see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. See and feel the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

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Here's a challenge! We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it! Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!
Cary Grant picks most kissable lips in interesting test!

Famous startles why Tangee lips appealed most to him

- "I see too much grease paint on the lot," said Cary Grant emphatically. "Away from the studio I want a girl to look feminine. She can't do it if her lips are caked with paint."

Tangee lips are never "caked with paint." Because Tangee isn't paint. It is the one lipstick in the world with the Tangee magic color-change principle — one lipstick that on your lips changes to your own most becoming shade of blush rose. It costs just 39 cents and $1.10. And if you'd like to try all the Tangee products, send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

The Trouper (Continued from page 33)

[Continued from page 33]

who does the magazine covers. Like the rest of the trouper, he leads a simple life. He doesn't dance, but attends the prize fights and plays tennis zealously.

Although they don't often achieve first billing, troupeurs as a rule get a pretty good top pay. Anne Shirley has been on the screen fourteen years, playing hundreds of roles. Yet, when she was featured in "Anne of Green Gables" she received a lower salary than either of her supporting players, O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley.

Several thousand feet of "Murder on a Honeyymoon," with Jimmy Gleason and Edna May Oliver, had been shot before Director Lloyd Corrigan realized all was not well. On the spur of the moment, he decided that the needed quantity in the production was the ever-dependable Chic Chandler. A call went out for the actor and the sun had set the cameras were grinding out scenes in which Chandler appeared.

Just to be needed so badly for a part is proof of this player's ability, yet Chic denies that he has any talent. He says he can't hope to follow in the footsteps of his famous uncle, Howard Chandler Christy, who founded the Boston Symphony orchestra, his grandfather who founded the College of Music at Syracuse University, his grandmother, the first woman to hold a music directorship in the world of 'Troupers' and 'Who,' and his father who founded the New York State Constabulary! Where—Chic certainly has been up on top now and then we find a feature player and "Builder-Upper" all in one. Jimmy Gleason is an example. He has been head man in Rackets, Beanies, which began with "Penguin Pool Murder," progressed to "Murder on the Blackboard" and with end goodness knows where! Thelma Todd has been starred time and again in comedies, yet she is used to add fire or what have you to otherwise drab productions. She has "built up" everything from Harold Lloyd's "Creations!" to one of the Marx Brothers' creations!

Instances in which these trouper gain stardom are rare; but once in a while such things do happen and it is always most successful in this capacity that for years no one recognized her potentialities as a star. Marie Dressler built up one picture—"Anna Christie."

Occasionally a star loses footing and ends as an Old Reliable. "Reginald Denny starred for years. Today he is a top-notch "Builder-Upper." The name applies to Adolphe Menjou, whose name often carries a picture, and many others.

Perhaps you think it's all hooey when a free-lance knight of the celluloid announces that he does not desire stardom. Knowing Hollywood as I do, I'm inclined to take such statements seriously. The average career of a star is estimated at five years. A "trouper" may go on forever. A star gets big money while working, but it's hard to find two of them. They often have months between pictures under contracts which stipulate they shall be paid a flat sum per film and nothing between time. A "trouper" can almost always find work and is often doubling on two pictures at once.

The star has the responsibility of making a good picture. The "Regular" need not worry, so long as he personally turns in a good performance.

You may take your stars. Give me my "Trouper." To me, they are the folks who make the movies!

Introducing Pinky Tomlin (Continued from page 30)

But before Pinky had finished his song, he was hired . . . at $50 a week, to sing his song every night.

Immediately, Pinky became a success, a howling sensation. The Bowl was packed, jammed, all come to hear "that funny guy" sing about the object of his affection.

While with Grier, the Paramount Theatre offered Pinky a week's engagement at the same $50 a week, to have a spotlight. So the theatre gave him a spotlight.

"If I stay a second week, you'll have to double my house manager. And every week thereafter to double the pay of the preceding week."

Which was all well and good, insofar as the theatre was concerned. They planned to keep him only a single week, anyway, and they didn't mind putting in other salary clauses, which might never be used. But Pinky hit from the very first. Every girl in town, between the ages of eight and eighty, flocked to the theatre, to hear this Pinky. The management kept him a second week, at $50. And a third week, at a effect, at a loss to save him, offered him the stage, held over by popular demand.

During his third week, he signed a contract to make him one of the nation's leading vaudeville acts. He planned to tour the country . . . eighteen weeks at the staggering sum of $1500. The same week, Lucien Hubbard, producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, waited Pinky to visit him in the studio.

He made a resounding splash in his first picture. Why? Nobody knows . . . but he

He is collecting an enormous amount in royalties every month from phonograph
A Voice, a Phonograph and Brains

[Continued from page 56]

on concert tours, which resulted in his being hailed as one of the brilliant artists of American music. It was after a sensational concert success in Los Angeles that the studio officials tested him, then placed him under contract.

The idea was new. He wanted time to study. So he provided over the sound stages and laboratories. He talked to the engineers—in their own language. He sang a song here and there in several pictures—really experimenting. Finally he was ready.

And thus he now dawns upon the screen world in "Naughty Marietta." Tall, blond as a Viking, splendidly built, with poise and real dramatic ability in addition to his fine voice, he has everything, studio workers say, that goes to make a romantic hero.

Jeanette MacDonald, who has appeared with many famous leading men, raves over him. Bigger things are planned.

Eddy takes it modestly. "I'm still learning what it's all about," he insists. "I hope some day I'll know." He welcomes the screen work because more people will hear him sing, if at all.

But the funny part of it all is that Edison's invention has followed him into his new calling. Today he takes his script home, reads it aloud into his phonograph, then, as the scene is reproduced on the record, he speaks his own lines, playing with the other characters as the instrument produces their lines.

"I argue with the phonograph—make love to it—fight with it—according to what the scene is," he laughingly confesses. "In a little while I know my lines—and how to time and say 'em. It's the quickest way to learn a scene in the world!"

And so, just as Edison's invention sent him toward musical fame, today that same mechanical aid is shooting him up the ladder of screen stardom.

Which, after all, is all that could be expected of a phonograph!

---

"Why does my polish always look chipped and faded?"
"Probably, my child, because you are NOT using Glazo—and Glazo's only 25 cents!"

GLAZO OFFERS

3 New Aids to Fingertips

A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE
6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES
2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR
and Now only 25c

Put inferior polish on your fingertips—and watch beauty slip out of your fingers.
Why experiment with carelessly-made nail polish . . . brands that are made to sell, not to last . . . when Glazo costs you only 25 cents?
There's a flattering new lustre about Glazo that lasts 2 to 4 days longer, and doesn't chip, crack, or fade. Day or night, each of Glazo's six lovely shades is timed to the last tick of fashion. An exclusive color chart package tells you your best shades. And Glazo, with its new metal-shafted brush, is lots easier to apply . . . and not a bristle can come loose.

Another thing . . . if you value your nails . . . use Glazo Polish Remover. No acetone . . . and special oils make it non-drying. Only 25 cents, the same as Glazo's better new Cuticle Remover.

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The Smart Manicure

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GS-55
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check shade of polish preferred) . . .
□ Natural □ Shell □ Flame □ Geranium

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record sales of "The Object of My Affection." Every time the song is either played or sung over the radio, he receives three-quarters of a cent. "I spend most of my spare time tuning in on the radio," he tells you, modestly. "Just to see how often I can catch the piece."

As this opus is being composed, Pinky is fulfilling a personal appearance tour in the east. And for not $1800 this time . . . he's getting $500 each week, just for singing a few songs and amusing people with his mannerisms.

Cinderella come to life . . . "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford doing his stuff . . . Pinky is outdoing both these figures of fiction in a manner that would make either, or both, curl up in bitter envy. A few months ago, an unknown leader of a college band . . . now, he has a career before him that already has brought him nationwide popularity and prominence.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood is stirred to its very depths by this man who takes what he wants, who arrived in a decrepit wreck of a car and now, just a few months later, drives a motor that any millionaire would be proud to own? But this town of ours is like that . . . anything may happen . . . and it usually does.

There's Pinky Tomlin to prove this. Good old Pinky. Now, he's writing a scenario, "I Love You . . . I Think."
was there that the Brook family resided during its pleasant sojourn in London. The moral of the story—if you insist upon morals to your stories—is that most of us have the impression that big denomination boys and girls speak the respective doctrines of most of our prominent international screen stars.

"If there is no Mr. Brook, I am marked," a goodly portion of the Wall Street papers would remain as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard after we get through paying our income tax here as well as in England." And I was inclined to believe him after pondering on statistics for a moment or two. "But let's talk about something pleasant," he said with a shrewdly}" saying, having no head or eye for arithmetical figures. In vain I pondered this while living in Dickens' home, steeped as it is in the famous novelist's immortal tradition. Brook should again turn to writing, an avocation which he has never discarded in spite of his success upon the stage and screen. Before the war, Brook was a newspaper man, writing short stories that sold. Recently he has turned to fan articles. "In England," he explained, "the fan magazines have not advanced to the peak they have here. They are still a great deal interested in the sex life of the stars. As I didn't wish to discuss my sex life—I'm happily married, you know, so what's there to talk about?—I just sat down and wrote my own interviews for them. It seemed the simplest way." 

"And deprived some romantic interviewer of a thrill, I wager." It was now Mr. Brook's turn to accuse me of being "nice." I assured him that I meant what I said. For it isn't every day that one meets a celebrated actor who is honestly interested in other things besides his "art." I can hear Mr. Brook say "pitch" at the very use of that word, even though he takes his profession as seriously as it needs to be taken. But it doesn't prevent him from expressing a cultured interest in books, art, music, politics, not overlooking a healthy craving for outdoor sports—with reservations. He admits that he plays a fairly fast game of tennis and can maintain a seat on a horse without emulating the Prince of Wales—but, when it comes to skiing, that's a horse of another color, so to speak.

Mr. Brook smiled grimly as he reminded me of the relative merits of this sport. The children (Faith and Clive Jr.) had recently been taken to a school in Switzerland, you see. "They looked and acted as if they had been born on skis. But I—we, there was a part of my anatomy that got pretty intimately acquainted with the Swiss scenery before I got rid of those blasted skis."

Clive, Jr., he said, had voiced the wish that he would like to become an actor—but not until I was twenty-five. Until then I shall live very discreetly. "Very flattering, the profession, isn't it?" remarked Clive Senior drolly."

"Very," I laughed. Although Mr. Brook has very little to say of the Swiss hillsides, he did pronounce himself greatly in favor of our American girls. (And this needs no apology to his wife, an Englishwoman, so lovely and charming that you can readily see why he refuses to talk about this phase of his personal life for the press—anything so fine as this marriage should not be handled by unknown pens.)

He even went further, and said he could understand the American girl's predilection for that rugged individualist and virtue humain, Clark Gable.

To which I retorted, most graciously, I trust: "Now really, I prefer the more polished sophistication of the English actor—yourself, for example," and disregarding Mr. Brook's flattering bow of thanks, added:

"Donald Colman and Leslie Howard please take note also."

And so, with the score of compliments fairly even, I made my departure without giving him any clear idea of the Englishman or America time for further inquiries. Babe Ruth might disapprove of the game's finish, but every girl knows when she's had the last word.

A Fatalistic Girl In An Optimistic Town

[Continued from page 31]

have a little farm with a cow and some pigs and chickens. Where I am now I must keep the chickens in the living room for warmth." She went on to tell me of her carrier pigeons, of the wild jack rabbit which she has tamed and which lives in a little house of his own on the balcony adjoining her bed room... of her four dogs and the wounded stray which she rescued recently... of the screen checks with which she is trying to live in her chicken house, to the neighbors' indignation. She told me of the garden she plans, and of the vegetables which she will grow, when and if, and she achieves the little farm.

"Hollywood," she said, suddenly, apropos of nothing in particular, is a dreadful place in which to live. It is a magnificent place in which to work! It is not America. I do not know yet anything of your country. This picture city is made up of so many millionaires. There is... what you say... flotsam and jetsam. There are also solid, earnest artists, working very hard... I shall not visit America until I visit your country, your small towns and villages, until I meet your laboring people...

"Are you homesick?" I asked her.

She was wide-eyed again. "What for?" she asked. "I have never had a real home. I want to go again to Europe... soon, if I live, but I'm not sure what goes on in the world here. Nothing is told about pictures, pictures, pictures, films. If it is a party, everyone is invited or someone is not invited. Film itself, film. One must try to get a part, to try to sell a story. There is no conversation. There is no music. There is only the picture, the film. Oh, yes! I want to go again to Europe." I am trying to give you a picture of this penniless actress... this lovely, vital, earthy creature. The girl who keeps chickens in her living room burst into tears when

Ralph Bellamy brought her a spray of orchids one day upon the set. "That they should be so beautiful!" she sobbed. Ralph was that embarrassed! She thrilled as much as an adolescent fan at meeting Gary Cooper, who was to be her leading man in her current picture. She had seen his work upon the screen in Europe. She asked him, shyly, for an autographed photograph and declined to do a love scene with him for the first week. "I do not know him well enough," she protested.

She displays charming, childish reactions to money, upon occasion. One day when she had been subjected to a series of interviews, each lasting half an hour, she was approached by a crisp young woman in smart clothes who wanted only a few moments of her time.

"Please do not go," Anna begged her. "You look so-o-o nice. I want to look at your dress!"

You see, she has doubts of her own ability to wear smart, modern clothes and she has a deep admiration for the women who possess that ability. It will grow, when and if, and she achieves the little farm.

The thing which motivates Anna Sten is not ambition, as Hollywood interprets that word. Rather she is dedicated to the theater as a nun is to her shrine, as a monk to his monasteries. Large weekly salary checks do not impress her. The moment her contract is signed, she works with enthusiasm, and sacrifices for these. She understands plodding and she can also soar. She knows that you cannot soar without a certain amount of plodding.

Success, in Hollywood, does not mean to her hand made lingerie, a Rolls-Royce and a pink stucco palace in Beverly Hills. It means chicken. She will not take any money to give to indigent relatives... and the chance to grow.

Anna Sten doesn't spend much of her time in worrying about the "big experiment." What is to be, will be?
laughed. “For he was the first man I had ever met who was impersonally interested in furthering my professional career.”

Since then she feels she has learned much of life and men. . . .

We talked of Galsworthy, Shaw, Wells and other contemporary English authors. Which brought us of course to where all good interviews eventually arrive—her ambition.

Now, visually, one might expect her to say her ambition is a wardrobe done by Adrian for her new Metro picture, or a June night, the moonlight and you-oo-oo. But no, this perverse Miss Oberon wants to write and act in a picture—if you please! Now I ask you? And damn, as Mr. Howard says in “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” if she hasn’t some very definite opinions in her pretty little noodle.

“No take a scene in a picture,” she explained.

“I’ll take any scene,” I answered frivo-

lously, “but the last one in a clinic” which, at the time, I thought was pretty funny. Without batting her slanting eyelashes, she continued, “The average cinema scene lasts for less than a minute on the screen. There are possibly ten ‘takes,’ that is, ten times the cameras actually grind out the scene. Then probably three of them, the best three, are studied. A clever film editor takes various ‘frames’ or parts from each of these three and builds them into a perfect sequence. And just imagine!—the actress sits back and says: ‘What a great actress am I!’ That’s why I want to do a play in which sustained artistry will prove whether or not I am really the actress I believe I am!”

That from La Oberon, who’s just supposed to look pretty and leave thinking to the rest of us damses, together with working, worrying and wondering.

She wasn’t satisfied with her recent work in England—not in her most recent, “Folies Bergere de Paris,” her first Hollywood film for United Artists, but that may be because she has an insidious inferiority complex, as sincere as it is absurd. She has to be proving, over and over, to herself that she does screen well, that she can act, that she talks in the best microphone tradition.

But hear ye, hear ye, she would give it all up for marriage and children! Yet, even while she says she would gladly forego a career for matrimony, she is also saying that she’d like to do, well, one picture a year. You see it would keep alive belief in herself.

Her regard for Alex Korda, to whom she is under contract, and who collects 90% of her earnings (a considerable test of one’s honest feelings), is profound. She marvels at his ability to be so many things at one time. He not only directs, but handles many business matters in connec-
tion with London Films, and often stops in the middle of production to attend a Board meeting at the financial end of London.

One day, in the very midst of extravagant preparations for a scene in “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” he was summoned to take part in such a conference. He asked Leslie Howard, the star, to direct the scene for him. He did, and Merle says, “It was the best scene in the whole film!” Which pleased Mr. Howard mightily, for he hopes some day to direct.

Hollywood she found a strangely varied adventure—and some of her reactions are, well let us say droll so that we won’t hurt anyone’s feelings.

“The first Saturday evening out there I was invited to the Mayfair Club with an executive and his wife, of both of whom I am sincerely fond. I was delighted to accept. And thinking we would meet the usual night club crowd, imagine my thrill when I walked in to find a panorama of Hollywood stars. There was Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and all the rest. I felt exactly like Alice-in-Wonderland.”

But of all Hollywood she most admires Norma Shearer, “who was so nice to me when I was in California.”

At the moment, because of her contract with Korda, little Miss Oberon is not a big money star, but her tastes are simple.
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. Sent 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 Folton St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE booklet of smart new Movie Star Coiffures.
Name. ____________________________
City. ____________________________
State. ____________________________

How movie stars guard the natural beauty of their hair

and her desires few. She likes to ride, mainly, and rents a simple little home in Beverly Hills. She loves jewelry, loathes hats and women who drink to the point of saturation. And denning engagements.

That's why her name was coupled with a producer recently—she just can't bear to hurt someone's feelings. I imagine she would only shoot in self-defense, and I don't think even then she'd be very quick on the trigger.

Merle has the true Frenchwoman's chic (her mother is French-Dutch) and she was just the least bit annoyed at some stories which told of a fortune spent in grooming her hair for a film that made what "experiments" were made in the line of make-up and costuming were done in her own leisure moments. "But I expected them to say that," she said, smiling shrilly, "and they did!"

Indeed I don't think there are any surprises you might pull out of a high hat for Merle Oberon. She knows her way 'round in this great world of ours, for she's seen it from both sides, and underneath that's a lot of seeing. No surprises and nary a phony answer. She'd get it before you asked the question, she's that smart!

But besides her brains, which are pretty amazing in themselves, and coupled with her beauty is her ability to remain herself. Hollywood has revealed itself, but it has failed to make the lady into a flashy chaise and I don't think there's the slightest chance it will ever.

serve as an detective. After all those years as Philo Vance, clues have become second nature to him. Ah me, all I can see the sunny morning when we will awake on our lonely, windswept homestead, large and mysterious tracks in the sand along the beach. Carole will scream—she always does—and Claudette and Norma will turn pale with fright. Clark will grab their bows and arrows and dash into the woods in search of some wild monster. W. C. will hastily mix himself a mint julep, Bill will calmly light a bit of hay and when it all, will simply glance at the foot-prints, and stifling a yawn, remark, "No, my children, it is not a prehistoric animal. Only Garbo!"

Besides being a talented and detective, Bill will also be our Chief Worrier. There never was such a guy for worrying. He worried for years because he didn't have a Hollywood estate, so he built himself one, so beautiful that it makes Versailles look like a shanty on the wrong side of the tracks, and now Bill is worrying himself to death because he has to move into it. If he needs an assistant worrier on the island I will send Bill along, he's a bit of a pinch, can even worry over whether the ice cream for dinner will be chocolate or maple nut. With those two to worry for us on, how long will the rest of us have more time for gossip.

And that, dear reader, is why I am taking this ad. It may be a bit too late for Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard, for any place you find Jean and Carole and Bill Powell there's bound to be a choice bit of gossip. Of course Carol and Bill are divorced, but there's still a lot of talk. After years in Hollywood, gossip becomes an essential part of the routine and we feel as strange as fish out of water without it. So, take a rain check, in, and don't go too far off everything on Norma's list. Clark, a true sportsman at heart, will arrange turtle races on the island, and if you pretend that we are back at Santa Anita, watching the big handicap and losing our shirts over Happy Helen and Lady Louella. Conried so many a turtle "Rattlesnake" and Clark can name his turtle "Beverly Hills," to remind them of their naps on the Santa Anita racetrack. Yes, Gary and Coop are having a swell time in Africa, and their knowledge of the outdoors will be quite a blessing to our lonely island. (P.S. Keep the powdered sex, but don't think I haven't got it in mind.)

Chiefly, I am taking Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert because I have spent four years trying to keep them away from them, and marry a dull moment. And I always say if you can stand a person for twenty-four hours crossing Kansas, then it's a guy who's going to make it. I won't ever bore you. Both gals have a keen sense of humor and always make the best of a bad job for them. Claudette, believe it or not, is a grand cook. When she was sixteen she spent a summer in a cabin in the Adirondacks with Madame Burani's two small sons, and her brother and his pal. The cook failed to show up, so all summer long Claudette cooked for herself and four boys and wasn't weighed down by it. She can cook anything, whether it comes
out of a can or not, and has that French knack with sauces. So, with Claudette as Chief Cook on our island, we'll probably all look like Kate Smith when the rescuing party arrives.

Carole's a pretty good cook too, and a perfect table setter, so she can be First Maid. Carole, according to Travis Banton, Paramount's famous designer, is the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and knows more about clothes than Webster knows about words, so it will be she who tells us just how many inches from the ground we must wear our grass skirts, and at what angle we should perch our cocoanut berets. In fact Carole will be our dernier cri, and best screamer.

Both Claudette and Norma are handy with needles, so, just as soon as Clark Gable can fashion up a few out of swordfish swords, the girls can make us clothesnouseau or trous-sous-and-so, as required.

I really think it would be a good idea to make Clark official spanker, in charge of discipline, as he seemed to have a pretty good experience spanking Claudette in "It Happened One Night" and Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others."

W. C. Fields I am taking because he is a juggler. You know the poem: "A juggler of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me singing in the wilderness," and W. C. is my favorite of all comedians. He's quiet, does most of his comedy in pantomime, and never stoops to a pun or a wisecrack. W. C. can juggle the long winter evenings away with seashells, coconuts, and natives. Of course he will disappear for days and nights at a time and we will naturally suspect Garbo and leave off gossiping about Jean. Carole and Bill for a time, but eventually he will always turn up with his nose more radiant and bulbous than ever and announces in the well known Fields' twang, "Ah, there, my little chickadees, with my little bowie knife I have fought my way through walls of flesh, dragging my canoe behind me just to bring you these herbs, my little petunias, seeds. A bit of brewing, my little buttercups, and we'll have beer.

Well, well, it will all be a lot of fun, but doubtless we'll be glad to see Hollywood and civiliz." What? I forgot somebody? Oh, yes, Connie Bennett. Why did I take Connie Bennett? Well now, let me think. Now I remember! I am taking Connie to do the dishes. She probably never has yet, and it's time she began.

Lips that Challenge love

MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH LIPS

This astonishing new lipstick gives ardent color...and ends "LIPSTICK PARCHING."

The most delicate skin of your face is on your lips...Yet so many lipsticks don't seem to know that...they parch and dry lips and make them look crinkly and rough. Such lips can never look inviting — no matter how much color you pack on them.

Coty has discovered the way to give your lips exciting, truly indelible color...without any parching penalties. Coty's new "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is an amazing little magician. It actually smooths and softens lips. It gives them that warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because Coty Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobroma" — a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment! If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning — notice how soft your lips feel...how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick — for just 50¢ — in five ardent, indelible colors — at drug and department stores.

NEW — Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, in harmonizing, indelible colors, 50 cents.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wednesday, 10:30 P.M., EST, NBC Red Network.

The Answers to the Puzzles on Page 60
1. Garbo
2. Clark Gable
3. Joan Blondell
4. Ronald Colman
5. Wallace Beery
6. Grace Moore
7. W. C. Fields
8. Jackie Cooper
9. Joe E. Brown
**MISSISSIPPI**

**Booth Tarkington**'s story about the boy from Philadelphia who was considered a coward in the Old South, because he wouldn't fight a duel, and who later, by a word and a single act, made the reputation of being a killer, is told here with a musical setting which is quite pleasing, though a bit dull at times.

Bing Crosby, of course, is the boy who would rather woo his women with songs than with pistols, and the inimitable W. C. Fields is the swindler, a true vaudevillian, who exploits him as a killer. Bing sings three Rodgers and Hart's song numbers, which you'll be humming all summer. "Soon," "Easy to Remember, Hard to Forget," and "Down by the River," and the ladies will swoon with pleasure as usual.

Joan Bennett, who gets more beautiful in each picture, is the little southern heroine who tells Bing she loves him when he is thrown over by her sister. Gail Patrick, who is a pushover for duelling gentlemen. This casts a little bit of the hands of W. C. Fields, of course, and as the ever-bragging, ever-drinking steamboat captain he is superb.

There is an Indian gag and a mix-up gag that are worth the price of admission, not to mention the time Mr. Fields sits down to a little game of poker and finds five aces in his hand. It's fun for the whole family.

**McFadden's Flats**

**Rating:** 62—*Gown Bit and Garbage*—

**Paramount**

This is one of these homey pictures that makes you roll with laughter, if you aren't too sophisticated. You probably saw the silent version of it, as it played around for years. This time that grand stage actor from Broadway, Walter C. Kelly, plays the lovable Irishman, McFadden. But it is really Andy Clyde who walks away with the picture. McTavish is the best role Andy has had yet and he gives it everything.

Jane Darwell as Mrs. McFadden, and Betty Furness, as her daughter, turns in a first rate performance. Dick Cromwell is given a "bit," which is a pity — and after the picture he had in "Little Girl of a Bengal Lancer." There are plenty of laughs, and a lot of new gags, and if you're the folksy type you'll go nuts about this one.

**THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN**

**Rating:** 45—*Divino Espino—

**Paramount**

The new Dietrich picture is going to be a big hit to take if you are over twenty-one and in your right mind. A tabid fan of the exotic Marlene's ever since "Blue Angel," I found myself squirming in my seat during the preview, and when Marlene started squirming on the screen a la Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" it was all too, too terrible.

Well, anyway, Dietrich is still the most beautiful woman on the screen today. When she disports herself with a Joan Crawford mouth make-up. Shame on you Marlene.

The story of the Continent and is about a devilish Marlene who toys heartlessly with the lives of men. The locale is Spain, and the gent who gets tosed with is Lionel Atwill, and he does suffer. His life ruined by the terrific vampire, Spain, Mr. Atwill endeavors to keep young Cecar Romero from falling under her sway, but youth will have his way and Mr. Romero also succumbed.

Like Iris March, we are never let off anything when Mr. Von Sternberg makes a picture, so we have to sit through reels and reels of carnival stuff that does not mean a thing, and we are practically worn out before Marlene starts ruining Mr. Atwill's lot. Let's hope he too will save himself, with Mr. Von Sternberg (or shall we?). His photography is breathlessly beautiful at times and the music is magnificent. Edward Everett Horton and Clifton Skipworth, as well as Mr. Alvarado are excellent in bits. Mr. Von Sternberg can now leave on the walking tour he has been talking about.

**TRANSIENT LADY**

**Rating:** 50—*Small Town Stuff—*Universal

Those city gals with their silk clothes and fine manners certainly cause a lot of trouble when they visit small towns. Even when they are good and virtuous girls, like Frances Drake in this picture.

Frances and her two partners are a skating team who go around the country promoting skating carnivals. It's well until they hit a certain little southern town, down Alabama way. One of her partners shoots in self-defense, and the town's hero, Don, who is also the brother of the leading politician, and skips, leaving Frances and Clark Williams to take the blame. And you know those hot-headed southerners of story-book fame, they just gotta have a lynching.

Henry Hull plays the porful politician and looks and acts like something dug up below de war. Raymond Hatton plays the young lawyer, who brings law and order into southern chaos, and wins the lovely Frances, after June Clayworth, his fiancée, has done the noble thing.

It's an Octave Roy Cohen story, and it isn't a very good story, but there are amusing interludes of colored comedy which are swell. P. S. Maybe I was a little hard on Henry Hull. I just saw Huey Long in a newscast.

**TIMES SQUARE LADY**

**Rating:** 65—*Meet Pinkie Tomlin—*Metro

Here's a fair to middling racketeer yarn which serves mostly to push Robert Taylor up another notch on the ladder fame. Under Ray Enright's direction, Pinkie goes Mr. Pinkie Tomlin, the Texas cowboy who wrote "The Object of My Affection."

Pinkie, they tell me, became such a hit with the younger set down at the Biltmore Bowl, in Los Angeles, that kind old Mr. Metro thought it would be a good idea to put him in pictures. sophisticate that I am, I didn't fall for Pinkie in his first picture, but there were those out at the preview theatre in Westwood who were falling so hard I thought it was another earthquake, so I could be wrong.

Anyway, I do agree with Mr. Metro that Robert Taylor is an up and coming young man, and certainly should be a star before 1935 dies on us.

The story's about Virginia Bruce, quite, quite good as the heroine who likes to get her way. She is the daughter of a gambler father a chain of rackets which represent big dough. Of course all the racketeers are in cahoots to cheat her out of her inheritance, and they see Robert Taylor on her, as he has a way with women. But Robert falls in love with Virginia, who turns out to be a pretty smart girl and a chip off the old block, so he goes straight, and that brings on a lot of shooting and one of those thrilling chase scenes. 

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Anne Shirley supported by a distinguished cast, including Etienne Girardot, Elizabeth Patterson and O. P. Heggie in "Chasing Yesterday."

working on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" today," Bernie tells me, "but we can go over anyhow if you like."

"No," I answer positively. "I want to see Cagney's 'Bottom' so we'll let that go until next month. See you in church. So long."

Shaking the dust of the Warner lot from my Ford tires, I start for—

**R-K-O**

**THE** lot is busier this trip than I've seen it in months. First there's Anne Shirley in "Chasing Yesterday" (originally this was called "Sylvestre Bonnard"). She's the girl who wrenched your heart strings in "Anne of Green Gables." I can hardly wait to see this next picture of hers and no sooner will this one be finished than she goes to work in "Freckles."

At the moment, Anne, who is about seventeen, and Muzzy Marcelino, guitar player and soloist with Ted Fio Rita's orchestra, are all wrapped up in each other. Jackie Coogan tried to give Anne a fling but he couldn't make the grade. Muzzy is a nice boy and Anne, just now, is my favorite ingenue, so Cupid Mook is all smiles.

I don't know what period this is but Elizabeth Patterson looks quite formidable in a red polka dot dress of the mode of 1900.

And the room! At one side is a small platform with a little table on it and on the table an old, old phonograph with one of those huge horns they used to have. Opposite is a fireplace and in front of the fireplace is a huge base-burner stove with a large screen around it. In a corner is a beautiful Bohemian glass vase with some marigolds in it.

O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley were also both in "Anne of Green Gables" and I only hope this picture turns out as well.

Next on the list is "The Informer." This, ladies and gents, is a story which has for its background the Irish revolution and which presents Victor McLaglen in the title role—"A hulk of a man of prodigious strength and little intelligence"—to quote from the scenario.

In order to secure money to spend on his sweetheart, Katie Fox (Margot Grahame) he informs the police of the whereabouts of his pal (Wally Ford). Wally is cornered and killed and Vic gets the twenty pounds reward. He promptly gets soured to the gilt. Then he goes looking for Katie.

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**SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE**
“I wonder!”

Katharine Hepburn’s new play, in which she is supported by Charles Boyer, is called “Break of Hearts.” No one may visit the set when the clever Katie is at work.

The set is a street scene in Dublin. It rather resembles a blind alley. There is an old, old house on one side. On the other is a store with a sign, "John Murtagh & Son," above it. The windows are brilliantly lighted. McGlennon is leaning against the window with an air of generality, and a little drink, leaning drunkenly against a lamp-post. The fog is so thick you could cut it with a knife. Suddenly Vic hunches away from the window. "Where is he, Neil?" he says to Neil, "I’m going to find Katie."

"An’ I’m the man can show her to ye," Nell replies, grabbing Vic by the arm and starting off down the street with him.

But Terry (Vic) is in for a lot of grief that costs him his life in the long run.

Preston Foster is also in this but neither he nor Wally are working today so there’s no fun here, as far as I’m concerned.

"The way they reproduce a fog always gets me," I remark to Ruth Penny who is showing me around the lot. "I hate to leave a set like this."

"That fog," Ruth retorts, "has caused more trouble than anything we’ve had on the lot in months. It seeped through on to the next stage where Hepburn is working, and there wasn’t supposed to be any fog in her picture, so it held up production for hours."

All I catch is the word "Hepburn." "It’s all right," Ruth laughs, noting my alarmed look. "Her set is closed as usual so you won’t have to see her.

I breathe a sigh of relief. Just as we come out of the stage I almost bump into Katie. She’s dashing off to somewhere and is she a sight! Ditty slacks, no make-up, hair flying in all directions. Them as likes her can have her as far as I’m concerned. Her picture is called "Break of Hearts"—if you care.

"Star of Midnight" starring William Powell and Ginger Rogers is on location so I can't tell you about that.

They are, apparently, going in for atmosphere this month on the R.K.O lot because in the next picture, "The Village Tale," we find a small town. The set is the interior of a village church, with the lights dark, and, as we are waiting, we hear a revival meeting. On the pulpit is a small pipe organ, etc. It would seem that Danny Stevenson (Robert Barrat) is jealous of Maugher Somervill’s (Randolph Scott) position as leading citizen of the town. So he incites his stupid brother, Elmer Stevenson (Arthur Hohl) to a rage when he tells him Elmer’s wife (Kay Johnson) and Randy are carrying on an affair.

Mr. Hohl, in a fine frenzy, trudges through the rain to the church. Arriving there, he finds all the religious elements of the town in their pews (and other people’s), while the organist wheezes out, "It’s the Old Time Religion." In the midst of the hymn, the door is flung open and Arthur staggered up the aisle.

Naturally, people turn to look as he passes. Randy happens to glance up at the altar (John Hays) and sees a frightened look on his face. John is looking straight ahead. Randy turns and there is Elmer (or Arthur, whichever you prefer. I like "Elmer").

Suddenly Elmer stops short and begins shouting: "Janet! (Kay Johnson.) Janet! I want you to come down."

Janet is the organist.

"Brother Stevenson," Rev. Hymns protests mildly, "will you please sit down?"

"No!" Elmer yells, "I think I want to stand in a place built by Sommerville money, Janet! Come down!"

"Cut!" says the director.

As I told you—the inside of the church is the real thing but the outside—is it? It’s nothing but unpainted beaver board and exposed studs and joists. This set is so boxed in you can’t get inside at all, so I can’t get to Randy to tell him how swell he is in "Roberta," and Kay Johnson is even more inaccessible so we rummage on over to another stage.

And what, my little men and women, do you suppose we find here? "Strangers All," no less, which the producers fondly hope will turn out to be another "Three Cornered Moon" and I’m hoping right along with them for there was a picture. You remember those merry, mad Rimpel¬gars?

May Robson is the mother of a brood of four. The oldest, Preston Foster (ab there you are, Preston!) is the main support of the family. William Bawell wants to be an actor again, just as he was in "Three Cornered Moon." James Bush, the youngest, has got in with a bunch of communists. And the daughter, Floraene McKinney—well, she’s quite a dish. None of them wants to work because it’s easier to sponge off Preston, who runs a haber-
deshery store. In fact, they keep Preston in such hot water financially that he keeps having to postpone his marriage to Susanne Kaaren (who is also quite a dish).

Billy has just whielded his mother out of a thousand berries she's salted away when Jimmy rushes in, followed by a couple of blue-coats who arrest him for inciting a riot. This is tough enough, but the family is in a huddle, Master Bawell disappears. A little later he comes in with his hat, coat, no gloves, and his bags packed. He's bound for Hollywood.

"You're not going to run away when we're in trouble," May exclaims, astounded at such perfidy.

"It's none of my doing," Billy returns, feeling very, very sorry, indeed, for himself.

"Here I am, on my way to success," he goes on angrily, "and something like this has to happen! Once I get to Hollywood I won't even let on like I have a family."

Madame R begins to swell up with indignation, but while she is racking her vocabulary for words with which to castigate young Billy, Preston rushes across the room and grabs Billy by the neck.

"You dirty little squirt," he says furiously. "I'll—" He draws back his hand to strike him.

"Murray!" May cries and Pres lets go. Then she turns to Billy. "After all Murray's done for us, you'd let him lose his store so you can go to Hollywood. You'd run out on him, you'd run out on Lewis (Jimmy Bush) because he's in trouble. Yes, and you'd even run out on me because you're afraid of a reputation you haven't got. I thought I was being good to you."

She goes on with gathering momentum. "I let you go your own way—I even tried to believe I couldn't tell you anything because I thought you were a genius. I wanted to be the proud mother of a great actor. I wanted to be able to tell the world the famous Richard Carter was my son. Instead, I'm the mother of a nasty, selfish little coward!"

We used to kiddingly call Billy, "Wonder Eyes" because he looks perpetually amazed but he's out-doing himself now. He's never seen his mother like this. His orbs are fairly popping out of his head.

"Give me that thousand dollars." May orders.

"But, mom," he protests.

"Give me—that—thousand—dollars," she repeats in a louder voice.

Quite terrified, Billy hastily reaches for the small money bag inside his shirt. May snatches it out of his hand and turns to Preston, thrusting the money on him.

"Here! This will take care of you. We'll scrape another two hundred together by tomorrow morning and pay off your note."

"But what about Lewis?" Preston protests. "You may need some money for him."

"You take care of yourself," May retorts brusquely, "and I'll take care of Lewis—somehow—some way."

I sit there for a moment or two after the scene is finished. I can't help feeling sad for the lad. The object of my investigation—how many more mothers—and fathers—there are in this country fondly kidding themselves their children are geniuses when in reality they are nothing but upstart four-flushers. And I wonder how those parents feel when they are brought face to face with reality.

I wish I could notice Preston. There is a funny look on his face. "What's the matter?" I ask.

"When I grabbed Billy just now I must have thrown my thumb out of joint. It feels like a knife is sticking in it," he answers. But he went on and finished the scene as usual, only the thumb was the same. They call a doctor and put the thumb back in place and pontificate it to take the soreness out.

"Well, there are still three left," Preston grins, kidding in spite of his pain.

---

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I know what Preston is talking about. Once I gave him a medal for foolish Fox into giving him a contract. And when he left Fox and went to M-G-M I sent him a wire: "First Warners, then Fox and now M-G-M stop. Well, there are Paramount, Universal and R-K-O left and with any luck at all they should keep you going another three years. It can't possibly give you a chance to show you can do something besides play wisfult juveniles."

"Amen," says he.

The story is too complicated to give in detail. The whole action takes place in a theatre—most of it in the lounge between acts. Joe is a checkroom boy whom one of the girls (played by Tree) is trying to help up for money. He is desperate for the money because he is really in love with another girl (Helen Mack). Dick is an escaped youngster who hides in a telephone booth, and who only wants one thing before he goes to the pent: to even scores with the man who squealed on him (Noel Madison).

Noel is Dorothy Tree's husband, but Joe doesn't even know she's married.

In the end Dick kills Noel and is, himself, fatally wounded.

The cops are just dragging Dick's corpse up the steps from the lounge. Gertrude Michael and Raymond Milland are following, and as the coppers arrive, they meet with their ghastly burden between them. Charles Wilson talks with Joe.

"He's stronger," says Joe. "I haven't seen you since night before last. Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, around and about," I answer casually.

"Boots was asking for you," Joe vouchsafes. "Better come up and see her." Boots is his police dog.

"Where's your part in this?" I go on.

"I think it's going to be all right," Joe answers. "I only sing one song and it'll give me a chance to see how I'd do as a straight actor. I carry the sympathy I hope, but Dick's got the fat part. He's so swell, though, I don't mind. He sure is giving a performance in this, too."

"Boy," Ray Milland interjects. "I'm finally getting the breaks. I had that nice part with Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" and now I've got another good one in this. As soon as this is finished I start in 'The Glass Key.' Remember a few years ago when I first came out here and you were the only one in town ever thought I'd get anywhere?"

"Well, gee, Ray," I answer, "it didn't take a fortune teller to know you'd be good. It was only a question of getting the breaks."

"All the same," says Ray, "I appreciate what you've done for me."

"Hold 'em, Yale," remarks Andy Devine, William Frawley, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone, Patricia Ellis and Cesar Romero is just leaving the studio to go on location to the football field.

"When you coming up to see my baby?" Andy demands.

"I been putting it off as long as possible," I retort. "I'm afraid he'll look like you and I couldn't stand that."

"Dick," Andy informs me, "you can say some of the nastiest things. It's a wonder you have any friends at all."

"I was just kidding," I assure him haughtily.

"Well, don't kid parents about their children," is Andy's admonition. Yes, sir, Mr. Divine, I won't.

After we come "Solen Harmony," which stars George Raft and Ben Bernie. Raft is in prison for some minor offence. He is a saxophonist in the prison band. Bernie, on a visit to the pen, hears him play and when Raft is released Bernie gives him a job. Grace Bradley is a dancer with the band. One night her partner turns up
drunk, so she gets Benjie to let George dance with her and, of course, he is a hit. So from here on he is a dancer. They travel across the country in a de luxe bus. They are just piling into the bus, so there isn't any dialogue and not much action in this scene.

While they're setting up the lights and camera George voices his opinion as to why his latest picture, "Rumba," which was pre-viewed last night, didn't go over so well. "I think they should have given Iris Adrian and Margot more to do," he announces.

I suppose George knows more about pictures than I, but my own private opinion is that the picture should never have been made. It was a trite story to begin with and I, as a Carole Lombard fan, resented seeing her play stooge for Kalt, regardless of how good he was in the film.

There's no use standing here all day, though, theorizing over a picture that is finished, so I meander over to the set of "Paris in Spring," which features Mary Ellis, Tullio Carminatti, Lynne Overman and the people's choice—Ida Lupino.

Mary is a singer in love with Carminatti, Carminatti is in love with Mary, but Mary is trying to make him jealous, so, to get even with her, he takes Lupino out. Lupino is a kid who has run away from school and threatens to commit suicide. They go to the cafe where Mary works, and quite a ducky spot it is, too.

There is a long oval bar at one side of the room, trimmed in copper and opalescent glass. The modernistic tables are arranged in a circle about the room. In the center of this circle is a hydraulic platform that comes up out of the floor. Mary sings from this.

Carminatti and Lupino are seated at one of the tables when in walks the Commissioner of Police, none other than M'sieu Overman, all done up with a mustache and a new hair-comb. He looks at the table, glances at Lupino and then at a picture he carries.

"Remarkable! Extraordinary," he ventures and turns to Carminatti, "Don't you think so?"

"Waiter!" Mr. C. calls.

"I'm the police," Lynne ventures plaintively. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"The police?" Miss Lupino gasps.

"The police?" Mr. Carminatti repeats.

"The police," says Mr. Overman positively.

"Have you seen this picture before?" he demands, showing him the photograph.

"It's my picture!" Lupino all but shouts. "It's her picture," the dazed Tullio protests.

"It's my evidence," Lynne announces and turns to Ida: "You must come with me."

"No, no!" Tullio protests. "You can't drag her away like this."

"If you insist upon getting mixed up in this," Lynne advises him, "I'll have to take

Ida Lupino, Lynne Overman and Tullio Carminatti in "Paris in Spring." Mary Ellis is the star and sings.

"Who wouldn't prefer a cigarette that's easier on the throat?" says Joan Blondell

Warner Bros., Star

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you along—but I wouldn’t advise it.

“But I haven’t done anything,” Mr. C. ventured in protest again.

“Reported missing, crowd swelled her up.” Lynne opens her eyes. “Later, reported abducted. Complaint of Albert de Charelle—sort of a cousin.”

“Ooh!” Ma storms. “That meddlesome puppy! How lil’ she is!”

“Must mademoiselle be humiliated because Mr. de Charelle lost her?” Tulio wants to know.

“Lost, strayed, or stolen, it’s all one to the law as long as she is under age,” Lynne advises them. “Come along.”

This scene doesn’t sound like much in the telling but, as it’s played, it’s one of the funniest in the picture.

still left, I jog on up to—

Columbus

I MAGINE my joy to find only one picture in production there. (‘Eight Belts’ with Ralph Bellamy and Ann Sothern) and that one on location. Quite merrily I tell them I’ll see them next month and on I go—

Twentieth Century

FIRST, there is “Cardinal Richelieu” starring George Arliss.

The story of the wary Cardinal who really ruled France during the reign of Louis XIII is too well known to need retelling. The trifling times through which he brings France a gripping picture.

George Arliss as Cardinal Richelieu and Maureen O’Sullivan give a pleasant lesson in French history.

Woven into the political machinations is a little love story of the Cardinal’s ward (Maureen O’Sullivan) and the young Andre de Pons (Cesar Romero). Just now the Cardinal is in his sitting room (all done in white—for purity, probably), sitting in a large green velvet chair. Mr. Arliss, himself, is all done up in a red more dressing gown. There is a large fireplace, but no fire burns there. He has a book in his hand, which he is studying while the door opens and Maureen O’Sullivan comes tripping in.

She puts her arms around his neck and gives him a couple of kisses, then Arliss gently pushes her around to his side. But somehow he doesn’t like the way the scene goes. He turns to the director. “Now, let’s see,” he muses. “She comes in, puts her arms around my neck and smack, smack, and then I say, ‘Well, my child, what have you been doing.’ Isn’t that right?”

The director nods but I am speechless. I didn’t think anyone would ever get old enough to rehearse a scene that called for a kiss from Maureen by merely saying “smack, smack” instead of actually going through that part. Mr. Arliss, however, is apparently perfectly satisfied, and they go into a take.

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Free booklet, Monarch P. L. Valpine, Dept. 39, 39, 204 W. 31 St. New York.
“Well, my child,” he says, the smirk, smack attended to, “what have you been doing?”

“What have you been doing?” she counters. He leads her from behind his chair and seats her gently on a stool at his side. “Mine is a life of contradictions,” he tells her, “I flatter King Young with worldly wealth and tax the poor—and pray God to be merciful. And I make men hate me. And I love you,” she replies gently, “And you were smiling when I came in. What were you reading?”

For answer he smiles and looks at the book in the stool. I was just writing, I thought. I had written down words of guidance for my own account.

“Let me see,” she demands playfully.

“I do not recommend them for you—or others,” he replies. “When I first came to court I wrote this—and opening the book—when I was twenty-one: Born all incorrigible narratives. Do not appear, distracted when others are speaking. Withdraw adroitly, without lying, while the truth is dangerous. The King loves to be praised. Remember that to lose the favor of the King is to lose all. If you have purpose, pursue it—if you believe deeply, act boldly.”

“Ah, well-twenty-one.”

“If you believe deeply, act boldly,” she repeats pensively, absent-mindly.

“What would you write for yourself?” he inquires gently.

“Questions, perhaps,” she whispers gazing off into the distance. “Questions—with out answers.”

Gosh, Maureen looks lovely in her pale taffeta with lace covering the skirt. I’d like to tell her so but a half dozen takes are just a good start for Mr. Artis and it’s getting on in the day. So I leave without even an “Hello” to Maureen.

On the back lot is an alley of brick walls. Above the one doorway is a sign, “Mlle. Siaon. Toilette de Flore.” A large coach lantern hangs above it. The walls are all smoke grimed and unrelieved by windows, he grins proudly, “tells me you got a new car.”

“Yeah, she went along to help me pick it out,” I answer.

“Now, that she didn’t tell me,” says Mr. Beal.

Just then Freddie comes by. Hello, Dick. How’ve you been? Florence (his wife) is going to the hospital in a few days for an operation on her nose. Go over and see her while she’s laid up, will you?” And Freddie is gone. Then I look around and John’s gone, too. So I go to—

Walter Wanger’s Studio

PRIVATE WORLDS is Mr. Wanger’s offering this month for R-K-O release. And he has certainly assembled a cast for it—Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer, and Helen Vinson. I haven’t read the book but I understand it is all about a woman doctor in a psychopathic hospital. Claudette is the only one of the principals working this afternoon. She looks gorgeous in a very severely tailored terra cotta crepe dress. She is in the sitting room of

Claudette Colbert as the doctor in Private Worlds, the Phyllis Potter story.

One of the final scenes in “Les Misérables” is the daughter as the detective is co-starred with Fred March as Jean Valjean.

A huge manhole cover has been removed and a man lies prostrate beside it. This is the set of “Les Misérables” starring Fredric March and Charles Laughton. Suddenly M. Laughton dashes in, looks around, curls his lips and smiles. Then he hastily begins the descent into the sewer. He yanks one way down, as he sees a pistol in the dead man’s hand. He snatches it out, cocks it to see that it’s loaded and disappears. In the distance, the shouts of his choir in his hand, and they are young, running on everything with their sticks and guns. John “Little Minister” Beal and Rochelle Hudson supply the young love. Freddie is in Valjean and Laughton is Javert.

Outside the set I run into Beal. The make-up man has drawn a couple of bloody cuts on his face so realistically that even close-up they look genuine. “My bride,”

By CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title: “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man,” I now open competition in the only national and international contest held during the past 15 years. They used to think there wasn’t much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scarecrow. Then I discovered Dynamic Tension. It gave me the body that twice won the title, “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.” Now I make you this amazing offer: At my own risk I’ll give you PROOF in just seven days that my same method can make you over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

No “His”—“and”—“or,” “maybe,” “just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and weakly? Are you short-winded, pellucid? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I can PROVE that Dynamic Tension—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or contractions that may strain your heart or other vital organs—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

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Mail coupon or a postal card NOW for my illustrated book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.” Tells all about Dynamic Tension—shows actual photos. It’s a valuable book! And it’s FREE. Send for your copy today. Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 655, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.
Silver Screen for May 1935

Don’t Worry Over Your Hair

Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray that are beginning to blemish shades of brown, blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Browntone along with a little of this famous tint will cover a lack of your own hair.

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Before

Large

Protruding

41 N.

Yloe

Sterling Holloway and a host of others in support. It was originally called "The Torchbearers."

"It’s all about a socially ambitious wife (Billie Burke)," Frank who isn’t working, clothes, and above all, a plain, matter-of-fact guy—Rogers. Well, anyhow, they’re having a rehearsal of the play, WIT.

I’ve never seen Skippy look so impressive as she does in her white crepe evening dress with a band of brilliants around the top and a lovely blouse. But it is not one of the screen’s real beauties, also looks radiant in white.

"You’re a single girl, Florence." Skippy observes to Paul, "and it is difficult for

Nervous? Worried? Unhappy?

That’s wrong with you! Do symptoms of depression, apprehension, distraction, nervousness, etc., make you unhappy? Don’t let them! The answers to these problems are simple and you can have them by writing to our free address: "Why Are You Nervous?" The Elixir of Health, 846 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself heard his watch ticks after ringing the bell of the local radio station. He is a direct Ear Drum. He was then day and night. These are just a few of the many cases. You may be deaf too. Write for free booklet on how to become an "Ear Drum." The WAY COMPANY.

Thecoastal Post, Michigan
you to realize how extremely annoyed with our husbands we married women become." She gives a deprecating laugh and promptly backs into a coffee table, knocking it over. On the table is a little bronze statue, a couple of fountain pens in a holder, etc. There is a general scramble to right things. Before they make another take, Skippy turns indignantly to the prop man. "Why," she demands, "do you leave that beautiful little statue on the floor?" "Well, when you know I have to back into it and knock it over and you know it's going to be broken?" They must make a dozen takes of that scene before they get one that suits the director. I've watched Skippy in a dozen pictures and she goes through the same routine in every one of them: "I can't do it—I can't do it. I wish they'd let me out of my contract so I could go back to the stage where I know what I'm doing!" You'd think she had never played a scene before in her life to hear her carry on—that she had no knowledge of acting and no technique at all. And yet, despite her lack of confidence in herself, she comes pretty close to stealing any picture she's in.

Spencer Tracy and a new star, Wendy Barrie from England.

Billie Burke looks not a day over twenty-five. There is one woman who has really stopped the clock as far as age goes.

Will Rogers is over in the corner busily engaged in rewriting the script.

"Come on," Frank whispers. "It's getting late. I'll take you over to the other two sets.

Presently we reach another stage where "It's a Small World" is shooting. Spencer Tracy is starred in this and Wendy Barrie has the feminine lead. She's Mr. Sheehan's latest English importation. And quite an eyeful, too.

"Spence is taking her duck-shooting," Frank explains. "But she doesn't like the discomfort of this and he knows she will run away if he leaves her alone. So he takes her purse and gloves and threatens to take her clothes off her if she doesn't go into the room and throw them out to him." Wendly promptly retires and the clothes come sailing through a crack in the door. Spence catches them adroitly. "Now will you go!" she snaps through the crack in the door.

"Um-hum." Spence grins and starts towards his own door. He pauses at the entrance and looks back. "Sweet dreams. You've only got 'til quarter of three sweet-heart.

Wendy's door bangs and that's that. Spence wants to talk about his reconciliation with his wife but we've already gone over that so pleased as I am about it, I've got to leave him and beat it over to the set of "Spring Tonic." "This," Frank explains, "is the story of a very prissy young man—meaning Mr. Lew Ayres—who thinks he's what the doctor ordered for any and every occasion. He's engaged to Claire Trevor, but when they're having a rehearsal for the wedding she gets sick of the whole thing, the constant rehearsing and all, and dashes upstairs.

Presently—and pleasantly—Lew takes his place on the stairs, facing the crowd below him.

"Elizabeth," he announces in his best nothing-at-all-has-happened manner, "is a little upset. Under the circumstances it is quite understandable and—er— with terrific condensation, "I may even say—permit-possible." "I can't imagine what has come over Betty," Theresa Maxwell Conover, who plays her mother, explodes, "Her stomach has never been strong," she adds to Laura Treadwell, who plays Lew's mother.

"I always say that weddings are so difficult on the stomach," the harassed Miss Treadwell agrees, eagerly grasping at a solution to their mutual problem.

"Edward," Miss Conover goes on, turning to Henry Kolker, who plays her husband, "you are her father and I think you ought to be upstairs and give her a good talking to." "No, no—please." Efficiency Lew interposes, blocking the stairs. "Let's give her a few hours to cool off and upstairs and give her a good talking to.

"But can't we do something?" Miss Conover wonders.

"Don't worry, dear lady," Lew soothes her. "Tomorrow at precisely twelve thirty you shall have a son-in-law." It's the "better baby" that gets me down. Lew himself is in stitches from laughing at the script. "Dick," he asks between gasps, "have you ever in your life heard such a thing? It's the one thing any of us can do with it is kid it and hope the audience will laugh along with us.

What a swell day this has been! Not a scrap all day. I didn't have to see Hepburn—and a laugh to finish it off.
When a picture pleases the great fan audience, the simple effect is for each fan to wish for another picture like it. The successful film has created a market for another similar picture and the fan does not care which of the producers supplies it. So, as soon as an outstanding success comes along, every producer makes another picture designed to satisfy the aroused appetite. Thus are "trends" started and picture cycles launched.

There have been so many successful pictures with music that a story with singing and dancing will always be with us, but even here a specialist like Fred Astaire gives accent to the dancing, and then Bill Robinson appears. Grace Moore introduces opera numbers and starts the latest craze—opera singing. Marion Talley has now signed for a picture. Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, Tullio Carminatti and others will contribute their art to this trend.

Years ago, the Victor records of Caruso's songs really introduced grand opera to people who did not go to the Metropolitan Opera House. Then the radio brought the great musicians to everyone. Will the movies go a step further, now that the trend is begun, and really put on opera? Certainly the costumes of the celebrated operas would be objection now that the public has supported the present costume cycle.

Of course, the adapters would have to introduce action, but they always do have to meet the screen's demands. Will the Valkyries' ride stir the pulses of the fans? Will "Tristan and Isolde" and "Aida" take the place of gangster films?

When Thomas Edison made his first experiments in talking films, he said his aim was to give the multitude the operas which they would enjoy. Is one more of the visions of the Great Edison now to materialize?
HURRY IN AND PUT OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY. IT'S LATE...

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it was ever thus
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Chesterfields are milder and they certainly do taste better
“Claudette Is Not Going To Stop There” — Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen

June

Shirley Temple’s Education — Elizabeth Wilson
Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer—member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia—has achieved a reputation among modern composers for her beauty and talent. Her shooting box in the Adirondacks is renowned, and her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

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The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

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Silver Screen for June 1935
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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 Honey-
moon 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.

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HARLOW
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in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties
and a great cast including
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TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT
Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-
MAYER PICTURE

for June 1935
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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.

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REVIEWS
TIPS ON PICTURES

The Santa Anita race track has made the studios horse conscious. Even George Arliss rides as Cardinal Richelieu.

BEHIND THE GREEN LIGHTS—Interesting. An excellent post of methods employed by modern motion pictures. The spectator is tense, dramatic, exciting. In cast Judith Allen, Norman Foster, Sidney Luscher.

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—Splendid. As Van Dine is the author of this yarn you can expect something truly fascinating in the way of expert mystery films. This time Paul Lukas plays Phil Vance, and the excellent cast includes Isabel Jewell, Alison Skipworth & Donald Cook.

CHASING YESTERDAY—Charming, Adapted from one of Anatole France's best loved books, this has tenderness, whimsy an asset of generous amount of excitement. (O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Ann Shirley.)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Disappointing. Marlene Dietrich's latest screen effort is about a beautiful but heartless charmer of men. What she does to them is just nobody's business. The setting is colorful and the cast includes Lionel Atwill, Peter Shaw and Cesar Romero.

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—Splendid. A story of Danish court intrigue in the late 18th century serves to bring back Clyde Bruckman to us in truly magnificent fashion. This is a superb British costume production which you will enjoy.

FLORENTE DANGER, THE—Interesting. An ingenious mystery story with several psychological twists. The setting (the Alps and Vienna) is colorful due to the cast here. (C. Aubrey Smith, Margaret Lindsay.)

FOLIES BERGESE—Entertaining. Chevalier at his best once more in a dual role that affords him excellent scope for his charming personality. There are catchy songs, beautiful sets, and two sensational numbers by George Gershon and Ann Sothern—to captivate you.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Entertaining. An elaborate musical revue with the usual trimmings, songs and dance numbers. Cast includes Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell.

IN OLD SANTA FE—Fine. This is a first-class western featuring the children's delight—Ken Maynard. The film abounds with action of a highly melodramatic nature, and the cast includes H. B. Warner, Evelyn Knapp, Kenneth Thomson.

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Proving that love triumphs over all—prison terms, separations, false pride. With Nancy Carroll and George Murphy carrying the torch throughout.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fair. Although the plot's a bit thin, this comedy about a young couple (Spencer Tracy-Woody Barrie) who are arrested for reckless driving in a corn-fed town in the South has its amusing sequences.

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Fair. Tallie Carminati and Lilian Harvey are a romantic duo but this story doesn't suit them very well, although it makes an effective setting and there are some tuneful melodies.

LIVING ON VELVET—Interesting. A tragic air which kills which lovers leave in a morbid mood that becomes dramatically poignant when he meets Kay Francis, once engaged to Warren William.

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH—The—Interesting. An intriguing mystery film that is handled with the quiet but sure assurance for which The British are noted. (Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Peter Lorre, Nova Pilbeam.)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Good. Instead of the Irish and the Jews being teamed as usual, here we have the Irish and the Scotch. A whole-some film, brimful of homespun good humor, and well acted by Walter C. Kelly, Andy Clyde, Jane Darwell and Betty Furness.

MISSISSIPPI—Good. A story of the old South with a great part of the colorful action taking place with Chester Morris as the owner of various sporting interests, in love with Jean Parker who gets mixed up in them when her father is killed.

MOTIVE FOR REVENGE—Good. Who killed Edward Arnold? It could have been Irene Hervey, his wife, or Doris Lloyd, his mother-in-law, or perhaps Donald Cook, his wife's first husband! And, yet again, it might have been someone else entirely. You'll have to see for yourself.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—Sumpetuous opera. With lyrics by the incomparable Victor Herbert, and the romantic leads played by two "bookers" like Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, both of whom have exceptional voices, this registers "tops."

PRINCESS O'HARA—Good entertainment. A fast-moving, off-its-things thrilling story of rakeette with Chester Morris as the owner of various sporting interests, in love with Jean Parker who gets mixed up in them when her father is killed.

ROBERTA—Excellent. Don't miss this joyous musical. The dancing—by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—is something to dream about. The plot is a classic down-shore—and what clothes! Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott are in the fine cast, too.

TRAVELLING SALESLADY—Amusing. Even though Joan Blondell's father is head of a tooth paste company, Joan gets a job—with a rival company that favors its toothpaste with your favored cocktail. Laurel is provided by Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell & William Gargan.

VANESSA—Fine. A romantic love story of Victorian times from a well-known novel by Hugh Walpole. The leading roles are played beautifully by Helen Hayes, Bob Montgomery, Otto Kruger and Helen Westley.

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Fine. A tragic triangle—concerning a writer, his lovely but treacherous wife, and a peasant girl. It is superbly acted and well worth seeing. (Gary Cooper, Helen Vinson, Anna Sten.)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—Entertaining. This is the climax of a whole line of old holisms and the youth of America adores. With Wallace Beery enjoying his role of real-life instructor instructor Rob Young of the shoulder hero, and Maurice O'Sullivan winsome as the only girl.
THE LAW OF THE PACK . . .

WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!

Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon . . . where men were primitive beasts . . . and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he could . . .

d his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK GABLE

portrays his most virile role in

DARRYL ZANUCK'S

production of JACK LONDON'S

red-blooded story . . .

CALL OF THE WILD

with

LORETTA YOUNG

JACK OAKIE

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS,

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

for June 1935
New!
AN EMMOLIANT MASCARA
that gives lashes new glamour
If you don't agree on these three
superiorities, your money back
without question. Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement
in cake mascara, my newest emollient
Winx. I bring 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.
(1) It has a greater spreading capacity,

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep
lashes soft and silky with no danger of
brittleness.
(3) It cannot smudge or sting or cause
discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-
proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership
in eye makeup that I can afford this offer.
Give your lashes a long, silky effect with
Winx 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
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Name ____________________________
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City ____________________________ State
If you also want a generous trial package of
Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether
you wish □ Black or □ Brown.

How a picture
starts. Edmund
Goulding,
the
author and di-
rector, and his
cast discuss "The
Flame Within."

Unburden Your Mind—Relieve
The Pent Up Ire—Write!

MRS. FLOYD W. RAU of Spring-
town, Pa., writes: "I don't know
how much good these open letters
do. It is most interesting for us to know
what one another thinks, but, tell me—do
they really do any good? The producers
and actors make the pictures and they
tell, don't see these letters."

Yes, they read the ones about themselves.
Wouldn't you?

"THE MOVIES are available to the poor
and rich alike. Maybe the places the poor
are they plain to haven't exactly the same
atmosphere, but what's the difference?" asks
Sudelle Clary of Pleasant Ave., Grantwood, N. J.
"they see the same pictures. And I am
sure, no matter what the place is like, they
love the movies.
The perfect entertainment of a democr-
acy.

"ALONG WITH the rest of a vast audi-
cence, I gazed intently at Charles Laughton
as he turned in an excellent portrayal of
Ruggles of Red Gap," writes Mrs. A. Seger
of W. Cottage St., Boston, Mass. "Just to
have heard Mr. Laughton repeat the
Gettysburg Address was worth all the other
Hollywood hi-stories of the year. An or-
card to you, Mr. Laughton."

Also a post, a kitchen garden and sel-
cions to him. (See page 82.)

MRS. HARRY PROSPON of Montrose
Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "One thought
alone made my lowly job—pie-making,
dish washing, floor scrubbing—endurable.
Tonight I'd see a movie! Forget for a few
hours the weariness, disappointments, anx-
ieties of life. Back awhile in romance and
beauty. Thrill to danger. Relax to soothing
music. Dance with nimble feet (I who
am lame) Peep into birdland and animal-
land. Explore the world via newsreel,
Laugh and cry. Renew my strength for to-
morrow's humble tasks, my spirit for to-
morrow's problems, my courage for to-
morrow's battles. Thank God for the movies!"

You will enjoy them even more if you
read about them, think about them,
beforehand.

"I FEEL," writes Helen Nardin of W.
57th St., New York, N. Y., "that the movies
are more successful than the legitimate
stage because the actors are nearer and
more real than those on the stage—because
a stage is like a boxing arena enclosed by
ropes—whereas a movie screen is an open
door."

"Shadows more real than living actors"—
some compliment to the old boys who in-
vented pictures.

"I THINK all America is just a little
sick of toughness, coarseness and unpleas-
anliness. We've got quite enough in actual
life," writes Sarah Sollars of Sebastopol,
Calif. "The success of 'Little Women,'
'David Copperfield' and other decent, sen-
timental, heart dramas proves it. The
pendulum has swung back to our old, real
honest-to-goodness American standards—
let's keep it there!"

Then the clock would stop.

"WHILE THE movie public is pinning
medals and handing out bouquets of ap-
plause to the leading stars for their excel-
lent performances in worthwhile photoplays,
I want to suggest," writes Mayne Lilien-
feld of Byron St., Chicago, Ill., "that it
should save a few forget-me-nots of con-
sideration for the supporting cast which
does not get half the credit it deserves."

Read "The '18 K.' Screen Players" on
page 30.

"ANY GIRL adopting Mae West's tactics,
which naturally are grossly exaggerated for
comedy's sake, will find that Mae knows
her men and that it is so easy to charm
when one once learns the trick. Life is
merely a game and the more finished the
technique the more sure the success,"
writes Mrs. R. M. Silcox of S. Main St.,
Midvale, Utah.
Too complicated for us.

ANNA BERRIS of Bergenville Ave.
Union City, N. J., writes: "After seeing
that great picture, 'David Copperfield,'
I had a nightmare about Nurse Peggotty,
Emily, Mr. Peggotty, etc. Three cheers for
this outstanding triumph."

See "Bride of Frankenstein and perhaps
you'll get insomnia."

Silver Screen
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 manhunters 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.

for June 1935
Take a movie star's beauty advice

Dinnertime at Bill Gargan's

By Ruth Corbin

When you get a DUART Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a SEALED individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have NEVER BEEN USED. You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars
Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstyler, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

DURANT

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

SEND COUPON for FREE BOOKLET

Duart, 984 Modesto Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of same marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

[continued on page 13]

THE GARGAN family need never worry if their cook walks out on them, for both Bill and his wife know their steaks and onions.

I visited at the Gargan home in Beverly Hills the other day and a good part of my time was spent in the kitchen watching Mary prepare a leg of lamb for dinner.

She told me that Bill won't let anyone but herself prepare it. "I served Bill roast lamb at our first meal, when we started housekeeping," she explained, "and it made such a hit with him that although we have been married seven years, it still remains his favorite meat. Bill is a great meat-eater. Likes roasts, especially, and, even in summer, I cook them and serve cold meat plates with salads for dinner."

Mrs. Gargan is an excellent cook, but she doesn't look the part. That is no casting director would ever give her such a role in a super-production. She is small and dainty, with big blue eyes, a fair skin and reddish-brown hair. She could easily be in pictures or on the stage if she liked. As a matter of fact, that is where she was when she married Bill.

Their romance reads like a story-book one. They hated each other violently when they were kids. Mary lived in New York and used to week-end with her cousins in Brooklyn. Bill was always very much in evidence during these visits. She thought he was too conceited to live and detested him thoroughly. Bill returned the compliment because he thought she was a spoiled, high-hat, young snob. So this went on for several years. Then Bill "went on the stage" and they lost track of each other for awhile.

One Sunday afternoon, when Mary was visiting her cousins in Brooklyn, they got up an impromptu skating party. Mary was wearing a beautiful, red woollen suit trimmed in Hudson Seal and with it a hat and shoes to match. It was the nicest outfit she had ever owned and she felt quite grand in it.

On the pond, she happened to run into, or rather back into, the detestable young Mr. Gargan. They knocked each other flat and Mary fell into a mess of dirty snow and slush, which completely ruined her new outfit. The air was blue with the caustic remarks they tossed back and forth at each other. But it marked the beginning of the end. They got so much of the vitriol that had been accumulating through the years out of their systems, that shortly afterwards they fell in love and were married.

There are two small boys in the Gargan home now—Barry, aged six, and Leslie Howard, aged two. Barry is a vest-pocket edition of Bill while Leslie favors his Mother. Both are beautiful and sturdy youngsters.

They began housekeeping in Brooklyn, while Bill was playing in "Chicago" with Francine Larrimore. While not startling, his success was consistent and he was never out of a contract. He played several years with the Theatre Guild and, two years ago, came west to play in "Rain" with Joan Crawford. At first he played "heavy" but, since he has lost so much weight, he is being cast in romantic parts.

Bill is quite handsome these days too. The difference in his appearance I convinced me that excessive weight can age a man quite as much as it does a woman. Bill looks ten years younger now. His last roles have been in "A Night at the Ritz" with Patricia Ellis and in "Traveling Saleslady" with Joan Blondell. At present he is working in "Broadway Gondolier."

He told me that all he did to reduce was to eat less of everything. He accomplished his reducing feat while he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard. [Continued on page 13]
HE 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!

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NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

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Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

for JUNE 1935
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 big little 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

Dinner at Bill Gargan's

(Continued from page 10)

London last fall. He did not abstain from starchy or any other kind of foods, but simply began eating everything in moderation. He managed always to leave the table while he was still a little hungry. He still does so. He says he always has room for another piece of pie or cake but he "doesn't pass his plate for those things twice." Not any more.

He reduced twenty-two pounds in one month. And, soon afterward, he was signed by Gaumont-British to play the romantic lead in "Things Are Looking Up." It was a grand role and Bill covered himself with glory. The picture is cleaning up in England even now and it marked a turning point in Bill's career, for he has not been cast as a villain since.

Bill's favorite dessert is plain chocolate with bitter icing. Every Sunday they have roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. His favorite salad is made of cucumbers and Bermuda onions. For this, Mary takes three medium-sized cucumbers and slices them as thin as possible and soaks them in salt water for four hours. Then, she chops up one large-sized Bermuda onion and about six leaves of romaine lettuce. She pours vinegar over these and, draining the salt water from the cucumbers, mixes them all together. She seasons them with salt and pepper.

Bill told me that her roast leg of lamb "can't be beat. So I had her give me her recipe for preparing it.

She mentioned that, although many cooks will not put water on their roasts, she always washes lamb carefully and then wraps it up in a clean cloth and leave it on the kitchen table for an hour, until it is the temperature of the room. Then, she makes a paste of pepper, salt, paprika and water and rubs it into the roast. She also sprinkles over it one finely chopped onion. She then puts the lamb into the roasting pan, into which she has poured a cup of hot water to prevent the meat from sticking. She does not cover the meat but puts it into a very hot oven and bastes it continually every fifteen minutes until it is cooked. She brouws it carefully on one side and then, in about thirty minutes, it is ready to turn. About ten minutes before she removes it, she places a small bit of garlic on a fork and rubs it lightly over the roast and into the fat.

With roast lamb, she serves fresh green peas and if they are in season, both mashed potatoes and candied sweet potatoes. Her recipe for chocolate cake follows:

Let Mum Help in This Way, Too! Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

3 eggs 3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup shortening 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
2 1/4 cups flour 1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream the shortening and sugar, add the eggs, beating in thoroughly, then add flour, baking powder, and salt, which has been sifted together, add alternately with milk and then add vanilla. Beat well until smooth and turn into greased, layered cake pans and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. When cold, put together with icing which is made as follows:

2 squares bitter chocolate 1/4 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon baking powder 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Sifted confectioner's sugar.

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler over hot water, add the butter and the boiling water and stir thoroughly together. Add the vanilla and enough confectioner's sugar to make a consistency which will spread easily.
The Opening Chorus

Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA
(Shes a National Institution—and growing.)

WELL, when unique parties are given, la belle Lombard will give them, and lucky is he who rates an invitation, for Carole, unlike most Hollywood stars, does not go out into the highways and byways and drag in an ill-assorted batch of guests. The invitations the other night were to “dress,” so dress we did in tails and tiaras until we looked like the opening night of a Noel Coward show. Then, imagine our surprise when we arrived at Carole’s, to find her very formal Empire drawing room and dining room, done by William Haines with much esprit, turned completely into a mountain cabin with beauxcoup corn shucks and a camp fire and such things as I haven’t seen since I gave up being a Girl Scout.

Colored boys in chaps served a stew dinner of corn on the cob, and every kind of a do a cowboy ever thought up. I never thought I’d live to see steaks broiled right there in the midst of the Empire (which had been carted away to the garage for the night). Everybody had to sit at a long low table with a red tablecloth and eat out of tin plates and with tin forks.

Last week I had the novel experience of meeting a movie star down at San Diego, which seaport is three to four hours drive from Hollywood—depending upon whether the cops get you or not. Claudette Colbert, who has been vacationing in New York for the last month, arrived on the SS. Virginia, and was simply deluged by photographers, reporters and fans—the first two she had hoped to dodge by sneaking off the boat at San Diego, but ever since Garbo almost got away with a “sneak” there last year that port has been watched, but definitely, for incoming celebrities.

Claudette says her most embarrassing experience on the trip was in Havana, where they were having a revolution or just had a revolution or something, and the guards at the doors of all the department stores have to examine the customers to see if they are taking along a brace of bombs or something. “The guard patted Claudette about the hips, quite familiarly, and said, “Ah, Americano” So-o-o-o-o-o-o.

Don’t take this risk!

Nestle Shields You Against the Re-used Pad Practice

• What a terrible price to pay for a permanent! Hair turned dull, faded and lifeless. Vitality gone. Infected with hair and scalp disorders. Yet that’s what happens where the same pads are used from one head after another—where the unhealthy conditions of another woman’s hair are transferred and steamed into your own!

It’s not a nice thing to think about or talk about. But Nestle, having originated the permanent wave, feels that the time has come when every woman should know the truth. For none of these dangers and risks can happen to you if you have a genuine Nestle Wave, given by a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop using only fresh Nestle materials.

It’s EASY to Protect Yourself! Simply go to a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop displaying the Certificate shown below. Make sure that you see the Nestle name on the felt pads and wowing lotions. Then you will have a permanent wave of fascinating beauty—and the process will be completely beneficial and invigorating to your hair.

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LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.

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SCIENTIFIC

PERMANENT WAVE

f or J U N E 1 9 3 5
"lips that charm are lips with lustre"

helena rubinstein creates... new allure for your lips!

TouCh your lips with the bright magic of Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick...and see them gain allure. The world-famous art of this great beauty specialist brings your lips vital glamour—the warm, breathing appeal of youth!

Her new discovery—a rare biological ingredient—protects and promotes your natural lip moisture. It ends the harsh, dry artificial look. Your lips gain dewy enchantment—lustre!

Experience, too, the added loveliness made possible by her genius for color. Her newest shade is "Terrona," the subtle, natural tinge of the elegance. Or the more exotic Red Geranium, Red Poppy, Red Raspberry, Red Coral and "Evening." No ugly purple undertone... These lipsticks glide on—and stay on! $0.50, 1.00, 1.25... Rouges to harmonize, 1.00... glorious powders that benefit your skin. 1.00, 1.50.

mystery for your eyes

Glamorous Persian Mascara—will not smart your eyes, nor smudge. Black, Brown, and the new Blue and Blue-Green. 1.00. Eye lash Grower and Darkener. 1.00.

LIMITED OFFER!
pasteurized face cream and beauty grains special combination set...1.00

Here is the secret of a glorious complexion—clear, radiant—young—a complexion that makes your cosmetics doubly alluring! Helena Rubinstein's priceless beauty secret—which has amazed the women of three continents.

Pasteurized Face Cream will cleanse, freshen, soften and protect. Smooths away lines—quickly. Actually transforms your skin. It is Helena Rubinstein's miracle cream...Beauty Grains—a stimulating complexion wash used with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Nothing in the world like it! To remove blackheads and whiteheads—refine pores—speed skin renewal—soften texture—normalize oil glands. Ask for "First Steps To Beauty," 1.00 complete.

MAIL SERVICE...If there is no Helena Rubinstein dealer in your community, order by mail. Consultation by mail is also welcome.

helena rubinstein
8 East 57th Street, New York

TRY

Betty Grable's MAKE-UP METHOD

WHEN you say of any movie star, "She's lovely, isn't she?" what is it about her that makes you feel that way?

Right. You win. You can't tell at a glance. This business of diagnosing charm is a dangerous one. It's this and it's that and again it's something else.

Take Betty Grable for instance. "Alluringly beautiful," is what her discoverers call her. We have to admit that they are right. Right as rain. But was she just born that way and shall we give up, or can we analyze her and see how it is done?

Excuse us, Miss Grable, but we are going to put you under our beauty microscope to see what makes you click.

We notice she is following the latest style in lips. She has them lustrous, lovely in color and with a warm glow about them. She selects her lipstick with care and with this in mind. She puts it on exactly to follow the natural curves of her mouth. That is what makes her look so sophisticated, yet natural, and what makes her smile something to care about.

We find her hair pulled back from the forehead, simply, charmingly, making use of the wayward little cowlick on the side. Yes, cowlicks can be made use of. They are not something to run away from. And right here let me point a beauty moral: If you have any little beauty "wrongs" treat them as the movie stars do, make them into beauty "rights" by playing them up intelligently. If you have a cowlick in your hair don't cry over it. Instead, make your hair curl over it!

Those curls behind the ear are very fetching. They may be brushed up or down at will. The current mode favors them brushed up, but you can see how smart Betty looks by going against the mode and brushing them down.

She shows her ears, too. Why shouldn't she? They are nice ears.

Her forehead is smooth and soft. Nourishing creams take care of that and will keep it so for many years. Creams and the absence of bad facial tricks. There is one great beauty argument against worry, worry puts furrows in your forehead, as well as difficulties in your disposition.

You will notice that the newest eyebrows are thin, but not too thin. They are plucked with restraint. If they are naturally light, as Betty's are, the careful use of an eyebrow pencil helps bring out their charm. Eyebrows give character and expression to a face must be properly accentuated.

They begin just over the inner corner of the eye, not over the nose, and they sweep gracefully out beyond the outer corner but not down to a level with the eye itself. To continue this line is to court artificiality. And today we all want to look natural. Yes, if we have to work hard for it.

See the way those lashes curl? If you will go back to the moment you first looked at this picture, you will find that they were one of the first things you saw. They are one of the first things any man notices in a girl in whom he is interested. Important beauty point number thirty-seven!

Now maybe your lashes curl naturally. And maybe they don't. If they don't, a bit of vaseline or one of the excellent eyelash growers will work wonders for them. Massage them every night and push the ends of the upper ones UP with your finger.

This way you can train them to curl.

As for Betty's smile. No, that is not a trick with mirrors. It is honest-to-goodness real. You have one of the same kind yourself. Use it all you can. This is our professional advice on that. (No charge) Be sure your teeth are bright and shining. If they are cared for by modern scientific methods, they will be as pretty as you could wish.

That smooth throat and chin line is something of which any girl may be justly proud. Gentle patting and the generous use of astrigents will keep these muscles firm and young. It is never too early to take that into consideration. Then, hold your head proudly, look the world in the eye, and after a while you'll be doing as Betty does in this picture: smiling DOWN.

By Mary Lee

She made a hit in "The Gay Divorcee" and now is helping Wheeler and Woolsey.

Beautiful Betty Grable.

By Mary Lee

She made a hit in "The Gay Divorcee" and now is helping Wheeler and Woolsey.

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WINNERS OF THE HANDWRITING CONTEST

"I Enjoy The Movies"

Y. Avodilian, 27 Marlboro St., Chelsea, Mass.
Maynard Benuiot, 152 Washburn Ave., Freeport, N. Y.
E. Bergstrom, 6095 S. Artesian, Chicago, Ill.
E. Grandi, 131 Carolina Ave., Providence, R. I.
Helen M. Casey, Box 53, Oswego, Kan.
Eugene Cotts, 315 State St., Madison, Mich.
Helen Loretta Demsey, 6197 Woodside Ave., Woodside, L. I.
Winfried Coven, Montreat, N. C.
Angela Dowling, 2009 S. 31st St., Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. S. M. Field, 5311 N. E. 13th Ave., Portland, Ore.
Mae M. Fles, 134 31st St., North Bergen, N. J.
Mrs. Helen G. Ford, 1613 King St., La Crosse, Wis.
Dorothy M. Gottschalk, Hinsdale, N. Y.
Lillian Griscom, 6031 Ridgeville St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
William R. Hanna, 664 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.
P. L. Houser, 30 E. James St., Lancaster, Pa.
Belle Kaufman, 548 W. 114th St., New York, N. Y.
Margarette Keefe, 440 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.
Leitha Kelsey, Weston, Ohio.
Betty Jane King, 35 Walnut Place, Newtonville, Mass.
I. Koun, F. Y. Yen, Valley City, N. D.
Ruth May Knoll, 2450-55 91st Ave., Bellrose, L. I.
Margaret Laird, 573 Main St., Sinking, N. J.
Betty K. Locke, 471 W. 33rd St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Jean Lord, 963 Lyden Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Marguerie Mann, 2122 Sants Umen Ave., Alameda, Calif.
Loyal Martling, 382 Hayes St., Gary, Ind.
Dorothy Maurin, 1322 N. 20th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Dorothy Thelma Parker, 316 E. Oak St., Evanston, Calif.
Marguerite Pearson, 1355 Lake Ave., S. Deluth, Minn.
F. M. Pequeira, 45215 N. Ashland, Chicago, Ill.
Bettie Peterson, 306 Oak St., Red Oak, Iowa.
Mrs. E. F. Pilcher, 621 Granville Dr., Winton Blum, N. C.
Bette Roberts, Iowa Falls, Iowa.
Ruthw. Cancer Recreat, 3514 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Mae Russell, 3684 Clover Lane, Upper Darby, Pa.
Adelle Louise Simonds, 1701 Grove St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mary Smart, 2407 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kathleen Whitney Smith, 229 Newhall St., Green Bay, Wis.
Sally Stone, 112 S. Hanover, Lexington, Ky.
Arlene Sullivan, 320 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Maxine Taylor, Pendleton, Ind.
Jennea Terrell, Harrisonburg, Va.
Pegy Valbuena, 142 Bridge St., Watertown, Calif.
Janet E. Ward, 262 Manning Blvd., Albany, N. Y.
Frances Watkins, Mineral Ridge, Ohio.
James Wilson, 500 Knight, Park Ridge, Ill.

The albums have been sent to Hollywood to be signed, as requested.

CHANGED TITLES

"Loaves of a Dictator" (Clive Brook)
formerly "The Dictator"
"Men of the Hour" (Richard Cromwell)
formerly "Hot News"
"Black Sheep" (Edmund Lowe)
formerly "Kiss and Wake Up"
"Our Little Girl" (Shirley Temple)
formerly "Heaven's Gate"
"Wings of Song" (Grace Moore)
formerly "Love Me Forever"
"The Girl From 10th Avenue" (Bette Davis)
formerly "Men On Her Mind"
"Mary Jane's Pa" (Guy Kibbee)
formerly "Wanderlust"

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 check 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.
"Any girl who uses this perfume is a leading lady with me!"

Lanny Ross

Fragrant with "the perfume of youth"...April Showers Talc is supremely soft and fine, soothing and smoothing to the skin. No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

April Showers Talc

Exquisite, but not expensive

Cheramy Paris

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, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized 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. Simply dissolve one ounce benolite in half-pint with hazel and use daily as face lotion.

The Marquee Contest

Last Chance On The Slogan Contest.

This is the third month of the Marquee Contest and as soon as you have filled in the coupon below, mail all three coupons to this office. The first coupon appeared in April, the second in May, and below is the third. You must send all three at the same time. If you have mislaid your April or May issues, we will be very pleased to supply a copy to you on receipt of ten cents.

On the next page you will find a list of names, and you may use anyone in this list for the slogan this month.

Can you think of a slogan which is clever and which has exactly the same number of letters as the name of the star to which it applies? Remember that the spaces between the words must each be counted as one letter.

There are many prizes and the cleverest slogans will win. It is not essential that you be a subscriber, but it is essential that you use the proper coupons in submitting your slogans. Each person must submit three slogans. But each slogan will be judged on its merits. It is possible for a person to win three prizes if his slogans are sufficiently clever.

Write A Clever Slogan And Win One Of The Valuable Prizes.

(Coupon)

June, 1935

Star's Name

Slogan

Submitted by

Street

City

State
Your Slogan Must Apply To
These Names

Bing Crosby Edward G. Robinson
Joan Crawford George O'Brien
Claudette Colbert Katharine Hepburn
George Raft June Knight
Myrna Loy Maureen O'Sullivan
Dick Powell Victor McLaglen
Robert Montgomery John Boles
Fredric March Tullio Carminati
Ann Harding Edna May Oliver
Miriam Hopkins William Powell

PRIZES FOR THE BEST SLOGANS

FIRST PRIZE... Remington Typewriter No. 9
Standard model (not portable) for practical use.

(2) SECOND PRIZES... 
Men's Ekob Watches

(2) THIRD PRIZES...
Women's Ekob Watches

These are wrist watches, excellent time keepers, attractive cases.

(10) FOURTH PRIZES...
Men's Waterman Fountain Pens

(10) FIFTH PRIZES...
Women's Waterman Fountain Pens

These pens are practised as well as beautiful in design.

(20) SIXTH PRIZES...
Ronson Cigarette Lighters
Small size, dull chromium finish and thoroughly tested.

(30) SEVENTH PRIZES...
Helena Rubinstein Compacts
Any girl will be proud to win one of these beautiful compacts.

(50) EIGHTH PRIZES...
Autograph Albums
These autograph albums bear the winners' names stamped in gold on the morocco leather cover and each album is signed by a movie star. The winners of these albums will be notified, and at that time they can specify the star whose signature they especially desire. The albums are sent to Hollywood for the signatures and then delivered to the prize winners.

It strokes new life,
new health and
beauty into your hair!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, the "Live" comb, which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair. Its shining metal teeth pass through your hair like living fingers. They are "alive" with a gentle electric current that invigorates your hair as an April shower freshens a field of grass. Electrical science releases the newest wonder worker, based on the logical principle: stimulated circulation!

Danduff and abnormal falling hair checked in a few days! Lifeless, dull hair gains new life, becomes wonderfully lustrous! Straight and thin hair becomes thick, glistening, soft and way! A valuable aid in arresting growing baldness!

Thousands of testimonial letters attest these seemingly extravagant claims and European specialists explain the phenomena—that the electricity, passing from the battery through the double, curved teeth reach the weakened hair roots literally pouring its life-giving energy over them. More than a million Evans' "Dermetro" Combs now in use by men and women throughout Europe—thousands already in America! The electric current is generated by a battery in the handle. No shocks—no sparking—to need to "plug in." You cannot feel the current, but when you put the tester lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—more battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only 5¢ a month you get a hair treatment which would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the new health and beauty of your hair.

EVANS DERMETRO COMB

Do you want your hair more beautiful...healthier...better...then don't delay. Send now for this comb. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement of your hair, mail it back to us and we will immediately refund your money.

Sold in New York at all leading Department Stores.

- $1000 GUARANTEE COUPON -

Mail at G. LINDBLOM CO. Dept. SS-6
Once to 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
I enclose Money Order......Cash Check for $3. Please send Post Free Evans Dermetro Comb checked below, with full instructions and ready for use, along with your booklet "Care of the Hair."

[] Evans Electric Comb
[] Evans Electric Comb, gold Standard model, at $3.25 plated DeLuxe model complete, $6.00 complete.

NAME  
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
Outside U. S. A. Cash with Order.
For C.O.D. delivery plus postage please check here.
Standard Model [] DeLuxe Model []
under guarantee of $1,000 you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the result. This is an absolute condition of my order.

THE EXTRACTS BELOW ARE QUOTED FROM AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS SENT TO US VOLUNTARILY, THE ORIGINALS OF WHICH ARE IN OUR FILES AND FREE TO INSPECTION.

"...I notice a great improvement in my hair. New hair is coming in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look."
Signed, Mrs. R. G.

FIRST DAY
"...For many years I had wavy hair, almost a frazzle..."
Signed, C. M. L.

LATER
"...but in spite of this my hair was thin and thin..."
Signed, E. H.

LATER
"...and thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, shiny and beautiful."
Signed, M. M.

This is to certify that the foregoing is an extract from my letter and correct.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Pat. Pending.
YOU'VE WON HIM—NOW YOU MUST \textbf{KEEP} HIM...

Don't let Cosmetic Skin spoil your good looks!

\textit{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 \textit{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.

\textbf{Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way}

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars \textit{protect} their million-dollar complexions with \textit{Lux Toilet Soap} — the soap especially made to \textit{remove} cosmetics \textit{thoroughly}. Its rich, active lather sinks \textit{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 — \textit{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!

\textit{Elissa Landi}
\textit{Paramount Star}

\textit{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 \textit{Lux Toilet Soap}}
WELL, Katharine Hepburn has had to break down and give an autograph at last, and quite meek about it she was too, and after all her ravings and ranting that she didn't believe in autographing and never would do it. Many's the fan who has waited hours at the studio gates, and in front of a preview theatre, for La Hepburn and rushed up to her with the inevitable album, only to meet with refusal and rebuff. But a week or so ago Miss Katie, in a terrific rush to get to the studio, drove right smack through a red light on Vine Street in the center of Hollywood, and a couple of radio officers gave chase—a chase that didn't end until Katie reached the RKO gates. There, under the eyes of a crowd of sight-seers, fans, and fellow workers, Katie meekly accepted her ticket without a single word of backtalk to the Law. And now, Miss Hepburn, said one of the officers, handing her the carbon of her ticket, "will you give me your autograph?" And Miss Hepburn did, without a single murmur. So a cop is about the only person in Hollywood who possesses a genuine Hepburn autograph.

AND speaking of autographing, Will Rogers aptly expressed the actor's viewpoint on autographs recently, when he was accosted while out riding on the Beverly Hills bridal path by a gushing young woman who said, "You must be bothered all the time by people like me," to which Will replied, "I'll really be bothered when I'm not bothered by people like you"—and signed her book.

THE romance of Virginia Bruce and Dick Powell waxes warmer and warmer. They Trocadero-ed several nights in one week.

ONE of Garbo's greatest fans in Hollywood is May Robson. Recently, when they were casting "Anna Karenina," Garbo's next picture, Mrs. Robson hied herself to the "front office" at Metro and requested a favor. "Certainly, May," said David Selznick, the producer, "in honor of your fifty-second year as an actress I'll be delighted to grant you any favor you want." Garbo guessed it—May Robson will play in her first Garbo picture. She will play Countess Vronsky, dowager mother of Fredric March.

WE ALWAYS suspected that the Swedes had a queer sense of humor, but now we know it after hearing about the "joke" Garbo played on Dolores Del Rio the other day. Garbo has been playing tennis on the Del Rio court for the last few months, and, when there aren't a lot of people popping in, will stay for luncheon. A recent Sunday she had a tennis match with John Gilbert and Dolores and Cedric Gibbons, followed by luncheon, after which she went home, promising to return later for cocktails. But instead she called Dolores on the telephone.

"I am very sick from the Mexican food you gave me to eat," said Garbo, "I never intend to come to your house again." "What?" gasped Dolores. But Greta had hung up.

Dolores hurriedly told John Gilbert what had happened but John only grinned. "It's only one of her favorite jokes," said John. "That's her idea of kidding you, Dolores." Sure enough, in an hour Greta called back and said, "I am only joking with you, Dolores." There's nothing like Swedish humor.

FROM Louella Parsons we snitched one of the funniest stories we've heard in years. Jack Oakie paid a visit to the "Richelieu" set one day when George Arliss, all done up in the red cap and robes of Cardinal Richelieu, was doing the very inspiring cathedral scene which ends the picture. Jack started talking to Jenner, Mr. Arliss' valet and the one person who always has at an Artiere picture, all about Detroit and the Cardinals. The very English Jenner thought he was in the presence of a crazy man, and was backing away politely when he saw Jack walk up and slap Mr. Arliss on his left shoulder and say, "I like the Cardinals, too. I bet on them last summer."--

IRENE DUNNE and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, managed to leave Culver just one jump ahead of the revolution, and in their scurry also managed to lose their trunks, so when she arrived in New York the first thing Irene had to do was to buy a complete new wardrobe. Irene and her doctor husband plan to spend their holiday together in the quietest place they know—the New York Adirondacks.

BILLIE BURKE is writing a play—about the younger generation. And Isabel Jewell has just sold a scenario, "The Public Stenographer," to Junior Laemmle, who bought it for Margaret Sullivan.

JOAN MARSH, who used to be the roly-poly ingenue of the Metro lot, has reduced and sun-tanned and now is a most chic and stunning looking young woman. And almost every place you see Joan now you inevitably see the Marquis de la Falise.

BELIEVE it or not, Janet Gaynor is the biggest vamp in Hollywood, though she'll tell you with a straight face that she doesn't mean to be. The last victim is Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullivan's "ex."

EDDIE LOVE, who rivals Gene Raymond as man-about-town, has been taking Merle Oberon of the slanting eyes to the night spots lately.

KEN MAYNARD'S hobby is archeology, and he is carrying it to the extent of making his wife an archeology-widow. When he finishes a picture, Ken dashes into Mexico by plane and camps out in the vicinity of the Mayan ruins until called [Continued on page 58]
Ed Sullivan Says:

"CLAUDETTE IS NOT GOING TO STOP THERE"

The slim, brown-eyed girl standing in Suite 12-D at the Sherry-Netherland was distinctly newsworthy. Even a Broadway columnist, rendered critical by the glorified beauties of the late Mister Ziegfeld, was arrested by this young lady's chic and charm. A gray suit emphasized the Colbert slimness, sheerest stockings limned the slender ankles, and an array of reddish-toned landslides cascaded down before the forehead impudently defied the restraint of a saucy stream-lined hat. It was my first impression of Claudette Colbert, the No. 1 actress of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

We bowed civilly to each other, the way a queen of the cinema bows to a Broadway columnist. As one expects, she reported out of sheer devilment that the cinema queen beats her mother, sticks pins in Meadows, the butler, when he is serving crope suerette, and otherwise gives evidence of sadistic tendencies that might well be investigated by High-Collar Will Hays.

"Will you," asked Miss Colbert, watching me warily and curiously, "have an Old-Fashioned or something?" The ordering of the Old-Fashioned served a variety of purposes. The order involved in the phoning-for and delivery-of the drink permitted, (1) Miss Colbert to take off her hat, (2) Sullivan to take off his overcoat, (3) Miss Colbert to sit down, (4) Sullivan to sit down. I record these things in the order of their occurrence to refute those insinuations of evil which would have you believe that I sat down before she sat down. This is a malicious falsehood. Me and Emily Post are like this and if you will inspect my crossed fingers, you will see that the bottom finger represents Miss Post sitting down, while the upper finger represents me standing up. The Old-Fashioned served still another purpose. It brought a warm glow into the hotel room and enriched the red corpuscles in the Sullivan blood. By the time nothing remained in the squat glass but a frayed piece of orange skin, it seemed quite right and proper to be addressing her as Claudette.

Stirred to the depths of me by the Old-Fashioned, and moved so little by her beauty, I said: "Claudette, when you were born in France, it must have been April in Paris and certainly the chestnuts were in bloom. I can see it very clearly—French gamins probably were gamboling in the Rue de la Paix and the stool-pigeons—I mean to say, the pigeons were feeding under the chestnut trees. My name and yours were the same.

"I was born September 13th," she said. "The sign of Leo? I asked. "The sign of Scorpio," she said. "Another Old-Fashioned," I said, for the mere suggestion of scorpions called to my mind my old Irish grandpappy's prescription for snake-bite. "But there are no snakes in the room," said Miss Colbert, when I explained about my grandpappy. "There were no snakes in Ireland, either," I said, "but if that alibi was good enough for him, it's good enough for me." Rather than offend his memory, she ordered another Old-Fashioned but there was reluctance in her manner.

"You are a very strange reporter," Miss Colbert marvelled. "You haven't asked me whether I'm going to divorce Norman Foster, you haven't whipped out a pad and a pencil, you haven't asked me if I liked the skyline of New York and you haven't asked me if I think color photography is here to stay. If you hadn't ordered two drinks, I would not believe that you are a newspaper man at all." Her secretary, Jane, had come into the room. "He hasn't asked me if I'm going to get a divorce from Norman Foster, Jane," said Miss Colbert. "Do you think he's an honest-to-goodness newspaperman?" The tall, good-looking secretary nodded: "Well I saw him in the corridor and he was wearing a turned-down hat like those newspapermen in 'Front Page.'" It seemed to convince Miss Colbert, for she said: "Honestly, Edward, just what do you want to know?" and I told her.

"What am I going to do on the screen now?" repeated Miss Colbert. "I'm going to concentrate on light comedy. I want to fill the place in the movies that is occupied by Ina Claire and Lynn Fontanne on the stage. I never knew exactly what I wanted to do until 'It Happened One Night.' When I heard that story, I found out. It is light comedy, charming comedy—that's my future as best as I can plan it, without having the decisive say on story material. If I make six pictures a year, I'd like to do perhaps four comedies, perhaps one spectacular picture and one serious picture. I don't want to tire the fans with similarities of theme and technique; if I didn't, my future, I'm convinced, lies in comedy as airy and gracious as the comedy motif of 'It Happened One Night,'" the picture that won me the Award this year.

"Not, you understand, that I take any personal credit for that grand flicker. That was purely and simply, a director's triumph. Frank Capra made that picture, inserted bits of 'business' and gave it the buoyancy that rendered it grand box-office. We all did just what he told us to do. All the credit belongs to him and I'm not trying to impress you with my modesty. I'm telling you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me Paramount.

"Did I ever do a picture with Frank..."
I interrupted her. "Claudette you should not, even in excitement, forget your position as the No. 1 actress of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For the love of Mike what will your fans think if they hear you say: 'For the Love of Mike'?"

She waved me aside: "Silly, that was the name of a picture. 'For the Love of Mike' was the FIRST picture I ever made and Frank Capra was the director. That's what I want to tell you. I was playing on Broadway in 'The Barker' with Walter Huston, and the Cosmopolitan studios in New York signed me to do a picture between shows. It was a college rowing picture, a silent, and my first impression of the movies was terrible. On a cold, chilly morning Director Capra assembled us on the frost-bitten banks of the Harlem River where he was to make his action rowing shots. I had on a light pink dress, vintage 1927 and very collegiate, and I stood on the dam river bank and waved my handkerchief at Ben Lyon, the hero, until I was numb. Ford Sterling and George Sidney saved my life. They sent out for coca every hour. Capra even then was a fine director. He had just left Harry Langdon, and before directing Langdon's pictures, he was a darn good gag-man."

"But it is curious at that, isn't it, that Frank Capra should have directed my first picture in 1927 [Continued on page 70]"
"The roses make the world so bright,
The bees, the birds have such a time,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such joy in June . . ."

In Hollywood there's joy in June—there's a dream like a bridal veil over the palms and mock-oranges, the blue Pacific, the shimmering desert, the greenly golden hills—and the stars, boys and girls and men and women, forget the studios for a space of time, forget Fame and electric lights and the arena and speak with memory-soft voices of weddings and first loves and anniversaries and unforgotten hours. They open their Treasure Chests again, now that June is here, and shake out their memories and the emblems of their dreams. Faded flowers and bits of ribbon . . . rare jewels and many other tokens, some little and lovely, some luxurious and lovely, which have marked the milestones of Romance.

Maureen O'Sullivan laughs with tears in her Irish eyes over the funny puppy named Roger which was Johnny Farrow's first love token to her. There have been many others, lovelier and costlier, but Johnny placed Roger in Maureen's eager arms in the days when he first courted her . . . and Roger is there with Johnny in Maureen's young heart.

Ginger Rogers' fingers the tiny heart of diamonds she wears always on a ribbon round her throat. For Lew sent it to her from New York before they were married, when he was East and she was West and they first realized that neither time nor distance must part them. The bees, the birds have such a time, and said "Here is my heart"—and Ginger has vowed to wear it next her own heart for so long as they both shall live.

Some of the symbols are simple and come from the heart. Others are rare and rich. Some are poignant with memory and others are giddy with laughter. Louise Fayenda tells me that on the first rainy day of every season she receives a mammoth box of pop-corn. Years ago there was a boy in Hollywood. It rained the day they met. They could do nothing but sit before an open fire and pop corn. And from that time to this, the first rainy day of the year the pop corn arrives for Louise. She said, laughing, "I eat it with tears in my eyes."

Joan Bennett fingers a star sapphire set with diamonds and says in that muted, tender voice of hers: "I really was in June, you know, when Gene proposed to me. We were driving to a preview together in his car. We were talking of commonplace things, like studios and scripts. Suddenly he said 'How would you like to be married to me?' I said 'I think it might be very nice. Neither of us mentioned the subject again. A day or so later Gene called to take me out again. When he came in he handed me a little box, without a word. In the little box was this—this star sapphire ring. He placed it on my finger—the finger, you know, and it has been there ever since, from that night to this very day.'"

There must be some special sweet significance to the star sapphire for Messrs. Trabett and Hoelter, those commercial

Lupe Velez counts her bracelets and knows how much she is loved.

The Jewellers And Florists Of Hollywood Help The Lovers To Win The Objects Of Their Affection.

Maureen O'Sullivan received a dog for a gift of love.
The cabochon emerald that Marlene Dietrich wears is one of the largest—and it means a lot, too.

as a token of love or sentiment. It seems so hard.

The only piece I really care about is the pear-shaped diamond Irving gave me for an engagement ring. I never take that off. But on our wedding anniversaries Irving always gives me something I especially want. He remembers wishes I have expressed through the year and gratifies the biggest one of all on our anniversaries. For instance, year before last he gave me a Rolls Royce town car. Last anniversary he gave me a beautiful fitted travelling case and all the fittings were of platinum! Lovely, extravagant, heart's-desire things to fit the heart's-desire day it is.

"I always keep everything Irving has ever given me, from the biggest gift to the tiniest trifle. I keep all of the cards he has sent me with flowers, the ribbons on the corsages, the little nonsense-things he sends or brings me to mark some significant day or event in our lives together. I have them all, every least one of them."

This reminds me of an evening I spent with Mary Pickford at Pickfair some months ago, almost on the eve of her separation from Douglas. We were sitting together in Mary's dressing room and Mary showed me the cards Douglas had sent her with his flowers all through their years together. She read me some of the messages written in that dashing euphatic hand. One card said "These are for you—Cute and Funny!" and another "To the Duchess" and others with more tender, more personal messages. And I remember the look in Mary's eyes when she said, carefully replacing the cards in their special place "Only a very charming man, only a very nice man could write such things as these, don't you think so?"

Jewels and flowers are not, however, the only symbols with which Cupid speaks. On the first anniversary of Richard Dix and Mrs. Richard the Second, Rich fulfilled her heart's desire. They are living in Richard's hidden ranch. Mrs. Richard, it appears, had set her heart on changing the furniture, the drapes, the ornaments in the living room. On the morning of their first anniversary enormous packing cases greeted her eyes when she came down for breakfast. Richard and the men ripped them open. And there, all ready for installation, were the pieces of furniture, the drapes, the pictures and vases and odds and ends she had wanted, down to the ultimate details. All that had to be done was to remove the old and install the new. Which was done forthwith. And there isn't a woman in the whole world who, when regarding some of the ancient household gods with a jaundiced eye, won't know what a thrill that must have been!

There is the always-mysterious love token sent to the mysterious Garbo—mysteriously. For, at the first hour of the first day of every new Garbo picture, just as the first "take" is ready to be made, there arrives for Greta a dzen magnificent white orchids! From her first picture to her last these orchids have never failed! No card is attached. There is no clue to the anonymous sender. No one knows how he knows at what hour of what day a new Garbo picture starts. Is it someone within the studio gate who is thus expressing a love he dare not put into words? Or is it love finding a way by that divine presence which has no need of codes or clocks or calendars?

White orchids . . . star sapphires . . . they speak; it seems, the language of love . . . for Cedric Gibbons, on the night of his first date with the beautiful Dolores Del Rio, brought her a single, superb white orchid. And on every anniversary of that first night, Cedric still brings to [Continued on page 81]
THROUGH
Joan Crawford's
CLOTHES
CLOSET
Her Off Screen Wardrobe
Shown By Joan Herself To
Muriel Babcock

TAKE it from this scribe, you haven't seen anything until you've gazed upon the private wardrobe of a movie star. Did I say A Movie Star? I meant to say the private wardrobe of Joan Crawford. Now, going through any woman's clothes closet is apt to be fun, in its way, but going through Joan Crawford's is The Tops. That is, if you like pretty clothes and I sho' do, honey, especially those little numbers which I saw hanging up on Miss Crawford's hooks. 'Um. They were clothes-lovely, luscious, the kind most of us dream about. Well, I saw 'em all.

It happened this way. I was perched on the squishy white, very comfortable couch in Joan's dressing room. Joan was sitting on the chair in front of the mirror looking utterly ravishing in a navy blue suit, single breasted, with huge, extra huge lapels. She wears it in "No More Ladies." Finally, I broke out with, "Missy Crawford, are you going to do anything about that suit in a big way, or are you going to bequeath it to the M.G.M. storeroom when the pitcher is over?"

"Well, yes and no," answered Joan. "This particular suit belongs to the studio. Adrian designed it, it can't be purchased, but I like it so much I'm going to have it copied for my own wardrobe. And so you like it, really?"

I assured her I did. Indeed. And so did Director Ned Griffith, who stuck his head around the corner of the door about that moment with "I've got bad news for you, Joan. So-o sorry. Very bad news."

Joan looked alarmed. She wasn't going to have to work tonight?

Director Griffith put on his most menacing look and then, "You're excused for the rest of the day. Go home and look at your spring clothes! With that, he disappeared.

That's how it all started. Somehow, I found myself riding home with Joan on her unexpected afternoon off. And we actually did look at her spring clothes. We went right through the clothes closets. And did a Babcock have fun!

In the first place, let me tell you that la Belle Crawford has not only one but four closets opening off the large white mirrored dressing room of her Westwood home. One contains studio wardrobe, another street things, number three holds all the evening frocks and number four, her pajamas and negliges. Then there are shoe cabinets, drawers in which she keeps her bags, gloves, scarfs, handkerchiefs and other accessories. Up above the compartments where hang her frocks—and all hung up by Joan's own loving hands for she is One Star Who Keeps No Personal Maid—(I know you're startled, but I assure you this is true)—are her hats. These are sorted and put away according to color and then by shade. For example, you find all the blue hats together and the light [Continued on page 65]
LIKE a duck takes to water, like Garbo takes to secrecy, like Harpo takes to a blonde, that's how I take to night life! As soon as those shades of night that the poets mouth about have fallen, I throw off my languor with a gusto that surprises even me and start strolling about in quest of a jigger of joie de vivre. I fancy myself a sort of a 'Joy Girl' with vine leaves in my hair and lifting like a radiator cap, all set to trip the light fantastic in Hollywood's gay spots, and on occasions I have been known to trip three partners, Jean Harlow, a Bennett, and a zither player all during the same dance. Oh, I'm terrific in a tango.

Well, anyway, to continue this series on night life among the 'broadly,' which I started three months ago before I became a bitter cynic over the income tax and Snook's Shout's complete disinterest in winning a race, well, anyway, the show must go on and so must this series, so tonight Lil Missy will take you to three of Hollywood's best joints. Those shades of night have fallen at last; thank goodness, so I'll just draw my tippet about me to ward off that breeze from out of the sea that chilled and killed my Annabelle Lee (mogs, I'm up to my eyebrows in the poets tonight), step on the gas, and off we go to dine at the Victor Hugo.

With the opening in Beverly Hills recently of the Victor Hugo, Hollywood, in the broad sense of the word, now possesses one of the finest and most exclusive restaurants in the country. Through nearly twenty years of traditionally splendid service to a discriminating patronage, the Victor Hugo has made its name famous all over the world as synonymous with rare food, rare wines, and delicious menus.

When it was way downtown in Los Angeles, the restaurant catered to the "carriage trade" of the red plush era, and beneath its elegant chandeliers many a platinum mounted lorgnette peered at the escargots, many an oeuf benedict slipped surreptitiously on a costly bosom, and it was all quite, quite regal and rather dismal. Then, sink me, as the Scarlet Pimpernel says, it suddenly the Victor Hugo, like its own Adams Street dowagers, didn't decide to lift its face, pluck its eyebrows, and move uptown.

Furthermore, a cocktail hour was instituted and also supper dancing every night in the Garden Room, with Lawrence King's orchestra--and the younger set and the movie crowd piled in, and the dowagers and the traditions didn't mind at all, in fact they did everything but rush around with autograph albums the first night Dolores Del Rio came to dine and dance. So the Victor Hugo, in a dignified way of course, "went [Continued on page 67]"
Bing Crosby and the family, Gary Evan Crosby and the twins, Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang.

On May 2, 1904, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Crosby of Tacoma, Washington, rejoiced at the advent of a baby boy. Perhaps they sighed gently, too, for Harry Lillis Crosby was their fifth child and Mr. Crosby's salary as an accountant must be spread a little thinner each year as his brood grew taller. Shortly after this blessed event, however, the opportunity to settle his financial affairs arose and the family moved to Spokane.

Small Harry must have been a roistering and nosy child. He developed early a passion for galloping about the lawn and up and down the sidewalks astride a broomstick, shouting, "Bing! Bing! Bing!" to his spirited steed until the harassed neighbors began to call him, "that little Bing boy." The name stuck.

At about the time when Bing was acquiring his permanent nickname, the family of this baby girl was cooing in a crib in Harriman, Tennessee, two thousand miles away. This was in 1911. Her father was a building contractor and there were no sights at the advent of this mite because the Lee family had no other children and had wanted her very much, indeed. As the colored cook put it, that family really needed a baby!

When Dixie was three her parents noted proudly that she could hum, with astounding accuracy, any tune which she had heard once. When she was four she lifted the hem of her brief skirt and kicked her little heels in a gay infant version of a dance every time she heard music.

And while the tot in Harriman, Tennessee, was displaying these tendencies, the gawky young Bing, in Spokane, was donning his first grease paint for an appearance in a grade school version of... for goodness' sake! ... "Julius Caesar!"

Meanwhile the Fates... those enigmatic sisters who spin the thread of destiny, weave the pattern of life and snip the fabric according to their own whims... sat placidly at their work. For what do the Sisters care about miles, about mountain ranges which divide their selected ones, about time or tide or railway fares? They weave their bright or somber patterns without regard for geography. They had spun a thread on one end of which was the dancing tot in Tennessee... at the other the gawky Caesar in Spokane.

Young Bing used to hum, too. He used to do it until he drove his brothers and sisters frantic. He said that he liked to sing in his own, curious fashion. He liked it, in fact, better than anything else in the world. He had an innate sense of rhythm and while Dixie was tapping out the rhythm of music with her small feet, Bing was developing an overwhelming desire to play the traps.

He sold peanuts at the ball park, picked apples on neighboring ranches and when he entered the preparatory school at Gonzaga University, he made a down payment on a set of drums. Those drums were an excellent investment. A schoolmate named Al Rinker played the piano and the lads organized an orchestra which played for school parties. They paid their way through school with their earnings.

Bing was studying law, rather half-heartedly, until a theatre owner-er in Spokane booked the orchestra for a short engagement, and he had the opportunity to sing and play his traps behind the footlights. That one glimpse of a theater, backstage, that one taste of applause, ended his law studies.

Bing and Al packed the drums and set out for Los Angeles. They ran out of money before they arrived and traded the valuable drums for enough gasolene to finish their journey.

Here the thread between these two lives began to tighten. Dixie Lee's family moved to Chicago just as Bing was entering Los Angeles. Snatched from the sleepy respectability of the little Southern town into the hustle of the Windy City, Dixie gazed about her widened horizon with wondering eyes. Her first, adolescent, ambitious gesture was to enter a song contest at the Hotel Sherman.

This won her her first job—just as Bing was obtaining his first Los Angeles engagement at Mike Lyman's Tent Cafe.

One fateful evening Paul Whiteman dropped into a theater where Bing and Al were doing a turn... and he hied himself backstage to invite the boys to join his famous band.

Dixie was engaged to join the roadshow of "Good News" at Pittsburgh, her first real stage engagement. The two were farther apart than ever so far as geography was concerned. But the Sisters Fate knew what they were about.

Bing visited every large city in the country with Whiteman and Dixie found herself, somewhat to her astonishment, singing "Southern Blues" on Broadway. By the time Bing reached New York, Winfield Sheehan had seen her and had signed her to come to Hollywood to sing in the "Fox Movietone Follies!" They just missed each other that time. And there was the entire continent between them.

The Fates, I think, had decided that each of them had a great deal to learn about life and about singing before they would be ready to encounter one another and embark upon their real careers.

Harry Barris joined the Whiteman band and he and Bing and Al became the "Rhythm Boss." But even when they returned to California with Paul to make "The King of Jazz," Bing and Dixie did not meet.

The Fates Irresistibly Draw Together Two Who Are Destined To Love.
STORIES THAT
ONE!

By Helen Louise Walker

Pretty mother, Dixie Lee, is as happy as she is beautiful.

Dixie's bright hopes of her Fox contract were beginning to dull. She played a few small roles and sang a ditty or two but nothing much came of it.

By the time that Whiteman, after months of ado, had finished "The King of Jazz," Bing had turned playboy in a big way. He and his two pals asked to be released from their contracts with the band so that they might remain in California. They went to work at Los Angeles' famous Coconut Grove and things began to happen right away.

Bing was on the crest. For the first time in his haphazard career he was in a position to be asked to sing. "Always before," he says, "I had been a footlight entertainer and the people out front had had to listen to me whether they wanted to or not. At the Grove they could ask for me. One of the greatest thrills of my life was the realization that they were doing it more and more often."

He had, never-the-less, his moments of discouragement. On these occasions he would seek advice from friends and it appeared that there were numbers of people who were not only willing, but anxious, to undertake to manage his career for a share of his earnings. He signed these contracts light-heartedly and broke them with the same innocent aplomb... until the day of reckoning arrived.

Here the Fates brought the two ends of their fine-spin thread together.

Bing, flushed with success and acclaim, besought by numerous famous and glamorous ladies, glimpsed at the Grove one evening the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He contrived to be introduced and asked her if he might sing a number especially for her. She acquiesced and Bing lifted, "I Surrender, Dear!" as he had never sung it before.

The Fates smiled and contemplated their first part of their carefully wrought pattern with satisfaction.

Later Bing was heard to croon, "Just One More Chance?" with pleading intonations... and patrons of the Grove gathered that he and Dixie had quarreled. Los Angeles' and Hollywood's night club public followed the progress of that romance with avid interest.

The Powers at Fox advised Dixie that she had best cease to

be seen with "that crooner." Dixie did not cease to be seen with him, but the studio failed to take up her option.

Bing and Dixie were married. The Fates smiled again.

Bing had rejected several radio offers from the East. He wanted to stay in California where he was a big shot. Where he had met and wooed and married Dixie. News began to drift in about the success Bing's radio programs were having. Bing, nudge a little bit by his bride, decided that he had been pretty silly to neglect those opportunities. He wired his acceptance of one of the offers.

Bing's success on the radio was phenomenal. His records sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Paramount paged him to return to the Coast to make a picture... "The Big Broadcast." No one knew whether or not he would be a success as an actor. The contract was tentative, dependent upon the success of that first picture venture. He proved to everyone's satisfaction that he was a success as an actor.

But this was not the end. Not at all!

Bing and Dixie moved into that now-famous Tolucca Lake house. Their son was born and subsequently the twin boys, whose advent swelled the Crosby burst into bursting with pride in them.

If the studio Powers had been doubtful about whether Bing could act... they were also dubious about whether his petite wife could sing! They offered her a role in an unimportant picture, "Love in Bloom," and Dixie, in the language of the old Broadway, "Wowed 'em." She wowed them to such good purpose that she was signed for a Fox special, "Redheads on Parade." The studio which dropped her contract five years ago because of "that crooner" is now paying her something like eight times the weekly salary which she was receiving then!

The Fates smile. These two are so much alike. Neither of them, for instance, has ever learned to read a note of music. They are both natural singers, both have an inborn sense of rhythm. Neither knows the slightest thing about business. Both are (and this is an anomaly in the show business) rather shy. They dislike making public appearances. They are extremely informal in their manner of living.

They do not sing merrily about the house. Neither likes the other to hear him or her twitting a ditty. Neither has ever visited the other on a set or in a broadcasting or recording chamber.

They are exceedingly independent and correspondingly tolerant. If one wishes to see a motion picture and the other does not... each does as he pleases and no questions asked. Fortunately their tastes in people and in amusements are similar.

They live simply and quietly. Now that they are both working in pictures, their lives move smoothly along parallel lines. Work at the studio in the day time... home to frolic briefly with the three youngsters... perhaps an evening of listening to other singers on the radio.

Those were two long paths leading from Harriman, Tennessee and from Spokane, Washington, to Tolucca Lake. But the Fates had spun that thread and tied it fast between these two.
The stars have an innate speculative instinct. Otherwise, they would not be gambling with movie fame. Their blind faith in an miraculous destiny expresses itself in their careers and in their zest for games of chance.

They pilot airplanes, play fast and furious polo. They bring their votive offerings to the roulette wheel. They follow the races.

In nervous tension, they will bet on anything—whether Garbo is going home, even if Lupe and Johnny will really separate. From pinhole to pingpong, from the ring to roulette—including backgammon and bagatelle—zest is added to everygame by a financial risk.

The thrills compensate for the cost. Hazard suits the mood of Hollywood, where each hit is an accident and every role offers potentialities. As Marian Nixon once remarked, "One's spirit is constantly standing at attention."

Like a race-course, Hollywood is never dull and stupid. Continually, there is a "meet" on, with high-spirited contenders stamping the dust, racing neck and neck for better contracts. Each awaits the dramatic sport.

Exaggerations prevail in Dramawood. Life is not the slow and subtle march of gradual evolutions that it is elsewhere. In one day it runs the scale from the crowned heights to the obscure abysses.

So many things affect the cast of the dice—a role that antagonizes a formerly eulogistic public, a breath of scandal, a feud, sudden illness caused by straining nature at too swift a pace and lack of reserve vitality. Option-time stalks the future with its fearful question-marks: How shall I run in the next lap? Will I be left at the post or win the race?

Wally Beery is the only actor who refuses to be perturbed by the seasaw of success. He says, "I've had over twenty years of pictures. Every five years I get 'discovered' all over again, hit the heights, then slump. It's just temporary, either way."

But his co-heroes have not achieved his balanced, calm outlook. Every one is always in a frenzy of hysteria about something—a role or a romance, a quartet or a wager.

Sportsmen take their fun in sweeping gestures, betting recklessly on all games. There are horse-races and auto competitions, dog-races and bicycle pedal-prances. Roulette fascinates and bridge stakes merit respect.

Particularly keyed to the thespic tension is the spirit of a horse-race. In one day at Santa Anita the stars placed bets totaling $37,000.

Since playing the ponies took a huge sum from George Raft one afternoon, he has been more conservative. However, there's lucky Frances Drake, who gathered in several bonanza bets.

Few actors know the "points" of a horse. They back hunches. Pat O'Malley thought Terry O'Malley's name a good omen, and put down the works. The O'Malley came in first.

On the other hand, Gilbert Roland lost a lot on Connie Bennett's two-year-old, Rattlebrains, before it eventually ran second. And for months Bing Crosby backed a nag named for him, though it never got into the money.

Several actors placed solemn faith in a steepedchase contender, Acme, merely because the word is Spanish for "sugar." A frivolous young thing refused to bet on the likely Sabala, explaining with a sniff, "That's Polish for onions!" Others wagered on Twenty-Grand, considering his name prophetic. Some said they backed Cavalca, just because the picture of that title was successful.

No, I don't know for whom Connie named Rattlebrains. Maybe for Hollywood, which leads us to that fluctuating ingenue, Beverly Hills. Clark Gable's faith in his filly is supreme, though costly. What-price-loyalty? Now that the stars are entering their own horses, studio employees grumble that they feel it a tacit duty to patronize their own players' ponies as well as their pictures.

Beverly Hills can't seem to keep her mind on her job. She hesitates, apparently to admire the view. "Picking flowers!" her betters murmur, in disgust. "Belongs on the bridle-path!" Occasionally she trails along to see what it is all about. Once she actually finished only a furlong behind the others. Clark was jubilant.

His fans like Beverly, anyhow. A sweet flap per rushed into the paddock, threw her arms around her and gurgled, "Oh! I've hugged the horse that Clark owns."

Beverly isn't the only also-ran. Raoul Walsh's Press On hugged the starting gate at Santa Anita, proving there's nothing in a name. Connie's Rattlebrains seldom worries other contenders. But she looks so chic in her own colors, grey with American beauty trimmings.

In Bing Crosby's siring there are four "sure winners," he says. His pet hopeful is Westie, named for a certain glamorous gal. Raoul Walsh has had varying luck. His Greyola won him a $29,000 purse, but died, and another broke its leg.

At Jolson's Concord and Kildare alter-

The excitement of making pictures, winning statues and owning a race horse is the breath of life to Clark Gable.

Oh! I've hugged the horse that Clark owns.

Tweet-tweet?

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At Jolson's Concord and Kildare alter-

Every Day Hollywood Takes A Chance On Gamblers, And Finally It Gets In
The Santa Anita Track, which has given Hollywood a new set of thrills.

nately repay and disappoint him. Once he backed another entry, the favorite—and Concord, maybe just to rebuke his disloyalty, won. Did Al look foolish?

On the day of the big handicap the boxes at the Santa Anita handicap are filled with cinema celebs, the grandstand is packed with people. Crowds mill around the betting booths, gay colors dot the clubhouse terrace, and countless raileads call advice as the jockeys mount their nags.

The air becomes tense as the high-spirited horses strain and paw at the barrier. "They're off!" the cry soars. "Oh, they're bunched at the turn!... There they go, into the stretch! My baby's a nose ahead!"

Shouts and squeals record reactions, as glasses are trained on the track. Charlie Chaplin looks melancholy, Paulette Goddard excited. Joan Bennett surveys the field through her lorgnette. "How'ya?" Jack Oakie greets all and sundry. Joe E. Brown's mouth is agape, the Marxes are noisy. Ruby Keeler bets on a winner named Jolson.

Warren William is intent, Ricardo Cortez nonchalant, Stuart Erwin glum. Al Jolson grins, Jummy Durante scowls. Arline Judge figures on her pad busily. Wynne Gibson's clenched fists pound the air, as she cries, "Ride him, boy!" The race is reflected on the chameleon faces of the movie players.

Yet hard-boiled touts and seamy-faced toughs, who play more methodically and coldly, rake in the winnings while the temporary darlings of film fortune become broken reeds.

Harry Green, who kibitzed the early talksies, is reputed to have misplaced close to $180,000 at Agua Caliente, of which the horses rolled away $27,000 in one evening. His career also waned dramatically.

Joseph M. Schenck is a sort of civic papa to the Agua concession, as chairman of the board of directors. This ear of the casino favors "chemin de fer," starting only with a bank of $10,000.

The producer is no sluggard at poker, either. Intimates of "Uncle Carl" Laemmie claim that he sets aside $80,000 a year for his pet indulgence.

Jean Harlow took $5000 away from the roulette table one evening. Joe Morrison followed her system and emerged with $1800 profit. Eleven roulette bets added $26,000 to director Raoul Walsh's wallet, and an hour at the dice tables $2000. Jimmy Durante, Bebe Daniels and Bill Powell have been repaid by the dilly little ball.

Anna Sten once parked $800 for an evening's fun. However, and Pola Negri left a $700 tip to the mouses of the whirling wheel. Harold Lloyd seldom plays; but when he does he allows the goddess of chance a $60 stake. When that is gone, he quits. Clara Bow used to be an avid roulette fan, you'll remember. She also used to be a famous movie star.

Ed Lowe, Bing Crosby, Leila Hyams and Tom Mix are other patrons of Agua's gaming rooms. Tom's appearance in near-by Tia Juana means a shower of nickels for the Mexican killets.

Al Jolson is a horse owner and a great race fan.
I have never gone in for hero worship on a big scale. I am an average sort of person and prefer steak and potatoes rather than crepe suzette as a steady diet. I will admit there is a tremendous thrill in seeing Clark Gable, Fredric March, Ronald Colman, or Leslie Howard in a clitch with any of the lovely ladies of screenland but, gosh, I forget all about them when I watch Roland Young, Stu Erwin, ZaSu Pitts, Louise Fazenda, Frank McHugh, Edna May Oliver, Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, Billie Burke, or Frank Morgan.

Morgan is a particular favorite of mine. It is a hundred to one that he will run away with the honors in any picture in which he is cast. He has been doing this for years. Even back in the days when he was cavorting on the New York stage he was feared by the stars he so ably supported, though of them had the good sense to realize they could not do without him.

I recall one play, "The Firebrand," in which he was such a wow that the temperamental star closed the show for a week rather than let an understudy play his part during an illness. He knew too well that, with Morgan on the stage, he would never be missed and he dare not put it to the test. Strangely enough, when this play was made into "The Affairs of Cellini," Morgan, in his old part, duplicated his Broadway success by walking away with the picture also. Morgan's name on an 8-page is a guarantee that at least one performance will be worth the price you pay for admission. He is so valuable, in fact, that most theatre managers bill him equally with the star and I have seen his name on the marquee when the star's was omitted entirely.

Morgan doesn't care much who gets the glory as long as he turns in a good job...a job which satisfies him. To hell with a success which is based on the transient emotions of a fickle public...Frank Morgan expects to be here in a big way when many of the stellar names of today are listed with the forgotten man.

With my usual skipping along in this vein you can perhaps understand my chafion in finding that ace comedian and picture stealer, Hugh Herbert, in New York at a time when I had a story to do on the clique he so ably represents, and needed some first hand information to verify a lot of private opinions. Just when I was beginning to think I was the step-child of the universe I got a break like this. I hied me up to the Warwick Hotel for a twelve o'clock luncheon appointment clated over my good luck and seeing blue skies in spite of the rain which had assumed the proportions of a torrential downpour. I asked Hugh how he felt about playing "second string" to people like James Cagney, for example. He grinned.

"Funny you should have picked Jimmy," he said. "He worked for me once and now, in a manner of speaking, I'm working for him. Jimmy played in a vaudeville act I wrote and produced, called 'That's My Boy.' I believe it was one of his first vaudeville engagements. Yes, he was good. I liked him then and I like him now. As to how I feel about playing "second string" to Jimmy, I think I helped him when he worked for me and I feel I am helping him now with my support. I think Jimmy feels the same way. We've just finished making 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and we all had a lot of fun. Jimmy surprised us in the role of 'Bottom' and he loved it."

Then we talked about Adolphe Menjou.
Every Ship Has A Figurehead, But That Is Not What Makes It Go. And Every Picture Has A Star—!

whose classification, incidentally, becomes a bit difficult. Many would call him a star. Certainly he has a following the equal of any, excepting perhaps the Harlows and Gables. Menjou has been up and down the ladder of film favor many times but he is too sterling an actor, too much of an asset to any picture to remain in obscurity long. He gives us the realism we ordinary folk recognize and for that we like him... always.

"Menjou," Herbert informed me, "is one of the highest paid actors in Hollywood. He is a free lance and when a director sends for him it is because he really needs him. Hence Menjou can afford to stand by his guns as far as salary is concerned. He could afford to be 'snooty' on the set for the same reason. But he isn't. He has the grandest sense of humor and he can take more ribbing than anyone I ever saw. Don't you think his work shows this quality? When we were making 'Convention City,' Archie Mayo, the director, poured it into him on every occasion. It was touch and go between them every minute. I don't

adopted, supply her with more milk than she needs. She gets in your car and personally delivers the extra supply to the needy ones living near her. Is it any wonder she is able to get a quality of kindness in her work?

ZaSu has a tremendous following and more imitators than anyone I can think of by the inimitable laugh-getting personality which she possesses.

There are so many fine, steady trouperos, the backbone of this ever changing profession, that it is a difficult thing to select a few to mention here. There is Sarah Haden, whose contribution to films might well bear the illuminating mark of "18K"; Grant Mitchell, who in his snug rightness is annoyingly necessary; Una Merkel, with all the external qualities for stellar honors, taking it on the chin in picture after picture to back up a spotlighted personality. There is Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks, Stuart Erwin, Alice Brady... I could go on until some time next week.

Frank McHugh is a shining example of the powers behind the throne. I checked up on his record and found it an enviable one as far as quantity goes... quality, well some of the conversations I've overheard in theatres when McHugh came on the screen have made me realize that I would give my next year's salary check if I could have his army of admirers. McHugh has one sure-fire means of getting a laugh... his laugh. When all else fails, it isn't often, he turns on the battery of his smile, and the contagious noise we associate with him, and he has all of us in the aisles.

As for Herbert, I found him a cultured, interesting, easy-to-know, comically sort of individual. He isn't the pathetically helpless person he so often portrays on the screen, for he does a number of things amazingly well in a quiet, well-ordered manner.

Conversation moved so briskly at times I had to drag it back to the object of my visit again and again. I had been wondering among other things about pictures that start out to be one thing and end being something entirely different, due to some character developing unexpectedly. An audience usually gets a great kick out of seeing a player, star or otherwise, steal a... [Continued on page 69]
The NEW
GORGEOUS
SCREEN

Miriam Hopkins' New Picture, "Becky Sharp," Is All In Color

By Radie Harris

The blonde beauty of Miriam, in color, will wear your delight.

Dee, where I learn for the first time that her sweet-heart is dead. The scene is made far more effective through the use of color, because as soon as I see her mourning gait, it is a visible symbol of tragedy to me and the audience.

"But won't this introduction of color somewhat detract from the scene as a whole?" I wanted to know.

"It will," was Miriam's retort, "if there is no subtlety used in the preparation of colors. Just as costumes shouldn't overshadow the player wearing them, so color shouldn't be so blatant that it detracts the attention. Now color is identified with costume extravaganzas, but in the future, when it will be used cleverly in all pictures, it will prove much less of a strain than black and white. Remember, the normal eye is naturally attuned to color, and the black and white is as poor a substitute as sub-titles were in silent pictures.

"What about make-up? Is it different from the usual screen make-up?" I asked, eager for more facts.

"It is more like a stage make-up, only a little warmer," Miriam enlightened me.

"And what about the camera? Does it require any special equipment?" (This is the first time I had ever "gone technical" on an interview, and was I impressed!) Miriam, who knows all the answers, including Technicolor, was all prepared for me.

"A camera with three pieces of film—yellow, blue and red—photographs this the pure color right on the film. All in all, there is far less drastic change involved than there was in the transition from silence to sound.

"Miriam's enthusiasm isn't limited to Technicolor alone. She is equally thrilled over her new contract with Sagu Goldwyn.

"It's for two years, with a three-month vacation clause each year. I may take the six months all at once, and do a play, if I can find a good one...in the meantime, I'm all excited about my new picture, "Barbary Coast," which Charlie MacArthur and I am writing. We're both elves, and Bill Hawks is directing. Sounds like a swell set-up, doesn't it, especially if Freddie March plays opposite me, as, in all probability, he will. And, Oh! I must tell you about my elaborate dressing room headquarters in the new building on the United Artists lot. They are too divine—just like a private apartment, with an ante-room, living room, dressing room, dinette, kitchen and bath!

This all-in-one-breath announcement left me no more breathless than did Miriam. By now, I have learned that a conversation with Mrs. Hopkins' little girl is like a ride on a scenic railway! She has the exhaustless vitality of an over-excited child. All during our breakfast, she was continually interrupted by a constant flow of telephone calls.

Would she pose for Cecil Beaton? Of course, but with Norman Bel Geddes?

When did she want a fitting appointment at Bergdorf Goodman's?

Etc., etc.—and far into the morning.

Uninterrupted, Miriam answered each and every question. And when, because of her limited visit in New York, she had to turn down many of these requests, she begged off so graciously, that one could almost hear the "intruder" on the other end of the wire, cursing himself for being such a nuisance.

Miriam has traveled a far road since that day, four years ago, when I visited her on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village, to give her her first movie interview.

Hollywood was the great "unknown" to her then—and she was scared to death of it, just as, not so many years before, she was a frightened youngster from Savannah, who danced in the chorus of the "Music Box," waiting for her Big Chance on Broadway.

Today, the world is her oyster!

Her career, already a gratifying success, gives every indication of reaching new heights under the goldwyn banner. The fortune she has amassed by dint of her own hard work has enabled her to enjoy the art of living.

In Hollywood. [Continued on page 60]
The Hollywood Stages Re-echo To The Sounds Of The Stars At Work.

At the Fox Studio

IT TOOK my favorite actress, Dixie Lee, almost five years after she married Bing Crosby to make up her mind to come back to the screen, but once having made it up she’s coming back with a vengeance. I’ve always contended that if Dixie would only take screen work seriously she could be one of the really big stars of the cinema and it does my heart good to find out she’s not going to make a hair of me.

No sooner had she finished “Love in Bloom” (which, unfortunately, did not turn out to be such a mustache—although she scored a great personal hit) than every studio in town started bidding for her, because there are darned few young girls in pictures who can sing a hot number—and none who can sing one as Dixie can—and who have looks and can act, too. Dixie, being smart, has so far refused to sign with any of them and is picking her pats. Accordingly, we find her cavorting in J. E. Lasky’s favorite film for 1927, which he is producing for Fox. It is called “Redheads on Parade” because a hundred years ago Mr. Lasky produced a vaudeville act called “Redheads” which was phenomenally successful and gave him his big start.

The story of this piece is just too complicated. It is about a couple of men who make a preparation to dye one’s hair bloud in half an hour. They decide to make a movie featuring blondes to advertise their preparation, and it’s all started. Then, at the last minute—just before it’s finished—they back out. So another company that makes Titianola which will turn you into a red head in less time than you can say “scat” comes along and offers to buy up the film, re-shoot part of it and release it to feature their red heads. No, I guess I got it wrong. I told you it was too complicated. It’s the Titianola people who started the thing and backed out and Jack Haley and Alan Dinehart, who are connected with the company, are talking things over in John Boles’ dressing room. They feel pretty blue about the whole thing, too, but me tell you. Suddenly the door bursts open and John Boles dashes in. “What’s all this about?” John demands.

“Where is taking over the picture?” John persists.

“A couple fellow who make blond hair dye,” Jack puts in.

“I’m sorry,” says Dixie appearing suddenly in the doorway. “I couldn’t help overhearing what you were saying. Who did you say is taking over the picture?”

“Two men named Kunkel & Redfern,” Alan admits.

“Kunkel & Redfern!” Dixie ejaculates. “Why, they’re Twill’s biggest competitors!”

Suddenly Haley gets an idea. “Competitors?” he beams. “Say! Why didn’t we think of it? Twill won’t back out of it now. Let me at that bird!” starting for the door.

“Cut!” calls Norman McLeod who has been borrowed from Paramount to direct this picture.

“Hello, ducky,” says Dixie to me. “You better come out soon or your nephews won’t know you any more. And just then her stand-in, Kitty Sexton, who could have had me but who married Dr. Sexton instead, comes up to ask where the hell I’ve been. She puts it that way because Kitty is a lady who never believes in leaving any doubts in a person’s mind as to what she means.

Well, I could take up the whole department telling you about Dixie and Kitty and right smart reading it would make, too, but the editor wouldn’t like it and neither would the publicity departments so I lick out to Mr. Fox’s back lot where Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian are emoting in “Under the Pampas Moon.”

The set is the front of an estancia in the Argentine. It is a solid white stucco front of a house with a perfectly enormous door, all studded with bolts. Suddenly Warner dashes up on a horse with Retti seated in front of him and a lot of villainous looking men riding after them. He pulls the horse

(Continued on page 73)

Director Ludwig and camera crew photographing Paul Lukas, Madge Evans and little David Jack Holt in “Age of Indiscretion.”
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 Grand-dad 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!

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."

"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

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

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IN "RECKLESS," Rosalind Russell, with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor, strolls with reluctant feet toward the waiting groom. How happy he should be and how very miserable he is! Bachelor-hood, with its carefree nights, is slipping away from him and it is, alas, too late to do anything about it. Rosalind has got him and her pals are celebrating the event. Ring out, O Joyous Bells! Really, he should dance and sing, for responsibilities will make a man of him and if the pictures are to be believed now he can live happily ever after.
PICTURES ARE GETTING

There Are Only A Few Costume Pictures Now Coming Through, And The Actors Have To Shave Once More.

WE CAN go cultured for just so long, and then we begin to remember "The Th Man," and yearn for a daily newspaper instead of those classics which are so go for us. Before the costume cycle is washed up, however, there are some great pictures to come. DeMille's "The Crusades" will undoubtedly be great entertainment. Everyone interested in "Becky Sharp"—it is in color, you know. The "Nell Gwyn" picture (from England) has been cut until it is now acceptable, and "Loves of a Dictator," which has Clive Brook, is also a promising English picture.

This flood of pictures of other days was occasioned by the success of "Henry VIII" "Cavalcade," and others. For, up to the time they were O.K'd by the box offices, producers were more or less afraid of making pictures which presented their great stars in entirely different roles than the types which had won success.

Unquestionably, we will always have some costume pictures, but it is with pleasure that we, at this time, look forward to some story of contemporary folk.

Charles Laughton and Binnie Barnes in "Henry VIII."

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in "Cavalcade."

Will Rogers and Billie Burke in "Doubting Thomas."

Alan Hale and Loretta Young in "The Crusades."

Clive Brook harangues the populace in "Loves of a Dictator."

Ah! It is "Paris In Spring."" Tulio Carminati and Mary Ellis.

Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie in "It's a Small World."

At right we find Lukas and M. Evans in "Ag Indiscretion."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in "Nell Gwyn."
An Actor In A Fancy Regalia Is Apt To Hide Behind It. It Is Not Fair To Him To Be Obliged To Play All Rôles In Costume——And The Customers Might Become Satiated.

The new Katharine Hepburn picture, "Break of Hearts," has the very satisfactory John Beal and also the charming Charles Boyer.
Off to the Wilds —

The Moving Picture Troupe On Location Has A Quality That Stage Acting Troupes, With Their Painted Scenery, Never Can Equal.

The silent "Westerns" taught America more about the foothills and plains than all the geographies put together. They had the same appeal as the National Geographic Magazine has today. The screen, however, is not disposed to lose its scenic standing and recently cameramen, directors and actors have journeyed to far corners of the earth to bring back the flavor of authentic settings. "Host Operas" are being revived and the old gorgeous salaries are being offered to the boys who can ride with Death at their saddle girths. Tom Mix and others set a hard pace, and today we expect hard riding and "Hell-for-Leather" recklessness with our scenery.

George O'Brien far from the studio for "The Cowboy Millionaire.

Even on location for "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," artificial lights are used to soften the shadows.

The "Call of the Wild" company found the atmosphere for their picture on Mount Baker, 1200 miles from Hollywood.
Jack Oakie finds the chilly location work brings out his unsuspected Eskimo blood. Gable is at his best in "he-man" parts.

Warner Baxter and the fascinating Armida in his old Cisco Kid costume.

"Under the Pampas Moon"—Warner Baxter and gauchos.

Charles Sellon's character becomes more real because the picture is taken in natural surroundings.
Those Beautiful "TIPPY" EYES


FOR years, while Myrna Loy was growing on us, she fixed her eyes up at the corners, and that, coupled with the way she has of half losing them, has made us conscious of the charm of tip-tilted eyes. Now comes Merle Oberon, whose eyes have a delightful slant, and upsets us so that Anna May Wong has the chance of her life for conquest. Myrna's eyes really do go up a little, and who can deny their charm. Kathleen Burke has clung to her popularity practically by her eyelids and Katherine DeMille wisely accents the upward lift of the corners of her eyes. Rosalind Russell booked for great things and not the least of her equipment is the devastating angle made by her lashes. Merle Oberon has captured the word Exotic and there is no word more desired by beauties. It suggests, so easily, strange new standards of conduct as well as of beauty, that the imagination is intrigued.

Kathleen Burke has survived the hoodoo of being a contest winner.

Rosalind Russell. Look for her in "Reckless."

Myrna Loy has left the Oriental type behind her, but her eyes, remembering, still lift a little at the corners.

Katherine DeMille, a beauty in "The Crusades."
Shakespeare's
“Midsummer Night’s Dream”

Max Reinhardt Has Brought Shakespeare’s Immortal Fantasy To The Screen.

“A WAKE the pert and nimble spirit of mirth," sings William Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night’s Dream." (Act I—Scene I) And that is the motif of this delightful classic. We who see comedies of the Wheeler and Woolsey type, feel that hilarity and jesting are modern weaknesses. We feel that enduring things are serious. It is on a par with the fellow who was saddest when he sang. As a matter of fact, a merry quip is its own justification in any age. Every report on the screen version of this famous piece confirms the belief that Max Reinhardt has captured a gay and merry mood for his great production. We believe this classic is a step between the swashbuckling costume pictures and the classic operas.
Great inventiveness was shown in making the bats. The fairies were covered with cellophane threads.

James Cagney as Bottom and Joe E. Brown as Flute.

Anita Louise as Titania.
Is There Something About Frills That Makes A Man Frivolous?

SOME dresses seem to be designed to be provocative, as unbelievable as that may sound. The masculine instinct is toward injury and brute strength. Do the girls realize this when they cover themselves with nicely arranged bounces and frills? The new fashion seems to bring out the idea that a girl's ruffles are but symbolic of the tender state in which she waits the coming of her man. Symbolic, too, of the sweet surrender and the irresistible quality of the special ruffle-crusher.

Trust the pictures for seizing upon a fashion that is beautiful and gently persuasive. It is, because of its flower-like delicacy, flattering as well.
You Care to Crush My Ruffles?

Herbie Albritton and Adrienne Ames in "Secret Lives," at a moment when it seems that Adrienne is relying a bit too much on the protection of her ruffles.

At left, in "Private Worlds," Joan Bennett is held in the arms of Joel McCrea. Her frills and laces are forgotten — there are other things now to prey upon the mind.

At right, Robert Young and Evelyn Venable in "The Vagabond Lover."
Between Shots

When You Are On The Set They Always Seem To Be Waiting.

The camera man catches some of the great of the screen, during working hours, when they are standing by to give the grips and juicers time to arrange the effects to the complete satisfaction of the director.

No assistant director, star, sound man or character player knows when the director will summon him, and so he must wait. In fact, he cannot even ask the director if he is going to be used. The director is seeing the whole picture in his mind's eye and as he studies each scene before the "take" he must recall the timing of the previous scene as well as the part the scene plays in the action.

Directors are a silent, thoughtful lot.

Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper fill in some waiting time at the water cooler at Twentieth Century—while Chevalier was working on "Follies Bergere" and Gary was making "The Wedding Night" with Anna Sten.

Rouben Mamoulian, directing "Becky Sharp," outlines his idea of the next scene to Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

When Warner Baxter was on location the girls of the Taft School, Taft, California, got him to pose for snapshots.
There are many strong swimmers fighting against the tides and currents of Hollywood. Occasionally a good story or some other fortunate break, like a favoring wind brings to the front new faces. And sometimes old favorites, much to our delight, lead all others. This month the appearance of Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta" has attracted much attention to this fine singer and, obviously, a brilliant future is within his reach.

Fred Astaire, who stepped (and we mean stepped) to the front in "The Gay Divorcee" and "Roberta," is scheduled to make a third picture, "Top Hat," along the same order.

This good looking newcomer is Robert Taylor. Next in "Murder On the Fleet." Fred March will next be with Garbo in "Anna Karenina." After all these years Gary Cooper turned out to be an actor.
Girls in bathing suits mark the advance of wholesomeness against the dying order of prudery.
Shirley's New Picture Is "Our Little Girl." She Is Going To Take Her Father And Mother On A Vacation Trip To Hawaii.
TEMPELE'S EDUCATION

The Littlest Star Spends Four Hours In Study Every Day.

By Elizabeth Wilson

I was in quite a pet the morning I received a wire from my editor in New York telling me to do a story on Shirley Temple's education. Me-ee, a sophisticated writer of the gin-and-bitters school! Me-ee, who has heard the patter of little feet, except those of cockroaches in Greenwich Village, in years! Me-ee, who's ad me own 'orses, as Auntie Bee Lillie would say. Me-ow. And I may say that it didn't help matters any when Carole Lombard, who is my idea of the most fun, called and asked me to play tennis with her. "I can't." I groaned bitterly, "I have to do Shirley Temple's education." "That," shrieked Carole in hysteric, "is the most beautiful bit of miscasting I have seen in Hollywood. Stick to your tennis, Toots." And right on top of that Claudette called and wanted me to shop for Early American furniture with her. "I can't," I groaned even more bitterly, "I have to do Shirley Temple's education." "Indeed," indeeded Claudette with a charming sneer, "so that is what you have been studying up on the alphabet for?" I didn't bother to answer. I simply pulled the phone out of its mouroings and threw it at the cat. Just because I am a southerner and often fall into my native lingo, Claudette, who is a Purist—but only where the English language is concerned—has fits. Me-ee, who has me own diploma, too. Just give a Frenchman a course in English grammar and he moves right in.

But it's true, I'm not much good around children. They frighten me. I always feel horribly self-conscious and have an uncontrollable desire to bite my nails—which would never do in front of a child, I'm sure. Maybe I don't know the right people, but my friends never seem to have children, or else they put them to bed before I arrive for dinner, so I really haven't had much of an opportunity these last few years to get acquainted with the generation who will be on top when the old rocking chair's gonna get me.

It's not that I don't like children. I do—in the abstract—but I guess I just don't understand child psychology. About three years ago in New York I was given an evening in which to study child psychology while my best friend and her husband went to the theatre, leaving me alone with five-year-old Junior, and to my horror I discovered that I was completely baffled as to why the grass was green and birdsies sing. Worn and weary I made my way to the phone and called a cleaning woman. "Mary," I gasped weakly, "if you'll come over and watch Junior for an hour I'll give you four bits." "Huh," snorted Junior, "give me the four bits and I'll watch myself." The only child who ever accepted me as an equal is Norman Scott Barnes, Joan Blondell's son, who isn't a year old yet but has the goodness to grin from ear to ear every time I come around. But he'll probably grow up to ask questions.

Well, anyway, here I was stuck with Shirley's precious book, in which she writes a page a day and colors the pictures.

Shirley knows this poem by heart. She has a remarkable love for verse.

Shirley Temple's education so I punted all the way out to the Fox lot, where I hoped I might have a quiet little interview with Mrs. Temple, who is a charming woman and whom I greatly admire for her utter lack of any affectation. But no, like Iris March, I am never let off anything, so there was nothing to do about it but that I should go over to the gallery at once and meet Shirley herself. (Shirley had just completed "Our Little Girl" and like all movie stars has to spend several days in the gallery at the end of a picture to do stills and portraits and lay-outs for the fan magazines and newspapers.) So I swigged an extra strong cup of tea, desperately tried to recall a bit of baby-talk, and mentally braced myself to meet the great Shirley Temple, the adopted of millions, Public Favorite No. 1 in fact. But all the swigging and bracing were entirely unnecessary—Shirley isn't the type. She's perfectly natural with you, and all you have to do is be perfectly natural with her. She won me completely the minute she put her little hand in mine, smiled, and said, "I am glad to meet you. I have to go now and make pictures. But I will be back. Please don't go away." That "Please don't go away" got me. In all my experiences as an interviewer I have never yet met a movie star who wanted me to stay, but sincerely wanted me to stay. So I stayed. She is so utterly natural and normal, so essentially sweet and cordial, that I immediately forgot to be self-conscious.

Miss Temple was wearing a charming movie star ensemble of panties and shirt when I met her, but later she changed into a little blue sweater and pleated skirt for the dance lay-out she was to do with Jack. [Continued on page 60]
TALKING IT OVER WITH BOB


By Lenore Samuels

When he arrived in New York on his first visit, he was quite surprised when the doorman at the Waldorf called him by name.

No conceit, and yet at the same time, there always seemed to have the situation confronting a romantic leading man well in hand. If I didn't stand with my feet firmly planted on the ground," he reminded me, "Betty would take me down pronto. She can always say 'she knew me when.' I'm sure each other since we were kids, you see. And you can't overwhelm a girl who remembers you when you were a cacklerbocker, can you?"

"Not very well."

"But I must admit I got a thrill when we arrived at the hotel the other day and the doorman said, 'How 'de jay, Mr. Young.' It gave me a warm feeling that lasted for the rest of that day. And when I walk down Fifth Avenue with Betty and people mug each other and turn around to look at me, well that's a thrill, too. I can't help but think how different it would have been if I had come here four years ago, as I had planned."

"I often smile when I hear people say how wonderful it is that Clark Gable and Joan Crawford and people like that have kept their heads in spite of their success. It is wonderful, and they have kept their heads. But I know that fame and success do do things to a man or a woman. They give you that feeling of confidence, of faith in yourself which everybody needs if they want to meet the world bravely. You know yourself that when things go wrong your shoulders are not quite as squarely set as they would be if things went right. Success is bound to show in one way or another.

Again I agreed, just as I had been agreeing with most of his theories for the past half-hour, and I cited the story of Claudette Colbert who, during her visit to New York after the Academy Award for her 'best performance of the year,' struck everybody who met her as being infinitely lovelier in spirit and more beautiful. Physically if that is possible, than she had ever been before. Her good fortune brought out all that was best in her."

"Oddly enough," said I, "I think it takes even greater fortitude to meet success intelligently than it does to meet failure."

And this time Bob agreed with me for a change. It's been over two years now that Bob has been cast for leading roles at M-G-M and I wanted to know which was his favorite.

He hesitated, and looked as shy and embarrassed as if I had asked him to weep for me! After squirming around the idea for a second, he said: "I hate to sound 'arty,' and as if I can't shake off a part when I finish a scene because it has wedged me too over-rought emotionally, you understand?"

[Continued on page 65]
The GREAT BERGNER!

You Remember Her As Catherine The Great
Now She Is A Gamin In “Escape Me Never.”

By Gladys Baker

I'M AFRAID of Hollywood, I don't want to go there. I would be suffocated. I must be free in matters that concern my acting. I think they do not understand artists in Hollywood and it is too difficult to fit myself into an environment that is unsuited to me. Besides, why should I? What would be the use?

Perched on the edge of a sofa Elizabeth Bergner looked up at me from enormous, heavy-lidded brown eyes.

“Acting in the films,” she went on, “is neither easy nor so pleasant as acting on the stage. Films need such infinite concentration and physical endurance. Scenes are repeated over and over again. There's "the blinding lights, the uncomfortable costumes. One must act, too, without the inspiration of a human and responsive audience.”

Miss Bergner, however, conquered her violent dislike of the cinema long enough to make the picture version of “Escape Me Never.” This was just before she left London to make her stage debut in New York in the same vehicle. It has been playing to peak audiences since it opened.

And soon American film goers will have the opportunity of viewing her in this play, written especially for her by Margaret Kennedy, and in which she won the title of the “world’s greatest actress” from such star-making dramatists as Sir James Barrie and George Bernard Shaw.

Until now American picturegoers have known her only through her interpretation of “Catherine the Great.”

She is still dodging interviews.

Not since the advent of Garbo has a celebrity managed to keep herself as mysteriously veiled from curious public and clattering press.

My interview with her took place in London just prior to her departure to America. If you are fortunate enough to be admitted by appointment to that impregnable, tree-fringed house in Hampstead Heath, with its fragrant gardens and vistas of rolling green, you must not arrive before five in the afternoon, for Miss Bergner’s day, when there is no matinee, begins at that hour.

In the small boy’s clothing she wears at home, and as the impish vagabond in “Escape Me Never,” her femininity, strangely enough, is accentuated. Her figure is so slight, so diminutive that a strong man could hold her in the palm of his hand.

One moment she is guileless, as laughingly innocent as Christopher Robin, and the next her dark eyes fill with the slumbering fires and poignant tragedy of her race.

Again she is provocative, flirtatious, incred-ibly gay.

“My energy,” she said, “is burned up like a candle when I act. My work, when I am acting, is my life. Since my illness the doctors — and what tyrants they are! — make me count each atom of energy, and in the most absurd fashion.” She laughed ruefully. “Would you believe that on matinee days they have me lying foil length in the car on my way to the theatre?”

Her illness, which closed the Apollo Theatre for several weeks during the height of her popularity in London, followed Herr Hitler’s anti-Semitic policy which banned her appearance in Berlin, where she had been a reigning favorite. She went to London and created something like a furor.

“It isn’t true,” she said, “that I don’t care for people. I love people and I think it’s good for me to go to parties. But how can I? Just now listening to people consumes my strength. So my life is anything but glamorous. Most of it,” she grimaced, “is spent in bed. I learn my scripts in bed and when I come home from the theatre. [Continued on page 72]
RICHIELEU
Rating: 96*—Elegant Intrigue—Twentieth Century

OF COURSE, a lot of people thought that George Arliss should have won the Academy Award this year for his superb performance in "The House of Rothschild," and I was among the lot of people. However, I was sweet about it all and kept my temper, but if Mr. Arliss doesn't win the Award next year for his Cardinal Richelieu I shall have to become rebellious and make trouble. As the wily Cardinal, in red cap and robe, who cleverly ruled Louis XIII's France with wit and steel, Mr. Arliss even surpasses his performance in Rothschild.

A few stiff-necked historians may want to argue a bit with producer Darryl Zanuck about Richelieu's character, but certainly you and I won't, for here is a story that is exciting and dramatic from beginning to end, with more elegant intrigue and counter intrigue than I have found since the good old days when I used to revel in the Dumas novels.

The plot centers around the stormy times of Louis XIII of France when Church and State were contending for power, when all of Europe was forming an alliance against the King and plotting to put his brother on the throne, and when the great Cardinal Richelieu, prelate, statesman, and soldier, and the real power behind the throne, managed to take the lands away from the feudal barons and weld France into a united nation strong enough to defy the world. That grand actor, Edward Arnold, plays Louis XIII and deserves all the praise there is to give. Maureen O'Sullivan, really she has never looked so pretty before, plays the Cardinal's young ward whose love for Cesar Roncero, one of the feudal lords, upsets the Cardinal's applecart and nearly destroys France. Douglass Dumbrille as Baradas, the chief plotter against Louis, reaches a new high in heavies and gives a swell performance, as do all of the cast, including Francis Lister, Halliwell Hobbes, Violet Kemble Cooper and Katharine Alexander. The picture is magnificently mounted in medieval splendor, and well directed by Rowland V. Lee, who made "The Count of Monte Cristo." the thrilling success it was last year. Even if history bores you, this won't, and you just can't afford to miss it.

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
Rating: 77*—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler—Warner

HERE'S another one of those swell musicals that only Warners seem to be able to make with such success. It's elaborate, it's gay, it has two swell song numbers by Warren and Dubin—but most of all it has Al Jolson singing away on all cylinders and Ruby Keeler showing that Ginger Rogers isn't the only gal in pictures who can dance like nobody's business. What Ruby can do to a Rumba is really something. Ah, there's a plot too. Al is a Broadway headliner, who is fired by Equity because he walks out on shows and chases skirts and ponies down at Caliente. His sister, Glenda Farrell, insists that Al can make a comeback if he will only team up with a young girl who has personality and ability, and Ruby is the gal. Backed by a Chicago gangster, Al and Ruby manage to open a night club on Broadway, and of course ye oldie mellow-drama enters here and Ruby stops a bullet meant for Al, and Al discovers that it was Ruby he loved all the time, so the show goes on and she gets well.

Helen Morgan as a night club entertainer gets a chance to sit on a piano again, but neither the camera man nor the script writer was very nice to our Helen and we resent it. However, Patsy Kelly crashes through with some swell comedy, and even though the picture is good it could have been much better with more Patsy. The songs from the show you'll be singing this summer are "A Latin from Manhattan" and "About a Quarter to Nine." The dance numbers are bigger and better than ever.

LES MISERABLES
Rating: 91*—Great—Twentieth Century

THAT wonder-boy of the producers, Darryl Zanuck, has taken Victor Hugo's immortal classic and made it into one of the most dramatic, heart-breaking, and great pictures of the last decade. No one can afford to miss seeing it. No one can say that the movies didn't do right by Victor Hugo. A great novel is now a great picture.

Fredric March, who has been doing all right for himself this last year, turns in another magnificent performance and is definitely Jean Valjean, the poor Frenchman who was sent to the galleys ten years because he stole a loaf of bread for starving babies.

Rivaling Freddie's perfect performance is that of Charles Laughton, cast as Javert, the police, detective whose only god is the Letter of the Law, and he is so excellent in his despicable role that it takes all your will-power to keep from rushing on the screen and killing him yourself.

The scene where Freddie with the wounded Marius (played by John Beal) across his shoulders walks through the slime and filthy waters of the sewers of Paris, to avoid capture by Laughton, will

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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.
Here's the catalog of entertainment—spend your movie money wisely.

for Jean, but she still loves Franchot, until one day she hears him tell Rosalind Russell, his ex-fiancee, that he loves her and that Jean tricked him into marrying her. Jean is heartbroken.

Then, shades of the Libby Holman-Smith Reynolds case! Franchot shoots himself, and Jean tries to make a comeback on Broadway to support her baby. It's terribly dramatic and Jean is perfectly marvelous in her big scene, where she is being hissed off the stage by the good, righteous women. Jean sings and dances like a million dollars, and Bill, as usual, is the tops. You haven't seen a real drunk scene until you see Bill in this picture. May Robson plays Jean's mother. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy have their comedy moments.

FOUR HOURS TO KILL
Rating: 80—BARTHELLMESS AT HIS BEST—Paramount

This is the best role that Dick Barthelmess has had in several years, and on preview night in Westwood his marvelous portrayal of the young crook on his way to the Death House brought cheers and terrific applause from the audience. The picture is adapted from wonder-boy Norman Krasna's play "Small Miracle!" and it's one of those "Grand Hotel" affairs with a lot of dramatic things happening to a lot of people in the lounge of a 42nd Street theatre while the play is in progress.

There is Dick Barthelmess, thief and murderer and one of life's tragic and pathetic misfits, handcuffed to detective Charles C. Wilson, who missed the prison train and has four hours to kill, and chooses to kill it in a theatre. Dick has a man to kill, a yellow skunk who squawked on him, and this he manages to do during the last act.

Then there is Joe Morrison, the hat check boy, who is being given the shake-down by a hard-boiled usherette, and must have two hundred bucks or marry her the next day. And there's his sweetheart Helen Mack, a little filing clerk, who is desperate enough to do anything for her Joe. And there is Gertrude Michael, a society woman having a clandestine affair with Ray Milland, man-about-town utterly devoid of ethics. And, most important, there is Roscoe Karns whose wife is having a baby. The picture is well directed for tempo and excitement by Mitchell Leisen and will furnish you a thrilling evening in the theatre.

[Continued on page 72]

George Arliss' greatest success was "Disraeli," but his "Cardinal Richelieu" bids fair to surpass it.

VAGABOND LADY
Rating: 70—FUN FOR THE FAMILY—Hal Roach

Well, well, another faint echo of "It Happened One Night" but there are no complaints yet. It's still my favorite plot and long may it wave. Pompos Berton Churchill plays a dignified magistrate with two sons, Reginald Denny, the plodder type, and Robert Young, the careless playboy who'd do anything for a laugh, and does.

That grand stage actor, Frank Craven, plays a janitor who is the most lovable old reprobate you've met out in many a day, and his one idea in life is to marry daughter Evelyn Venable to that mad zany, Bob Young. How this is brought about makes a very swiftly and delightful picture, dimpled in a brawl scene between Evelyn and Bob that marks a high spot for all time in cinema brawls. It's good clean fun, and very gay, and you're bound to like it.

RECKLESS
Rating: 80—THUMBS OF A TORCH SINGER—Metro

Introducing the new team of Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, folks, and what a grand team they make. Of course the Harlow-Powell romance has been going on for ten months, and is still as hot as Ramon Novarro's chile con carne, but it's the first time the two have appeared in pictures together.

Jean plays a torch singer on Broadway who falls for a rich man's son. Franchot Tone in his tails and in his cups, as is the custom in the cinema, most unfortunately, is the rich man's son. Bill Powell plays a high-powered press agent, who once found Jean dancing in a carnival and promoted her right to the top on Broadway. In his careless sort of way Bill loves Jean, but the one time he proposed to her she went to sleep.

Jean and Franchot go on a terrific bender and wake up married, much to the disgust of Bill, and much to the fury and rage of Franchot's father, Henry Stephenson. Life on the parental estates isn't very pleasant.

live in your memory forever.

Perfect too is Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the kindly Bishop Bienvenue, and Florence Eldridge, Freddie's wife, as Fantine. Rochelle Hudson is all that Cosette should be, and Frances Drake as the jealous Eponine, who dies for her lover, is splendid in her brief scenes. No, definitely, quite definitely, the movies didn't let Victor Hugo down. "Les Misérables" on the screen is still a classic.

PRIVATE WORLDS
Rating: 85—WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT IT—Para

When some person who does not go to the movies tries in your presence to belittle the screen and laugh at the culture of people who enjoy the pictures, remember "Private Worlds." It is your answer to every slur. This picture is based on intelligence, and the thinking moderns who have made analysis and study of the mind are drawn upon for the interesting treatment.

It is a story of a hospital for the insane, with, as the story opens, it ruled over by Claudette Colbert as one doctor, and Joel McCrea as her associate. The matron who has resented the modern methods and wants the patients punished instead of coaxed is delighted when a new doctor, Charles Boyer, is put in charge. Helen Vinson, carrying on her recent successes, is this new doctor's sister and she, in her wicked way, breaks up Joel's home. Joan Bennett is Joel's wife.

There is a remarkable atmosphere to this performance. You feel the people thinking, each in his own private world. The love affair is reasonable and pleasant but of little importance. Claudette is lovely and so very real. "Big Boy" Williams, as the manic, is terrific and the scene where gentle Claudette calms him is beautiful. There is one comedy touch, new to the screen, where Helen Vinson is defending her rights and the doctor is telling the maid to pack Helen's things. They all talk at once. A new effect and a good one.

Charles Boyer is a remarkable person on the screen. We anticipate great things for him.
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NOW the Hollywood Stars have gone native...South Sea Islanders, in CATALINA's Water Fashions

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Warner Bros. featured player selects the "TAHITIAN"

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[Continued from page 10]

for work again. With him at the present time, near Yucatan, is the Mr. Willard who financed the expedition to Chichen-Itza, where the Well of the Virgins was drained. Five hundred skeletons of girls between eighteen and twenty years of age were found. They had been thrown into the Well to appease the rain gods. With the skeletons were found jade ornaments, precious metals, statues, and priceless jewels. Nothing alive or impure could go into the Well, which was guarded day and night.

Ken takes his 16 millimeter motion picture camera with him and has compiled an interesting film library. He's a pushover for ruins.

THERE are limits to realism in acting, as Cecil B. DeMille found out yesterday when he ordered three hundred extras on "The Crusades" set to eat ravenously of the two white storks and four sheep which were barbecued on the set. The scene was to represent the Crusades' camp at Marzile.. after the men had secured meat following a period of famine.

Close to the camera was a young athletic extra, and his hackladderibbling at a whole leg of lamb aroused the DeMille sarcasm. "I know it's four hours at least since you ate last," DeMille yelled at him, "so you don't have to act being hungry. You are hungry. Why can't you look as if you enjoy eating? Does it hurt you to eat?"

"It's this way," the youth answered with a wry face, "I'm a vegetarian."

JIMMY CAGNEY haunts auctions to bid in all the old nautical books. He has a marvellous collection.

WITH Loretta Young working hard on "Gunga Din," Sally Blane is doing most of the social whirl for the family now. Sally seems to divide her attention mostly between Cesar Romero, who came into the picture as "Richelieu," and Walter Lang, the director.

The last celebrity to visit Hollywood was Noel Coward, who stopped over exactly three days before sailing for China. He was the house guest of Ruth Chatterton and practically everybody in town gave a party for him.

JOAN BENNETT gave her two little daughters, Melinda and Diane, a huge combination birthday party last week with all the movieland kids invited. Impromptu entertainment was furnished by Mike Hopkins (Miriam's adopted) and Liz Jr. (Norma Shearer's little man) who decided to settle a little difference of opinion by fists. But the colossal, the sensational, the super-titific event of the party was the presentation of a miniature merry-go-round replete with zebras, tigers, horses and oriches to the guests of honor. The contraption is a sturdy machine, motivated by electric power and strong enough to sustain the weight of adults, which, in fact, is exactly what it has been doing. Joan and Ruby Gene Markey could hardly wait for the kids to finish their food ice cream and go home before they grabbed themselves a zebra, and no visit to the Bennett-Markey home is now complete without several twirls on the merry-go-round.

BUT if you think Hollywood kids go nuts over these expensive toys, that's exactly where you're wrong. The parents do, but Hollywood kids, like all kids, are much crazier about an old broken-down wagon they patched together from an orange crate and the wheels off their skate. We'll never forget Peter Bennett (Connie's son) on Christmas morning. Surrounded by electric trains, automobiles, everything that money could buy, little Peter was getting his biggest kick out of a red tin Fire Chief lat that the cook had given him.

ANN DYORA and husband Leslie Fenton are seriously studying German—and for one of the strangest reasons! Their pet dog "Hans," given to them about a year ago by Nasca, the opera singer, and said to be one of the very few wire-haired daschunds in the world, obeys orders spoken in German only.

BETTY FURNES wears a cellophone hood while driving in her car with the top down, so she will get a good sun tan. Another person striving for a snappy tan is Joan Crawford, who always has one of the best.
"Sh! Mommy's cross again!"

"As a woman, I sympathize deeply with those wives who do not fully understand correct marriage hygiene. For I know how terrifying are their periodic fears. I have seen how those fears warp a woman's whole outlook, undermine and wreck her own happiness and that of her husband and children.

"But as a doctor, I have less sympathy for her. For effective marriage hygiene is so simple. I refer, of course, to the use of "Lysol"... approved by leading hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

"Lysol", used as directed, is non-injurious... so reliable in fact, that it is used extensively as an antiseptic in childbirth, where sensitive tissues must not suffer the slightest damage.

"Furthermore, "Lysol" has a special effectiveness that is all its own. It has a spreading quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach, and it has the important power of destroying germs in spite of the presence of organic matter.

"Patients of mine, who have followed my advice by using "Lysol" regularly, tell me how refreshing and soothing it is. And how much it adds to their sense of feminine daintiness.

"Yet these benefits are as nothing compared to the fact that the use of "Lysol" gives them poise and peace of mind and greater happiness for themselves and their families."

(Signed) DR. LOUISE FOUCAUT-FASSIN

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1. Safety... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.

2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a true germicide. It kills germs under practical conditions... in the body (in the presence of organic matter where many antiseptics fail) and not just in test tubes.

3. Penetration... "Lysol", because of its low surface tension, spreads into hidden folds of the skin, actually searches out germs.

4. Economy... "Lysol" is a concentrated antiseptic. It costs less than one cent an application in proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor... The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately, leaving one refreshed.

6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

Used in the Care of the Famous Quintuplets

In medical history's most remarkable childbirth, "Lysol" is the germicide and antiseptic which has helped to protect the Dionne babies from infection since birth. Copy of their guardians' statement sent on request.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW


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she plays little part in the "passing show." Living in the rented Santa Monica Beach home of the Sam Goldwyns, she enjoys the companionship of a small stimulating group, including Rouben Mamoulian, Max Reinhardt, Edwin Justin Mayer, Robert Edmond Jones (who designed the eighteen gorgeous costumes she wears in "Becky Sharp," as well as all the sets), Salka Viertel and Libby Holt.

In New York, she owns the old Elizabeth Marbury residence on Sutton Place, overlooking the East River—a charming home, exquisitely decorated by Donald Onstager. Although she spends only a few weeks out of the year in it, it harbors her most prized possessions—an original Matisse, books ceiling-high, rare prints, art treasures collected from all parts of the world and the Sinko-Kitch canvas of her adopted son, three-year-old Michael, who is her all-absorbing passion, even if she doesn’t grant interviews on WHAT MICHAEL MEANS TO ME.

Motherhood—fame—fortune. And as Ethel Merman used to sing, "who could ask for anything more"... unless it is this thing called Loved? And since love and Miriam have always been synonymous, she has that too. She won’t say who "He" is, but I have a goodly suspicion that he's her "ten favorite" directors.

Heigh, ho, your guess is as good as mine!

Donahue, her dance director. Shirley’s mother likes to dress her in blue, and I may say I haven’t seen anything sweeter in life than Shirley in her little blue sweater. "Stay As Sweet As You Are" I sing. Shirley hums along, "Oh, Shirley will do just that if her mother and the Fox studio people have anything to do with it, for around them Shirley is treated as if she was not of the least importance whatsoever. No petting and fondling and cooing—she is talked to and reasoned with exactly as if she were a young actress trying to get at all."

"Parfiora," called Jack Donahue, "come on over here and get on your toes, and your toes not mine," and Shirley, who had been telling me how the elephants laughed at the Circus, joined her dancing teacher in front of the camera. Shirley is crazy about Jack Donahue, and his incessant teasing doesn’t annoy her at all for she has such a grand sense of humor herself that she enjoys it thoroughly and often cracks right back at him. Shirley almost died laughing the other day when Jack gave her a picture of himself at the age of six months, and the fattest baby you ever saw, and inscribed it "To Shirley Temple from her dance director."

"Missi Donahue," she said, with her head tilted on the side and trying to be oh so casual about it all, "there a girl waiting for you at the door." Jack took a couple of steps toward the door and Shirley screamed with laughter. "I’m fooling you," she shouted, "I’m fooling you." It seems it was April first, and for the first time in her meager years Shirley had discovered April Fool, and she was certainly making the most of it. Practically the entire studio had been "fooled."

"All right for you, Sarah Bernhardt," said Jack pretending to pout. "I’ll dance with you but I don’t have to talk to you."

"Ready," said Otto Dvortz behind his camera. "Hey, somebody movcd. I’ll take it again."

"You moved," said Shirley with pseudo indignation. "You spoiled the picture."

And then as Donahue pretended to give her a kick, the room rang with her intoxicating laughter.

"Fine talk," said Jack with mock gravity. "You swayed then, I was very good. Turn your head around, Miss Temple, I am sure the public wants less of your curls and more of my pan. Up on your toes, What, may I ask Madame, are you waiting for?"

"Oh, I’m waiting for him to squeeze the bulb," yawned Miss Temple, getting awfully bored with the picture business.

"You get on your toes or I’ll squeeze you," was Mr. Donahue’s gallant retort to the Fox Films’ Million Dollar Baby. The dance lay-out, I regret to say, turned into a free-for-all with Miss Temple kicking Mr. Donahue and Mr. Donahue practically dangling Miss Temple by her famous curls, and such roars of laughter. Shirley is definitely a tomboy. As soon as I found that out I knew I would like her. I guess she keeps in good practice, too, with her two big brothers and her father, who looks like Bing Crosby. Well, when order was restored, Shirley left once more to change into a bathing suit and I nabbed Jack Donahue, whom I have met often at Madge Evans’, and asked him to tell me about Shirley’s dance education. (My, my, I had practically forgotten Shirley’s education.)

"In the first place Shirley has a remarkable memory," Jack told me. (Jack is a famous dance director of both the New York and London stage and has trained some of the best.) "She has proven this time and again by remembering steps or routines that we had stopped rehearsing for as much as four weeks. One thing, I
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MADGE EVANS..do they say that about you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the
Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up.

THERE'S a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal
of your beauty... Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood
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Working with stars like Madge Evans and other
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new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge
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You will be amazed at the new beauty your
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allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to
create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic
in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable
transformation. Even your personality will reflect
a new confidence, because of your assurance in
the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-
Up created originally for the stars of the screen
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BRIGHT 
EVE IDEAS
by Jane Heath

If you played tennis with Janet Gaynor, here is how she would look in her cute little shorts the other side of the net.

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it’s so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. Shadelle, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerebral blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.

Silver Screen for June 1935

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lash tint 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.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department D-6, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

Cort. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

...helps her dancing immensely is the fact that Shirley has extraordinarily fine legs for such a young child.

"She has a natural style in her dancing and uses her head and arms unconsciously. She doesn’t have to be told not to look at her feet when dancing, which is a very common habit with most dancers. She does rhythm dancing, buck, soft shoe, and a little tango and ballet. She was born with a perfect sense of rhythm and as Mrs. Temple will tell you her little feet have been moving in perfect tempo ever since she was able to trot. There is no reason why Shirley should not become one of the finest dancers in America when she grows up, if any care at all is taken of her training between now and the time she is sixteen. Shirley doesn’t have to be told when she is out of step, because so perfect is her tempo that unconsciously she knows it herself. Many times she will stop dancing and say, I bluffed again!"

"I find that one hour a day is as much time as it is wise to spend on Shirley’s dancing. More work than that would naturally tire her out, though she has more vitality than any child I have ever seen. Any time I want her to pay strict attention to her routine I can always make certain of it by gambling with her—whenever makes a mistake must pay ten cents. This has not worked out so well for me, as it now owes her something like a dollar. I think she is getting wise to it because yesterday she refused to gamble any more until I paid her off.

“One of the greatest assets in her dancing is the fact that she shows in her face how much she enjoys it.”

Picture-taking over for the day, Shirley took her hand in hers and we walked over to her bungalow, which is right behind Janet Gaynor’s, to see her school room. Shirley’s room is the cutest ‘cupboard’ in the house’ to distinguish it from her real home in Santa Monica formerly belonged to the exotic Lillian Harvey, but underwent a complete transformation when little Shirley moved in. The famous divan of white velvet corduroy has been replaced by an old-fashioned sofa covered with “Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater.” “Little Bo Peep” and “Little Boy Blue” done in chintz. The former white lamp shades, trimmed with ermine tails, are now covered with linen, for now she can have a few sensible fixtures. On a table sits Shirley’s pride and joy—a telephone. She adores dialing and calling out. Every time she goes to a party she carries a perfect page in her copy book she gets a gold star, but lately Shirley has been swapping the gold star for a telephone conversation. That very day, in reward for writing a little treatise about the American flag quite perfectly, Shirley’s teacher permitted her to call Miss Deane, in the publicity department. She adores because and talking to her over the telephone was the big thrill of the day.

The first door to the right off the living room is Shirley’s yellow and white kitchen, where her mother cooks all her meals when she is working at the studio. The second door to the right leads to her school room and it is here that Shirley memorizes her lines simply by hearing her mother read them to her. There was once a continental chaise lounge here, but it has been transplanted by an old-fashioned desk painted white. Here Shirley sits when Miss Barkley comes to teach her every day, so that she will keep pace with the course. Other children are following in the Los Angeles public schools. Shirley has had only seven weeks of “schooling” as she calls it.

She showed on her school book where she writes a page and colors a picture every day, and believe me, Shirley at six certainly writes better than any of my friends do at twenty. This book is one of her dearest possessions and she hides it carefully so that paying people from the publicity department can’t find it. In her neat little desk—I’ve never seen a desk more neatly arranged—she has several colored crayons, three of Elson’s Basic Readers, and a charming little number called “Frolic and Do-Funny,” obviously about a dog and a cat.

“I can already read halfway through it,” Shirley proudly told me, and proceeded to demonstrate, while I murmered, “I was afraid of that.”

“There is a cat,” she read. “The cat chased a rat,” she continued and looked up at me with a twinkle, “it really gets quite exciting a little further along,” but I told her I had to go. I couldn’t stand such excitement.

Miss Lillian Barkley, Shirley’s teacher on the Fox lot, went into the matter of her education with me in great detail.

“Shirley carries a full set course of study,” Miss Barkley told me. “The reading method is the sight method and during this year she has read six readers—three pre-primer, two primers, and one first reader, and she knows one hundred phonetic word cards. For her writing she uses the Zaner free arm method. She knows all her letters—small and capitals. She writes her own stories in her book from memory, so that she gets her spelling that way. With her numbers, she both reads and counts and she knows her combinations to twelve.”

In her nature work she knows the flowers and trees and shrubs in her studio bungalow yard, and she knows the names and habits of all domestic animals. In her art work she knows color combinations and she knows proportion of figures and she knows all of nature’s colors. She is taught French by the conversation method, she has an intense love and appreciation of poetry that is remarkable. Sometimes she will say to me, ‘Miss Barkley, listen to what the trees are saying that I hear rain in the leaves in the breeze. She adores running in the rain with her little face upturned to catch the rain-drops.”

“Shirley puts in four hours of study every day—two in Academic education, one
in music, and one in dancing.”

Shirley once complained bitterly because all interviewers asked her about her favorite movie actor (“And it does seem to me,” said Shirley, “that they would want to ask about me.”) so I decided not to disillusion her about interviewers. When I started to go I asked her if Jimmie Dunn was still her favorite leading man. Judging from Shirley’s reply she is going to be very, very feminine when she grows up.

“How come you?” I repeated. Shirley informed me, not so pleased with that little girl business. “I will be six years old.”

“Thank you, Shirley,” I said politely. “I’ve enjoyed my afternoon. I think you are a very, very little girl.”

“I have a birthday the twenty-third of April,” Shirley informed me, perfectly pleased with that little girl business. “I will be six years old.”


“What a Bard?” asked Shirley. “And there she had me. Muttering something about going from bad to worse I left in a hurry.

The “18 K” Players

[Continued from page 31]

the director and producer more often than otherwise are perfectly aware of what is happening before the picture is even released. They, too, are getting a kick.

“Pictures are built on enthusiasm . . . literally,” Herbert told me. “An author who can write a story he is enthusiastic about the idea; a producer buss it because he is enthusiastic over its boxoffice potentialities, and a director is chosen because he is enthusiastic over a certain treatment he will be able to bring to that particular story.

“But, in shooting, it often happens that the picture doesn’t develop as the director had planned. Things stand out that haven’t been figured on and the wise director very frequently says ‘looks like a Herbert picture. We’d better throw it in anyway.’ Picture stealing by an unstarred, sometimes unbilled player is very often a matter of deliberate calculation rather than an accident. On the other hand, many a picture that might have been saved by a comedian or a ‘second fiddler’ would have been sacrificed in order to project the star.”

This seemed a shrewd reasoning. I can recall pictures so altered from their previews that I almost wanted to pick up the pieces from the cutting room floor and do an original with them.

You may not believe it, but most of these players who support the stars do not want to be starred themselves. They rather enjoy just being a member of the cast. The responsibilities of stardom are too great and the skill to illusion is often much more rapid than the ascent to glory. To be a Lewis Stone or a Billie Burke or create laughs like Nydia Westman or Guy Kibbee; to build up a following like ZaSu Pitts, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda, or just to be a Hugh Herbert seems to be quite enough to expect out of life.

Character actors can be any age and any type and go on ad infinitum. These people whom you have so often called second rates are really successes.

They are the ones who can always be depended upon to come through with one hundred percent performances.

Does your hair
THRILL HIM in a “Close-up”?

Let the right shampoo bring out the
beauty appeal of YOUR TYPE of hair

Soften dry hair with this treatment

Use Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo and begin today a scientific home treatment to make your hair glow and stay charmingly in place.

Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is prepared especially for dry hair. Besides olive and other fine oils, it contains soothing, softening glycercine which helps to make your hair silky and more manageable.

Treat excessive oiliness this way

Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo. It is gently astringent . . . made especially for oily hair.

Give yourself this tonic Packer treatment once or twice a week at first . . . until your hair develops its birthright of shining fluffiness. Packer’s Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer’s famous Tar Soap.
Puzzles

Can You Guess the Right Names?

How fascinating it is to try to solve these brain teasers, and how beneficial, developing as it does all the five senses (Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, Emilie and Marie). Give up? O.K. Look on page 81 and there you will find a solution for your every dilemma. Then life can settle down again.
Robert Young

[Continued from page 52]

He was so eager not to sound affected that I assured him earnestly that I understood perfectly.

"Well, I did take one role home with me, if you know what I mean. That was the role of Joan Crawford's brother in 'Today We Live.' There was something gallant about that man, something reckless and foolhardy, too. And he had the type of courage that I've always envied secretly. Then, too, his enduring friendship with Franchot Tone and Gary Cooper was something that one would like to carry back into actual life with you, if you only could. I admit that it took some strength of mind to make me snap out of that character."

This was a natural reaction for a man as natural and devoid of annoying complexes as Bob. The suave sophisticate, seemingly blame with life, might snarl at the simple heroism of such a role, but not he. He still looks at life through the sane, unsentimental eyes of a youth who believes that somehow, in some way, there must be a meaning to it all.

Joan Crawford's Clothes Closet

[Continued from page 21]

blues here, the dark blues there, etc.

Bill Haines designed this dressing room specially to fit Joan's clothes needs when he designed the house, and it really is a beauty. It looks so clean and lovely with its pure white walls and glistening mirrors. Her frock seems to have its own niche. I don't blame Joan for having no personal maid and taking care of things herself. It would be fun.

But for the new wardrobe! Joan has five new evening frocks from Hattie Carnegie, a new tweed suit, two new coats, a linen dress, two new prints (and print goods to make four more), six new bathing suits (she gets her sun tan in all of them) some new crisp pique and gingham frocks for home and some white linen suits for street. That's all. She says she has several good things left from last year, all of which will do nicely if she moves a bow here and a pocket there. (She's not clever at designing.) So, if you had any idea that movie stars had to have all new clothes every time they turned around, you've got another guess.

Her new evening frocks are really beautiful. The white satin one is made with skirt to fit tightly over the hips and then flare out in huge billows. It has a high back, a square front and the trickiest thing about it is the way little cartridge pleats have been set in the top of the sleeves to give a full effect. Joan designed a coat to go with this dress. Of white satin, double-breasted like a man's jacket, it is sleeveless and fits right under those trick cartridge sleeves.

There's a black and white polka dot taffeta that would make your mouth water. Designed somewhat along the same lines as the white satin, it has a beautiful long train and at the high neck are long streamers which fold over and are caught at the neck much like a man's tie.

A light blue taffeta and velvet also has these streamers and a surprisingly lovely skirt effect. The bottom of the skirt is cut in an uneven zig zag forming an outline similar to that if you placed a lot of flower petals side by side. It has a high

---

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neck and back and with it is worn one of the cleverest three-quarter length evening coats you can imagine. Of the same material, it is double breasted with pockets and eight rhinestones buttons down the front. So royal blue, so high necked and having two high buttons on the front, little pockets and cap sleeves instead of the cartridge effects. It has a coat, like the one described for the other dress, which Franchot wore last night. Remember how the fashion magazines always advise you to plan carefully so that you can use the same coat with a number of things. Here you can do them. As Franchot wore these two blue evening wraps, wearing the dark with the light blue and vice versa. It gives her four outfits instead of two.

One reason that you are included in the new five. It's the kind Joan wears when she goes to a very swanky gathering. And it's not only a honey, it's a dream! This is a royal blue shirtdress, chinton, practically backless, has a beautiful sweeping full skirt, but the thing that really threw me for a great big loss was the neck arrangement. Here are attached two long, flowing streamers, one of old rose and one of the royal blue which Joan drapes or wraps around her shoulders. And here is an enormous old rose flower of chiffon and a smaller one of the blue on the left shoulder.

There is an evening bag of the same material to match every dress and every shoe, always sandal effects, dyed in the same color as the frock. So when Miss Crawford has on her usual blue, she's got a lovely symphony of color. There are no off notes.

Along with these evening things which had arrived from New York just two days before I saw them, was a beautiful tan linen sports dress, supposedly for beach wear, but that it was her idea to have it worn as a dinner dress the night before it was really grand. Made simply with a tight bodice, it had a most unusual collar. Instead of being a round Peter Pan, it was cut like a greatly exaggerated man's shirt collar with very long pointed tips. It was trimmed with tan leather buttons, had a huge woven tan leather belt, and the stickiest pockets! Joan wore with it a red and tan scarf, red or tan sandals, and tucked a red and tan hanky into a top pocket.

Her new spring suit is of light weight, light color gray tweed. The coat is double breasted, three-quarter length with square shoulders. It has a little away from the front, but no two pleats set in the back so that it's tails stick right out giving a near bustle effect. SIMPLY add a pair of gray dress of the same tweed, trimmed with a beautiful blue and white striped taffeta scarf, is worn with the coat. Add an enormous hat of gray suede, with blue hood—practically a cowboy, ten-gallon affair—turned up on the left and pulled down over the right eye and you have a tight dressing outfit! Add also gray suede shoes and gloves and a bag of the same Tweed.

Now all the afore-mentioned were from the famous Hattie Carnegie and were made up from sketches which Joan, which she studied carefully and changed as she saw fit. But not all of her spring wardrobe belongs to this exclusive fashion house, but to the home house to copy things she likes very well and to make up dresses of Joan's own design. Included in this group this spring are six prints.

“I've gone mad on prints,” she told me.

“I went downtown to an importers where Adrian buys his materials and came home with six bolts of goods. Beautiful materials. One is of blue and white—huge blue squares with splashes of white in the corner and a lovely rose; another blue and white—apple green, gray, and white. It was a bright flowered piece with great splashes of orange and red.”

The latter—the orange and red, I learn, is a very old design. Joan wore it the other night at dinner and my confidential scout reports that he thought it was simply stunning and that Joan herself is delighted. Joan replied, "I'm a very old design. He always admires everything she wears and never says in a frightening tone—as do some grooms that you are included in Knop. Didn't you ever saw that dress?" He likes everything she gets, and says so, but he went into particular ecstasy about the orange and red.

Because Joan always dresses for dinner, she needs a lot of dinner things. Around the house in the daytime, you're likely to catch her in a crisp white pique dress with sailor collar and blue bindings, or an all blue pique with Peter Pan collar. Or white cotton, a white shirt and a white gingham. She has a dozen or more of these dresses. They are all quite tailored, crisply and fresh looking, have short sleeves and are charming.

There was a new box of bathing suits to open that day. Suits just like the ones she wore last year—backless, lamdauna neck, very clean, no sleeves. All in blue, except one which was white. It was a wrapover with collarless jacket over which the sailor collar of the dress fits, two double breasted top coats—one for last year's black evening piece, and the other for this year's white evening suit and there you have the works!

Hats! Joan wears mostly the vagabond type, broad brimmed turned up on the left. They're becoming to her particular style of beauty and she doesn't believe in changing line much. "I never have things because they look well on someone else or the right woman," she told me. "I have things to suit ME."

You'll note I didn't go into raves about Joan's riding habits nor her golf or tennis or other social activities. Joan is a tennis player and so she hasn't anything of that type. She does have an abundance of slacks and sweaters which she often wears to the studio.

Perfumes? She has three favorites—"Surrender," "Vivre," and "Duchess of York." Joan gave me her a little bottle of "Moment Supreme" the other day and she thinks maybe she's a convert to that.

Yes, Ma'am, take it from me, you just have to have any clothes fun until you're looked through a couple of close with Joan. Having seen all there was to see in spring things, I was about to suggest. But not you, you and Miss Crawford had 0.25 winter's racks when the butler appeared and announced a 'phone call for Miss Babcock. Yes, it was the office and I had to go over there. Joan was telling about her new time. Hattie of the Carnegie sends out a couple of dozen boxes she'll ask me over again. If she keeps her promise, I'll write you some nice notes to the real story, about the "The Private Off-Screen Wardrobe of a Star."
The Night Spots

[Continued from page 25]

Hollywood" and kept its old clientele as well as its new.

Even if it has added a few spangles and froo-from the restaurant still maintains its high and aristocratic standards in menus, and never a day passes but what a world-traveled food connoisseur drops in at the Victor Hugo, dips his fork in the sauce Colbert (I've never known whether the sauce was named after Claudette or Claudette after the sauce) rolls his eyes heavenwards in ecstatic raptures and murmurs, "'Mon Dieu! C'est magnifique!" or whatever food connoisseurs are wont to murmur when pleased. Here you find, several times a week, Max Reinhardt, Ernest Lubitsch, Baroness Mantica, Princess Paley, Marlene Dietrich, Paul Lukas and nearly all of Hollywood's foreign colony, who know to a gift just how much sherry should go into the sauce, and just how many cobs webs should be on the wine bottle.

Housing the famous institution is a palatial building made expressly to fit its purpose. A stucco structure in Italian design, it covers a quarter of a block and possesses every modern device to aid in the quick and sanitary preparation of any dish or delicacy desired. Numerous rooms include a huge main dining salon of Louis 16th design, a Garden Room finished in the period of the Italian Renaissance, a smart reception lounge decorated in rich tapestries and softly lighted, a large banquet room, and two exquisite private dining rooms called the Blue Room and the Rose Room.

The movie crowd and the younger set usually gather in the informal Garden Room, where they can dance under the palms and watch the vari-colored lights on as pretty a waterfall as you've ever seen out of a Warner Brothers picture. The Garden Room is the staid Victor Hugo's concession to Hollywood. The beautiful murals in the formal dining salon, the tapestries and the Roman marble statuary are all part of the tradition.

Signor Hugo Alcidas, the proprietor for sigh on to twenty years, tolerates those vari-colored lights and the crooner who sings "Stay As Sweet As You Are," but his soul is all wrapped up in his traditions, as well it should be, for Signor Hugo is internationally prominent in his profession.

Red plush tradition got another kick in the pants recently, but say, my did the

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The Br'a-Mio (illustrated) is a new Jantzen creation that reflects the latest Continental trend—a one-piece skirtless halter-neck suit with smartly tailored brassiere lines. The fabric is the luxurious new Jantzen Kava-Knit, $4.95. . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.
WOMEN... rejoice! Your old haunting fear of “accidents” can now be a thing of the past!

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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...

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MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Shirley Temple loves to work the dial phone with which her bungalow is equipped.

dowagers love it, when Mrs. Pat O’Brien, latest of the film colony to open a gown shop, celebrated the occasion with a fashion show in the Garden Room. The restaurant was packed to the top of its marble arches at all early Los Angeles, snooty Pasadena, and hot-cha Hollywood turned out en masse.

The laugh of the occasion was hubby Pat O’Brien, who rallied to his wife’s support, and invited a dozen of his pals and cronies to sit at a stag table with him, and such a mess of he-men the Victor Hugo never saw before. Nearly every one of those Irish pans were red as milady’s summer negligees strolled past, but no one deserted until the affair was over. Now don’t you ever try to tell me that men aren’t more loyal than women. Supporting Pat, in his hour of need, were Jimmy Cagney, Bob Armstrong, Frank Fay, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Jimmy Gleason, Joe E. Brown, Lyle Talbot, William Frawley and John Mack Brown—what a swell bunch of mugs for a fashion show.

Now my pretty gourmand, if you can lift your chassis from that chair, and remove that bit of crepe suzette, we’ll wander over to Hollywood and see what goes on in that gay new night club called the New King’s Club, to differentiate it from the Old King’s Club. Bruce Knox, young, handsome, popular interior decorator de luxe—he did Franchof Tone’s house, also Jean Parker’s and Nancy Carroll’s and the attractive Honeymoon Cottage of Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright—is the new owner of the King’s Club and responsible for the beauty and simplicity of its decorations. The entire club is done in blue and white, even to the awning that leads from the sidewalk to the door, and it is most striking, as well as most becoming. Did you know that movie stars consider blue their best background color?

The King’s Club is what we familiarly call an “intimate” club, in contrast to the Tropicadero and the Clover Club which are quite large. There’s an elegant bar, also done in blue and white, with blue cocktail shakers on the walls, and after a snifter there we pass on to the main room which is small and cozy, has an orchestra, a pocket handkerchief dance floor, and Guy Fawkes, the master of ceremonies and the personality boy himself. Guy, late of the Weylin Bar in New York, does imitations of Crovby, Chevalier, Harry Richman and Lucienne Boyer, and if you’ll heckle him he’ll heckle back. He once socked a police commissioner, but so far he hasn’t socked anyone in Hollywood.
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OTHER tooth pastes or tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's sole duty is to REMOVE FILM thoroughly, safely. To millions of people it is known as the one and only "special film-removing tooth paste."

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So don't take chances on "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways. Be sensible. Try Pepsodent. See for yourself how clean your teeth feel after only one brushing. Note how quickly that sticky film disappears...how much brighter your teeth look. And remember that clean teeth are one of your best safeguards against decay and dreaded dental ills. For proof of effectiveness and safety, use Pepsodent regularly twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

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popular Bob Cobb, who has that well known but seldom really seen heart of gold, the Brown Derbies do all right. No dancing there, no entertainment, just food and drink, excellent service, and an air of Hollywood about the place that never fails to excite me.

Several times a week, dining at the Beverley Hills Brown Derby, you find Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, W. C. Fields entertaining his pals with elemental tricks in knife and fork juggling, and Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. And Thursday night, cook's night out, both Derbies are simply alive with stars.

Well, here are the little thin hot cakes and they are all little thin hot cakes are supposed to be. And if you think I'm the only person in Hollywood who's going in for a bit of breakfast you're crazy. Why, there are Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin with Fieldsy and Bob Cobb himself. And Benny Rubin and Jack Benny and Frank McGraw talking over the good old vandervielle days. And Randy Scott and Cary Grant batching it again, now that Virginia Cherrill has secured a divorce. Well, dancing's lots of fun be it from me to go Judas on a runba, but when it comes to a good old honest to goodness heart to heart talk over a cup of steaming coffee there's no place like the Brown Derby in the cold grey dawn.

"Claudette Is Not Going to Stop There"
(Continued from page 21)

and then, seven years later, direct 'It Happened One Night? I agreed that this was an amazing combination.

"The best scene I've ever done in a picture?" she said. "From my standpoint, I'd say it was the night club scene in The Gilded Lily that scene, remember it—as a night club singer, I confess to the audience I've forgotten my song and dance—and I made a conscious effort to play the scene so that it would be believable and funny. The scene could have been played a lot of different ways, it could have been burlesqued, it could have been played coyly—I really think that the boy I played it for was the best comedy performance I've ever given. I don't want you to think I'm being "hammy" when I tell you about it, Ed, but probably sometime or other, you've written a column or a story that really satisfied you and gave you a kick. That night club scene in The Gilded Lily gave me that same sort of feeling.

What would she rank second in her own personal flicker album? "The Torch Singer," she said. "Because it was on the level and honest. There's nothing that annoys me so greatly in stage plays or pictures as a theatre or night club scene where a singer is frankly lousy—I mean frankly bad, and then the audience is shown being impressed by the histrionics of applause. You know what I mean. Those things don't happen in everyday life. If a singer in a Bronx or big way night club, his applause is medioclore too. So it's always exasperated me to see pictures in which audiences on the screen throw their hats in the air and otherwise go gaga. In 'Torch Singer' I apply for a job as a night club singer just as a place is closing up. Tables are being piled on top of each other. The three owners pressure me to go on ahead and sing. I get out on the floor and sing, pretty badly. And the next scene shows the three owners shaking their heads and telling me that I'm terrible. That was a natural reaction on their parts. The next scene showed me getting a little better as a performer. My dresses were a little better and I looked a little smarter. The progression of the picture was honest, could have happened. Finally I was the toast of the town, but it was accomplished so gradually that it was believable.'

Honestly, sincerity, believableness, charm—time and again, while we talked. Claudette Colbert stressed these things as holding paramount interest to her as an actress. I call your attention to them because they are fundamental items in her own private off-screen life. She is honest, she is sincere, she is a human being, she is charming.

In seventeen years of reporting, I've met a vast number of people and probably every conceivable type of celebrity, ranging from eggs who jumped off the Washington Bridge and landed on Page 1 to the Rickards and Dempseys and Jolson's, Cantors, Babe Ruths, Carole Lombards, Constance Bennett and all the others who go to make up cannon fodder for a newspaperman's typewriter. Of them all, I'd rank Claudette Colbert as tops. She is the nicest person I've ever encountered, unspoiled, good-humored, sympathetic, talented, considerate.

I imagine that she's not a great deal changed from the little pigtailed Frenchie who lived in New York's Furious Fifties and attended P.S. 15 and later drew pictures in the art classes at Washington Irving High School. In those early days, she wanted to be an artist and indeed had sufficient talent to persuade her mother and dad to suggest additional study, though the family was not too well supplied with worldly goods. "Cherie, you can perhaps be a commercial artist and draw illustrations for advertisements," suggested her father, and she thought that this would be a good idea.

Perhaps the expense would not be so enormous, at any event. For instance, there was that neighborhood girl, Helen Hackett, who was a good artist and she had offered to give Claudette free lessons in art, if the little Frenchie would teach her to speak French. Perhaps there were others who would consider such an artistic swap, meet at an aesthetic trading post as it were, and thus cut down the tuition overhead. The thrifty French side of young Miss Colbert found expression here.
HAS  "lipstick-parching"

ROBBED YOUR LIPS OF LOVE?

When a man kisses, he wants to kiss soft and smooth lips—not crinkly and rough lips! Yet so many lipsticks don't consider the feel of your lips... they take that delicate rosy skin—the most sensitive skin of your face—and dry and parch it until the texture of your lips is more like crepe paper than a caress!

Away with "Lipstick Parching!" Banish lipsticks that take the young moisture from your lips! Here is a NEW kind of lipstick which Coty has discovered. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, exciting color... but without any parching penalties.

It is called Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. It is truly indelible... yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It gives them the warm, moist luster that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom." Make the "Over-night" Experiment! If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel... how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five ardent indelible colors at drug and department stores. NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

BLACK FURY
Rating: 90%—MAGNIFICENT—Walters
PAUL MUNI'S latest picture is his best since "Fugitive" and "the Gang." It's a stirring, thrilling story about the coal mines in Pennsylvania, and Paul as Joe Radek, the miner-philanderer. His simple soul, and his acting is something that you cannot afford to miss.

Now don't get excited—this isn't one of those "real vs. labor" and "propaganda" pictures. It's one hundred percent Americanism, and as a thrilling film as you've met up with in many a day. When Paul's girl, Karen Morley, runs away with a cop, William Gargan, Paul goes on a magnificent drunk, and while under the influence of his liquor, he goes to his union meeting and innocently splits the union right in two.

This is just what a couple of racketeers, working for a crooked professional strike-breaking company, planned, so they make poor Paul, befuddled by drink and grief, the goat. There's a terrible strike, and the strike-breakers move in. When his best friend is killed by one of the racketeers, Paul realizes at last that he has betrayed his friends and his union, so, with the help of Karen, who has come back to him, he takes one of the goons and wins back for his friends everything they lost from the strike-breakers.

It may not sound so exciting, but believe me, it is. Men, especially, will enjoy it. It's good rare meat and potatoes, and quite acceptable after all this froth and whipped cream that has been around lately.

HOLD 'EM YALE
Rating: 58%—COMEDY PERE AND SIMPLE—Paramount
OLLE Massa Damon Runyon put his pen to this one so you just know it will be for the masses, and I trust you don't consider yourself too good for the masses. It's about a society girl, Patricia Ellis, who has a yen for males in uniforms and there's nothing her father, George Barbier, can do about it but buy her out of one romance after another, and beg her to marry that nice young man, Lyle Crabbe.

But poor, faithful and rather dull Larry hasn't a chance when Cesar Romero, racketeer and aviator, lands one day on the family estate. Pat falls for him hook, line and sinker, and wins up in his apartment, which she discovers she must share with his tough cop, Cesar, Warren Hymer, and Andy Devine, and what a happy little family that is. Of course the laughs come thick and hearty when Pat decides to domesticate the go- rillas, who have been keeping up and hen-pecking, are only too glad to turn her to her father and faithful Larry, who seems a bit insane.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT
Rating: 85%—SOPHISTICATED MYSTERY—RKO
WELL, well, echoes of "The Thin Man" again, but such charming, delightful echoes. The dark of the old cartoons, William Powell—oh, isn't he swell?—again plays a young lawyer who has a yen for solving mysteries, and he certainly goes to town on this one. Ginger Rogers steps into the Myrna Loy rôle this time, and Myrna will certainly have to look to her laurels, for our little Ginger, who has been skipping over tables with Fredric March lately, has suddenly developed into a most beautiful, sophisticated, and utterly devastating young woman, with just the right flair for comedy. I won't tell you the mystery—except that it isn't as good as the dialogue—but the picture goes in for swell suspense, and you'll act as the creeps in some of the scenes. The comedy sequences between Powell and Ginger are perfect and will have you splitting with laughter.

Russell Hopton plays a sort of Walter Winchell, is the guy who gets killed, and among the suspects are Pat Kelly, Gene Lockart, Ralph Morgan, Leslie Fenton and Virginia Weidler. You can pick the murderer yourself.

PEOPLE WILL TALK
Rating: 70%—Boland and Ruggles Comedy—Paramount
HOLD tight to your seats or you'll have to roll in the aisle with me over this one. Of course Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are my favorite people anyway, and I am still chuckling over "Ruggles of Red Gap," but in this unpretentious little comdy Missy Mary and Master Charlie are more hilariously funny than ever before. Again they play the proverbial married couple (they've been married on the screen so many times that I feel that they should be faithful to each other on the pictures and they haven't had a family row in twenty-three years of domestic happiness.

The picture opens with the first wedding anniversary celebration of their daughter, Leila Hyams, and Dean Jagger, which ends in Leila calling her spouse a so-and-so and coming home to mother. Mary has the bright idea to send Shaw, after nine years, has finally given me permission to do his "St. Joan" for a British film company.

When Bergman's husband, Paul Czinner, famous European film director, who was in love with her many years before they were married, went to see the British play, brightly about Bergman's portraying "St. Joan" on the screen, Shaw turned him down with the facetious promise that permission might be given if the movies ever talked! (This is a very low-culture view, in 1935.)

But the little Austrian actress, with an indomitable will that never raises the white flag of surrender, went to see Shaw on her own.

Her recollection of her visit to Shaw's sanctum sanctorum fills her eyes with meritum: "We talked about everything under the sun, she said to me—what I come to talk about. When I was leaving I said: 'Do you think I can do the picture now?' He smiled and replied: 'Did you ever really doubt it?' I walked away on the set. You see doing that picture means so much to me. It's my favorite rôle.'

The Great Bergner
[Continued from page 56]

The Butterworth fans should cluster around this one, for it's nearly all Charlie from beginning to end. Charlie with his vacuous gaze and his apologetic wit plays a timid soul, who, suddenly, through no fault of his own, becomes a much more publicized gangster. Baby-face Harrington is not one, and then, through another series of facile circumstances, just as suddenly becomes a national hero.

Charlie is married to Una Merkel, who is her ususal excellent self, but whyohlwhv couldn't the director and the author give Una a small speech of her own? Charlie as a swell conundrums should never have to play straight, particularly in a rollicking farce such as this.

Natal Pendleton plays a nasty gangster, and in the cast are Harvey Stephens, the smoothie, and Eugene Pallette and Donald Meek. The scene where Charlie and the director fall in love is one of the more hilarious parts of the picture, and is also the scene that the Butterworth fans should cluster around.

Instead of going on to a gay party, my supper is served to me on a tray in bed.

Next week I shall be most uncomfortable as the Sphinx. Small, expressive hands, as celebrated as those of Duse, are folded quietly in her lap. But her life, of course, is quite as much an enigma as apart from the world as though she dwelt within the cloistered walls of a convent.

"My only diversion is solitude. With my cards I can forget everything. It is the same with my acting."

We spoke again of the possibility of her going to Hollywood.

"Why should I?" she demurred, "my schedule for a full year is filled with work congenial to my temperament and artistic ideals. In the Spring I am going to play my most dangerous roles at Stratford-on-Avon and after that the play which Sir James Barrie has written for me. And oh, you may tell that Shaw, after nine years, has finally given me permission to do his 'St. Joan' for a British film company."

When Bergman's husband, Paul Czinner, famous European film director, who was in love with her many years before they were married, went to see the British play, bright...
up sharply, jumps down and starts to help Ketti off.

"Who've you got there, Cesar?" George Irving calls from the inside of the house.

"Very fine lady and gentleman," Warner answers as he lifts Ketti off the horse.

"Their airplane comes down on the pampas. I speak for you, patron, and give them welcome to the estancia."

"That's right," Irving approves. This is almost the opening shot in the picture so I can't tell you what it's about. All I know is that Warner is back in his old Cisco Kid costume and, apparently, enjoying it.

"Secret Lives" is another murder mystery. Gil is in his own apartment, minding his business, when suddenly a beautiful blonde (Barrie) happens in. Shortly after the police come to pick her up in connection with the murder which has taken place in the next apartment. She calmly announces she has been here with Gil all evening and he—always the gentleman—backs her up. After the cops are gone he flips a coin to decide whether he shall keep her there as hostage or turn her over to the law. I've forgotten which way the coin falls but he keeps her anyhow.

And I can't say I blame him, as she is quite an eyeful in her white crepe gown with an over-slip of georgette trimmed in crystal beads. Very nifty.

There isn't a great deal to this scene. Gil suddenly decides to have a look in the murdered man's apartment so they march through his dining room, out on to a terrace on which the other apartment also opens. Just as they are going out the window the door to the butler's pantry opens and Herbert Mundin comes in. His face is quite a study as he sees Miss Barrie but he never utters a sound and in a second the scene is over.

Next on the program at Fox is "The Darling Young Man," which boasts the presence of James Dunn and Mae Clarke. Jimmie isn't working today but Mae is. It's her first picture since her long illness.

"Dick, you old so and so," Mae exclaims when the scene is finished. "How've you been?"

"As well as could be expected, not seeing you for so long," I reply.

"Look at this room for a newspaper scribe," she changes the subject. "I'm afraid some of you writers will think things about me when you see this."

"Never mind, Mae," I soothe her, "I know you're a good girl."

"Thanks, pal," says Mae gratefully, "Give me a ring. Still the same number. We'll have some laughs."

The other picture at Fox—"Our Little Girl," starring Shirley Temple, is closed.
to visitors because they want to keep Shirley unspoiled. The last time I saw Shirley I had to peel berries for her for an hour so I'm just as well satisfied to skip her today and get over to M-G-M.

Despite the supposed lull at all the studios this month, there are three pictures shooting out here. First, there's "The Flame Within" starring Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. This is Ann's first picture since her recent illness and she sure looks lovely. The set is closed to visitors but by swearing not to speak to her, or cough or even look at her if she

should happen to glance in my direction. I manage to get on. It's the waiting room of her suite of offices, she being a doctor. It's late in the afternoon and there is a general air of "another day's work well done" pervading the place. At least, that's the way the script describes the air.

Henry Stephenson is lolling about smoking his pipe. Herbert Marshall is fidgeting around and Ann is getting ready to go home.

"It is now seven o'clock, my children," Henry observes patronizingly, "so will you two stop arguing and come to the fights with me?" I have three ringside seats (Now how, I wonder, does he happen to have three seats? It's such an unusual number to buy) and a bet with my surgery floor sister on the colored boy.

"Scarcely, Mary," Marshall puts in, ignoring Henry's kind invitation for the night of June 11th, "you're not taking this fellow on as a patient?"

I wouldn't know till I've seen him," Ann answers.

"Mary," says Steve sternly, "you'll do nothing of the kind. Male alcoholics are out of your lane, ducky."

At this juncture in their affairs, Ann's secretary, Virginia Howell, enters. "That man will be at your apartment at eight thirty, do you think I should direct?"

"All right," Ann agrees. "Tell hurry." And with this she starts clearing up her desk and putting on her coat, a white oil-skin raincoat.

"So must we hurry," announces Henry, "Come on Gordon, let's go to the fights."

Well, it goes on and on like this.

Edmund Goulding, who is directing it, also wrote it. Eddie is the gent who wrote and directed "The Trespasser" for Gloria Swanson a few years ago. He has a happy faculty for thinking up great ideas for pictures, going into the front office and telling them, and then, when they buy the idea, Eddie goes home to write it. But, by the time he gets home he's forgotten it, so he thinks up another idea and writes it down.

I can't find out if "The Flame Within" is one of his originals or one of his afterthoughts but he makes good pictures so it doesn't matter.

Then we have the peerless Harlow in the long delayed and off-postponed "China Seas." Despite the fact that this has been on M-G-M's production schedule for two or three years, they haven't a synopsis of it or any of the other pictures in production at this time, so I can't tell you what any of them are about.

All I know is that the scene is a suite on a cruiser and Jean is in the bedroom with Walter Beery. M. Beery has his hair tousled dress pants and one of those pleated black bands that some men wear around their waists instead of a soft shirt, open at the throat with no tie.

Miss Harlow is all done up in a satin evening gown which is kept up in front by two puffs and two frills on her head. There isn't any back to her dress so they don't have to worry about keeping that up.

"What color is that dress, Jean?" I inquire.

Jean glances at it indifferently. "I call it nude satin but I guess you better call it something different or the censors will get sore."

"I'll spell it 'neutral,'" I promise, "and no one will know what I'm talking about. What's ever become of that book you were writing?"

Jean looks slightly annoyed. All actors are always announcing that they're writing books but none of them ever hit the book-stores. "Oh, there are still some changes I want to make in it," she answers, "and I haven't got around to it yet."

The director calls them for a rehearsal. Something goes wrong and they have to have a conference. As there is only one chair in the cabin and Wally is sitting on that, Jean sits on his lap during the conference. She might as well have been his daughter, Carol Ann, for all the attention he pays.

To get on with the story, it seems Wally has missed a piece of a hundred pound note from his wallet and he suspects Jean of taking it. They argue for what seems hours about whether she has it or hasn't it and as the dialogue isn't particularly sparkling there's no use taking up space giving it to you. Oh, yes! Her name in the picture is China Doll and I believe Clark Gable has also been cast in this one.
Chester Morris, who seems to alternate between M-G-M and Universal, is at the former studio this month in a piece called “Public Hero #1,” which, if you ask me, is a helluva name for a picture. It deals with the government secret service department.

Joseph Calleia (who played in “Small Miracle” in New York) is a member of a gang of crooks. They’ve captured him and have him in the pen but he won’t talk so he’s no good to them. Chester is a secret service man. The department sends him to the pen on a minor charge and stick him in the cell with Joe. Chester plans a break, figuring Joe will go right back to his gang and, in that way, Ches will find out where the gang is and capture them.

They make the break all right by knocking the warden unconscious and forcing a couple of members of the prison board to give up their clothes. They get the two victims some other clothes and, at the point of a gun, force them out ahead. As they come out the door of the warden’s office into the prison yard, the driver of the two unfortunates’ car is doing. Prodding his victims with a gun, Calleia forces them into the car and then pokes one of them—Simpson (Selmer Jackson)—with his revolver.

“Turn around, Edwards, and don’t make a sound,” Jackson says to the chauffeur.

Edwards turns and when he sees the two convicts with his gun leveled, his teeth start chattering.

“Now,” says Jackson, feeling none too good himself, “we’ll drive out as usual.”

“Yeah—okay,” Edwards agrees.

“Go ahead,” says Ches orders.

One of Chester’s biggest sensations was made on this lot and it was a prison picture, too—“The Big House.” I sure hope this is a repeater.

When they go to make the “long shot” of this scene they put his double in the car so he won’t wear himself out acting, because from a distance you won’t be able to see who’s in the machine. So Ches and I are standing quietly talking.

Suddenly the assistant sound man comes up. “Mr. Morris, you’re standing practically under the microphone so when they make another take will you keep quiet? Your conversation is coming through the mike.”

“Well, fancy that,” Ches ejaculates in amazement. “You mean you could hear our conversation?”

“Yes, sir,” says the assistant.

Ches turns to me mockingly: “Isn’t that wonderful?” And then he turns back to the sound man in assumed anxiety: “Was it good conversation? Was the dialogue snappy?”

What can you do with a guy like that? You can do what I did—leave him and go on over to another stage where they’re making “Age of Indiscretion.”

This opens features Madge Evans, May Robson, Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Helen Vinson.

Madge isn’t working today but all the others are.

The scene is a courtroom but, as I told you, that’s all I can find out about it. Paul and his attorney and my favorite boy actor, little David Holt, who made such a hit with Lee Tracy and Helen Mack in “You Belong to Me,” are sitting at the long table.

The place is packed when suddenly, La Vinson, Mrs. Robson, Mr. Forbes, Minor Watson and a battery of attorneys start down the aisle.

“Go on over and say hello’ to your boy,” May orders.

“I’d rather not,” Helen whispers. “I’d have to talk to Michael (Paul Lukas) if I did.”

“You talked to him for eleven years without its killing you,” May retorts. “Go on over—make an impression on these people.”

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“Mother is right,” Ralph whispers. Helen gives him a withering glance and none too enthusiastically goes over to the table where David is sitting. He is in some-what of a daze and just nods his head as Helen comes up. She ignores Paul and his attorney, smiles at David and then kisses him.

“Don’t be frightened, Bill,” she coos. “Mother’s here with you.”

“I am all right,” says David defensively. I think he feels foolish.

“Turn around, darling” says Helen, conscious that people’s eyes are on them. “Let me see your hair.” She starts to fix it, straightens his tie, etc. “Have you got your warm underwear on?”

“Sure,” David answers impatiently, “I’ll soon be over, calming the whispers and then hugs him dramatically. Then she sees a photographer approaching and holds the pose long enough for him to get a picture.

Paul is in a cold fury at these theatrics. “Hello, Dick,” he exclaims when the scene is ended.

“How’s Daisy (his wife)?” I inquire as we shake hands.

“Fine,” says Paul. “Then the director calls for another take.”

“I’m afraid that last one was no good,” the sound man announces gloomily. Miss Vinson’s voice was too low.”

“Why,” exclaims Helen in mock indigna-

tion. “Have you forgotten your bet, sir? Twenty to one on that animal as you know, sir. Now, you’ll pardon me for a moment, gentlemen, while I run over to the paddock and select the right one for you.”

He swivels around without rising, lifts his coat and reveals two little frogs and other hunting paraphernalia under it. “Ah, here we are. I don’t like the looks of Queen Victoria,” he goes on, picking up the toad, “something’s got her stomach turned.” Suddenly he buys on a frying pan with his stick. “Ah, the line-up bell!” He picks up the three frogs and puts them at the end of a straightaway track, the finishing line of which is the brook. He holds them imprisoned under his fingers for a moment and then, “They’re off!” The frogs start for the creek and Oskie continues in his line: “Green Streak has the rail—at the quarter pole, Queen Victoria closes—Webfoot two lengths back. At the half, Queen Victoria faltering. Come on Webfoot, you little dog. Green Streak crevassed to the outside. Coming into the back stretch, Green Streak makes a bid. They’re neck and neck. Queen Victoria in the ruck. They’re at the wire.”

The smallest frog makes it. The toad goes halfway and collapses. When the race is finished Jack announces the results: “Webfoot wins! Green Streak places! Queen Victoria resigned.” He tosses the frog back into the stream. “Well, gentlemen, that ends today’s program. Gotta be on my way.”

He starts to rise when suddenly we hear the terrific screaming wail of his bray. At the same time Oskie begins to organize a general uprising. He turns sharply and there are Reginald Owen, Frank Conroy and a couple of bit players—the villains of the piece.

“Get a.s. speaking bunch that Jack gets done in right here but I’ll leave you in suspense while I take you through

R.K.O.

The most important picture here this month is the famous “Becky Sharp” which I missed for two months running. This is multi-millionaire Jack Whitney’s all-color picture, starring Mitzi Green and starring some of the key time. As his publicity man, Paul Speck, tells me out on the set he begins his sales talk: “Dick, have you ever seen black and white people? Did you ever see a black and
Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray in the all-color production of "Becky Sharp."

A hideous old black washstand with a pitcher and bowl on it like we used to have in our servants' rooms when I was a kid.

Suddenly Miriam rushes into the room. She has on a periwinkle blue dress, empire style and over her arm is hung a leghorn hat (it must be summer!) by two streamers. In her hand she carries a stick of peppermint candy. She is chuckling softly to herself as she tosses the hat on the bed. All at once there is a peremptory knock at the door. Miriam grabs a comb, gives her hands a going over, drops down on a chair before the mirror and bursts into loud sobs as she calls "Come in."

Alan Mowbray, in a British officer's uniform, rushes in.

"Oh, Becky, darling," he breathes, dropping on his knee beside her, "why didn't you tell me? Do you suppose I care who your mother was—how you were brought up? Why did you have to hide things from me?"

"If you'd led my life, Miriam sob's violently, "there are some things you'd want to hide even from yourself." Then, with an effort (a slight effort, I suspect) she controls her emotion and faces him: "Tell me, are you sorry about yesterday?"

"Oh," he repeats. "Sorry? Never! Oh, Becky, dear, you're my wife now—my own sweet wife."

"Your wife," she jeers with a bitter laugh. "We've been married less than twenty-four hours and already you doubt my word!"

"I don't!" he protests. "I—I-only want to know—"

"What? More? Still more? Endlessly?" her voice rising. "Would you like to hear about my father? What a great painter he was? How he drank? How he killed his white sunsets? Is everything in your life black and white? No, no! A thousand times no! Then why, let me ask you, should you accept everything on the screen in black and white?"

"No reason at all," I assure him, "except, perhaps, the same reason that made you accept black and white pictures during the years you worked at Paramount, Fox and M-G-M."

"Shut up," says Paul. "Everybody in Hollywood has had credit for the innovation of color pictures except the one man who really started it all—Merian C. Cooper. He was the daddy of color pictures. Well, his contract with R-K-O ends this fall and then he's coming with Mr. Whitney as vice-president in charge of production. And, boy, will things hum then!"

"By this time we've arrived on the set. It looks like an attic room to me. There is a beautiful mahogany dressing table, a couple of nice antique chairs but, my God! The rest of the furniture. A cheesy four poster bed with filthy covers on it, a dirty rug on the floor, a small brick fireplace with no fire (but maybe it's summer), and..."

---

**A YEAR LATER**

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**IT'S GIVEN ME THAT—AND A WHOLE LOT MORE, BEIDES**

---

**OH, MRS. LAKE, IT'S SILLY TO CRY BUT ALL THE OTHER GIRLS HAVE THEIR DATES AND THEIR BOY FRIENDS... AND I HAVEN'T ANY!**

**POOR CHILD, PERHAPS I KNOW THE REASON YOU SEE AT TIMES YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE CARELESS...**

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Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce and Nobel Johnson in one of the weird sequences for "Sie!"
northern Siberia, all done up in furs, when suddenly they step through a glacier or something (sort of like Alice in Wonderland) and next thing you know they're in the heart of the tropics in the land of the Amahagger. These cheerful little people turn out to be cannibals but our friends do not discover it until after they've partaken of a hearty meal, and then they wonder what they've eaten. The Amahaggers instead of killing their victims outright have a coy little practice of heating an iron helmet to a white heat and then slipping it over the head of their victims. The fat or the hat is in the fire, while Randy, Helen and Nige sit miserably on the sidelines. While the iron is heating up, the Amahaggers go into their dance, chanting rhythmically something that sounds like "Ah—ah—na—ga—dah"-over and over.

It is a gorgeous set—all caves and crags and everything looks very much on the up and up until I spy a gourd lying on its side with "R-K-O Property Dept." stamped on the bottom. And then I know the whole thing is just a picture so I lose interest and mosey over to Paramount.

THERE are, a merciful heaven be praised, only two pictures going here. One is "The Crusades"—De Mille's latest effusion—and the other is "The Glass Key." "The Crusades" won't be released until September so there is no use going into that now.

"The Glass Key" is from one of Dashiell Hammett's best sellers and a right nifty book it is.

George Raft plays Ed and Edward Arnold plays Paul Madvig. Arnold is a big political boss and George is his right hand man. Ed is about to clean up the town because it's coming on election time. One of his rivals, Big Boy Williams, gets out of line and is about to open up a road house. Arnold tells him if he does it will be raided so quick it will make his head swim and Big Boy threatens to go over to the opposi-

George Raft, Edward Arnold and Rosalind Cullin in an exciting moment from "The Glass Key."

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nold blusters, “and I’ll keep on running it.”

Not even Miriam Hopkins was cast as
Becky Sharp has there been as perfect a
piece of casting in this town as George and
Eddie in this picture.

“You didn’t like ‘Rumba I hear,” George
accuses me.

“No,” I admit, “but if that was a bad
one you’ve got nothing to worry about this
time.”

“I hope you’re right,” says George.

I have a couple of visitors with me on
the set today and I must say for George
that there are mighty, mighty few stars in
this business who go out of their way to be
as agreeable to strangers who mean
nothing to them as he does. He couldn’t
have been nicer to my friends.

I’d like to give you the conversation ver-
batin, as George is by way of being a
precious nifty wiscracker but there is still

Warner Bros.

OUT HERE, ladies and those you drag
around with you, we have Kay Fran-
cis and George Brent in “Stranded.” Bette
Davis in “Girl From Tenth Avenue” and
Joe E. Brown in “Alibi Ike.”

Regarding “Stranded,” Kay plays the
part of assistant to the superintendent of
the Travelers’ Aid Society in the town of a
large city. It seems that just everybody
drifts by there at one time or another.

One morning a tall, ruddy, brisk and
dominating (scenario description young
man

Kay Francis and George Brent exhib-
iting their well known charm in “Stranded.”

(George Brent) comes to her. He is look-
ing for one of his workmen and he’s pretty
sure about the whole thing.

“Janauschek, Stanislav, Manitowoc, Wis-
conis,” Kay murmurs, consulting her files.

“No funds. Money for his ticket tele-
graphed by wife.”

“That’s the guy,” George informs her
cagerly.

“We put him on the seven o’clock train,”
Kay informs him with finality.

“Great jumping Josphat!” George ex-
clamades. “Did it take you all day just to
tell me that? You people are impossible.
Here you are, supposed to help and all
you do is—”

“Gr-r,” Kay mimics his fury. “I betcha
my father can lick your father!”

“Who are you?” George wants to know.

“Don’t you remember Lynn Palmer?”
Kay laughs. “Who lived next door to Ted
Sterling in Pasadena when you visited him
the first Christmas you were at Cal Tech?”

A slow grin spreads over the tall, rudy,
brisk, dominating young man’s face as his
eyes flicker into remembrance.

“I’m completely humiliated,” Kay smiles.

“You won’t forget those kisses ever. I
kissed me. I was fifteen—and thrilled to death.”

“I remember,” George admits sheepishly.

“When I found out you were only fifteen
I went home!”

“Yes,” she sighs, “and I cried and cried

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The Answers to the Puzzles

1. Franchot Tone
2. Ned Sparks
3. Helen Twelvetrees
4. George Burns
5. Russell Hopron
6. Herbert Marshall
7. Sir Guy Standing
8. Fred Astaire
9. Kent Taylor

Symbols of Love

(Continued from page 25)

Trabert and Hoefler, who help so many lovers discover Golden Apples of the Hesperides, recently awarded one of their most precious love tokens to Marlene. Messrs. Trabert and Hoefler were mysteriously silent... but they did mention a pendant, the emerald-cut diamond, which has delighted and astounded Johnny (Tarzara) Weissmuller, when that muscular lad came out of the jungle and into the jewelers. They talked of "the carved emerald cut ensemble which flashes so brilliantly on the brilliant Lupe. The four bracelets and a charm, the hat clip, and basket brooch as long as a pendant, the emerald-cut diamond, the one cabochon emerald and diamond bracelet, and I remembered a day last June when Lupe showed me the ring which was Johnny's engagement gift to her... a ring studded in diamonds, the old and jewelled words "I love you."

Mr. Felt, the florist, spoke reverently of the help he had to give Johnny when she sent flowers to her Dolores. They were always blue and yellow, the flowers of John. And Mr. Felt was asked to change them in enchanting and unusual forms and shapes. One time, when Dolores was entertaining a feminine party, Mr. Felt sent her a manuscript fragile from all the blue and yellow blossoms. Another time—an anniversary—he sent her a replica of their yacht, reproduced in jacinths and lilies. Whatever the size or the shape of the floral offering, Mr. Felt told me, the flowers were always the same, and the colours were the same... you've guessed.

Romantic hearts beat under the coarse shirts of the Westerners. Too, softened, perhaps by the approach of June, Ken Maynard told me that he presented his wife with a pearl on every special holiday! He started with a small pearl and each year the size of the pearl increases.

Hal Mosley's engagement to Evelyn Venable, can't wait for an annual anniversay to come. So he sends, every month, two dozen American beauty roses to Evelyn who, as she promised remindingly of the day and the way they met. And when they are married a year, confided Mr. Mohr, he plans to send her twenty-four dozen roses. It has been mainly told that the camellions are the real Romances of Hollywood!

Failed flowers and bits of ribbons... rare jewels and many other symbols, some delicate and lovely, some arrogantly luxurious, some calling forth tears and some gay laughter... speak from Hollywood when once again lovely June comes around.
SOME actors are typed and they do not know it. Or, let us say, they do not recognize the fact that in one kind of rôle they set the standard for all others to follow—they are the tops. One of these, in our opinion, is Charles Laughton.

When, 'way back in one of Tallulah Bankhead's films, Laughton was a person out of his mind—shown in a close-up that made your blood run cold (it all had something to do with a submarine) he convinced us so completely that we cannot see him as anything else now. His Henry VIII had the same quality of ruthlessness and his part as Norina Sherer's father in "The Barretts" again let us see him as a man with the Imps of insanity dancing inside his head.

Now he plays Ruggles of Red Gap and to us there never was a worse bit of miscasting. However, Laughton is so much of an actor that he made many reviewers cheer lustily for his performance. We only have to point to his delivery of the Gettysburg Address to make you realize that he has to be controlled by an idea ranging around inside of his head, before he can be his greatest self. As he recited the great words, he became a visionary seeing a strange destiny, but of course it should have been played as a man, free, white and twenty-one, proud, thrilled and exalted, as one might cry "The morning cometh."

All this talk about color in pictures revives the wasted words that were spent at one time on sound with pictures. The arguments against sound were wonderful, but sound came on just the same. We have learned to enjoy it, and so we know now that whenever anything is utterly opposed to an artist's ideas of symbolism and "theatre," it probably will catch on with the public, and finally the artists, will like it. There never has been a colored photograph of nature that an artist enjoyed. How then can there be satisfactory colored motion pictures?

Recently colored photographs have invaded the ad pages, and their dreamy, heavy, literal unimaginative coloring is enough to drive one who loves color to a hermit's cave.

We believe that color will be partially adopted and that the effect will be to take pictures further away from Art. (Capital letter, please.)

Who cares? 

---

The Final Fling

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

1. The handsome forest ranger in "Segoula"
2. Has (abbr.)
3. Her name is Mac Green
4. A passageway
5. A different covering
6. Direction (abbr.)
7. She has a new Paramount contract
8. For example (abbr.)
9. He was born in Czechoslovakia
10. He made his screen debut in "Flying Down to Rio"
11. Onward
12. Pronoun
13. An industrious insect
14. The sun
15. Mode of transportation (abbr.)
16. Her hobby is writing
17. "West Point of the Air" is his latest picture
18. Drollery
19. The spy in "Living a Bengali Lancer"
20. Text
21. Neuter pronoun
22. He has a named Batteletails (initials)
23. Afternoon (abbr.)
24. A well known radio singer (initials)
25. Atmosphere
26. He has a wide flashing smile
27. Self
28. The land of Abraham's birth
29. Diné
30. A degree
31. This year's winner of the Academy Award
32. To give gratuitous entertainment
33. The temperamental actor in "Enter Madame"
34. The first name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
35. To bring up
36. "Now working in "Air Fury"
37. "He played a dual rôle in "All the King's Horses"
38. A rasped platform
39. To think
40. He got a real break in "Roberta"
41. Muscular term meaning slowly
42. With Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta"
43. Some measure
44. To whom Ann Dowak is married

Dow

1. She will appear with Clark Gable again in "China Seas"
2. The sun god
3. The front weary guide in "Lottery Lover"
4. Part of the verb "to be"
5. Masculine first name
6. The famous radio entertainer in "Sweet Music"
7. To exert pressure
8. Morning (abbr.)
9. A charming newcomer
10. Austrian coin (abbr.)
11. "The County Chairman"
12. Of learning
13. A pretext
14. A number

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

MARGARET SULLAVAN
ARIE REMOLLS UTALE
RINA NOONE UPLAW
CARBO BENNY IRENE
OLIVLY T DULAT
EDEB H B OFT
MUIR MAURICE TOWN
AIR MC MURRAY BEE
SNAKY TEDDY EVILS
ST ROEY PAL VT
UPON D A M T LAYER
SPIRAL LAD ASSETS
A L PRESTON RRA
BETTY OCET HELLEN
E ORB O TEA TED
RS BUTTERWORTH SE
This vivid young Paramount star adores fluffy sweaters—wears them off the set whenever possible. Helen’s hard work is earning her the “breaks” in pictures. Her latest is Paramount’s new production, “Four Hours to Kill.”

Lux is the swellest trouper I know,” says Helen Mack. “When I was 13, I started on the road. Keeping my costumes looking fresh and new for one-night stands might have been a problem. But I’d learned to depend on Lux—used it for silks, woolens, stockings, lingerie—every last thing that was washable.

“So that was easy! And I’m still keen about Lux. It’s a big economy, and keeps things grand-looking for ages. I like it especially for sweaters. They stay soft as a kitten’s ear and keep the same smart fit they have when new.”

WHY DON’T YOU try Helen Mack’s way to Lux sweaters? First trace an outline of your sweater. Squeeze rich, cool Lux suds well through. Never rub. Rinse in cool water, then roll in a towel to press out moisture. Shape to pattern and pin with rustproof pins. Dry away from heat.

Lux won’t shrink woolens as ordinary soaps with harmful alkali are apt to do. And with Lux there’s no cake-soap rubbing to roughen and mat the fibres. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

“Costumes represent a big investment to be safeguarded,” says Frank Richardson, Paramount wardrobe director. “That’s why we specify that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials, keeps them new longer, and saves money!”
"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 fêted 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
Today is your Wonderful Day

A Canter with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty... luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila... to the matinee with Jud... then in Charlie’s plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince... What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What’s that you say... it’s not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain... How right you are, little Miss Charming.

P.S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman... the popular man... realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It’s all so easy... just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE... DEODORIZES LONGER
"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR
"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"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.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush"—may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums

B R I S T O L - M Y E R S C O . , D e p t . N - 7 5
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Street
City State
The Opening Chorus

Claudette, the Nature Lover.

WELL, for weeks and weeks everybody told me that I should see the desert flowers. Joan Blondell and George Barnes drove way up to Bakersfield to see the famous California poppies along the Ridge Route, and came back raving like a couple of horticultural maniacs, and Madge Evans returned from a week at La Quinta simply doing nip-ups about the flowering Joshua trees, which are a branch of the cacti family. I'd do my best to coax a little juicy tidbit out of Madge about Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall and other La Quinta habitues, but all Madge would say was, "Liza, you just ought to see those Joshua trees. Right there in the middle of the desert they are blooming like tropical plants."

So I decided finally that I really ought to see the desert flowers (they bloom only for about a month every year, you know, just to make a lie of science) and I sold the idea to Claudette Colbert, who has become a California landowner and thinks she should know all about flowers. So, one morning about ten o'clock we set out for the Mohave desert.

One thing I must say about Claudette, in her favor, is that when she enters into any- thing she does it wholeheartedly, so when I stopped by to pick her up I found a picnic lunch had been prepared and there was a Charles, Claudette's chef and a former tenor in an Italian opera company, all done up in an immense chef's cap entwined in apple blossoms and singing away on "Rigoletto." Barbirolli, the maids, came rushing out with thermos bottles of hot coffee and cold orange juice, and Winifred, Claudette's personal maid, dashed out with dark colored glasses and an extra scarf, and what with the dogs barking and Carlos' aria I felt just like a scene out of "Enter Madame."

We reached Lancaster several hours later, and cut off into Antelope Valley where the poppies, according to rumor, were supposed to be the biggest and brightest. "All," said Claudette with poetry in her veins, "we'll spread our lunch in a poppy field.
And we rode for hours looking for a poppy field, but one of those cold desert winds, like the mis- tral in southern France, had sprung up and

[Continued on page 13]
“Turn about is fair play” is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of “No More Ladies” proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN CRAWFORD • ROBERT MONTGOMERY

NO MORE LADIES

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES • FRANCHOT TONE • EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

for July 1935
MUCH of the youthful charm of the frock that Patricia Ellis is wearing comes from its softly tailored shoulders, which suddenly release into gracious airy sleeves. Scaling a style note from little sister, the neck is gathered around the throat and the velvet bow supplies a contrastingly fitting filigree. The simple skirt boasts a brief peplum, which you may omit if you choose.

Silver Screen's Summer Pattern Book, containing the latest styles for women, girls, children and tos, is just off the press. Send for a copy today.

GET THIS PATTERN OF PATRICIA ELLIS' DRESS

Silver Screen Pattern Dept.
15 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
For the enclosed.............send to

(Name)

(Address)

(City and State)

Pattern of Patricia Ellis' Dress (No. SS128)

Price of Pattern, 15c
Price of Catalog, 15c
Pattern and Catalog together, 25c

On the Fourth, Una Merkel lights a fuse to see it work —

BABY FACE HARRINGTON — Excellent. A fast-paced, breezy little farce, in which Carrie Buttersworth, the much-lauded office clerk, finds himself in a maze of bizarre adventures after his wife (Una Merkel) makes him ask the boss for a raise.

BLACK FURY — Excellent. For starring drama, this offers a story of a coal miner who inadvertently splits his union wide open thereby causing unspeakable tragedy, but has amusing efforts whipped right off the cinema floor and the public gives an unpassable performance as Jo Radke.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS — Excellent. An English version of the already familiar story of the man who had to squander over two million dollars in a year in order to inherit six million more. It's not so easy as you think! (Jack Buchanan-Lily Damita.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE — Good. An interesting murder-mystery that is admirably directed and capably acted by a cast including Margaret Lindsay, Claire Dodd, Warren William and Allen Jenkins.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE — Interesting. Treated in a light, sardonic manner, this film actually refers to the scandalous conditions of an air show that we have seen in some of our jays. (Ma Clarke, James Dunn.)

DINKY — Fine. Once again we have young Jack Cooper playing the leading role in an entertaining story of adolescence. Youngsters in this film whom you may remember are Ethel Fellows and Jimmy Butler, and among the adults are Mary Astor and Roger Pryor.

EIGHT BELLS — Fair. The action takes place on board a long-winded commanded by Ralph Sallman, who is later demoted in favor of John Buckler. The ship's owner is the father of Ann Sothern, our heroine — and there's your story in a nutshell.

FOUR HOURS TO KILL — Good. This is an exciting melodrama with the action taking place in a theatre during a theatrical performance. Dick Barthelmess is cast to try to get even with the man who sneaked on him. (Joe Morrison, Gerrrdle McRitchie.)

GO INTO YOUR DANCE — Nice entertainment. Here's your opportunity to see Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler together — with both at their best in their particular fields. Omma Fay and James Dunn and Lydia Roberti, Cliff Edwards, and Ned Sparks.

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS — Entertaining. An amusing musical revue, with the familiar cast playing their old roles, and featuring Alan Fayre and James Dunn and Lydia Roberti, Cliff Edwards, and Ned Sparks.

HOLD EM YALE — Amazing. Patricia Ellis as the society girl who can't resist a uniform. She makes an error, however, when she falls for Cesar Romero, who is played to be a gangster. (Andy Devine-Geo. E. Stone.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE — Fair. For those of you who loved this classic in your childhood, this film will prove more interesting. Norman Foster is in the title role, and Charlotte Henry plays the girl.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK — Light and amusing. The romance of a taxi driver and a witch-bad opera singer (Donna Tolin and Heather Angel) gets interspersed with some tall doings when movie star Gertrude Michael hits town. (Hugh O'Connell.)

LES MISERABLES — Most impressive. Victor Hugo's thrilling novel brought to the screen so magnificently that it will forever remain in your memory. Superbly played by Fredric March, Charles Laughton, C. Gnome Hardwick, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake.

LOVE IN BLOOM — Fair. The story of two college roommates (Clare Lee and Joe Morrison) who make a valiant effort to earn a living by song alone. Burns and Allen, of vaudeville and radio fame, provide the comedy highlights.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE — Revive thrill. A horror story on the "Dracula" type which lovers of the mysterious will gobble, but which may give those less hardened some bad dreams.

MEN OF TOMORROW — Only fair. A story of Oxford undergraduates that was made, if it had not been so severely censored, might have been much better. It was made in England, and has Merle Oberon and Robert Donat in two of the main roles.

Blows it good to aid the flame

Night at the Ritz
Just so's you know a press-agent battle. (Claire Trevor) is a man who can't stand the sight of chef at a famous hotel, it is a breezy in spots. (Williamagram, Patricia Ellis, Erik Rhodes, Allen Jenkins.)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT — Good. The plot — a murder mystery — somehow gets lost in a shuffle of breezy and amusing situations that lead up to and around it. Nice cast includes Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, C. Gnome, Margaret Dumont.

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE — Fair. Preston Foster plays the role of a gangster — a prototype of Capone — who finally was sent to jail for income tax evasion. The story is melodramatic in the extreme, and the cast includes Lila Lee, Melvyn Douglas and Herbert Rawlinson.

PEOPLE WILL TALK — Most amusing. When Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are cast in a comedy of domestic relations, you can promise yourself a high percentage of laughs.

PRIVATE WORLD'S — Excellent. A stirring and quite different drama, set in a sanitorium for nervous patients. It is thrillingly acted by Claude Gillingwater, Charles Foy, Alexouple and Joan Bennett. Don't miss this.

RECKLESS — Good. From a plot standpoint this is not particularly novel, but the production is lavish and the drama is supplied by Jean Harlow, Bill Powell and Franchot Tone, while May Robson, Ted Healy and Bert North take care of the comedy. So what, more can you ask?

RICHIE-LINE — Fine. As the Cardinal who ruled the French Lewis Leth (Edward Arnold) with magnificent diction and raptorial wit, George is definitely up another notch. (William Powell) playing the lawyer who has a yen for solving fascinating crimes. Ginger Rogers gives a tautness of romance to the opus.

Un'll never be the same.
They
HAVE ALL GONE

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
THE TUNNEL
THE KING OF THE DAMNED
THE MORALS OF MARCUS RHODES
KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE
PASSING ON 3rd FLOOR BACK
MODERN MASQUERADE
SECRET AGENT
DR. NIKOLA
KING SOLOMON'S MINES

TOPS 'EM ALL

for July 1935

*By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Let the Beach Reveal Your

BEAUTY

By

Mary Lee

A special make-up is required when you wear a swim suit or fancy dress, if you want to look as pretty as Dixie Lee.

IT TAKES a figure and a face and a lot of sparkling energy, too, to play Dixie Lee's new role in "Redheads on Parade." Girls, Dixie Lee's recent ascent on the Hollywood horizon is no lucky accident. Our best Summer bonnet is off to her for the way she has come back to stellar roles after nursery duty nobly done to three very young and lively offspring in the Bing Crosby family! We must guess that the secret is in pastel color—unbecoming for many unless it is light, and pastels predominating. This is the season to wear soft, pastel shades and with colour. Before you buy a new ball gown or skirt, choose your pastel to complement your skin tone. Dixie's secret is her natural pastel hue; hers is a new shade of lightness that is just right for Summer. Use Pastelized Face Cream for radial or for dark skin, 1.00. Use Pastelized Face Cream Regular for normal or oily skin, 1.00.

Every Skin Needs PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM

PASTEURIZED Face Cream cleanses, vitalizes, increases clear skin, brightens the surface, where skin health begins. Watch tiny lines and wrinkles fade away. Feel your skin cells and dermal tissues being normalized—toned—firmed and vitalized. See your skin's texture growing finer-grained. Your mirror will show you a skin that has found new life and rare beauty! Use Pastelized Face Cream Special for dry, lined skin, 1.00. Use Pastelized Face Cream Regular for normal and oily skin, 1.00.

Face The Sun—Unafraid!

Use Sunproof Cream

Helena Rubinstein's revolutionary Sunproof Cream ends the dangers of parching, ageing sun rays. The very fibre of your skin changes under the touch of this amazing discovery. Use it on back, arms, legs as well as face. Helena Rubinstein's Sunproof Cream makes your make-up doubly flattering and lasting, too, 1.00. New Sunburn Oil by Helena Rubinstein gives a golden tan without danger of sunburn. 60.

MAIL SERVICE—If there is no Helena Rubinstein dealer in your community—order by mail. Consultation by mail is also welcomed.

helena rubinstein
8 East 57th St., New York

Let's not forget toenails! Carefully pedicured and brightly colored nails are a new story on the beach, but we’ll be seeing more and more of them on the street and the dance floors this Summer. Open-toed sandals are all the rage. There are stockings made specially for them, but if you have the legs and the feet to go stockless, you'll be just that much

Silver Screen
smarter. Red is still the favorite color for

toenails, but you can achieve an added touch of chic by matching them up with your

frock or accessory colors.

Now, to be really personal, may we warn you not to let ugly hair mar the attractiveness

of your arms and legs? It can be re-

moved with a good depilatory or specially

prepared mitten. It stays away longer if you

pull it out with wax, but don't expect any

wax to be entirely painless. You can lighten

the hair and make it less conspicuous with a

bleaching rinse (same kind some of you use

on your heads).

The finishing touch to ravishing Summer

beauty is fragrance. Avoid body or perspira-
tion odours like the plague! Perspira-
tion checks and deodorant soaps, creams or

lotions are among your best Summer friends,

and don't you forget it.

Eau de Cologne, after-bathing infusions

and light skin perfumes that you can spray

do or douse all over you without being over-

perfumed, are staging a big come-back. They're delightful to use and they give you a

wonderful feeling of luxuriant freshness.

Dusting powders are a big help to hot weather daintiness, too.

Give a thought to your crowning glory!

Summer sun and ocean dips are apt to be

hard on your hair unless you do something about it.

Exposure to the sun has a tendency to dry

and bleach your hair. If you are a blonde

or 'ex-blonde' perhaps you'll like that. How-

ever, you mustn't forget that sun-bleached

hair has a dull, lifeless look unless you use

brilliantine or an oily tonic, or better still, give it plenty of brushing to stimulate the

activity of the natural oils.

Personally, we're all for the brushing—
at least a hundred strokes a day with a

good stiff brush that gets right down to

every quarter inch of scalp. If you want to

make the brushing doubly effective, give

your scalp a healthful sun bath at the same

time.

Brush your hair in the sunshine and

let the rays and the good fresh air get into

your scalp. Only, don't do it in the heat of

mid-day when the rays are too intense.

Early morning and late afternoon are the best

times to get real benefits from sunshine with-

out over-heating or scorching.

Perhaps you're afraid brushing will take

the wave out of your hair, and we'll admit sometimes it does. You can get an electric

comb that is specially constructed to stimu-

late the scalp and important glands under it

without disturbing your wave one little bit.

Whether by way of the brush or the electric

comb, scalp stimulation is the surest road to

hair health and natural beauty!

Here's a tip to you who take your sea

bathing strenuously. Salt water is none too

good for your hair if you let it dry and stay

on. Protect your hair the best you can with

bathing caps and, if it does get wet, rinse it

out well with fresh water.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.

Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No

more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

"HERE I sit alone, evening after eve-
nings, 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 per-
spiration 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 perspi-

ration itself. Then no one will ever have

this reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.

What's the matter with Me and Men?

ANIMAL TROUBLE

Fay Wray, who has been making pictures

in England, turned to wild and woolly Amer-

ica, and, uncul-
tured though it is, compared to Lon-
don, she says, she

likes it. The only

thing is, the howl-
ing of the timber

wolves keeps her awake at night. You

see, her suite in the Pierre is practically

right above the Central Park Zoo.

for J ULY 1 93 5

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration
Mrs. Pat O'Brien tells her Cooking Secrets

She Runs Her Home And A Dress Shop, But Pat's Food Comes First.

By Ruth Corbin

Love in the moonlight may sound more romantic than love in a kitchen, but I am convinced that a good per cent of the romances that lead to wedding bells and orange blossoms are the ones that begin in the vicinity of a cook stove or a lowly gas plate.

Eloise Taylor was a beautiful and talented young actress, but that was not the reason why she became Mrs. Pat O'Brien. Love bloomed between her and Pat in the tiny little kitchenette of her apartment in Brooklyn, where she spent her evenings cooking her favorite foods in the way he liked best. This was not difficult for she has been an "A number one cook" ever since she was big enough to hold a frying pan. The romance of Pat and Eloise has a story-book pattern. They met in Chicago, when she was sent out from New York to play in "Broadway." When she stepped into the theatre, the first person she laid eyes on was Pat. She didn't think much of him, either. The feeling was mutual more over. She thought Pat was fresh. He thought she was high-bah.

Tempus fugis, however, and eventually they found themselves back on Broadway. Moreover, they gradually changed their original opinion of each other. Eloise went to work in pictures at the Warner Bros. Vitaphone Studio and she rented a little apartment in Brooklyn. She began going around with Pat.

Money was not too plentiful with either of them and they found that it would go much farther if they bought and cooked their food. Came a slack season, when money became even less plentiful and they had no choice in the matter. On one occasion, they found themselves with neither money nor food. It was the evening before pay day. The kitchen shelves could have doubled for Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. All that they possessed in the way of food was some corn meal. Eloise hit upon a happy thought. They would have fried mush. Okay by Pat!

But while Eloise, in a cute, little house dress, was in the act of cooking some mush, came an interruption in the form of a movie executive with an invitation to dine out. When he found Pat present, he included him in the invitation, but Pat's pride would not let him accept. He told the M. E. that he would rather stay home and eat the fried mush, because it was his favorite food and Eloise had prepared it especially for him. But he insisted on them going.

Having a healthy, young appetite, Eloise went, and dined in state while Pat stayed at the apartment and ate his mush. He has never eaten any since, either.

It wasn't long after this that Pat received a tempting offer from Howard Hughes to come to California for a rôle in "The Front Page." With a contract signed, sealed and delivered, he decided the time had come for marriage. However, he had to leave immediately for the coast. So Pat and Eloise left for California, were married, and soon Pat was working on the "Front Page" set.

They started housekeeping in a lovely little single apartment on Franklin avenue not far from the studio, and Pat bought a yellow Ford coupe. He did such a swell job of his part in "Front Page" that offers from other studios came in thick and fast. He has never been idle since he first landed in Hollywood. Eloise did a good job of being Mrs. O'Brien, by being both cook and chauffeur for Pat. They were happy and congenial and soon had a host of friends in the colony.

After she gave up her career she found it difficult to be busy enough to keep from feeling lazy. When she was a girl, she usually held down two jobs at the same time and idleness has never been in her line. She started out in life as a secretary and her first job, or rather her first two jobs, was as secretary to the Attorney-General in Des Moines, Iowa—and as a player in the Princess Stock Co. of Des Moines.

As soon as Pat could afford it, they bought a lovely home in Brentwood and hired a flock of servants. Eloise found herself with too much time on her hands and, finally, she persuaded Pat to let her open a dress shop. She has worked out an "all day" plan, of course. She doesn't try to be in two places at once. She looks after her home and domestic affairs in the morning. Then, after lunch, she runs down to the shop and sees that everything is running per schedule, and she is home again in time to dress for dinner.
Although she has a good cook and dietitian, Eloise makes the salads herself and sees that everything is cooked exactly right for Pat. He thinks he is on a diet, so he doesn't eat Irish potatoes. He is very fond of sweet potatoes, and he thinks he doesn't eat them either, but Eloise gets around this easily. She cooks sweet potatoes and calls them squash, and he enjoys them and doesn't know the difference. Pat is fond of green onions. Wouldn't think of sitting down to lunch or dinner without them on the table.

His favorite salad is made of lettuce, tomatoes, and finely chopped onions. One half of it is onions and the other half is shredded lettuce and sliced tomatoes, served with French dressing. The only other salad he likes is hearts of lettuce with Roquefort cheese.

His favorite meat is steak, cooked medium. He does not eat dessert ordinarily. Once in a while, he has peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce.

His breakfast consists of orange juice and coffee. On Sundays, they have either sausage and hot cakes or fried chicken and waffles for breakfast.

Here is Eloise's favorite waffle recipe:

**Cream Waffles**

3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons melted fat
1 cup milk

Mix all together and serve ice cold.

and baking powder: add the milk gradually, then the egg yolks and melted fat and mix thoroughly. Then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Have waffle iron well-greased and piping hot.

Both Pat and Eloise are popular in the film colony and they entertain frequently. Frank McHugh, Allan Jenkins and Jimmy Cagney and their respective wives are among their most intimate friends. They have a badminton court, a swimming pool and a handball court, the latter being lighted for night play, so that guests are never at a loss for entertainment.

In summer, they have barbecue roasts, steaks and sometimes weiners for their guests, depending largely upon how many are being entertained. They had one hundred guests at one of their recent barbecue parties and hired a chef for the occasion. He began preparing the meat at four o'clock in the morning and worked steadily all day until seven o'clock that evening, when the dinner was served.

They usually serve beer and potato chips with the barbecued meats. Eloise gave me two of her favorite punch recipes, which are suitable for summer afternoon parties. Both are easy to mix and delightful to taste.

**Tea Punch**

Pour 1 quart boiling water over 5 teaspoons tea and let stand 5 minutes; strain and cool; put ice in punch bowl and pour tea over it; add juice 5 lemons, 3 cups grape juice and 3 cups cold water. This will make 12 glasses.

**Fruit Punch**

Juice of 6 lemons
Juice of 6 oranges
1 can grated pineapple
2 cups concentrated grape juice
3/4 pint Maraschino cherries
1 1/2 quarts cold water
1 pint sherry flavoring

Mix all together and serve ice cold.
GLORIFY THE
Natural Beauty
OF YOUR HAIR

A SEALED package of DUART permanent waving pads is opened especially for you when you ask for a Duart wave. Then you are sure your hair will be waved with the same genuine materials used to create the soft, naturally beautiful coiffures worn by the Hollywood Stars.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Percy Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Send FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

GLENDA FARRELL
Warner Bros. "Star in "IN CALIENTE"

"You're Telling Me?"

Compliments Cost You Nothing, But Make Your Favorites Very Happy.

WE ALL SAW "It Happened One Night" and thought it grand," writes Marion Dexter of N. St. Andrew Place, Hollywood Calif. "We know we would never have the luck to meet anyone like Clark Gable. So we'll never hitch hike. We're all smart enough to know it only happens in pictures. We have enjoyed it, but never will we have the same experience. Worse Luck."

Clark Gable wouldn't like any girl who would hitch hike.

"WE MISS dear old Charlie Chaplin. We could always leave the show with a smile on our lips and giggle the next day when we remembered some of his funny antics," writes Maude Brown of Harriet avenue, Montclair, Quincy, Ill. "This gloomy world needs some good laughs to cheer us up and Charlie is the one to do it. So hurry, Charlie, we're waiting for you."

He'll like that "old Charlie Chaplin!"

He'll make a couple of million out of it, so he feels he ought to work a year or so on the new picture.

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA" has just started its third week in Cincinnati," writes Sue Mitchell of Cincinnati, Ohio. "Nelson Eddy is the kind of hero the girls have been wanting. His voice—oh, gee! it's heavenly! His acting can't be beat. And his looks! Swell! But please don't put him in a modern picture. Keep him back in New Orleans or as another Captain Warrington."

Costume demanded—unusual! And they used to think costumes were fatal.

"READING BOOTH TARKINGTON's sparkling novel 'Presenting Lily Mars,' I was astonished," writes Carroll Lane of Brooklyn, N. Y. "at the remarkable similarity between its heroine, Lily Mars, and Katharine Hepburn. In personality, manner, eccentricity and genius, they are one and the same person. Hepburn should be starred in a picturization of the book."

"How could she "act" if she is the part already?"

"PLEASE, PART Ginger Rogers' beautiful hair on the side and throw away the bangs. Keep it as in 'Flying Down to Rio,'" writes Ermel Hammitt of Kenyon, Ohio. "Every little thing is important. No wonder the stars are afraid to change their appearance in any detail.

THE WHOLE town is raving about Edna May Oliver since her fine performance in the picture "David Copperfield," writes Jane N. Jensen of S. W. 2nd St., Miami, Fla. "During the part of the picture where the step-father comes to Aunty's (Edna May Oliver) to fetch little David back home and Aunty (E. M. O.) tells him to scram and keep away from her door hencethforth, is the finest bit of acting put on in a long time. The audience held its breath during the scene and when it was over everybody applauded loud and long for Edna May Oliver."

"She's the best bet—the Marie Dressler of the screen right now."

Silver Screen
The Letter from Liza

[Continued from page 4]
naturally no self-respecting poppy was going to

to lift her head that day.

We got hungrier and hungrier, and finally

in desperation tried to sprint on a little knoll, but the wind took one whiff

at the lettuce salad and away it went, fol-

lowed by the tops of three sandwiches. Back

writers leaped into the car, and when a movie

star begins to starve, her disposition is no

better than yours or mine. Late in the after-

noon we huddled under a group of Joshua

trees which were not flowering and which

proceeded to prick us with their needles, and

spread the remnants of our lunch. "Picnics,"

I said biting into an art, "are not all they

are cracked up to be," said Claudette shivering with cold and extracting

a bit of cactus from her anatomy, "are desert

flowers.

Next year I have decided to see my desert

flowers in comfort from the front porch of the

Desert Inn at Palm Springs. Claudette's

going to get a book and read about them.

---

I heard a funny story about Marlene Dietz-

rich's recent visit to New York, which had

me in stitches. It seems that Marlene was at the swanky El Morocco night club one

night when a drunk, albeit an unknown

drunk, weaved his way over to her table and

asked her to sing. Marlene thought the

drunk was the manager of the club, and that

it was probably the custom of visiting cele-

brities to oblige with a song. So, to everyone's

complete surprise, and informed Irving Rose, the orchestra leader, that

she would sing "Falling in Love Again." If

the Paramount studio had ever asked Marlene

to sing a song in a public place she would

have swooned with horror. But anyway, you

have to admit that Marlene was a good sport

and was honestly trying to do as the Romans
do.

About a couple of weekends back I drove

down to Del Mar, on the Pacific, to spend a

Saturday and Sunday with Una Merkel and

her family, and I'm telling you when you

week-end with the Merkels you have reached

the top in entertainment. "Bring your tennis

raquet, bathing suit and everything," said

Una over the phone, "which sounded rather

fishy to me as Una is definitely a bath-tub

sport, but I decided that summertime and

the great out-doors had gone to her head.

Well, as soon as I got there we all sort of

gathered in my room, which had lovely barn-

swallows on the wall paper, and we got to

talking, and the next thing we realized it

was Sunday night and time to go back to

Hollywood, and we just couldn't seem to

leave. So when I started to pack up my

 sporting equipment I found, stuck into the

tennis-racquet and golf bag, the hotel Del

Mar's "Please Do Not Disturb" sign. So

that's the kind of athlete Una and I are, and

the only cups we'll ever win will be
demi-tasses.

"A rose by any other name—"

The TITLES

H ave BEEN CHANGED

on the following PICTURES

"Men Without Name" (Fred Mac

Murray) formerly "Bleak"

"Boom Town" (Richard Dix)

formerly . . . . "The Peacemaker"

"Going Highbrow" (Guy Kibbee)

formerly . . . . "Crashing Society"

"Broadway Joe" (Joe E. Brown)

formerly . . . . "Back To Broadway"

for JULY 1935
"No one," says Miss Russell, "is in a better position to judge products, especially those affecting health and beauty, than models.

"Manufacturers are constantly asking us to try various creams, powders, soaps and tooth pastes. It doesn't take long to find out which have merit. They prove themselves quickly. These we use. The others we reject. For, after all, when one's good looks and livelihood are concerned, one cannot afford to take chances. That is especially true in the case of tooth paste. A model with poor teeth is a model without work.

"Of all the dentifrices, I like Listerine Tooth Paste best. I began using it when I first went into modeling four years ago. It's really marvelous how thoroughly and quickly it cleans. It seems to impart to teeth a brilliance and lustre that photographers like to see reproduced in their work. "And it is reassuring to know that it is safe to use. The ingredients are so fine and so pure that they are not a menace to enamel—the thing all models guard against."

**Your Teeth Can Look Better**

More than two million women and at least one million men have found that this tooth paste accomplishes remarkable results in keeping teeth healthy and beautiful. Such results are due to ultra-modern polishing agents—thorough but oh so gentle in action—that Listerine Tooth Paste contains.

Why not get a tube and try it for a week or two. See how much better your teeth look and feel. At all druggists in two sizes: Regular 25¢ and Double Size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

**THE FILM-COMBATING, STAIN-ATTACKING TOOTH PASTE**
T HIS is the tops for this month's party faux pas. A gay group was gathered at the home of Glenda Farrell, and for the occasion Glenda had hired an extra maid and was watching her closely as she made the rounds of the guests serving hors d'oeuvres, cocktails and so on. Suddenly she noticed the maid had entered the room with a tray of empty glasses, and started around the room with them.

"Verbena," said Glenda, "why the empty glasses?"

"Them's for them what ain't thirsty," Verbena informed her as the guests roared with laughter.

W HAT Joel McCrea has often wondered, but won't know until he reads this, is how Frances Dee knew so much about milking a cow! When Frances and Joel moved to their three thousand acre ranch, and Frances, who had been a little city gal all her life, knew more about cows than he did, Joel was terribly curious. The secret is that while Joel was away at the studio during the day Frances hired a neighboring farmer at forty cents an hour to teach her the art of milking.

N OTHING if not amusing is the discovery that Pat O'Brien receives most of his fan mail from interested English professors who berate him for his bad grammar, and the way he tosses off his "g's." Pat's daily mail includes a motley collection of correspondence school offers on English. But what nobody seems to know is that Pat is a graduate of Marquette University, and there he majored in composition and English.

M YRNA LOY is very proud of her pioneer ancestry. Her grandparents moved into Montana in covered wagons. Myrna was born on a ranch, and some day plans to go back.

B UDDY ROGERS, who has been away from Hollywood for almost three years, has just signed a new contract with RKO and will be starred in musical pictures. It is rumored that he and Mary Pickford might step up to the altar one of these fine days. Buddy got his start in a Mary Pickford picture about six years ago. And, according to those Continental gossips, it looks very much like Doug Fairbanks Senior will marry Lady Ashley after all.

O NE of the newest little feuds that Hollywood has had in many a day is the one now raging between Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern. Gene and Ann were the romantic leads in "Hooray for Love" and sort of got interested in each other on the set and Gene invited Ann to a premiere. The next day it appeared in a local column that Gene had sent Ann a dozen orchids, and he was furious and asked the columnist to deny it because he didn't want his fans to think he was so extravagant. When the denial was published, Ann got furious because it looked as if Gene didn't think she was worthy of a dozen orchids. "He ought to be glad of the publicity," snapped Ann, "he only sent me gardenias, and I don't like gardenias." Of course, while the feud was at its height, Gene and Ann were doing tender love scenes before the camera, but the minute the director shouted "Cut" they'd glare at each other and dash to opposite ends of the set. Hooray for love, indeed.

G RAND CENTRAL AIRPORT simply reached the zenith of excitement a week-end not long ago. Hundreds of people, tourists and fans, have gotten into the habit of gathering at the airport over the week-ends to see the famous TWA Douglas plane, called the Sky Chief, take off for New York, for the chances are ten to one that a movie star will either take off on the plane or come down to see someone off.

On Friday the incoming plane brought Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, and there was Joan Bennett down to meet them, and instead of ducking into limousines as they usually do, much to the fans' surprise Connie and Joan simply sat down in the waiting room and talked. It seemed that Joan was leaving for New York on the four o'clock plane, so Connie was going to stay to see her off. What a fête the autograph hounds and the Kodak snappers had at two Bennets at once.

Then, in a cloud of orchids (not sent by Gene Raymond) Ann Sothern arrived to take the same plane. The following day the Saturday mobs were treated to a very gay and snappy looking Kay Francis arriving in a confusion of photographers, reporters, and orchids (not sent by Gene Raymond) to take the four o'clock Sky Chief for New York and three months in Europe. Down to see her off were the Dick Barthelmessses, Countess di Fiasco, the Clark Gables, and the Donald Ogden Stewarts, and her pet dachshund, Weinie, who got the biggest kiss of all. Kay told reporters she expects to stomp around France and India and visit a lot of villas and have a lot of dates with Chevalier, but she doesn't expect to marry him or anyone else. That's what she says.

A FINE example of the "retort discour-aging" was shown here not long ago when Moss Hart, co-author of "As Thou..." [Continued on page 58]
"Talent Scouts on Broadway"

They Hunt High And Low For Talent For The Screen, But They Find Only One Out Of 3,000 Possibilities.

That is my deliberate conclusion after a careful survey of the nine talent staffs that feed new talent from New York to MGM, Warners, RKO, Columbia, Universal, United Artists, 20th Century, Fox and Paramount. These are the specialized dealers in Personality, Ptd., and they report a lean market. Picking their talent from the cream of performers who have clicked already in grand opera, the legitimate theatre, vaudeville and radio, and gathering into their net the prize beauties of the professional models, these highly-trained talent scouts report in dismal accents that if they snare one great personality out of 3,000 possibilities, they are blessed with unusual luck.

I have just come from the talent-scout offices at MGM, where J. Robert Rubin, Metro tycoon, supervises the "discovery" work of the veteran Al Altman, and Bill Grady, his assistant. It was Bob Rubin, Harry Rapf and Al Altman, in March of 1925, who spotted a chorus girl in the line of a Shubert musical at the famous Winter Garden. In the chorus, she was known as Lucille Le Sueur. Under their adroit manipulation, she became internationally known as Joan Crawford. I cite this single instance to let you know, if indeed you have any doubts, that here are fishermen who have made tremendous catches with rod and reel and net, their hooks baited with tempting offers of dough-re-mi.

The breezy Bill Grady was the first I met, and his figures were depressing. Grady, a hard-boiled, shrewd Irishman, with years of Broadway experience behind him, had just returned from a tour that had carried him the length and breadth of twelve states, or one-quarter of the United States. His route had taken him to every harum-scarum theatre from Canada on the north to Maryland on the south, from Pennsylvania on the east and Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts on the Atlantic seaboard. In the course of his travels, he had seen 108 dramatic and musical shows and possibly 1600 performers. From this field of professional talent, Grady had suggested and Metro had signed exactly TWELVE people.

"The thing that burns me up," said Grady, "is that the one I consider my best bet, Frank Shields, was not in the

Joeine Cohen of Columbia never misses.

Jean Muir, now a Warner star, was a scout find.

Harry Rapf, one of the prospectors who found the bonanza we know as Joan Crawford.

Miriam Howell is the searcher for Universal Pictures.

The talent-scout's office of any major film company might well be called Heartbreak House. There are nine of these offices in New York City, each one searching for new talent for the films. To them come, in an endless trail, thousands of boys and girls every year, from every section of the country, each one of these hopeful youngsters convinced that he or she has that indefinable something which will achieve the pot of gold at the end of the cinema rainbow. From them depart, heartbroken, these same boys and girls who started out so hopefully. Cold figures don't lie and cold figures say that only one out of every hundred will win a screen contract, and that only one out of every three thousand has a chance to become a box-office personality.
By Ed Sullivan

Joan Crawford was dancing in the chorus at the Winter Garden when the M-G-M scouts discovered her.

Mildred Weber, of Warners, may attend your next amateur show.

Katherine Brown carries Diogenes' lantern for RKO.

A talent conference at Paramount. (Center) Fred Datig, Casting Director, Oscar Serlin (left) and his assistant, Joe Egli.

J. Robert Rubin, Vice President and General Counsel of M-G-M, and a star finder of note.

held in high repute by the citizens, so I cannot carry Talent Scout Grady's composition in full but I hand you these lines to give you a faint idea of a scout's feeling when he completes a nine-state tour:

"Trooping through the rural belts, seeing summer plays—
Stalking actors, trailing debs through sunny vales and shady
I've seen them all but I regret not one could make the Grady."

Not that your talent scouts aren't enthusiastic. Grady is a healthy, husky Irishman, still full of an amazing energy after countless fruitless forays into the provinces and sticks. Altman, who aided in the discovery of Joan Crawford, tested and signed Franchot Tone, Mady Christians and Walter Huston, made the original tests of Grace Moore and Jean Muir, and still has fire and terrific enthusiasm.

The same holds true at Paramount. On the ninth floor of the Paramount Building, you will find Oscar Serlin, head of a department which includes Boris Kaplan, Fred Datig, Joe Egli, Eddie Blatt, Cecil Clowely, Lillian Morley and Walter Colahan. This is one of the most thoroughly organized talent-scout departments in the industry, a tribute to Serlin's capacity for organization and genius for instilling into all of his men the same unquenchable eagerness that he so plainly manifests. It was Serlin who signed Dorothy Dell, when the late film prodigy was all washed-up in and around New York. It was his department that signed Lanny Ross, Fred MacMurray, Kitty Carlisle, Joe Morrison, Iris Adrian and Gladys Swarthout.

The Paramount office works with the [Continued on page 71]

for July 1935
There Are

No Girl In Hollywood Has Quite As Much To Give To Pictures As Ginger.

By

Elizabeth Wilson

lar star in her own right, and the feminine half of the most sensational dance team that has ever been in Hollywood. Ginger has had as much rotten luck as the other ingenues, but she worked hard, thought fast, and best of all, kept in tune with the times.

And this keeping in tune with the times is really something in the movie world, for movies in the last five years have changed even faster than the color of Nancy Carroll's hair. It gets tougher and tougher every year for an ambitious young actress to become a movie star, and Ella, this means you too, so you'd better stick to your knitting.

Time was when a beautiful doll made a most acceptable silent picture star. If she were only easy on the optics no one cared whether she could act or talk, or do a song and dance. All she had to do was look utterly lovely in a long trailing negligee, and register upon demand, joy, sorrow and despair.

No one would ever have thought of asking Billie Dove or Florence Vidor to go into a rumba. And then those upward "talkies" came along and the lovely ladies discovered that they had uncultured voices, so off they dashed to take voice lessons while Ruth Chatterton took possession of the screen.

Acting, which had been completely overlooked before, suddenly became an essential requisite of a movie star. Now the American public likes good acting, to be sure, but it also likes pretty faces, provided the pretty face has personality. Catherine Dale Owen and a lot of other girls had beautiful fresh young faces, but somehow or other the personality wasn't there, and after a few pictures they were heard of no more.

Then the sound engineers made an important discovery. They discovered that singing is much easier to record than the staccato and stuttering enunciation of speech, so musicals were upon us with a hey, nonnie nonnie and a hot cha

WHERE were you in the winter of 1929? Probably, just like me you were losing your shirt in the stock market crash or meeting up with an old friend in the gutter, but we won't go into that, for after all I don't care where you were in the winter of 1929. I only want to tell you where Ginger Rogers was. Ginger was dangling precariously on the first rung of that much discussed ladder of fame which was destined to carry her right to what Mr. Cole Porter musically calls the "Tops" in the winter of 1934. And where were you in the winter of 1929? Don't tell me, let me guess.

Anyway, the Astoria Studios on Long Island, in the winter of 1929. (Gee, it's a refrain) were all agog with excitement. Sound apparatus for talking pictures, which had been fluttering around like Lilian Gish for a couple of years, had finally moved right in. and Claudette Colbert, and Chevalier, and Mary Boland, and Charlie Ruggles, and Miriam Hopkins and lots of cuties were skipping across Queensborough Bridge every morning to do their stint before the microphone, and rushing back every evening to face the footlights on Broadway.

When they were casting Katherine Brush's delightful "Young Man of Manhattan," they needed a pretty and somewhat sexy young girl to play "Puff," the modern flapper of the story. Ginger, who was appearing in "Top Speed" a stone's throw from Broadway, only there are no stones to throw, made a trip over to Long Island, took a test, and got the part. "Just a Charleston dancer," the Paramount casting office said, "She can't act, but she's cute and young and pretty, and will do all right for a flapper role."

That's what they said. Ginger certainly made a big lie out of them later. No star in Hollywood could have turned in such a perfect performance in the recent picture, "Star at Midnight," as Ginger Rogers did. Not one of those little ingenues who romped across Queensborough Bridge and got a chance at talking pictures in those days has ever been heard of since, except Ginger, who today is a popu-

She is so pretty that the bigger the close-up the more beauty you can see—remember the beginning of "42nd Street!"

She has personality and style. After all, it takes a dancer to wear clothes.
Seven Reasons Why Ginger Rogers is “Tops”

cha, and the poor movie star now had to be able to sing as well as look beautiful, read lines, act and have personality. Mercy, was it getting difficult.

But that wasn’t all. Joan Crawford kicked up her heels, and Ruby Keeler went into her tap routine, and immediately all the producers shouted, “We gotta have stars who can dance.” Which, my pets, is easier said than done. You can’t become a dancer overnight, even if you have the one and only Bill Robinson for an instructor. No, you’ve got to start dancing when you’re Shirley Temple’s age, or you might just as well not bother about it at all.

The great hunt for a singing-dancing-acting-talking-personality star was on. New York was combing with a fine tooth comb, and so were all the dance halls in Europe, but, as usual, right in their own backyard the movie moguls found Ginger Rogers—Ginger who had been hanging around for five years, keeping in tune with the times, and waiting for the big break that would send her sky-rocketing to stardom. The big break came in the form of nimble-footed Fred Astaire, and with “Flying Down to Rio” and “Gay Divorce” Ginger became the “Tops.”

It was the Charleston dancing rage that swept the country in ’27 and ’28 which started Ginger on her career, and appropriately enough it was the musical picture dancing rage of ’31 and ’32 that definitely established her as the Best Ginger told me the other day that as a child she loved dancing, and some of her earliest memories of Fort Worth, Texas, were of Florine McKinney and herself acting and dancing out fairy tales. There was one, particularly, that always fascinated them. Florine would climb on the kitchen stool and pretend to be a statue. Then Ginger, with a poker in her hand and a cake box on her head, on account of she was the Fairy Queen and had to have a wand and a crown, would dance around and around the kitchen stool until the statue came to life and joined her in a bit of toe work.

Then there was the pageant that her mother wrote and which the Fort Worth kids acted in the town auditorium. It was supposed to be the history of music and Florine symbolized the classical music, and managed to trip over her long flowing draperies, but she was put to rout by a red-headed Ginger, done up in tin and tinsel, as the spirit of jazz. These pageants in Fort Worth gave Ginger confidence in herself, and when she was fifteen she more sense than most actresses ever have. She refused the New York engagement, saying that she was not yet ready for the “big time.” Eighteen weeks in a specialty act at the Oriental in Chicago followed, and again Paul Ash made his offer. This time Ginger decided she was ready to make a bid for fame. She appeared with Paul Ash at the Paramount for week after week, and started breaking Helen Boop-Boop-a-Doop Kate’s [Continued on page 61]
Wherever Irene Is, There a Party Begins To Form.

Irene Dunne

"NUCLEUS"

By Helen Fay Ludlam

Irene in "Roberta."

"Lovely to look at, delightful to know"—let's give her a party! Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach must have been inspired when they wrote those songs for "Roberta"—for it, the lady who sings them like a glove, and now the whole country echoes them. The radio sends them to places where the picture perhaps will never be; orchestras play them in restaurants and night clubs, women hum them as they go about their work, delivery boys whistle them as they make their rounds— and all that means the thing is a hit. The whole world seems enchanted by the melody of the lady who is so lovely to look at and delightful to know.

Not that Irene Dunne, as an excuse for throwing a party, is anything new. It's been going on for years. That girl is just a natural party inspirer. One has only to look at the knot of people crowding around her, like bees about a flower, and one thinks, now I must give a dinner for Irene and invite—and before she knows it the hostess is wondering where she will be able to hire chairs enough to accommodate all the people who will want to see Irene.

I don't know what it is about her, a certain womanly charm or dignity of manner and warm friendliness—anyhow she seems to be the sort of girl that men think they could tell their troubles to and be understood and advised, but not entangled. And the women know that here is a girl to whom they can proudly introduce the boy friend and he won't be vampied right from under their nose. Not that Irene couldn't, but she wouldn't.

In Hollywood, however, there are no parties for her. Bed at ten, up at six thirty is her schedule and she sticks to it, so between pictures, if there is enough time, she comes to New York and has her little fling. But even there work is never entirely out of her mind. She coaches every day, and laughs as she told me: "My friends say, 'What aren't you through taking singing lessons yet?' They don't realize that a voice can't be neglected or allowed to rust any more than a pianist could neglect his daily hours of practice, or a machine function smoothly without proper oiling."

"But that isn't work to me. What is hard work is a continual and dizzy round of pleasure, house parties, luncheon, dinner and supper parties. It may be the irregularity of the hours, but after a few weeks of it I'm a wreck. This time I've actually lost weight and had to go on a diet. Imagine it. Of course, I want to see all the plays and as much of my friends as I can, but I've got to go back to Hollywood pretty soon to get some rest."

"The other night an old friend of mine asked me out to her country place for a quiet little evening together. And how I looked forward to it. Well there were sixty people!"

"You can't blame your friends for being proud of you," I said.

An extremely modest young woman, Irene then proceeded to tell me that the people weren't interested in meeting her particularly, but she had been to Hollywood and she knew, she must know, Clark Gable! Gary Cooper! Merle Oberon! Myrna Loy! What were they like? Did Norma Shearer ever bathe her little son herself as other mothers did? Was Gary Cooper really shy?

"Do you want to see the house that never will be built?" Irene asked, gaily, changing the subject abruptly, and placed in my hands sketches of a perfectly precious house, southern Colonial with roses clambering over the white pillars of a door that opened out upon a charming garden.

"And why aren't you going to build this lovely place?" I wanted to know.

"Well," said Irene, "if all the studios move east a home in California won't be very helpful."

"You certainly aren't taking all that nonsensically seriously," I asked.

"Well everyone in Hollywood seems to want us to. There is a lot of excitement about it and while it doesn't really make much sense one never can predict accurately what will happen in Hollywood." Irene talked over the air while she was here, on the Lux hour, which Hollywood takes very seriously. Some of the stars make the trip to New York just for that appearance. The thing about it that interested Irene most was the mechanical effects used: for example, when a door is broken through the splitting sound is made by crunching two wooden baskets together. The mechanical part of pictures always interests her, too, which is unusual in an actress.

She looked very natty that day in a dark blue tailored suit and ivory satin blouse, and for a corsage she wore one purple red carnation. I never saw such a gorgeous shade. She hates conventional corsages and in fact anything that hasn't individuality. She is not extreme, however. I mean she wouldn't wear a red and yellow dress just so everyone would exclaim 'look at Irene Dunne in that red and yellow dress.' Everything she has and wares is in perfect harmony; even the perfume she uses.

"There is nothing new about having perfume blended to suit an individuality, but it always gives me a thrill to know that it is made especially for me. It is made for [Continued on page 62]"
RUGGLES, THE RUGGED RANCHER

Charles Ruggles Has Gone In For Chickens.

By Maude Cheatham

"I'm a chicken raiser, not a chicken chaser!" Charlie Ruggles' grin was mischievous.

"My chicken smile won't demand champagne nor ermine coats; they prefer spring water and strut proudly in the feathered costumes the good Lord gave them. I'm lucky."

Hollywood is a crazy town. Here was one of our pet comedians resplendent in a Bond Street tuxedo, talking earnestly about his new role of rancher, between hilariously funny scenes with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, in the sophisticated film, "No More Ladies." The contrast was a comedy in itself.

"I'm just another drunk in this picture," he explained, as we watched the animated scene in the swanky night club, the orchestras and dancing couples, with Joan and Montgomery in the foreground, making a hot time.

"You remember," Charlie went on, "that I started my inebriate screen career as the soaked reporter in 'Gentlemen of the Press,' and I've checked in a long list of intoxications. I try to make them clean drunks, not sloppy or disrespectful, do them jovial souls but not maudlin. I recall with keen satisfaction that a critic in Philadelphia once said that the way Marie Dressler and Charlie Ruggles play drunks, no one could be offended.

"My very first ambition was to be an actor. So, I went on the stage and began as a kid in knee-pants to play odd-man characters with the Belasco Stock Company, here, in Los Angeles. After six years I grew into a romantic juvenile, finally graduated into musical comedy on New York's Broadway, then came to the Hollywood screen as a comedian.

"Really, I'm not so funny. In fact, I'm very serious. I'm not a wisecracker nor a patter comedian but I love acting and, through observation and an ability to project myself into the person I'm portraying, I've been lucky in creating characters that amused.

"Now, with some success as an actor, I've developed another ambition; to be a farmer. I'mm, isn't it?

"Naturally, acting will always come first. It is the screen that makes it possible to realize my second ambition and it all fits together like a jigsaw puzzle, with nothing interfering."

Charlie insists that it isn't a rest from his work, that a man needs but a change of mental scenery, a new line of thought processes—he says that ranching has already speeded up his comedy instinct and he is confident he is a more better actor because of these new interests. Besides, he's having a really good time, which is recreation.

Now, Charlie has always rented homes, being more or less of a domestic animal and last year his landlord sold him out, forcing him to find a new place at once.

Well, it was Spring. The hills and valleys were green, the smell of growing things filled the air with promise; he was restless, he knew he wanted something he didn't have.

"One day driving through San Fernando Valley," he took up his story, "I spotted a beautiful ten-acre citrus ranch. Something seemed to pull me out of the car to look at it and as I walked among the orange and lemon trees, left the soft earth beneath my feet and watched the sunset's glow envelop the Valley with its magic, something clicked in my mind. I suddenly knew it wasn't a toy balloon nor a new top that I wanted, but a ranch, with things growing on it and—well I realized I wasn't a California native for nothing.

"Well, I bought that ranch, it is eighteen miles—a pleasant half hour's drive—from the Paramount Studio. I don't know where I inherited my love of the soil for our family were all town-people. I guess it's an elemental pull in most of us, maybe a kick-back from Adam's rib."

"I built a home, something I always said I wouldn't do, and it is a model of bachelor comfort. I have a colored housekeeper, Blanchee, and say, can she cook! Boy, oh boy, fried chicken, with gravy, biscuits and my favorite old-fashioned sugar cookies that she keeps in a big cardboard jar on the pantry shelf—you know, like our mothers used to do."

He caught me glancing at his waist line but there were no bulges. He laughed, saying, "I recommend country life to preserve the straight line. Besides, I'm in for a lot of sports. I have my own swimming pool, tennis court and pool table. Also, and his eyes twinkled, "I keep regular habits, it's early to bed and early to rise and no bright night spots for me, though the weekly lights always see me in the front row."

"Owning a bit of land and living in the country, I decided to make the place pay its way. I've always adored farmers and men in little towns who make small investments work for them. So, beside my fruit, I sell eggs—I have more than six hundred laying hens. Assembling a kennel of pedigree dogs and breeding blue ribbon winners was more or less accidental but its success is enough to make me stick out my chest with pride. And we won three blue ribbons at the recent Pasadena Dog Show, and last night, after I had gone to bed, my man returned from San Francisco where he won three more prizes at the Golden Gate Kennel Show, with miniature Schnauzers and [Continued on page 66]"
He has turned the pages of history again as he did to give us "The Sign of the Cross" and "Cleopatra!" This time Cecil B. DeMille paints upon the screen the most romantic and fascinating story of the Middle Ages, "The Crusades." He transports us to the days when men rode out gallantly and unafraid in search of adventure; thrills us with the shivery clang of steel on steel, the swift flight of an arrow with its song of certain death, the fierce hand to hand combat of men uplifted and enthralled by a fine, religious frenzy. And, also, there is the beauty of simple faith and the story of a woman's love.

Principally, DeMille's new picture is of Richard, Cœur de Lion, a knight of our youthful dreams, a king of England who lives by the sword, impetuous, arrogant, generous, brutal. Driven by intrigue toward a marriage with the sister of Philip, King of France, he casts his lot with the Crusaders on their third pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Peter, the Hermit, father of the Crusades, fighting and preaching against hate and intolerance as our Lord did two thousand years ago, tells Richard that the oath of allegiance to the Crusade relieves him of any prior obligations. So, in joining the Crusade, Richard sees a way to honorably escape a marriage which he abhors without openly antagonizing Philip and the Princess.

The armies of the kings of Christendom, with Richard as the leader, travel with few misgivings until they reach the French seaport of Marseilles to take ship for the Holy Land. Here, dusty, travel-worn and tired they find themselves without food, facing starvation. Richard is sorely grieved over the situation. His love for his soldiers is the one unchanging, unshakeable trait of his character. Without the least idea when it is coming from he promises his men food to fill their empty stomachs and wine to soothe their tired bodies.

While the fierce fighting rages Richard's enemies go to Berengaria and convince her that she is standing in his way; that if she will step aside and make it possible for him to marry the French princess she will be saving him. Until this moment Berengaria does not realize that the contempt and hatred she has cherished for Richard has slowly changed to love. The conspirators tell her that unless she makes this sacrifice he will lose his kingdom to his brother John, who will seize the throne and proclaim himself king. She demands to be taken to the council tent where she is told Richard has been summoned to see the messenger from John.

Richard Proclaims His Wife

Berengaria walks in on a scene of discord between Richard and Philip, King of France, in which Philip tells Richard that he is no longer King of England if he, Philip, chooses to support John, but that if Richard will put Berengaria aside and marry his sister Alice this will not happen. Alice, in turn, makes it quite plain that the man she marries is secondary to her desire to be queen of England. Richard's answer is to command Berengaria to kneel and, with the crown from his own head, looking into the eyes of the assembled war lords and the Princess Alice he entones loudly, that all may
understand that Berengaria is rightful queen.

"I, Richard, King of England, bestow upon thee, Berengaria of Navarre, the right of sovereignty. In the presence of these Lords of Christendom I grant thee the royal privileges, so that thou shalt share my crown and rule beside me and only death shall deprive thee of this power, Berengaria, Queen of England! Who challenges this act makes war with Richard!"

What a picture Richard made in his meshed coat of mail, his fine tawny head thrown back arrogantly, defying them all. Later Berengaria thought of this as he cast off his cloak, standing against the background of the great shield on his tent pole, his clean cut profile and the massive shoulders stirring her heart, which she had tried so desperately to fortify against his charm. He had been superb when he claimed her against all the kings of Christendom. With an exultant grin Richard faced her.

"Now what do you think of your husband?"

Berengaria went to him simply, faith and love suddenly making her eyes starry.

[Continued on page 62]
BEAUTIFUL JOAN!

Joan Bennett Is A Capable Actress Even Though She Is The Prettiest Thing On The Screen.

By Lenore Samuels

Gail Patrick and Joan furnish the inspiration for Bing Crosby’s songs in "Mississippi."

[Continued on page 66]
Read About The Pictures You Will See In June. They Were Being Made In April Under The Watchful Eye—

Of S. R. Mook

At M-G-M

WELL, m’dears, M-G-M has finally come out of their slump induced by income tax, proposed state tax and spring fever. Joan Crawford is emoting again, and once more Robert Montgomery (who seems to have earned the position of her permanent leading man) and Franchot Tone is the army between Joan and Jean Harlow. Or am I wrong? Anyhow, the epic is called “No More Ladies” but from the script I think it should be called “No More Dames,” because some of those involved are certainly not ladies.

God, what a set this is! It is the living room of Joan’s and Bob’s country home and, believe me, it is the sincerest cry in living rooms. The whole thing is done in the neo Grec (new or modified Greek) style. There is a marble mantelpiece with an old painting over it, and a couple of bronze vases filled with flowers at either end. The walls are severely white and the woodwork is gilded—even down to the pillars separating the living room and the reception hall. The pillars are minus the customary fluting.

There is a large yellow chair at one side of the fireplace with a “harp” table. Directly facing the fireplace is a large white divan and in front of that a reba skin rug. Behind the divan, at some little distance, is a studio grand piano and a card table with modified Louis XVI chair—white, upholstered in green satin. Through the archway at the far end, in the black and white tiled entrance hall, can be seen the curving staircase. The balustrade and all the lamp shades are blue (Joan’s favorite color) and the banisters and standards of the lamp are of glass. Even the knobs on the tops of the andirons are glass.

“God!” I remark to Ed Willis, M-G-M’s set designer, “nobody could really live in a place like this. It’s too extreme.”

“Nobody but Joan,” he rejoins calmly. “She’s so glamorous you have to have a startling background to make it register at all against her personality.”

“And for a room this size,” I go on pettishly, “it seems to me it’s very sparsely furnished.”

“It is,” he agrees. “But if I put all the stuff into this set that I would ordinarily, the moment Joan came into the room it would seem over-crowded. I tell you that girl has personality plus.”

For Joan comes on the set. There was no blaring of trumpets but it seems as though an electric current has charged everyone. You can’t be anywhere near that girl and not be conscious of her presence. “To, darling,” she says quietly. I glance at Joan curiously. She has on a periwinkle blue crepe dress with a long train and a starched white collar not unlike those nuns wear. Her gown has no back.

“This collar,” she laughs, noting my gaze. “I have a scene where Vivienne Osborne embraces me and the collar is so huge she can’t help but crush it. I’ve had to have about six so far and we’re not through with the scene yet.”

And then George (Thin Man) Cukor has to spoil everything by calling her for a take.

Joan has married Bob—against her grandmother’s (Edna May Oliver’s) wishes. He and Joan agree (because he’s a philanderer at heart) that any time either of them kick over the traces of marital fidelity they’re to tell each other. Bob kicks over—with Vivienne Osborne—and tells Joan—when he has to. She’s furious but in the end she gives a house party (this is sometime later) inviting Vivienne and all Vivienne’s numerous lovers and her new husband (Arthur Treacher).

Vivienne, apparently, has just arrived. They’re all in the living room. Marcus, darling,” she coos to Joan. And then she catches sight of Franchot Tone—one of her ex’s.

“You remember me?” Franchot smiles.

“Jazzy Boysie!” Vivienne shrieks.

“She remembers him,” Edna May comments dryly from the side-lines.

“Ducky,” Vivienne explains to her hubby as she gives Franchot a kiss, “this is Jazzy Boysie.”

“Quite!” says Treacher solidly. His speech is usually indistinguishable. “The perfect husband.”

“I beg your pardon” from Franchot.

“He says ‘the perfect husband,’” Vivienne interprets. “That’s because I’m always praising you to him.” She pinches Franchot’s check playfully.

“I say,” Treacher protests, “you don’t have to be that glad.”

“Darling,” Bob puts in to Joan, “if I may ask a personal question—What are you up to?”

“Up to?” asks Joan innocently.

And then Vivienne catches sight of Bob. “I don’t believe it!” she exclaims. “It’s Petty Wetty!”

Franchot’s laugh is a yell, while Bob grits his teeth.

“I think,” Edna May observes crisply. “Petty Wetty wants to chair-chair!”

“Cut!” calls Cukor.

Immediately Joan and Bob swarm all over Fred Astaire’s sister-in-law who is visiting on the set, but Franchot, little gentleman that he is, comes up to say “hello” to me. And there is Mr. Cukor, too.

“How the deuce did you lose all that weight?” I demand.

“Mostly by being a good boy and not eating sweets and starches.”

“Or drinking,” I amend.

“I never drink,” he informs me.

Well, that floors me. When I come to, I

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The STARS ON THE SHELF
HAVE THE MOST FUN

The Famous Beauties Who Have Left Pictures Now Enjoy Life.

By Helen Louise Walker

Several years ago I was spending the day with Leatrice Joy. She was an important De Mille star then and one of the most beautiful women on the screen. It was spring and she was resting between pictures. Suddenly she sighed. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I should do something about summer clothes. But I can't bear to think about them. When you spend hours and hours and hours being fitted for costumes for a picture and then spend weeks putting those costumes on and taking them off, weeks fusing with your face and hair and eyelashes, weeks posing and concentrating to see that every tiniest detail of your appearance is perfect, ... you are pretty tired of it. It is simply too much to try and make yourself give any thought to a wardrobe to wear in private life!

"I never can bring myself to assemble a really perfect outfit for myself. The bag does not match the shoes or the hat is the wrong shade or I have forgotten to buy proper gloves. I am never quite well dressed off the screen and I am too tired to care."

Leatrice, in those days, was a very hard working young woman. She finished one quite strenuous role only a few weeks before her baby was born ... a time when most women feel it not only their privilege but their duty to pamper themselves. (Leatrice had been married, you remember, to John Gilbert.) After that baby came she worshiped it with a passionate devotion which made her begrudge every moment she must spend away from it. But ... she was forced to leave her small daughter for long weeks when her went on a protracted personal appearance tour.

Only a mother of an engaging two-year-old can appreciate what a sacrifice that was.

Then Leatrice retired from the screen and became the wife of Mr. W. S. Hook, a Los Angeles business man. It took her some time to adjust herself to leisure and domesticity. The joy of being able to see her child at any hour of the day! She could actually sit down and read! She was passionately fond of music and she found herself free to attend concerts and symphonies without the necessity of worrying whether she should spare the time. In the old days she had contended herself with mechanical music. She finds now that she may shop at her leisure and she is always perfectly groomed. She loves people and now she has time to enjoy them, to make calls, to plan gay little parties. It isn't that she did not enjoy her work and the rewards it brought her. But ... people still remember and admire her. She is recognized and applauded when she appears in public. It is merely that what seems to you and me a normal, average existence is still a novelty to Leatrice, ... a new and exciting adventure.

Consider Norma and Constance Talmadge. Both are still young and lovely women. Either could return to the screen next week and be assured of a cordial welcome from an enthusiastic public. Yet ... it must have been comforting to Norma when she decided, at last, to divorce Joe Schenck from whom she had been estranged for years and to marry George Jessel, with whom she had been in love for a long time, and to realize that she need not pause to consider the effect of such a move upon her career. These happily married, semi-public figures may, in the well-worn words of Pinda Tomlin, "go where they want to go, do what they want to do" and neither you nor I nor any anxious producer need care!

There is Billie Dove. I always have a breathless moment when I encounter Billie. I have remembered that she was beautiful but I always find that I have forgotten just how beautiful she is, and I am inevitably startled anew when I rediscover her. She is married, you know, to Robert Kenaston, a handsome and wealthy young ranch owner, and they have a youngster a year and a half old. Happiness is very becoming to Billie and she is far lovelier than she ever was upon the screen. Her skin is a deep, deep brown from much sun-bathing and her thick, foamy hair is almost completely white.

Billie, who realized that a motion picture career for her type of actress would be necessarily brief, used to worry about what she would do with herself when that career was ended. She studied music and sculpture. She wrote poetry and tried her hand at short stories. "I shall have to be occupied," she said, almost with desperation. Well ... she is occupied. She is joyously content to run her house, to enjoy her husband and child, to play tennis, bask in the sun and see her friends.

She may acquire freckles and allow her hair to whiten if she wishes, without enduring the reproaches of worried employers who wish to profit from her beauty. She may be natural ... and naturalness is the keynote of Billie's character.

I had tea with Irene Rich one afternoon in her boudoir. She had just come in from a difficult day at the studio and was donning a negligee preparatory to removing her make-up and having her dinner in bed. Her husband, a wealthy real estate operator, came in from his office, bringing several unexpected guests for cocktails. They were from another city and were eager to meet his famous wife. He proposed, brightly, that she change into evening clothes and go dining and dancing with them at the Grove. Irene was appalled. "I can't!" she protested. "I am too tired to lift a finger ... even to go downstairs to dinner. I must be up before six tomorrow morning in order to be on the set, made up, by nine. It is a physical impossibility for me to go out tonight."

When, keenly disappointed, he had left us, she said to me, ruefully, "This sort of thing is so difficult! I do want to be a good wife, to enter into the things my husband enjoys, to help him with his business contacts, to do him credit, among his friends. He can't understand that it is impossible to enjoy these pleasant, impromptu parties when I am working. He works all day and can still enjoy dancing in the evening."

Mr. and Mrs. George Jessel (Norma Talmadge) at Miami Beach. Norma was one of the biggest stars in silent pictures.
But he doesn't have to rise at six to prepare to go to his office. If he is there by a leisurely ten or ten thirty, his business proceeds just the same. He can come home when he wants to. And it doesn't matter if he looks tired while he is there.

"No one who has not worked in pictures can possibly understand how exhausting it is to be on a set, under those lights, all day . . . or how alert you must be every moment of those hours. You don't expect them to understand . . . and that makes it harder!

Irene and her husband separated soon after that little scene and Irene retired from the screen to devote herself to chaperoning her two lovely daughters, both of whom show promising dramatic talent. It must be a great relief to her to be able to join their gay little parties without considering a nine o'clock call (although the daughters probably have nine o'clock calls of their own, now!) It must be a relief to Irene to be able to give all her attention to her family and its needs instead of attempting to divide that attention fairly. Had she retired from the screen just a little sooner, her marriage might have survived.

Sometimes, of course, people must retire too soon . . . or must retire without sufficient money to take care of them . . . and then heartbreak follows. Sometimes a series of inferior stories destroys them before their time. Sometimes it is merely a succession of "bad breaks" . . . and frustrated young ambition is a sad, sad thing.

There was Jean Arthur who came to Hollywood with such high hopes, and

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The Hollywood Brand

Being Informal Is The Latest Party Idea.

Photographers love to get several "Big Names" together. Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Florence Eldredge (Mrs. March), and Fredric March.

Walter King is comparatively new at parties, but he is making a name for himself as a grand entertainer.

There are all sorts of hosts and all sorts of guests at Hollywood parties. There are hosts who will hand you the horn of plenty, and guests who will horn in and grab it off. There are hosts who will load you with favors, and guests who will favor you with a load—just anything short of stealing the goldfish or dropping the salad into the swimming pool, and get away with it.

Just to put those poor actors of the silent days in their places (the poor darlings had the naive idea that parties are for fun) the eastern crowd was terribly tiffany about their parties at first. But they all got tired, finally, of admiring each other, and even tired of admiring themselves at parties; so they let down their hair, put on slacks and shirts, and went natural on us. Now it's so smart to be informal that you needn't even be at home when your guests arrive! And, really, sometimes I have thought the guests didn't care. It made it so much easier to tell each other what they thought of their host's taste in liquor and color-schemes!

And now that things have settled down
OF PARTY MANNERS

By Grace Kingsley

The candid camera catches Jean Harlow and the famous director, W. S. Van Dyke.

Jack Oakie is sure to pull some gags. "Anything for a laugh."

There is nothing Johnny Weissmuller and his wife, Lupe Velez, enjoy more than their public appearances.

There things slowed down, he put on an apron and played waiter, exactly as, back home, the cut up of the senior class at the high school would have done. And at one of W. S. Van Dyke's parties, when the bar whose counter is an aquarium was being initiated, Jack said he had heard of people who drank like fishes, and he wanted to pour some gin into the glass jar to see fishes drink like people. But Van Dyke wouldn't let him—said the fishes were entertainers and mustn't drink! Van Dyke can be kidded just so far. So when Mary Doran, who was at the party initiating his swimming pool, dived him to push her in, Van did. And Mary was wearing her best sables, too. Seeing his host do that, Max Baer thought it was being done, and pushed another lady in. But while his victim, wrapped in the host's sweaters while her clothing dried, sat before the kitchen fire warming herself, in marched Baer, accompanied by Jean Harlow. Jean, the lank, lced Max, the lion, by the ear, right up to his victim. And did he say he was sorry!

Van is a thoroughbred, and the next day both ladies received requests for an estimate of the value of their belongings injured by the water, and the following day they received checks for the entire amount of their loss.

Charlie Chaplin fell backward into a fountain, at one of Marion Davies' costume parties. He was walking backward in respect to some notable who was advancing. Charlie is dignified and didn't mean to fall into the fountain. But it looked like a gag, and Charlie let it go at that. A certain star, before she went to Europe and became sophisticated, gave a perfectly lovely dinner party with printed menus!

Coming down a few years, we come to the cocktail party which Rouben Mamoulian gave for Max Reinhardt. There was certainly a feast of reason and a flow of soul. But the turkey in the center of the table remained uncut! One caught some of the most famous guests eyeing it hungrily, then gathering in a stuffed egg or a bit of caviare. A large waiter maintained guard over the turkey with upraised knife—which might be construed by the brave as a promise, but he never cut the bird. Of course, Mamoulian never knew. He must have been surprised after his hungry guests had gone.

Among the guests was practically everybody who was anybody in Hollywood. Anna Sein was there, and Jeannette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Clark Cable, Elissa Landi, Grace Moore, Kay Francis, Charles Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Walter King, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, and scores of others.

When a certain actress was wed, she served no wedding breakfast save a lone little piece of cake in the midst of a huge expanse of plate. She had wanted, we heard, to furnish her own ginger ale and sandwiches, but the hotel where she was married wouldn't let her. One wag ven-

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tured that she probably owned the hot-dog concessions outside the hotel!

They are beginning to dance at cocktail parties in Hollywood, which is rather nice.

I think a certain noted English lady began it, at the party which Paul Cavanagh gave. A pompous pianist was playing a dull classic number and everybody was yawning, when the lively English lady dashed to the radio, turned on a thunderous two-step, to the consternation of the pianist, and grabbed Nelson Eddy for a dance. Lyle Talbot took Elissa Landi, and the others followed suit.

Meeting ex-husbands and wives at parties has developed a code of emblazon-post all its own. Nobody always bows when they pass each other, and if alimony or settlement is not overdue they shake hands. Sometimes they chat. I've seen Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce talking amicably together.

On the other hand, at a very charming party which Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March gave, I overheard an ex-wife say of the current one, "If I had known that so-and-so here, I wouldn't have come!" And dashed off home. But often former and current wives are very nice to each other.

Why, I even heard of an ex-wife who gave her calling cards to the present wife as a wedding present, together with an offer of the horse!

Back porch parties are becoming the rage. Chester Morris, Evelyn Venable and Carl Laemmle, Jr., are giving them; Chester and his wife in their back porch and patio; Evelyn in her sun-parlor back porch, and Laemmle on the terrace in back of his huge and luxurious apartment. The guests crowd so thick on Carl's porch, which overlooks a precipice, that I am sure somebody is going to be pushed off one of these times. In point of fact, Sullivan very nearly took a tumble at the last one. John Lodge grabbed her just in time. Tom Brown and Anita Louise, after one of their tiffs, made up, just due to being tossed into each other's arms at a back-porch party at Carl's.

Sallie Eilers' sky-scaping apartment has a big verandah, and Sallie loves giving tea there to her sister mammans, so to speak—Helen Twelveetars, Arline Judge, and others.

Speaking of babies and of Hollywood manners, Norma Shearer, who is expecting the stork again, no matter what subject she starts talking on will always wind up by talking about Irving, Jr.

And speaking of subjects on which actors always talk, Bob Montgomery, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper invariably gravitate to each other to talk about hunting and fishing whenever they find themselves at a party.

Sometimes guests at parties get into the wrong houses, due to the rapidity with which one's stolen salgar goes up, he buys himself a new home with a mother-of-pearl so-and-so and in the bathroom and those chiming door bells—a state of things most bewildering to guests.

Harry Langdon gave a party one night, to which a noted violonist was invited. Poor man, he got into the wrong house, but one which looked exactly like his host's. He was just walking to a closet to hang up his hat, when the hostess, descending the stairs, exclaimed, looking at his violin case. "I didn't realize you played!" and the music man unhung his hat and decamped, eventually finding his real host.

Famous expressions are sometimes coined at Hollywood parties. For instance there was a party given by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, at which Charlie Chaplin was present and "Babe" Glyn gave birth to her famous Imitation Expression.

Elinor was characteristically analyzing her fellow guests, with a slant on the sex angle, thus:

"Douglas, you aren't good looking, but you have something—you have it!" she exclaimed in a fit of inspiration. "Then, turning to Charlie, she said, "Charlie, you haven't it."

Charlie left the room. He returned in a minute.

"See," he said with mock plaintiveness, "I've changed my brown tie for a green one. Now have I got it?"

Heigh ho for the jolly old days of jolly old parties!

There was the one given by Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, the writers, for dancing. They had a green door, green walls, doors, in the back garden. Everybody was there—Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Mrs. C. M. Van Dyke, Mrs. Edward Loy Ray, and just dozens of other noted ones. Billy went upstairs to the bathroom. Looking down he couldn't resist the idea of hitting somebody with something. Plump, right into the dignified Harry Rap's lap, sailed a hot-water bottle!

At another time, at a masquerade which Ouida Bergere and Basil Rathbone were giving, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, being about of a height, both came as West Point cadets. Billy Haines gave Norma's arm an awful pinch, and when she squeaked, remarked apologetically, "Oh, I thought it was Irving!"

Then there was that dinner party, never-to-be-forgotten, which Buster Keaton gave for the distinguished Adolph Zukor, of Paramount, Al St. John, Buster's friend, disguised himself as the butler and served the dinner. First he spilled some water on Zukor. The guest of honor looked surprised, but whispered his host's apologies. Mistakes would happen, he said. Then some icy celery slipped. That wasn't so good, but again he took it like a man. Then the bottle was knocked over, and the turkey skipped. Still the guest of honor was complaisant, but by that time one of the guests could control himself no longer and began to laugh. And Paramount's head took it just as good-naturedly as though the joke had not been on him. There was an understudy turkey which replaced the other, and the feast went on.

Somebody has said: Just give your guests plenty to eat and drink and somebody to flirt and chat with, and you'll be happy.

The best hosts in Hollywood go on that idea. Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March, John Gilbert, Jack Oakley, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Nelson Eddy, Allan Mowbray, W. S. Van Dyke, James Cruze, all live up to this. At Cruze's, by the way, you will always find tables lined with bottles of gin. Cruze does not offer you a drink. You go and pour your own.

Probably the grand opera contingent is with us, one might expect social affairs to be more ritzy than ever. But not so. Grace Moore loves to put on a kitchen apron and come out as mistress of the house. That's a custom left over from old grand opera days.

Kay Francis gave a deep-sea-going party in a Hollywood cafe. She went down and excluded the press. She will probably run into stormy weather with the writing boys and gals after this.
She's A Girl On The Level.

By Helen Harrison

EVE RYONE can be good-looking!" said Carole Lombard, who, besides being Hollywood's best-dressed woman is also its reigning glamour queen and Private Sophisticate No. 1, leaving GlenaLand's honors as unbalanced as the budget.

"Everyone?" I gurgled, hopefully.

"Absolutely!" she said, in her crisp, unhesitating way.

"But how?" I persisted—having just graduated from the correspondence course for radio stooges.

"By doing something about it! Women get weepj about looking older and bemoan the fact they're putting on weight and adding a second chin, but they're just too lazy to do anything about it. Of course it's easier to let yourself go—to avoid taking the trouble; but they certainly miss a lot of fun by slipping into the middle-age class before their time because it's less trouble to lie in bed and read than it is to take an early breakfast, a swim, put in a lively game of tennis or a canter through the park before starting the day.

"And," she continued, looking very lovely in a silver cloth hostess gown (Travis Barton no doubt), "they'd like to be a moon-piecker star, but they don't lift an eyebrow to attain their ambition."

Carole, I might divulge, is not among that exclusive coterie born with diamond-studded platinum spoons, who receive one coat of paint and two coats of sable at some of our better finishing schools and who, as a result of starting their cinematic careers where Pickford left oil, are loftier than a stratosphere flyer and as hoity-toity as a casting director.

As I recall, she's successfully hurdles more obstacles than the Prince of Wales—and plenty of them weren't on a horse! When she was in an automobile accident about five years ago she thought she was "through," yet she had the courage to put those months—when she was lying on a hospital cot—to good account. Although she had plenty of cause she didn't spend the time crying into her pillow, bemoaning her fate and her looks—which lay in the palm of her plastic surgeon's hands. She spent the time learning microphone technique, and when she won her fight and regained her beauty, she was ready for such a career as would then have seemed as impossible as Charlie Laughton playing Ruggles!

"It's amazing to me how fearful people are of themselves," she reflected (and, as you know, she reflects very well) as she lay back on the couch with her stockinessless feet curled up and revealing beautifully pedicured nails in stunning sandals.

"I can remember myself as a little girl, standing at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, watching my idol, Gloria Swanson. How I used to mimic her! All very distressing to everyone around me, I assure you. But I made up my mind then that I, too, was going to have a screen career—and I never deviated from my purpose."

Probably that was what started Carole with the Sennett studio, as a bathing girl, just as Gloria had. Nevertheless it proves the platinum spoon was only water after all!

"The most important thing for any

[Continued on page 69]
"Chase Me!"

By Liza

When I first came to Hollywood, fresh and naive from Tony's in New York, I really believed that when a movie star batted her great big devastating lashes and said, with an Ann Harding chime, "My marriage will last forever," that she honestly meant her marriage would last forever. And that when a star put on dark glasses and a turned down hat she really wanted people to think that she was Susie Zilch, and of no importance.

Oh, all right, all right, don't knock at me, I admit that I was a sucker in those days, but you just ought to see me now. As soon as a star starts professing her undying love and loyalty to some guy she once took to the altar I know definitely that divorce is just around the corner, and the minute I smell dark glasses and a turned down hat I know, and sixty thousand other people know (Hey, Hollywood, what's your population?) that Garbo's on the loose again.

It takes just twenty-four hours in town and lunch at the Brown Derby to catch on to the publicity game as it is played in Hollywood, and, incidentally, it is the most popular game in the place, everybody plays it, from Garbo down to the hat check girl at the Trocadero. If you go two weeks without getting your name in the Reporter or Variety or at least a telephone booth you have to pay a forfeit.

Never believe what you see in Hollywood. Never believe what you hear in Hollywood. And, definitely, never believe in Hollywood. Always understand that everything is the exact opposite of what it seems. Them's terrible words, pardner, and if you live East of Hoot Gibson's rodeo, you'll probably get the idea that we are all a lot of nasty cynics out thisaway, but it isn't so, well, it practically isn't so.

After the first Great Disillusion comes (mine came the day the newspapers carried headlines on a famous star's divorce, which happened to be the same day that my exclusive story of her happy marriage appeared in a fan magazine) you really don't care any more—why it's just a lot of crazy fun after that. You've been wise up to the game, you know the rules now, you know better than to be caught with the Black Queen again, so you can just sit back and relax. As soon as you understand that White is always Black in Hollywood and No is always Yes, then you won't have to strain any more of those cells in what the anatomy professor laughingly called your brain.

The first time that Katharine Hepburn screams at you, "I don't want any publicity! I hate publicity!" you will be sorely tempted to scratch her name out of your copy and scratch her while you're at it, but then you'll remember that this is Hollywood and that Katie, in her quaint way, is trying to tell you that she wants gobs and gobs and gobs of publicity, in fact she wants it so badly that she is going to put herself to a lot of trouble to get it. So don't get mad with Katie when she screams and runs, just be amused at her obvious little antics and wait and see what she'll think up next.

And Katie isn't the only one in Hollywood who goes in for dodging publicity, in order to get publicity. Why there's a whole school of them Garbo is the head-mistress, since it was her idea first. Emily Post is definitely not on the faculty—in fact if you do one single thing that's in keeping with the accepted ideas of etiquette you get two 'demerits and lose your letter.

Margaret Sullivan, who was about to graduate with the highest honors last year, was expelled from the school because she quietly and normally fell in love, and even so far forgot herself as to say "thank you" to a fan writer. The girls might have forgiven her for falling in love without dragging it through the newspapers for months and years, but the "thank you" to a fan writer they could never forgive. So poor Maggie flunked out, even though her dungsareas were the dirtiest in town. You can always tell the girls of the Publicity Dodging school by the peculiar clothes they wear, the peculiar cars they drive, and the fact that they are usually found running like mad in some public place, done up usually in an Inverness cape and dark glasses. I've never yet seen a movie star run in a chic gown.

Now, heaven knows, we don't want to be catty about this. Movie stars just have to get their names in the newspapers, it's a part of their business, and if they think the Indirect Publicity method is the best, why it's their own affair. In fact I'm dope enough to fall for it and here is a nice fat piece of publicity for Hepburn, and she's welcome. As long as she can make the best
The Publicity Racket Has A Lot Of Fascinating Angles. One Is The Game Of “Duck—There’s A Camera!”

Constance Bennett has found that if she is attacked the fans come to her rescue, so she is difficult at interviews and—it works.

Margaret Sullivan hasn’t the first idea of publicity, and her rough clothes are just natural—or are they?

“Anna Karenina” is Garbo’s new picture, and the announcement has been made that she is signed for two more.

Pictorial, well almost, that you can glimpse on any screen, and she can run as much as you like, Katie. I’m for you as an artist anyhow. Personally I like movie stars who dress like human beings, who give interviews pleasantly, and face the camera with a toothsome smile, like the Colberts, Lombards, Sheares and Harlows of the industry, but if Katie and Greta and the others think they get better results using their own perverse system it’s all right with me. In fact it amuses me. But don’t you think for one instance, Miss Katie, that I am taken in by your I-don’t-want-publicity gag. Tut, tut, now, tut, tut. If you were in earnest “how come you do the things you do?”

When the circus came to town and all the stars, more or less, turned out for the big ten. Naturally there were photographers, there always are photographers, and any star who goes to a public place in Hollywood should realize by now that there always will be photographers. After all they’ve got to make a living. Well, one of the boys spotted La Hepburn sitting down front with one eye on the man on the flying trapeze and the other on the photographers—who started towards her, and the chase was on. Now, all Katie had to do was smile sweetly at the boys and say, “Please excuse me tonight. I look a mess. Next time.” And the photographers would have grinned and left her alone immediately, just as I have seen them do to dozens of other stars who felt they weren’t up to par. But no, Katie must shriek and start running, and if you think she ran for the nearest exit as the programs advised, you’re dumb—our Miss Katie dashed right across the main ring, where Madame Toinpanni was doing her stall, and where thousands of people would see her. As if, she got a bigger hand that night from the audience than the clowns did. Now really, what a strange way to dodge publicity.

Then there was a time at the Hollywood Bowl, several months ago, at the premiere of Max Reinhardt’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” As Hepburn was leaving the Bowl she bumped right into a photographer, so the chase was on again (Katie really should make Westerns) in and out among the crowds of innocent home-goes, up hill down dale, and over seats until Katie found herself in a cul de sac, dead end to you, dearie. At bay the Hepburn shrieked and put her hands in front of her face. “We don’t want to take your picture, Miss Hepburn,” one of the boys said, “We took your picture back there when you weren’t looking. But you ran, so we thought maybe you wanted us to chase you.” Always gallant, these Hollywood photographers.

Yes, Katie is always running, which just about must burn Garbo up, for Greta was the Nirv of Hollywood until Hepburn moved in and started stealing her stuff. Katie has told everybody in Hollywood, particularly the Press, that she wants no publicity, why she won’t even sign autograph books, that she wants to lead her own quiet life without benefit of newspapers and magazines, but Katie, the little minx, proceeds to do everything that will land her, but daily, in every newspaper in town.

She can’t hide in a sensible and inconspicuous car, no, she must buy herself a regular station wagon, you know, the kind of bus that meets trains in small towns and takes traveling salesmen to their hotels. And when one of her friends drives it for her Katie perches her over-all chassis right there on the running board, and if a person in Hollywood misses seeing her, well that person had better consult an oculist.

Nor does Katie dress inconspicuously, like a human being who doesn’t want to attract attention—dear me, no, that baby goes in for over-all, shaggy, brown shoes, knitted caps, and sits in the middle of the road at the RKO studio to read her mail. The only time I ever saw Hepburn dressed up, she was in a little Russian Cossack number that definitely would have driven the Russians out of Moscow.

But it is Garbo who is the real “Tops” in this Dodging Publicity business. Garbo, in the last six years, has gotten more publicity, headlines and everything, than any other star in Hollywood, but not since she first arrived has she [Continued on page 69]
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, flur-tering 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 gauchito 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!

"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."

**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...
Ann Sothern

She is the new type of Hollywood player—Star, Sothern Style—and that means she can sing and dance, act and be easy on the eyes. You can check this by seeing "Eight Bells."
Target

Love Does Not Interest Them.

Patricia Ellis is so young that probably Love doesn't bother with her yet.

Myrna Loy (at right) was such a successful wife in "The Thin Man" that she really boosted marriage.

Betty Grable is busy being one of the best "singers and dancers", so she probably wouldn't look at anyone who wasn't a combination of Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire.

If we could elicit one kind word from Elissa, we would land in heaven. So, instead, let's talk of sealing wax, of literature and beans, of English girls so beautiful, of cabbages and queens.

Just to save the wear and tear on the hearts of the grips and electricians on the Warner lot, they have loaned Jean Muir to Fox for "Orchids to You."
WARREN WILLIAM is even giving Cupid lessons. Was it a matter, Mister Cupid? Are these girls attractive or are they attractive? We will wager they say "No" to somebody at least once a day, and probably once before dinner and twice after meals. It is all the fault of that feeling of adoration and affection that we have for them. This popular demand sets the producers bidding against each other, and the result is that the girls have so much money that a husband becomes practically unnecessary, at least for a while. But just as crabbed girls have mean faces, so girls with warm hearts have beautiful faces, and before the magic of June, with its roses and moonlight, has slipped away, these defiant beauties will have forgotten about careers and blazing marquees and said to some fortunate males, a very happy "Yes."

No, Warren William isn't going to play Tarzan. He's going in for archery so thoroughly that even his cook has fallen arches. He is next in "Not On Your Life."

Virginia Bruce would be flattered if she could read the letters we have received praising our demand for Virginia's own singing voice in future instead of having some canary's voice dubbed in. She's so pretty the producer thought that was enough for one girl.

Margaret Lindsay can lift anyone, as in "Bordertown." It comes from having to decline so many solitaires.
Hollywood Has Showplaces and Hideouts


Many of the stars of the screen, when they find a neat little balance in the bank, go ahead and build. Claudette Colbert has a home being built now, and so have Bill Powell and Warner Baxter. Bill has bought and bought material and hired workmen, and all the necessary fittings and furnishings have been purchased, in order that he might do his part to end the depression, and yet, the other day, a communist or a crank sent him a letter threatening his life because he had such a nice house.

Harold Lloyd's place is still the grandest. Many stars build their homes outside of the picture colony in order to avoid the sightseers, and of these none is lovelier than the home of Genevieve Tobin. Her estate is at Montecito, Santa Barbara, Calif. The mystery home of them all is Richard Dix's. No one knows where it is.

Richard Dix blindfolding a friend whom he is taking home for the week-end, so that he can never disclose the location of the hidden house. Or, perhaps, so that he can't come calling unless he proves to be a pleasant house guest.
This is quite a cabin for Tobin. Genevieve has to travel two hundred miles to the studio when she is working, but she feels the quiet of her home makes it well worth while.

Genevieve gathering blossoms from her garden. She will also gather posies of praise for her new picture, "The Goose and the Gander," which will soon be released.
Some stars are more lovely off the screen than on. Virginia Bruce and Dolores Del Rio have a certain harmony of coloring or something that the camera cannot get. But many of the stars are not quite as beautiful as they appear on the screen. However, the ones who gain by the arts of photography always do have the fundamentals of great beauty. For example, Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert represent a higher type than mere prettiness.

This worship of beauty, introduced by the screen, has made the cosmetic business a major industry. Fat girls are getting fewer, and Miss America and the Beauty Parades have brightened the world.

When every girl pulls on her swim suit and climbs up on a chair to see how she looks, Jean Harlow is the one with whom she compares herself.

classified by many as the most beautiful woman, Marlene Dietrich is far from the happiest. Poor stories and poor direction have taken two years of her best. But she has a new contract now, and here's hoping for a bit of good luck for her.
We Go To The Movies To See The Most Beautiful Women In The World.

Claudette Colbert has something that no one as yet has been able to measure or classify. Put her in a good story like "It Happened One Night" and it is the hit of 1934. Put her in a dull story, as a woman who sets herself up in the restaurant business ("Imitation of Life"), and it becomes a wonder picture. Put her in a story of a mad-house and "Private Worlds" goes over. "The Gilded Lily" had, because of her, one of the greatest sequences ever screened. "National Velvet" may fail to her, and what a delight that will be.

Arlene Judge is our favorite design of a modern mother. Her next picture is "College Scandals."

Little Maureen O'Sullivan has been getting better and better parts since her great scene in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—but soon she will have to go back to the tree-tops for "Tarzan."

In "Hooray for Love," Jean Carmen gives the beaches and beauty shows a few hints, in fact just the right proportions of suggestion and independence. Few oceans will see her equal.
In "Anna Karenina," Garbo questions her son, Freddie Bartholomew: "Darling, will you always love me?" Love calls her from him and then the boy is told that she is dead. Carry a spare handkerchief for this one.

Henry Fonda, the new screen lover, and Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes A Wife." The studio believes in this for they are spending enormous sums to give Janet's art a perfect setting.

A scene from "The Flame Within," with Louis Hayward, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. It is a study of how not to fall in love.
THE BIG SHOTS

When The Day Comes That They Have To Get To Work, Even The Most Famous Stars Have To Forget Their Press Notices, Crowds, Praise and Money—and They CAN.

"OK, TOOTS," said the director to Garbo, and it went over all right because, when Crawford or Garbo or any great stars are working, they are able to think of nothing but their parts. Then they are not the great and famous ones who have to dodge crowds and hide behind black glasses. When the cameras are turning and a character must have blood and the breath of life put into it, the stars become utterly unconscious of themselves. And that is why they are able to take you with them into the marvellous land of make-believe.

"No More Ladies," finds Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone looking coldly at one another.

Robert Montgomery fixes his eyes determinedly upon the letter, but we are under no such compunction and frankly inspect Joan's new 5-X bathing suit. Adrian designed the suit, but Joan herself has designed the filling. She dances, she swims and keeps herself in five star shape holding safely the admiration of every girl who means to make something of herself.
The GANGSTERS ARE IN AGAIN
But This Time They Are On The Run.

EVERY good picture has an influence on your life and mine. When "Scarface" and the gangster films were playing, they were gradually forming public opinion against Prohibition, which was at the root of all the gangs and made a jest of American liberty. Today a new trend in pictures is forming our minds against the gangs, by telling the stories of the Federal men who go after the Dillinger and Nelsons. The machine gun rattles its staccato message, and pride fills us at the sheer bravery and nobility of these officers of the law.

Lionel Barrymore is an inebriated doctor in "Public Hero."

"G Men," the first of the hero films, tells the story of how the federal men broke the gang racket.

Richard Arlen with Virginia Bruce in "Let 'Em Have It." (below)

Paul Kelly and secret agents give battle to the crooks in the "Public Hero" picture.

Ann Dvorak and James Cagney in "G Men."

The crooks are cornered and decide to shoot it out.

Bruce Cabot is a gangster in "Let 'Em Have It."

The facial surgeon is exposed — "Let 'Em Have It."
PERHAPS your town will get the great studios to move in. Hundreds of the progressive Boards of Trade are promising the producers that they can settle down and forget about taxes. The boosters will have to do more than that. They will have to provide the foothills of the Sierras, the desolation of Death Valley, the snow covered top of a mountain close at hand and a convenient ocean before the studios will say farewell to Hollywood.

Another thing is that the companies have enormous sets which cost thousands of dollars, which they use over and over again. (After all, one ship is much like another.) These sets will keep the business in California.

Nowhere but in Hollywood could you find a one-sided steamship. This particular set is said to have cost $30,000 and it is but one of the many remarkable sets that are used repeatedly.

(Below) The "Shanghai" set is a bit of the Far East transported to the Fox Studio.

There is a ship on the M-G-M lot also. Showing the camera crane and the ship's rail as used in "Lefty Lynton."

No, this is not Third Ave. and Ninth St., New York City—just a carefully prepared set used over and over. Also on the Fox lot.

**Will the Movies Move?**


Tom Brown, Claire Trevor and Adrienne Ames in "Black Sheep." They are on the famous ship of the Fox lot.
That's **ACTING**

Katharine Hepburn Displays Her Great Talent In Making "Break of Hearts."

The camera crew consists of one hard-boiled director, an equally hard assistant director, a petrified script girl and cameraman. There are a number of lignum vitae juicers and sound men, and the grips are made of pure granite. And then something happens. A great actress like Hepburn, sitting before them with the lights hard upon her, the lens focussed sharply, turns on the magic of her talent. Suddenly, the soul of the girl she is supposed to be breaks through and fills the darkened studio. The crew forgets its hardness, and eagerly, attentively it drinks of human emotion from Hepburn, the little girl who has so much to give.

The story tells how Boyer, the husband of the young composer (Hepburn), becomes fascinated with another woman. He is discovered by his wife and she leaves him. When she finally is found, she will not forgive him (that's the close-up they are making in the picture) and he goes all to pieces. As always in a good love story the lovers have to be separated, but at the last they find each other and love again.

Charles Boyer—remember him in "Private Worlds"—and Katharine Hepburn as the musicians and lovers.

"Big Boy" Williams has been around for years, but "Private Worlds" revealed that he is an actor. He is again at work.

The man with the cigarette holder near the camera is Philip Moeller, the director of "Break Of Hearts."

Everyone Finally Gets A Break.

Some old favorites are back in the money again and here's a sincere welcome to them. Sometimes a player is out after having played well and nobly. How comforting it is that these players are usually young women, not too old to take up life and a husband and babies, as Clara Bow did. And then there are the girls who yearn to be on the screen again. For these it is the "breaks" that count. And when Luck smiles and they are "working again," who can wonder at their zest for life.

Evelyn Brent, once leading woman for Emil Jannings. Now in "The Nit-Wits."
New Photographs of Shirley Temple

The Little Star Is Now Six Years Old.

Shirley's doctor, Dr. Russell Sands, vaccinates the baby and Shirley doesn't think much of it. Every precaution is taken to protect Shirley's health and to protect her, as well, from getting wise to her unique position in the world.

In the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, many stars have left their signatures and prints of their hands. Shirley took off her shoes and stockings and left her footprints for coming generations to see.
The Water Babies

Following Out Mr. Kingsley's Idea.

Elizabeth Allan wears a suit which features a clever strap arrangement of green and white braiding, which crosses at the back and continues around to the front forming a belt.

Muriel Evans and her suit of olivette green and brown. The shoulder straps are knitted and Muriel's picture makes a very fine Muriel Decoration.

Cecilia Parker ready to dive right in and get a pretty suit all wet. The bandana top is very gay with stripes of green, brown and white.

Not much wider than a stocking, and fashioned of heavy knit pearling is this suit worn by June Knight. The suit stretches to fit the figure perfectly. It features a halter neck of braiding.

IN THE ancient days of the Aztecs they had a sacred well into which, to please their gods, they tossed a maiden or two, now and then. We do better than that—we practically fill the breakers of two oceans with maidens and, besides, we have some left over. And when we surrender our beauties to the waves, we dress them in very fetching suits to make sure that they will soon return to the beach to be admired.
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.
Everything Is Rosy—Now!

Edward Arnold Has Traveled From The East Side Of New York To The Top Side Of The Movies.

By Edward Churchill

In Hollywood, Arthur Caesar, the writer, boasts of going from Poland to polo in one generation—Ohio farm boys become motion picture stars—girls from Dixie blossom into stardom overnight—fame and fortune are flung about by the prodigious hand of fate.

But, out of it all, rises one story which surpasses even the wildest dreams of press agents, fiction writers and Horatio Alger, chronicler of success stories of another generation. This story concerns the rise to stardom at the age of forty-five years of Edward Arnold, born in poverty as Gunterh Edward Schneider, son of an ailing German East Side fruitier.

You know the plump, the bale, the jovial Arnold, featured in more than a score of pictures during the past three years—the man who dwelt other performances in "Sadie McKee" and set the whole town talking—the man who challenged the art of George Arliss in "Richelieu," the man whom you'll soon see as the star of Universal's "Diamond Jim," which pictorially recreates the life of James Buchanan Brady, who loved women, diamonds and life.

The hearty fellow you see on the screen was born in a brick tenement building at Houston and Forsythe Streets, New York. He was the third struggling child in a family of six, two of whom have died.

When he was nine, he was up at dawn selling newspapers. Then he went to school. After that, he delivered meat for the neighborhood butcher and got a few chops for the rest of the family in return for his labors.

His mother died when he was ten. His father, suffering and unable to work at his trade, was placed in a home for invalids. His family was split as wide apart as the Grand Canyon. He went to live with an uncle, He quit school that year and settled down in earnest to earn a living.

He had one advantage—he was big for his age.

That's the tremendous story behind the man who believes that the ability to act is the result of a capacity for human understanding, and who has backed his faith in himself against a Hollywood which once rebuffed him.

"I'm glad I've had a struggle," he told me, during luncheon in his dressing room while he was making "Diamond Jim." "It taught me about life, and, to act, you have to understand life."

Arnold doesn't like to discuss his early struggles. He laughs off the questions that you hurl at him. But, at the same time, you gather a great deal of information about those days when five cents looked like five dollars, when winter whipped through thinnest overcoats, and when even food was scarce. Almost from the time Ed was born, his father was ill. Elsie, the eldest child, now dead, went out to wrest a few dollars from the world each week. On her heels went Charles, now supervisor of signals on the Long Island Railroad. Ed came next.

The flat in the tenement at Houston and Forsythe Streets was home. It was with a wrenching of hearts that the family was forced to give it up when Ed was eight.

It's hard to see, in Ed's activities of the next few years, the man of today—the happy husband, married to the former Olive Emerson, St. Paul, the father of three children, Elizabeth, 17, William Edward, 13, and Dorothy Jane, 10—the successful film player with a beautiful home in Beverly Crest, a bank account, a future and two automobiles.

When fate registered a backhand blow in the death of his mother—and then topped it with the illness of his father—and went all that one better by sending his home crashing into several different pieces—he got a job in a law office. Charles H. Denick and Walter T. Bennett, the lawyers, found themselves employing an eleven year old boy who was bored with the legal profession. Ed stuck it out for a year and next popped up as a bellhop in the German Club, of Deutsche Verein, for $1 a week. Sometimes he put in eighteen hours a day.

At twelve, he went in for athletics at the East Side Settlement House, at 76th Street.

[Continued on page 67]
Harry M. Warner, affectionately called "H. M."
Has A Passion For Helping The Unlucky.

By Cruikshank

Al Jolson beams upon "H. M.," with real respect and love.

dreams of freedom, without even guessing that the donor is the same Harry Warner whose liberal thousands built their gymnasium.

Headlines read: "Five Thousand Kids Get Christmas Party!"; "Hundreds of Cripples Guests of Warner;." "Warner Shouts for Five Thousand Orphans." And the story behind the headlines may be read in the kindly eyes and slow, sad smile of Harry M. Yet, if you ask him he'll deny it all, or mumble something about "my brothers" in a manner to depreciate good deeds.

Yet there is steel in the soul of this soft-hearted man. Tempered iron planted there since the days of the poor village of Kassnitz in Poland, when a lad of his religion was denied even the privilege of attending school. Planted there by the street bullies who stole the little immigrant's papers and smashed his shoe-shine kit. Planted there by enemies who, in later years, destroyed the business he had built, and threatened that which is his only pride—his good name.

A man who has known the bitter strife, the heartrending discouragements, the relentless threats that he has encountered, must have iron in his soul. He'll tell you that he has been broke more times than he can remember. More often, by far, than he has been prosperous. And by broke he means in terms of nickels, not dimes nor dollars. He means walking for lack of fare. He means standing before cheap lunch rooms, hungry but the steel in him, while it bent, never broke. He has always bounded back into the fray, put his will. He has built greater success on the ashes of failure. It seems that the cross of Harry Warner is unending labor. He has always been working for his parents, for his brothers, for his sisters, for others. At the ripe old age of ten years, he had graduated from the newsy ministrations of the management of his father's shoemaking shop during a time when the elder Warner went prospecting for greener pastures.

Old-timers at the corners of Pratt and Light streets in Baltimore will tell you that this child inaugurated, even then, a new idea since spread throughout the land. In any event, three shops flourished where one had struggled along, and the new slogan was "Shoes Repaired While You Wait!"

As Harry and the other boys and girls, all nine of 'em, grew toward maturity, they still listened for the tap of Opportunity. Nineteen-two found Ben

[Continued on page 71]
A MYSTERY man, my little chickadees, is about to intrigue us! I said intrigue! No, it's not "Charlie Chan in Hula," (although I'd certainly love to see him there)—and neither is it a Dashiell Hammett rogue, who makes murder so fascinating. If you really want to know—and of course you do—it's Cesar Romero, who gives the disturbing impression there's no knowing him—an exciting prospect for women! Cesar is six feet two of Mystery—a hero with a slight touch of villain that makes him very dangerous. I'm a woman so I can tell, can't I? Handsome? Perhaps not. But his wavy black hair is the sort women delight in running long white fingers through, his nose is straight, his mouth, embellished with a small black moustache, stamps him "continental." . . . Take my word for it, you'll have more fun watching Cesar in "The Devil Is A Woman" than staying at home reading a book.

"Please," asked Mr. Romero, a product of Manhattan and the idol of all the Cubans, "don't call me a 'second' this or a 'new' that. If I can't succeed as a first something—or other—I'd rather fail."

At twenty-eight he is sought as a leading man, not only by El Dietrich, but La West as well. Sought and practically fought for; but I'll tell you about that later.

"This is all so new and exciting," he said with simplicity, his warm, resonant voice conveying the impression he is not too sure of himself, and which, I might mention is very effective. "I was brought up to the idea that I would some day enter my father's business. He had sugar estates in Cuba, where our family settled, generations ago. My mother was Maria Mantilla, a Cuban concert singer, and my godfather, Jose Marti, is revered as the island's "liberator."

When the family's business was taken over by the National City Bank, after the crash, and his father was offered an officership, Romero, Jr., decided he'd step out for himself—on a dance floor. With Elizabeth Higgins, one of the season's debutantes who also had a yen for dancing, they filled engagements at all the better night clubs and hotels, including the Richman and Montmartre, the Park Central, St. Regis and Ambassador Roofs, until Cesar took inventory and decided he was no Fred Astaire. This caused him to wonder what future dancing would have for him and created a determination to try the stage.

They were offered roles in "Lady Do," a musical, and when it opened in Washington he thought it an appropriate time to wire the ol' folks at home and let them know what they were in for.

Following "Lady Do" were dramatic roles in "Dinner at Eight," and in the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable," succeeding Tullio Carminati, in which he played a year. Margaret Sullivan achieved prominence in this same cast and they were to meet again, years later, at Universal, during the filming of "The Good Fairy," in which Cesar had a small role.

Happily, for all concerned, the Romeros are now completely won over to Cesar's chosen career.

It was at Atlantic City, several seasons ago, during the try-out of a play, that Cesar noticed Mae West "down front" in the audience. It was evident to him that she was wary of his performance with considerable interest and so he was flattered, if not surprised, when he received a note from her asking him to visit her play which was also being tried out there.

AFTER the show he went back stage and met Miss West, who told him she was going to keep him in mind for her next production.

And then Mae's picture career took her stage work and, as far as Cesar was concerned, "that was that." So he thought it. But his future seemed to be shaping into something important, too, for having been seen by a Metro scout he was offered a screen test. This led, not to instantaneous victory, however, but to still other tests, "two or three of them a year." he says, until he was signed as Minna Gombell's gigolo in "The Thin Man."

Up to this time the greatest mystery about Cesar seems to have been the inability of producers to discover in him the rhythm of 50,000,000 feminine heartbeats. Universal, it is true, offered him a contract, "with options," and he was given several unimportant roles when suddenly Paramount summoned him for, of all things, a test! This was no news at all to Cesar. Again, as he says, he "starred" in a test, this time with Lionel Atwill, and before the critical eye of Josef von Sternberg. Before it was even developed he was handed the role for "The Devil Is A Woman" opposite Marlene Dietrich.

Could anything be sweeter, he wondered? It could.

For, at the same time, Miss West was

By Dena Reed

Cesar Romero Is A Real Latin From Manhattan.

Scene from "Hold 'Em Yale," Patricia Ellis holds Romero within the circle of her arms.

After the show he went back stage and met Miss West, who told him she was going to keep him in mind for her next production.

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(Continued on page 65)
RE central
| THE SCOUNDREL Rating: 90—So This is NOEL COWARD—Paramount

HERE is the picture that is really “different.” And unless you tear your hair and go completely insane about it, your old reviewer is going to be terribly disappointed in you, for honesty now, I wouldn’t fool you, this is one of the finest productions in both acting and writing that you may ever expect to see on the screen.

Noel Coward proves beyond a doubt that he is nothing short of a genius. The famous playwright, composer, comedian, and man-about-the-world turns to intense drama in the role of an egotistical book publisher who, having died in a plane wreck, returns to earth to find someone who will mourn for him. The story, of course, is based on that old Biblical legend which says that a dead man shall not rest unless there be one human heart to weep for him.

This picture holds a definite thrill for you that is well worth experiencing. It also takes a well-timed slap at those shallow back up things in the grand manner, by means of the “party wire.” Maude Eburne, Clara Blandick and Charley Grapewin make elegant small town characters. All and all it’s a delightful little comedy and will hang you a lot of laughs.

THE INFORMER Rating: 85—Well Worthwhile—RKO

JUST as I was all ready to give Paul Muni the Academy Award of next year for his performance in “Black Fury” along comes Victor McLaglen in a role that is simply breathtaking in its brilliance. As Gyso, dull-witted, blundering, arrogant, Mr. McLaglen reaches the highlight of his entire career. The picture is rather on the art side, if you don’t mind, but don’t let that keep you from seeing it. John Ford has directed it emotionally, mostly as a character study of Gyso, and you can’t afford to miss Victor McLaglen’s superb performance. The plot concerns the Irish Revolution of 1922, and the last night on earth of the

(Continued on page 59)
These newer Kodak features show what your old camera lacks

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.
In the Victor McLaglen picture, Margot Grahame proves to have remarkable talent.

Mac plays "Cleo," a hostess in one of those frontier dance halls and she wins a husband, a cattle driller played by Fred Kohler, in a crap game. But before she can marry him (Mac does have a time with her husbands) the poor guy kicks the bucket, and leaves millions, but millions, to his little gal Cleo.

Mac falls for Paul Cavanagh, a young English oil man who is drilling on her land and when he spurns her because she hasn't any culture Mac decides to round up all the culture in the world, so with her newly acquired "classy" face she follows him to Buenos Aires. Here she marries Monroe Owsley of the Long Island Colonos, so she can get top billing in the Social Register, and what Mac does to Long Island is something.

Monroe, drunkard de luxe, gets bumped off and Mr. Cavanagh changes his mind about Mac's culture, so Mac becomes Lady Something-or-Other and sails with her new husband for England. Mac's dialogue is as snappy as ever, and if you're the type who goes in for immundo you'll not be disappointed. It's a typical Mac West picture.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
Rating: 60—Horror—Universal

Judging from the preview audience there are a lot of people who like horror pictures, and if you are one of them, me lad, this is your meat. Personally I wasn't able to go into the house and get my car out of the garage after I saw it, so you can just get a general idea of how spooky it is.

It seems that the Frankenstein monster didn't die in the fire that ended the first Frankenstein picture, and an awful old professor who gives you the creeps decides that the monster (but he'd like to be sure) must have a bride. So Dr. Frankenstein and Dr. Pretorius start a little tomb robbing and high class murder and concoct a woman.

It's horror, but the laughs come from beginning to end. I'm warning you. Frankenstein is again played by Colin Clive, and Pretorius, that old grave-rober, by Ernest Thesiger. Elsa Lanchester, Charlie Laughton's wife, plays the Bride and looks like something out of another world. I give you Frankenstein, with my nerves I'd rather have vanilla.

"G MEN"
Rating: 82—Exciting— Warner Brothers

The Department of Justice is now the chief of the gangster films, and it's just as it should be, no more of that glorification of underworld characters. In this picture gangsters are shown up for exactly what they are—rats. And the heroes are the government detectives, the G Men, who sacrifice themselves to protect their fellow citizens.

Jimmy Cagney, in one of the best roles of his career, plays a young attorney who, to avenge the death of his pal, Regis Toomey, becomes a G Man himself and ruthlessly tracks down the gangsters until the bloody end. The picture shows the rigid training and discipline that the prospective Department of Justice operatives have to undergo—and, of course, Jimmy is put under the command of Robert Armstrong and one of those "friendly" criminals trailervilles. And Bob has a sister, Margaret Lindsay, who pretend that she can't see Jimmy for a cloud of dust, but she does plenty of mething in the end.

The picture reaches a terrific pace of excitement and keeps it up to the final fade-out. Several of the actual episodes in the life of Dillinger and Pretty Boy Floyd are used and liven things up quite a bit—don't think I've heard so much shooting since Grant took Richmond. Edward Pawley, as Dillinger, is so despicable that it's all you can do to keep from getting up there on the screen and shooting him yourself. Ann Dvorak is excellent as a gangster's moll, and Lloyd Nolan is splendid as the young G Man who dies in service. In fact the entire cast is all it should be, but the honors go to Cagney and Bob Armstrong. Maybe the sissies will find this picture a little too noisy for them but boys and he-men will simply eat it up.

THE CALL OF THE WILD
Rating: 95—Jack London's Epic— Twentieth Century

Jack London's famous dog classic comes to the screen as a virile, vigorous, and red-blooded drama of the frozen north that will fascinate both the youngsters and the grand-pappy. It's first-rate entertainment from beginning to end, with a swell cast and perfectly thrilling scenery, as well it should be, as Loretta Young and Clark Gable and Jack Oakie and others in the cast got themselves snowed in for several weeks way up yonder in the gold country where they were on "location."

Robert Armstrong, James Cagney and Monte Blue—a scene photographed in the Federal Headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Alaska during the gold rush. A set reconstructed exactly from old Klondike photographs.

As I suspected, Buck, a big St. Bernard who is the real hero of the picture, just about steals everything in sight and had the preview audience clapping their mitts off at the end of all his scenes. Jack Oakie has never been better, and his comedy, especially with a pair of dice, will throw you into convulsions of laughter.

[Continued on page 36]
to keep lips young and lovely enjoy Double Mint gum — every day!
Madame X investigates:

the truth about laxatives
—as told to Madame X,
the Ex-Lax reporter

This is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolate laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE..."..."I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax." Frank H. Pratt, 118-48—154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"..."It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective." Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7001 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"..."I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste." Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"..."I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit." Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

REVIEWS

Clark Gable and Loretta Young, as the young lovers who do not want to fall in love, both give brilliant performances, and there is one of those implied happy endings that is most satisfying.

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION
Rating: 70—The Divorce Question—M-G-M

Here's another one of those "problem" pictures, but a very good one at that, if you don't mind a little holier sprinkled here and there. The story's about a grand little kid whose beautiful and frivolous mother divorces his serious-minded father, thus making inseparable pals of father and son. But later to satisfy the whim of her crusty old mother-in-law who guards the family millions, the mother does everything in her power to get possession of the little box she walked out on, even stooping so low as to invent a scandal which ends in a law suit.

Paul Lukas gives a genuine and sincere performance as the father of that remarkable little kid, David Jack Holt, and their scenes together filled out the mist in the eyes and the chokes in the throat. Madge Evans, as Paul's young secretary, is certainly easy on the eyes and makes virtue seem most attractive. Of course Paul, the dumb cluck, doesn't realize that he loves her until the last reel, but they tell me life is like that. Helen Vinson again plays a cold and beautiful and utterly selfish wife, and plays it perfectly.

A most amusing character is contributed by Catherine Doucet as one of those flabby lady authors who goes in for purple passion. And May Robson, as the crusty old dame with the millions, does some elegant sleigh riding. The plot may be a little lacking in inspiration at times but you just couldn't ask for a better cast.

Topics for Gossip

THE fight to rate the biggest headlines in Hollywood this month was staged at a local theatre by none other than Charles Jr. and Sidney Earl, the two young sons of Charlie Chaplin. As is usually the way, both small boys are terribly smitten with the same pretty little girl so, with a gov erness along, they were permitted to take her to a movie one Saturday afternoon. When he thought no one was looking Sidney Earl placed a nice sticky kiss on the little girl's cheek, but Charles Jr.'s eagle eyes caught him in the act and fists began to fly. The two little boys were taught the rudiments of boxing by George Carpenter several years ago. Papa Charlie Chaplin was secretly amused but with a stern face he delivered a lecture to his two young pugilists.

DOLORES DEL RIO says her chief extravagance is suits, and she has seven of them in her wardrobe this summer, all of them strictly tailored, skirts fourteen inches from the ground, and single-breasted.

MAE WEST is "the top" in England, she was assured by Noel Coward when he called on her at the studio recently on his way to China. "Everybody in England," said Coward, is talking about you and trying to imitate you." Whereupon he gave Mae West a demonstration of Lady Plushottomo swishing her hips and saying "Communy and me sometime" with a broad English accent.

"Thanks," said Mae, "you're not doing so bad yourself."

Bing Crosby owns a race horse named Uncle Sam, but he hasn't won any races yet.
Waterfashions of 1935

After all there is no swim suit like a CATALINA... as worn by the stars of Hollywood! Knit-in figure beauty... glorious colors... styles that get attention on any beach... Suits as illustrated

$6

PATRICIA ELLIS
Wearing "Sorority Girl."
See her in the WARNER BROS. Production "STRANDED"

ORRY KELLY
Designer for WARNER BROS. Stars creates Studio Styles water fashions exclusively for CATALINA

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

CATALINA
SWIM SUITS

443 SOUTH SAN PEDRO STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
325 SOUTH MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Everyone looks at your Eyes first

(Continued from page 58)

AT THE age of seven Henry Hull's little
daughter Joan had all her marital prob-
lems neatly figured out. Hull and his wife
came home, and after their quartet of
then married friends had been having, and
did not realize that little Joan was Listening
until she broke into the conversation.
"Oh, well, human beings are always fuss-
ing," commented seven year old Joan. "I'm
going to marry a horse when I grow up.
They do what you want them to and love
you. Husbands are a nuisance."

THE residence of Gracie Drive in Hol-
lywood still wonder if they were "seeing
things." The excitement was caused by
Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold, who
are playing Lillian Russell and Diamond
Jim Brady in Universal's "Diamond Jim."
They finished work early one day, before
Binnie's chauffer had arrived at the stu-
dio, so Mr. Arnold, decked out in his Gay
Nineties clothes and decorated like a
Christmas tree with flashing diamonds, of-
fered to take Binnie home. Binnie was
dolled up in a burlesque and other turbeloses
of the nineties. As Arnold gallantly
stepped from the car to help Lillian Rus-
sell out the rays of the sun into the sake
diamonds, causing such peculiar brightness
that the entire neighborhood rushed to the
windows.

MONROE Owsley may be a no good son
of a gun on the screen but in real
life he is one of Hollywood's best Samari-
tans. Returning from Palm Springs re-
cently Monroe stopped to aid a family of
five stranded on the road beside their
broken down car. Discovering that the car
was beyond repair Monroe offered the folks
a ride into town in his highpowered car,
and then paid the family cash for their
wreck, and sent them securely on their way.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is one of those
people who eagerly learn how to begin
tings but forgets to ask how to stop them.
During the filming of "The
Barretts of Wimpole Street" Maureen
started knitting a woolen muffler for her
boy friend, John Farrow, but now the
muffler has developed into a very natty sort
of Inverness cloak, due mostly to the fact
that Maureen forgot to find out how to stop.

RICHARD DIX' s wife, formerly his sec-
tary, has installed her own filing system
for his ties and collar buttons.

JEAN HARLOW'S latest fad is hem-
stitching, and she does it very neatly,
too. Bill Powell will probably have a lot
of new hem-stitched handkerchiefs any
minute now.

DEAR me, how those quiet girls do go on
when they reach New York. Irene
Dunne, who is rarely lured to Hollywood
parties and practically never goes to Hol-
lywood night clubs, suddenly became the
belle of the ball during her recent New
York vacation. At the Central Park Casino
one night she actually let Jimmy Durante
persuade her to mount the rostrum and
sing a song to a room packed full of
Broadway pep-ple. That doesn't sound like
Hollywood's Irene.

KEN MAYNARD thinks that the dog
pulsation is a great phase. The other
day he had word from his ranch
foreman that the ranch dog had dis-
appeared, and wanted Maynard to pick
him up in town and bring it out with him.
Now, wanting a particularly good breed
of dog, Ken decided to try the pound. He
asked the keeper there if he had happened
to have any kind of a dog with a pedigree
in at present. "Well, Mr. Maynard," said
the keeper, "we have all kinds of pedigree
in one dog."

CEDRIC GIBBON S' most recent gift to
his beautiful wife, Dolores Del Rio,
was a talking bird from Asia, known as a
"Moiri." It is a night bird, mute, but
gives a highpitched bird, slightly resembling
a large black-bird, and it can talk in
Spanish, French and Eng-
lish, and in both a masculine and feminine
voice. Dolores can play a lot of jokes on
her friends with a boid like that.

"Chase Me"

(Continued from page 33)
given interviews or voluntarily posed for
a picture. No wonder she likes her method
best. If Garbo quite sincerely wanted
to look all publicity, it looks like she'd
know enough to dress like you and me and
the rest of the people. But no. Greta goes
stamping around in berets or a slouched
hat, swathed in a huge maxi-skirt, a tai-
lored coat with pants, or an Inverness cape
slightly reminiscent of Dracula. If she's
within a quarter of a mile of you, you
can't help but see her. Nobody else would
look quite like that. Then there's that
car she drives, and has been driving
ever since she settled in California—you can't
miss that. Last year the state tax collector
assessed it at ten dollars, so that, my
friends, gives you a rough idea. Perhaps I'm
an old sot with a yen for new cars that
don't rattle, but it does seem to be that
Garbo could treat herself to a new car,
unless, of course, it happens to be a part
of her publicity? Pictures are taken quite
often of Garbo, very bad pictures that
make her look like something dug up for
the Bride of Frankenstein, which is a pity,
for Garbo is a beautiful woman of beauty,
but a photographer can't do his best work
when disguised as an ascan. If Garbo
would only stop a second, smile, and give the
boys a flash, then she'd see some very
pretty snaps of herself in the magazines.

But I'm afraid, like Kate, she likes the
chase. When she was in New York last,
the reporters, egged on by Warne, gave
her a merry chase all over town, which
wouldn't have amounted to a cream pull
if Garbo hadn't run, used the service eleva-
tor, and all kinds of other things like that.
But the funniest incident was the day her
taxi was coming through Central Park and
a reporter jumped on the running board.
Nothing else Garbo heard was ignored then.
But instead she darted out of the cab and
started running across the park, and natu-
ral ly the reporter, the bench tramps, and
all the kids and dogs in the park joined the
chase, and it made headlines in the
evening papers.

And, of course, you've all read about
Garbo's recent appearance in the very
swanky Trocadero in Hollywood. Every
photographer, every columnist, every re-
porter and any importance was phonned
that night that Garbo was coming to the
Trocadero. Now I wouldn't be an old meanie
and say that Garbo sat down at her tele-
phone and called up the Press, but I sort of
suspect that she knew what was going on.
There have been a lot of celebrities at the
Troc but never before have the photographers and news-
boys been invited to meet them there. And don't forget Arizona and Mamoulian and all that elopement talk that didn't materialize but made all the front pages just the week, strange to say, that "Queen Christina" was opening in the key cities. Gee, I love a good coincidence, don't you?

Marlene Dietrich is another of the girls who'll tell you with tears in her great big beautiful eyes that she doesn't want any publicity. She employed Harry Eddington, he of the Garbo fame, to protect her from bad publicity, and every interview with Marlene had to be carefully chaperoned and the story submitted both to Marlene and Eddington before it could be published. A terrific amount of red tape. It was much easier to get an interview with the President. But even while she was paying the tremendous amount of money to protect herself from the printed word, Marlene, night after night, went tangoing at the Trocadero with or without her husband, and usually with Fritz Lang or Mamoulian. And one night she came to the Trocadero in her famous pants—to the Trocadero where everyone puts on tiaras and lorgnettes. No Eddington could keep that out of print, it was in every column in Hollywood.

And there's Joan Crawford who will tell any writer any time that she just wants to be herself and lead her own life. But Joan buys herself a white car with all kinds of white gadgets and drives it with the top down and when it passes, everybody in town says, "There goes Joan Crawford." She'll go to a preview in a tremendously hat, but will be awfully surprised when people recognize her. And when she was in New York she went shopping at the biggest department store there at high noon, quite, quite dressed up, and was terribly shocked when she was mobbed by her fans. A very charming story, and so typical of Joan, was told me by a writer the other day. It was after the Doug Jr., interlude, and Joan was all worked up about life and things. She had read all the stories in the fan mags about herself and Doug Jr., and all the advice from her fans, and she was quite confused, as well she should be. "What you need, Joan," the writer told her, "is a new perspective. You are so busy reading what other people think that you've practically stopped thinking for yourself." "You're right," said Joan emphatically, "I need a new perspective." Joan drove the writer home, and as they passed the first drug store Joan jumped out and bought seven fan magazines. And the last thing the writer heard was Joan muttering, "Look at that picture of me, isn't it terrible. And look what it says here, how dare they!"

Connie Bennett is another of the girls who pretend that publicity is just a lot of bother to her, but never misses anything that's written about her. I know quite definitely that Garbo and Dietrich both read every line that is written about them too, which seems rather inconsistent, beg-ging for some sort of comment. All of which reminds me of a gag that Carole Lombard and I have been carrying on for years. Whenever I have an assignment to do on Carole I will call her up very formally and ask for an interview, "NO," screams Carole. "Whatever it is the answer is NO. You don't want to see my name in print. I hate publicity. I won't see you, Say, you get yourself over here in fifteen minutes and bring a pencil or I'll come out after you."

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Irene Dunne "Nucleus"

[Continued from page 20]

me here in New York and the last I got I'm simply mad about: (I was too). The only thing that is when I like it so well I want other people to have it, too, so it won't be exclusive very long.

You will soon see her in "Show Boat," which she did on the stage. She knows that river country very well, having been born in Kentucky and made several trips up and down the tempestuous Mississippi. She is not as interested in musical plays as she is in plays with music—dramatic stories, which give an opportunity to sing a song or two, but that is all. When there is too much music the dramatic temperament is weakened.

I remember when Irene first went to Hollywood, or I should say came, as I was out there then. She had been imported from the New York stage to play opposite Richard Dix in "Cimarron," and my! what a clacking there was about it. Every stage importation was glaring at in Hollywood those days and everyone wanted to know who Irene Dunne was and why almost any one else could not be as good. The New York stage, musical comedy, a year at the Metropolitan (a kind of a mixup it looked like) and for her first experience in pictures she picked Hollywood's biggest plum of the year. She was about as welcome as a rattle snake.

However, the picture wasn't finished before quite another buzzing was going around her. The quiet charm, the sincerity and sweetness that is Irene Dunne leveled all cavious barriers. She was not only liked, she was respected because she could turn out.

How she flashed in her quarrel scenes with Richard and how utterly lovely she was in her submission to his driving urge to settle a new territory. She made you believe that she was woman enough to follow the man she loved into a prairie, though she had been gently reared and sheltered, and lady enough to establish that gentle breeding in the wildness of her new home. Many such women lived and loved and worked to build this country out of fear, but not everyone who tries to make them live again on the stage or screen succeeds in making them real. It requires more than technique to do that. It requires sympathy and human understanding and Irene Dunne has both.

Romero

[Continued from page 53]

Maureen O'Sullivan—and in his next, to be made at his home studio, Jane Wyatt will appear opposite him. It is a story by Eric Hatch, "101 Fifth," especially bought for him. The boy, you will agree, has gotten on. At present Cesar is riding the crest. He likes Hollywood, and he likes Marlene, too, "immensely." But he also likes Margaret Sullivan and Sally Blane and Jean Muir! He thinks women should have a sense of humor and a will of their own. He likes, he says, "being bossed!"

As he talks he walks nervous about, or sits carelessly in a chair, his long arms gracefully at ease. Like some little jungle creature (panther women, please note) he seems to be stalking his prey, or ready to spring into instant action. Admittedly he takes on the moods of others, yet he reveals characteristics ranging from tenderness to ferocity. One is surprised to discover about his strange eyes an idealistic quality which at times makes him appear almost bohemian. It is peculiarly disarming.

In a word Senior Romero is Mystery with a capital "M." Like in Marvelous, and what a lot of fun we women are going to have watching and wondering . . . what sort of man this is!

The Crusades

[Continued from page 25]

lifed her joyously and carried her to a high chest on which he seated her. How all those lovely things! And she was his! He knelt beside her.

"Berengaria, I am the one to kneel . . . to my queen! Oh, England will be proud of you! If you could only love me a little!"

Again her eyes grew luminous and her voice soft with longing.

"More than a little, Richard. But . . . you are wrong."

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Seven Reasons Why Ginger Rogers Is “Tops” [Continued from page 19]

records. And Helen was “tops” at that time, too.

But Ginger was becoming a young lady and she definitely decided that the Charlies and all those trick dances she had been doing on television had been simplified. Indeed they were quite unadulterated. And she, Virginia Rogers, age sixteen, meant to saturate herself in dignity and poise and calm and become a great singer, like Jenny Lind.

She had already told him of her intention to remain with Saladin. With love and anguish in her voice Berengaria tells him how she had asked him to remain with her in the castle. He asks her not to make her suffer more... that her pride is gone. All that is left is her everlasting love for Richard and the promise she gave Saladin that Richard might be free. She knows he must never enter the gates of the Holy City. Richard finally accepts this last term though it means he can never keep his promise to Berengaria to ride to the tomb of the Savior. He breaks the sword, hands it to Saladin and leaves.

As he stands outside Jerusalem he39;S bands a stately figure of a king. He is bound with chains but with each step he grows a stronger figure in his heart.

From his vantage point he sees the gates swing open and the pilgrims enter the city. Descending he mingle with the crowd, hoping for a glimpse of Berengaria. Soon she comes into sight riding on an Arab horse. He rushes up and trudges beside her, like a beggar seeking alms, telling her of his anguish. She returns to him, as how matters because she is lost to him. They reach the gates and Richard stops, since, by the terms of his agreement he can no further. Then Berengaria shows him the sword, beneath her cloak, that she is going to place on the tomb.

Berengaria bends toward him and touches his dust streaked brow with cool white fingers. Richard's agonized eyes stare at her, his head pressed against her side.

"He sent me to tell you this," her voice is scarcely more than a whisper, "Saladin is not a thief to steal what is not his. I am yours, Richard."

And she passes into the gates while Richard with a strange humility waits her return.

Buck Jones' outfit, on location for one of his thrilling westerns.

"I won't dance," said Ginger stamping her foot, and later her production of Broadway was because the song hit of "Roberta." Yes, dear me, our little Ginger fancied herself a songbird and the big moments of her career. Jerusalem is to be opened all the to stand in the middle of the stage with a baby spot on her and put over a song. But Miss Rogers' dignity got a big slap in the face. Ruby Kalmir caught her act at the
Paramount and gave her a featured role in his musical play, "Top Speed," and Ginger had to dance, whether she liked it or not.

Ginger has always belittled her dancing. She wanted to be a great actress or a great singer, and no one in Hollywood except those who had seen her in "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy" in New York ever suspected what potential rhythm was going to waste. Not until musical pictures became a rage last year did Ginger think to mention her "horses" that she was a fairly well trained dancer. But now, as she told me over a dish of ham and eggs and jelly, (no dieting for Rogers) she is completely reconciled to dancing, but she still cherishes a secret ambition to play Queen Elizabeth on the stage and screen.

When I first saw Ginger Rogers (it was in "Top Speed"), she rushed on the stage (probably late to the theatre, tut tut) sort of getting into a three-piece suit as she went on—and her skirt got caught in her knickers, and worried me considerably for the entire act. She was rather plumpish, had a short bob, and rather darkish hair, and I was not terribly impressed.

I first met her when she returned to New York after she had made a couple of pictures for Pathe in Hollywood, which weren't so hot, and she was awfully discouraged and couldn't decide whether she should stick to musical comedies, devote her life to singing on the radio, or take another stab at pictures in the hope that the producers would recognize her dramatic abilities. I wore a new suit to meet Miss Rogers that day, and I inadvertently sat down upon a nice greasy bone that her pet Peke had concealed on the couch—and with the dry cleaner's bill in my mind I didn't give a hangnail what Miss Rogers decided to do.

I didn't meet her again until a couple of years ago we were both invited to dinner by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, and, after dinner, we sat around the fire, and Ginger without any of that silly business of being coaxed sang all the new songs for us and taught Claudette and me the trick of "Goin' to Town," which dance had just struck Hollywood. I thought Ginger simply swell that night and I was so infuriated when most of her dance and song routines were cut out of "Gold-diggers of 1933" that I had to use force to keep myself from mugging a Warner Brother. I may say that Ginger doesn't have to worry about her costume now—RKO wouldn't cut an inch of a Rogers-Astaire dance out of the picture.

There are other stars, Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford for example, who started at the tail-end of silent, or the very beginning of talkies, and like Ginger have proved to the producers and the public that they have all the requisites of a modern movie star, even though it does get tougher every year. They take singing lessons, and dancing lessons, and dramatic lessons, and they work awfully hard. But when it comes to dancing Rogers is the "Top." And now, with technicolor right around the corner (did you think it was prosperity?) and "Becky Sharp" ready for release, (this picture is supposed to start a new "trend" you know), all the little movie stars in Hollywood are thinking about color. Color is bound to make a lot of stars look like a combination of the bride of Frankenstein and the daughter of Dracula, for that color photography is none too kind. Redheads, it seems, photograph best. So Ginger has nothing to fear. Her red hair, fair complexion and green eyes will simply be right down technicolor's alley.

But pity the other movie stars. Not only do they have to look beautiful, read lines, be able to act, radiate personality, and be able to sing and dance, but now they've got to dye for their art. It looks like an auburn autumn, folks.

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rived twice, she has spent her childhood in an environment that was the last word in smartness and worldliness; she has attended school in Versailles, in Lucerne and in London and has travelled extensively in her brief quarter of a century of living, yet one would not call her a sophisticate.

One would, however, call her a very intelligent, very charming, even an interesting woman. She is quiet-spoken almost to the point of gentleness. Perhaps that is because she loanes noise of any sort—from the raucous sound of the street to the more painfull efforts of people trying to be heard above the rabble.

Our conversation that afternoon eventually turned to charm and Joan was asked by one of her friends to analyze her idea of this almost intangible requisite so necessary in the make-up of all those who wish to create a shining niche for themselves in the cinema world. Someone facetiously quoted Barrie's familiar phrase about charm being the bloom on a woman... "Remember it from "What Every Woman Knows."

Joan, who has a bubbling sense of humor that must stand her in good stead out Hollywood-way, laughed under her breath as she pointed to the large horn-rimmed glasses that almost hid her eyes from view. "How can I be expected to talk about charm while I wear these?" she countermanded.

"What color are your eyes anyway?" I asked. "I can't see through those things."

Again Joan laughed. "Here," she cried, lifting the offending obstacles over her high forehead, "look. They're blue-green."

"So I see," I laughed back, wondering silently how many screen stars would present themselves to an interviewer (and interviewers have, at times, been known to be catty) wearing glasses. And the answer came to me quick as a shot—None.

But Joan is really so very good-looking she can afford to wear those spectacles, whereas a star depending upon facial make-up for her resulting beauty, could not. Score One for Joan! She admits frankly that she is terribly nearsighted and is utterly miserable when she can't see what's going on around her. Now she no longer can be accused of "sightling" people who, when she didn't wear her glasses, she never even saw. If the glasses are not actually reposing on that repossed nose of hers, they are never very far from her reach.

Although she loanes being dubbed "the quiet member of the family" and wouldn't object to being thought a little mad, too, she made no deliberate effort to appear "smart." Score Two for Joan! She did not smoke cigarettes levissely nor drink cocktails with gay abandon. No. We drank the cocktails while Joan unconcernedly sipped a glass of nice rich milk, while we talked of Gene Markey, her writer-husband, of Diana, the seven year old daughter of her first marriage to John Martin Fox, from whom she has been divorced, and of Diana's studies and Joan's objection to the new methods of education which prohibited her daughter from knowing her a-b-c's as yet. We also talked of Melinda, the little daugher born to her over a year ago, and the family pet.

Don't get the impression that this overwhelming domesticity of Joan's covers a host of suppressed desires. For you'd be mistaken. Joan, like Constance and Barbara, has had her fling of sensation and excitement. There was a time, not so very long ago, during her hectic engagement to John Considine, when Joan had the family pulse reaching a daily count that was exceedingly dangerous.

But that passed, just as her ill-starred marriage to John Martin Fox passed, and Joan is now blissfully happy in her marriage to Gene Markey, whose steady, humor- ous outlook upon life has done much to make her the composed, serene and yet deeply emotional person that she is today. It was astonishing to me, after this visit, that Joan had not managed to convey some of this stimulating personality of hers to the screen. A few days later, however, when I saw "Private Worlds," I realized that my opinion of her was altogether justified. For, as Sally, the wife of the eminent psycholo- gist (Joel McCrea) Joan gives one of the truest dramatic performances of the year. Again she reaches, this time, the scene where she achieved in "Puttin' On the Ritz," although her role in this is so diametrically opposed to that of the wide-eyed Aljoe. After "Pri- vate Worlds" was previewed, the critics re- marked that the youngest of the Bennetts was again in line to capture the magic mantle up til now reserved for the glamorous Connie and Bennett père.

This time I hope sincerely that Joan will hang on to this mantle and not let it be torn from her attractive shoulders by thoughtless producers. But I don't think it will, for, since her performance in "Pri- vate Worlds" Walter Wanger has signed her to a contract calling for four pictures, which are to be released by Paramount.

I must remind you not to miss "Private Worlds," first, because as a splendid, courageous transition to the screen of a highly tragic theme; second, because Joan Bennett will convince you, no matter what she may be called upon do in the future, that she is a dramatic actress to be reck- oned with; and third (and this is quite per- sonal) because you will meet Charles Boyer, the fascinating new leading man.

In the film, Boyer very sincerely tells Joan, who is going through a mental up- heaval which is amusing, that if only one could order the world the way one would like to, he would choose her for his sister. A very pretty thought, eh?

A paraphrase might add that, of all the many, many lovely screen stars I have interviewed, if I might choose one among them to call my friend, it would be Joan Bennett that I would name.

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Ruggles, the Rugged Rancher

[Continued from page 21]

West Highland White terriers, and we talked about it until almost morning.

"I've always been an early bird and even during my theatre days I never followed the sleep-till-noon routine, so country hours just suit me. There's so much to cram into the day—I always get up in the morn- ing in time to take a peek at the dogs be- fore I go to the studio and I'm itching to get back to hear of the day's happenings."

"I love ranch talk. My neighbors are fruit and poultry men and they take me in as one of them, they don't care a hoot about my acting record and I'm getting a big kick out of this new appraisal."

It takes experts to handle orange groves, chickens and dogs, so Charlie has quite a family on his ranch. Then, of course, there's Lester Eliot, his faithful secretary and studio dresser, who has been with him for thirteen years.

"You should see me on Sundays," Charlie threw out his chest boastfully. "Up early and dressed like a farmer in overalls, high boots and an old sombrero, I get a grand sense of importance as I walk around to inspect the trees to see if the blossoms are on

Jane Withers and Jackie Searle, the two bad children of the movies, appear together in "Ginger."
time, interview the hens, oh and ah over the chicks—I buy day-old babies from the incubators. Then, I help to gather the eggs and take the dogs for a run. Gosh, it's sundown before I know it. It is a grand life, no mistake, and I'm the luckiest guy in all the world to be doing the two things I like best, act, and be a rancher!"

Well, I leave it to you,—is the debonair Mr. Ruggles a happy man?

He says he hopes to write and direct pictures when his acting days are over. Already he figures out much of his dialogue, for a comedian must create his own medium for expressing his individual humor.

The Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland cinematic "marriage," still continues and after three years of loyalty is going stronger than ever—they have a rollicking time in their newest gay comedy, "People Will Talk."

"We often discuss a 'divorce,'" said Charlie, "but our studio won't consider it, so we'll probably be celebrating a golden anniversary together. Leila Hyams pulled a good one during the making of 'Ruggles of Red Gap.' She said, 'Wouldn't it be funny if Mary and Charlie would forget and go home together sometime?"

"We enjoy our comedies immensely and we try to make them homey, intimate affairs, dealing with the simple, every day incidents that come to all married couples, whether they live in mansions or shacks. Have you ever noticed that no matter how broad the comedy, Mary never loses a certain feminine dignity and is always sweet and pretty?"

"Neither of us go in for the Hollywood social life and a funny thing happened last week at a little dinner at the Al Santell's; Mary and I met for the very first time outside of the studio. Isn't that amazing?"

Everything Is Rosy—Now!

[Continued from page 51]

and the East River. The combination of the long hours at the German Club, the fact that he was busy and generally exhausted resulted in the collapse of the bones in his feet. The feet were placed in plaster casts and remained there for twenty-one weeks.

"That was one thing about the settlement house that I liked," Ed related, "and that was the dramatic club. I made my debut as an amateur actor there at the age of twelve in 'The Merchant of Venice.' I was 'Lorenzo.' A thrill went through me that I've never felt before. I knew what I was going to do for the rest of my life. I set out to accomplish my dream."

That sounds easy. But it's only half the story. Acting was a safety valve for a life that was nearly crushed—a dream that gave a young boy who had had no boyhood success from the grinding poverty and struggle of reality. For, while Ed learned the rudiments of all this, he first was busy learning to upholster and make drapes in the shop of an uncle and later oiling the machinery which kept that great institution of learning, Columbia University, operating satisfactorily. While he toiled below, more fortunate students got an education in the classrooms above him.

At fifteen he had made an enviable record as an amateur actor. He sought out one of the greatest friends he has had in life—John D. Barry, director of the dramatic club at the East Side Settlement House, instructor at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and friend of Ben Greet, the Shakespearean actor.

"I've done pretty well." Ed told the instructor. "It's time I got a real job of acting."

Extra what?...EXTRA GOOD FOR YOUR THROAT

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated Kools. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
BARRY, who had faith in his ability, saw Greet—and the oversize kid of the Ghetto found himself in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by the Ben Greet Players at Trenton, N. J. His salary was $25 a week. His route was the entire United States. He ended up the season of 1906, with nothing more than he had before, except experience.

His first hula followed and it was not until some months later that he found himself in the company of Maxine Elliott, playing the role of a juvenile and acting as assistant stage manager for $30 a week. It was at this time that he met, for the first time, "Diamond Jim" Brady, the man who was in the middle of everything. He was heating broadway into Broadway while Ed was sleeping and eating on Eighth avenue. After a season, he found himself out of work, and right where he was before. He fell in love with a girl he refuses to name, quit the stage, sold insurance, collected premiums, and tried to convince groceries. The fifty-seven varieties of Heinz were the best buys on the market—if you liked pickles.

Two years and a half later the romance went cold and the three of the stage more got the better of him. He put in three seasons with Ethel Barrymore, from the time he was twenty until he was twenty-two. From 1912 until 1916, he was in stock in Yonkers, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Savannah, Ga., and Richmond, Va. At Richmond, he met Harriet A. Marshall, related to the Lees and the Randolphs, prospered, and thought that his troubles were over. They were just beginning.

He was helped out of that mess—so that he later could interpret it on the stage and screen.

Arthur Berthelet, his stage director at Richmond, summoned him to Chicago to direct motion pictures for Essanay. Berthelet hired him to come on to succeed Francis X. Bushman at the famous Argyle street studios at $125 a week! Believe this or not, but Edward Arnold, three years ago hailed as a newcomer to the screen, worked with Essanay for three years, and appeared in almost a score productions with such players as Bryant Washburn, H. B. Waldal, Edna Mayo, Margarette Clayton and Rod LaRocque.

Sounds like a happy ending. But it isn't.

George K. Spoon, heading the firm, decided to exploit similarities in the same old story, and fired his players. Ed dashed to St. Paul to put in six weeks in a special stage appearance there. By this time he had fired his wife and five children as well, and about $900 to his name. The engagement was not very successful. He went to New York City and, facing an actor's strike and a few other problems, went broke. In nine months, he worked two weeks on the stage and in one motion picture.

He finally got three jobs at once. He couldn't hold all three, so he chose appearing in "The Storm." It was such a success that it ran for two seasons, and he was making more money than he had made in his life. After he got through—"the play was a "western"—he found himself typed as a western player and couldn't get a job! Again fate saved him. The author wrote the play into one act and sent it out as a vaudeville skit. Ed was thus employed for two years.

"It was getting an education as I went along," he told me, "and I think that's the way to become wise. It's just a matter of keeping your eyes open, if you want to go places that are worth while."

In the five years which followed the vaudeville tour, he worked on Broadway in "The Mail Order Bride," "The Nervous Wreck," and "Easy Come, Easy Go," as well as other plays. He appeared with a stock company at Washington, D.C., in the summer time. Then tragedy of a new kind entered his life. He and Harriet Marshall were divorced in Chicago—an event which he refuses to discuss. That it was more than usual and expected.

In 1927 he appeared in "The Jazz Singer."

In 1928 he married Olive Emerson, his present mate, and a real mother to his three children, in St. Paul.

With his matrimonial affairs straightened out and with some money in his pocket, Arnold, in the olden days he had known four producers very well. He wrote each that he was coming to the city. He got not one answer.

I've had my say and mentioned said, laconically, "and that was the lowest. I chanced around and when I got all through I had a pass which entitled me to go into one of the studios and see how motion pictures were made. I learned just how it feels to be out."

A fortune-teller in Long Beach told him to use a stiff upper lip and stop about to get the "breaks." He laughed at her advice—but everything that she predicted came true.

The Arnold-Dana tour broke up in St. Louis. To conserve his abbreviated funds, Ed took a transcontinental bus back to New York, and the Arnold-Dana was from the Ghetto was licked, washed up, without future. He opened his New York apartment, went to the telephone to call a friend to ask about conditions.

The telephone rang just as he reached for the receiver.

"It is the Theatre Guild," said Sherry Crawford, of that organization. "How'd you like to do a play for us?"

One play followed another. Arnold was no longer for three months he got to be in "The Gray Fox" with Henry Hull, as well. From there, he went into "Whistling in the Dark" with Ernest Trues. The run for mos., but in the spring of 1932, the closing notice was posted. Alex McHarg, the producer, told Ed that he could go to Los Angeles and play in the Belasco, and could get the same show there—at fifty percent less salary.

Ed went home to his apartment in Jackson Heights. Later in the same spring, he told his wife he couldn't see making the trip. She said that he'd have a chance to get in pictures."

"I will!" he replied. "Look what happened to me in 1928."

Olive Arnold won the battle, as women with forty-eight hours after the show opened in Los Angeles he had three offers from motion picture producers. "Okay, Americat!" for Universal was first, followed by "Kasparin," with the three Barson. "The White Sister," "Whistling in the Dark," "Roman Scandals," and, more recently, "The Glass Key," I've already mentioned the way he stuck around, offered to take part in this and "Sadie McKee" and "Richelieu."

Arnold is the same person who walked the streets of the East Side—except that he knows a lot more. He is democratic, understanding, kindly, considerate, and as friendly as a villain of the Os- wego, Wisconsin, as he is with his director, Edward Sutherland. He is a grand star to know, and those who work with him wish they were more like him.

Life has taught him to be like that. "Perhaps I'm slow," he says, "in stalling along for thirty-five years before clicking. But, no matter what you or you do in life, it's a long time before you can do the job right."

This is a man, more than anything else, explains why the success of Edward Arnold is no accident.
Sincerely—Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 31]

woman who wants to attain her end—and I don't think there's a living soul without some aim in life, from taking off ten pounds to becoming a screen star—is to have a clearly defined goal and working like all get-out to attain it.

"Well now that you've won your 'G' in Hollywood's glamour school, is there anything you still want to be or do?"

By the look on her face I was prepared for anything from an earthquake (home grown) to a stardust storm. "Perhaps," I thought, "we'd better take to the lifeboats, men, or the cyclone cellar."

"Why of course there is!" she finally exploded, of course in a nice, ladylike way, "I should hope so! There always will be!"

"It being... I prompted.

...A really keen desire to do something fine, technically. My secret ambition is to do 'Peter Ibbetson' on the stage. Does that sound fantastic?"

I thought it sounded wedly all right, and I said. "Not at all..."

"And," she continued. "I mean too!" (as though a Lombard could ever be doubted!) "Acting isn't the only thing in life attained by undeviating purpose and tireless effort. Getting a husband, holding on to one you want, stun flying or boon-doggling demand just as much time and effort. I simply haven't any patience with people who 'want' things, but who aren't ever willing to go after what they want!" (So please don't let Carole get all disappointed in you!)

"And," she added, "the basis of all purpose is sincerity. If you want to be a successful actor or actress, or, for that matter a real person, you have to retain some honest emotions, you have to feel and react sincerely."

Really, I suppose that's what makes Carole different from a lot of the Mayfair crowd who long since have lost their individuality and become Ye Movie Heroine, even when they're washing behind the ears. Of course it's pretty difficult to remember you were little Janie Peters—as Carole was back in Ft. Wayne—when your face comes up at you from magazines, billboards, newspapers and the screen. After weathering a few snotty premiers of your films at Grauman's Chinese even a Peters might be excused for getting herself mixed up with Pompadour, Recamier and Princess Marina. But Carole has managed very nicely. She can still swear on provocation, even as you and I, feel emotions that call for healthy red corpuses at. Tell people off when the occasion demands—as well as doing nice things for worthy causes without the aid of a publicity corps.

"We keep our individuality," she admitted, "in the midst of picture-making.

The famous novel by H. Rider Haggard, "She," is being screened very elaborately with Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott.

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SUMMER'S HERE! LOOK OUT FOR

"Lipstick-parching"

IT STEALS ROMANCE FROM YOUR LIPS

Baking sun and drying winds make it hard enough to keep one's lure in summer.

It's no time to risk Lipstick Parching, too! The delicate, fine skin of your lips needs special care, now. Even more than facial skin, because your lips are so much more sensitive.

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Coty has really ended Lipstick Parching... by producing a new kind of lipstick. Yes, it's indelible... and the colors are thrilling and ardent, but it never dries or parches! Even rough lips grow luscious and smooth under its caressing touch.

The secret? Coty's "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special ingredient that softens and smooths.

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If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

where make-believe is the essence of life, is a constant struggle. Some players realize this danger when they arrive, and fight from the beginning. Others learn, still others forget . . .

"There are a comparative few who wake up early enough to take themselves apart and find out what ticks. Then, as likely as not, they rebel and once this rebellion develops into a noble rage against the sham and insul of the film capital's worst aspects they're saved. Eureka!

"Some people become so affected that they make faces when they talk, like this." (And if you want to cure measles, whooping cough, lumbago, chillblains and asthma you had just cut see Carole give out some too, too divined expressions registering emotions ranging from gentel mirth to curdled charm). "It's pitiful," she insisted, "for they can't even pass a show window without watching the reflection of the glass. All their sensations are done with mirrors."

"Of course there are plenty of the other type of person, like Claudette Colbert, whose thoughts, as soon as she steps out of the studio, belong to her.

"Actually it's pitiful that people take so little advantage of their chance for making themselves whatever they wish to be." (I'd wish to be Carole Lombard). "There isn't a man, woman or child who hasn't the ability for being something really important, in one way or another. But being important doesn't call for ice water running through your veins or for synthetic emotions, all neatly tabulated. 'Bring me my leopard coat this afternoon, Fifi, and a sinister smile to go with it,' or 'my Patou gown, if you please, with a dash of No. 93 smoulderling passion, I believe . . .'. You can be a success and a person too, if you work at it!"

Carole is the product of a lovely face, a beautiful body, a good mind and an indomitable will. But they'd all fall flatter than a pancake if one forgot her most important ingredient, sincerity. Sincerity is what is making the Lombard rise—and shine!

"The Stars On The Shelf"

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"The Stars On The Shelf"

[Continued from page 27]
demand. That was good ... it was pleasant. But, having tasted the joys of domesticity, Dixie has declined to sign any contract which would bind her to work too often. "I like to make a picture sometimes," she says. "But what I really want is to be at home!"

One of Dixie's closest friends is Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Richard Arlen). And Jobyna is ecstatically content to be a mere wife and mother, despite her early taste of screen success.

Clara Bow isn't fretting about the failure of her last picture, "Hoorah!" to click at the box office. She has her husband and her baby and ranch life apparently agrees with her.

Bessie Love, one of the most capable little troopers the screen has ever seen, has been implored again and again to return to pictures since her marriage to Howard Hawks and the birth of her child. But Bessie, still beloved by thousands of fans, seems to think that she is all right just as she is!

Merna Kennedy's professional ambitions evaporated when she married the musical director, Busby Berkeley.

So ... don't feel too sorry for your favorite when the box office ceases to demand her. Don't regret too much the fact that your ideal actress has succumbed to the fortune of marriage. The Klieg lights and Hollywood's razzle-dazzle may be exciting ... but a lot of people have found that there are other worth while things in life ... too!

"H. M."

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jamin Warner's eldest son a salesman in the great Pittsburgh store of Kaufmann. Other years found him a cigar salesman. And found him married, too. Rea Levison has been the one and only Mrs. Harry M. Warner for more than three decades.

Quick to perceive the commercial value in a new development, the boys gravitated toward the bicycle business when "Century runs" and "Bloomer girls" were all the craze. And it was in their bicycle shop that they determined to turn into a lane which, after many devious twistings, led to the fortune. There was a new, funny business, scoffed at as the telephone, the air-brake, the locomotive, the steamship of other days. It was a magic lantern off-shoot called moving pictures. The boys joined hands and jumped in.

Things have sort o' changed since then. The business has become one of the world's greatest industries. The Warners are still in it. Essentially, though, they haven't changed. Example: Harry's friends remain the same as they were twenty, thirty years ago. Of course, externals have altered. Harry no longer walks to save a nickel, nor does he board street cars, as in the old days, riding penniless, until put off, and then waiting for the next car. For such long hauls now he supports a car, yes, and a chauffeur, who is fired and rehired with such frequency that he no longer bothers to pretend leaving. The humble homes on Baltimore's Harrison street and South Hanover street, have given place to a rural dwelling surrounded by whispering trees. The meagre hospitality of earlier times is over-shadowed by the bounties of heavy laden buffet tables during the Sunday evenings at home. Yes, externals have changed. But not essentials. Harry Warner is the same "H. M."

Nor did he find the motion picture business an immediate El Dorado. What he built was kicked away time and time again. But he re-built, ever working with the energy, the perseverance of ten men. As
Puzzles  Each Picture Represents The Name Of A Star.

Can You Solve Them?

AFTER you have guessed all the answers, turn to page 81 and there you will find the correct reading as prepared for this magazine by Rosetta Stone.
Into the company. Then, on August 6, 1926, came one of a series of historical events.

Several years earlier brother Sam told Harry to come along and take a look at something new. Had Harry known that "something" was a talking picture, he wouldn't have gone. Such nonsense! But Sam wouldn't tell, so he went. The very first talkie Harry ever saw was a man stuttering. Then there was a five piece jazz band. That was the beginning. On August 6, 1926, at the Warner theatre, on Broadway, the brothers presented John Barrymore in "Don Juan." They had spent $100,000 to add a Vitaphone score to the silent film.

For the sake of the record, the program that night included an address by Will Hays; the Tannhauser Overture rendered by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra; an aria from Rigoletto by Marlon Tallet; music by Efrem Zimbalist and Harold Bauer; more by Roy Smeck; a number by Anna Case; one by Mischa Elman; Giovanni Martinelli sang Vesti la Giubba—all from the screen, in all talking pictures.

It was revolutionary! But was it a success? Others, poohbahs of pictures, said: "I give it six months." A little later, Richard Watts, erudite film critic of the New York Herald-Tribune wrote: "...the debate of the talking photoplay seems to be so complete that the cinema may toss the entire idea aside for a while and continue in its right direction, that of the more complete exploration of the field of shadow silence.

And that was on March 18, 1928, eighteen months after those first epoch making "shoots."

The occasion was the showing of a piece called "Tenderloin," in which Dolores Costello, upon being chased around the room by Conrad Nagel, lisped: "Not that! Not that! Have you no thither of your own?" Or words to that general effect. The audience laughed. Mr. Watts laughed. Nor were they alone. Everyone laughed, except Harry Warner.

Had "Don Juan" failed, the brothers would have been bankrupt. But it didn't. Maybe it was a novelty, but the novelty of talking pictures made it a success. But the eye of October 6, 1927 found the Warners again with all eggs in one basket. It was the night of "The Jazz Singer," in which Al Jolson became audible on the screen. Its success was tremendous. But there were other difficulties. No theatres had sound equipment. What good were talkies without the theatre able to show them? And, mind you, talking pictures were still merely a novelty.

There were talking sequences, but as yet no feature-length film in dialogue.

Not until February 12, 1928 did the first all-talking appear. It, too, was shown at the Warner theatre. The boys had decided to take another chance. In three days Moros Roth threw together a story, and his throwing was terrible. In not many more than three days director Bryan Hoy had made a talkie called "Lights of New York." The other Costello sister, the dark Helen, was star. Cullen Landis was the handsome hero, and hovering around were Mary Carr, Gladys Brockwell, Wheeler Oakman, Robert Elliott, Tom Maguire, and that funny Tom Dugan. It was pretty terrible. And so was "The Terror," in which captions were eliminated for the first time. In this one were May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Louise Fazenda, Alec Francis, Matthew Betz, Holmes Herbert and John Miljan. Mr. Watts' comment on "Tenderloin" might have applied quite equally to all these groaning, fumbling films. These were dark days for Harry Warner.

Even in his own organization there were those who said that, of course, talking pictures would never supersede the silent
Talent Scouts on Broadway

[Continued from page 17]

precise regularity of a daily newspaper. In Serlin’s office, there are envelopes or clips containing the stage history of 15,000 performers. There are pictures of them, exact data on their coloring, hair, height and notes on their voices. This corresponds to the library or “morgue” of a newspaper. Filed and cross-filed are programs of every show that has come to Broadway in the past ten years. So much for the background of performers.

Each morning when Serlin comes to his desk, spread before him will be the Broadway column and every theatrical column of the day’s papers, each one marked in red pencil. If, for instance, in his Monday column in the New York News, he gives attention to a screen possibility at a certain night club, that is underlined for Serlin’s immediate attention. Within an hour, the person recommended will be in his office or Serlin will have contacted the person’s agent. The interview follows, then voice tests and screen tests. If the subject passes these cursory examinations, he is turned over to the Paramount coaching school for instruction.

Dorothy Dell worked three months with dramatic coach Clovelly, learning dictation, before Serlin would make an actual screen test of her. In the meantime, he had put her on a diet and forced her to reduce twenty pounds. Joe Morrison, signed by him, used to rush up to Clovelly’s classes between shows in vaudeville, with a Turkish towel draped around his neck so that he would not, in his heated condition, catch cold.

When the day of the test arrives, the subject now acts a dramatic scene, carefully selected by Miss Manley as best fitted to display the subject at his best.

I have pointed out these things at length to prove to you how earnest and conscientious are the talent scouts in their search for new faces. Yet despite their earnestness, despite their cooperation, the cold statistics show that only one out of 3,000 will attain major importance in box office reckoning.

The scouts, the fairy godfathers and godmothers of the cinema industry, who can, with a single wave of the magic wand, adjust the Cinderella slipper to the foot of a talented youngster, are nine in number. I will list them:

MGM: Al Alman and Bill Grady; Paramount, Oscar Serlin; Warner’s, Mildred Weber; RKO, Katherine Brown; Columbia, Jeanne Cohen; Universal, Miriam Howell; Fox, Joe Pincus; United Artists, Freddie Kohlmar.

Betsy Grable is one of the best bets at RKO, and as beautiful a beach comber as one could wish.
Important as these nine are, they are only the first revolution of the mills of the cinema gods.

Once they have okayed a screen aspirant, the journey has just started. The tests made in New York are then forwarded to the Coast, where they are viewed by bi-weekly assemblages of Coast big shots. Time and again, after the New York scouts have spent months of patient work in tracking down a "discovery," the Coast curiously rejects the screen test that represents so much persistent and intelligent scouting work.

The Paramount Coast office, for instance, flatly rejected Katharine Hepburn when she was submitted to them on June 3, 1932. "Undoubtedly," said the fatal report, "Miss Hepburn has some ability as an actress but she has nothing to recommend her for the screen." Even RKO first rejected the angular-faced Hepburn but finally got her to top their own error and re-engaged her. The Paramount Coast office rejected Marlo, who was discovered and trained by Serlin here in the east. Only after she clicked in the Hecht-MacArthur film did Paramount realize that Serlin's judgment was correct, but then it was too late.

MGM's eastern talent office actually discovered Grace Moore, but the Coast said they had nothing for her at the moment. So Grace Moore is making a fortune for Columbia. The MGM eastern office discovered Jean Muir but the Coast couldn't see her at all, so now Miss Muir is a bright young star at Warners. Each of the eastern talent scouts has had this same discouraging experience. The cast "discovers" but the west coast has the final say, even if it is too often wrong.

What of the talent scouts of the East look for in a face? That probably is the question in the mind of every boy and girl who has at any time dreamed of being shipped to Hollywood as a future Clark Gable or Claudette Colbert.

Serlin, the Paramount dynamo, has tried to solve this question in a carefully worded summary which covers three pages. He says: "In a final analysis, the major feature to consider is the contour, proportion and shape of the face. Keeping in mind the standard well-formed oval face with a proportion of 100 vertical to 67 horizontal, the corrections of the face to be made up is compared to the standard measurement; if, for instance, the face is elongated, the vertical plane can be reduced by leaning to the horizontal corrections; vice versa for the round face. In the horizontal or the round face the illusion of length can be derived in piling or building up the top of the head with a mass of hair, also keeping both sides of this face clear of hair, or if hair must be considered, a thin frame of hair brought well forward on the face will help to overcome the horizontal plane." Having apparently reduced the magic formula to this shrewd digest, Serlin learned to his own amazement that there were professional models in New York City who met every requirement of this mythical "Perfect Screen Face." Unfortunately, when he tested them he learned that they couldn't act. So he threw his three-page analysis out of the window. While appearance is important, it is obvious that an unusual personality, with some trick of speech or mannerism that will be favorably exaggerated by the camera or sound-track, will knock down any rules that can be set up. Katherine Hepburn, for instance, has a difficult face to photograph. So, too, has Claudette Colbert. Fred Astaire isn't handsomely according to the general definite opinion of male pulchritude. Nevertheless, these three are great stars and terrific box-office attractions, while people with the so-called perfect screen faces pay out money every week to enter movie theaters and watch these irregular-faced stars.

Despite all discouragements, however, the talent scout retains his enthusiasm, and thousands of hopeful youngsters continue the cavalcade of ambition. The answer is that each scout is the best illustration of the old maxim that hope springs eternal. With the persistent determination of you who invest year after year in sweepstakes, the talent scout is grimly confident that he will pick a winner. In some remote hamlet, he will stumble upon another John Crawford or another Kay Francis. In some barber-shop, his attention suddenly will be arrested by another ZaSu Pitts manipulating the nails of a sour-faced customer; on the stage of some rural theatre, suddenly will emerge from the wings a leading man with all the fire and romantic power of Clark Gable. This is the hope that spurs on all of the talent scouts. The odds are 3000 to 1 against him, but what of it?

It is easy enough to understand why the youth of the country refuses to be discouraged by these setbacks in a screen career. When has youth ever turned back from the firing line? In the dreams of youth knights still ride out to do battle in the white plume of courage unfurled.

New stars have to be discovered and new blood has to be transfused into the arteries of an industry that demands new faces. So the talent scouts sweep the international skies day after day with giant telescopes, searching for Carmen Miranda's, picking the king of thousands of youngsters rush to Broadway hoping to be within focus when the telescope turns in their direction.

---

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"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"

"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"

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"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"

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remember, "George, it’s a little late now but I’d like to tell you what a swell job you did on David Copperfield."

"It isn’t late at all," he replies. "I love hearing passionate complaints, and it’s nice of you to remember I directed it."

Well, anyhow, George has had an amazing career in pictures this past year or so (Copperfield and holiday from are only two of his hits) and I’ll bet you he’ll turn out a bulls’ eye in this one.

From here I wander over to there and "there" happens, in this case, to be "Murder in the Fleet." The deck of the U.S.S. Carolina has been reproduced for this opus. Blue jackets are scattered all around in a state of disarray. It’s the last day of shooting on this picture and I’m darned if I’m going into all the details of the plot. Anyway, you’re not supposed to know anything about murder mysteries until you see them.

Robert Taylor (M-G-M’s new white hope) and Jean Parker, looking very fetching in a gray coat suit, are leaning against the rail. "We’ll be sailing in half an hour," Bob vouchsafes, gazing sternly at her, and adds, "But it’s only until Friday."

"I’ll be waiting," Jean answers and that is what I call a snappy comeback. "You’ve made a wonderful things," she goes on. "The way men feel about each other and their work together. I even know how you feel about the ship," taking his arm. "It’s just made me love the dark old tub myself."

But Bob merely grins and kisses her.

"Goodbye," says Jean. "Till Friday," he answers, smiling happily after her as she goes towards the gangway. I glance around and there is one of my pets, Isabel Jewell. "Hello," she says, giving me her hand. "I never see you unless we accidentally bump into each other on the set."

"I don’t know where you live," I blurt out. "Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Home!" she says emphatically. "I haven’t worked in a month and it doesn’t look as though I ever will again."

"You ought to start on a trip somewhere," I answer. When you’d been gone a day they’d be sure to wire you to come back and start a picture. I never knew it to fail. Look at Una Merkel. Her first trip in a year and she hardly got out of town before they cast her in this thing.

"It’s worth thinking about," Isabel agrees.

"Anna Karenina" starring Garbo and Fredric March is, naturally, closed to visitors. "China Seas" and "Public Hero No. 1" I told you about last month, so that winds us up at this film factory and we’ll now turn our attention to—

The Fox Studio

FOUR pictures going here but the gods are smiling on me. One of them, "Ginger," with Jackie Searle, Jane Withers, Walter King, Katherine Alexander and O. P. Heggie, is on location. The "Father Takes a Wife" stars Janet Gaynor but Janet isn’t working today so I’ll tell you about that next month when she is working.

However, there is "Black Sheep" featuring Edmund Lowe and Claire Trevor. I cannot understand why Claire has not gone ahead more. She’s made a nice impression in every picture she’s been in but they don’t seem to try to do anything with her.

They’re looking for stories for her now. Frank Perrotta informs me when I start grumbling, "The exhibitors feel the same way you do. So if you run across any stores you think would make good pictures for her let me know."

The scene is a ship’s cabin and there’s no use going into a detailed description of that. Claire is looking pretty fetching in an evening gown, with a new (for her) style of coiffure. Mr. Lowe is likewise in evening clothes and seems to be slightly bootted.

"He’s up to his neck in a mess with a woman," he bickers to Claire glumly.

"What kid isn’t—sooner or later?" she parries.

"This woman’s too smart for him though," Eddie objects.

"Aren’t we all?" Claire kids, and then "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Millicent Caldwell Bath," Eddie announces.


Why, she’s had three millionaire husbands—according to the newspapers. What’s she want to do with your kid—marry him?"

"Worse than that," Lowe is afraid, "but she won’t get away with it."

"What’ll you do—hit her with a bottle?" Claire wonders, getting a whiff of his breath.

"I’ll figure a way to stop her," he says. Suddenly Claire rises, pulls the covers off the bunk, pushes him down and throws the covers over him. "You’ll figure a way out, eh?" she remarks sarcastically. "You’re not in good enough shape to figure out anything. And it’s a shame, too. Now, listen to me: Close your eyes, sleep it off, get the fuzz out of your brain and in the morning we’ll put our heads together and think up a way to stop Millie Bath from hurting your kid. Do you hear that?"

Some guys get all the breaks. Here’s Lowe who’s not only had the fun of getting to ride on the set but he also has Claire to tuck him in when he’s ready to pass out. I’d turn actor myself—only I’d probably load Flora Finch or Polly Moran.

Moaning over the injustice of fate, I saunter on to the next stage where they’re making another in the apparently interminable series of Charlie Chan pictures. This time he’s in Egypt.

The set is the outside of an archeologist’s home. There are parapets, domes, palm trees and about a ton of other Egyptian atmosphere, all dumped right on Stage 2. There is also an old Model T Ford, Tom Beck’s and Warner Oland enter, seeing the car deserted, Tom calls "Snowshoes!"

"Yassuh," comes a familiar voice but there is not one around. "Vere 1 b?" the voice continues as Tom and Warner look around trying to locate it. They glance up and there is Stepin Fetchit hidden up in a palm tree and look-
ing so much like a monkey I begin to believe there is something in Darwin's theory of evolution after all. "Us goin' home now, Mistah Tom?" he whines hopefully.

"Yes. Come on," says Tom.

Step scrambles down and they pile into the wreck.

"I'm not superstitious," Tom begins, "but when the lights went out tonight and Sekmet's eyes began to glow, I had a chill."

"Eyes made of radio active stone," Warner explains, holding up his watch and pointing to it. "Glow in dark like face of watch."

Step puts his foot on the accelerator and the car lurches forward.

Sekmet is the goddess of vengeance, put to guard the tomb the archeologist has opened.

Mr. Oland, estimable gentleman that he may be—and probably is—in private life is not one to indulge in chill-chat on the set. He seems to have difficulty in remembering his lines, so he never engages in unnecessary conversation while working. I don't know step or Mr. Beck so I transfer my activities to RKO.

At R-K-O

MY LUCK is holding. Of the three pictures shooting here, I've already told you about "She." "The Peacemaker," starring Richard Dix, is on location so that only leaves one—but it's the best of the trio. It's "Top Hat" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

It seems Ginger's best friend has married a man Ginger has never seen. Ginger and he are stopping at the same hotel so she naturally goes to look him up.

"Is there a Mr. Hardwick stopping here?" she asks the room clerk.

"Why, yes, Miss Tremont. Mr. Hardwick is in Room 471—just above you. However, pointing to a man on the mezzanine who is carrying a case and brief case, "there's Mr. Hardwick (played by Edward Everett Horton)."

"Oh," Ginger breathes, starting to move through the crowded lobby towards the mezzanine.

In the meantime, Fred Astaire has come up to Eddie.

"Here's a telegram for you—from Italy," he informs the latter, "And there's a message to please call your office at once."

"Oh, bother!" Eddie fusses and, not knowing what to do, he shoves his brief case and cane on Fred and puts the telegram in his pocket. "I'll meet you downstairs. Get a cab like a good fellow," and off he rushes.

Well, naturally when Freddie gets downstairs he's carrying the case and brief case. Suddenly he comes face to face with Ginger. She is practically up to him when she sees that the man whom the clerk has pointed out to her as Horace Hardwick, and who is married to her best friend, is also the man she has fallen in love with and who has made such charming advances to her. And, be boy! Does she dish him out a filthy look!

"Why—hello," says Freddie who is most agreeably surprised at the meeting.

Ginger's disappointment becomes mixed with her humiliation and her anger rises. She hysterically hauls off and gives him a resounding smack on the face.

Her dress is something to marvel over. It is a sort of lace made of pale pink threads running one way and silver metal threads running the other. It is quite plain, with the skirt tight around the waist and flaring out into a wide circle at the bottom. The jacket is three quarter length, with a cape.

Suddenly a young man who has been kid-

ing around the set and who supplied Ging-

er, Eddie Rubin (Bennie's brother) and

me with salted peanuts, turns to me: "Are you Dick Mook?" he inquires.

In the presence of so many witnesses

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there is nothing to do but admit the horrible truth.

"I'm Bernard Newman," he avers. "This ill-managed kid (indicating Eddie) hasn't sense enough to introduce us but I wanted to tell you I like your criticisms."

Well, Filipino, Mr. Newman, I like your gowns that makes us even and no one's hurt. Mr. Newman, my friends, is the gent who designs all of Ginger's clothes for her pictures and who created all those marvelous costumes you saw in Roberia. Quite aside from the fact that he—er—likes my criticisms, I think his gowns are the outstanding note in Hollywood today and that takes in the masterpieces of Adrian and Travis Banton.

Quite buoyed over by the knowledge that my truck is really a money over the—}

**Paramount**

My GOOD fortune suffers a let-down here. There are three pictures shooting and all of them are on the lot. First and foremost, there is DeMille's latest—"The Crusades"—which I have put off covering from month to month in the vain hope that it would suddenly finish and I'd miss it completely.

Johnny Downs, a newcomer from the stage, appears in "College Scandal."

are interrupted long enough to bring in the inevitable college play.

Johnny Downs, a newcomer from New York, is in the living room of his fraternity house. He picks up the 'phone to call one of his pals and tell him he has just finished the theme song of the play. It is called "In the Middle of a Kiss." What a beautiful number that is!

This piece has a lot of things to recommend it. First, it gives Arline Judge a marvelous part and what Arline can do to a good part is nobody's business. Then it gives Eddie Nugent a great break. If some studio ever gets behind Eddie you'll hear from him in a big way. Next, it introduces Mary Nash, who was for years one of the big stars in New York and who should have been in pictures long ago. Lastly, it is being directed by Elliott Nugent, and if you don't know what I think of Elliott's direction by this time, there's no sense going into it again. Anything he does is worth seeing.

The other picture on this lot has been variously called "Federal Dick" and "Men Without Names." It features Fred MacMurray (whom you saw in "The Gilded Lily" and "Cat 99"), Madge Evans and David Holt, one of my two favorite child actors.

Fred has just engaged a room in David's home. He comes into the room hugging his suitcases, with David on hand to show him the ropes. David is quite occupied with a miniature airplane glider.

"This is the best room in the house," David informs him.

"That so?" from Fred.

David Holt and Fred MacMurray in one of the "Federal Dick" pieces.

"Sure," says David confidently. "Mr. O'Connor lived here for years."

"Good bed, too," Fred vouchsafes, trying the springs.

"Sure," David agrees. "Mr. O'Connor died on it."

"How is it you're not downstairs at dinner?" Fred laughs.

David bounces to his knees on the bed...
and pulls Fred's head down to a level with his mouth. "I-don't-like—hash," he whispers.

"Neither do I," Fred admits, gravely extending his hand.

"We sure have it a lot," David admits, shaking hands.

"Listen," Fred suggests. "How about us aviation men going downtown and getting something besides hash?"

"Oh, boy!" David yells eagerly. "Can I have ham and eggs and chili beans and strawberry pie and ice-cream?"

"Hey!" Fred exclaims. "You might as well have hash in the first place!"

"Hi, Dick," says Ralph Murphy, the director, after the scene. "Going to be with us awhile? Make yourself at home."

"Miss Otis regrets," I come back. "I've got to get over to—"

Columbia

BUT, slackaday! When I reach Columbia I find the new Grace Moore picture—"Love Me Forever"—is on location.

I go out on the set of "After the Dance" featuring Nancy Carroll and George Murphy, but after waiting three quarters of an hour nothing has happened and not a shot has been made. So I go to the next stage where "Unknown Woman," featuring Richard Cromwell and Mariam Marsh, is in production and I wait even longer with no results. Just 'tain't Mr. Briskin finds out there were two companies working and that they never made a shot for almost an hour!

There are still two studios left to visit, so I head in the direction of—

Universal

The one picture going out here is "Diamond Jim Brady" which is being directed by Eddie Sutherland, who gave you "Too Much Harmony," "International House" and "Mississippi." Eddie was to have directed "The Great Ziegfeld," but when Universal sold that yarn to M-G-M, they gave him this one to direct. It was quite a blow to Eddie not to do the other one but he has a fine story in this one and that swell actor, Edward Arnold, in the name part.

This tells how Diamond Jim was left an orphan by his father, who was a baggage smasher at the Spuyten Duyvil station in New York, how he read an ad for a salesman and went into a pawnbroker's shop to rent a frack coat in which to apply for the job. He'd taken a correspondence school course in salesmanship!

The man from whom he rents the outfit and the whole deck of diamonds would give Jim a much more impressive appearance. So Jim rents some diamonds and the pawnbroker (George Sidney) goes right along with him while he applies for the job, so he can keep an eye on the diamonds.

Through a clever ruse Jim lands the job. On a train he meets the president of a concern that manufactures steel under-

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80 Silver Screen for July 1935
radio firm, advertising agency and theatrical producer in New York want to sign up the girl.

The trio have moved into the royal suite of the most expensive hotel in town, where Marion is employed as a maid.

I can’t think of another star with Marion’s looks who would get herself up the way Marion has for this part—to say nothing of herself to be photographed that way.

Mary is just coming into the living room of their suite, carrying a suit box and followed by a bellboy who carries a huge oil painting.

“Another present for Dawn Glory,” she announces triumphantly. “Her portrait!” She turns to the bellboy, “Put it up there—on the wall. Then she opens the box. “AND,” she exclaims, “the silhouette dress the artist used in painting the picture.” She pulls the dress out and holds it up before her.

“Try it on, Gladys,” Frank urges. “You’ll look swell in it.”

“I’m afraid I haven’t the baby blue eyes to go with it,” Mary mocks.

Then Marion comes out of the bedroom, first sticking her head out to make sure that everything is all right.

“She’s here again,” says Mary, catching sight of her. Marion is what’s known as a pest. “Here, maid,” Mary goes on, calling to her, “put this in the bedroom.”

Marion takes the outfit, holding it like a bundle of some precious and perishable material, and goes back into the bedroom.

“I won’t tell you the rest because I don’t want to spoil the picture for you but this should be one of the season’s best.

“Hey, you ‘louse,” Pat greets me when the scene is over, “what about those old-time proms you promised me?”

Pat collects old theatre programs and I have a couple of hundred that date back to the year one which, in a moment of madness, I promise. I have to be told by my having to give them to him or I’ll never hear the end of it.

The other picture on this lot is called “Front Page Women” and stars Bette Davis and George Brent. The scene is the press room in a prison. A bunch of reporters are present—also Bette—waiting to cover an execution.

Suddenly the door opens and Brent breezes in. “Hello, everybody,” he salutes, crossing the room and hanging up his overcoat. “How’s everybody on this festive occasion?”

There is a chorus of greetings from the reporters. “Hi, Devlin,” “Hi, son,” “Where you been? Haven’t seen you in a long time.”

“I work for a living,” Brent comes back in answer to the last track.

“How are you, Devlin?” Bette asks quietly when the hubbub quiets down.

By George, in the sound of her voice and then crosses over to her. “Well, I’m a dirty so and so—”

“That’s what I’ve always thought,” Bette smiles.

“What are you doing here?” he asks.

“I’m covering the story,” an elaborate attempt at nonechalance.

Just do you think you can elude. “Spike Kiley handed you this assignment?”

George Brent and Bette Davis in the newspaper story, “Front Page Women.”

“I asked for it,” she snaps, and, noting his look, “Why not? It’s a big story, isn’t it?”

“Look, t Tibby,” he protests, “an electrocution is no place for you.”

“Why not?” she demands. “I’m a reporter.”

“No, you aren’t,” he protests. “You’re just a sweet little kid whose family, let me read you too many newspaper novels.”

“Vixen,” he whispers, “I could—could—Spit!”

George glances down meaningly at a cuspidor on the floor. Bette, in a rage, turns and thinks you’re so cute,” she squeals him. “I’m surprised you don’t talk baby talk.”

“By the way,” he continues. “I don’t suppose you’ve ever attended one of these high tension parties before. Maybe I can give you a rough idea of what it’s like—just so you’ll know how to handle yourself.”

“Sure, this is the chair ( jerking an ordinary chair over to him) and they (pointing to the reporters) are the witnesses.”

He suddenly takes her by the arms. “They slap you into it like this (sits her down) then they put straps across here (indicating her elbows) and here (the wrists) and here (the thighs) and then another one across here—tight (indicating her chest). Over your eyes they put a wide rubber band (pulling his hands slowly across her eyes). She stares at him as if hypnotised. “And another one,” he goes on, “across your mouth. Then they take the electrode (getting a gold slave anklet from his pocket and bending down quickly and strap it on your leg, like this) He suddenly snaps the anklet on her ankle. Bette who has been absorbed by the gruesome suggestion of his speech, scratches it quickly and pulls it off. She fairly throws it at him. “Never mind the rehearsals,” she pants, springing up.

“I was just trying to give you a present,” he protests.

“Well, that’s a swell way to do it,” she says hystically. “Look,” he begs her, holding it out, “it’s real gold and everything!”

Well, kiddies, I’ll leave you with Mr. Brent and Miss Davis at their high tension party. Personally, I’m off to another party—one where they slap you into a chair and shave a glass in your hand instead of putting straps and bandages all over you. My kind’s more fun.

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APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

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Answers to the Puzzles on Page 72
1. Douglas Fairbanks
2. Warren William
3. Barbara Stanwyck
4. Rochelle Hudson
5. May Robson
6. Ruby Keeler
7. Alan Dinehart
8. Dixie Lee
9. Mary Astor
A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1 He alone was “The Jazz Singer”
2 The star of “Four Hours to Kill”
3 Expression of delight
4 He was excellent in “Sweet Music”
5 Either
6 Type measure
7 Joan Crawford’s devoted friend
8 To extend or lengthen
9 The winner of the highest Hollywood honors
10 To urge
11 Seizes unreasonably
12 Army Corps (abbr.)
13 Expression of hesitancy
14 A sediment
15 Love
16 Mask
17 He is often teamed with Evelyn Venable
18 Contraction
19 Female sheep
20 Jean Valjean in “Les Misérables”
21 To make even
22 Ever
23 She danced in “Rumba”
24 Point of compass
25 To imagine
26 Neil Kenyon in “Ruggles of Red Gap”
27 Sorrows
28 Native of Arabia
29 Small Youngsters
30 Definite article
31 Helen in “Four Hours to Kill” (Initials)
32 Scraps
33 The creator of Mickey Mouse
34 Editor (abbr.)
35 The owner of those “expressive” hands
36 Companions
37 To cover with wax
38 A note of the scale
39 The youthful leading lady in “Dog of Flanders”
40 Newfoundland (abbr.)
41 Illuminate
42 Dr. Charles Merton in “Private Worlds”
43 Mr. Sweeney in “One More Spring”

DOWN
1 Places for contests in Roman amphitheaters
2 He was an aviator during the war
3 Beside
4 Uriah Heep in “David Copperfield”
5 He may return to the stage
6 Captain Warrington in “Naughty Marietta”
7 Rhythm
8 Entrance
9 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
10 She was betrothed to David Manners in “The Mystery of Edwin Drood”
11 He is well known on the stage
12 The character of the “funny man”
13 A girl making her first appearance in society
14 Above (poet.)
15 He is a polo enthusiast
16 Bernas was her daughter in “McFadden’s Flats”
17 A true statement
18 Tide of respect
19 Acquire
20 Positive pronoun
21 George Raft and Carol Lombard played in this picture
22 Western state (abbr.)
23 Now sauciering in Europe
24 The poor Flemish boy in “Dog of Flanders”
25 Her real name is Harleen Carpenter
26 Japanese money
27 His next picture will be “The Flame Within”
28 It was born in Lithuania
29 To beash
30 Separate
31 Doctor of Dentistry (abbr.)
32 Ornaments of hearing
33 Small island
34 Near
35 Morning (abbr.)
36 Mascotine pronoun
37 Every
38 He attended Grinnell College in Iowa
39 Adorn
40 No longer an amateur (abbr.)
41 Falsehood
42 Three-toed sloth
43 Degree (abbr.)
44 Foster (abb.
45 Scene
46 Negative

Answer To Last Month’s Puzzle

THE EDITOR.
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Ruby Keeler
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS’ “GO INTO YOUR DANCE”

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Getting “Movie Tested” – By Ed Sullivan

“RESTING IN HOLLYWOOD?” By Elizabeth Wilson
There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, and it must produce results. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

Undoubtedly the tooth paste you are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums . . . how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the brilliant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

To Users of Tooth Powder

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
"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 mismated; 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.
Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

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

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent — one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement — but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask — but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name — Luise Rainer!
DEAR EDITOR:

I have just come from luncheon at the Vendome and I wish to complain bitterly. In fact, I'm so furious that I think I will write a letter to the Times, pass a law, or order another double Martini. Why is it, I ask you, that every time I have an ogling visitor in tow, nothing better pops up than three directors' wives, a producer and Peggy Fears? There was the case of the nice advertiser I took there last week, who really wanted to see movie stars and there wasn't a one until along with the pineapple came Alice Joyce, and I almost kissed her from gratitude. But today when I was lunching with Claudette, who should be there but the cream, the Grade A cream, of moviedom.

There was Marlene Dietrich in a white sports suit with a green jacket and an off-the-races cap, and with her was the Countess di Frasso, the party gal of Hollywood. Also, at Marlene's table, was Virginia Bruce who is just too beautiful to be real. Marlene was suffering from a cold. It seems that she went to Frasso's costume party the night before dressed as a swan and, after all, Marlene is a big girl and a swan's neck is only a swan's neck.

At another table was Miriam Hopkins who has just returned from New York. Across from Miriam there was a gay party consisting of Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray, Helen Ferguson and Regina Grevé of New York.

Dotted here and there I saw Ruth Chatterton lunching with Louella Parsons, Ann Harding and an unknown man, Wally Beery, Sally Eilers and Thelma Todd together, and Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. So help me, last month when I brought little Agnes from Memphis, who swoons with delight over anyone connected with movies, there wasn't a star in the joint. Now, after all, as I always say, after all—

Eliot Keen
"You're Telling Me?"

Con Cowell of Vancouver, B. C., writes: "Here's a magnum of champagne to Adolphe Menjou for his 'live' interpretation in 'The Gold Diggers of 1927.' Most actors have personal characteristics which peep out in each of their roles, but Menjou is the person he is portraying at the moment. Hope this is printed and he reads it.

Menjou, the Magnificent Among Mimes.

"Last Evening," writes Robert C. Harder of S. E. Ash St., Portland, Ore., "I saw Mady Christians in 'Wicked Woman' and I am convinced that as an actress Miss Christians can look pained in front of a camera as well as any of her colleagues. However, her obviously Continental accent, charming as it may be, and her luminous grace, natural as they may be, do not lend themselves to the effective portrayal of a role which is distinctively Southern and American.

"The point is this—one is not unwilling to concede to the European and British artists their just recognition, but in a situation which calls for a deep and sympathetic understanding of one of the American types, it does seem reasonable to suggest that a proper selection could be made from the wealth of talent at the very doors of the studios."

She has a better chance in "Escapade."

Lawrence Ormerod of Somersett, England, writes: "I don't know if you ever print letters from folks in England, but anyway, here's hoping! Personally I never miss a Sylvia Sidney picture, but why aren't there more of them with much better parts for that most gifted and attractive Sidney girl, who surely has the cutest smile of them all? So let's see seeing more of her over here in pictures that are more worth while for us, and especially so for the star herself, that shy seductive smiling Sylvia Sidney." See "Accent on Youth" next.

"I am sending a compliment to that lovable little creature, Virginia Weidler," writes Betty Beagle of Maple Ave., Findlay, O. "She has more emotion stored up in that little mind of hers than any child actor I know of. She has the acting ability that lasts. She has a sweet and natural way of performing that touches your very heart, and it makes you feel as if she's really living the part, which she probably is, doing it so naturally. She isn't any frilly doll that people tire of so quickly; she's a natural born actress and here's to her success, which I know many people are wishing her most sincerely."

F. F. V. = Fan's Favor Virginia.

Sometimes, After You've Seen a Picture, You Feel You Must Pat The Star—Or Punch Him. Here's Your Space—

Address, Editor, "You're Telling Me?" Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

"In the Thin Man," we have a marvelous couple together, none other than Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. We again saw them in 'Evelyn Prentice.' Now we are waiting expectantly. Are we going to be rewarded and have a chance to see them together again?" asks Joan Lynn of Lamberton Park, Rochester, N. Y. "I hope so, and I hope it's soon."

"Nothing on the fire since Myrna walked out of "Escapade."

"Philo Vance, Wallfording, Tugboat Annie, Amos 'n' Andy, Red Davis, The Shadow, magazines and radio books, even comics, offer us characters which have become almost part of our daily lives. But the screen has not created for itself any outstanding characters which live in our hearts. The movies, at best, only present a dramatization of those made famous through other mediums. Why shouldn't there be characterizations that will become famous—lovable or humorous—to prove that the cinema industry can create types of its own, and is not inferior to literature, radio and comic strips?" asks Coursin Black of Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ah, go out! What about Chaplin's screen character or Harold Lloyd or Mickey Mouse or Platinum Blondes?"

"He is like heaven. That is the only thing that can describe Nelson Eddy, M-G-M's newest gift to the women," writes Ann Bushnell of N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa. "Three words handsome, thrilling, melodious—describe him to a T. (T stands for terrific.) What more can a woman ask? I'm a Nelson fan, though. I'm only sixteen years old, but I'm old enough to know when a handsome find like Nelson Eddy is grand. Take your Gables, Lederers, Marches, but give me Nelson Eddy any time. What a man! What a voice. I saw his 'Naughty Marietta' six times and I could see him three times that much."

"Eddy was a Lady Killer."

"It may be hard for a great many people to have anything to be pleased about in these times, with the depression hounding our every footstep, but at least we certainly have been seeing better, more interesting and worthwhile movies," writes Muriel Woodbridge of Berkshire Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich. "Judging from the letters of the many contributors to this column, the producers and players themselves have been receiving splendid support for their excellent work. I was a bit skeptical at first by the sudden praise and interest in many of the players, but after seeing such pictures as 'David Copperfield,' 'Imitation of Life,' 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' and 'Clive of India,' I am confident that their faithful support is not misplaced, but wholeheartedly justified."

In other words, "original" scripts are less interesting than famous stories recycled on the screen, but how explain "It Happened One Night?"

"Here in the Orient," the picture 'Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round' has just been released. I had not seen that promising young star (my favorite actor) Gene Raymond, but I knew while the picture renewed my interest in him," writes Marge Whitacre of Manila, P. I. "Let's
have more of Gene, this time singing with that soft voice of his which thrilled so many in 'Sadie McKee.'

See "Hooey For Love."

"I'M TWENTY-TWO and I can truthfully say that half the knowledge I have was gained through the movies. I learned how to think, how to walk, how to talk, how to dress, how to make-up, how to be good. I've learned hundreds of things," writes Mildred Englehart of 217 S. Fisher St., Jonesboro, Ark. "But there's one thing that I haven't learned from the movies. I haven't learned how to fall in love. But when I do fall, I will know how to act."

What's the matter? Is Gable slowing up?

"I RUN A BUS and haul from twenty to fifty boys and girls twenty-five miles over a mountain to Vale, our nearest picture show. We go twice a week and get to see all of the good shows, and some that are not so good. In the last three years, I have seen all the big shots and know what shows please the boys and girls most," writes Ben W. Corbett of Harper, Ore. "We have just seen 'The County Chairman' and during the winter we saw 'Judge Priest.' 'Handy Andy,' and 'David Harem.' Tell Bill Rogers that the kids want him to stop running around and make some more shows like these. They are entertaining, all American, and true to life. Will Rogers doesn't have to act, it's just natural with him. He is an old hoss man and has the sense enough to know what the people like.

"Yours from the land of the last frontier."

O.K. Ben, but wait till you see Will in "In Old Kentucky."

"HERE'S A VOTE for more of those whimsical and utterly charming Victor Herbert's operettas, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the singing sweethearts," writes Sophie Lukas of Carter St., Rochester, N. Y. "Victor Herbert's melodies are lovely and rollicking beyond compare, and hearing them on the screen from the lips of two such talented stars gives us young people a thrill that modern music has utterly failed to do, and gives the older folk a lovely hour of remembrance."

Note to Mr. Strickling, M-G-M Publicity — "The Singing Sweethearts" are that good!

"I'VE JUST seen 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer.' It was so wonderful and thrilling that I'm still under its spell," writes Mary Mueller of Pensacola Ave., Chicago, Ill. "I want to extend to Gary Cooper my sincere appreciation of his great performance. When he gave his life to save his regiment I honestly cried, so completely was I under the spell of his genius. Gary Cooper — I bow before you.

Oh—oh! Mary loves Gary—Mary loves Gary (are you blushing?)

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**PICTURE TITLES THAT HAVE BEEN CHANGED**

"The Hands of Orlac" (Peter Lorre) formerly "Mad Love"

"Don't Bet On Blondes" (Warren William) formerly "Not On Your Life"

"Silk Hat Kid" (Lew Ayres) formerly "The Lord's Referee"

"Escapade" (William Powell) formerly "Masquerade"

"Steamboat Bill" (Will Rogers) formerly "Steamboat Round the Bend"

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"I CAN'T HELP WORRYING!" "OH, YES YOU CAN—THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR "ACCIDENT PANIC" NOW!"

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 former pinning area and protect you against tearing away.

MODESS STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

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for August 1935
SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF CORNS, CALLOUSSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure, make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.

Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug or department store.

STANDARD, now 25c
New DE LUXE flash color 35c

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORES AT ALL 10 STOLES

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

You can banish those annoying, embarrassing 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

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Mail this Coupon to Box 33
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois and receive a FREE booklet about Freckles.

Name
Address

NOW I CAN WEAR THE SMARTEST SHOES WITH PERFECT EASE!

AG EX Mount--Good. A drama of divorce which, even if it doesn't walk off with any prizes, entertains. The cast is top notch: (Peggy Lukas, Midge Evans, Helen Vinson, David Holt, May Robson.)

ALIAS MARY DOW--Fair. With Sally Eilers in a tidal wave of films, this is a weak little film. In fact, Roy Milland and Katharine Alexander, Henry O'Neill.

APRIL BLOSSOMS--Very charming. Made in England, with Richard Attenborough, the celebrated Viennese tenor, in the role that carries the whole thing. He will catch at your heart's strings. Jane Baxter is appealing at the girl he loves so hopelessly.

ARIZONIAN, THE--Good. A Western, in the old tradition, with Virgil Richard pressing magnificently through the familiar routine, ably abetted by lovely Margaret Graham (of "The Informer"), Preston Foster and Louis Calhern, as the villain of course.

BLACK SHEEP--Fine. A fast-paced dramatic yarn concerning a card sharp (Edmund Lowe) working on luxuriant Atlantic liners. There is plenty of action and excitement, and the cast includes Tom Brown and Claire Trevor.

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN--Thriller. If you've lost interest in a decapitated corpse and morbid nature you'll find this a worthy successor to "Frankenstein." Better save the chil.

CALL OF THE WILD--Fine. This takes place in the great open spaces—where men are men and... well, you know the rest! Except that Clark Gable, matinee idol de luxe, is our rugged hero, and it ably follows some of the best comedy of the century. Loretta Young is the girl.

CHINATOWN SQUAD--Fair. The locale is San Francisco's famed Chinatown, with Lyle Talbot (once of the police force) as a sight-seeing bus driver who happens on an absorbing case. (Valerie Hobson, Leon Fenton, Hugh O'Connell.)

CONVENTION GIRL--SO-so. Just as all good Americans go to Paris when they die (or so they say), conventions arrive at Atlantic City. This has to do with the brighter side—the girl angle—at which rather dull affairs. (Rose Hobart, Hattie Radin.)

DOUQUITING THOMAS--Grand entertainment. You'll roll in the aisle with mirth when you see droll Will Rogers put a crimp into the stage bug developed by his amusing wife and daughter-in-law-to-be (Billie Burke and Gail Patrick). One of the best Will Rogers films to date.

ESCAPE ME NEVER--Splendid. You will all remember Elizabeth Bergner for her expert performance as Greta Garbo—now you will adore her as the pathetic wifi, Gemma, who gets mixed up with fileTypeon family of musical fame, whose doorstep is the entire continent of Europe.

FLAME WITHIN, THE--Good. Ann Harding struggles painlessly with the role of a psychiatrist who sets out to cure two neurotics, with rather disastrous results of her own piece of mind. In fine cast Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Calhern, who gives a fine portrayal of the patient.

"G MEN"--A Thriller. The "G Men" are in the employ of the Federal Government to rid the country of vicious, hoodlum gangs. With James Cagney, Edward Arnold, and James Cagney, the list is an impressive one. You can expect some slap-dash action and loads of excitement. (Alphonse Elia and厂商.)

GINGER--Fine. Little Jane Withers (remember her as the brat in "Bright Eyes") in an em-

prosening little tale of an orphan child who transforms a wealthy household. Sounds trite, but it's really delightful. Especially when Jackie Searl is the wealthy family's young hopeful.

GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE--Good. It may be hard to believe, but Betty Davis' troubles begin when she marries a blue-blood from Park Avenue. An all-star cast handled with a generous amount of savoir faire. (Jane Hunter, Clive Brook, Philip Reed, Alston Skipworth.)

GOIN' TO TOWN--Amusing. All the Mae West admirers (and her name is still legion) will enjoy this robust farce, but there's no use denying the fact that Mae's hilarious remapping is not as diverting as it once was.

INFORMER, THE--Excellent. A thoroughly fine dramatic story of the Irish Revolution of 1922, with Victor McLaglen giving an excellent portrayal of a man on the verge of a nervous breakdown. His name isn't all important. (Margot Graham-Heather Angel.)

LADIES--Good. If it's a sentimental film that you're hankerin' for, here it is, all dressed up in cotton wool and petticoats. Robert Taylor and Arthur Byron take care of the drama, while Virginia Weidler plays the little sister admirably.

MEN OF THE HOUR--Fair. The romance, adventure and thrill of a newsreel camera man's life furnish the nucleus for this comedy-drama featuring Dick Cromwell, Wallace Ford, Jack La Rue and Billie Sutton.

MURDER IN THE FLEET--Good. A thriller with the correct amount of murder to keep the tempo moving at an exciting pace. Robert Taylor and Arthur Byron take care of the dramatic high lights while Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy keep the lighter moments humming merrily along.

MY SONG FOR YOU--Fine. Jan Kiepura, the distinguished Polish tenor, in another melodious romantic comedy, laid in Venice and the picturesque south of France. Sonnie Hale provides typical British humor and Aileen Mason, a newcomer, is quite lovely as the heroine.

NITWITS--Fair. The team of Wheeler and Woolsey is at it again and the title aptly fits a great many of their ditty antics. You can expect plenty of songs, plenty of laughter, and a modicum of barrelhouse plot.

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON--Fair. Those irresistible screenmades, Messrs. Hecht & MacArthur, fashioned a film that is a mixture of fantasy and straight comedy, with Jimmy Savo, the master-pantomimist, in the leading role. The setting is Russia, after the war.
OUR LITTLE GIRL—Charming. Shirley Temple would be a winner in no matter what she played—so when she becomes an intermediary between her estranged parents, why, Shirley is all four acts in the deck! (Joel McCrea—Rosemary Ames.)

PARTY WIRE—Good. Everybody who lives in a small community knows how maddening a party wire can be—especially when innocent conversations are often misconstrued as “scandalous gossip.” (Victory Jerry—Jean Arthur.)

PUBLIC HERO—Exciting. The “G-Men” are in their element these days and here’s another yarn describing America’s gangsters’ uneven fight against these stern denizens of the law. (Chester Morris, Lionel Barrymore, Jean Arthur, Lewis Stone.)

SCOUNDRELS, THE—Interesting and different. Noel Coward, the playwright with such a tremendous vogue in London and New York, makes his bow as a screen actor in as unique a drama as the cinema has as yet evolved. Julie Haydon is lovely as the young poetess.

STOLEN HARMONY—Only fair. In this, George Raft plays a prison saxophonist who gets released and joins up with a traveling band directed by the old Maestro, Ben Bernie himself. Music and subsequent melodramas are mixed at will and often not with the best results.

STRANGERS ALL—Good comedy. These strangers happen to be members of one big “happy” family, with May Robson playing the mother, who is continually ironing out the kinks in the troubled domestic atmosphere. (Bill Baxwell, Preston Foster, Flannine McKinney.)

STRAUSS' GREAT WALTZ—Fair. Lovers of this composer’s immortal melodies will enjoy this film—others will find it with its creaky mechanism and rather antiquated type of acting. (Edmund Greene, however, is excellent as the elder Strauss.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Colorful. Warner Baxter is quite at home in the role of a romantic South American gaucho in this lively story of the pampas. With him plays Ketti Gallian, and in addition there is an abundance of music and dancing and laughter.

UNKNOWN WOMAN—Fair. In line with the current trend, we have attractive Marlene Marsh cast as a secret Federal agent, with several exciting arrests to her credit. Of course she has a romance on the side—with handsome Dick Cromwell, a young lawyer.

VAGABOND LADY—Good. An amusing little yarn about the high-powered business magnate (Herbert Marshall) and his two sons—Reginald Denny, the plodder, and Robert Young, the playboy—and the latter’s amazing marriage to Evelyn Venable, the janitor’s daughter.

VILLAGE TALE—Only fair. Phil Stong, who wrote the popular “Stage Fair,” also authored this story of small town life, but this suffers by comparison. In the cast are Kay Johnson and Randolph Scott.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON—Weird and thrilling. An expertly handled tale of the fantastic type which fascinates even while it horrifies. (Henry Hull, Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington.)

A NEW CONTEST

A Beautiful, Framed, Inscribed, Autographed Photograph of Your Favorite Star Will Be Sent To You If You Win In This Delightful Contest.

Recent contests in this magazine for autograph albums, signed by the stars, proved to be the most popular offers ever made. It is fascinating to have so intimate a souvenir of your favorite player as these inscribed, signed autograph albums.

The new contest is an even more attractive proposition and there will be fifty winners. Any fan who loves pictures and can write enthusiastically about them may win a prize.

Be sure to secure the September issue in order that you may seize this opportunity to secure for your den or library a beautiful original photograph of your favorite star, framed in excellent taste, and bearing in the inscriptions the name and the signature of the star.

In the September Issue of Silver Screen There Will Be An Opportunity For You to Win a Prize of a Most Fascinating and Intimate Sort.

REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRLIE... or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"... writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic,"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring 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 in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perforated Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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SILVER SCREEN'S FAMOUS GOLD MEDAL

Will Again Be Awarded to the Most Popular Actor or Actress of the Screen.

For Details of how you can win a prize for your favorite star See September Issue of Silver Screen - On Sale August 7th for August 1935

“DOUBLE-QUICK” REDUCTION During the SUMMERTIME
The Countess Di Frasso, the most popular hostess in Hollywood, with some of her guests at her recent costume party. Jack Oakie, Tom Tyler and Richard Barthelmess are having a good time.

The Countess, who was dressed as Dietrich in "Blonde Venus," with Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels.

Charles Chaplin attended as a philosopher from the East, with Paulette Goddard not in costume.

Dolores Del Rio, Clive Brook and Fay Wray. Mexican influence, with a little touch of spinach.

Elizabeth Allan as another famous Dietrich character, with Count Alfredo di Carpegna, Virginia Bruce and William Rhinelander Stewart.
JUST in case you were staying awake nights and worrying about it, Garbo has again re-signed with M-G-M. Of course she has spent the last few months telling the studio officials that she was through with pictures and going back to Sweden, (she has been pulling this same stunt for ten years alackaday), but when they waived a new fancy contract in her face Garbo signed it right away. By the way, maybe Garbo is going to change her "type." She has been on a shopping spree recently, and at Watson's for new slacks and tailored suits, but at Hollywood's gayest shops for all kinds of feminine doo-dads.

AND another exotic lady is definitely changing her type. Marlene Dietrich, who has always been cold and blase and nonchalant and too, too beautiful, has suddenly blossomed out into one of those gay creatures who inevitably becomes the "life of the party." Maybe it was the trip to New York, or maybe it was the breaking of the Von Sternberg alliance, or maybe it was something entirely different, but anyway Marlene, who used to sit at home of an evening, is now a regular social butterfly. Every day finds her lunching at the Vendome with the Countess di Frasso and a gay party, and every evening she's at the Trocadero with the Countess and a gay party.

RECENTLY the Countess di Frasso gave a fishing party off the coast of Catalina with Marlene, the Clark Gables and the Dick Barthelmesses among her guests. It was one of those week-ends when the Pacific did not live up to its name, and the fishing boat pitched merrily from one crest to another, with intermissions of intensive rolling. Practically everyone succumbed to mal de mer except Marlene, who was simply in her glory rushing around giving first aid.

And just as though being the only sturdy Viking of a fishing trip wasn't enough, Marlene spent the next week-end on a gay house-party at Santa Monica, and practically defeated every young man there on the tennis court. If you want to see something really beautiful you should see the vivacious Dietrich wielding a mean tennis racquet. And we always thought she was the passive type.

THE rumor is, but you know how rumors are, that Dietrich and her blonde husband, Rudolph Seiber, who returned to Germany two months ago, will soon get a divorce.

BRIAN AHERNE, who is back in Hollywood again to play the male lead in Joan Crawford's next picture, is Marlene's constant escort these days and nights. He even took her to the Friday night fights recently, and Marlene got so excited she almost did a Lupe Velez.

FROM Nassau to Miami to Hollywood, Sidney Smith, millionaire playboy, has trailed Lilian Bond. Lilian admits they are fond of each other, but she sighs and adds, "The trouble is I work, and like to; and Sidney doesn't work, and like to." So maybe there'll be wedding bells, and maybe there won't.

NOT long ago, a visitor at the Paul Kelly home was surprised when the actor came home and, looking around ques-

-ing, inquired of his wife, "Where are the girls? Aren't they staying out late?" Paul's wife agreed, and hurried to the door and whistled, and in raced two small poodles. "The girls" are a white West Highland, "Hurry-Hurry," and a black Scotty, "Miss McNasty."

AND still another gal who has started stepping out since her vacation in New York is Irene Dunne. In the old days of 1934 and 1935 Hollywood never saw the beautiful Irene except on the screen, and occasionally on the golf course, but lately she has been night-clubbing at the Trocadero quite often. Of course, after Irene returned from her New York vacation she had to spend a week at Yosemite recovering from it, as is the custom. But evidently that dash of New York night life got in her blood, for Irene has been more social in the last month than she has been since she arrived in Hollywood.

UNA MERKEL has one of the most beautiful rose gardens in Southern California. Whenever Una "comes to dinner" she always brings you a large bouquet of her roses.

CHARLES LAUGHTON refuses to play the bridge, declaring he is "too restless" for poker games.

MARGARET SULLIVAN is trying to think up names for her two St. Bernards. So far the best names seem to

[Continued on page 52]
GETTING "Movie"


There is a letter here on my desk at the paper. It is not an unusual letter but fairly typical of the thousand and one such letters that arrive on the desk of any Broadway columnist in the course of a year. Only the postmark varies on such letters. This one is from Richmond, Virginia.

"Dear Mr. Sullivan," it starts, "I am 17 years old and my friends tell me that I would make good in the movies if I had a chance. I am blonde, blue-eyed and while I do not want to appear conceited, I have a very cute figure. Please tell me how to go about getting a screen test."

Enclosed in the letter is a picture of a lovely looking young American girl and if she did not have a nice, eager look in her eyes, I'd be prompted to sit down at the typewriter and write her this kind of an answer:

"Dear Miss ——,

"I have received your letter and, in turn, I want to ask you a few very pointed questions. Why do you think you'd click in the movies if you got a chance? Have you ever had any professional stage experience, sufficient experience to equip you for competition against a Katharine Hepburn? Have you sufficient beauty to compete against a Nancy Carroll? Are your legs as shapely as those of Marlene Dietrich or Claudette Colbert? Are your eyes as expressive as those of Merle Oberon? Have you the sophistication of a Carole Lombard, or the poise and breeding of Kay Francis? Can you wear clothes like Joan Crawford? Will your voice fall as soothingly on the ear as that of Margaret Sullavan, who comes from your same state of Virginia?

"Do you realize, young lady, that most of those who are movie stars have trained laboriously for years to perfect themselves in the art of make-believe, and that each career represents years of monotonous and weary work, dreary one-night stands in small town theatres, weeks upon weeks of rehearsals in shows that were destined to flop soon after they opened? Do you realize, young lady, that even stage stars and featured players go to Hollywood and have their hearts broken—that some of them don't even get into a picture in the course of a six-months' contract because they have been overlooked in the rush?"

"I say that I'd be prompted to write such a letter, if the young lady didn't have such an eager look on her face, but it would be like slapping a young puppy in the face with a folded newspaper. The youngster would never forgive me, because she is blinded by star-dust, dazzled by the klieg lights that illuminate the glamorous figures of a Connie Bennett or a Bergner or a Clark Gable.

However, someone must answer, for once and for all, all of these youngsters who pen such letters, for there are thousands of them, each filled with the same splendid dreams of a movie career and blinded to the cold realities of the problem involved in fulfilling those dreams. This article may pain all of you girls—blonde, brunette or red-headed—but a temporary pain is preferable to a protracted agony of hope. So listen carefully to what I have to say to you.

In the first place, getting a screen test is the least of your difficulties. If you believe, or your friends believe that you have sufficient beauty to warrant attention from the talent scouts of the major companies, write a letter to one of these three men: Oscar Serlin, Paramount Building, New York City; Al Altman, 119"
"Tested"

By Ed Sullivan

M-G-M executive office, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Joe Pincus, Fox executive office, 141 West 56th St., New York City. They are the eastern talent scout heads of their company. In your letter to them, give your name, your experience, your height, weight and coloring of eyes and hair. Enclose a picture of yourself, if possible, send a closeup shot of your face and also a full-length shot.

Despite your natural fear that such a letter will be overlooked, I tell you in all sincerity that each of these men will read it very carefully and study your picture with equal deliberation. That is their business and they are forever on the search for new faces. If there is something in your photo that catches the attention of these experts, you are on your way to a screen test.

In the event that your picture registers, this is what will happen. You will receive a letter, say, from Serlin, at the New York Paramount offices, inviting you to make the trip to New York at his company's expense. If you pass his scrutiny, in person, you will be enrolled in the drama school that is conducted in the Paramount Building for a two week or three week course. Your screen test may not be an individual test. Perhaps you will appear in a minor part while Serlin is screen-testing a big star. You may be the maid or the butler or the telephone operator in a sketch. But the point is that you will have been screen-tested because each of the actors or actresses who appears in support of a big star is also being tested simultaneously.

I receive a lot of letters from parents, asking me if it is true that there are "movie schools," which for a fee will guarantee a screen test to a youngster. My answer is to forget all about such schools, regardless of the glowing promises contained in their advertisements.

They can't guarantee anything. The final decision is up to the talent scouts. Save yourself the money that would be invested in these fruitless courses. If you are intent on a movie career, send your letters and photos direct to the three men I have listed above. If you have something that distinguishes you in their eyes, they will contact you directly. If you haven't, it's a lot better to find out quickly.

In your letters to Serlin, Altman and Pincus, tell them that you are following my advice in writing directly to them, because I've already talked to them, explained my plan and they have recommended it.

However, don't be too hopeful. It is 10,000 to 1 that you will receive a discouraging reply, and it is 10,000 to 1 that they will advise you to give up your idea of a screen career. I don't like to throw cold water on your warm enthusiasm but these are the actual figures arrayed against you. And even if you do get a screen test, it is 1000 to 1 that, even then, nothing will come of it.

I was sitting in Serlin's office the other day, preparing the data for this article, when Vera Neva, a Broadway night club singer, was announced. Miss Neva had been screen-tested eight days previously. I'll describe her to you to give you a better idea. She has one of the most stunning faces I've ever seen on Broadway, cloudy gray. [Continued on page 51]
Hints On The Proper Behavior On The Occasion Of A Proposal By A Movie Star.

By Liza

So HELP ME, I've gone romantic! And it's all because of a seventeen pound fish, moonlight off the coast of Mexico, and a slight touch of seasickness. Perhaps a dash of the old mal de mer was mostly to blame for my romantic mood, which has me so excited that I have been in a ditter for days. You see it was like this—I went on a deep sea fishing trip with Claudette Colbert and a lot of movie stars, who spent hours boasting about their prowess with rod and reel, and spent hours catching nothing but sunburn and a lot of old kelp.

Well, about four in the afternoon one of your favorate movie stars decided to go below to fix himself a neat brandy with a little shasta on the side and asked me as a favor to hold his line for him until he got back, and I who don't even know the difference between trolling and live bait, held his line for him and, Mercy, if a seventeen pound yellow-tail didn't choose just that moment to swing on to the dummy fish at the end of the line, the big silly, and practically pulled me overboard.

When those movie stars, who had been boasting all day about their prowess, saw me land that seventeen pound yellow-tail they got so mad they made me feel quite superior—Hooray for Atlanta! So I let go, relaxed, enjoyed the scenery and got awfully soft about life and nature and things. And when I feel a mood coming on I make the most of it. And then the moon came up, oh such a moon, and other things, and the boat started rolling and pitching. So when everybody else retired to the lounge for a round of martinis and a rubber of bridge I decided that the place for me was the poop-deck. And you really can't lie on your back, hour after hour, on a poop-deck, gazing up at a fine old Mexican moon without getting gloriously romantic.

Well, it gave me to think. Just suppose a movie star should propose to me sometime, what should I do? I might just as well be prepared, for anything can happen in Hollywood (and usually does), and in my beautiful new picture hat with the crushed rose on it, which I bought for Carole Lombard's last party, I am what Shakespeare might call a tasty wench, or would he? Who might propose among the eligible young leading men (and since I've gone into this I might just as well play the long shots) and who, to be sure, is eligible?

Oh, I figured it all out lying there on the poop-deck. There's William Powell, and of course there's Jean Harlow but something might be done about her; for instance, a bit of arsenic in a strawberry tart. And there's Ronnie Colman, and I could go for him. And there's George Brent, if Garbo doesn't mind, and I don't think she does. Not to mention Cary Grant and Randy Scott and Dick Powell and Jack Oakie and Frankish Tone and Nat Pendleton and Fred MacMurray, and wasn't he good in "The Gilded Lily?" A nice mess of prospects if I ever saw one, and every one of them eligible for Yuma.

Now, just suppose Bill Powell, old debonair Bill, as we call him out on the range, should go temporarily out of his mind and pop the question to me. Bill would be very casual about it, he would order six Scotches and soda, he would adjust the gardenia in his button-hole, call his tailor about the pleats in his new evening pants, and then remark rather casually, "By the way, it may not last a week, indeed it may be quite depressing, but let's get married. Do you mind? Desperately?"

Yes, I think that would be the Powell method, though mind you I have never mentioned it to Carole. Now how should I act? What should I say? I should remember Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man" and Ginger Rogers in "Star of Midnight" I suppose, and be very unconcerned and sophisticated about the entire thing. I'd probably order twelve Scotches and soda, yawn with the proper amount of blase boredom, and say, "What are you doing the first Tuesday in September? Heavens no, that's the Lubitsch dinner. But I can make it the following Thursday. Shall we take Carole and Jean and make it a party?" Maybe I'd say that, and maybe I'd stop to think, maybe Bill wouldn't be so hot as a husband after all. He has got a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, but all those fattened buttons and disappearing beds would drive me insane. After all I am the simple type who likes a good reliable bed over in the far corner and I like to know it's always there when I want it and not tucked behind one of Billie Haines' nude Italian cornices.

And Bill worries a lot, why he's often said that his greatest pleasure comes from worrying about the future, and for a dame who never sees any further than the spots before her eyes I must say that in time this future would doubtless become a great
WHOUSAND TIMES NO!

bare. And then too, come to think of it, I like Jean Harlow. Why should I muscle in on her? So if Bill ever proposed to me I wouldn't say Yes and I wouldn't say No, I'd simply say Perhaps, and then run out and see if I couldn't do better.

Who knows but what Ronnie Colman, midsummer night's dream being what it is (and what is it Reinhardt, old boy?) and June fairly vibrating with wedding bells, hot dog, might forget his British reserve just once and break down and propose. Ronnie being the shy and sensitive type, and having the Old School for his Alma Mater, would probably sit down at his desk and write a formal little note with every preposition, and proposition, in its right place. Now it's common talk, every man in the street knows it, that I have been conducting an open rebellion against grammar for years, and one look at that formal proposal in elegant black and white would depress me no end. I always say there is nothing so cheery on a warm afternoon as a dandling participle, and I am quite sure that Ronnie, so suave, so charming, so utterly proper, never dangled one in his life.

Then, too, a girl must keep in mind that Ronnie has been exposed on the screen, and off, to the beauty of Loretta Young, time and time again, so he is used to the best in feminine pulchritude, and after the first romantic ecstasy wore off he would look at me with hurt eyes that said, "You're no Loretta Young." And I would have to go through life with the shadow of Loretta ever between us, which is too much to ask of any girl. Off-screen Ronnie is definitely the athletic type. He resents any chichi in his women, they must be intelligent as well as beautiful, and they must know how to play a darned good game of tennis. Ronnie belongs to the Tennis Set.

Now I like a bit of chichi now and then, and I won't play roulette, and Nancy and I had both come with only a couple of bucks between us and were wondering if maybe the butler would cash a check for us, when Randy came loving over with his big boyish grin and slipped a twenty dollar bill into both our mitts. "Now you girls go and enjoy yourself," said Randy genially, "and if you need some more just let me know." Well, I tell you I had batted around Hollywood for years and never before had I met a young man who was thoughtful enough to realize that a girl doesn't take a lot of money to a party, and when roulette is introduced doesn't like to sit on a chair in the corner and wonder for hours if the Countess di Frasso's emeralds are real. So help me, I was so pleased with Randy that I nearly married him that night, though to be sure he hadn't asked me.

Randy is the type who asks his dates weeks in advance, quite properly, and calls the day before to see what dress you are wearing so he will know what color orchids to send, and he admires, and quite rightly too, a quiet and correct girl with none of that hey nonny nonny. He has always gone for quiet and correct girls in Hollywood, in fact most of his time and

attention is spent on Vivian Gaye, who is just about considered as Randy is himself. Randy would probably propose on his knees, with a courtsy dash of old Virginia, and at the wedding you'd have to be done up in miles and miles of ancestral lace, and I just know there would be a Family Who Disapproved. I don't believe I could face it. There's a lot of the hi de ho about me which Orange County, Virginia, would never understand, and I never know what dress I am going to wear until I actually have it on. I'm afraid, oh dreadfully afraid, that I only honestly like gentlemen in the abstract. So if Randy proposed to me, I wouldn't say Yes—oh, skip it.

Anything but quiet and correct is Randy's pal and running mate, the handsome Cary Grant. Cary is the impetuous type who wants to go places in an awful hurry and do things gayly, and he would definitely rush a poor girl off her feet. Dashing to Santa Barbara for a cocktail some evening at seventy miles an hour he might say, "Liz, my pet, let's get married," straight and simple, just like that, but before I could answer there'd be a traffic cop on our heels and when that orchestral was over Cary would have forgotten all about his proposal and we'd be dashing to the nearest florist to get the corsage that he had forgotten to pick up in Hollywood. Now I'm crazy about Cary, and have been for a long time, as he is one of the gayest, most generous and maddest people I know, but I think that deep down in his heart he is still in love with Virginia Cherrill who divorced him recently, and I just don't think I could be one of those understanding women who doesn't mind the "other woman." Besides, Cary, I know, will always insist upon driving

(Continued on page 59)
Imagination

Fanciful Gifts That Tell Of Love Are More Welcome Than Costly Presents.

By Muriel Babcock

In prehistoric days, if a handsome hunter brought home an unusually beautiful leopard skin, he stood a fine chance of capturing his sweetheart's affection. If the leopard skin didn't do the trick, his methods were simple and direct. He knocked his lady over the head with a club, dragged her off to his cave, and by this time she was right willing to say yes! But methods of wooing change.

In Hollywood today, the problem is a great deal more complex. Hollywood is a town where love is the master emotion. As all stars lead emotional lives, love affairs become matters expressed with glamorous and imaginative touches.

It is also a town where luxurious presents count for little. Most stars have wealth of their own. They have silver fox furs, handsome automobiles, and beautiful jewelry. A bracelet or a car is just another present!

No, a Hollywood young man, to win and keep the love of his lady fair, has to express himself in an unusual way, in beautiful and imaginative gestures and presents. Hence, the stars' love affairs become idyllic things of romance and fascination far above the ordinary.

I think the story of how George Brent, the handsome Lothario of the air, captured the affections of the screen's most glamorous and exotic woman, Greta Garbo, is one of the most delightful love stories I know. It has never been told before to my knowledge, but Monsieur Brent, when he made up his mind he was falling in love with Garbo, (as have many men before him!) decided she was a woman for whom the simplest rather than the most extravagant gesture would have the greatest charm.

Accordingly, on her birthday, he arrived on the set carrying an enormous birthday cake on which he himself had traced with tiny sticks of candy, "Happy Birthday." It was a lovely chocolate cake with white frosting, and he told Greta he had baked it himself. Now Mr. Brent can cook—he'd already established that fact in conversations—but whether he baked this particular cake himself or not, I wouldn't guarantee.

After the cutting of the cake, he asked Greta if she'd ever had her palm read. He told her that her hands...
were extremely fascinating and that they held great interest to a palm-reader. Yes, he read her palm, and he predicted that a tall, dark young man was coming into her life.

This was an extraordinarily simple present and gesture, but it completely captivated the great Garbo whereas, I have an idea, a handsome present or a flowery speech would have gone unheeded.

Jean Harlow confided to a close friend, not long ago, that she had never been so much in love as she was with Bill Powell. "I never knew what love meant before," she said. "I'm almost afraid of it."

How did Bill, polished, suave gentleman of the world, intrigue the imagination of the lovely blonde Harlow whose sex appeal has caused many a gentleman to go into dithers?

I know one thing he did that pleased Jean more than anything else. One day there was a ring at her door, and there arrived two uniformed messenger boys carrying two huge and heavy packages. Jean opened them and found two enormous bales of writing paper, one of yellow foolscap, the other of white bond paper, with several boxes of clips, two carvers, and four dozen pencils. With the paper was a note from Bill which said: "Just fill these all up with words."

Jean was then hard at work on the one job that she adores above everything else, the writing of her book. Being an important screen star means nothing to Jean compared to becoming an important authoress. Bill had heard her remark the evening before that she never seemed to have enough paper. And you know, if you write, that you never do!

She loved the thought behind this present. She loved Bill's appreciation of her innermost heart's desire—to be a writer. The present meant more to Jean than half a dozen bracelets because it showed her that Bill really thought about Jean, the person!

Around Carole Lombard's wrist these days there dangles a beautiful gold link bracelet. Robert Riskin gave it to Carole the week after he had her first date with her. When she opened the box and took out the bracelet, there was attached only one tiny charm—a miniature gold telephone.

The charm, Bob explained to laughing Carole, was symbolic of the good luck he had in getting a date over the telephone when he first called up. A few days later, there arrived another tiny box with a second charm in the form of a beautiful lily. This, Bob said, was to celebrate his discovery of her favorite flower—the white lily. Silly idea? Yes, but flattering. The next charm to be added to the bracelet was a tiny tennis racket, symbolizing Carole's progress in her tennis lessons from Bob. And the fourth—a question mark! Evidently, for Carole never would explain its meaning even to her close friends—this had something to do with Bob's doubts as to the progress he was making in his romance. But true love must have won, for now there's a ring charm.

I am wondering, and I suppose you are by this time, when tiny prayer book and house charms will add themselves to the bracelet. Truly, this is a romance bracelet. Carole loves it more than any of the other more lavish presents with which Bob has showered her. I don't wonder, for it shows thought, interest, and delightful imagination.

Packed away in an old worn black Morocco leather case are Helen Hayes' dearest love treasures—a dozen phonograph records, presents from black-haired, rollicking Charlie MacArthur. No, they do not carry tunes of Bing Crosby's crooning. This is their story:

One dark day in Hollywood when Helen hadn't heard from Charlie in three whole weeks, the first record arrived. Annoyed
beyond words, because she had so hoped for a letter. Helen was almost exasperated enough to snuff the record into bits. But—she didn’t. Curiosity impelled her to put it on the Victrola, and lo, there was Charlie talking to her. From the record came his very talking, as all the tender gestures that he would write in a letter. She played the record over and over again as she listened to Charlie telling how much he loved her. Charlie’s nonchalant explanation was that he was far too lazy to write, and the records offered a simple way to tell a beloved wife how much he loved her. But Helen knew differently. Records took far more work—they were an imaginative product of his love, and she adored them.

The famous ace writer won a beautiful star wife by exercising his imagination, although in a more practical way. However, the results achieved were decidedly romantic. John Monk Saunders and Fay Wray were on location in Maryland, John was the director, Fay the leading lady of the picture. John was enamoured with young Miss Wray, but she, being quite young and proper, was a little frightened at the idea of stepping out with her boss, particularly toward the record. As she wrote in her diary, “I always can dictate better when I eat.” That first luncheon must have been a very funny one, as between mouthfuls of cocktail and salad Evelyn would mutter, “Dear Virginia, I love you. Will you marry me...?”

Well, you know the end of the story. She’s now Mrs. Richard Dix and the mother of twins and a very, very happy wife. She told Richard later that, while she liked him at the very first, she had been warned against movie stars, and she was determined not to let herself fall in love with him. No amount of flattery or number of presents would have stirred her from this conviction. It took the Dix imagination, mixing pleasure and business, which won her.

I always thought one of the outstanding examples of showmanship in courtship was that shown by Flo Ziegfeld when he was wooing Billie Burke. Flo first met the beautiful Billie, she would have none of him. Presents, flowers, meant nothing to her. One day she saw that there had been installed in her bedroom a beautiful little telephone. This telephone, by special arrangement with the phone company, did not go through central but went directly to Mr. Ziegfeld’s private office on Forty-second Street. A note attached to it explained that she might want to call him up, and it was important for him to have this call. So he had this special phone in his office waiting for Billie to realize that she was loved. And so Billie married Flo. Fanchet Tone is in love with Joan Crawford that he thinks of little else. He has given her many a beautiful present, but the one, she told me, that touched her most was his present of her singing lessons. For a long time, she has been ambitious to know how to sing correctly, for Jack loves music. It is the very breath and fire of her soul. Always when she is working she has a phonograph on her set. She finds inspiration in it. But she has been self-conscious about her voice and sure that never could she, Joan Crawford, sing.

One day Joan answered the telephone to her voice saying “I am Senor Otto Moreno. I am your new singing teacher. When shall we begin?” Joan was flabbergasted, stammered and stuttered, “What is this all about?” Senor Moreno, laughing, said he was in on the surprise, said, “Yes, I am real. I am your teacher, and I hear you have a good voice, but you are bashful. Mr. Tone has employed me, and I want to begin right away, I know because you are such a marvelous actress, you must be able to use that voice in a beautiful way of expressing his love for her. Of course, not all lovers would have the love of music. It is that very voice that George Barnes once made to Joan Blondell when courting her. George found a particularly sarcastic review of the morning paper. Flopped it out, and mounted it on a beautiful red paper. At the top, he drew some hearts and cupids, making his work of art look something like a valentine. At the bottom of the card, just below the sarcastic criticism, he wrote: “But somebody loves you, and his name is George.”

If Joan hadn’t had a great sense of humor, I doubt if she would have taken this calmly, but she did, for she knew that George honestly loved her and believed in her work. And she appreciated the fact that his interest went so far as to follow her reviews.

And so you can see that no Hollywood love affair follows a dull course. The stars, when they fall in love, enjoy romances far above the ordinary in glamour and imagination. And put their affairs into their affairs of the heart. Because they are so steeped in emotion, because emotion is the very life blood of Hollywood, their super romances, with all the idyllic touches that ordinary mortals miss.
"Anything you want, dear?" asks W. C. Fields of Kathleen Howard in "Everything Happens at Once."

"Want my breakfast," he announces drunkenly.

"You'll git your breakfast," Janet retorts, setting about preparing it. "I want eggs." Charlie goes on in a tone that implies someone had told him he couldn't have them.

"You'll git eggs," Janet agrees.

"I want eggs but I want 'em different," Bickford continues argumentatively. "I'm sick of your eggs. Boiled and fried eggs," he yells sarcastically, and then suddenly, "I want some fried boiled eggs. That's what I want."

"Go to your cabin and git some sleep. You'll feel better after," Janet advises conciliatingly.

"You tellin' me what to do?" he demands menacingly. "I got a mind to give you a lacin'."

"You ain't goin' to give me no lacin'," Janet shrieks, her temper flaring. "You gimme my eggs," Bickford retorts obstinately.

"All right," Janet screams, losing control of her temper. "I'll give you your eggs. And I'll give 'em to you different. There'll be no splitting up an egg and letting him have it all in the face. And there!" picking up another and repeating the process. "Is that different enough?"

With that, she stalks angrily from the cabin, leaving the drunkenly astonished Bickford gazing stupidly after her. At the steps she turns and wrathfully shouts back. "That's all the breakfast you'll git from me."

This ought to be a tow of a picture for Janet. I've never seen her look as pretty as she does in the gingham and plaid she wears in this one. And, as the spitfire, her part has more life to it than she is usually permitted to display.

Henry Fonda, the would-be farmer, was brought out from New York to repeat the part he created in the stage play of the same name.

Next, we have The Homespun Philosopher, Mr. Will Rogers, in a re-make of "In Old Kentucky." This has been done two or three times before, the last time with Marion Nixon and James Murray. I don't recall the plot, but there is a horse race in it. Naturally Mr. Rogers is concerned in it and just before the race he gets thrown into jail... for obstructing justice and judging old man Martinagle—whoever he may be. Suddenly we hear the sound of a key being turned in the lock and Wash (Bill Robinson) is shown in.

Bill Robinson and Will Rogers, rival tap dancers in "In Old Kentucky."

"Got the horse there all right?" Rogers asks anxiously.

"Yes, sir," says Robinson, who has evidently been running because he is mopping his forehead. "If that horse runs as fast as I been running," he goes on, "nobody going to catch him. What you going to do, Mistah Topley?" he asks with a change of tone.

"Dunno," Rogers answers. "Got any ideas?"

"I ain't got none now, but I sometimes [Continued on page 66]
UNLESS you have already learned by experience or guessed why youth mates with age, "Accent on Youth" solves the problem for you once and for all. It is a sparkling comedy with numerous unsuspected dramatic depths. It is superbly cast, admirably acted, and is directed by Wesley Ruggles, who has given us some of the outstanding hits of the screen, including that classic of all times, "Cimmaron." Particularly adapted to handling modern problems which involve the emotions of the very young, his "Accent on Youth," from the Broadway play of that name, promises to be one of the bright spots in the current season's attractions.

It is the story of two men and a woman but it brings a new twist to the eternal triangle. In this picture, so gallant, so gay, so full of youthful yearning and mature consideration, Herbert Marshall as Steven Gaye, forty-eight, gives us a vivid and interesting portrait of a successful playwriting man about town catapulted into a situation rivaling one in a play he has just written and which he is about to produce. Sylvia Sidney is Linda Brown, the playwright's secretary, who finds herself trapped by her joint love for Steven and for the impetuous youth of Dickie Reynolds as portrayed by Philip Reed.

Accent on Romance

As the story opens we find the prospective cast for Steven's play gathered in his library for a first reading. From her place behind her typewriter, Linda speaks ardently to the dissatisfied trio around her, concerning the merits of Steven's play, "Old Love," until they catch fire, too, and when Steven enters a moment later greet him with an unexpected enthusiasm.

After they leave, Steven and Linda discuss the play over tea. They are interrupted by Genevieve Lang (the beauteous Astrid Alwyn) whom Steven wants for his feminine lead. Genevieve is about Linda's age, attractive, smartly sophisticated, with a poise lacking in the secretary. The two women eye each other coldly as Linda passes from the room leaving the two together.

Genevieve hasn't seen Steven for four years. She pushes him gently back in his chair as he rises, and stands looking at him
smilingly, and at the room which so admirably suits him with its book-lined walls, deep chairs, and scores of autographed pictures. A few minutes later, in the terraced garden of the penthouse apartment, Genevieve recites the leading part in "Old Love." Leaning against the roof wall, the blue sky and the towers of Manhattan fram-

The playwright tells Linda that love places an accent on youth.

he was retiring and she was fired. In high glee he dashed restlessly about the room as he talked—running his fingers through his thinning hair, starting to dictate a letter which he cancelled with a wave of his hand.

Linda Discharged

Pausing beside Linda's desk, too excited to notice her pallor and the hurt in her eyes, he offered to make her a present—a trip to Europe, a trousseau, or better still, a check for six months' salary. Linda pushed his check book, in which she had been writing as he talked, toward him and he noticed the amount was for four days' salary.

"You're angry," Steven looked up quickly, pen poised in mid-air.

"No, I'm accurate. You've discharged me, haven't you? Now—we're

and faced him. A moment she looked at him and then her eyes dropped to her hat, while her nervous fingers fumbled with the brim.

Linda Declares Her Love

"Well—before I say goodbye, I want you to know that I love you. I want you to know that the three years and two months I've spent with you have been the most wonderful, peaceful, happiest years I've ever had or hoped to have. You hardly knew I was on earth— but you've given me more than you could have given a wife, or any other woman, or your friends, or your audiences. I had you when you were alone. You've spoiled every other man for me. You did that in the first month. You've done a terrible thing, you opened my eyes, my heart, my brain—and you never touched me. But if you think I can walk out of this house without wanting to kill you, without wanting to cut my initials into every day you're going to live, you're crazy! Goodbye—and try to forget me!"

Steven listened in amusement at first—an amusement which changed to amazement. This was something he hadn't counted on and with which he didn't know how to cope. Linda turned and started out of the room. Steven rushed over and caught her by the arm. He led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her, holding her hand the while.

"Funny," he mused. "When you get right down to it, I can't think off-hand of a man who could make you forget me. I'm beginning to see what a spot you're in! I am a unique combination!"

"You're wonderful! There was adoration, even in her voice and a sudden un-leashed passion which had built itself up into something very dangerous in her three years of silent, close [Continued on page 60]
PETER LORRE
Acclaimed the
WORLD'S GREATEST ACTOR


By Whitney Williams

OUT on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, Culver City's pride and joy and as merry a studio as you may find in the whole Hollywood colony...they are making a horror picture which doubtless will end all horror films.

In itself, this is not so important a circumstance. From the time of Chaney down through Karloff, productions of this type have been promised...and the following month saw even a more uncanny screen play released. That was before an insistent-appearing Hungarian actor by the name of Peter Lorre arrived on the scene.

The name of this artist may be unfamiliar to you. But those who witnessed the German-made production of “M” some years ago will recall him with a shock...for Peter Lorre is the man who portrayed the pathological child-murderer in this thriller of thrillers.

In Europe his name is as well-known as Clark Gable's or George Arliss' in this country. Of him Charles Chaplin, master pantomimist, remarks..."He is the greatest living actor."

And Chaplin has never been known to open his mouth in praise of an actor or actress before.

No personality of stage or screen ever received so strange a reception from the public as Lorre, after the release of his initial film, "M." He became the most hated man in Europe!

As though he actually were the Dusseldorf murderer in person, people shunned him like the plague. He could not appear in public without causing every woman to grab her offspring and dash pell-mell for safety, or shriek in terror at his innocent approach. His conciliatory smile was taken to mean he was working himself into the mood for another homicide.

Courageous men moved aside, and intimate friends deserted him without so much as an excuse. Should he call on old acquaintances, he was met with bated breaths. As for the children in the streets...they ran screaming to their homes as though the Evil One himself pursued them. Even his wife looked upon him askance, through different eyes, as though she, too, were terrified by his presence. Overnight, he turned into an arch-fiend...in the minds of a mature populace who, since the age of understanding, had teetered in and been accustomed to heavy, dripping drama.

This is the man, then, who has come to star in the Metro picture, adapted from Jacques Renard's great story. It relates as eerie a tale as ever was told about a madman, a maniac with the soul of a ghoul and the mind of a genius.

Do you wonder that I predict this offering of terror will climax all horror films?

In many years of interviewing celebrities of the stage and the screen, I have met scores of personalities who impressed me with their ability, their intellect, their grasp of fundamentals. Never, however, until I conversed with Peter Lorre, and came to know him after several meetings, have I encountered an actor so gifted and so immersed in an art in which, at thirty-one, he stands the greatest living actor.

Very simply, he will tell you..."I am an actor, not because audiences need me, but because I personally feel the need of it." The very humility of such a remark. These few words reveal the character of the man more clearly and more poignantly. [Continued on page 38]
Charles Boyer Has Made Only A Few Pictures, But They Have Made Him A Million Friends —He's A Living Chain Letter.

By Lenore Samuels

The Boyer Charm

NEXT to her famous historical characters, her literateurs, and her good will ship (I am referring, of course, to the mammoth Normandie) France's most efficient propagandists have been her actors. Bernhardt, during her many coast to coast tours, inspired in us a tremendous regard for the French race. Then came Chevalier, that provocative comedian, who put an entirely new and decidedly captivating interpretation upon that intangible quality which Hollywood calls sex appeal. But, one day, Dame Ruman whispered cat-tily about town that Chevalier's charm was like a lamp in the dark which could—and was—switched off at will, and suddenly Chevalier's courtiers drooped sadly away and sought a new king before whom they could bend the knee.

This brings us to Monsieur Charles Boyer (pronounced Bwa-yay), a dramatic actor who occupies the same high standing on the Parisian stage that the Barrymores once enjoyed on the American stage. Before coming to Hollywood several years ago to do French versions of screen plays for Metrolodwn-Mayer, Boyer distinguished himself in many fine, dramatic French films, one of them being the very popular "Lilom." He also did a film for Ufa in Germany. And in London he is almost as popular on the stage as he is in his beloved Paris.

When he first came to Hollywood he knew barely a word of the English language. But after two visits he had so mastered our tongue that Fox executives, who were impressed by his magnificent technique in a film called "The Battle," which they had viewed while in France, signed him to a long term contract. "Caravan," in which he was called upon to play a sentimental gypsy who fiddled his way into the heroine's heart, so depressed him that in spite of what we call French conservatism, he bought up the remainder of his contract and went back to France to do some real acting once more.

But his stay on the Fox lot brought results in another way. For it was there that he met the charming blonde English actress, Pat Patterson, whom he married in Yuma after a whirlwind courtship. Poor Pat had to remain behind in Hollywood (for she was tied up with a Fox contract and her career in pictures is really important to her) while her husband went back to his native land. With her in Hollywood, however, it was no surprise to find Monsieur Boyer rushing back to America after a few months, this time with a contract signed and sealed by that excellent producer, Walter Wanger. I missed seeing M. Boyer on his way out to Hollywood last December, so it was with great pleasure that I accepted his cordial invitation to visit him in his suite at the Ritz just before he sailed home again on the Normandie. When I arrived, a small group was gathered in a cozy circle around him. M. Boyer graciously beckoned me to a place beside him on a divan, and the general conversation continued just where it had left off before my arrival. M. Boyer, you see, has the gift of putting people at their ease immediately. One does not fling questions at him and get stilted, opinionated or wary answers back. Rather, it is like meeting up with an old friend at a familiar and favored rendezvous and exchanging ideas, many ideas, and, although the discussion gets highly animated at times it never gets caught up in an unfriendly trap. M. Boyer is too much interested in people, in events, in life itself to be dogmatic on any one subject.

As for the Boyer charm, it is not a flame that can be extinguished at will. It comes from within and, whether in serious or jesting mood, its power is so intense, so stimulating that you find yourself listening to him, spellbound. It is only with a considerable jerk that you tear yourself out of your dream and concentrate on M. Boyer's impressions of the film colony. "I like Hollywood," he admits, with that boyish smile of his that makes him look so much younger than he appears in his films. "But I could not remain there throughout the year. I must get away for at least six months. You know, I work at the studio all day but at night I can forget the films if I wish. My friends there are in many professions—some of them are actors, to be sure—but like any other man who have outside interests . . . writers, artists, business men of all types. They force me to think along different lines. It has a broadening effect."

An actor cannot narrow himself down into [Continued on page 73]
ELL, now that midsummer's madness is upon us I suppose droves of you folks are vacation-bound, and don't care a whit if I have to sit here at my desk all summer and swelter. (Comes the Revolution and I shall turn in my desk for a Roll.) But ah, I shall have my laugh a month from now when all of you come staggering back, itching and bitting, and worn to an old frazzle daze, while I shall be as chipper as a nesting meadow lark tweet tweet.

And right now I'm telling you, if you are half as crazy on your vacation as a movie star is, then I never want to meet you, even if you have a million dollars and giving ways. These movie stars get me down. They don't make sense. For months, maybe years, they'll crab about all the work they have to do at the studio, and they'll grouch to anybody who'll listen, "Gee, I must have a vacation. Five pictures straight, I'll go nuts if I don't get some rest soon." And finally they get a vacation, six weeks with nothing to do but rest, and what do they do? They go nuts all right, nutty as a New Orleans praline.

My, my, the things that are done in the name of testing. Practically everything, except a good night's sleep. As you know, when a star is making a picture she keeps very regular hours, she must be at the studio made-up and ready for the first shot by eight, and she usually doesn't get away until after she has seen the day's "rushes," which makes dinner about eight, and then she is too tired for anything but bed. With this factory routine you can be darned sure, Ella, that mislady keeps out of all mischief and doesn't have a chance to exude any of that well known Glamour. But when she starts on a "rest" you can be certain there will be new clothes, new homes, new fads, new cars, and new husbands. Yeah, anything can happen when a movie star rests.

But, honestly, they really believe, quite sincerely, that they are going to get a rest when they go away on a vacation. With the naiveté of a Shirley Temple they'll tell you of the heavenly peace and quiet and sleep they expect to revel in as they step on the plane, train or gas looking like good respectable citizens, but ah me, you should see them when they return. What with circles and jitters and things they look like something that no discerning cat would ever bring in. The studio takes one peep, swoons, and postpones their next picture for another month.

Only a few weeks ago I saw Claudette Colbert on the very day that she returned from her first vacation in two years. "And they call it rest," said Claudette slumping into the nearest chair and slipping her feet out of her shoes, "I call it rest in pieces. I'm completely shattered."

Claudette has worked awfully hard the last two years, turning out one success after another, but at least she kept her
health, her weight and her cheerful disposition, so it was with a sinking heart that I heard her say, "Thank heavens, I'm going to have a chance to rest at last. I'm off for a month in New York, and I'll be a new person when I return." Well, she practically was. She lost ten pounds, which may sound rather pleasant if you are anything like me, but to Claudette it's a tragedy. Her disposition was frayed around the edges, with absolutely no vestiges of a sense of humor, and she was all set for a magnificent break-down, with hysterics on the side. Upon investigation I discovered that Claudette had spent most of one week rehearsing for a radio broadcast, two weeks were spent in doing all the things she didn't want to do, and seeing all the people she didn't want to see, simply because she was a movie star, and then there was another week wherein she bought dozens of hats that didn't match anything in her wardrobe, and met the Press. She had fourteen interviews in one day. In Hollywood she would complain if she had to have more than two a week. Fortunately, Claudette had to start another picture, or resting would have put her in her grave in no time.

Joan Bennett told me last week of a crazy vacation she had in San Francisco. Ever since "Little Women" Joan has been in great demand and has been in one picture after another. But recently she found herself with a week-end on her hands, and when Bill Thomas, Paramount publicity man, asked her to make a personal appearance, all expenses paid, in San Francisco in conjunction with "Private Worlds" Joan thought it might be fun. The appearance wouldn't take but a few minutes and she could have a nice exhilarating week-end before starting the next picture. She made reservations on the Lark, but missed the train. She went to the wrong airport so missed the morning plane, and finally arrived breathlessly just in time to make the 12:50 performance, without even powdering her face. That over, she collapsed and demanded that Bill take her to lunch as quickly as possible as she hadn't had a bite to eat all day. She wanted gobs and gobs of food.

But the door burst in just then and the Press of San Francisco, accompanied by photographers, surrounded her, and Joan couldn't be rude to them, so she had to sit there and give dozens of interviews and pictures while her poor stomach growled and finally caved in. "Now," said Joan as the last reporter left, "we eat. I want a nice big juicy steak." "But you really can't leave now," said Bill blandly. "You have to make another appearance in five minutes." "Another appearance?" shrieked Joan, "why you soandso, you told me if I came to San Francisco I'd only have to make one appearance." "Now, Joanie," said Bill, giving her the personality, "don't be a Connie. Can I help it if the management advertises that you will make four appearances? And you know you can't walk out on your fans, can you, sweet?"

Well, to make a long story shorter it was nine o'clock that night before Joan had a chance to order a great big juicy steak at the hotel. And hardly had it been set before her than the urbane Mr. Thomas arrived with the orchestra leader, who just insisted that Miss Bennett say hello to the merry couples who were dancing there that night. "All right," said Joan with a pathetic look at the steak, "I'll say hello, but don't let the waiter take anything." And then Bill, played the meanest trick that a press agent can play on a star, he pushed Joan right up on the dance floor, and before she

[Continued on page 62]

Although Janet Gaynor has a real camp in Wisconsin, the lure of New York draws her between pictures.

The finest riding horses are forgotten when Janet is caught in the delirium of "Resting."

Dick Barthelmess is more sane than most stars, but days of "Rest" drive him to extremes.

for August 1935

25
All the Romantic

The Heart Affairs
Of The Younger Fry

Then Mary Brian, whose engagement to Rudy Vallee had been rumored from New York, popped into town on a plane and immediately went to dinner at the Derby with Dick Powell who has been carrying a torch ever since she went away.

We thought we had Rouben Mamoulian and Gertrude Michael all nicely settled until we glimpsed him lunching with Mona Maris, and we became all confused again about the entire matter.

We had been entirely easy in our minds about the course of true love for Jack La Rue and Connie Simpson, until the dog sauntered into the restaurant with Ida Lupino on his arm. And the next day Ida was there with Howard Hughes! Oh, dear! They do get about so!

That Merle Oberon is the most popular belle

WHAT with the warm breezes and the roses in bloom and mocking birds twittering all night and Hollywood simply sticky with young love and budding romances, a girl can't keep her mind on her work! I've never seen so many tender goings-on among the younger set as there are this season.

Production at the studios is slow just now and they all have time to go capering and making eyes and sighing and wearing those goopling expressions, which look so silly to everyone except the gooplers. The Boulevards swarm with bright, open roadsters, filled with young things in gay clothes and you have to reserve tennis courts at the clubs days in advance, and I had my breath entirely squashed out of me when I tried to get into my favorite night club to play the slot machines. Why, I inquired, ritably, can't you all go and hold hands in the nice moonlight instead of getting in the way of sensible people who want to squander quarters?

And the chits change their minds so frequently and so suddenly, you can't possibly keep track of them, and it's all too exhausting trying to keep these young pairs sorted out so that one can gossip about them with any accuracy at all!

Take last week at the Brown Derby! David Niven, who has been rumored to be engaged to Merle Oberon, turned up at lunch escorting Elizabeth Allan and looking very pleased about it, too. But a day or so later he was there with Merle! Just a lover's tryst? Or was he punishing Merle for going out with Eddie Lowe?

When Dick Powell left for Annapolis for his new picture, Mary Brian, his perennial sweetheart, kissed him goodbye at the station. It must be love.

Hollywood has seen in a long, long time... with Ida Lupino a close runner-up. All the boys have given Merle a terrific rush and she is submerged in invitations and gardenias. As this is written, David Niven seems to be the favored gentleman but maybe it's just the Spring and the circumstance of

International

The familiar Trocadero background, and Merle Oberon with the new United Artists feature player, David Niven.

Silver Screen
working with him in a picture. As Louisa M. Alcott frequently remarked, propriety, my dear, works wonders!

As for Mary Brian. I long ago gave up trying to keep track of her and her beaux. Mary has been so spectacularly popular for so long . . . . .

She told me once, rather winfully, "You see, people think of me as a sort of play-girl. No one believes that I could be really serious about marriage. But I am. I want to marry and settle and retire from pictures, I never felt that way until I saw how idyllically happy June Collyer and Stuart Erwin are. June wouldn't give up what she has and return to pictures for anything.

"I want some of the real things in life. But the boys who take me around want a succession of parties and restaurants and theaters and night clubs. Even the ones who talk of marriage see our lives together a succession of those things. No one believes that I have a serious side and that underneath I am really quite a domestic soul, that I want security and solidity and privacy. No one believes that I could be satisfied without glitter and excitement.

"Well, I could. And I am not going to marry until I see some assurance of the simple sort of existence which I really want." Well . . . Dick Powell has that new house in the country, nicely suited, one would think, to quiet domesticity. It is close to the homes of the Bing Crosbys and the Richard Arlen--as settled and domestic young married people as one could wish to meet. It isn't far from Mary's own house, as a matter of fact. And what with the Spring and Mary's having left Rudy presumably disconsolate on the Atlantic Coast and everything . . . . . . who can tell?

But it isn't well to try to interfere in these matters, as the powers at Metro-Goldwyn-May-

Frances Drake and Henry Wilcoxon recuperate from the activities of the Paramount lot at a Hollywood night spot.

The bright prospects which the future holds for them does not rob Robert Taylor and Jean Parker of the thrills of today.

er learned recently. Jean Parker and Robert Taylor, both promising young players, are under contract to that company and the studio is busily grooming both of them for stardom. Since they are playing together in a picture and since they are romantic types, somebody or other thought that it would be interesting if they were seen going about together.

So they were sent to the Coconut Grove and assiduous photographers appeared, quite by chance, of course, to photograph them dancing together and smiling sweetly at one another. The hitch came when Jack Barnes, the young San Diego newspaperman who has engaged Jean's attention, turned up with Irene Hervey. The couples immediately switched partners and went on to other places where they could hold hands with no snooping photographers about to bother them.

Even studio edicts cannot make love bloom where it has no intention of blooming.

Anita Louise has been giving us some difficulty, too. When we first interviewed her, two or three years ago, we saw her as an extremely serious and ambitious young person, beautiful but rather cold, absorbed in her career and no goal at all for a young man's romantic affections. As has often happened, we were wrong. Anita has gone [Continued on page 61]
GAMES

The Amusing And Entertaining "Games" They Play In Hollywood.

"Woses are wed,
Vi-ets are boo,
Suggy is tweet
An' so are Ooo."

by Jerry Asher

Joan Crawford's birthday served as an appropriate time to introduce the fascinating game called "In The Manner Of The Word." First there was a wonderful dinner and seated around the table were such good Crawford friends as Franchot Tone, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs and Mr. and Mrs. John Beal. Just before the end of the meal a candle-covered cake. Around the base were snow white and candle gardenias. Written on the cake in letters made of candy forget-me-nots were the words, "Happy Birthday Joan."

Jean's an attractive knotty pine bar. There the mysteries of "In The Manner Of The Word" were explained and here is the way it was played.

Franchot Tone went out of the room. The others concentrated on a single word that must be an adverb. Such ones as, naturally, casually, hopefully, stupidly, vulgarly, etc., were suggested. Finally everyone agreed on the adverb "childishly." Franchot Tone was called back in the room. Going up to Joan he selected her as his first victim.

"Joan, will you speak a piece, in the manner of the word," was his request. Which meant that Joan must speak a piece childishly and from her words and actions, Franchot must guess what adverb she has in mind.

Now if you can, imagine the glamorous Joan Crawford, who secretly loathes baby talk or affectation of any kind, playing a game like this. But Joan proved herself to be a good sport. Standing in the middle of the room, her toes turned in and twisting her handkerchief like an infant, Joan recited:

Hollywood is having such fun these nights. And it's all so innocent, scandal mongers have disgustedly gone back to minding their own business. Heavily-curtained windows can only mean that Wallie Beery is giving a spin-the-platter party. Those hilarious shrieks filling the silent night? Probably Garbo and a few of her intimates playing a game of drop the handkerchief behind their ears. They stuff the phone bells and tell the butler to take his old mother to the fights.

Jean Muir, her scottie and her very attractive home. Here Joan gave a "Cobweb" party which proved to be very novel and fascinating.

Since Hollywood has become so game-conscious, they've given the night life back to the Gods. Popular late spots are so deserted the waiters are dancing with themselves. You couldn't find a movie star running around loose after nightfall, if you baited them with a seven year contract. They rush home to play games, with greasepaint still damp behind their ears. They stuff the phone bells and tell the butler to take his old mother to the fights.

Jean Crawford, birthday served as an appropriate time to introduce the fascinating game called, "In The Manner Of The Word." First there was a wonderful dinner and seated around the table were such good Crawford friends as Franchot Tone, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs and Mr. and Mrs. John Beal. Just before the end of the meal came a surprise from Franchot Tone. Lights were turned off and in walked the butler with a candle-covered cake. Around the base were snow white and candle gardenias. Written on the cake in letters made of candy forget-me-nots were the words, "Happy Birthday Joan."

Present were opened and the guests repaired to Joan's attractive knotty pine bar. There the mysteries of "In The Manner Of The Word" were explained and here is the way it was played.

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Now if you can, imagine the glamorous Joan Crawford, who secretly loathes baby talk or affectation of any kind, playing a game like this. But Joan proved herself to be a good sport. Standing in the middle of the room, her toes turned in and twisting her handkerchief like an infant, Joan recited:

"Woses are wed,
Vi-ets are boo,
Suggy is tweet
An' so are Ooo."

Everyone burst out laughing. Because she is a good actress, Joan gave the adverb away the first time, Franchot, who had three guesses, hit it immediately by saying, "The word is childishly." Then it was Joan's turn to go out of the room. While she was out, the others selected a new adverb. This time it was "happily." Joan was called back.

Going up to John Beal, Joan requested:

"John, go over to Jean Dixon and kiss her hand in the manner of the word." Which meant of course, that John must go over to Jean (who played opposite Joan in "Sadie McKee") and kiss her hand happily.

Jean Muir, her scottie and her very attractive home. Here Joan gave a "Cobweb" party which proved to be very novel and fascinating.
John, taking an actor's advantage of the situation, walked over to Jean, took her hand in his and, as he kissed it, looked up into her eyes with all the ardor of a young lover. Then he stopped, turned away and clasped his hands dramatically, then once more returned to his task with renewed vigor.

By the look on his face, Joan had a pretty good idea what the adverb was. But being a young lady who is always sure of every move she makes, she was taking no chances. Turning to Franchot, she said:

"Franchot, take that tray of sandwiches and balance it on your head in the manner of the word." This meant that he must balance the tray—happily.

"Well, I always wanted to be an acrobat, so here goes," grinned Franchot.

With that he picked up the tray and set it on his head. The tray swayed dangerously in mid-air. Franchot, with arms stretched out like a tight-ropes walker, didn't have to go out of his way to register the adverb. If ever there was a picture of happiness, he was it. Joan guessed the word immediately and in the manner of the word, "gratefully," everyone told Joan what a grand time they had and said goodnight.

Jean Muir's "Gobweh" party sent her guests spinning around with excitement.

To her home in Beverly Hills, Jean invited Richard Cromwell, Julie Haydon, Francis Lederer with Mary Loos, Russell Hardie, George Wolff, Karen Morley and her director husband, Charles Vidor, Cesar Romero (the new Dietrich-leading-man
guests found a present at the end of their string. For the ladies there were gardenia corsages. For the men, a carton of cigarettes. Then the food arrived and never was there a hungrier crowd.

Una Merkel's buffet supper, given in her outdoor bar, was a party that Hollywood will long remember. An invitation to Una's house means an evening of completely being yourself. Everyone takes off his coat, lets down his hair and has a good time, because Una is just that kind of hostess. And her Outpost Estates home, snuggling at the bottom of a high hill, is an ideal spot for all the celebration.

After a barbecued meal, at which Una officiated, wearing a chef's hat, someone suggested the

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The game of "Murder" is a thriller that appeals to Madge Evans. Have you ever played it?

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When Una Merkel wants to wake her parties up she starts a game.

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Wheeler and Woolsey have a game of their own invention which they find is always enjoyed by their guests.

rave, who played opposite Jean in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight") Jean Parker and Josephine Hutchinson, with her new husband, Jimmy Townsend.

As the hostess greeted each person, she handed them a string. (There's always a string attached to things in Hollywood.) These strings ran everywhere and made the place look like a huge web of entanglement. At the given signal of go, the game started. Each person started winding, at the same time following the direction of his particular string.

As a reward for their hard work, the

game of "Who Am I?" Immediately a circle was made up of Madge Evans, Henry Wadsworth, Andy Devine, Robert Young, Gail Patrick, John Arledge, Nydia Westman, Kent Taylor, Zasu Pitts, Mac Clarke, Raymond Milland and Mary Carlisle. This is the way they played the game.

Una decided to be "It." While she went out of hearing distance, her guests decided what famous character in history they would make her. They decided on "Joan of Arc." Una was called back and stood in front of Henry Wadsworth, who was first in the circle.

"Who am I, Henry?" said Una.

"You were the hottest gal in town," cracked Henry.

"Who am I, Madge?" said Una, next turning to Madge Evans.

"People have been known to burn you up," answered Madge wisely.

"Who am I?" persisted Una, turning to Kent Taylor.

"You lost everything at a stake," said Kent.

"I'm the hottest gal in town and lost everything at one stake," said Una, thinking out loud. "That by any chance, wouldn't make me Mae West, would it?" A few more times around and Una guessed who she was. Had she failed after her third guess, the rules of the game say that she must be told.

Next Zasu Pitts went out and everyone decided that she would be "Eve." "O-oh dear," wailed Zasu, imitating her screen self. "Can anyone possibly tell me who-o I am?"

"You played a skin game," said Robert Young.

"Someone tried to red-apple you," was Gail Patrick's remark.

"You're the original nudist," giggled Mary Carlisle. "Then Zasu guessed who she was and gratefully sat down, while Mary had to go out.

Another game which the younger actors of Hollywood frequently play has the chilling title of "Murder." It is guaranteed to break up any concealed gathering.

Each player draws a card; the one who gets the Jack of Spades is the murderer, and the one with the Ace of Diamonds, the District Attorney. The District Attorney goes out, preferably upstairs, as the whole first floor is used in the game. All the lights are turned out so that the house is in total darkness. Everybody wanders around trying to escape the unknown murderer, who, when he finds someone in the dark, gently (?) chokes him until he yells, "Murder." When he tries to get to another part of the house before someone turns on the lights, which should be shortly after the murder. The District Attorney returns and questions and cross-examines each suspect, all of whom must tell the truth, with the exception of the murderer, who may lie all he wishes. Of course, the corpse says nothing.

In the questioning, the District Attorney may ask if a suspect saw anyone near him, but he must not name a definite person, as "Was it Una?" Neither can he say, "Did you commit the (Continued on page 73)
WANTED!

Gene Raymond Is Not A Fugitive
From The Police, He Is Only Wanted
By Every Girl In The World.

By Helen Harrison

When Santa Claus climbs out of his sleigh and delivers the goods—as I certainly hope he'll get around to doing before Inflation sets in—all I want is a silver fox, a bottle of Napoleon brandy (to celebrate) and Gene Raymond. I might even be satisfied to make my dyed weasel do and one can grow mellow on synthetic gin if the occasion demands. . . . But Gene Raymond, once you've seen him materialized, is something you just can't get along without!

To prove it I give you several thousand roistering females whom Gene found right up his alley, literally, when he played Cleveland (and Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, etc.), shattering long-standing house records with gay abandon and producing a new all-time low for high school attendance! Indeed, right up the alley, en masse, they came, even crowding the fire escapes, and chanting the litany of a true fan. "We want Raymond!" "Hi, want Raymond!" "We WANT RAYMOND!!!" It got so bad they had to call out the police, the reserves and then, believe it or take the consequences, the fire department! Why the fire department? Ask me not. Except the astute bobbies realized that where thousands of feminine hearts blaze there's apt to be a fire! So they called the hook and ladder!

But to get back to Gene and the afternoon of "The Night of June Third," as the bailiff has it.

Just before returning to Hollywood and another R-K-O picture, Gene told me some interesting details of that personal appearance tour which was interrupted only long enough for him to slip back to the studio to make "Hooray for Love," with Ann Southern opposite.

It's a musical and Gene has high hopes for it. It was, he assured me, great fun in the making.

Gene, who can toss off a song, au naturelle, to the entire delight of his large following, has taken "just enough lessons to learn breath control." And who do you think warned him against studying voice? None other than Nelson (Naughty Marietta) Eddy! Um, him, they're friends, have been for years, and when Gene sought his advice, some time ago, Eddy told him that he already had what singers were always striving to get! According to Gene, Eddy, via the Raymond scenic route, it seems when you play, well let's say a love scene, will that do? (will it?) you say "Darling, I love you" in one voice, and then you go into "Sweet Mystery of Life," (nothing personal I assure you) by stepping up or down into your singing voice and this, as you can see, has the desired effect. On the other hand, when Gene plays in a scene and then starts his number there isn't that break, because his singing voice isn't so different from his speaking voice, which sustains the mood—and if you're about to swoon there's really nothing to prevent you. And that seems to be the whole idea.

By this you have gathered, and rightly, that Mr. Raymond has his serious side, and what with being tall, blond and handsome, that is something of a surprise! A pleasant one. I mean of course, in the sense of taking his work seriously and planning his career intelligently. For instance, you wouldn't have expected Gene to make a trip to Yurup to study types because he "played a lot of foreign characters." Nor would you think, once over there, he would be fed up with the smart set at St. Moritz because "they seemed so bored with everything!" These are interesting things to discover about a chap born Raymond Cotten in New York.

And then I remembered Gene was one of the first players who was offered a nice, safe contract, but who dared to say "No," clearly and firmly, and start out as a free-lance. He's never been sorry.

"Under the present system," he explained, "there isn't much chance, even as a free lance, to appear in pictures that you are completely sold on as you could a stage play, because you can't wait until they've found you. You do, at least, have an opportunity to turn down pictures in which you have no faith, or to portray characters which seem entirely false."

He has a lot of [Continued on page 56]
"PAGE MISS GLORY" is Marion's first picture since she moved to the Warner lot. Below, the studio is shown, with Mervyn Leroy directing her in a scene. Blonde, dimpled Marion has nothing to fear—whether she plays slavey parts or colored girls, her beauty does not have to be favored.
They have to study their lines. Michael Curtiz, director, Roscoe Karns, George Brent and Bette Davis learning their pieces. Director Frank MacDonald, at right, supervises the dialogue.

Gertrude Michael's swim suit sets the fashion. Everything in pictures is done by an expert.
Better and Better

It's A Poor Season When The Movies Do Not Make A New High.

In the days of old, a clever director would have created a complete plot for a silent picture out of this scene of Maureen O'Sullivan and the sheep, making it up as he went along. Nowadays, there is often more time and talent put on a picture before shooting than afterward. Scripts are written and re-written, dialogue specialists think up what the characters should say and every sound is planned for.

Cultured gentlemen play parts today. Foreign actresses come to Hollywood. Great comedians join up and fashions are studied as if they were the objects of their projections.

Imagine Maureen O'Sullivan's surprise when she discovered the hills around her house covered with nibbling sheep. It seems they are brought from Utah to eat the grass and so remove the hazard of fire.

Sir Guy Standing trying fisherman's luck on Toluca Lake, where Bing Crosby and others have their houses. Sir Guy is a compatriot of Sir Cedric Hardwicke— which shows the standing of the picture players today.

Once was the time when custard pie was the laugh getter and slapstick humor was rife. Now Jack Benny, the famous wit whose delightful subtlety has won him millions of radio friends, is making "Broadway Melody of 1935."

There isn't a beautiful girl on earth who does not stand a chance of being invited to Hollywood. Recently Margot Grahame, English actress, came to lend her beauty to pictures.
The strange ceremony of human sacrifice threatens the life of Helen Mack.

At left. Randolph Scott and Helen Gahagan, the beautiful ruler of the "King" dom of Kor.

At right. The expedition makes its way to strange, unknown and frozen lands in search of the Flame that triumphs over Death.

A new world is open before them. Nigel Bruce, Helen Mack and Randolph Scott.
The Screen Can Make The Wildest Dreams
Seem Real, And Because Such Pictures Are Su-
cessful, We Are In For A Number Of Them.

Among the great pictures that are on the
fire at this time, none is more weird and
engaging than the famous H. Rider Hagg
ard story of "She." But many other superb
pictures are in the making—"The Crusades,"
"A Tale of Two Cities," "Ivanhoe," "The
Last Days of Pompeii" (which is being made
on four stages at once), and "The Three
Musketeers." The scenes here are from "She"
and they tell the adventures of Randolph
Scott and Helen Mack as they penetrate a
strange continent to reach the city of "Kor." Imagination is the greatest force in the world.
Cultivate your own by seeing the fascinating
picture, "She." Do not, however, let the title
confuse your thoughts.
The Movie Stars
Their Personalities

As a Fisherman
Changes His Bait

It is the test of an actor. If he can seem to you morose and serious in one picture and serenely gay and quite sincere in another, you wonder what is his real personality. The first problem for the actor is to be able to go through the emotions and make them seem to be real to you. The second demand of greatness is to be able to show emotional capacity, but in a different character. Some players reach fame by portraying one type of character remarkably well, and then, one day, they surprise us with a convincing character study that is utterly strange to us. In "The Informer," Victor McLaglen proves himself a real artist. And how an actor does love it! His belief that he can be many perfect and complete personalities is the basis for many a play—"The Guardsman," with Lunt and Fontanne, for example.

In real life we find ourselves adapting mannerisms that are not our own, but geniuses, we are told, never depart from their type.

Must be rather dull being a genius.
Change

No player can appear more exotic than Merle Oberon when she lets her eyelids droop and leaves her inviting mouth unguarded.

The fascination of surf fishing draws Merle from her charming beach cottage at Santa Monica.

John Beal of "The Little Minister" fame—and the remarkable characterization which he gives in "Break of Hearts."
HARD TO GET

They Give Them The Air With The Greatest of Ease.

The Bachelors of Hollywood should be examined for eye trouble. How do they do it? Beauty moves before them, lithe and tempting. Exquisite little jewels of womanhood which do honor to the word perfection. And just to make it harder, the heroes find the picture plots demand that avowals of affection be whispered into dainty ears, while, within their arms, they hold morsels of maidenhood that would convert the staidest bachelor into a commuter.

Long ones, short ones, blondes and provocative brunettes, every style—and no sale! Gee it's tough.

However, the new swim suits show the girls have the right idea and a lot of other correct qualities. Perhaps the magic of a summer beach will cast its spell over all these men and maidens, so that the splash and rattle of the tireless surf will work its own hypnotic power, ere the loving moon checks the vital statistics. Who knows? Perhaps.

"If lips know what the soul would tell Then hush my love let kisses speak."

This is a symbolic picture. Ruth Peterson, Blanca Vischer, June Lang and Rosine Lawrence yearn with outstretched arms for love, for the completion of their destinies—life itself, while their eager hearts stand on tiptoe and nature, kindly Goddess, touches them in this pose with the mysterious woman-glamor.

Edward Everett Horton, a bachelor who continued to maintain his solitude even after he built a home.
Any Bachelor Star Is Fair Game. But The Women Stars Rarely Go In For Pauper's Emotions.

The high-flying gentlemen are Cary Grant, Henry Wadsworth, Randolph Scott, George Raft, Edmund Lowe, Robert Donat, Robert Taylor, and Tom Brown.

Jeanette MacDonald isn't trying. Since "Naughty Marietta" she has found love around every comer and waiting enraptured in every town.

Betty Grable never was one to beg, and, being a dancer, she believes in action, so she runs away—the instinct of the cave woman—knowing well she will soon hear the thrilling steps of the pursuer.
DAME CINEMA skimmed the cream of the universe for these perfect women. Perhaps they are not the greatest actresses; hardly one has trod the boards of the legitimate theatre. Not one of them will ever fill the Metropolitan Opera House with glorious sound, nor will libraries ever offer books that they have authored—in fact they are in a separate division from other mortals. They are the Most Gorgeous Women in the World.

They have perfection in weight, form, color and beauty. The allure of their figures was envisioned by Michael Angelo. The flash of their eyes, the fascination of their lips have haunted poets since words have sung and men have dreamed.

Joy be with them, for it is a fairer world for all of us because of the gift of their gorgeous beauty.
GORGEOUS WOMEN
They Are Masterpieces In The Gallery Of Life.

When Jean Harlow posed for this picture, there were imps dancing in her heart. It caught the rollicking joy-girl that she is and the special blessing of her personality.

Slim and smart, Carole Lombard's charm is in her defiant worldliness and the fascinating directness and honesty of her manner.

The gorgeous thing about Myrna Loy is the independent heart that illuminates her like a lantern. Whoever is loved by Myrna will stay loved, forever and ever, world without end.

None of us, it seems, knows Ann Harding. Her glowing, marvelous personality is not for us, but there is enough that she does give to list her among the gorgeous.
Interesting Studio

THE theatre patrons are supposed to be broke and depressed, yet one of the recent successes was a tragedy—"The Informer." A gay musical with dancing, such as "Roberta," is enthusiastically received, and the Shirley Temple craze continues. Pondering these facts the producers have planned a variety of pictures, not forgetting the recent success of Western stories. "Hoss Operas" are now being made by Warner Baxter, Richard Dix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and George O'Brien. Only three famous novels are being screened, although "David Copperfield" swept the country.


It's "The Arizonian," and Richard Dix fearlessly watches the eyes of Joe Sayers. One false move and it will be the last!

"Accent on Youth," one of the cleverest Broadway plays, is being screened with Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall. This off-stage shot shows the brilliant stars learning their lines.

"Redheads on Parade" will have John Boles and Dixie Lee in the snuggling parts. It takes more imagination than music to make a modern musical.

Jackie Searl and Jane Withers are the stars of "Ginger," and it is believed that this novelty will make a great hit.
The Official Moving Picture Year (Season 1935-36) Begins Soon And Special Effort Always Marks The First Pictures Shown.

Dance ensembles nowadays have reached a new degree of perfection. The girls are the prettiest and cleverest and the settings have to be startlingly novel, as they are in “Redheads on Parade.”

Lily Pons is going to make an opera for the screen. It is now called “Love Song” and is one of the first of the new highbrow musical pictures.
The Clinch

JACK OAKIE and Lyda Roberti pressed lip to lip while their pulses race, hearts pound and the camera takes. Jack and Lyda are in "The Big Broadcast of 1935." This will bring to you many of the famous ones of the air, including Burns and Allen and Bing Crosby, and our favorite of the musical stage, Ethel Merman.

But irrespective of the medium which has given them fame—whether radio, stage, vaudeville or pictures—they all find themselves in a "kiss close-up" with a camera watching their every blush.

In this corner, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. He plays on a gondolier in his next picture, yep "Broadway Gondolier." It's like a sax, only the sound is colored.

Little Jean Parker had such a wonderful experience in "Sequoia" with a puma, that Frank Shields, who once played tennis, hardly frightens her at all.

Fred MacMurray within the hallowed circle of Madge Evans' arms in "Men Without Names," a story of the Federal Agents.
Anne Darling is a descendant of Gov. William Bradford, Massachusetts, but this suit really was never thought of by the governor.

Anne in the Neck-Lace suit. The lacing passes around to tie in the back, otherwise, we understand, it will come off.

Anne in the 1935 Skipper swimming suit. This has adjustable halter neck and the belt lacing keeps it all snug and ship shape.

Anne Darling

IT'S her real name. Anne is one of the reasons why Universal faces the future with a smile of confidence. She has consented to model a few of the niftier swimming suits, and so now we are prepared to go on record. We have seen many darlings, but not one better proportioned. Slim, but not too slim, pretty and graceful, Anne Darling is an honor to the name.
THE manly little Freddie Bartholomew, unaware of her reputation, treated Garbo just as he treats everyone and the great actress warmly responded to his friendliness.
NEW AND TRUE ANECDOTES ABOUT GARBO, OUR BEST LOVED STAR.

By Eleanor Packer

HOLLYWOOD has known many miracles, the amazing, over-night rise to fame of unknowns, heartbreaking plunges from the heights into obscurity, unexpected reconciliations which seemed impossible, last minute rescues from the brink of public and private disaster. But no other, large or small, has been so astounding as the recent transformation of Greta Garbo.

With one flick of her slim fingers, Garbo has turned back the calendar to the warm, human days of eight years ago, the happy days of John Gilbert and his love, the shyly laughing days before she retired behind her aura of mystery and silence. The studio, which has known her since her timid, frightened arrival from Sweden, was awed by her change from that awkward, uncertain girl into a glowing, loved and loving woman and then into a hermit, unknown and unknowing, a rubic, bewildered, admired Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." The two met for the first time after their long separation in the office of one of the studio's executives. The woman looked at the man who had directed her biggest successes and who had helped her to climb to the top rung of the Hollywood ladder, and held out her hand.

"Well, Clarence," she smiled, "it looks as if we're becoming a team.

Thus the unexplained, five-year-long silence was ended in as simple a way as that. When Garbo laughingly challenged Clarence to a game of medicine ball between scenes, the studio knew that the miracle was complete. The dignified, aloof Garbo ran and shouted, like any healthy, normal young woman, jumping over boxes and cables in pursuit of the bouncing medicine ball. She was as calmly oblivious of the surprised faces and eyes as she has always been of all glances and whispers.

Garbo was no longer interested in "Anna Karenina" than she has been in any other talking picture. In 1927 she made a silent film, called "Love," which was purported to be an adaptation of the story of "Anna Karenina," but which was really the brainchild of its writer and director, Edmund Goulding. When talking pictures arrived, Garbo confided to her friends her desire to play the real Anna in one of the Tolstoy adaptations. Rumors of discord drifted from the stage. Brown refused to talk and Garbo, of course, said nothing, but there were no more Garbo-Brown pictures until "Anna Karenina."

The tete-a-tete held in the office of one of the studio executives marked an end to the their separation and the beginning of a friendship. The two moved with the clock, they talked, they laughed, they worked. The studio was amazed. The Garbo, who was always off the set at the stroke of five, now did n't even look at the clock. Just as unwavering as her five o'clock law was the path which she followed in the studio, the direct path through her dressing room, with no stops along the way. Now she has devised from that course, too. Twice she has visited the stage where the chorus was rehearsing the Mazurka for the picture. Smiling, friendly, quiet, she stood with the other spectators, watching the hundred and fifty dancers with keen interest.

For the first time in the studio's memory, Garbo has entered the dressing room of another than her own. No longer does she shun people, waiting until the studio streets are deserted to walk rapidly, head bent, to her dressing room. One noon she stepped from the stage into a swirling crowd of extras, luning from a masquerade party scene for another picture. They carried Garbo along with them. With her flowing, last-century gown and her quaintly curled hair, she passed for one of the masquerade costumed extras. She smiled and accepted a cigarette from the girl who was waiting beside her. When she reached the step which led to her dressing room, she quietly slipped away and no one noticed her departure.

She astonished the entire Front Office of the studio, as well as Clarence Brown, when she insisted upon dancing the Mazurka in the picture. That marked another "first time" for the changed Garbo, June Knight doubled for her in the idling dancing scenes in "Matita Hari." Frances Bavieri was engaged to substitute for her in the [Continued on page 61]


**Reviews of Pictures Seen at the Hollywood Previews**

**BREAK OF HEARTS—R-K-O**

Rating: 8y*

*Katharine Hepburn's* latest is a very enjoyable picture. We caught it at the Radio City Music Hall. All about us people expressed their approval and the picture was applauded at its close. Charles Boyer, who burst on us with Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds," is a very important figure in the Hepburn story. In fact he is more than half. It is delightful to see someone new who is expert and colorful, and the whole picture gains because of the fact that we do not know every angle and expression of his face.

Miss Hepburn again conquers us by her charm and we still believe her to be one of our greatest actresses. This particular story does not give her the spiritual motif which is her best mood. It is, however, emotional and has to do with love that conquers all. Lovers of music will particularly enjoy it. We have had musical pictures that were light and gay, but here is one with tremendous orchestral renditions and all a part of the plot. It is a fine sound picture.

In this quite ordinary story the lovers quarrel part, and one goes to pieces. Then the other forgives and forgets and hearts are made whole. It is a picture far beneath Hepburn's capabilities but for all that it affords a delightful evening.

**THE CLAIRVOYANT**

Rating: 9y—The Invisible Man Sees The Invisible Future—Grauman British

FAY WRAY went to England to make this picture and is very charming in a part quite lacking in opportunity. Claude Rains plays the title role and is an actor of indisputable personality.

We are entirely in sympathy with this picture. We enjoyed seeing it and wish to applaud the effort. Here is a theme which is new. It touches on the fascinating thought that certain people can look into the future and read its secrets. Among the events which Rains foresees are disasters and horse races, and we are sure that if we could scan the pages of the future we would foresee events which would bring a greater appeal. A commendable development in the plot centers around the idea that only because of the love of a girl can the clairvoyant enjoy the power of a prophet. A delightful angle which adds considerably to the picture.

**NO MORE LADIES**

Rating: 85—Joan Crawford's Latest—M-C-M

HERE's a brilliant, sophisticated comedy-drama as modern as tomorrow. Those smart young people, Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery, once more in the best drawing room manner come face to face with life as it is lived on Park Avenue. It's all very gay and ultra-smart, with some of the wittiest lines you've heard in a long time.

Bob plays a charming and debonair young philanderer, one of the Southport crowd, who dashes gallantly out to another and slays them all by his irresistible charm. He has no intention of marrying anyone until one night he suddenly finds himself in love with Joan, but realizing all the time that he probably can't be true to her. And sure enough, hardly is the honeymoon over, before Bob picks up a girl in a speakeasy and phones Joan that he is "staying in town with a sick friend" (sophisticated but not original).

It is terrific, but she remembers that she's quite modern and all that, and plans a sweet revenge. She gives a week-end houseparty and invites the girl from the speakeasy, a husband who once threatened to shoot Bob, the wife who left her husband for him but later married a British peer, and the face begins.

Poor Bob suffers for all his sins that night. The cast is simply swell. Gail Patrick, a new Gail Patrick you've never seen before, plays the speakeasy lass. Fay Compton is the husband who once bought a gun to shoot Bob, but who has decided that a better revenge is to run away with Joan. Vivien Osborne, also a new Vivien Osborne you've never seen before (such surprises as are in this picture) plays the indirect wife, who landed a British title when this happened to her, and is simply priceless. But, best of all, there are Edna May Oliver and Charlie Ruggles, those grand comedians, drinking their way through every reel. It's a "natural" for the Crawford fans.

**OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**

Rating: 8y—Much Abo About the Company—Par
ters

*Here's* the screen's version of Alice Tisdale Hobart's famous novel by the same title. It is splendidly acted by Josephine Hutchinson, Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir and John Eldredge and makes a sincere, dramatic picture, but somehow the character of the young oil engineer, played by Josephine Hutchinson, and his wife, his best friend, and even his life for a Company who gyps him at the first opportunity seems sort of exaggerated to me.

I exercised great restraint to keep from looking up to Pat O'Brien, whose character for a moment is made to think Pat a big shake and shouting "Fool." But I suppose there are young men in this world who have ideals and illusions about the Company, but they won't have any after they see this picture, which goes in for a little brutal exposure.

Pat, as the young engineer with ideals, gives the usual perfect O'Brien performance, natural and easy and convincing. When his fiancee fails to join him in China he marries his best friend's wife, who, after his death by the death of her father, to "save his face" and takes her to the miserable oil fields of China. Miss Hutchinson, wife of Eva Le Gallienne's repertory company, gives a most magnificent performance and this picture should place her right on top.

Jean Muir and John Eldredge are another young oil couple in China, but without Pat's ideals, and, though John becomes his best friend, for the sake of a few thousand sand-gallons of oil for the Company Pat betrays him. In minor parts, and excellent, are Arthur Byron, Lyle Talbot and little Josephine Hutchinson. The picture will start the old thinking apparatus working.
THE GLASS KEY
Rating: 80°—DASHIELL HAMMETT AGAIN—Paramount

Ever since Dashiell Hammett’s “The Thin Man” clicked so beautifully over at Metro, Paramount has been promising to make a picture of his “The Glass Key,” and at last, thank heavens, got around to doing it. And what “The Thin Man” did for Powell and Loy is nothing compared to what “The Glass Key” will do for George Raft.

Georgie, as you know, has been slipping something awful lately with one weak picture after another, but old Dashiell Hammett brings ‘em back alive, and Georgie ups and gives the best performance of his career and is tops all over again. The plot’s quite exciting, all about the exposé of underworld politics, and although it’s most complicated it all weaves together logically and dramatically.

That grand actor, Edward Arnold, gives a delightful performance as a genial and charitable political boss who is suspected of the murder of a senator’s son. Things look black for him until his loyal follower, Georgie, takes charge and goes through plenty before he tracks down the real murderer. It’s an ideal rôle for Georgie and he gives it everything, but even then he has to share honors with Edward Arnold, who is an asset to any picture in which he plays.

Also in the picture, and also excellent in small parts, are Gunm Williams, Claire Dodd, Rosalind Keith (her first picture, by the way), Charles Richman, Emma Dunn and Ras Milland. Because of the political background, men will probably be much crazier about this picture than women, but I haven’t seen a woman yet who wasn’t crazy about Edward Arnold. And I just know you won’t guess who the murderer is until Georgie delivers him to the district attorney.

HOORAY FOR LOVE
Rating: 78°—BILL ROBINSON TAPS, HOT DAWG—Radio

It’s another backstage story, but don’t let that depress you because it’s simply full of good, brisk comedy and tuneful song numbers that will make you leave the theatre completely happy.

Gene Raymond, young college graduate, mortgages the old family home up in Connecticut so he can “angell” a show for Ann Sothern, whom he has gone goofy over. Of course the show is held up at the last minute because the producers, who took our hero’s money, turned out to be a couple of crooks and vamoosed, and then it’s held up again by Ann’s father who failed to marry the rich widow, so she stopped payment on the check.

But the show finally goes on, and very happy you are about it too, for it presents three of the best colored entertainers you can find East of Suez, none other than the inimitable Bill Robinson doing his famous taps, Jeni LeGon who dances and sings and how, and “Fats” Waller who plays the piano with personality. Then, too, there is Maria Gambarelli doing a ballet number that brought tremendous applause from the preview audience, and of course Gene and Ann sing several very touching love songs.

This picture also serves to introduce a new character actor, Lionel Stander, who is the Russian stage director, out-Ratoffs Ratoff and leaves you weak with laughter. All in all it’s swell entertainment, directed by Walter Lang for laughs, and laughs there are in abundance.

George Raft, Edward Arnold and Rosalind Calii in "The Glass Key," a murder picture.

“Oil For The Lamps of China,” the popular novel by Alice Tisdale Hobart, makes an excellent picture featuring Pat O’Brien and Josephine Hutchinson.

[Continued on page 66]
HOW WOULD YOU LOOK IN
Josephine Hutchinson's
FIRST FALL
DRESS?

CRISP blue and white checked taffeta lends an animated note to this powder blue pebbly crepe dress worn by Miss Hutchinson. The bias cut of the belt and the taffeta covered buttons on sleeve and skirt add no difficulty to the making, but a lot of variety to the final result. Notice, too, that the sleeves are long with a smart cuff effect—just what you'll need in an early Fall dress.

Pattern S5129 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39 inch fabric and 1½ yards 39 inch contrasting.

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Fashion Book? Yes or No. ........................
HIGHLIGHTED among Hollywood red-heads is lovely Janet Gaynor with her natural coppery red hair, the shade most of us know as "auburn." Janet lives up to the tradition of red-headed temper in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Janet, the lovely lady in real life who is adored for her sunny disposition, makes a most convincing display of flaming temperament. We suspect, but can't swear, as to how much Janet Gaynor and the other famous Hollywood red-heads have to do with this; but it's an honest-to-goodness fact that where hair is concerned, we're going red in quite a grand and glorious way. So our word of warning to bachelor gentlemen is —beware! Red-heads have a reputation for doing amazing things to the best barriercaded hearts.

You natural red-heads, far too few, can preen your glowing locks with pride. You're the top this Season, and we miss our guess if your date books aren't full to overflowing. Everybody's talking about you and we hope you'll make the most of the limelight that's rapidly becoming yours. Stylists have fabricated glorious new colors to set off the beauty of your radiant hair. Beauty specialists, too, are ready with make-up shades to bring out your most vivacious charm. Confidentially, they admit they are making luscious red-heads out of many former blondes and bringing out the reddish lights in hair that used to be ordinary brown.

If you want to turn your hair toward reddish tones, without benefit of beauty shop, you can do it with vinegar rinses. A half cup of vinegar to a pint of water is the proper proportion, and it takes several before you'll see very definite results. Vinegar, like lemon, is popular as an after-shampoo rinse because it cuts the soap. However, you should know that the action of vinegar in a strong enough solution to give your hair reddish tints, is acid. It has a tendency to toughen the hair and to take the wave out of permanents. As a matter of fact, vinegar is often used for just that purpose, to tone down a permanent wave that turned out too kinky.

Actually, the color rinses you can have at a beauty shop, or buy there for home use, are better for your hair than the constant use of vinegar. If you apply such a rinse yourself, you should pour it on your hair slowly, allowing it to get to the roots first. If you pour it too quickly, it will go to the ends and the hair near the roots won't get the full effect. (This goes for any rinse you use at home to change the shade of your hair.) If you are a brunette, don't hope for too much from reddish rinses unless you have your hair bleached first. You are likely to be disappointed.

Egyptian henna applications are much the preferred method for brunettes who go red-headed in the temporary shampoo-to-shampoo manner. And there's no doubt plenty of brunettes are doing it.

One of the most intriguing shades of red is the reddish blonde. Unless you have snow white or very blonde hair to begin with, your hair must be bleached before it will take this shade to your credit. It is a delicate, almost pinkish shade of red—and utterly devastating!

Incidentally, the red hair vogue is good news to those of us who are going gray and want to do something about it. Henna covers up gray hair effectively. And the more fastidate reddish tints disguise gray hair at the same time they give the desired color to the rest of your crowning glory. Of course, the easiest way to go red-headed in the most becoming manner is to have the job done at a beauty shop by an operator in whom you have confidence. In selecting make-up to go with red hair achieved by art, one should give much thought to the skin tones of the natural red-head. Natural auburn hair, the coppery shade, is closely related to jet black hair and usually runs in the same family. The skin tones are similar to those of a brunette. They call for rich, warm shades of rouge and lipstick, the darker shades of powder, and usually black or brown eye make-up.

Titians, who are most like the reddish blondes, usually have fair skin (inclined to freckle or flush) and blue or gray eyes. Their make-up for daytime must be much more delicate than the brunette or extreme blonde, or even the auburn red-head. The shades of rouge and lipstick with yellow in them and the lighter powders with no pinkish tones are best.

Red-heads, whether they are of the auburn or titian type, should always use a foundation, we are told by Helena Rubinstein, who is seldom if ever wrong when it comes to advice on make-up for individual types.

She points out that red hair accentuates the texture of the skin so much that every woman who has it naturally or by preference should make sure her skin has a smooth, velvety look. She advises a natural looking make-up for daytime. A deep mauve shade of powder will tone down freckles if one is cursed with them. Green or mauve powder underneath one's regular powder will vastly improve the looks of the skin that is inclined to flush.

As to evening make-up for red-heads; Madame Rubinstein says every single one of them can go in for exotic effects—green iridescent eye shadow, blue green mascara. Terra Cotta shades of make-up, although designed primarily for sun tanned skins, can be used by the exotic red-headed woman to the utter confusion of supposedly impeccable bachelors!

Marie Earle has done a real favor to red-heads by bringing out her new Capturine make-up. There's a lipstick in clear yellowed, the color of nasturtiums; a vibrant cheek rouge that seems to become a part of the skin rather than a layer of color on top of it; Soleil face powder; gray eye shadow and Chatanne mascara.
be “Go Away” and “Sit Down,” suggested by Preston Sturges, who authored “The Good Fairy” script.

WALTER HUSTON has joined the trek to the Gaumont-British English studios, where he will make a picture based on the life of Cecil Rhodes. Compliments to G. B. —they have selected the best man in the world for the part.

DOLORES DEL RIO and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper have become the best of friends, and made a foursome at all of Hollywood’s social affairs.

TWICE in a lifetime, at the most, you’ll hear of a story like this. Pat O’Brien received a check for forty-six dollars last month from “the guy to whom you loaned it when I needed it,” the note read. “The guy” happens to be the author of one of the year’s most successful comedy sequels, and the six dollars was “for interest,” he said, adding “and I wish you’d buy a couple of scats to my play.” Needless to say, the opening night Pat was in the front row applauding the efforts of a “right guy.”

GEORGE BREAKSTON has discovered a way to keep track of his two desert tortoises. He has his pets’ birth dates marked on their backs in case they stray away, and now he is looking for a couple of red prisms for “tail lights” to prevent calamity in the dark.

ANN SOTHERN has come upon an excellent diversion for those special living-through-the-wind-dust-cloud trips that the New York bound movie people have encountered in the past two months. Ann finds by closing her eyes, placing cotton in each ear and concentrating firmly on the business at hand of “knit one, purl two” it is sometimes possible to forget the plane is trying to stand on both ends at once. Of course, she still has to acquire a certain technique, for what she began as a cute little yachting cap turned out to be a rather unusual scarf.

CLARK GABLE still has the “lucky penny” he flipped to decide between stage stardom and a career in motion pictures.

BEFORE Bob Montgomery and his wife left on Bob’s first three months’ vacation in many a year, Jimmy Cagney and Chester Morris threw him a stag party that was a great success. And, of course, when he went to get on the Chief at Pasadena they had a fake wire delivered to him ordering him to return to the studio at once for “retakes.” And poor Bob fell for the gag and nearly tore up the train before Jimmy and Chester could shout “April Fool.” Bob and Betty will spend a month on their farm in New York State, and then will buy a small car and tour Europe in it.

**The Culinary Arts of Mrs. Warren Williams**

away, without leave, on a motorcycle one night, and told her goodbye.

No definite promises were given between them, for, after all, this was war. He was looking at death, and knew it. But they promised to write often. And, if and when he returned, he promised he would come straight to her. Their promises were kept. Letter after letter told of their lives. Warren was in service nine months before peace was declared. Then he spent four months in a YM.CA. camp as an actor. Returning to New York, he went straight to Helen. There was never anyone else for either of them after that.

Helen says that the war changed lots of people’s lives for them, and it did Warren’s, because it made an actor of him and, in France, he learned how to make the grandest mashed potatoes. When he was overseas, he used to get French bread and eat it with potatoes. The native Frenchmen used to trade their bread for potatoes. They showed Warren how to mash them properly. They would boil, drain, mash well, then put in salt and pepper, a generous lot of butter and milk and beat until fluffy. Warren became a past master of the art. He is very fond of mashed potatoes and strawberry shortcake. When he came back to New York, Helen made shortcake 4 frequently and Warren mashed the potatoes.

When they first started housekeeping, they lived in an apartment on 4th St., in New York, within walking distance of the small theatre where Warren was appearing as leading man. Warren has always preferred talking to other forms of exercise. Helen looked after their apartment and cooked. They frequently dined out, after the movie, and Warren learned he had been favored during their courtship. They took an apartment in Hollywood when Warren came to pictures, but last spring they decided to return to permanent home.

Warren has definite likes and dislikes where food is concerned. He will not eat tomato sauce in anything, or stewed tomatoes, and all sauces that have pickle in them. Unlike most film actors, who stick to simple breakfasts, Warren likes a real meal when he gets out of bed. After his morning shower, he has a glass of orange or grape-fruit juice. Then, for breakfast, he has braised veal kidneys, or scrambled eggs with little pig sausage and one slice of toast, since he allows himself only one slice of bread to each meal.

Luncheon is usually a combination of gravies and cold meats. And tea. Both Helen and Warren like tea. Warren drinks it, just as most people drink coffee. He finds a certain mental stimulation in tea, whereas coffee depletes his sensibilities. He always drank tea before going on the stage and now he drinks it for luncheon because it makes him feel he needs a slight stimulant. He takes it strong and without cream or lemon.

His favorite dessert is apple pie with New York State cheese, which is a trifle stronger than the tillamook variety sold in Hollywood. He also favors lemon meringue pie. With plenty of meringue. Helen is an expert when it comes to making pastries. Her pies and cakes are something to write home about. She gave me her favorite recipe for fish loaf. In summer, she uses swordfish but any heavy white fish meat can be substituted in place of it. Bass is especially good.

**Sword Fish Loaf**

2 pounds sword fish
1 onion
1 cup milk
1 cup stock
chopped parsley
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 tablespoonsful oil
6 tablespoons sifted flour
1 pimento
pepper and salt

Take two pounds of sword fish. Place in saucepan and cover with cold water. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, season with salt and cook until tender. Place in saucepan 4 tablespoons of oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 6 tablespoons of sifted flour. Stir until smooth, add 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of strained stock that fish was cooked in. Cook smoothly and add 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, 1 chopped green pepper and salt to taste. Add cooked swordfish, put all into a buttered casserole. Cover with plain mashed potatoes, dot top with butter, and cook quickly. This serves six.
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
Getting "Movie Tested" [continued from page 13]

blue eyes of extraordinary attraction, and her face has a tremendous amount of animation. Her screen-test had registered her attraction for the camera.

"How did I make out?" she asked Serlin, eagerly, her speech touched with the inflection of her native Ukrainia. I watched her face as she asked the question. Her eyes fairly glowed with expectation. But the glow disappeared as he handed her the memo from the Coast: "Congratulations on your success, Vera Neva! Regret there is no place for her in Paramount stock company at present time."

Here was a talented young woman who sings nightly at the Rainbow Road night club, unusually attractive, whose screen test had elicited raves all along the street. Yet, despite all of this, her beauty and talent, despite a fine celluloid impression, she had been turned down cold. So the screen test is only part of the journey to Hollywood, and the odds are 1,000 to 1 against.

Do you think that you would fare better than young Vera Neva? I hardly think so.

The development of the pictures has increased the difficulty confronting each one of you who wants to get into the movies. As Jimmy Starr pointed out in his column from the Coast recently, the demand now is for faces that reflect "an inner glow." No longer is sheer beauty the password to the studio lots of Hollywood. You must have animation—Intelligent, sensitive animation. In addition, you must have faultless diction, and you must be able to read lines with enough intuition to know what the line is supposed to convey. Anna Sten is a case in point. She had a tawny, peasant beauty. She was trained to read lines, and she was exploited in every newspaper in the country. Yet Sam Goldwyn eventually had to cancel her contract, one of the costliest contracts ever entered into. Miss Sten, despite every advantage of photography and exploitation, simply didn't have what it takes. The competition was too severe. In "The Wedding Night," she played opposite the ever-clever Cary Cooper, and the contrast was so disadvantageous to her that it ended her career under the Goldwyn banner. Do you think that you would fare better than Miss Sten? I don't think so, because she got a break that came to her player in a lifetime and with everything in her favor, she couldn't measure up.

Take the case of Fred Stone, because that is fairly typical of the discouraging things that can and do happen daily in Hollywood. Stone is one of the great veterans of the musical stage. He has been a star for twenty years, accomplished in all the tricks of the profession. Not many months back, he made his debut on Broadway in a splash legitimate show, and he was swell. So the movie scouts signed him to a contract and sent him west to appear in "So Red the Rose." He waited around for weeks while the script for the picture was being readied. They finally submitted the completed script to him for his approval and he okayed it. Then, one of the officials decided he didn't like the script as prepared. It was rewritten a different way, a new treatment, and in the rewriting, Fred Stone's part was completely removed. So he will not appear in the picture for which he was rushed to the Coast. What makes you think that you'd fare better than Fred Stone, an acknowledged star with a following of tens of thousands of Fred Stone fans?

Consider Block and Sully, nationally known radio favorites. They were brought west to play the supporting comedy roles in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions." In vaudeville, they commanded $500-a-week, so they must be great performers. However the director of the Cantor picture didn't even know them. Had it not been for Cantor's insistence, they would have been cut right out of the picture. As it was, their best material was sliced to the bone when the picture reached the cutting room, and Jesse Block, through the flicker, appeared in a heavy beard that concealed his features. They were heartstirring, Block and Sully, over what happened to them and their splendid dream. What makes you think that you, an unknown, would fare better than this team which rates $500-a-week in Vaudeville houses all over the country, a team that has made millions of radio fans chuckle in sheer delight?

True enough, Joan Crawford, who was Lucille Le Sour, a Broadway chorine, vaulted from the front row of a Shubert musical comedy to international fame. But, although I've often cited her case myself, it is well to remember that she got her break in an earlier and easier epoch of Hollywood. She got her break and became established in the "silent" days of the movie flickers. The chorine of today, equally as gorgeous as Joan Crawford, must also pass a test which Miss Crawford didn't have to pass. The chorine of today must compete against the stars of the legitimate stage who have been called in since the movies were wired for sound. Start Joan Crawford off from scratch now on Broadway, as a chorus girl, and while there is no doubt in my mind that she'd get a screen test, the odds would be 1,000 to 1 that she'd progress beyond that. I've seen too many fine actresses rejected by the movies that have anything but ordinary looks. There are many things I've seen refuse to let me believe that all of you hopeful unknowns, scattered all over the country, would be successful, when knowledge is so advantageous.

I have seen hundreds of accomplished professionals leave Broadway on the road to Hollywood, and each one of them went against a courageous husky heart. I have seen the most beautiful of the Earl Carroll girls, the comeliest of the George White girls, the cream of the Broadway comedians, the charming Ukrania registered as unknowns, and I have seen many of them go to Hollywood and return with the ugly duckling's story, that they had to work their way to the top, and discourage the thought that they were ever more than "face." But I have also seen hundreds of contestants, who have come to Hollywood and have been able to make a good showing. They have taken their revenge, and they have made a good showing in the movies.

I have seen great comedians go out from Broadway and I've met them on their return. They appeared in one picture and that washed them up. I've seen as great a star as George M. Cohan go to Hollywood and return with a successful venture. I've seen Walter Huston released from the movies because he wasn't "box-office."

So when you youngsters write and ask me how to get into this line of endeavor, know that the discouragements that have been visited upon these stars and I marvel to myself at your audacity. Lacking in experience, lacking in everything but courage, you callously propose to throw yourself into competition with the greatest stars of Broadway stages, the stars of Hollywood stages. You seek an opportunity to pit your beauty against the beauty of the most famous professional models in the world, the shimmering showgirls of Broadway—and I can only say that I admire your fortitude. While I do not agree with your optimism, I have supplied here the three reasons that will give you an expert appraisal of yourself, the three men who may give you a screen test, the first step in the long and rough road to the Coast.

I have two letters here on my desk, letters from mothers who believe their babies can out-Shirley Shirley Temple. The same occasion is given to the continual stream of the youngsters to Oscar Serlin, Al Serlin and Joe Pincus at the addresses I have listed above. Pincus will be most interested, in any event, because he has had great success with juvenile stars.

Once I persuaded Winnie Sheehan, Fox producer, to come up from their studio to see the children of Lita Gray Chaplin. I sold him on the idea that the Chaplin name would be box-office dynamite and he agreed with me. In fact, when he returned to the Coast, he was so touched by the opportunity I'd placed in his way that he sent me a check for $1500, over my protests. Everything was fine and dandy until Charlie Chaplin sought and won a permanent injunction against the employment of these minors in Hollywood. The experience was so discouraging that I've never recommended a kid star since, because anything can and does happen in Hollywood.

This article is discouraging. I have made it so purposely to save you the heartaches that accompany failure. But among the thousands who read this, there will be one or two who will wring our hands and determine, regardless, that someday, somehow, they'll make good in the movies. You can't not be healthy, because you have written. To this stalwart few, I say "good luck and God-speed," for if you have that amount of courage, they have a good chance to win out, even though the odds are 10,000 to 1 against 'em. faint heart ne'er won fair lady and faint heart never won a movie contract.
Five...“Going on Two”

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely past that perilous first year

Since the day of their birth, “LYSOL” has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had “LYSOL” with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

“LYSOL” has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like “LYSOL” to help protect mother and child from infection.

Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history...in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world, “LYSOL” has had—and still has—a most vital part.

Since the day the quintuplets were born, “LYSOL” has helped to guard them from infection. Their clothes, bedding, diapers, crib, and the interior of the snug, little Dafoe Hospital, have been kept clean with this effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving your baby this scientific care? Are you using “LYSOL” to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen where food is prepared...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.?

The scientific care given the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Directions for all the correct uses of “LYSOL” come with each bottle.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-28
Sole Distributors of “LYSOL” disinfectant.

Please send me the “LYSOL” Library, consisting of: “Keeping a Healthy Home”, “Preparation for Motherhood” and “Marriage Hygiene”.

Name:

Street:

City:   State:

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Wanted!

[Continued from page 30]

Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

- Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.

ambition, too—and a design for "loafing."
"I've had loads of experience on the New York stage," he admitted, "and I must say I like the work—but pictures offer a great deal too. For one thing they keep you on your toes, always trying to better your past performances. Yet," he confessed, "I believe there is always a pinnacle—one role which no matter how many others you may play or how well, will always remain your 'best'... and when that point is reached it's time to quit. What's good enough for the Tunneys is good enough for the Raymonds!"

When that time comes Gene intends to settle down someplace quiet, probably in Virginia or Kentucky, where he can grow a nice platinum blond goatee and become Cunnel Raymond, sth. the despair of the Southern belles and the pappy of the Hollywood mint juleps! He'll want to own his own stable, keep dogs and embark on country life in seven Virginia reels. He'll breed races and enter blue-bloods in the horse shows and... I don't believe a word of it! I suspect Gentleman Gene will keep tight on slaying us gals in Super-Colossal Productions and that Kentucky will simply have to worry along with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey!

"Gene," I said, just like his Aunt Agatha, "what is this I read in a duly authenticated Raymond biography about your being a 'confirmed' bachelor? When Mr. Wagnalls last confided to me his definition of the word 'confirmed' it went something like this: 'To assure by added proof; corroborate; verify, make certain.' What I want to know is, did you say positively?"

A nice deep masculine laugh smoothed my goose pimples.

"That's ridiculous," he said, "where did they get that stuff 'confirmed'? Of course not! I'm no woman-later. Someday I'm going to marry but right now I'm just working hard and having a good time."

So, there you see another rumor go abat and Silver Screen brings hope to a nation—at least on the disinterested.

He's very regular. Remember he said that making "Hooray for Love" was "a lot of fun?" Well this'll show you. They were taking a break on the R-K-O ranch, out beyond Van Nuys where they have permanent sets of the streets of Paris, London and Madrid. Well this one was supposed to be New York. In Indian summer. Of course no one was permitted to wear a coat. But out there in the valley—it was fine out there in the morning and they'd been working all day and fat into the week—it was hotter still. And all hands were shivering, to say nothing of knees, and the murky stillness was broken only by the merrily sound of chattering teeth.

Well everyone was barely managing to keep awake, to remember their lines and prevent the scene from looking like a Wrigley ad when someone shouted "Cut!"

You can imagine the director, Walter Lang, was more confused than a Congress
cman until the cameraman explained that each time Gene talked his breath registered on the film and instead of the scene looking like Indiana summer it gave an accurate imitation of an Esquimo winter!

Then all the amateur scientists started thinking up things. And it was getting later and later and colder and colder. One bright lad offered the practical suggestion that Gene drink a tall glass of ice water so that his breath would, at least temporarily, be as cold as the air.

How would you like to drink ice water (undiluted) along towards five o'clock with nothing down about there? But Gene said it sounded reasonable, so he drank the water and the scene was successfully filmed!

Gene's favorite way of spending his spare time is on a horse with a mallet in his hand. But he doesn't do much of that, except between pictures. He had his experience.

One day a while ago, when he was playing with Will Rogers and Will, Jr., and a lot of the polo crowd, he won a nasty cut on the mouth that called for fancy needle work under his upper lip—and kept Gene out of a picture for five days—as well as holding up production for that length of time. Since then he does his horse-croquet in his own spare time.

On tour he was all but hermetically sealed. When he wasn't on the stage he was in his dressing room where he had his meals sent in and then, with the aid of a corps of ushers, property men and operators, made his way from stage doors to taxis to hotels. There were all sorts of incidents and more than one near-riot. As many as four doors in one theatre, which were ruined by over-enthusiastic mobs, had to be rebuilt. After Gene, the deluge!

One morning he got up rather late and his secretary (male) called for "room service." Breakfast was ordered. Gene was travelling incognito and he felt pretty happy about not having to spend all his time away from the theatre evading autograph-seekers and souvenir-hunters.

There was a knock on the door. His breakfast had arrived. The secretary opened the door and the waiter entered carrying the table and the food—and behind came the heater borne by a quintet of charming girls (albums in pockets), and, as you may surmise, his stay thereafter remained a secret shared only with Detroit's 1,568,662 inhabitants! Now Gene's back at R-K-O doing another picture, which will only make matters worse, and his next personal appearance tour will become but one more argument for greater national defense.

What will daylight saving and time off for good behavior there are only about two hundred days left to Christmas. And, if Santa's really the guy I think he is, that oughta give him time to do his stuff. As George Givot says, "I like that!"

International

Ricardo Cortez gave a party. Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Richard Arlen surrounded the fascinating Carole Lombard.
Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

Blonde, brunette, brunette, redhead!...here is a new make-up to emphasize the individual color attraction of your type.

What a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be ... each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satiny-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin-texture.

Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is 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 all leading stores.

Max Factor Hollywood

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick, mail this coupon.

© 1935 by Max Factor & Co.
by Jane Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

Probably your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! You can't trust nature unadorned! Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.

Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes.

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Peter Lorre [Continued from page 2]

than any great writer could set down on paper. They express his state of mind, his philosophy, his feeling ... and feeling, to Lorre, means Life.

To glance at this young Hungarian, you would never suspect his record. Jovial to meet, rosy-checked as a school boy and chatty both in face and body, an infectious, yet shy, smile, high-buffed sparkling and bulbous brown eyes, he is the very soul of geniality. You might imagine him a German comedian, perhaps, but never, NEVER a character star of the most brilliant illumination.

Gay one moment, serious the next, you realize before long that you are in the presence of an extraordinary personality. Even then, you cannot fathom how so youthful a man could have rendered so dynamic a performance in "M." that in Europe he is more like a hunted criminal than an actor of rare attainments. It does not seem possible that the Continent could have been terrorized at very sight of him. Yet facts do not lie.

Lorre was an established name in the European theatre when Fritz Lang, the noted German director, summoned him for the leading role in "M," based upon a series of unforgiving murder cases in Dusseldorf. In other theatre, the part was assigned to the only living actor in Europe who could portray the part satisfactorily and give it the proper shading and underplaying.

Lorre studied the character, came to realize the reason for the crimes and the working of the criminal's mind ... then gave a performance of the most overpowering. That power of understanding is the keynote of his success as an actor. More than any other artist I know, he throws himself heart and soul into whatever characterization he is attempting.

That his work was appreciated may be seen in the fact that nearly every motion picture producer in the world—in America, England, India, throughout Europe—offered him a handsome contract, which would have netted him a fortune. But Lorre is canny as well as artistic.

"I knew that they would want me to make another, or possibly a series of horror pictures if I accepted," he explains, in his very precise English. "This I did not wish to do, for then I would become typed ... and for an actor to be typed is to lose his power of characterization. He is then but another player.

Thus, Peter Lorre turned down what would have amounted to several fortunes. He wanted to go to Hollywood ... it would have fulfilled his dearest ambition ... but he was wise enough to know that he would immediately be cast in a blood-curdling thriller, which, though it undoubtedly would enhance his prestige for a time, would eventually result in the termination of his screen career long before he was ready to retire.

"I need acting as some other men need drugs and stimulants," he says. "It is my life and I would lose all interest in existence if I could not devote my entire time to it."

Strangely enough, Lorre, when he decided not to turn actor, had never even so much as been inside a theatre or seen a play. But the urge for expression coursed through his veins with an instinct and a raging torrent. With other ambitions young men, he improvised a theatre of his own.

The group had no repertoire of plays, but every act did not matter. Peter, as the director and the leading player, would evolve a situation, describe the characters to the amateur actors and then permit them to "ad-lib" both the action and the lines.

All of this happened in Vienna, when Peter had reached the ripe old age of seventeen years. Born in the Hungarian village of Rosenburg, high up in the Carpathians, he had moved to the Austrian capital with his family at the age of six. He had pursued a three-year grammar school and secondary education. But the day after graduation he ran away from home and shortly afterwards organized the small theatrical group.

In the theatre he found his forte, his life, although at first he wasn't quite sure how promising!

So that he might eat regularly, a year later he secured a job as a bank clerk, at the same time working with his actor-friends every night until four o'clock in the morning. The management of the banking institution finally learned of this and persuaded him that they could struggle along without his services.

Through the offices of a friend, he received a contract to do bits with a theatrical company in Breslau. Evidently Peter improved, for a year later the company's leading man went to Zurich and took him along. Upon this actor's recommendation he found an important role in John Galsworthy's "Society" and immediately registered as an attraction.

Back in Vienna once more, he remained for two years, playing a wide variety of roles and making the name of Lorre significant in the annals of the theatre. Going to Berlin, he arrived with exactly forty marks in his pocket.

But his reputation had preceded him. He was given the leading role in "Pioniere in Tropau." So striking a success was his appearance in this play that he skyrocketed to instant stardom. A star at twenty-four!

While rehearsing for another production, Fritz Lang became so impressed by his talents that he asked him to hold himself in readiness for a starring role in a screen play, as yet unchosen, which he planned to make sometime in the future. Looking forward to this good fortune, Peter promised. A year later, Lang found his story. The picture was "M!"

In the Spring of 1934, Lorre went to England to portray a leading role in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Although he knew very little English when the call reached him, several weeks later he had mastered enough of the language to be able
to step before the camera, and before the picture had ended he could speak the
language as well as a native. Upon the completion of the Gaumont-British
feature, which exhibited on the Isle selected as the best picture of the year, he
sailed for the United States, signed to a Columbia contract.

With his wife, Cecile Lyovsky, the European actress, he lives quietly in a bungalow
beside the sea, and spends most of his time reading, writing and swimming. He is an
ardent wrestling fan and never misses a
Wednesday night bout.

You have a treat in store, in the American
screen appearance of Peter Lorre. Re-
gardless of the outcome of his new picture,
he doubtless will be the sensation of the
season. His interpretation of the insane
surgeon with a mania for grafting human
hands will be a portrait meter to be for-
gotten.

"No, No, A Thousand
Times No!"

[Continued from page 15]

around in an enormous high-powered car
with the top down, and if you think I'm go-
ing to get a new finger wave every day for
any man you've got another think coming
to you. I might overlook Virginia Cherrill,
but hell, I won't overlook stringy locks.
For awhile I played with the idea of
marrying George Brent. George is another
one of those men who'd be quite correct
and format with his old proposal. I imag-
ine, and I might accept him temporarily
because of the Irish in him. But, after all, George
was married to Ruth Chatterton quite some
time, and one never fully recovers from
the Chatterton influence, and just imagine
being married to the Chatterton influence.
I really couldn't face it. A little art and
culture goes a long way with me and I'm
quite sure I wouldn't want James Joyce
and Pierre Louys spouted at me when I want
simple things about a moon and June.
Then, too, there's the Garbo influence.
(Oh, Mr. Brent is just a man of influences
it seems.) Everyday I felt sort of coy and
sentimental and wanted to be the "only
woman." I just know George would
growl, his throat and say, "When Garbo and
I week-end at Palm Springs ..." or
"When Garbo dropped in to prepare dinn-
er for me at Toluca Lake ..." or "When
Garbo used to make apfel kuchen for me
..." and, dear friends, right then and
there I would enter into the spirit of things
and grumble, "I used to go home to mudder."

If Jack Oakie ever grabbed me around
the waist in a merry whir and shouted,
"Toots, let's get married!" I'd be all for it,
that is for the nonce. But I bristle easily
and Jack is a rough boy. Besides, no one
has ever been able to get a sweat shirt off
of Jack. Oakie is one of the funniest men
I know, and Peggy and I have nothing in
common but a love for orchids. And Jack
would be the bouncy sort of husband who
told the same joke over and over again, and
the third time I hear I joke I always pick up
the nearest dish.

Fred MacMurray is a nice old-fashioned
boy who likes to sit home of an evening in
comfortable bedroom slippers and listen to
the radio. He's very much in real life
like he was in "The Gilded Lily" and he'll
make some girl a swell husband, but he's
not for the likes of me. And Franchot
Tone—one week of Franchot and I'd prob-
ably dynamite the entire little theatre
movement. Yes, the more I think of it,
the more I believe that girls shouldn't be
too rash about accepting proposals. She
didn't say yes and she didn't say no, she
just said, "Aw, nuts."

---

**Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?**

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**PACKER'S**

**PINE TAR**

for OILY hair

**OLIVE OIL**

for DRY hair

---

**SHAMPOOS**
Silver Screen August 1935

Accent on Youth (Continued from page 21)

association with Steven. Her eyes never left his face; she was hanging on every word he said.

"Old Love" Takes on New Life

"Doggone it—I know I am!" Linda loved even his ego. "But, Linda, my sweet, I don't love you or anybody, 
and if I loved you it would be with more-as it's like the situation in my play 'Old Love.'" Linda!

He sprang to his feet excitedly and Linda stared at him in confusion. Get your notes—look! Anger, you've saved my play! Why didn't I think of it before. How beautifully simple! You detect a middle-aged man making love to a young girl—but you can't blame him if the girl makes love to him. Bless you, Linda! I said get your notebook!

Linda hadn't moved. She got slowly to her feet, crushing her hat against her, tears filling her eyes, tragic unbelief in their depths.

"Don't—you're not going to make me write what I said to you?"

"Get your notebook! Quick!" Linda moved to the desk as in a trance and laid her hat and gloves down as she reached for a notebook. Steven rushed to the door.

"Floggell! Stop packing! I'm not going to Finland. And if Miss Genevieve calls I've been run over by a truck but the truck is doing nicely." Then back to Linda at the desk. "Linda, it's marvelous! If we can only find the right actress—of course—you said it and you can play it!"

"No! No!" wailed Linda. "I can't act!"

"You don't have to act! This is you!"

"I'll hate you! I hate you from the bottom of my heart as though to escape."

"I quit! Again!"

But Linda didn't quit. She went into the part which was to have been Genevieve's and became an overnight sensation. And Steven, in the months that followed, told hopelessly in love with her, as did also her young leading man, Dickie Reynolds.

When the play closed Steven prepared to show Linda the town. One evening while she was dressing for an appointment with him, Dickie, very drunk, came to her apartment. Linda was taking a shower and the noise of the water prevented her hearing him enter. In almost a stupor he fell on her bed. This was the picture which met Steven's eyes a few minutes later when he arrived.

Jealousy and Misunderstanding

As he stood looking at Dickie, disgust and unbelief on his face, he heard Linda in the shower, singing happily. This was too much. One hasty glance he cast in that direction; then, taking his notebook from his pocket, he scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper—"Linda, I was early. Sorry, Steven." He pinned this to Dickie's shirt, looked at him bitterly, then with a brief, harsh laugh left the apartment. Linda was as surprised as Steven when she came into her bedroom and found this announcement on her chair, knowing that Steven had not remained to help her find out how Dickie had gotten there and what to do with him.

"The girl's more angry than hurt, unable to get in touch with Steven and later refusing to answer his calls, she went to his apartment. Steven came in from a walk. He knew nothing happened following her around protesting as she gathered up her photographs and a lampshade she had made for Steven. They faced each other in a bitter moment— why she was angry with him and she denied that she was.

"So, you're not angry?" he flared up. "What do you call this...a laughing jay?"

She looked at him gravely before walking to the piano against which she leaned. "No, this is the answer to your faith in me is gone and everything is over."

"Linda, I have all the faith in the world in you but I know too much about life—about someone making fools of angels straight from heaven; but you're so young and Dickie's young..."

"You're right; I've turned Linda turned and looked at him incredulously. Steven dropped into a chair and ran his hands through his hair.

"Don't argue. Every night in that play—my play—he takes you in his arms. Every night in words that I wrote, your youth calls to you...every night and two mantises a week. I know it's over last night. It's all right. Forget about it."

"Why won't you marry me?" Linda pleaded going to his chair and bending over him. Her face brushed against his cheek, it's fragrance enveloped him like a suffocating fog. With an effort to be calm he took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the forehead, with the unconcern of a big brother.

"Darling, if I were twenty years younger—"

"I'd hate you!" She walked away from him, back to the piano.

"Linda, some day you're going to discover that I'm quite a man. I've got something of much, grand, and silly, strange, glorious, and that there's no substitute for it in the whole world. When that happens you mustn't find yourself tied to me."

Linda thought this over later that night when she was turning down her bed. There was a sort of preoccupied despair about her. Steven seemed one of those women so well—strange—her knew so little about them. In the midst of her thoughts the doorbell rang and believing Steven had come to tell her he was wrong she turned to answer happily, putting her hair into place as she went, but the smile of welcome froze on her lips as she opened the door.

"What's the matter?" her hands dropped to her side and she backed away as Dickie Reynolds stepped into the room and closed the door.

"I want to explain about—about when I was here before. Linda..." his voice broke queerly, tensely.

"What do you mean?" Linda was very frightened.

"You! I'm quitting the show on account of you. Don't look at me like that. That's the way it all happened, after looking at me for six months...as though I was the paper on the wall. I got drunk last night just so that I could break through that look of yours. I love you so much. I can't see straight."

For a moment he looked at her defiantly, then suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. Just as quickly, he released her and hurried from the room. Linda stared at the spot where he had stood. In panic she seized her hat, pulled it on and she lay passive in his arms not understanding the strange, tingling sensation which warned her like a glass of wine. Shaken, Dickie released her, patting her on the shoulder as they stared at each other. Linda had experienced an emotion swift and consuming a 1
its power drew her blindly back into Dickie’s arms as Steven entered. Startled, Linda did not move from Dickie’s embrace. “Excuse me,” said Steven. “I came for my walking stick. Dickie may not have told you, Linda, but that was my exit line.”

As though stung into action she turned to him tragically, and then, realizing what had happened she shuddered with violent contempt.

“Steven, I hate you!” Head high she walked past him and out of the library.

And so Dickie and Linda were married and went to California. Back in his own setting Dickie became a different boy. He forgot that Linda might have things that she would want to do. The honeymoon developed into a nightmare. Linda watched Dickie do setting up exercises morning, noon, and night. Aroused from sleep at the crack of dawn, she offered him a smile and her outstretched arms and was told to come for a swim. She was dragged into all the sports she had never indulged in, and for which she had no taste. With every muscle aching, she had to smile and pretend to be happy to keep Dickie in good spirits. He seemed to think he had done her a favor by marrying her and that his obligation ended there.

Linda Returns

Six months passed. It was the anniversary of the day Linda had first declared her love for him, but to Steven it was just another day.

Unknown to him Dickie and Linda were in New York. That evening Linda appeared in his library, a bunch of roses in her arms. She was wearing a polo coat over an evening gown. Since she had walked out of this same library she had matured and Steven noticed the tragic eyes and the trembling scarlet lips.

“Steven, no matter what I’ve done to you I’ve paid for it,” she said, arranging the flowers in a vase on her old desk. “And you’re the only one who can help me. You were so mean about everything before, I hated you. Maybe I could have loved Dickie; I tried . . . and then came the honeymoon.”

“Was it that bad?”

“Oh, Steven,” she was walking about restlessly, avoiding his eyes, touching well remembered books and pieces of furniture as though wishing to reassure herself that this was real. “Why didn’t you tell me what it means to be young . . . why didn’t anybody tell me? We went to Santa Barbara. Out of bed by seven—three hasty kisses and a shower—a plunge in ice—horseback riding—tennis, what do I know about tennis—golf—dancing and more swimming. And did you ever see rich men’s sons in their bathing suits waiting for the depression to pass? They all look like Dickie! They talk like Dickie! They’re as dull as Dickie! They are Dickie! Steven, I want New York and the theatre, and glasses of beer pounding on the table because somebody has something crazy and beautiful to say to somebody else. I want laughter and bad ventilation and mad dialogue . . . and you, Steven.”

Then Dickie arrived, with two of his pals, in search of Linda. Already he had tired of her and since their arrival in New York he had had her watched, believing that eventually she would get in touch with Steven. Steven put Linda in an adjoining room and picked up a book from which he looked up in well feigned surprise and welcome as Dickie entered. He invited Dickie to take a seat and have a cigarette but the enraged husband, looking about and asking for Linda, instructed his friends to search the place.

“Gentlemen,” Steven attempted to stop them. “Before you make another move I
wish to call your attention to the fact that this is the United States of America—not Princeton."

"My wife," stormed Dickie dramatically, "carrying a bouquet of flowers, entered this house. If you think you can make a fool of me you're mistaken. I live in a respectable community, I've got a position to maintain, and if anybody gets a divorce, I get it."

**Compromised**

But a search was not necessary for, at this moment, Linda walked nonchalantly into the room wearing an old towel robe of Steven's and a pair of his slippers. "Steven," she said to the staring group, "where are the cigarettes? Oh, hello, Dickie. And Butch!"

"I'm not Butch," pouted the offended youth.

"I'm sorry. I always get you boys mixed." Linda smiled with amiable sweetness. "You're Chuck, aren't you? And he's Butch."

"We'll see who's going to get the divorce." Linda lowered and offered the tip of her cigarette to Steven he lit it. Dickie turned on them belligerently, "And you thought you were smart. Deliberately giving me

The "Resting" of the Hollywood Stars

(Continued from page 25)

MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

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**Why?**

**No takers**

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night they got all dressed up and went to the Rainbow Room, which is on the eighty-third floor of Radio City. Janet thought that, like Hollywood night clubs, it would be on the first floor so when Gene shoved her into an elevator marked "First stop 50th floor" she nearly had a fit. "Shhh," said Gene, "don't let them know you're from the country." Janet says that Hollywood with its one and two stories looked mighty good after that.

After a number of pictures Clark Gable arranged with his studio to let him have a short vacation and attend the wedding of his step-daughter in Houston, Texas. But two days of being mobbed by fans, signing autographs, saying the right thing, and dressing the right way and Clark was only too glad to get back to Hollywood and his old pants and his sweat shirt.

After a long hard summer Dick Cromwell, last year, set his heart on an automobile trip to San Francisco, so, with a new car and money in his pocket to have himself a big time, off Dick went scurrying to San Francisco. The day he arrived in the city the union called a strike, and, as you may recall reading in the newspapers, everything shut down, there was a food shortage, and worst of all a gasoline shortage. Dick couldn't get out of town, and he couldn't do anything in town. Well, anyway he did get a rest, but it wasn't exactly the sort he had counted on having.

When Madge Evans returned from New York she had to spend two weeks at Palm Springs to recover, and Carole Lombard, after a tour of the East and Cuba, collapsed at her mountain cabin near Arrowhead and wasn't heard of for weeks. George Raft gripes something awful around the studio about having to work so hard, and how badly he needs a rest, and then he gets a vacation and what does he do? He takes a Postman's Holiday and goes around the country making personal appearances, and if there's anything more wearing than personal appearances I don't know what it is.

Bing Crosby wears himself out at the Santa Anita and Tanforan race-tracks. He is famous for his genial disposition at the studio but, one day at the race-track, he was so infuriated when a winning horse was disqualified by the judges that he picked up a chair and in a fit of temper hurled it across the clubhouse.

Every star who goes to Palm Springs to rest and get away from it all is usually greeted the first morning by a studio cameraman and several boys from the publicity office who are out to get the "best still of the month." After posing all day, naturally the star has to go to the famous Dunes (desert night club) that night and gulp a few martinis, and after a few martinis naturally she will want to place just one chip on "go" at the roulette table, and naturally after that she will just have to gamble the rest of the night. The next morning she will have a complete set of jitters. But what the heck, it all comes under the name of resting.

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Garbo Smiles Again [Continued from page 47]

mazurka. But Garbo decided to learn the dance and do it herself.

Every evening, after she had finished her day's work, the stage was changed quickly from her picture costume to slacks and a sweater and slipped into the studio of Chester Hale, the dancing instructor. In the beginning she wore only slacks and a sweater. But after seeing that Hale was no extra girl in a dancing chorus, and that Chester Hale arises to say that Garbo can dance with the best of them.

For the past experiences of Garbo have been the cause of worry and new gray hairs to the publicity department. Off-stage "shots," informal, unposed pictures, have been absolutely taboo on the set of the young woman from Sweden. She would permit only the required still pictures after each scene. At the end of production of each picture, she spent one entire day in the portrait gallery. Aside from that, she refused to pose for any camera.

A new still photographer was assigned to work on "Anna Karenina." He decided to try his luck with the forbidden off-stage pictures. He would work until he was ordered to stop. But his surprise, Garbo made no protest and no move to avoid the lens of his camera. For the first time since she entered her dignified silence after the second success on her stage.

And, to cap the climax, she finally asked the photographer if she could see the pictures.

"I have been watching you go snap, snap all day," she explained, smiling.

Eagerly she examined the proofs, liked them and asked for prints for her own personal use. Another unwritten law was broken.

All these changes may seem small and trivial in outline, but they are vastly important to the studio through which she has stalked, a silent stranger. I can remember Garbo's one and only visit to the studio when once car the actress with Marie Dressler during the making of "Anna Christie." The Queen of Sheba, herself, could have posed her New York famous actors and actresses and authors goggled like thrilled middle western tourists.

But why shouldn't Garbo smile and dance and be friendly? The Sharcers and Crawfords and Harlows and Bennett do.

There is no logical answer to that question.

Garbo is the most mysterious woman on the screen. She has a spell of her own, compelling you to keep the faith. And she has always been a complete stranger in her own studio. She was invariably courteous to her co-workers but no play even the genial and lovable Marie Dressler, was able to cross the barrier of her reserve.

Now, however, she is an active member of her company, playing hilaritious croquet on the studio's back lot with Freddie Bartholomew, chatting about Europe with Basil Rathbone, laughing heartily at the crazy antics of the irresistible Fredric March, drinking tea cosily with Maureen O'Sullivan, instead of retreating to the silence of her dressing bungalow.

Not once has she asked that black screens be placed around her set, to insure an even greater privacy on the most guarded stage. She is determined to see the entire view of the company and technical crew and dozens of extras. She posed merely one afternoon while Adrian, who designed her costumes, was busy having a little private session with the picture, photographed her with his sixteen millimeter camera. And always close to her is small Freddie Bartholomew, studying his lessons, working his puzzles, telling her about his little boy activities.

The inevitable question as to what Garbo will do when she finishes the picture has been answered. She will make another film, and probably two, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So "Anna Karenina" will not be her last film. She will work on her screen and the screen. Garbo seems more happily than she has been for years and she has bought a new set of tires for her car and is a hopeless automobile in which she has driven since her first days of stardom. That means, according to the few who know her, that she is preparing for a long stay in Hollywood.

Several years ago a determined, ardent man, John Gilbert, broke down Garbo's screen reserve. Today a small boy has charged with a high-tension electric current in her charms as a lovely young thing. He seems to think that she is pretty frivolous and lectures her about it. I haven't observed this, but I do know that he has been working her more serious-minded ... but she seems to enjoy it, never-the-less. She called the studio a day or so ago to cancel an engagement. He answered, "We have the young man at the other end of the wire protested, she replied, "But Ruben is going away tonight and I have to spend the day with this thing of a can see us ..."

A more about her career couldn't be allowed to interfere with her farewell to

All the Romantic Young Things [Continued from page 27]

and turned into one of Hollywood's most dangerous and potent sirens.

For a long time it was Tom Brown and that was all rather sweet and appropriate, if you ask me. Tom is the intense, fresh man type and Anita was (you note that I say was) the perfect ingenue. They were natural with each other. But suddenly, along with the warm weather and the new clothes and all, Anita blossomed out with goodness knows how many new beau. The twinsomethings that should be the latest to be seen taking her here and there between her intermittent appearances with Tom, who looks wistful these days.

Then there are Gertrude Michael and Ruben Mamoulian and Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb. (Bob is the manager of the Brown Derby.) Both these men are a bit older than the objects of their affections. Mamoulian is a serious soul, interested in Gertie's possibilities as a success in her charms as a lovely young thing. He seems to think that she is pretty frivolous and lectures her about it. I haven't observed this, but I do know that he has been working her more serious-minded ... but she seems to enjoy it, never-the-less. She called the studio a day or so ago to cancel an engagement. He answered, "We have the young man at the other end of the wire protested, she replied, "But Ruben is going away tonight and I have to spend the day with this thing of a can see us ..."

A more about her career couldn't be allowed to interfere with her farewell to
Rouben.

On the other hand, Bob Cobb tells little Gall, "I know you are pretty and popular and that you must have fun! If you want to run about, dancing and dining with the younger fry, that's all right with me. I'll be right here for your more serious moments... and of course, I want some of your time each week!"

There is a lot of commuting, too, these days. Dick Cromwell has been darting up to Santa Barbara at the drop of a hat to see his little artist-friend, Betty Parsons, who has a studio there. Betty, with her straight, blonde hair and her cameo face is so dainty and so unusual that it makes you moan with envy to look at her. Dick has his artistic moods, too. You know he makes those masks of people out of some sort of plaster which I don't understand at all. But no doubt they have a lot in common.

Anyhow, Betty did some commuting of her own when she dashed down to say goodbye to him when he left for Annapolis to make "Annapolis Farewell" for Paramount.

Sally Blane and Norman Foster are really our champion hand-holders. At the theater, in night clubs... even at the fights, for goodness' sake, there are, clasping hands with the most intense expressions! Sally is looking so pretty these days. I think love is very becoming to a girl, don't you?

Gene Raymond is such a causer of pit-a-pats in feminine hearts, despite his shyness. And just now, or at least day before yesterday, it was Ann Sothern who was pit-a-patting at the sight of him. Seeing him very often, too.

Betty Furness has very firm and rather old-fashioned ideas on the subject of young men. She is popular... good gracious, yes! Popular enough to be able to draw the line at going places with men, "Dutch treat," or even paying for the young men -- a practice which is pretty general in this town, where frequently a sweet young thing's salary tops those of any of her male acquaintances.

Oh, yes... the jasmine and the honey-suckle and the mocking birds are really doing things! And it is hard for a girl to keep her mind on her work. Especially when she lives, as I do, next door to that belle, Alison Skipworth! You should have seen Skippy's pleasure over the wagon load of flowers Grant Mitchell sent her on her birthday!

Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee) have a day at the beach, leaving the baby at home and the careers to take care of themselves.

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Reviews [Continued from page 49]

Bruce Cabot, as the public enemy, has never been better. His scene with the plastic surgeon is one of the best pieces of business you'll ever find in any picture—oh boy, is that scene something.

Eric Linden and where has he been all these months?) plays Virginia's young brother who is murdered by the chauffeur she has paroled, and is excellent in a small part, as is Dorothy Appleby, as the mob, Alice Brady, as Virginia's aunt, gets kind of lost in the excitement. For entertainment and grip it surpasses this picture but most heartily recommended. I'm all for this G-men cycle, aren't you?

COLLEGE SCANDAL
Rating: 60—MURDER FOR ALMA MATER—Paradigm

IT'S MURDER month, kiddies, and nothing's sacred. Not even the campus of dear old Alma Mater. Two college students get themselves murdered, careless fellows, and a third is just about to be murdered when the criminal is discovered, and who it is is something you'll just have to find out for yourself. Naturally every undergraduate in the place looks guilty.

Working in this picture, thank heavens, there's a rehearsal of a college musical show and a couple of love affairs, and most of all, hip hip hooray, there's Arline Judge, cute and clever as they make them, who proceeds to pick this rather average picture up and walk away with it. There really should be a law compelling Arline Judge to appear in more pictures.

Well, anyway, the rehearsal gives us an opportunity to hear Johnny Downs sing the new Sam Coslow song "In the Middle of a Kiss," which is a knock-out and worth the price of admission alone. Kent Taylor, as a college professor, Joyce Compton as a dumb diane, and those two nice juveniles, Eddie Nugent and Wendy Barrie, help matters along, but it's really Arline's picture. She's practically everything but the murderer.

CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT
Rating: 60—CHARLIE CARRIES ON—Fox

CHARLIE CHAN, they tell me, has many more fans than Philo Vance, so naturally you'll just have to expect him to be popping up at the local cinema every few months. Unfortunately Charlie's creator, Earl Derr Biggers, died last year, and the new Chan scribblers are rather put to it for new locales.

Egypt is the location this time (Egg-wipe, as Ed Wynn used to call it) and there among the tombs and pyramids is our old friend Warner Oland, who has become so identified as Charlie Chan, the portly little Chinese detective with the gentle philosophy, that it has become quite difficult to think of Warner as any one else.

The mystery-surprise, surprise—is all about the weird series of deaths that follow the opening of a high priest's tomb, and it's a very good mystery, for even the most adept solvers among you will be kept in suspense regarding the identity of the villain until good old Charlie lays his trap. Don't think we'll tell you who the murderer is—it might be Frank Conroy or James Thomas or Nigel de Brulier or even Stepin Fetchit. Thomas Beck and Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer, lucky girl) look after the romance in a quiet way.

THE HEALER
Rating: 60—SIMPLE DRAMA—Monogram

RALPH BELLAMY, who becomes more and more popular with every picture, plays an earnest young doctor whose life is devoted to the cure of paralytic children in a mountain resort, Karen Morley as his assistant and of course is secretly in love with him.

The doctor supports his own clinic and is adored by the youngsters, and everything is said and peaceful—until Judith Allen, a rich society girl, hears of "the healer" and comes for treatments. Ralph cures her and falls in love with her, so Judith decides to become a fashionable doctor. A forest fire threatening his boys' camp and his clinic brings him to her senses, and true love conquers all. No sophistication about this one.

KLIOU
Rating: 60—FOLKS, MEET HANK—Bennett Productions

YOU'VE doubtless read in the fan magazines about Connie Bennett's husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who goes on long trips into the jungles every now and then to make travelogues. Well, here's the story of him and them and very charming it is. It's done in Technicolor and is very soothing to the eye, and the musical score is very soothing to the ear. If you go in for travelogues you will most certainly enjoy this one.

In a gentle, leisurely fashion it tells the story of "Kliou," a great man eating tiger who terrorizes a small tribe of natives in the jungles of Indo-China. One day Kliou almost clawed to death the "Quan," chieftain of the tribe, and the wise man says that only the life blood of the tiger ebbing away can save the Quan's life. So a native boy with his bow and arrow stalks the beast in the jungle, finally kills him, and wins the hand of the Quan's very beautiful daughter.

The story is played by a native cast, with native scenery, and it is really quite beautiful and very simple. Henri de la Falaise plays an important part in the picture by acting as the seer, and my, what an attractive, good-looking young man he is. I'm all for Hank becoming an actor.

Studio News [Continued from page 19]

get some out of this," Robinson answers, taking a fresh pint out of his pocket.

"There is an idea there," Rogers remarks.

"Gimmie that cork," Wolf says.

"Well, what does our philosopher do but burn the cork and black his face up. I'll bet you Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson will be plenty sore when they hear about it," he says. But, anyhow, when Homespun Bill gets all blacked up, he starts out of the jail doing a tap dance.

"What do you call that?" one of the officers laughs, thinking Rogers is Robinson.

"A real white folks calls it 'Off to Buffalo,'" Rogers replies, "but I calls it 'Off to de races,'" and with that he's out and gone, leaving Mr. Robinson and the jailers holding the bag.

They're doing the tap dance when I bust in and Robinson is showing Rogers some steps. "Here," he offers, "you can cheat your face around towards the camera a little. Lemme show you.

"It's darned generous of Robinson but any time anybody has to show Mr. Rogers how to cheat his face towards the camera there's a trick in it.

Just then the assistant director comes up.

"Sorry. We'll be glad to have you visit our set any other day but Mr. Rogers feels so self-conscious tap-dancing he doesn't want any visitors around."

"Isn't it wonderful!" my guide breathes as we leave. "A man his age learning to tap dance!"

Good night!

Harvey Stephens and Jean Muir fix it up about the orchids in "Orchids to You."

Well, leaving Mr. Rogers to his self-consciousness, his tap-dancing and the study of how to cheat his face towards the camera, we'll proceed to the next set, which is "Orchids to You." This features Jean Muir and John Boles. Mr. Boles has entertained me at his home at bridge several times and has been sending me Christmas wires for years but he never remembers me when he meets me. Today, however, after carefully asking the guide who I am, he comes up and greets me by name! And Miss Muir and I guzzled tea (and I really mean TEA) at John Beal's party so this is a very lucky set to be on today—particularly as no one is feeling self-conscious about anything.

The scene is a florist's shop and a very elegant shop it is, too. When the picture is finished there will be credits, naming the director, the set designer, the costume designer, the scenario writer, etc., but there will be nary a word carrying the news "Flowers by Halchester." It's a shame, too, because whether they show up on the screen or not, the flowers on the set are real enough.

"Holy smoke," Halchester ejaculates catching sight of me. "Don't you ever stay home? I saw you at Paramount the other day with Carole Lombard, you were at the
Baltimore with Joan Blondell and now here you are gabbing with Jean Muir.

"Orchids to You, Mr. Hatchester, and mind your own business."

Mr. Boles isn’t in this shot but Jean (see, we’re that friendly now) and Harry Stephens are. I’ve a hunch Harvey is the villain of the piece. At any rate, he’s still wearing a mustache.

“Good morning, Mr. Draper,” Jean greets him as he enters.

"And to you, Goddess," he ripostes. "I have to fly to Detroit today. Be away ten days or so. Would you arrange for the regular delivery of my orchids?"

"Of course," Jean answers.

"And, er—I’d appreciate your personal attention," he goes on, "if you don’t mind."

"I understand," she replies calmly.

"Orchids every afternoon—and before five o’clock—to—"

Jean has her pad ready to jot down the name and address as Harvey continues: "Miss Evelyn Bentley—"

Evidently Jean knows Miss Bentley and there is something wrong about the whole business because she drops the hand holding the pad as though she were through taking down the address.

"The address," Harvey goes on and then notices she hasn’t the pad ready. "Don’t you want the address?"

"Oh, yes," Jean replies hastily as though she’s never heard of la Bentley.

"75, East 89th Street." Harvey finishes—and then the dirty work. "I don’t suppose, casually, ‘you’d have any business that might take you to Detroit?"

Jean frowns, is on the point of resenting his implied proposition, then turns it off with a shrug. "I’m afraid not. Each afternoon, orchids, before five. That right?"

"Right." he agrees stonily as if his invitation and its refusal were completely forgotten. "Between the dark and the daylight When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day’s occupation—"

"That is known as the orchid hour," Jean finishes for him.

Next on the list, we have a concoction with the rather daring title of “The Dressmaker.”

This whole thing, Mr. Sheehan, of not being able to get the plots—if any—of your pictures is just too, too confusing. Here this thing is called “The Dressmaker” and the scene is a banker’s office. I don’t know who the characters are or why or what bankers have to do with dressmakers. So how can I interest the public in your output? Of course, if I told them the plot they might be even less interested but there’s no use looking on the gloomy side of things. Anyhow, we’ll assume they know the plot up to this point and are simply on tenterhooks to find out what comes next.

Well, Robert Barrat—as one of the bankers—is bending over Tutta Rolf’s (Fox’s latest foreign importation—and I will say that despite the fact not one of their fur-ringers has ever clicked they are no whit discouraged and keep bringing more over). "That would be wonderful," he breathes. Just then the door opens and who should pop in but our old friend Clive Brook. "Madame Petrovna," Barrat goes on, "may I present my partner and friend, Mr. Trent?" And then to Clive: "Madame is the famous Russian diva, Nadia Petrovna."

"I have heard of Madame," Clive admits, and then to her, "How do you do?"

"Madame has done us the honor of opening an account in our bank," Barrat explains.

"But on one condition," Madame interrupts hastily, and turns to Clive: "I understand you are to be married tomorrow and that tonight you and Mr. Dupont (Barrat) will have a little bachelor dinner all alone?"

"Right," Clive acknowledges.

"Well, I have fallen madly in love with Mr. Dupont," Miss Rolf rushes on with breath-taking candor, "and I want you to let him have dinner with me instead."

"You see, Bill," Barrat puts it up to Clive, "what a position I am in? Torn between my friendship for you and my adoration for—"

"Just call me Nadia," Madame interrupts, "I bow to Madame," Clive bows with a courtly waist bend, "and I hope you both have a very delightful dinner."

"Oh, Mr. Trent!" Nadia (I guess it’s all right for me to call her ‘Nadia’, too) gushes. "You are breaking my heart, How can I separate two such dear friends and, with marked coquetry, "too such attractive gentlemen. I think we three should dine together."

"Why not?" Clive comes back in what for an about-to-be-married man is a surprisingly gay voice.

Tutta Rolf (just imported), Clive Brook and Robert Barrat in “The Dressmaker.”

**Silver Screen for August 1935**

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“Why not?” Barrat echoes very feebly. And the next thing we see of them they are in a taxi together hilariously singing, “It’s a dog’s life.” Clive, half smiling, says to his friend, “I know you are a trial to the world, and in a trice, busily jotting down notes for a musical composition. A fat Frenchman (William Gilbert) is sitting opposite him. First, he dog mops his face and then with his handkerchief, then he stuffs it in his collar so that it flows down over his fat bosom. Then he opens a bundle. It is a huge meal. Next him, a little fur kitten. He cuts himself off a huge slice of Bologna. At the smell of the sausage the kitten stirs mysteriously. Finally a dog jumps from the floor, and it slaps the dog back and looks at Clive. “Fifty francs for the dog in the van,” he explains in righteous indignation. “Of course, Mis’ru, the guard—you will keep my confidence?”

“If my silence is worth the fifty francs to you, then the dog, too,” he replies.

He gestures towards the sausage. “I’m hungry,” Frenchy gives him a dirty look and cuts a small slice. Clive takes it, opens the top of his mouth and then makes a face. “Humph!” says Frenchy deprecatingly. The train begins to slow down, the brakes shriek and the people under way. M. Lorre, with his head clipped, or rather his hair clipped, right down to the quick, is pacing around with a mad look in his eye. Knowing practically everything, as I do, about “The Hands of Orlac” and knowing what he’s going to do to Colin before many reels have elapsed, you can’t blame me for being a little uneasy.

I leave “The Hands of Orlac” to those as likes that sort of thing and shudder over to the next stage where the programmer is appropriately titled “Calm Yourself.”

Of course, when I see Robert Young sitting sedately on a chair in the corner of an office I know everything is strictly on the up and up here so I relax. I am even more reassured when the synopsis informs me that this is a charmingly nomenous comedy—they hope.

The scene is what is known as a “walk through” and is not vitally important to the play. As I told you, Bob, in a pinch suit with one of the new “action backs” is sitting quite properly and quietly on a chair in the corner, his brief case on his knees and his hat on the brief case.

Behind a desk sits a man with a mustache and glasses, who is named Carlton Griffith but who looks too much like Johnny Arthur for comfort. The outer door opens and a young Roxane comes in. She is a member of a three quarter length coat, the whole thing trimmed in white, enters and passes through the office, quite as though she belonged there.
"Good morning, Mr. Whipple," she says briefly as she keeps going.

"Good morning," he replies and turns to Bob, "you may go in now, Mr. Patten."

Well, that's all there is to the scene, except to tell you that Bob has been fired from an advertising agency (owned by Claude Gillingwater) because he fell in love with the president's beautiful daughter (Betty Furness). So he opens a one-man "confidential services" bureau and is about to render confidential service to K. S. Rockwell's daughter (Dagge Evans)—only she doesn't know it yet. There are many complications but young love triumphs in the end and Bob and Madge find they are meant for each other, while the president's beautiful daughter (Betty Furness) finds happiness in the arms of Bobby Kent (Hardie Albright).

Having seen everything is over, looking at M-G-M, even down to solving Clive's dilemma in "The Hands of Orlac" and making sure he's going to be reconciled with his wife, we proceed to Warner Brothers establishment.

At Warner Bros.

WELL, all and sundry, if you think I'm not playing in luck today you're crazy. Everywhere I go there are only one or two pictures shooting—except at Fox and that's already behind me.

Over here, we have Joe E. Brown in "Broadway Joe"—a musical. This is being directed by Busby Berkeley, who directs the best ensemble numbers of anyone in Hollywood, regardless of how he directs an entire picture. Yes, and, in addition to that, it's married to Myrna Kennedy who is—or was when I last saw her—one of the most beautiful girls in the world.

Well, anyhow, Buzz' directorial ability and Myrna's looks have nothing whatever to do with the plot of the picture.

The set—and nobody can fool me about this—the marvelous set is the inspiration of a stage designer and there are bags and suitcases piled in the racks over the heads of passengers. Joe E., who is perfectly magnificent in a black and white checked suit, with a black and white tie and a gray fedora, and Ann Dvorak (his wife) are members of a charmed burlesque troupe. Joe, always clowning, turns around back flaps down the aisle of the car, landing at the end of the corridor in front of the stage door where Patricia Ellis (a madcap heiress) is weeping copiously. She's run away from home but instead of coming out with the truth she tells Joe up with a pack of lies, and in the end he takes her to Joseph Cawthorn, the manager of his company, and gets her a job. William Gargan, who is just as flashy dressed as Joe E., in a tan suit, tan fedora, and red tie, has come down the aisle of the car and stands on the edge of the crowd observing the proceedings. He recognizes Pat.

"I could give you the dialogue but it's just routine stuff so there's no use taking up space. It's charm, I'm sure, will lie in the way it's played."

But the part gives Joe a chance to do all the stunts he did while he was with a circus and which gained him such widespread popularity on the New York stage. He tumbles, dances, sings, juggles, and in fact, opens up his bag of tricks and GIVES.

"I suppose, you lose," says Gargan when the stunt is finished, because of your dignity ever to call a guy up or come out there when you know we have a house guest?"

And he goes away. I spend half my life making apologies and excuses. So I apologize once more and invite Bill up to the mountains for a week-end and I'm quite forgiven by this house guest who happens to be Mrs. Leslie Howard.

"Page Miss Glory" is also shooting out here but I told you about that one last
Why a corn hurts

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"Who says I'm not?" Doug demands as he empties the bottle you and don't forget it, putting his arm around her.

"Phil, please don't," Anita whispers. "I'm afraid he'll order them. I prefer the look of the picture."

"I know what you mean," he orders. "I want your auntie to hear.

"Oh, Phil," she whispers, turning her face away as his kiss falls on her cheek, and then, into her mouth. "Please explain everything in a letter. Goodbye."

The set is the lounge of a country club. The walls are all paneled in wood, deep sofa with a chintz on it, and there are palms and bowls of flowers scattered about and loving cups.

Miss Brady is very chic in a suit of henna colored flannel pajamas which she doesn't wear in the picture. She has them on because she is only lending her voice and not her face and, as he suggests, she will explain everything in a letter.

Suddenly the director gives a start: "Alice, it doesn't look like you're going to be able to get away.

"It doesn't make any difference," she assures him.

He is still very apologetic about the whole thing but Alice smiles bravely. "It really doesn't matter. If I don't recognize the studio and the studio where I'm working and they have first call on my time."

Walk up the halls to another studios a long time and this is the first time I've ever heard a star so agreeable about not getting off when she wanted to. But Alice had the right of way. She was one of the sweetest and easiest stars to get along with of anyone on Broadway. She's lost pounds, too, and looks fine.

Eric Borle, who played the butler in "The Gay Divorcee," appears on the set suddenly and Alice fairly springs to meet him. "Are you going to work in this picture too?" she asks.

"No, I've been working in 'Top Hat' with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers," he answers.

"Who else is in it?" she asks.

"Oh, Eric Rhodes and Eddie Horton."

"Why?" Alice exclaims in amazement, "they have the entire cast from 'Divorcee' except me. Why am I not in it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Borle answers hastily, visibly embarrassed. "Possibly you were offered something else and they couldn't get you."

As a matter of fact, Helen Broderick is taking Miss Brady's place in the cast and while Mr. Borle may have thought that he could think I'd have preferred Alice. Oh, well. Nobody asked me.

Alice is too upset over the slight that has been put upon her to chat so I mosey along to the "Sing Me a Love Song" (tentative title) set.

Mr. Douglas set for this picture is the interior of a theatre and I mean to say they have really reproduced one. In one of the box seats where Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell, a man I didn't recognize and Ricardo Cortez. In the next box are a party of people and Henry Molloin (an Englishman). Ricardo is a rack-tet de luxe who owns half of New York. He is at the theatre tonight in an effort to collect a gambling debt from Mr. Molloin. He is the fellow of the box are a lot of extras in dresses clothes. But, here's a funny thing, the farther away from the box you get, the fewer extras there are, until finally at the stage door the cast is seen only two or three extras to a row. That's so that the camera, shooting over their heads, will catch the tops and make it seem as if the box place is filled, as the focus of the camera widens, more and more extras are needed.

The beat of a signal, there is a burst of applause, the curtain parts and out comes the star, Dorothy Page. And what I mean, she is really an eyeful in a skin tight, dark blue sequin evening gown with three colored bird of paradise feathers in her hair and around her neck. She takes a bow, the curtain falls and there is more applause. It rises again, she comes out, grins and shows much of yellow roses of the ushers has been holding out to her, with a well simulated gesture of surprise that anyone should be sending her flowers, and the curtain falls once more.

Then Mr. Armetta, Mr. O'Connell (who is putting on too much weight) and the strange gentleman rise and leave the box. Ricardo is about to get up to follow Mr. Molloin but, oh, a freak of circumstance can save Mr. M from a very bad time.

Well, that's Universal but there's still—

Paramount

SOMETHING's always doing at good old Paramount. First and foremost, the one and only W. C. Fields is working again—this time the masterpiece being called "Everything Happens At Once.

His domineering wife is Kathleen Howard, formerly editor of Harper's Bazaar. She is wandering around the set in a peach colored satin nightgown but, ssh (or however you spell shush), it looks to me as though she had on stars and several layers of other things underneath it. Also, she has on stockings, which is a fine way for a lady to go to bed. It was all right for W. C. to get away with it when he was in "If I Had A Million" because then Wynne was the kind of lady who goes to bed with her stockings on.

Mr. Fields? Ah, there is a different story. He looks very snazzy in a pair of white pajamas with one of those ducky little laces tied around his middle. And here I'd always thought Bill to be the type of man who wears nightshirts.

My reflections are rudely interrupted by a shock on the back. I look around and there's Paul Jones. This is not the John Paul Jones of naval history. This one is William L'Baron's assistant. "How's your job?" he grins felizly.

Mr. Jones took me golfing one Sunday and caught me at my worst. Now, mind you, there's only a difference of about two strokes between my best but it's something I don't like to have thrown in my teeth.

I turn my back on Mr. Jones and suddenly the gasp gets grinningly chair in. I thought quite as though he were Mr. Paramount, is none other than Sam Hardy—he of the resplendent wardrobe, comprised of suits with chests and tiny mustache (the more conservative models), stripes of variegated colors and other inconspicuous patterns. For his new duties as gag man, writer and assistant director (of sorts) on this picture, he is much more quietly garbed than usual. But even so, he's wearing white socks with elastic in the top to obviate the necessity for garters. I guess it's the sophisticate in him.

The scene is the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Howard. Miss Howard's satin gown is out of keeping because it's not much of a home. There's a shoe bag hanging in plain view on the door. Yeah, and where a wall has been taken out to make room for the camera, I catch sight of the bathroom. And it's a pretty cheap bathroom, too. Wooden wainscoating half-way up the walls, painted with those old fashioned tin tiles, painted white.

Kate is already in bed and W. C. is seeing around. "Anything you want?" he asks meekly—grinning. "Can I get you a glass of water—or something?"

"You can get to bed and turn out the lights," she says ungraciously. "Yes—yes," he mutters. I should have thought of that.

I'd like to stay here all day because that

---

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Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—
tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

What's the secret of the old songbook?

"The Big Broadcast is the "big" picture of the Paramount lot. Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti and Henry Wadsworth at work.

Suddenly the door opens and the three players mentioned enter. Oakie is carrying a big leather case, which contains the "radio eye. "Ah-h-h," Lyda gushes enthusiastically.

Jack is already orating: "Now, you take Edison," he spouts off. "They laughed when he sat down at the battery but when he got up with the electric light? Ah! What did people say when Eli Whitney invented the gin mill? Where were they when Pullman invented the upper and lower? Asleep! Necessity, the mother of invention! And, believe you me, this is mother's day!" Roberti glances adoringly at Henry. "He knows so many things," she coos.

Roberti looks like a million—gold coin. Oakie has never looked as well in his life. He must have lost thirty pounds since he finished "Call of the Wild." And this is Wadsworth's big chance. He made a big hit with Hattie McDaniel in his first picture: "-Applause"—and, until now, he's never had a chance since then.

Here's to "The Big Broadcast," its players and director (that him), may it prove one of the box office smashes of the year.

R-K-O

AND, just because I live right, "The Peacemaker," starring Richard Dix, finished yesterday so he could be free to greet his twain when they arrive tomorrow. "Top Hat" I told you about last month so there is only "The Return of Peter Grimm" to report.

In the original play, Peter was a famous tulip grower. But, for some reason best known to themselves, R-K-O has made him a general hornist. Lionel Barrymore plays Peter. Peter dies and goes to heaven but he can't let well enough alone and comes back to watch over his beloved flowers and to direct the affairs of those he loved. Quite a harmless, lovely old ghost he is, so one is scared to have him walking around—much.

The particular scene they're shooting takes place before he dies. He's in his office with his secretary, James Bush. He has just finished dictating a letter when guy floors me. He never does a scene the same way twice. But right next door is "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

"The Big Broadcast of 1935."

Heavens Pyorrhea
Trench Mouth
For Thousands!
he glances out the window into the garden and sees Helen Mack and Allen Vincent walking past. He chuckles and turns to Jimmy, who has also seen them. From the way Jim's lips tighten, he doesn't think he cares much for the picture.

"That ought to tell you it's spring," Lionel says. "Yes, sir, SPRING! I wish they'd have sense enough to kiss each other."

If I was Frederik (Vincent)," he goes on, staring towards Mr. Bush, "I'd certainly want to kiss the girl I was engaged to."

He fairly beams at Jimmy who rises suddenly and stares at the old man. "Engaged?" He demands rather incredulously.

"Sure," Lionel nods. "Why not? Well, not yet, but soon. They're young—they've had weeks to fall in love—yes, sir, any day now they'll be engaged."

Jimmy makes a startled move towards Lionel, as though he was about to say something; but the director calls "Cut!" and that suits me because it means I can now duck out to the Richard Arlen's to speed them on their cross country jaunt in their new Duesenberg. So I'll be seeing you next month, when the tulips are blooming and Peter's spirit has returned to heaven where it belongs.

Games

[Continued from page 29]

a groove that goes only in one direction. Of "Private Worlds," his first picture under the Wagner- Paramount contract, he spoke most highly. "It was an intelligent theme and required definite thought to interpret it correctly. I should like to do other pictures that have thoughtful plots which stimulate the mind."

As for "Break of Hearts," in which he played opposite Katharine Hepburn, he was not so optimistic. "It was disappointing to us both," he said frankly. "But what could you expect, the dialogue was practically written line by line as we worked on the set. That way, you can't be too good."

M. Boyer was somewhat embarrassed when confronted with the fact that the American fans are welcoming him to their hearts as the newest screen lover. "I don't think they can continue very long," he said deprecatingly. "I am an actor and must go ahead on the stage and screen indefinitely—but as a great lover, no! They would tire of me and I would tire of them all too soon."

He agreed, however, that his film work, both here and abroad, has added considerably to his prestige and he is naturally very grateful. "My manager at the theatre in Paris where I played last was not impressed by it, though," he murmured with an amused smile. "One day he came and

The Boyer Charm

[Continued from page 32]

joined me at the stage door where a group of fans were asking for my autograph. Why are they out here, your precious fans," he bellowed disdainfully. "Why are they not in the theatre where they belong? As the theatre had not been very well patronized that afternoon, I could not argue with him. I had no, what you call come-back."

The conversation, veering to other subjects, came back to pictures again and M. Boyer expressed himself most enthusiastically in favor of "The Scoundrel." He conceded that so far as the end was concerned the plot held plenty of loop-holes. "But it was so different, so unusual, one overlooked the flaws. And Noel Coward. What a disdained character study he gave. I liked "The Informer," also. That, too, was different. In Hollywood they laughed at it, but only for a little while. It was tragic, in such a stark, naked sort of way they didn't know just how to take it at first. Yet they remained to applaud it at the end."

Good taste, and a sense of the fitness of things (oh, why why why was I ever taught etiquette—I could say Mrs. Emily Post) prompted me to get up at this moment and terminate my visit, but as I wished him bon voyage in my very faulty French I knew instinctively that this potent charm, which is in his gift from the kindly gods, will outlast his temporary absence, and when he returns next Fall to Hollywood he will find thousands of devoted fans waiting to receive him.
I N THE reviews of that excellent picture "Les Miserables," great stress was given to the implacable, unrelenting character of Javert—brilliantly played by Charles Laughton—and his dogged hunting down of Jean Valjean, Fredric March.

You have no doubt seen the picture by now (and if you have not, let us urge you to do so). It has occurred to us that the theme of the man hunt is not the real reason for the success of this Victor Hugo classic. In fact, the greatest thrill comes when the bishop, benignly played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, opens the eyes of Jean to the beauty of brotherly love and trust—"Long ago, Jean, I learned that life is to give—not to take."

The screen has been very entertaining lately with its musicals, its Federal officers and those pictures from the classics, but we wish to point out that the screen was greatest when it used to preach a little. Is there a bit of confusion in the minds of the producers? Do they think that to be sentimental is to be intelligent? Let them study "Les Miserables." There is nothing stupid or provincial about this picture. There is no hokum about its beliefs. When Sir Cedric Hardwicke so simply talks to Jean and when later Jean lives up to the Bishop’s beautiful teachings, we feel a glow of joy and pride in the screen.

THE most remarkable scenes that we have found on the screen this month, are in "Escape Me Never," Elizabeth Bergner’s picture. She is unbelievably real as the wild Gemma. The beginning of this picture has action, a remarkable setting and this extraordinary actress in a whirlwind start-off. There is no one on the screen like—adorable!
"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things.

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause your precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads give instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."

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"NATURALLY I LIKE CAMELS BEST...."

MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE

“They’re so much milder and have so much more flavor to them,” says this charming representative of New York’s discriminating younger set. “They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jump or upset. And smoking a Camel really does something for you if you’re tired—you smoke a Camel and you feel like new—it gives you just enough ‘lift.’” That is because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy in a safe way—fatigue vanishes. And you can enjoy a Camel just as often as you wish, because Camels never upset the nerves. Smoke a mild, fragrant Camel the next time you are tired, and see what a difference it makes.

CAMELS ARE MILDERS! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...

TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND
WRITE FOR A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH

See Page 18
ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me... it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"

You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's so economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

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THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

It happened in Mexico when two fugitive young lovers went over the border and then found out that they couldn't get back! You'll roar with laughter at the fast-moving series of amusing difficulties that almost wrecked their motor trailer and their constantly interrupted romance!

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an Edward Small production
BARBARA STANWYCK
in
Red Salute
with
ROBERT YOUNG
HARDIE ALBRIGHT • RUTH DONNELLY
CLIFF EDWARDS • GORDON JONES
PAUL STANTON
A Reliance Picture

Directed by
SIDNEY LANFIELD
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
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**

**CLARENCE BROWN'S Production**

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture ... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK*
The Opening Chorus

Katharine Hepburn

D

A LETTER FROM LIZA

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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ELIOT KEEN
Editor

RECOMMEND THE MAGIC OF HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER 1935

Volume Five

Number Twelve

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Cover Portrait of Fay Wray by Marland Stone


for October 1935
Which One Will Come Out On Top?

This Contest For The 1935 Silver Screen Gold Medal Will Decide Which Player Is The Most Popular One On The Screen.

Below is the ballot which will enable you to vote for your favorite in this interesting contest. Fill out the ballot with the name of the player who should, in your opinion, receive this medal.

On the screen during this past year, Shirley Temple has held her own against all comers. Will this Medal contest prove that, in the hearts of the fans, little Shirley reigns supreme? Or will Claudette Colbert, the Academy Award Winner, win this Medal for popularity?

This impartial contest is decided solely by the votes of the readers and it establishes definitely which player stands pre-eminent—the Most Popular Player on the Screen.

The previous awards of the Silver Screen Gold Medal Contest were won by Joan Crawford (1933) and Clark Gable (1933). Who will win the medal this year?

It is your privilege to help in this award, and if you take the trouble to mail the ballot in, you will, in a small measure, have paid in part for the hours of happiness you have received. There will be an additional ballot in the November Silver Screen. You can vote as many times as you wish. Each copy of Silver Screen for September, October and November carries one ballot. Polls close November 7, 1935 and no ballots received after that day will be counted.

In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Remember the medal is for the MOST POPULAR PLAYER. Cast your vote for the player whom you like the best. A player in Hollywood enjoys his or her popularity for only a few years. Vote for your favorite so that in days to come he or she will have this enduring momento.

This contest is not limited. You can vote for either a man or woman. The medal will be awarded to the one who receives the most votes.

Fill Out This Ballot, The Player Receiving The Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.

Help To Award The Silver Screen Gold Medal. Who Is The Most Popular Player On The Screen?
"Page Miss Glory"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

She's back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lift 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 delicious 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, Paulette Goddard, and a dozen others.

For October 1935
"The Big Broadcast of 1936" is the last word in entertainment. It has everything—stars, laughs, songs, a dancing chorus and romance.

Once in a while a picture comes along that sets a new standard and makes you feel that at last perfection has been reached—that nothing can ever surpass its all around excellence.

Such a picture is Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1936." The reason of course is that the players are so completely competent that they can make the most of the excellent songs and comedy dialogue. Jack Oakie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Lyda Roberti, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy, Ethel Merman, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and the many other talented stars in this picture carry screen entertainment to a new high.

"Isn't love the sweetest thing, Georgie-Porgie?" Gracie Allen and George Burns in Paramount's masterpiece.

"The Big Broadcast of 1936" is really elephantine.

Henry W. Wadsworth and W. B. Burne in thrilling on of love, in 'Big Broadcast 1936.'

Ethel M. M. in the Hit of New York's success, "A thing goes," "It's the Am in Me."
REACHED ITS PEAK?

The worm turns. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in a skit from "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon."

Lyda Roberti and Jack Oakie take the first false step and the next they know they are in their dance for "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

Paramount Pictures May Take A Bow For Bringing To The Screen A Group Of Comedians That Cannot Be Surpassed In This World Today.

for October 1935
The European Touch

Mrs. Paul Lukas Has The True Magyar’s Love
For A Well Cooked, Well Served Dinner.

By Ruth Corbin

No young wife ever began her married life under more difficulties and facing more problems than did Daisy Lukas, when she married Paul. Reared in luxury, with no thoughts more serious than what concert or social entertainment she would attend next, or what she was going to wear, she found herself suddenly facing the same problems that every young woman does, when she is untrained in household management. More of them, in fact, for she was in a strange country, without friends or relatives to help and guide her. She was unable to understand the simplest conversation, as she knew not one word of English, having been educated in her native Hungary.

She can laugh about those first years now, but she acknowledges it was no laughing matter when she was living through them. Her romance with Paul was one of those hard-to-believe, fiction-sounding sort. Paul was playing a limited engagement at the theatre in her home town. She attended an evening performance with a party of friends and he looked up into her box and recognized her instantly as the One Woman. She was thrilled likewise at first sight of him. The next afternoon, she received three long, red roses without so much as a card, but her intuition told her who the sender was. She attended every performance in which Paul appeared after that, and each afternoon she received three red roses. However, beyond a fleeting glance of recognition, they remained unknown. Daisy’s father was a man of importance in the little town and her mother was of aristocratic lineage, so although Paul longed to meet her and she thrilled to his performances in the theatre, there was no mutual friend to introduce them to each other. Finally, the play ended its run, and Paul returned to Budapest.

***** Those little stars mean that a year went by without further incident. Then, Daisy went to Budapest for the winter social season. There was the usual round of parties, theatres and balls. It was inevitable that she should see Paul again, for he was playing at the Garity Theatre and was recognized as the best actor in Budapest. Again, across the footlights, their eyes met and chimed, and the three red roses appeared again. However, this time, Paul succeeded in finding a mutual acquaintance to introduce them and they had tea together the following afternoon. That was the beginning of a swift and enchanting courtship.

Soon they decided to marry and come to America. Paul had a good agent in New York who succeeded in getting a contract with Paramount for him. But when he landed in America, he knew no more of the English language and customs than Daisy did. They went through a horrible month in the big town, before they were finally summoned to Hollywood. When they went out to dine, they could only get food by pointing for it on the bill of fare and usually this resulted in their getting impossible items. Sometimes they got two different kinds of soup, or tea, coffee

At the home of Paul Lukas the after dinner coffee is not served in the dining room. Mrs. Lukas cuts the cake.
and milk at one serving. Finally, they wandered by chance into a cafeteria. While they were standing to one side wondering how they might get some service, a young Hungarian counter-union overheard their conversation and explained the procedure to them. They never went near a restaurant or cafe again but ate all of their meals in a cafeteria where they could see what they were getting.

From the first, they enjoyed American foods. Paul, especially, went native on the question of eating. Today, he enjoys and has only American dishes served in his home, unless he is entertaining friends from Hungary. At which time, they are served native Hungarian foods. Daisy told me however, that Hungarian dishes are not at all as Americans think they are. For instance, Hungarian goulash is not the dish we serve under this name but is merely an excellent soup.

When they first came to America, Paul was signed at a modest salary to appear in Paramount Productions. They came west a few weeks after they landed in New York, and took an apartment in Hollywood not far from the studio. It was a comfortable but unpretentious one and Daisy attempted to do light housekeeping in order to make ends meet. They felt that success was just around the corner, but they wanted to purchase a new car and they did not want to run into debt. Their first economy measure was their decision to do without a maid. Daisy learned how to scramble eggs successfully. It was the beginning of her many cooking adventures.

During their first month of marriage, they lived almost entirely upon melba toast and scrambled eggs. Finally, they both reached the point where they could not look another egg in the face, but happily, Paul's first picture found favor with his studio bosses and so the newlyweds decided to hire a cook.

Although she cannot cook very successfully herself, Daisy has the happy faculty of knowing how it should be done, and she is therefore able to keep her kitchen and household running smoothly. She has one of the most beautiful sets of crystal glassware in all Hollywood. Her father owned a crystal factory and the Lukas home is filled with real museum pieces of crystal, and her table appointments beggar description.

Paul likes nothing better than sword fish, halibut and salmon steaks. In fact, he frequently flies to San Francisco in order to have fish at the Fisherman's Wharf Cafe, which specializes in sea foods. Paul says it is the only place that serves abalone steak and swordfish exactly as he prefers it. He flies up in time for lunch and returns home the same afternoon. Which makes some kind of a record or other. I can't think of any other man who flies eight hundred miles merely to please his palate.

Paul is a real aviation enthusiast but Daisy isn't. She prefers a good motor car to a plane. However, this difference in hobbies doesn't interfere with their fondness for each other or any of their vacation plans.

He is a licensed pilot and he owns his own plane. He was an aviator during the World War, having enlisted in a Hungarian aviation corps at the beginning of the conflict. He insists that his war activities were very ordinary. That he did only what was required of him and never went on any lone bombing excursions or accomplished any spectacular deeds of heroism. Which, as he naively points out, may be the reason why he is alive to talk about it at all.

For breakfast, Paul has grapefruit, or orange juice, toast, cereal and coffee. He likes Greek honey with muffins occasionally.

[Continued on page 13]
End Skin Troubles with Dry Yeast—It Supplies More of Element that Tones up Digestive Tract and Ends Cause of Many Complexion Faults—Easy to Eat

To correct ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten dry.

Tests reveal that from dry yeast the system receives almost twice as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted 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.

NORTHERN YEAST CO. 1790 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

Name ............................
Address ...........................
City ............................  State ............................

I HAVE WONDERED for a long time why Pat O’Brien’s innate possibilities received so little recognition. “Oil for the Lamps of China” should open new and abundant fields for this fine dramatic actor,” writes Edna B. Connell of Prospect Rd., Des Moines, la. “What woman can ever forget this real Pat, bringing the Chow puppy to Josephine Hutchinson in an effort to divert her from her grief over the loss of her child? Producers, exhibitors, fans, I give you Pat O’Brien, the great American Husband Ideal.”

That’s the oil.

“LET CLAUDETTE COLBERT continue her naturalness” in the pictures, for it is a real treat. To go to the movies these days and find a star acting so natural, rather than dramatizing every movement in the entire picture is a treat indeed. And, such a treat is always in store for one when the star is Claudette Colbert. No wonder Claudette is continually being recognized as outstanding, for she deserves all the praise coming her way. An attractive, beautiful girl, with all the appeal one could ask for combined with her ‘natural way’; make her 100%,” write Helen McGovern of Clove Ave., Havenstr, N. Y.

The way to win medals.

“I HAVE SEEN the wonderful musical ‘Naughty Marietta’ three times and would thoroughly enjoy seeing it again,” writes Virginia German of Fowler, Ill. “I make a special plea to M-G-M to produce another picture starring Nelson Eddy, with his wonderful voice and his striking good looks, and his leading lady, Jeanette MacDonald. These two are the best stars in a musical representation. They both have splendid voices and I know everyone would love to see them again. Please do not fail the public in their request, for they will be patiently waiting for another musical representation by these co-stars.”

Eddy leads in letters this month.

JACK KILROY of Glenwood Ave., Port Huron, Mich., sends “Orchids to Una Merkel. For years I’ve read this department in the Silver Screen and I wish to say that I, too, have a favorite. I think Una Merkel is one of the best screen artists on the screen. Now you’re talking.

“YOU’RE TELLING ME?”

“Did you hear about the two fleas who were saving up to buy a dog?” asked Wendy Barrie. “No, I’ll bite,” cracked Melvyn Douglas. Michael Bartlett said that he would jump at the chance and Louis Hayward said, “Tell us, Wendy, but start from scratch.”

“MAY I SAY a few words in praise of that wonderful actor, Fredric March. He has been my favorite ever since I can remember, and now I have come to the point where my admiration is so great, that I couldn’t resist this opportunity to express it,” writes Catherine Wall of Powelton Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa. “He has the most charming personality of any actor on the screen today and when it comes to acting, he has them all stopped. That irresistible, that charming voice and those impulsive ways would appeal to any girl’s heart. (They do to mine, anyway.) He is simply G-R-A-N-D-N.

Never realized that impulsiveness got ‘em.

“JEAN HARLOW FITS like a glove into comedy roles, and her dancing is superb. She wasn’t even quality a few years back, but presto! almost overnight she became the most beautiful and glamorous star of them all,” writes Velma Ryken of Industral City, Mo. “She is graceful, dresses stunningly and has a glorious smile.”

It must be that Jean is in love.

“I’VE JUST SEEN ‘Broadway Gondolier.’ It was so wonderful that I’m still under its spell,” writes Lisa Losco. “Dick Powell is so romantic! And has such a grand voice! When he sang ‘Rose in Her Hair,’ he took my breath away completely. Dick Powell, you’re marvelous.”

See Letter Contest on Page 18

FRANCES NUGERMAN of Detroit, Mich., writes: “I am sending a compliment to our own lovable Shirley Temple and I think we should call her America’s little sweetheart because everyone loves her so much. Like Mary Pickford, she is adorable and shows wonderful talent. People in Detroit have gone wild over this lovely little personality and we want more of her. Also we want Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. It seems so long since we have had the pleasure of having them together. What has become of George Bancroft? He was always my favorite. And Paul Kelly? We want more of him, too. He is the real kind and the only kind.”

George will be pleased, Frances.
The European Touch

(Continued from page 11)

for breakfast. He says it is the finest honey in the world and he buys it from a small shop in Hollywood that imports a small amount of it yearly.

He eats little or nothing for lunch, sometimes, he goes without his noonday meal entirely, or else has only a green salad of lettuce, watercress and chicory, with French salad dressing.

For dinner, he likes either cream of asparagus or mushroom soup. His favorite entree is steak, rare, with English mustard. He also likes broiled lamb chops with spinach. The latter is his favorite vegetable. His only real dislike is green peas. He does not care much for American breads either, but prefers melba toast and pumpernickel.

Daisy often cooks for him a dish that he likes and for which she has no name. It is simply a combination of equal parts of fresh tomatoes, green peppers and Bermuda onions, chopped fine and mixed together with sausages, which have likewise been chopped up, and the entire mixture is fried in deep, hot fat, with salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

There is another dish she prepares for him, which is made of chicken cut up and boiled with carrots. In a separate container, she boils rice until done and adds it to the boiled chicken and carrots letting it all simmer for five or ten minutes longer.

He likes stewed fruits for dessert and fresh fruits for salads. While Daisy leaves the preparation of the dinner largely to the cook, she takes over the responsibility of making Paul's favorite pastries. After dinner they have dessert and demi tasse in the living room before a cheerful log fire, for California fall evenings are usually chilly. As Daisy pointed out, Hungarians are fond of food and they are leisurely about enjoying it. Dinner is an event and not just nourishment to keep them going. Conversation and laughter can make a good dinner seem even better.

Daisy is quite modest about claiming any laurels where cooking is concerned but I stayed to tea and she served some cake which she had baked for Paul. It is his favorite pastry and she calls it Hollywood cake, because it is a mixture of several recipes and she learned to bake it during her hectic month of housekeeping when she first came west. It is good, too, and the frosting looked as if it had been sculptured. She told me that she bought a little frosting gadget with which she decorates her cakes, at a nearby notion store, but even when it is not used, the cake is quite attractive.

Here is her recipe:

**Hollywood Cake**

Yolks of 8 eggs
1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 1/2 cups flour
1 cup water
1/2 cup butter
2 level teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon vanilla
1 cup sausage
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons molasses
1 teaspoon cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, then measure, add baking powder and sift three times. Sift sugar, then measure. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored, then add them to butter and sugar and stir thoroughly. Add water and flour alternately, then flavor and stir very hard. Put in slow oven until raised to top of pan then increase heat and brown. Bake 40 to 50 minutes.

For this cake which is a nice gold color and of fine texture Daisy uses a mocha icing which she prepares as follows:

1 cup powdered sugar
3/4 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons molasses
1 teaspoon cocoa
Cream butter, add both sugar and cocoa gradually. Add vanilla, then coffee gradually until mixture is smooth, creamy and thick enough to spread evenly.

**“Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES,” URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS**

"Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine’s dirty already!"

"Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. These Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.

2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. Do not rub, twist or let stretch.

3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.

4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

Knit one, purl one — when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don’t want it to become little-sister’s-size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive — it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an impure soap! So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: “We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really pure — protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy.”

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully — and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!
BEAUTIFUL EYES

The Latest Make-Up Tricks
Give Your Eyes More Beauty.

By Mary Lee

IN THE Old World, when there were princes and kings and brave knights to win—ladies learned the power behind a pair of sparkling eyes. And they must have played tricks on their children and their children’s children. When you look at Luise Rainer, newcomer from Vienna, and almost too lovely as she plays in “Escapade,” your heart goes somersaulting at the sheer beauty shining through her eyes. You fairly marvel at the way the luster and depth of her big, dark eyes come to you from an ordinary black-and-white screen.

We’re willing to wager that some of the stars from Europe are responsible for the “feature your eyes” craze that’s come over make-up. All of which, in our opinion, is as it should be.

There are many things that will make your eyes shine. Love comes first, but you can’t turn that on and off like an electric light. Restful sleep and freedom from worry are important. There’s a very special knack in selecting clothes and costume jewelry that brings out the color and lights in your eyes. Harmless eye drops to create sparkle take the place of the dangerous Belladonna. Eye packs and lotions refresh tired eyes and take out the redness that’s death to luster. And above all, there’s make-up!

There’s practically nothing make-up can’t be made to do for your eyes. We’re really dulled with new eye shadows, colored mascaras and tricks of applying rouge to spotlight your eyes. As for eyelashes and brows—that all depends on you. You can make them what you want them.

Smart make-up must feature the eyes. Go light on rouge. However, it can be used in trick ways to center attention on your eyes. Lips must have color, but not compelling enough to steal the show from your eyes. As for make-up of your eyes themselves—that, as the Duchess said, is art!

The new eye shadows are almost every color under the sun except red. You must not allow one bit of red near your eyelids. Rouge will help to make your eyes look bright, though, if you shade it very delicately up toward your temples. And you can disguise dark circles or a tired look under your eyes by bringing the rouge right up to the lower lids.

Blue is one of the most popular colors for eyes shadow, and if you use a dark enough shade, you can put it on your eyelids and a bit on your eyebrows, too. You blue-eyed girls don’t have to stick to blue, though. Green will do things for most of you, especially if you’re wearing clothes that give your eyes a greenish cast. A touch of purple can be lovely, but you’ve got to apply it very lightly. A lot of mauve is being used, and it’s flattering to almost everyone because it has a way of blending with the natural shadows around the eyes.

Green and purple eye shadow are good when you’re wearing white, and, strange to say, purple is good with blue. There’s a shade of amethyst with matching mascara that is ravishing with purple and practically every shade of blue. A deep emerald gives your eyes allure when you’re tinged demure in black or white. Sapphire shadow lights the diamonds in China-blue eyes. It’s good with any of the lighter or brighter shades, but not to be worn with the deep, rich colors. Although black eye shadow is doing something of a fade-out, brown is still the favorite color for brunettes in the day-time. Some of the eye shadows are iridescent and with others you can add a final touch of gold, silver, or stardust to make the lids glitter.

Like rouge, eye shadow is most popular in a cream form. When you apply cream eye shadow, you should use a foundation cream first, just as you do for cream rouge. The shadow should start from the center of your eyelid, right down next to your lashes.

Lui̇se Rainer has “the most wonderful eyes in Europe.”

BRIGHT EYE IDEAS

by Jane Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—to 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.

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 shape your brows, painlessly, 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.

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 LASHPAC 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 D-10, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.
Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 296
Miss O.H.P. Age 29. Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.
CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31. Frequentiy embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband’s employer by her inattention and preoccupation 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 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 pining 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

Fred Stone appeared on the screen for the first time in "Alice Adams" and was so successful that he is now booked for two more pictures. Who said the screen required a technique that stage people didn’t know?
THANKS TO DR. SCHOLL’S ZINO-PADS
HARRIERS EVERY DAY
WITH PERFECT EASE!

CORNs
CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, Sore Toes
"What a relief", you’ll exclaim the instant you use Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads for these four troubles. Not only the pain, but the corn as well, is immediately ended by these tiny, soothing, healing, cushioning pads.

STOP NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE
If you suffer from annoying rubbing, pressing or pinching of your shoes, Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads will stop all that discomfort at once and make walking a pleasure. Separate Medication, easy to use, included for quickly, safely loosening and removing corns or corns. This complete double-acting treatment now costs only 25c and 35c a box at all drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads
Put one-on-the pain is gone!

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher
LEARN AT HOME
to play by note, Piano, Violin, Flute, Tuba Room, Hawaiian Ukulele, Finger Accordion, important Colors, or any other instrument. Wonderful new method enables you to learn in any key tuning. No number of "chord pads" necessary. Can average only a few cents a day. Over 700 study cards. FREE BOOKLET: "How to Learn the Piano for Free Books and trial Lesson enclosing this method in 1 close pack. GREAT "HUSH" FOR BODIES ODORS AT ALL 10c STORES

Dr. Scholl's School of Music, 1100 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

TOO THIN! UNDEVELOPED?
GAIN 15 LBS. DEVELOP 3 IN.
Wonderful new method really reaches the one fat trouble. Vitalizing concentrated and scientifically balanced results—beautiful, clear flesh, complete development. Guaranteed. Tens of thousands winning every day. You need be underdeveloped no longer.

THE STAR DEVELOPING SYSTEM
By Dr. S. R. S. Scholl

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS AT ALL 10c STORES

Alvienne School of Theatre
406 Y, Stage, Talkie, Radio, GRADUATES—Lee Tracy, FredRadio, Joe Deangelis, Joe Johnson, Dick Dore, Robert Combs, Dancing, Bilingual, Personal Development, Stage, Theatre, Training Appointments. For Casting, write S. R. S. Alvienne School, 10c.

REVIEWs!

TIPS ON PICTURES
DIAMOND JIM—Excellent. Edward Arnold characterizes one of New York’s most amusing men-about-town during a past generation. (Binnie Barnes, Jane Arthur, Cesar Romero.)

ESCAPADE—Bright and sparkling. There’s a pre-war glitter to this audacious society comedy. The locale is Vienna and the cast includes Bill Powell, Lilian Kramer, Virginia Bruce, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen.

FARMER TAKES A WIFE—Excellent. The Eric Canal and its rough life makes an odd setting for Janet Gaynor, yet you will agree that this is one of the best of her recent pictures. (Henry Fonda—Charles Bickford.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Good. A breezy, fast-moving newspaper yarn—with Bette Davis and George Brent playing romantic, rival reporters.

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Good. Jack Haley, Ann Sothern, Roger Pryor and a lively cast in an up-to-the-minute musical comedy farce, the background of which is laid in a rustic summer theatre.

HARD ROCK HARRIAN—Good. We read a lot about tremendous projects such as the Boulder Dam, but it takes a film like this to impress us with the endeavor. The building of a life enterprise. Plenty of thrills and romance here, too. (Geo. O’Brien-Irene Hervey.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Fine. Westerns are coming into their own again—with some of our best actors going for the saddlebrush and cactus. This boasts the presence of Wm. Boyd, Kenneth Thomson, Paula Stone.

HOT TIP—Amusing. Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts as a husband and wife team, with ZaSu giving us a magnificent portrayal of a nagging wife.

ISHIR IN US, THE—Swell. Checkup of numerous, this rather sentimental Jimmy Cagney comedy has plenty of what it takes for an evening’s entertainment. (Frank McGlugh, Pat O’Brien, Al Jenkins.)

LOVE ME FOREVER—Splendid. A colorful combination of romance, melodrama and opera, with Grace Moore singing divinely and Leo Carillo chalking up a hit for himself in the role of the gambler.

MAD LOVE—Weird. The hands of a celebrated knife thrower are grasped onto the arms of a concert pianist who has met with an accident—with rather odd results. (Peter Lorre, Colin Clive, Frances Drake.)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Good. The "CB" men are on the trail again! With the quarry being sought at a small-town boarding house. (Eugene Evans, Fred MacMurray, Lynne Overman.)

AFTER THE DANCE—Fair. George Murphy, Nancy Carroll and Thelma Todd in a night-club romance that comes in for a good share of melodrama.

ALIBI LEE—Fine. Adapted from Ring Lardner’s baseball story of the same title, this Joe E. Brown feature ought to bring joy to the hearts of all dyed-in-the-wool lovers of this famous American sport.

ACCENT ON YOUTH—Delightful. You’ll enjoy this story of the middle-aged playwright who gets a brilliant idea for a new play when his young secretary makes love to him. (Herbert Marshall—Sylvia Sidney.)

ANNA KARENINA—Splendid. The glamorous Garbo as Tolstoy’s famous heroine. Russia—during the 19th century—is the setting, and the cast includes Paul Muni, Fredric March, Freddie Bartholomew.

BECKY SHARP—Fine. Photographed in technicolor, this film adapted from Thackeray’s “Vanity Fair” and featuring Miriam Hopkins, Alan Mowbray and Frances Dee has attracted nationwide interest. A “must see.”

BLACK ROOM, THE—Fair. A castle in Bavaria is the setting for this chilling mystery which boasts that super-horror star, Boris Karloff, in the role of a Leopold T. Thronton Hart.

BORN TO GAMBLE—Fair. The story of a well-to-do American family with an inherited gambling instinct, and the effect of this gambling on the various generations. (H. B. Warner, Eric Linden, Lois Wilson, Wm. Demarest.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Amusing. Dick Powell as an ambitious ex-taxi driver who transforms himself into an Italian gondolier for the edification of American radio fans. (Joan Blondell—Adolphe Menjou.)

CALM YOURSELF—Fair. A warm-weather farce concerning a bright young man who organizes a firm destined to be the envy of all the ruffled spirits of his clients. (Robt. Young, Madge Evans, Ralph Morgan.)

CHAMPAGNE FOR BREAKFAST—Just so-so. The title seems to have little bearing on the plot which concerns a series of California farm widowed to two sisters, Lee and Joan Marsh. (Hardie Albright.)

CURLY BILL—Fine. Shirley Temple is still captivating her audiences in this new version of the popular Daddy Long Legs theme. John Boles is the Daddy who adopts two orphans this time—Shirley and Rochelle Hudson. There’s a romance, of course, and Lionel’s swell songs and dances.

DANTE’S INFERNI—Bizarre. Don’t visit the theater with the idea of seeing a true adaptation of this classic. You’ll be disappointed, for this is a modern melodramatic hodgepodge, with a throwback now and then to the kind of hell Dante so aptly describes. (Spencer Tracy—Claire Trevor.)

Rosalind Russell is helping with a little back seat driving while Bill (Bachelor) Powell tries to thread a needle.

DAMNED BROAD—Fair. Joan Blondell is in charge of this seamy romantic drama as a bored wife who aids her husband in a gambling spree. (Dick Powell, Sally Blane, Fenella Fielding, Ronald Reagan.)
MIMI—Charming. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence are the leads in this British film which tells the story (with incidental music) of the opera La Bohème.

MURDER MAN—Interesting. A strong plot—that of a man railroading his biggest enemy to the electric chair for a crime he himself committed. Spencer Tracy plays the lead—with Harvey Stephens and Virginia Bruce.

OLD HOMESTEAD, THE—Amusing. A group of hometown folks go to the big city to broadcast and make a fortune on the air. Some good routine song numbers here. (Mary Carlisle, Dorothy Lee, Lawrence Gray, etc.)

OLD MAN RHYTHM—Fair. A musical with a university campus for the background and many all signs of the Great American Sport—football. There’s some excellent comedy, however, and some good songs. (George Barbier, Buddy Rogers, Barbara Kent.)

PAGE MISS GLORY—Amusing. From rags to riches you might dub this tale of a chambermaid transformed into an outstanding beauty winner. (Marion Davies, Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Pat O’Brien.)

PURSUIT—Good. This has all the action the title implies, with Sally Eilers and Chester Morris chasing madly down to Mexico in order to help a devoted mother retrieve her child from in-law interference.

SHANGHAI—Fine. With a superb actor like Chas. Boyer assuming the lead, you needn’t worry too much about the plot, which carries out Kipling’s idea that East is East and West is West... (Loretta Young.)

SILK HAT KID—Fair. A sad story centering around a night club owned by Pat O’Brien, with Lew Ayres acting as his bodyguard and Mac Clark taking charge of his motherless baby. All ends in sweetness and light!

SMART GIRL—Just so-so. A melodrama dealing with fraudulent stock brokers, and featuring Kent Taylor, Sidney Blackmer, Pinky Tomlin, Gail Patrick and Ida Lupino. Ida is the gal who is so smart.

STEPS—Excellent. This murder mystery is a combination of intriguing melodrama and subtle comedy. Made in England, it has Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in the leading roles.

THUNDER IN THE NIGHT—Good. A diplomatic intrigue, laid in Budapest, with Karin Morley, Paul Cavanagh and Cornelius Keefe etched against the background of the Ship of State.

WESTWARD HO—Exciting. A western that both young and old will enjoy, dealing as it does with the romantic Virginiels (the “C” of men of a bye-gone day). (John Wayne, Sheila Mamors, Yvonne De Carlo.)

WITHOUT REGRET—Good. Remember “Interference” —one of the first of the better all-talkie dramas? Well, here it is again with a cast that includes Ethel Lahna, Frances Drake, Kent Taylor and Paul Cavanagh.

WOMAN WANTED—Fine. An absorbing, fast-paced melodrama in which Joel McCrea, as an attorney, fights for the life of Maureen O’Sullivan, accused of murder. (Lewis Stone, Louis Calhern.)

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE! W RONG T ITLES— H ERE AR E T HE N EW ON ES:  

“I Live My Life” (Joan Crawford) formerly “Glamour”

“The Payoff” (James Dunn) formerly “The Real McCoy”

“Bright Lights” (Joe E. Brown) formerly “Broadway Joe”

“I Live for Love” (Dolores Del Rio) formerly “Romance in a Glass House”

“Modern Times” (Charles Chaplin) formerly “The Great Factory”

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 irritation 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—bringing soothing comfort and aiding 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. 810, Baltimore, Md.

for October 1935 17
Would You Like A Photograph Of Your Favorite Star?

Silver Screen Offers You This Unusual Opportunity.

Would you treasure a photograph of your favorite star framed in the best of taste, under glass, and—and this is the very special feature—inscribed with your name and signed by the star? These are original photographs. They are not reproductions. The frames are of simple design and sturdy construction.

If you wish such a photograph of your favorite star, write a letter to Silver Screen. The theme of your letter must be the star whose photograph you desire. You can write a poem of praise, a letter of constructive criticism or a personal, intimate note. There are no restrictions and the fifty best letters, in the opinion of the editor, received this month will be selected as winners.

CONDITIONS

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star’s name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight, October 7, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of ties prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York N.Y.

Editor,
Star Photograph Contest,
Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Hereewith is my entry in your contest. If I win I should like to receive an inscribed and framed photograph of

Your Name
Address

This coupon invalid after Oct. 7, 1935

This inscribed and framed photograph of Gary Cooper is reduced. The prize pictures measure $8\frac{1}{2}$" x $10\frac{1}{2}$".

TAKE NOTICE: This coupon must accompany your letter. Fill out carefully.
I WOULDN'T be a knowing how true it is but I have been told that Janet Gaynor was a bit miffed because Henry Fonda didn't fall for her while they were working together in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Nearly all of Janet's leading men do, you know. But Henry didn't give her a tumble—except when he bumped heads with her in "Way Down East," with the result that Janet felt a slight concession and thought it best on doctor's orders to leave the picture. As a matter of fact Henry hasn't given any of the Hollywood girls much encouragement. Maybe it's the result of being married once to Margaret Sullivan.

FRED MACMURRAY, who seems to be picking himself a fine crop of leading ladies these days—first Claudette Colbert, than Katharine Hepburn, and now Carole Lombard—worked in a cannery all of one summer in order to buy himself a saxophone. He learned to play it, joined an orchestra, and there he was "discovered" by film scouts.

ONE of the most marvelous lines I've heard in years was pulled by a guy named James K. McNamara at the Trocadero the other night. He was sitting next to Mrs. Clark Gable, and had been chatting with her for sometime when suddenly he remarked apropos of himself, "It must be wonderful for you, finding a man who has no sex appeal!"

RUTH CHATTERTON and the new find, Louis Hayward, seem to be mutually interested in each other. Maybe that was the reason, or at least one of the reasons, Ruth decided not to star in "A Feather in Her Hat," Louis played her son.

CAROLE LOMBARD certainly started a "back-to-the-amusement-parks" movement with her recent House of Fun party down at Venice, for every night now you can find a bunch of movie stars playing the different concessions and riding on the chutes and roller coasters. Only last week Marlene Dietrich took a party of friends down there, so did Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, and so did Claudette Colbert. Claudette, by the way, is a swell shot—I've never seen a better, except perhaps, Glenda Farrell. I was standing near Claudette when she was showing off her prowess at the shooting gallery and heard a mug right back of me mutter, "Gee, look at that dame shoot. She ought to be a gangster instead of a movie star." Now that's praise.

Tom Brown often takes a gang of the younger set down. Dick Powell and Mary Brian and Joan Blondell and their pals are also concession enthusiasts, and Dick throws a mean baseball—socks the target every time. Una Merkel took a party down to the Casino Garden (a ten cents a dance hall) one night and we simply went mad watching the young high school set do the bumpy, and the slides and the glides. Mercy, the Trocadero was never like that.

THE entire dining room of Marlene Dietrich's new Beverly Hills home has walls of mirrors. In order not to give the effect of a glass house, Marlene has selected mirrors giving a soft grey effect instead of the usual glaring glass look.

HERE'S the latest Mae West crack—if you can bear another one. One of Hollywood's famous boyes had been talking to Mae for hours and she was just about at the end of her endurance. A friend, to avoid open hostilities, piped up with, "Don't pay any attention to him, Mae. He's working from a script."

"Huh," topped Mac, "if you ask me—"

Anchors Aweigh!
Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay are off to Honolulu. Gene Raymond came down to give the girls a send off.
Stepping Out With
LORETTA YOUNG

On Vacation In New York, Loretta Takes In The Sights And Blocks Traffic.

By Ed Sullivan

Using a consommé spoon as a niblick, I was cutting deep divots out of a cup of jellied Madrilene, the first time I ever saw Loretta Young in the flesh. She was to be my dinner partner at Countess Dorothy di Frasso's dinner party at New York's swanky Colony Restaurant, and later we were to proceed to the Max Baer-James J. Braddock fight, but Loretta and Olive McClure arrived late, so we had proceeded to the soup.

She looked very stunning as she came down the aisle to our table. The orchids pinned to her shoulder enriched the delicate coloring of her skin, and the white evening gown emphasized her slender youthfulness. A buzz of whispers leaped from table to table as she passed. Dinner-jacketed men looked up at her cool loveliness with frank admiration, the women devoted themselves to a lightning appraisal of gown and coiffure. A few of them, noting the slenderness of her waist, instinctively pushed aside the pastry which they'd ordered. "Loretta, this is Ed Sullivan," said the Countess di Frasso. We both murmured the conventional nothings that one phrases automatically at introductions, a waiter rushed off to the kitchen for additional consomme, and the dinner proceeded.

So started an adventure in friendship that was to carry along to unusual places, a Bardeker guide friendship in all truth. Before Loretta left New York, we were to ringside at the Braddock-Baer fight, attend the premiere of "Becky Sharp" at the Music Hall, the Jack Whitney party at the River Club, visit the New York Stock Exchange, Chinatown, the ringside of the Carrera-Joe Louis fight and a final spree at the New York Aquarium. That, in this curious Cook's Tour of the city, we failed to get to the Statue of Liberty must be blamed on the weather. She wanted to see we've actually travelled down to the dock to take off but the wind-swept deck of the little boat that puffs laboriously between the Battery and Bedloe's Island called for oilskins and we had none.

The conclusion to be drawn from our travels is that Loretta Young not only is the loveliest youngster in Hollywood—she's the loveliest girl in pretty nearly the whole U. S. A.

The breeding and refinement which were so plainly marked in "Clive of India," the warm sympathy which, in turn, excited audience sympathy in "The White Parade," the breathless feminine allure which hopped men's pulses to staccato tempo in "Shanghai" and "Call of the Wild"—these are not the products of Loretta Young's make-up box. Her beauty, her dignity, sympathy and her feminine appeal are inbred. Small wonder that men, sitting in darkened theater audiences, decide hastily that their wives don't understand 'em. She is the Princess of the story books—come to life in the twentieth century.

In "Clive of India," quite unwittingly she may have expressed her real feelings toward love. In real life, I believe she'd sacrifice everything for love just as she did on the celluloid print of that picture. She is the type of girl who would fall head over heels, and not even a major calamity would have power enough to affect the intensity of her devotion. The time she was married, it was a breathless, whirlwind affair, but it was only the infatuation of a 16-year-old girl. Through schoolgirl eyes, which are notorious for defective vision, she saw Grant Withers as the handsomest creature she'd ever looked at. But that infatuation shrivelled up in its own heat and is completely forgotten.

But now she is 22 years old, and you can detect a certain wistfulness in her, as though she were seeking love just as it is seeking her, somewhere in this bewildering universe. She really was made for affection. The softness of her voice, the wide, gray-blue eyes, the fullness of her lips, which make her such a believable, romantic heroine on the screen, indicate that her real future is not so far removed from the flicker plots which always lead to love.

So far, the script writers have had a greater degree of success in fashioning happy endings for her than she has experienced. I think that is because she has a great amount of pride in her, and because she is afraid to be hurt. The men who have offered their hearts, hands and fortunes haven't completely qualified. The one who storms off with this proud young princess of Hollywood will have to be able to inspire pride, to match her own.
This, of course, is only my guess, constructed rather from the things she didn’t say, I trust that when she reads this she won’t feel my interest was clinical and that, unknown to her, I’d clamped her on a microscopic slide to satisfy my curiosity.

She is an odd contradiction of youth and maturity, and somewhere in between these two extremes is her tremendous appeal. Probably the fact that she has more than her share of sickness has colored her perspective and warped it to an amazing understanding of life, for one so young. She hasn’t been well for the past three years. A person reacts to physical distress in one of two ways—a pouting, fretting peeve at life, or a broad tolerance. Despite her youth, Loretta Young arrived at the second reaction—tolerance and a broad sympathy.

At the Bacch-Braddock fight, she rooted for Max Baer, or rather she rooted against the crowd that boosed Baer. “That makes me furious,” she stormed. “The crowd sets somebody up and then tears him down.” At the Carnera-Louis fight, she rooted first for Joe Louis because he looked so small. But when the huge Carnera went crashing to the canvas, a bloody mass of flesh, she rooted for Primo. She is the natural ally of the underdog.

It is with some misgivings that I set down this analysis of the young lady, for I don’t want to convey the impression that she is a Pollyanna, going about the world with a sickly smile on her face and waving her hands with the bewildered helplessness of a ZaSu Pitts. Those kind of people drive me crazy, for Pollyannishness generally is just another name for fraud. I like Loretta much too much to put her in that classification.

She has a temper, she is decisive, she can freeze to cold disapproval, she has positive dislikes—I mean to say that the complete portrait is that of a completely human being. Her kid sister, reading this, will probably thumb her shapeless nose in my general direction. The kid sister’s name is Polly Ann. I’d really like to meet her for she must have a good sense of humor. When Loretta went on the radio in New York, it was Polly Ann who wired her: “Youth of America listening in Stop Keep it clean.”

It was on a cold, wet day that Dorothy di Frasso, Tom Tyler, Loretta and myself visited the New York Aquarium. Dorothy, born in New York, had never seen the Aquarium before. For her only view of the circular, squat building at the tip of Manhattan Island had been from the deck of the Rex or Ile de France steaming down the bay. Tyler, the western star, had never seen it, and neither had Loretta, so I acted as chauffeur and guide.

The rain was pelting down when I parked the car at Battery Park. Occasionally the driving patches of fog that blurred out the ruffled waters of the harbor lifted long enough to permit a blurred view of the Statue of Liberty. “The Aquarium,” I said in my best man-about-town voice, “originally was Castle Garden, an immigration depot, and it was at Castle Garden that Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, sang at her American premiere in September, 1850 and it—” Miss Young broke in: “Listen Edwin, we came here to see the fishes.” The Countess di Frasso said: “My God, do you remember that far back?” Tyler grinned sympathetically. I chafed the Young girl and the Countess with a look of complete scorn: “Furthermore, Loretta,” I said, “the name is not Edwin—it is Edward.” She smiled brightly; “I like Edwin better.”

Waiting for the rain to wear itself out, we timed the dash to the Aquarium so as not to get wetter than the fish we were about to examine. The momentum of our charge knifed a path through the little group of disconsolate visions who huddled at the entrance: “That’s Loretta Young,” gasped one youngster. “Nuts,” said his companion: “What would SHE be doing down here on a day like this.” As he said it, there came a clap of thunder and a fresh deluge of water. The boy’s logic was correct. It was hardly a day for [Continued on page 22]
WHEN I arrived at my office late (need I mention that) one morning and found a black beaded reticule of the John Quincy Adams vintage reposing sourly in a tray where I am wont to find odd, oh, very odd, bits of studio publicity I couldn’t have been more horrified had it been the head of John the Baptist. I knew that what I had long dreaded had happened at last. Aunt Ella had arrived in Hollywood. Now my horror might not have seemed very nicely, but you don’t know Aunt Ella. Her curiosity is colossal, and second only to her nerve. Why she’d think of doing three thousand things just to ask Jean Harlow why she didn’t marry William Powell.

Back in Potters Corners, New England, the townsfolk sort of humor Aunt Ella because she’s old and eccentric. Now I am very fond of Aunt Ella in a sort of way, and her little pranks are very funny to relate, because she is just about as inhibited as Toby Wing. But mercy, how could I introduce her to this War in Hollywood, where Tact is written with a capital and one’s mouth never speaks what one’s mind thinks. Why Aunt Ella would think of going up to Mae West and saying “How old are you, Mae?” And if anyone evades her question she gives a snort of contempt that makes Edna May Oliver’s sniff seem like so many rose petals. With her curiosity, nothing would be sacred—give her a week and she’d know more about the toupee’s and false eye lashes of the cinema great than Wally Westmore.

Well, I went through the social amenities as best I could, and while I called up the studio I was the least fond of to wish Aunt Ella off on them, the old girl grabbed hold of a Reporter, automatically turned to the gossip column, and practically went into a frenzy. “What male star is supposed to belong to a celebrated blonde has been paying so much attention to a pretty stand-in working in his current picture?” Aunt Ella read aloud, her eyes bulging. “Who is he? I demand to know who it is! Wait until I write Lucy Winters about this. Come, come, now, who is it?” Well, that was all she needed to excite her beyond control. The Beasley girls back home, seeing that quivering nostril, would have run to cover like frightened rabbits. But so help me, there was no cover for me.

“I don’t know,” I said simply and truthfully. “A lot of those things you read in gossip columns aren’t about anybody. Just put in there to excite people. Come on now, I’ll take you out to the studio and you can meet George Arliss.”

“I don’t want to meet George Arliss,” snapped Aunt Ella. “He’s an old fluff. I want to meet William Powell. I think he’s the one they meant in that column. Playing around with a stand-in, tsch, tsch! What about Jean? I’ll give him a piece of my mind, the handsome scamp. He can’t do that to Jean. Besides, Lucy Winters bet me twelve jars of gooseberry preserves that they’d never marry.”

“Now, Aunt Ella,” I said with the sweetness of a cobra, Hollywood isn’t Potters Corners, you know. You can’t go around prying into the private lives of the movies stars. They are real people, and they love and hate like real people, and it isn’t anybody’s business but their own.”

“Fiddlesticks,” commented Aunt Ella. “Why doesn’t that good looking Claudette Colbert fall in love with that doctor she goes around with?”

“I don’t know,” I said icily, “Besides that happens to be Claudette’s affair.”


“Aunt Ella,” I shrieked. “I don’t know. I don’t know.”
Are The Gossip Writers Of Hollywood And The Highly Paid Correspondents And Columnists Simply A Modern Version Of The Small Town Back Fence Gossips And Tattle-Tales?

"Hmmm..." and Aunt Ella favored me with one of her best smirks, "you mean to tell me that you have been in Hollywood for four years and you don't know what goes on right under your nose! You don't even know whether or not Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are married?"

"I don't know," I admitted.

"Tut, tut, niece. No wonder you aren't a better writer. You don't look into things. See here now, you lend me your car and I bet you a jar of my best piccalilli that in four days I can find out more about Hollywood than you have in four years."

"Remember they shoot Peeping Tom's in this town," I admonished, and left for the mountains for the week-end. I would have no part of Aunt Ella's prying and snooping the old trump.

Came Monday morning and came Aunt Ella back to the office again. There was a glint in her hawklike eyes, but it wasn't quite as glinty a glint as usual. Now if Aunt Ella really picked up any dirt far be it from me not to know about it. "Give," I said. And Aunt Ella gave.

"Friday night I went to the Clover Club," she announced importantly. "The fool boy there didn't seem to want to let me in. So I said, 'Young man, don't he a donkey,' and then he began to bow and scrape and said, 'Come in, Miss Oliver, I've never seen you here before.' And there standing at the bar, and a very cute bar it is too, were Jean Harlow and William Powell, so I nudged in beside Jean and told her that she was the most popular star in Potters Corners and that the Wednesday Afternoon Garden Club named a flower after her, and Mr. Powell asked me to have a drink and I said I don't care if I do and I think I had six. (Mercy, suppose Aunt Ella should turn out to be a dipsomaniac.) I found out things," Aunt Ella gave me one of her most knowing winks. "Those gossip columns are a lot of hooey. That's what Jean says. Hooey, and she's right. Bill took Miss Rosalind Russell's stand-in home from the studio one day because the girl didn't have a car, and that's what all the gossip's about. Those nasty columnists trying to make something out of that. Bill's a gentleman, naturally he's nice to the girl on the set. Dear me, if I ever saw love I saw it that night. Jean is just crazy about Bill, never takes her eyes off him, and she told me that for the first time in her life she's really insanely in love. That's sort of pretty, isn't it?"

"And who else do you think I saw there? Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman. She calls him Jack. If there was a doctor like him in Potters Corners I'd welcome a case of lumbaro. In fact, I'd insist upon it. He has the nicest manners and the kindest way of talking to you. And he just worships Claudette, and when I told her she was the most popular movie star in Potters Corners he ordered me a glass of lemonade. He doesn't drink, and that's what I've been looking for years, a doctor who doesn't drink. He's a graduate of the Harvard medical school and swims like an Olympic champion, and he's so slug either when it comes to golf and tennis—beats the daylights out of Claudette in both games. Claudette dropped in on me the other day to have her sinuses treated and sinuses led to love. My, what a happy couple they make. I'm going to have my sinuses examined in the morning.

"Well, Saturday I just sort of wandered around (I bet she did a bit of window peeping. I wouldn't put it above her.) And I found out who the great heart-throb is in Kay Francis' life. It isn't Chevalier. It isn't any of those snotty sounding Italians that hang around the Countess di Frasso. It's a writer. On the Warners' lot too. He and Kay got acquainted when he was writing the dialogue for her last picture 'Stranded.'" and [Continued on page 50]

Kay Francis is on the verge of matrimony. How exciting for the gossips!
ADJECTIVES

HOLLYWOOD is a town in which adjectives are important. You've no idea how important an adjective can be unless you have lived for a while in this curious place! Why there are days when I practically have adjectives for breakfast, when they creep into my bath, when I find them stray among around the vitamins in my salad. I don't mean the sort of worn out superlatives like "colossal" and "great" and "magnificent." Those are a bit passe. I mean the sort of adjectives which apply to people and which can make or break actors. . . . believe me, they can! No wonder the poor dears squabble over these little words, fight for them, struggle to deserve them. It's the adjectives that count at the box office!

Take, for instance, the word "exotic." Now, maybe a girl works very hard at her acting, studies voice and diction, takes dancing and fencing lessons, diets to the point of starvation . . . all those things. And one day someone describes her in the public prints as "exotic." Well, she can just sit down and relax. She is going to be in the big money class for a long, long time.

Despite the fact that I have probably used this adjective a thousand times, I have just realized that I don't know exactly what it means. The dictionary on my desk says that it means, "belonging, as a flower, to another part of the world; foreign." Well, dear me! That might explain Garbo and Dietrich, although for all practical purposes, they seem to belong to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount, respectively. But where does it leave Myrna Loy, who came from Montana?

Myrna has sort of graduated, of late, from that adjective. She was "exotic," you remember, until it nearly drove her crazy. "Exotic," aside from being "foreign," seems also to connote slant eyes . . . and remember when Myrna was being nothing else but slant-eyed for yeats? She slunk across the screen in chiffon points, portraying the Oriental siren who lured men to various fates (mostly unpleasant) and she worked at it for such a long time. Then, much to everyone's surprise, including Myrna's, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took her under its capacious wing, gave her some regular clothes to wear and she became, for goodness' sake, sophisticated! And before we could say "Bill Robinson" or even "Shirley Temple," she broke out in "The Thin Man" and, bless us, she was called "wifely!"

Now, "wifely" has always been a dread adjective. Lovely ladies of the screen have screamed and hidden under things when that one was mentioned. It always makes a girl think that pretty soon they will ask her to play "mother roles." But . . . and this simply goes to show you how you can't trust these strange little words . . . the moment Myrna was called "wifely," she became one of the most sought-after young women in pictures. It's all very puzzling.

You wouldn't imagine, would you, that Samuel Goldwyn had Myrna's experience in mind when he took Merle Oberon under his wing? Miss Oberon, glimpsed briefly in "Henry the Eighth," was immediately tagged as "exotic." She kept on being "exotic" after Sam had snatched her to Hollywood at a good, fat salary. But Sam and his loyal press agents have been assuring all of us for weeks and weeks that Merle isn't "exotic" at all. On the contrary, they aver, she is "wholesome" . . . she is "sweet" . . . she is "the domestic type" . . . she is, to get right down to facts, "wifely!" They are, I believe, working busily at depriving her strange eyes of their fascinating slant. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that they had asked the lady to plump up just a bit.

It's the adjectives that count . . . and a girl has to earn them!

Remember "sex-y?" In the early days that one was applied to Barbara La Marr and Theda Bara and it meant rosey between teeth and slinky goggles. Then it was applied to Clara Bow and Alice White and we usually added "flaming" somewhere. Those gals used to bounce to prove how sex-y they were. But with the Garbo vogue . . . and, a little later, Dietrich . . . "sex-y" began to mean that a lady was languid, could scarcely speak.

Myrna Loy is remarkable. She won her first adjective, threw it away and won another.

Fay Wray cannot escape the adjective "Intelectual" much longer.

Beautiful and articulate Elissa Landi can be what she likes.

Will Rogers was a humorist who was liked by everyone. He made wit sound so simple.

Silver Screen
Hollywood Sums Up The Talents Of The Stars And Couples Each Name With A Qualifying Adjective.

By Helen Louise Walker

above a whisper and that moving across a room was practically too much for her. Just when we were beginning to wonder whether Dietrich's eye-work would win over Garbo's slink, up popped Mae West and she startled us into another with a whole new brand of "sex-y-ness." Red-blooded and honest, this, with a robust flavor and a feeling for plain speaking. Mae caused what was really a revolution in "sex-y-ness." It is still a race. But the anemia has sort of gone out of it.

Then there is the adjective, "wholesome." With this goes "salty" and sometimes, "sweet." Will Rogers is "wholesome" and so is Janet Gaynor. Janet is "sweet" and Will is "salty." May Robson is "wholesome," too, and so was dear old Marie Dressier for a long, long while. It paid them very well, too! My goodness! I can remember when Bill Powell was nothing else but "slimy." He played heavies and he played 'em fourteen times a year.

I talked with him one day and was that surprised to find him a good looking chap with pink cheeks and nice, clear blue eyes. He was planning, he told me, to retire. He thought that he had been "slimy" in pictures long enough. But, at just about that point, talking pictures made their appearance and Bill found that he was not only "sophisticated" but he was "suave." He didn't want to be "suave," after he had tried it out for a time . . . and he complained to me quite bitterly about it.

But, "suave" he was until he left Paramount and became, dear me! "high-powered" for Warners at an increase in salary. Now that Metro has him under contract, he is, I guess, just an actor. And a real actor may deserve any adjective that the part calls for. I said, a real actor!

Perhaps George Raft should study Bill's record. George was a good looking extra-who-could-dance (at fifteen dollars a day) until Lewis Milestone discovered him and put him into "Scarface," and it was noticed that he was "sinister." The moment that that news got round, George was in great demand at a large salary. I'll be sinister . . . and dead pan . . . as long as they will pay me for it! he used to say.

It recalled to my mind Buddy Rogers' remark . . . a hot time ago. "They tell me that as long as I am youthful and ingenious, I shall be worth money to them. Well, I'm going to be ingenious as long as my face holds out!" And now Buddy is coming back to us . . . probably to be ingenious all over again!

Which brings us, for no reason that I can think of, to the consideration of the term, "sophisticated." That word brings to mind at once, of course, Ann Harding and Kay Francis. Oh, yes, I forget! It brings to mind Ruth Chatterton, too! Just exactly what does it mean? In their cases it seems to mean the ability to suffer and suffer for the want of Higher Things while wearing lovely clothes and moving around among the most elegant furnishings . . . with blue seas and yachts and things in the background. If I could only learn to suffer and yearn as those gals do against that sort of background and wearing that sort of clothes . . . I'd think my fortune was surely made!

I don't think I'd care to be called "vivacious." Ruby Keeler and Dixie Lee and Ginger Rogers are called "vivacious." It seems so strenuous! They must bust into [Continued on page 65]
I HAVE received a letter (oh, there I go boasting again) which might be a bit interesting to you. Anyway, it is as hot as blazes today and I don't want any trouble out of you, so you'd better say it is. Bella, back in Twin Bluffs, writes: "Dear Liza: Will you please tell me what the big pictures of the Fall will be? I didn't think much of the summer lot (Neither did I, Bella, a crumby crop I calls 'em) and I certainly hope there'll be some good ones this Fall. What are my favorites up to—Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers? Does Claudette think that just because she won an Academy Award she can rest on her laurels and not do any more pictures? I think Henry Fonda and Luise Rainer are the two big discoveries of the summer, don't you? What are they going to do next? You must know a lot about pictures (Bella, you flatter me) living right there in Hollywood and I wish you'd let me know what Joe, he's the boy friend, (Howdy Joe) and I can expect those ever-welcome Saturday nights in October and November, . . ."

Now I usually don't answer letters. My friends say it's because I can't spell. But I say it's because I'm a megalomaniac—I have no idea what the word means but somebody called me that once and I think it's kind of cute, don't you? But I'm going to answer Bella because I am a pushover for flattery, and I like to go to the movies on Saturday night too. Just a minute now until I pull myself together. Goodness gracious, the birds have been nesting in my typewriter again.

Well, Bella, it looks like you and I are in for a lot of goodies this Fall. Romance is on a rampage, it's raising its divinely beautiful head in nearly all the pictures in production now, and I was always one for toujours l'amour toujours and belle sentiment. Ah me, the sight of an old love letter and a pressed rose will send me into audible-pated idiotics for days. After "Peter Ibbetson" I know I'll never be the same.

But now, Bella, before I tell you all about the big productions coming up, I'm going to put you through your picture catechism, and if you flunk out on it it's perfectly all right with me because I don't know the answers either. Now what makes a movie star important? That's right, a successful picture. Isn't it funny (queer to the erudite) but we aren't the least bit interested in the goings-on of a movie star until she has had an important, talked-about picture. We don't give a damn about So-and-So's divorce, or . . ."

Scene showing Mel- vyn Douglas, the boss, and Claudette Colbert, who married him. Will this picture equal "It Happened One Night?"
So-and-So's romance, or So-and-So's new house or new headress or new husband UNTIL So-and-So has given a remarkable performance in a successful picture. Then the least little thing about her is of international interest.

Check back now and you'll see that a movie star cannot be of any social importance, cannot get talked about in headlines, until he or she has first made good on the screen. There are dozens of romances, divorces and scandals concerning unimportant people (the small fry) but the newspapers and the fan magazines of the country have no interest in them. It is only when we are all familiar with a player because of a successful screen role that we get a kick out of knowing his or her private life.

Luise Rainer had been sitting around Hollywood for months (just as George Raft, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and numerous others did once) and no one was the least bit interested in what she thought or what she did, whether she was married, whether she had children, whether she liked parties or preferred to walk by the sea—in short, no one cared about Luise Rainer. Then she made a hit in "Escapade" and now the poor gal is besieged by reporters and writers, and, just the fact that she to drive around the country in an open car with no make-up on becomes of world-wide interest.

Another shining example is Charles Boyer. Boyer came to Hollywood several years ago, played a hit in a Claudette Colbert picture and several others, and no one gave him a tumble (Boyer, I might say in passing, had just as much sex appeal then as he has now, and furthermore was unmarried then) but since "Private Worlds" women have been swooning with ecstatic delight every time his name is mentioned, and I am willing to eat at high noon in Macy's basement.

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Irene Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession," which she is making at Universal. They thought enough of it to postpone "Show Boat." Maybe they know something.

As well as I recall Mr. Boyer did not get many invitations when he was in Hollywood. Well, you see how it is—you've got to have a successful picture before you are anybody. There's nothing like a bit of old success, baby.

Now there's Claudette Colbert. Two years ago Claudette wasn't allowed to drive her car on the Paramount lot, even when she had night calls for "The Sign of the Cross." I was with her one cold and drafty day when she drove up to the gate and requested the gateman to be big-hearted on account of the weather and let us in. But not that guy. While we argued, Mac West and Marlene Dietrich whisked through in their cars—but it seems that Miss Colbert didn't matter. Finally, Von Sternberg arrived and with the grand gesture said, "Let her pass. I will take the responsibility." Beat me, how times change.

[Continued on page 67]
LAST year... "David Copperfield." And now... "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens is with us to stay!

Some six years ago, during the filming of "Bulldog Drummond," I asked Ronald Colman what part he would choose as a screen role if he were given his choice of all the characters in fiction.

Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "Sydney Carton, in 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

Today, Colman is portraying that character in Metro-Goldwyn's picturization of Charles Dickens' immortal classic of the French Revolution.

I recalled our previous conversation as we chatted again early in the making of the film on the Old Bailey set, preparatory to his going before the cameras and saving the life of one Charles Darnay, young nobleman from France who later was to wield so potent an influence on his life... and around whose presence in revolution-torn Paris, in the latter sequences, the stirring episodes of "A Tale of Two Cities" are woven.

Colman grinned. "For ten years I've been saying that same thing, to every interviewer who asked me. Apparently, the producers tired of hearing me mention I'd like to play Carton, and, to quiet me once and for all, gave me the role in this picture."

He left, to take his place with Reginald Owen in the courtroom scene, where his whispered advice to that worthy gentleman, in the role of Stryver, the barrister, leads to the acquittal of young Darnay.

Not to "quiet him once and for all," however, did the producers of "A Tale of Two Cities" cast Ronald Colman for the role of Sydney Carton. A far more vital reason prompted their choice of the British star to portray the character which every player in Christendom would give years of his life to play.

No other actor on either stage or screen so perfectly typifies the famous Dickens character! You might search the world over, and still not find anyone so completely fitted to play the gallant Englishman as Colman.

In a day when studios are turning more and more to the classics of literature for screen inspiration, it remained only a matter of time ere this great work of Dickens found pictorial translation. The success of "David Copperfield" no doubt exerted a powerful influence in determining its selection. Whether or no, however, "A Tale of Two Cities" offered even more tempting promise.

By Whitney Williams
of popularity, what

of

its action un-

folding in one of the

most picturesque pe-

riods of history and

its central figure a

hero who would com-

pel attention in any

age.

Most of you know the

story of "A Tale of Two Cities" . . .

how, for the love of a

woman, Sydney Carton, Englishman,

takes the place of

Charles Darnay, French aristocrat, on

the guillotine.

Etched against a

同类 aspect, Sydney

Carton is a character

that has appealed to

a whole class of readers since Dick-

ens published his work in 1859. Par-

ticularly does it strike

home to the heart

of all Englishmen,

for Sydney Carton
dies for a principle,

and this catches the

spirit of every true

Englishman.

Toward this end

does the story build

through its various

ramifications, ever

with the climax of

Carton's destiny in

view. Because of his

love for the wife of

Darnay, sentenced to
die under the knife by virtue of having
committed the unwitting crime of being a
French aristocrat, Carton goes to

England, is arrested and put in jail, then
sentenced to die with Darnay in cell, dons his
clothing and rides in a tumbrel to keep the other's
appointment with Madame Guillotine.

Truly is this story a tale of two cities.

Opening in France, at the court of Louis

XV, its action carries the spectator from

Gaul to London and back to Paris again in

the earlier scenes . . . with the plot

unfolding first in London and then in Paris

under Louis XVI.

Nineteen years before the story actually

goes under way, a young French doctor

named Manette (Henry B. Walthall) is

unjustly imprisoned in the Bastille by the

Marquis d'Evremonde, a great-grandson of a

noble, by virtue of a murder committed by the

marquis, and held in this

prison during all that period. With his

escape, through the orders of the re-

tainer, Defarge, Manette goes to London

with his daughter, Lucie (Elizabeth Allen).

On the boat crossing the Channel, the
two meet a young Frenchman, Charles

Darnay (Donald Woods), on his way to

England to make his home, after renounc-
ing both his title and inheritance. It al-
ready has been revealed that this Darnay

is the nephew of the Marquis d'Evremonde.

His democratic ideas and theories will not

permit him to remain in France and see

all the suffering borne by the peasants

in their oppression by the nobility.

Arrested as a spy soon after his arrival in

England, Darnay is brought to trial in

Old Bailey, where the turnkey Stryver, assisted by Sydney Carton, a lawyer,

defends him. At a climatic moment, the

question of identities arises, and Darnay

is acquitted when it is seen that he and

Carton bear a resemblance to one another.

It is this similarity that later leads to the
dramatic climax of the story.

Darnay succs for Lucie's hand, a mutual

admiration having blossomed into romance, and is accepted . . . after revealing his iden-
tiy to the doctor whom he has so

grievously wronged. Carton, for his part,
makes no attempt to win Lucie, although

he is desperately in love with her. His

vagabond mode of living and his devotion
to strong drink render him, in his own

mind, an unfit subject for her husband. He

tows to her, however, that he will make

any sacrifice—e'en life itself—to make her

happy.

Recalled to France by an old servant

five years later, Darnay is arrested by the

revolutionists. Lucie and her father fol-

low, and with them goes Carton, intent

upon saving the man who is married to the

woman he loves, ever

After having been acquitted by the Trib-

unal and on the verge of going free, the

young Frenchman is tried again on a dif-

cerent charge and sentenced to die on the

guillotine within twenty-four hours. The

second charge is brought by the wife of

Defarge, now an important figure among

the revolutionists.

Learning where Darnay is held, Carton,

through a turnkey whom he holds in

his power, gains access to the cell wherein

the Frenchman sits awaiting his fate and,

dragging him, sends him forth from the prison in

his stead. Due to their similarity in ap-

pearance, the deception is not discovered.

Resigned, he then counts the hours till

the morrow, when he will ride through the

streets of Paris to the tender mercies of the

guillotine.

It is late afternoon of the day following.

The sun is setting behind clouds. The

street is narrow, winding, and filled with
crowds of gray-bearded and tattered ci-

zens who stand in the cobble-stoned road

and on the top of steps. Windows are

open. People sit and move about, waiting for the news. It may be that there may be

seen the platform on which arises the

towering guillotine.

Three tumbrils—rude two-wheel carts—

with their victims for Madame Guillotine,

lurch and plough a kind of lane through the

crowd. Roars and cries sound inter-
mittently from the throats of the eager

mob. In one of the tumbrils is Carton, with

his hands bound behind him, and sit-

ing beside him a mere slip of a girl, the

little seamstress who has turned to him

for comfort in her last remaining hours. She

watches him, adoration and awe in her
gentle eyes.

A skin-hued old woman, with a

beautiful dark-haired girl next to her,
screams to a tumbrel guard as he passes:

"Evremonde . . . which is he?"

"The guard points. The old woman

spits on the ground and laughs sardonic.

Her daughter remains staring fascinated by

the spectacle unfolding before her eyes.

She hears the cries of "Evremonde, Evremonde." Carton wriggles to get his

hair over his face and his collar as high as

possible. Even now he might be found out

and all his efforts to save Darnay, the real

Evremonde, to no avail.

Proceeding, the carts move onward to a

position near the guillotine, where the

crowd is the thickest. The Place de la

Revolution! What butchery took place in

[Continued on page 66]
The Harvest of Heroes

Men Who Promise To Become Brilliant Stars In Their Own Right.

By Julia Gwin

Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes A Wife."

Fred MacMurray in "Alice Adams."

Charles Boyer, a hit since "Private Worlds."

Michael Bartlett in "She Married Her Boss."

name is Edwin Alonzo, but he was nicknamed Mike on his first day at Hotchkiss Preparatory School in Connecticut and later adopted it as his stage name has done little besides sing and study singing. His interests have always been musical. At Princeton he belonged for four years to the exclusive Triangle Club. During his sophomore year he had taught two hundred and fifty younger people to sing hymns, thereby earning eighty dollars a month. When he graduated he talked his father out of the idea of his going into the textile mills at North Oxford, Massachusetts, where Michael was born and the family still lives. These mills were organized by his grandfather, and according to the family tradition this only son should have some day directed their destiny. Instead, he went to Italy where he remained for several years studying. He is a strange coincident that his concert debut was made at a formal reception given by the Countess di Frasso in Rome, The Countess, who was the American Dorothy Taylor, is today one of the better Hollywood hostesses, a close friend of most of the film royalty.

Bartlett's first film venture was in a musical short, "The Sheik," which launched him a Fox contract. Arrived in Hollywood he found that in the shuffle he had been forgotten. For a year he remained there at a huge salary, scarcely seeing the inside of the studio. A year in Hollywood without anything to do even when you're paid for it isn't a happy experience, so Michael got a release from his contract, returned to New York and the musical version of "Smlin Thru."

After four years, in which he played everything from operettas to straight dramatic roles, as well as singing on the radio. Michael sang the part of Achilles in Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" in February, 1935, for the Philadelphia Orchestra Association. This was a signal honor, for it was not only the first American production of the opera but the first time it had been performed anywhere in nearly a hundred years.

The very day after his triumphant appearance in Philadelphia he was aboard a train Hollywood bound for a part in "Love Me Forever" with Grace Moore, Director Victor Schertz.

sings. He has been everything from a telephone operator to the Hott Iron Works to an ad writer for N. W. Ayres & Son in New York. He has sung all over these United States and has made three trips to Europe, where he studied in Dresden and Paris. In March, 1935, he went to Los Angeles as an unknown substitute artist and he took the town by storm. They are still talking about his fourteen encores. The result was a screen test and an M-G-M contract. Eddy was a natural. He not only has a glorious voice but the looks of an Adonis... tall, blond, blue-eyed, he is the answer to every maiden's prayer.

On the other hand Michael Bartlett (his real

For some years there has been a vital need of new blood in the film industry for young men who could act, not just to know how to wear a turkedo or a turtle neck sweater—and theatre producers have been dashing about

Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes A Wife."

Fred MacMurray in "Alice Adams."

Charles Boyer, a hit since "Private Worlds."

Michael Barlett in "She Married Her Boss."

ing hadn't forgotten the tall, lithe, good looking lad he had heard sing once (four years before) while Michael was still under contract to Fox.

John Beal and Fred MacMurray are coming along nicely. They are going to be very much present in the productions of

MANNA from heaven, in the guise of a whole flock of personable young leading men, has suddenly descended upon Hollywood. Many feminine stars have never had stage training, but the male contenders for stellar honors all seem to have had a pretty thorough training in the theatre. The stage has been their proving ground. Lacking the egotistic urge which makes a woman think her charm and beauty will be an open sesame to film fame, they have more or less had to first convince themselves they could act before they were willing to risk international failure.

M Annoyed in "The Farmer Takes A Wife."

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John Beal and Fred MacMurray are coming along nicely. They are going to be very much present in the productions of
Hollywood wields a knowing blade and actors who have that certain something are swept from their roots and bundled off to market.

their respective companies and they promise to give good accountings of themselves.

Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, has produced some fine artists including Ann Harding, who claims it as her theatrical Alma Mater.

It was to this famous little theatre that John Bledund, fresh from successes in the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania, took himself back in 1930. He stayed there one summer and moved on to New York...to a job as assistant stage manager, then stage manager...to small parts, lots of them. Finally he secured a real part, the juvenile in "Another Language." This won him the opportunity to make his screen debut in the same role; then he came back to Broadway and a smash hit on the New York stage in "She Loves Me Not." Of course, he had long since changed his name.

You know him as John Beal and more recently as "The Little Minister," in which he supported Katherine Hepburn. But you don't know that he is also a fine sketch artist and a pretty fair pianist. When he was playing in "Another Language" he made such splendid character sketches of the cast that the manager used them for lobby displays. Now that his success in pictures seems assured he laughs over an incident which occurred during rehearsals for "She Loves Me Not." When the newswires sequenced were made a boys' school about twenty miles from New York was used for background. The students stood around watching the "shooting" with interest. One of them knew Beal's family. "I saw Johnny Beal making a movie," he wrote home, "and was he terrible!"

Fred MacMurray used a dance orchestra as a stepping stone to fame on the New York stage. First it helped him pay his way through college and later he adopted it as a vocation. He once played in this capacity in Hollywood, where he had the chance to do a number of extra roles in pictures. Directors liked his work and several of them offered him larger parts, only to withdraw the offers when they learned he was absolutely without experience. So he joined the California Colleges, a comedy band, and went out in search of such experience. Eventually this led him into the "Thrill's A Crowd" revue on Broadway and on the road, where he played almost every part on the program. Next he did some vaudeville, played a few night clubs, then a major part in "Roberta." He had at last gotten his experience, so in April, 1934, Paramount put him under contract. Look at him today! That's speed and pep plus!

Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor and Walter Abel are just about the three most famous bow ties. Each one of them is a unique combination of talents and only one is without previous professional stage training. Robert Taylor, who was started on a Hollywood screen career via a college production of "Journey's End," which was seen by a studio executive. The play was put on by a dramatic club at Pomona, California, where Taylor was a student, and before the curtain went down his performance had landed him a contract with M-G-M. His real name is Brough and his father is a physician in Nebraska, where Robert was born. He is a star tennis player and an accomplished pianist. At Drake College in Nebraska, which he attended for two years before going to Pomona, he once accompanied his own songs with a cello for a series of broadcasts from the college. Tall, brown haired, blue-eyed, and of course, good looking he is proving that the male can be as deadly as the female of the species.

Fonda got his first real chance at Broadway in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," which is also his vehicle of introduction on the screen. Prior to that he had studied in "Foraying All Others" and "All Good Americans." He had a very small part in "I Loved You Wednesday" and last season got himself talked about for an impersonation of Max Gordon in "New Faces." Ap-

[Continued on page 66]
Away she goes again on the "Europa," back to England for another picture.

"H ow you've changed, my dear." The words reverberate back and forth through Hollywood these days, in and out of the smart shops and salons, always from the lips of those people upon whose words and observations depend the very life of What's-News-in Hollywood?

And Fay Wray is it. Fay Wray, who has lived in the very heart of Hollywood since a youngster and worked in pictures since a kid in curls! Lovely, beautiful, shy Fay Wray is suddenly news.

I saw it with my own eager eyes. Where she used to enter the Vendome at lunch time to be shown to her booth unnoticed, Fay Wray today stops conversation. Eyes pop open and follow her. Her gown, her hat, her gloves. It's important to know what she's wearing. What she's saying. Where she's been, and what she's been doing.

Men gap when they look at her. One particular leading man who used to call her "little Fay," now refers to her with the pride of one who knows someone—a sharp intake of the breath, a sigh—and then—"Fay Wray."

There's a strange new something about her eyes. It's something she does unconsciously. Half closing and opening them—a spectrum of mystery and beauty. She used to be an appealing conversationalist—ending sentences on a lifted, questioning tone. She wasn't sure of herself, or anything she said. Today her conversation sparkles. Witty, intelligent . . . above all, certain.

Even her wardrobe reflects a startling reaction to this metamorphosis. Always before exquisitely fashioned, but ultra conservative—never approaching the spectacular except occasionally on the screen. But you should see the collection of gowns she brought back from her recent trip to Paris. The last word in originality and daring. And she is even being brave enough to start a fad or two—something never before attributed to her.

Crazy Hollywood. Same little Fay. No one really ever knew her. Oh, one saw her here, there and the other place, always charming, infinitely gracious. An appealing, silent young woman whose loveliness was beyond dispute.

A Canadian, with all the protective reserve of her British ancestry, she never talked about herself.

Interviewers liked her, called her "intelligent" and had a dicker of a time writing about her. Directors asked for more.

She used to make every kind of picture from "King Kong" to "Ann Carver's Profession." This year she is making fewer, but each in a different part of the world, to make it harder.
It Is The Beginning Of The Movie Year And The Studios Are Off To A Flying Start.

By S. R. Mook

Warner Brothers

FIRST crack out of the box I land on the set of "Shipmates Forever." Dick Powell is a radio crooner (and good, too! He's knocking down something like $24,000 a year!) but all his forbears were Navy people. Dick's own pa is commandant of Annapolis (the way scenarios provide stars with family background almost inspires me to write a script for myself providing me with Oliver Cromwell for an ancestor.)

"Git along, little doogie, git along." I seem to hear the editor crouching. So-o-o, if I have here on out this history of movies in the making is labeled out in a cut and dried fashion, don't blame me. If they'd only give me enough space you'd have more whimsy with your movies than James M. Barrie and A. A. Milne ever dreamed of.

To make a long story short ("As short as possible," the editor insists) Dick's pa (Lewis Stone) wants him to give up his $24,000 a year crouching to enter Annapolis and, eventually, become an ensign at approximately $800 a year. Naturally, it doesn't make sense to Dick and he refuses until he meets Ruby Keeler. (I'm afraid

[Continued on page 74]
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 despair. 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

DANTÉ'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 Boiling 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!
IN PURSUIT OF
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is still out there in front, but there are some who believe that Jane Withers, after her successful picture, "Ginger," rates at least second to the little star of "Curly Top." As a matter of fact, there is always more than one of anything in the picture line. One "G Men" led to several similar pictures, and one baby in the big money inspires the other studios to enter the lists.

Virginia Weidler, a cute youngster, next in "Freckles."

Jane Withers, nine years old and already featured in "Ginger."

Baby Jane (Juanita Quigley), a three pictures' veteran.

She was such a hit in "Queen Christina" that they call Core Sue Collins "Baby Garbo."

Sybil Jason dances in "Little Big Shot."
Carole Lombard's next picture is "Hands Across the Table." At right, Claire Dodd in "The Real McCoy" makes life seem worth an effort.

Bette Davis, in "Dr. Socrates," suggests that Dame Nature has told her a secret about mad men.

Inscrutable and beautiful Virginia Bruce.

Anna Neagle in "Peg of Old Drury."
OUT of the Wes. pioneeed across mighty plains to con uncouth fellow, ne ment. To be sure pire come true, b of poetry. Men today, at preme beauty—w Sierras conquer. These visions of West to awake and tempt him commonplace, forth resolved.
HOW could they be prettier? The established stars have come from all over the world and their beauty has been their passport. Of course, there is a beauty about youth that is irresistible, but the great players who are now at the top are still young and healthy. Among the girls who have arrived recently in pictures there are many singers and stage actresses, and the stage does not pick its leading ladies for beauty nor does the Metropolitan expect much beyond a voice. However, the opera represented by Miss Swarthout may well claim the Apple of Paris, and Miss Gahagan holds up the traditions of the Broadway stage for gorgeous women.

After many unimportant parts, little Ida Lupino had a pleasant role in "Paris In Spring" and New York reviewers singled her out for their compliments.

Let them come—we still will challenge them to rival the present ruling Princesses of Pulchritude!

Joan Bennett has gone on until she is one of our best little actresses—she always was one of our prettiest.

Claudette Colbert. Fans are looking forward to "She Married Her Boss."
In Screen Productions


After the costumes and properties for a picture have been secured and the actors have learned their lines, then the Art Director studies how to make the scenes remarkable for their taste and picturesqueness.

One of the earliest of full length films, "Cabaria," a silent film, of course, had a "shot" of a file of camels against the evening sky, as the caravans moved across the desert. This scene was so outstanding that for years anything crossing the desert was photographed against a light sky. The Art of a picture must enhance the dramatic effect. Note how this is accomplished by the smoke and steam from the boats in "Steamboat Round the Bend."

Everyone enjoys pictures that are artistically arranged. Not long ago a picture, "Zoo In Budapest," was famous for its well managed effects, and recently "Becky Sharp" was sensational for the manner in which the scenes were arranged.
"Steamboat Round The Bend" is based upon the old riotous days of steamboat racing on the Mississippi. A Will Rogers picture.

In "Mutiny On The Bounty," the captain and his loyal seamen are set adrift in an open boat.
PERSONALITIES
PUT OVER
GREAT
PICTURES

It Isn't The Plot, It Isn't The Dialogue, It Is Emotional Sincerity That Makes Pictures Live.

WHEN Luise Rainer came through with a bang in "Escapade" many remarked that half the pleasure was due to the fact that she was a newcomer. We were delighted with her charm and freshness. But an actress cannot stop after one picture, so, when the players are making one picture after another the problem is to make each characterization a convincing one.

There is one answer to this, and that is personality. If a star can put force behind his smile, his frown and his love making, every character becomes a living one, fascinating and never tiresome. That's personal, emotional sincerity.

The Three Musketeers—Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, and Paul Lukes—with Walter Abel as D'Artagnan.

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, veteran trouper's both, are making "Peter Ibbetson," the Du Maurier classic.

In "Black Bill Powell and Roselle a fascinating.
Jack Benny's personality is best known through his radio voice in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Roland Young in "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."

Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in "Barbery Coast."

Bing Crosby in "Two For Tonight."
Funny People

Comedians Are Happy When They Are Laughed At.

In Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Modern Times," he is the same lovable tramp and Paulette Goddard is the girl.

Frank McHugh owner and manager of the dullest laugh on screen.

In "The Pay Off," James Dunn is arousing in Patricia Ellis the fool fiend of jealousy.

Harpo Marx bought a pair of pants which were too short, but he fixed that little difficulty O.K.

W. C. Fields in pursuit of humor. He never carries it too far.

HAVE you a sense of humor? Can you detect the absurdities of every day life? Do you burst into gay laughter at ridiculous things that other people do not notice? There are many kinds of humor and some people laugh heartily after the joke is explained to them. They sincerely enjoy it and tell it again and again, but they do not always see the possibilities at first for themselves. Most people are like that. The people on this page, however, are among the favored few who can see humor for themselves and pass it on to the rest of us.

Joe E. Brown. He has the funniest call for help ever recorded.

At right, Joe E. Brown. He has the funniest call for help ever recorded.

Patsy Kelly. She causes laughter.

Harpo Marx bought a pair of pants which were too short, but he fixed that little difficulty O.K.
Charlie Chaplin modernizes the catapult in self defense.

The comedians with Charlie learn the light touch of true humor.

Edward Everett Horton in a situation calling for surprise, disgust and absurd finicky motions, all of which he can deliver.

The long lost Harold Lloyd is making “The Milky Way.” It is about a milkman who will wake you up.

The radio fan’s delight, the team of George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Jack Oakie in armor. A comedian can’t be too careful.
The most publicized city is Hollywood, and this has made it a community in which the exotic and unusual are prized as the highest characteristics that any enterprise may have. It has always been a town of fantastic interest because of the tremendous salaries that are paid and because of the publicity which emanates from it; also because of the pictures which form a part of the lives of all of us. Hollywood—a dream city to many—where the most improbable things happen, where the girls are beautiful and the money never runs out.

Lily Pons in the patio of her new Hollywood home. This architectural effect is peculiar to Hollywood and very characteristic. Note the silk curtains above, which, when drawn, harmonize the setting with the most exotic nature.
In Hollywood, Originality Is The Pearl Beyond Price.

In "The Last Outpost," Hollywood's love of the picturesque requires that the native girl must be Kathleen Burke, with the oriental appeal which has never failed since Little Egypt.

The South American Airways plane delivers a shipment of orchids from the Guatemalan jungle to Charlie Ray's new flower shop. Anne Shirley receives the shipment.

Charlie Ray presents Anne Shirley with a beautiful white Catalina orchid.

A typical New England homestead will be seen in "Way Down East." It is in Hollywood, the vicarious city.
Pamela Ostrer, wearing a black felt hat with a cluster of ostrich feather fronds to give height to the crown. She is a promising player at the Gaumont British Studio in England.

**FALL. SO WHAT!**

SHORT skirts make women look younger and so, this Fall, once more the slim beauty of silk stockings and legs will be shown. Hollywood closely follows the Parisian styles and originates her own when Paris falters. Above, Ann Dvorak wears a two-piece afternoon frock. The skirt is cut with a circular flare and is topped with a loose peplum type waist with Dolman sleeves.

The grey flannel suit with a stitched hat and trim blouse of matching shantung is the selection of Veronica Rose, English beauty, for early fall.
Dresses Must Glisten and Glitter

Fashions For Evening Gowns Have Gone On A Gold And Silver Basis.

SEQUINS and satins, gold lace and lame will reflect the spotlights of the night clubs and glow like adventurous fireflies where lights are subdued and music seductive. Couturiers appreciate that there is no more flattering contrast for the exquisite bloom of women than the metallic glitter of this latest fashion.

Dolores Del Rio will next be seen in "I Live For Love." There is something about a gown that reflects the light which reveals the gorgeous figure of this exotic star.

In "Bright Lights," Patricia Ellis is dazzling in satin and sequins. This attractive gown is backless and the halter neckline is set with an enormous jeweled clip.

Vernon Teasdale wears this molded gown of gold fishnet lace over a satin foundation in "The Case of the Lucky Legs."
Many pictures have won fame for the delicacy and emotional quality of the sequences in which the lovers cling and kiss.

Hollywood knows that good love scenes depend upon the hero. The heroine, beautiful and demure, may register surrender, even swooning a bit toward abandon, but that is all. It is upon the conquering male that the responsibility falls to make the scenes intense, to show sincerity—gentle, to show the tenderness of his love; and passionate enough, to justify his masculinity.

The men of Hollywood may have menace, understanding and technique, but their fame will rest upon those scenes wherein they held a girl in their arms and spoke of love.

Joan Blondell and toss Alexander registering joy for "We're In The Money."

Elisa Landi gives way to Kent Taylor in "Without Regret."

In "China Seas," Clark Gable and Jean Harlow carry on an old Chinese custom.

Pat O'Brien holds fast to Olivia de Havilland in "The Irish In Us," She's going to be a big star.

When Lupe Velez was in England she made "The Morals of Marcus," in which she surrenders to Ian Hunter.

Brian Aherne and Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life."
An Artist
In Armor

Henry Wilcoxon Is A Painter
As Well As An Actor.

By Lenore Samuels

The turnover of headliners in American films is an exciting thing to watch. From all over the civilized world they come with trumpets wildly heralding their entrance into Hollywood's charmed circle. Some of them remain but a little while and go out so quietly we hardly note their absence. A bad break, a poor picture, sometimes a mediocre performance is to blame for this ignominious exit. And others, with just one fine picture to their credit, are definitely there to stay.

Henry Wilcoxon is one of these. Cecil DeMille brought him over from England for the role of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra," and so readily did he click that the English film company for which he had done six or seven fair-to-middling pictures immediately started billing him as Henry (Marc Antony) Wilcoxon—or perhaps it was Henry (Cleopatra) Wilcoxon, I forget which. In any event this sturdy English actor had very neatly carved a niche for himself among the annals of the great in Hollywood—and he had done it with just one picture.

Wilcoxon, who stands six feet two in his bright plaid socks, and weighs a little more than 190 pounds, combines his rugged individuality with that innate sense of good taste and fine manners for which Britons are noted the world over. He hails from the British West Indies, having gone to England when he was sixteen, where he indulged in commercial employment of various sorts. Not very romantic years those, but Wilcoxon goodhumoredly took what came in his stride, and spent his spare time painting pictures which showed up very creditably at an exhibition in London.

Then the idea hit him that he would like to become an actor. Just like that! He decided to go on the stage and he went on the stage. He had his ups and downs like everyone else, but when he tells you about it so lightly, glossing over the black spots with such insouciance, you realize happily that here's a man who is rugged inside as well as out. His massive frame, his leonine head, that knowing glint in his keen gray-green eyes are not fudge-mache framework, but a very remarkable setting for this man who has the courage to think straight, to live according to his own plan, not someone else's, and to air his theories on every subject that teems its head in a conversation without fear of contradiction. In fact, like the Roman warrior and orator he played so well in "Cleopatra," he welcomes contradiction. For there's nothing he likes so well as an enthusiastic discussion, the more complex the better!

Lunching with him at the Hotel Pierre, where he was putting up for a short visit prior to the opening of "The Crusades" in New York, he launched his enthusiasm in the direction of Cecil DeMille. Wilcoxon, you of course know, plays "Richard, the Lion Hearted" in this tremendous DeMille spectacle.

"A hundred years from now, when every one of his contemporaries are completely forgotten, Cecil De Mille will still be talked about. He will go down in history as one of the truly great men of the films. "When he cast me for Richard, the Lion Hearted, we had about three months ahead of us before any 'shooting' would take place. Every day we got together and talked, talked, talked—about the character itself, about Richard's relation to the other members of the story, about his probable or improbable reactions to certain situations and events. I never had a better time in my life. "Most people think that research work is all that is necessary for the production of a spectacle such as "The Crusades." But they're wrong. The research work is just a coat hanger (now I'm talking in similes. DeMille always does and I've caught the habit). But research work takes care of dates on which certain battles and other prominent events took place. It also takes care of such details as costuming, architecture, manners and things like that.

"But it does not take care of—how shall I put it? DeMille would have a simile for it. I'm sure. Oh, yes, the coat hanger! It is up to me to get the spirit or soul of Richard, the Lion Hearted to wrap around that coat hanger. Otherwise it would be just a piece of wood after I finished, just as it was before."

Wilcoxon laughed. "Ah I bugging you?" he asked contemptibly. "You see when I get on to these similes . . . ."

I assured him between sips of sherry that I was anything but bored and thus fortified he went on, striding about the room every few minutes or so to give me a visual description of what he was saying. Even if his theories did bore me, which they emphatically did not, the man's vitality and his refreshing zest for procuring the most amazing similes would have carried me right out of myself. It is impossible to be in the presence of so much spontaneous enthusiasm without being infected more than a little bit oneself!

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PART TWO—The Story of

BOOTH TARKINGTON’S

HEROINE:—“Alice Adams”

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

IN THE R-K-O picture, “Alice Adams,” Katharine Hepburn (as Alice) is an attractive small-town girl of twenty-two. Mr. Adams (Fred Stone) her father, is a clerk in the Lamb Drug Store Co. His family of four are forced to live within the meagre pride provided by his slender salary. Walter Adams (Frank Albertson), Alice’s brother, also works at the Lamb Drug Company, as a bookkeeper.

Alice is ambitious for herself. She longs for nice clothes and other luxuries. More than anything else, however, she wants to be attractive to men—the kind of men who go with such girls as Mildred Paliner, whose father is wealthy. She is invited to a party at Mildred’s house eventually. It is a large affair, not an intimate social group. That’s why Alice is included. But she lacks an escort. Walter, pressed into service at the last moment, takes her, loudly proclaiming his distaste and bemoaning the date he must miss.

To Alice, the party is a medley of triumph and disaster. She is seen arriving in a battered old car which Walter supplies, and is coldly treated by her hostess and the more elite guests. She has to dance with fat Frank Dowlon, whom she detests, but who is better than no one at all, or Walter. Walter is caught shooting craps with the colored servants, and were it not for the fact that Alice meets Art Webster (Arthur Russell, Fred MacMurray), the evening would have been a tragic affair.

Art is a stranger in town and is attracted to the pretty, vivacious girl. The balance of the evening, up until the crap shooting episode, is a sort of seventh heaven for Alice. And this seventh heaven does not end with the party. To the consternation of the other girls, Alice receives miss of handsome young Mr. Russell’s attentions, and for the first time in her life she finds herself within arm’s reach of an eligible man who comes up to her standards.

In the meantime Mrs. Adams, with her continual heckling, has persuaded her husband to give up his job with Mr. Lamb and open up a glue factory. At last Adams promised to open the factory. He has mortgaged his house and put everything into the venture. When the factory was nearly ready he took Mrs. Adams to see it. He had written to J. A. Lamb to say that he had heard nothing. Adams was worried. Although he reassured his wife that there “wasn’t any way it could be made a question of law.”

Adams and Alice saw each other several times and she told him her forbodings; that “they’ll say something.”

One night, Walter, the son, who still worked for the J. A. Lamb Drug Company, came home hurriedly and tried to borrow three hundred and fifty dollars from his father—unsuccessfully.

Walter cleared his throat, and replied in a tone as quiet as that he had used before, though with a slight huskiness. “I got to have three hundred and fifty dollars. You better get him to give it to me if you can.”

Adams found his voice. “Yes,” he said, bitterly. “That’s all he asks! He won’t do anything I ask him to, and in return he asks me for three hundred and fifty dollars! That’s all!”


“I got to have it,” Walter said.

“But what for?”

His quiet huskiness did not alter. “I got to have it.”

“But can’t you tell us—”

“I got to have it.”

“That’s all you can get out of him,” Adams said. “He seems to think it’ll bring him in three hundred and fifty dollars.”

A faint tremulousness became evident in the husky voice. “Haven’t you got it?”

“No, I haven’t got it!” his father answered. Then, as if this were his volitionary, he turned his back upon them, walked away quickly, and was at once lost to their sight in the darkness.

Mrs. Adams insisted in inviting Arthur Russell to dinner, since he seemed so interested in Alice. The couple had had several rides together and also evenings on the porch. Preparations began, and in the rush of action Alice, that morning, forgot to call Walter.

With that she recalled her mother’s admonition, and went upstairs to Walter’s door. She tapped upon it with her fingers.

“Time to get up, Walter. The rest of us had breakfast over half an hour ago, and it’s nearly eight o’clock. You’ll be late. Hurry down and I’ll have some coffee and toast ready for you.” There came no sound from within the room, so she rapped louder.

“Wake up, Walter!”

She called and tapped again, without getting any response, and then, finding that the door yielded to her, opened it and went in. Walter was not there.

He had been there, however; had slept upon the bed, though his side of the covers, and Alice supposed he must have come home so late that he had been too sleepy to take off his clothes. Near the foot of the bed was a shallow closet where he kept his “overcoat” and his evening clothes; and the door stood open, showing a bare wall. Nothing whatever was in the closet, and Alice was rather surprised at this for a moment. “That’s queer,” she murmured; and then she decided that when he woke he found the clothes he had slept in “so mussy” he had put on his “overcoat” and had gone out before breakfast with the mussed clothes to have them pressed, taking his evening things with them. Satisfied with this explanation, and failing on the spot that it did not account for the absence of shoes from the closed door, she nodded absently, “Yes, that must be it”; and, when her mother returned, told her that Walter had probably breakfasted downtown. They did not delay over this; the coloured woman had arrived, and the basket’s disclosures were important.

Her mother came closer to her. “Why what’s the matter?” she asked, briskly.

“Your seem kind of pale, to me; and you don’t look—you don’t look—”

“Well—” Alice began, uncertainly, but said no more.

“See here,” Mrs. Adams exclaimed. “This is all just for you! You ought to be en—

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HOLLYWOOD—THE WRITERS' HEAVEN

Hollywood Is The Place Where All Good Writers Go When They Click.

By Ruth Rankin

TIME was when they couldn't be coaxed out here, the "big name" writers. But times have changed—or maybe pictures have changed.

When writers of such stature as Hugh Walpole, Edna Ferber and George Kaufman finally yield to the lure, it proves that the picture business has discarded the swaddling clothes and has finally merited their attention.

Funny how all their ideas change when they get here, too. Walpole, who came over for "David Copperfield," did a most enthusiastic rave about the medium, once he had arrived. George Kaufman ("Once In a Lifetime" Kaufman) was probably the most persistent hold-out against pictures among all the writers whose services were courted. His denunciations were brilliantly caustic. Recently, when certain uncomplimentary remarks were made about pictures in The New York Times, none other than the Kaufman himself replied, "They do not understand our problems." He is the hardest worker of all the eighty writers at M-G-M.

Edna Ferber is in town for two weeks to talk about character structure in her novel "Come and Get It" which Sam Goldwyn will make. She is being paid ten thousand dollars a week, and doing no actual writing, proving that the only entree into the big money class of screen writers is to be a recognized author of best sellers.

Miss Ferber began, as three quarters of all persons writing began, as a reporter. She started at $2.00 a week on the Appleton Wisconsin paper, reporting society. From the age of 17 until 22 she was a sob sister on a city paper. Becoming ill, she wrote a novel. She works from nine to five M. M. until two P. M. every day on a typewriter because she created the habit of writing during those hours. She never works at night. She started writing by putting down "exactly what I had to say." She cannot dictate because the presence of any person is too disturbing, to the extent that even the opening of a door will throw her off key. She did collaborate with George Kaufman on the "Royal Family" play, but she says he "belonged."

She is happy to have a chance to revive "Barney," a character in "Come and Get It" whom she killed, in the book, and always regretted it. When her books "So Big" and "Show Boat" were picturized, she had little to say about the adaptation, and felt they could have been better.

Miss Ferber returns to New York to the penthouse she has just leased, which was built by Ivar Kruger, the match king. She is not at all superstitious. The place, far above the city, is the largest penthouse in New York, and has three huge apple trees that bear fruit, as well as a grape arbor, three fountains, and a putting course. There is a wall around that cuts off all sound of the city.

Scenario chiefs are unanimous in their opinion that the best, and perhaps the only way, to crash pictures as a writer is to author a successful novel, short stories, or a play. Stories submitted directly to the studio by mail are returned, unopened. The preponderance of plagiarism suits makes this imperative.

Vicki Baum went to M-G-M after her successful Grand Hotel. Marc "Green Pastures" Connelly is working there on "The Good Earth" because the derivations of each are similar. Tess Slesinger, "The Unpossessed" and a book of short stories to her credit, is now under contract to M-G-M.

Also Humphrey Cobb, after "Paths of Glory," Michael Fessier is one of the three Esquire writers signed by the studio, and Louis Paul and Robert Carson, the other two.

"Almost no writer can come directly to the screen any more," Marc told me during a most interesting discussion. "There is a necessary detour. I would tell all ambitious screen writers to get at least one good book published, and then think about it."

Herman J. Mankiewicz, of his staff, was dramatic editor of the New York Times about ten years. After he was well established in Hollywood, he persuaded them to bring out his brother Joe. Joe has become a crack writer. Now they are both working hard to have [Continued on page 71]
**REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN**

**ALICE ADAMS**  
**Rating:** 95%—BRING ON THE ACADEMY AWARD—RKO

Here, at last, is the perfect performance. Katharine Hepburn's "Alice" is so hauntingly beautiful, so cruelly, but humorously, true to life that it will remain in your memory, long after you have forgotten the other pictures of 1935. It is by far Hepburn's best picture and best performance, even toppling her "Morning Glory," which won the Academy Award two years ago.

Booth Tarkington's Alice was rather a dull, stupid girl, but Hepburn makes Alice a sensitive, imaginative girl, who is always striking a divinely amusing attitude, and so deeply do you feel for Alice that you die a thousand deaths with her there at the Palmers' ball. Every girl has been a wall-flower at some time or other in her life and how, oh how dreadfully, we understand Alice's humiliation when no one asks her to dance.

Praise must go immediately to George Stevens, the director, for the magnificent way in which he directed the entire picture, especially the party sequence, which had the men in the theatre simply roaring with laughter, but the women sort of choked.

"Steamboat Round the Bend" brings a cargo of humor and Will Rogers as a steamboat captain.

**CHINA SEAS**  
**Rating:** 87%—MELODRAMA DE LUXE—M-G-M

Here's your Clark Gable, girls, so he manish it takes your breath away just to look at him. Clark plays the tough captain of a British passenger-freighter on the China Seas and, boy, is he tough. But the louder he yells the better his crew likes him, and the better Jean Harlow, playing one of her inimitable ladies of easy virtue, loves him. She sails on his boat, and so does Wally Beery, who plays the front-man for as wicked a bunch of Malay pirates as ever you saw.

There's a cargo of gold on the boat and Wally tips off these murderous pirates, and the passengers are treated to a great deal of excitement. Also on the boat are C. Aubrey Smith, the owner of the shipping line, and Rosalind Russell, pretty young widow, and the nice girl in Clark's past. Does Jean burn? Clark of course throws her over at once and gets himself shaved and engaged to the English girl. Plenty going on on the China Seas all right.

And just as if Miss Harlow and a bunch of cut-throats weren't enough, along comes a typhoon that will definitely end all typhoons, with the steam roller on the lower-deck bringing away from its moorings, and threatening to crush the boat. Clark's fight with the steam roller will go down in cinema history.

Lewis Stone plays an excellent bit as a third mate who proves he isn't a coward when the right moment comes. Robert Benchley plays a drunk that will have you in stitches if you like the Benchley brand of humor, and you'd better say you do be-
cause it's the smart thing to like right now. Of course, with all kinds of rip-sporting action going on there isn't much time for character motivation, but I'm sure you won't mind. Gable and Harey and Berry are all three sensational—and, furthermore, it's a moving moving picture.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY
Rating 72°—FAST COMEDY—Warner's

HERE's a cure for whatever ails you, heat, blue, or a little rash. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell play a couple of hard-boiled process servers, employed by that utterly irresponsible and absentee-minded attorney-at-law, Hugh Herbert. Of course, Joan has fallen in love with a rich young man, Ross Alexander, whom she thinks is a chauffeur, and of course she later discovers to her horror that he is the millionaire clubman she is trying to serve with a summons to appear in a million dollar heart-balm suit. But she serves the summons—and gets thrown in the ocean. She also serves summons on Phil Regan, night club singer, Man Mountain Dean, wrestler, and Lionel Stander, tough restaurant manager, and how she and Glenda accomplish all this is excellent comedy.

Hugh Herbert goes through his antics and is funnier than ever, particularly in his court-room scene. For the good old hearty laughs, see this one.

BONNIE SCOTLAND
Rating 70°—LAUREL AND HARDY—RKO

those two funny guys, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, are here again in a feature length picture with some very good comedy and some very bad plot. In fact Laurel and Hardy don't need the plot at all, they are as funny as fly-paper without it.

In the first part of the picture the two boys arrive in Scotland to investigate Stanley MacLaurel's inheritance from a Scottish ancestor—which, of course, is nothing and they are stranded there. Stan burns Oliver's single pair of pants and the next thing you know the boys have become a couple of killed Highlanders in the British army. This leads to India, where they treat you to a fine travesty on "Bengal Lancers" which will have you rolling in the aisles. You mustn't miss it. The plot's a little something about a poor but honest lad in love with an heiress, but it doesn't matter, and may even be cut out before you see it. What does matter is Laurel and Hardy. They've never been quite so funny before.

BRIGHT LIGHTS
Rating 51°—WHAT-A-MOUTH BROWN'S—RKO

joe E. BROWN comedies are always good family entertainment—unless your family harbors a sophisticate—and this picture is no exception. There are plenty of gags and a lot of good clean fun.

Joe plays a small town burlesque comic who, with his wife, Ann Dvorak, goes over big in the sticks. All is well until Patricia Ellis, a suave society gal, gets bored and runs away from home to take a flier in vaudeville. You know how those society dames are—always muscling in. Well, Joe, of course, falls for Patricia, the sap, and with her beauty and conniving they make Broadway. He's vacating away in the lagoons of Falmouth when he discovers that Pat is in love with William Gargan and has been giving him the run-around just for the laughs. He makes it up with Ann, and there's a happy ending. Distinctly one of the best Joe E. Brown comedies.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND
Rating 76°—WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE—FOX

Being a daughter of the Southland with magnolias in my hair I fell for this bit of Old South folklore hook, line and sinker, and so will everybody with a drop of blood in your veins. And somehow, I'm afraid you Yankees are gonna fall for it too. It's a comedy of the nineties with the Mississippi River around Baton Rouge, Louisiana, as the locale.

Will Rogers plays the captain of one of the worst old tubs that ever sailed around the bend. He has been counting on his nephew, John McGuire, to pilot the boat for him, but John has fallen in love with a swamp girl, Anne Shirley, and, trying to defend her from a drunken brute he adventurously kills the man in self defense. So John is arrested by Sheriff Eugene Palette, and in time is sentenced to be hanged.

Anne and Will are convinced that they can save John if they can find the only eye witness to the killing, who happens to be the New Moses, one of the grandest characters you've ever seen on the screen. So they scout the Mississippi river banks looking for the New Moses conducting his baptisms. How they find him, and how they become involved in the famous river races—and win, by having the most fun you've seen on the screen for many a weary night. Irvin S. Cobb, as the rival river captain who loses the race to Will, is simply superb—and that's a fact! Bertone Churchill plays the New Moses and is grand, and so is Step'n Fetchit. I've seen races in my time but never one quite so funny as this one.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
Rating: 64°—A BIT OF THE SUPERNATURAL—RKO

Some thirty years ago (Oh, don't think I remember it, pulease) this was a most successful stage play, produced by the wizard David Belasco, and acted by David Warfield, and it ran for years and years and people went crazy about it. Peter Grimm returns from the dead once more, and whether you'll go crazy about it is something you'll decide for yourself.

This time Lionel Barrymore plays the crabbled, tyrannical, and humorous Dutch nurseryman who refuses to believe in spiritualism. His doctor and pal, Edward Ellis, is positive that spirits return to the earth after death. So the two old men make a bet with each other that the one who dies first will return and apologize to the other. Barrymore dies, and returns to the earth to find all his affairs in a grand mess, but the humor of it all is that he cannot convey a message to the doctor. Finally through a little adopted boy, who is dying, he finds a medium of communication, and manages to straighten out his tangled affairs.

Too much praise cannot be given to the director and the cameraman, for they have managed to create just enough of the eerie and the supernatural, and Peter Grimm's return to the earth as a ghost is excellently done. Barrymore is quite the nicest...
Helen Mack and Lionel Barrymore in the famous Belasco story, "The Return of Peter Grimm."

ghost you may ever hope to find. Helen Mack makes a lovely daughter, and little George Breakstone again does one of his magnificent sick-room scenes. Allen Vincent deserves a lot of praise for playing a perfect cad without being conventional. Ethel Griffies, as the town's gossipy hypocrite, rated big applause from the preview audience.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE
Rating: 56°—QUITE FUNNY—Paramount

OUR favorite comedian plays a family man and is certainly put upon by the most irritable wife you've met in any a day, played by Kathleen Howard in a splendid voice. He has a charming daughter by his first wife, Mary Brian to be sure, but that's the only bit of charm in the family. His second wife's mother and brother insist upon living with him, and muck everything there is to muck.

There are some high moments of comedy in the picture, a parking gag that will have you in stitches, and a mother-in-law funeral rib that is quite hysterical. Unfortunately, pathos enters just when the comedy is at its best, and I always say there is no place for pathos in a W. C. Fields comedy. Fill, as the worm, finally turns, and tells off his in-laws, and there's a knock-out of an ending. If you're a pushover for Fields, and I certainly am, you won't date miss this one.

DIAMOND JIM
Rating: 86°—EDWARD ARNOLD, HOORAY—Universal

A GRAND picture that's first rate entertainment. Edward Arnold (and there's a real actor for you, nothing namby pambly about him), plays big, bluff, glamorous Jim Brady, who took little Old New York by storm in the days when Lilian Russell was the belle of Broadway. In fact, the picture as you probably surmised, smarty you, is the life story of the man who made two fabulous fortunes in the railroad business, startled New York society by his penchant for diamonds and rich taste, landed the wrong girl twice, and finally died a lonely man.

Edward Arnold makes Diamond Jim a thoroughly lovable guy, a man with the heart of a boy in love, a heart of steel in business, and a heart of gold to his friends, you care just as awfully when Jean Arthur turns him down. Jean is very good as the two girls in Diamond Jim's life and you can't hate her, even if she does bring sorrow to him. Cesar Romero, as her lover, is quite capable, and Eric Blore and George Sidney are excellent comedy characters.

Binnie Barnes plays Lilian Russell as she was at the beginning of her career and manages to make the role really glamorous. Maybe the kiddies won't get so excited over this as their parents, who fondly reminisce of the eccentricities of Diamond Jim Brady.

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS
Rating: 92°—SOOE GAY GOING-ON—Columbia

THere has been nothing as gay and nousenousical since the Walls of Jericho fell in "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert, the comedy lass who coped the Academy Award last year, crashes through with another of those utterly delightful comedy performances, and when Claudette puts her mind on comedy you can be sure of long and merry laughter. She acts as if she hadn't had so much fun in years, and heavens knows, when you and I watch her, we're darned sure we haven't had so much fun in a century.

This time Claudette plays a very efficient executive secretary who, after six years, finally manages to marry her Boss—and, alas, his family. Which consists of the most disagreeable little brat (her Boss's child by a former marriage) you've seen on the screen since Jane Withers snarled in "Bright Eyes." Edith Fellows plays the spoiled kid and doesn't care how nasty she is. She's grand.

Then there is the Boss's sister, played by Katharine Alexander, who is so aristocratic and frustrated that she spends most of her time swooning and lowering the drapes to keep the rugs from fading. How Claudette puts the family in efficient running order is a scream, but imagine her dismay when she discovers that her business-loving husband wants her as a secretary and not as a wife.

Mervyn Douglas, as the stuffy Boss who becomes human just in time to keep his wife, is perfect. Michael Barton, as the millionaire playboy, is all you can want, and when he sings, boy, he sings. Don't miss his special rendition of "The Old Gray Mare," with Claudette helping out with a slightly husky mezzo soprano. What fun. And what fun for you when you see it.

LITTLE BIG SHOT
Rating: 61°—MEET SYLIL JASON, FOLKS—Warners

HERE's that child wonder you've heard all the talk about, little Sylil Jason, late of South Africa, but now of Hollywood and I'm proud to say that little Sylil lives up to all her advance publicity. She is a sincere little actress, has perfectly charming manners, and is a marvelous mimic—she'll make you laugh, and then make you think, and in the picture, it's better than any impersonation you've seen yet.

The story is a tenderly familiar reminiscence of "Little Miss Marker" and requires Sylil to endure many harrowing experiences and do a lot of crying, but she makes the grade in spite of the plot.

Edward Everett Horton and Robert Armstrong play two rackets who fall heir to a child and consequently become completely regenerates. They've bought it out with such a bunch of goodies as ever smacked into a kite. Jack La Rue, Arthur Vinton and J. Carroll Naish are the good guys, and Sylil plays a hot check girl and is grand as usual, but as usual has little or nothing to do. (Not so with the sweet Fatty Kelly but Sylil looked after I must start my bigger-roles-for-Glenda-Farrell campaign. Just a crusader at heart.)

Just in case you haven't been reading your fan magazines, little Sylil Jason is the child girl who at six can sing, dance, play the piano, do impersonations, and read a menu in perfect French. When Marion Davies heard about this she said, "Good heavens, why at six I could barely say Mama."

THE CRUSADES
Rating: 86°—A DE MILLE EPIC WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS—Paramount

THE most gorgeous De Mille spectacle ever filmed! Thousands of King Rich ard's crusaders marching forth to rid the Holy Land of the Saracen infidels, feasting at Marseilles, the battle of Acre with hundreds of blazing bodies, the death shrieks of men and horses, the clash of arms and the clashing of the Crusades, is all by a terrible rot of slaughter, followed by the release of the Christians and their triumphant entry into Jerusalem singing psalms, all go to make an incomparable historical picture that you cannot afford to miss.

With "Cleopatra" now just a memory, De Mille has set upon the most interesting challenge of his career— MEDIEVAL HISTORY—THE CRUSADES. The story is neatly balanced between romance and war with Henry Wilcoxon (the late Anthony) playing Richard the Lion Hearted, King of England, who embarks on a crusade to the Holy Land simply to avoid marrying Alice of France, played by Katherine De Mille. (C.B., adopted daughter). At Marseilles he promises to marry Princess Belergaria, the daughter of the King of Navarre, in exchange for food for his armies and fodder for his horses.

Loretta Young is perfectly beautiful as the little princess who is forced to marry the man she loves because it's an English custom. Loretta has a tendency to fall in love and forces him to go to the Holy Land with him. Before the walls of Acre the two of them are swept away in the most colossal battle that has ever been filmed. No one but De Mille could direct a scene like this.

Ian Keith as Saladin gets first prize for the acting honors. Others in the long cast are C. Henry Gordon, Joseph Schilder, John Hale and George Barbier.
"I'd sooner die than go to another party"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even high school 'prom'! Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

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.
several weeks every year. I love it. Can I have a pup tent and fish?" It took a double martini before Paramount recovered from the shock.

AND speaking of Maggie I had the good fortune of sitting next to her ex-husband, who mentioned seeing a Tamale, the other day, and I want to go on record as saying that Maggie certainly was crazy to give him up. I suppose you've seen him in the new Gawney picture, "The Tender Takes A Wife" by now, and will join me in my eulogy. He's sort of on the Charlie Farrell type, but even taller, and much more good-looking. He's a quiet sort of a guy, too, with not a single concept in sight. Henry adores games and peculiar eating places (joins if you like). He showed me the bottle and match game and we played it all through luncheon, with Henry getting so excited that he practically forgot all about "Way Down East."

EVERYBODY getting name-conscious and if you haven't got your cognomen embroidered or etched on you some day, well, mercy, you simply don't belong. For some time now the girls have been wearing their names, embroidered in their own handwriting, on their pajamas and handkerchiefs, but the height of something or other was reached the other day when Joan Crawford appeared at the studio in sandals on which her shoemaker had perforated "Joan" on the toes! So of course it started a fad. Hurry, Toots, and get perforated.

AND, by the way, you legion upon legions of Joan Crawford fans—your favorite Greta Garbo-Girl has returned to natural fingernails, for which she has been gravely spurned. "They are more natural and more comfortable," Joan said when asked about them. "And when all is said and done I feel that nothing is more attractive than a soft, buffed finish." You're right, Joanie, absolutely right.

MORE of this name-consciousness! It's in the air, and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. All of Bill Powell's friends, who certainly has the knack of bringing him elegant mugs and glasses these days for his new bar—well, their names painted on them. So if you ever get invited to Bill's new playroom you can drink out of a Jean Harlow mug, or would you prefer a Carole Lombard tumbler?

ONE person who doesn't fall for this name racket is Claudette Colbert. Claudette doesn't like to see her name anywhere except on a theatre marquee. She developed a name complex at a very early age. I believe she was seven, and with finger nail scissors she scratched out her name on her mother's beautiful sewing table. We won't go into what Mrs. Colbert did to her little daughter, but it was something along the line of "Tease like fools' faces always seen in public." It made a lasting impression.

ONE of the most exciting tennis matches I ever watched was the one between Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby, with Carole finally the winner. There's no doubt but what Carole is the Helen Wills of the picture colony.

FRED ASTAIRE is really writing that book on dancing and don't let anybody tell you it's a fake. Ever since "Top Hat" went into the can Freddy has been hiding away at a country house on Long Island, and writing away night and day on his book. Fred is eager to describe in terms that normal people can follow the intricacies of his nimble dancing. And that's a job in itself. By the way, Fred will become an uncle soon. His sister, the equally famous Adele Astaire, now Lady Cavendish, is about to present his lordship with an heir.

ON Ginger Rogers' birthday Lew Ayres presented her with a diamond bar-pin with a sapphire as big as THAT. It's a beauty.

IT'S going to be an Aztec winter I'm afraid. Adrian, Metro's couturier, took his vacation in Mexico this summer, and that means Mexican motifs for the Metro hefts this winter. Can't you just see Garbo playing "Camille" (her next I hear) in a hat that's more of a cahama and an encalable?

DEAR me, these grown-ups who go in for children's diseases. There ought to be a law. Airline Judge has been quarantined with scarlet fever for the last few weeks and reports from the sick room have it that Airline is glad to get a rest but hates scarlet fever. Via the telephone Airline told us that it was most annoying because her pet gag is no longer any good. Whenever she is at home Airline answers the phone and always says, "Miss Judge is not in" to both friend and foe—but particularly to friends because it makes them so mad. Miss Judge is now definitely in—by request of the Board of Health.

WHAT becomes of first wives? I've often wondered. Well, it seems that the first Mrs. Clark Gable, known as Josephine Dillon Gable, has gone to New York to coach Julie Haydon and Lydi Roberti for their new plays, which open on Broadway this fall. When the great playwright, Philip Barry, saw Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel," he said, "I love her." So Julie will have her big chance on Broadway any minute now. The little Roberti of course has been a New York society favorite several years. She is what is known as a "show-stopper."

MAUREEN OSULLIVAN is one of the first to adopt the new artificial flower leis with matching slipper-chips for evening which is even more amazing to the Adele Astaire's orchestra at the Grove, which was a social event that brought out the cinema stars dressed to their eyebrows. Maureen wore a girlishly formal organdy with a lot of white daisies with yellow centers, and with smaller flowers clipped like buckles to her white pumps.

HERE's the inside story on Rochelle Hudson: (We snatched it from Helen Gwynne's famous column). When that young mousy returned for her trip to New York her boss, Winnie Sheehan, had her up on the concert because of cracks she had made to the press while East. Seems Rochelle didn't like a lot of things about her home town, which is also Will Rogers' home town, and small communities in general and all she needed was for someone to ask her and she talked. Well, Sheehan the big boss, finally got through hawling her out and Miss Hudson got ready to leave. As she was on her way out she started whistling violently (probably just to show that she wasn't afraid of the big bad wolf). Sheehan looked up and said: "Have you any other musical accomplishments besides whistling?" "Yes, I have," said Rochelle, quite unexpectedly, and very determinedly. With that she marched into the dressing room and started to play and sing.

The result was that Sheehan was so overcome he had her sing a song in "Curley Top" which was a great hit, and now it's very likely that Rochelle will be cast in several musicals. The moral is: Every bawling out has a silver lining.

NO matter what the occasion, a star sapphire is an appropriate gift in Hollywood and currently the most popular one. Carole Lombard started the fad. She wears her sapphire given by William Powell, and you can get a good look at it because she is going to wear it in her new picture, "Hans Across the Table," which is the saga of a maniacist.

YOUNG ladies the world over have attempted to analyze that combination of charm, grace, and beauty that is Miss Astaire, which has made her a center of attraction for the most eligible young men of the film colony. Mary's secret is this: she really isn't Mary at all. Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, Buddy Rogers, Joe Morrison and all the rest of the young leading men who flit around with Mary will tell you with a trare that she is the same Mary twice. They never see the same Mary twice. Mary possesses the very happy faculty of being able to make her personality and appearance, with only the least bit of effort. She never headdresses, a new dress, a new mood all work a change in her mobile features, which are so much more pleasing to those who know her well than to others.
This charming actress carries only handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking slide fastener

ONE thing the clever actresses of Hollywood won't tolerate is the haphazardly fastened handbag. They want security—as well as smart style—at all times. That's why they insist upon handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking slide fastener.

They've found that this flexible, easy-working fastener gives them absolute protection against accidental opening—that it means extra convenience—extra trimness.

And you'll find that TALON on a handbag always means superior quality and smart design—because only the finest manufacturers make their handbags with Talon fasteners. And all the leading stores sell them—in your own favorite styles.
poysing it. Why, it's the first time we've—we've entertained in I don't know how long! I guess it's almost as big as we had that house when we were eighteen. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I don't know."

On the day Arthur Russell was to dine at my house of Adam's he had lunch at Mildred Palmer's, and his world was entirely upset for him as he heard this conversation.

Mr. Palmer, mildly amused by what was telling his wife, had just spoken the words, "This Virgil Adams." What he had said was, "This Virgil Adams—that's the man's name. Queer case."

"It appears when this man—this Adams—was a young clerk, the old gentleman trusted him with one of his business secrets, a glue process that Mr. Lamb had spent some money to get hold of. The old chap thought this Adams was going to have quite a future with the Lamb concern, and of course never dreamed he was dishonest. Alfred says this Adams hasn't been of any result, that they should let him go as dead wood, but the old gentleman wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on his being kept on the payroll; so they just put him on a shelf, and let him go as a pension. Well, one morning last March the man had an attack of some sort down there, and Mr. Lamb got his own car out and went home with him, himself, and worried about him and went to see him no end, all the time he was ill."

"He would," Mrs. Palmer said, approvingly. "He's a kind-hearted creature, that old man."

Her husband laughed. "Alfred says he thinks his kind-heartedness is about cured! It seems that as soon as the man got well again he deliberately walked off with the old gentleman's glue secret. Just calmly stole it. Alfred says he believed that if he had a stroke in the office now, himself, his father wouldn't lift a finger to help him."

Mrs. Palmer repeated the name to herself thoughtfully. "'Adams'—Virgil Adams. You said his name was Virgil Adams?"

"Yes."

She looked at her daughter. "Why, you know who that is, Mildred," she said, casually. "It's that Alice Adams's father, isn't it?"

"That's his name Virgil Adams?"

"I think it is," Mildred said.

"Then come to her husband. "You've seen this Alice Adams here. Mr. Lamb's pet swindler must be her father."

Mr. Palmer passed a smooth hand over his neat gray hair, which was not disturbed by this effort to stimulate recollection. "Oh, yes," he said. "Of course—certainly. Quite a good-looking girl—one of Mildred's friends. How queer!"

Mildred looked up, as if in a little alarm, but did not speak. Her mother set matters straight. "Fathers are amusing," she said snilingly to Russell, who was looking at her, through her spectacles sharply. "For she turned him from at once to enlighten her husband. "Every girl who meets Mildred, and tries to push the ad for her house until the poor child has to hide, isn't a friend of hers, my dear!"

Mildred's eyes were downcast again, and a faint color rose in her cheeks. "Oh, I shouldn't put it quite that way about Alice Adams," she said, in a low voice. "I saw something of her for a time. She's not unattractive—in a way."

Mrs. Palmer settled the whole case of Alice carelessly. "A pushing sort of girl," she said. "A very pushing little person."

"Arthur Russell was stunned. There was a part of him that wanted to protest and deny, but he had not heat enough, in the chill that had come upon him. Here was the first "mention" of Alice, and with it the reason why it was the first: Mr. Palmer had difficulty in recalling her, and she happened to be spoken of, only because her father's betrayal of a benefactor's trust had been so peculiarly atrocious that, in the view of the benefactor's family, it contained enough of the element of humour to warrant a mild laugh at a club. There was the deadliness of the story: it's lack of malice, even of resentment. Deadlier still were Mrs. Palmer's phrases: 'a pushing sort of girl.' "A very pushing little person."

At the Adams' house great preparations were being made for the dinner. A maid was engaged and finally before everything was ready——

"Do come right in, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Adams, loudly lifting her voice for additional warning to those above. "I'm so glad to receive you informally, this way, in our little home. There's a hat-rack here under the stairway," she continued, as Russell, murmuring some response, came into the hall. "I'm afraid you'll think it's almost too informal, my coming to the door, but unfortunately our housemaid's just had a little accident—oh, nothing to mention! I just thought we better not keep you waiting any longer. Will you step into our living-room, please?"

She led the way between the two small columns, and seated herself in one of the plush rocking-chairs, selecting it because Alice had once pointed out that the chairs, themselves, were less noticeable when they had people sitting in them. "Do sit down, Mr. Russell; it's so very warm it's really quite a trial just to stand up!"

"Thank you," he said, as he took a seat. "Yes. It is quite warm. And this seemed to be the extent of his responsiveness for the moment. He was grave, rather pale, and Mrs. Adams's impression of him, as she formed it then, was of "a distinguished-looking young man, really elegant in the best sense of the word, but timid and formal when he first meets you." She beamed upon him, and used with every-thing she said a continuous accompaniment of laughter, meaningless except that it was meant to convey cordiality. "Of course we do have a great deal of warm weather," she informed him. "I'm glad it's so much cooler in the house than it is outdoors."

"Yes," he said. "It is pleasanter indoors."

And, stopping with this single untruth, he permitted himself the briefest glance about the room; then his eyes returned to his smiling hostess.

The dinner was tragic. At last Alice led him to the porch.

"Do you know?" she said, suddenly, in a clear, loud voice. "I have the strangest feeling I feel as if I were going to be with you only about five minutes more in all the rest of my life!"

"Why, no," he said. "Of course I'm coming to see you—often. I—"

"No," she interrupted. "I've never had a feeling like this before. It's—it's just so; that's all! You're going—why, you're never coming here again!" She stood up, abruptly, beginning to tremble all over. "Why, it's finished, isn't it?" she said, and her trembling was manifest now in her voice. "Why, it's all over, isn't it? Why, yes!

He had risen as she did. "I'm afraid you're awfully tired and nervous," he said. "I really ought to be going."

"Yes, of course you ought," she cried, despairingly. "There's nothing else for you to do. When anything's spoiled, people can't do anything but run away from it. So good-bye!"

"At least," he returned, huskily, "we'll only—only say good-night."

Then, as moving to go, he stumbled upon the veranda steps, "Your hat!" she cried. "I'd like to keep it for a souvenir, but I'm afraid you need it!"

She ran into the hall and brought his straw hat from the chair where he had left it. "You poor thing!" she said, with quavering laughter. "Don't you know you can't go without your hat?"

Then, as they faced each other for the short moment which both of them knew would be the last of all their veranda moments, Alice's broken laughter grew louder. "What a thing to say!" she cried.
The Woman who "thinks she knows" so often is Headed for Tragedy

"We consider ourselves modern, yet most women today still have a natural reluctance to talk frankly about such a delicate subject as marriage hygiene. And hidden in the shadows of this secrecy, the doctor finds a shocking amount of misinformation, quackery, and—too often—stark tragedy.

"My heart aches for the victims of half-truths, especially when there is a proper method of marriage hygiene.

"Millions of women have found that "Lysol" deserves their confidence. It is so reliable that hundreds of modern clinics use it in that most delicate of all operations...childbirth. And if every young married woman knew "Lysol's" effectiveness in personal hygiene—fewer marriages would come to tragic ends.

"It is a privilege for a doctor to recommend "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. For, in the cases of countless women, I have seen that method turn worry into serenity, change despondency into happiness."

(Signed) Dr. Steinberger Sarolta

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"Alice Adams" (Continued from page 60)

Stepping Out With Loretta

(Continued from page 21)

anybody, let alone a Hollywood celeb, to be prowling about fish tanks.

"I know just how those fishes feel, don't you Tom?" said Miss Young, as we halted at an illuminated tank. "Everybody staring at them, no privacy." The striped bass which evoked this bit of philosophy looked dully at Loretta as she expressed it, opened his mouth convulsively and a thin stream of inedibility which couldn't you don't know," said Dorothy di Frasso, "that is the trout equivalent of a raspberry." We moved on, from tank to tank, with Loretta and the Frasso reading resemblances into each homely fish. The catfish reminded them both of a female pest on the Coast, the bullheads recalled an officious supervisor to Loretta's memory and there was a fish she helped me that looked a great deal like Guy Kibbee, and another one who resembled Joe E. Brown.

Every now and then, a group standing next to us would start in excitement and there would be a great confusion of finger-pointing at a tank. "It is a swordfish," followed by an incredulous: "It ain't." Not one of the twenty or thirty people who actually recognized her could believe that her eye was unusual with the presence of a film star. The next day, in my newspaper column, I wrote about the encounter. A correspondent wrote that the sight of happy tones of a fish that was the same color. "I was dunner than those

The fish I was looking at," was the aggrieved confession in the letter.

At the New York Stock Exchange, the financial heart of New York, a page boy was first to recognize her as we waited at the entrance for Bert Taylor, one of the governors of the Exchange, who is Dorothy di Frasso's brother. The page boy took one startled look at the beautiful Miss Young and the stunned figure of Mr. Lamb was quite forgotten.

When Alice came down the stairs with the doctor, Mr. Lamb, who had been seated nervously on the edge of a chair asked:

"How is he?"

"The doctor says he just needs rest and quiet," replied Alice. "Poor father—he won't have much chance to get either, I'm afraid."

The old man turning away paced the floor angrily. "He's an old fool," he said. "A damned old fool!"

"No, Mr. Lamb," said Alice. "I'm the fool. It's all my fault. Father never wanted to do it really, but when he saw how unhappy I was he took the glue formula. He wanted to go back to work for you, Mr. Lamb. I guess he almost worshipped you."

The old man stopped, a bit flustered, and finally gave in and proposed that he would go in partnership with her father and that he would give Walter another chance.

Alice showed the old man out after thanking him and as she stood there in the moonlight she heard a noise behind her and, startled, turned quickly. It was Arthur Russell. He had heard everything, after he came back, and his answer to her question was to open his arms—

"I think you're the most wonderful, adorable little idiot I've ever known," he said. "Dearest, will you marry me?"

Alice lit up and now she was smiling through her tears.

"Please don't cry."

"Let me. It's a relief. I'm so tired of pretending."

And the moon flooded them with its radiance as if a special benediction lay upon them.

End.
saw her:

She got her greatest pictorial thrill, I think, from the fight between Joe Louis, the Detroiter, and huge Carnera. Not only was the fight more spectacular and dramatic, but the setting was so in the Yankee Stadium, instead of the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island. The lofty tiers of the Yankee Stadium, bulging with humanity and identified in the night by the red flares of cigarette tips and the scarlet exit-signs, is a sight to thrill even a native New Yorker. To Loretta and her mother, who had never seen it before, it was breath-taking. The ring, a patch of white light in the center of the diamond; the sweaty gladiators pounding at each other's bodies, the blimp circling above the stadium, with electric lights spelling out an advertisement on its belly, and the tension which is generated in a crowd of 60,000 excited persons—all of these things form a sprawling canvas of light and movement which no artist has ever been able to completely catch. Loretta Young and her mother, Mrs. Belser, were more intrigued by the panorama of the stadium. I believe, than by the fight itself.

Only one faint note of disappointment marred the entire evening. Calling for her at the Hotel Pierre, where I was to pick up her and her mother, I found the young lady unhappy. At first, I suspected that my personality had finally beaten her down to a point of exhaustion, but such was not the case. It seemed that she had ordered a particularly fetching hat that very afternoon. The modiste, tongue in cheek, glibly had promised immediate delivery. At 6 p.m., it hadn't arrived, at 7 it hadn't arrived. By this time, the distraught Miss Young was giving her impressions of a victim of a bank swindle, but nothing availed. The hat she wore was very chic, but to her it was only a mourning band for the creation that had failed to arrive.

Her mother, incidentally, is the only one who doesn't address her as Loretta. To her she is "Gretchen," which was her baptismal name. They are more like sisters than mother and daughter. "How did you get so lovely?" I asked Loretta while we were riding to the Stadium in Janet Ryan's car: "There's the answer," Loretta said, and pointed to her mother. "None of her daughters are as nice."

Although the family comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, and bears the name of the famous Brigham Young, there is no family connection. Loretta is one of three daughters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. It was Sally who first clicked in the flickers and through her, Loretta got her opportunity.

The only thing about the publicity she has received which distresses her is the impression which has been given that she has a new boy-friend for every change of costume. "Some day, the right fellow will come along," she explains, "and then suppose he believed all that you columnists have said about me. If he went through the papers and read that on July 1, I was On the Uplift with so-and-so; on July 8th, I was carrying the torch for a second; on July 15th, I was at the Trocadero with a third—why, I wouldn't blame him for thinking I was fickle. And that would be terrible, Edwin."

"Gretchen," I said gravely, "the name is Ed-WARD, not Edwin. And furthermore I would have little sympathy with a guy who would be so captious. If he wouldn't take you as you are, then there is something radically wrong with his eyesight."

Miss Young turned that devastating smile upon me: "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls, don't you Edwin?"

What are you going to do with a girl like that?
"Where have you been all my life?"

(Intimate conversation of a lady with herself)

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 I discover you 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 shirker... you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else... my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now...

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Fay Wraydant (Continued from page 52)

her again and again because she did her job earnestly and well. Never late on the set. Never any display of temperament, never any complaint about anything. But—never sensational!

That's all changed today. Again, no one knows why. That is, except Fay. "There are those who say my recent months in Europe, where I made two pictures for Gaumont British, were responsible," she began. "Undoubtedly those months in a strange country, whose subject I really was, must have had a lot to do with it—but not all! There were other things—" She was so serious, and more radiant than I have ever seen her, as she told me:

"Before I left for England I had taken out citizenship papers. Not having taken my final oath of allegiance, however, I travelled on a British passport. I had lived in the United States since I was three years old—feeling a part of America, yet feeling an outsider, too.

"My first stirring of patriotic enthusiasm came to me following my return to New York, when I was asked to be guest of honor at the New York Military Academy. At sunset drill, I stood beside the Com mandant as the American Flag was being lowered. Suddenly I felt a great thrill of appreciation within me. That was soon to be MY flag. At that very moment, I felt a sense of belonging. It was that I had always wanted, and needed.

"I took my final oath of allegiance on Flag Day. That was my first experience which opened up a new vista of thinking for me. My citizenship was a turning point of my life. As though I had been born into the experience of years, backed now by a new confidence.

"Is it any wonder that Fay Wray has changed outwardly in compliance with all the things that have altered her inner being these many months? Is it any wonder Hollywood is excited about the results?

Here is its reaction upon Fay Wray herself. In her own words:

"I am more certain of my life, my career and myself than I have ever been before. It's a case of knowing, rather than knowing. Action as against waiting. The funniest thing of all is that when I used to be so uncertain of what to do and say next, I didn't try. Now I'm studying. Singing, dancing, music, languages—both French and Spanish. It's only by learning that you can be SURE you are going ahead.

"By the time you read this she will be in England, pursuing a two picture contract. After which she returns immediately to Hollywood. She has wanted with all her heart to make a picture before leaving. After reading and turning down over a dozen scripts, she accepted England's offer, at an enormous stipend. A year ago she would have been uncertain. Would she dare remain off the American screen for this added period? She would probably have remained in Hollywood to do one or more of those pictures. But today—she is sure.

"With a recklessness unbelievable to those with whom she's been raised, she is prepared to meet the results of her decisions. She knows what she wants. And in that want is the determination that she will never again be criticized by Hollywood for making too many pictures.

"Nora will those same critics and their brother interviewers find a doeliver lamb as she whom to point direct questioning, which a year ago would have been received with an embarrassing search for "the right thing to say." Hollywood will long remember the amusing story of how she recently foiled a reporter upon her return from abroad.

"After a lengthy interview during which the reporter was impressed and a little annoyed at the new assurance of this Fay Wray, he asked her an obviously direct and extraordinary question. "Miss Wray, what do you think of the quintuplets?"

"Without the slightest hesitancy, she smiled graciously, and answered, "I think there are five of them, don't you?"

A confidence unhampered by heroisms or extremes, because she will never allow herself to be completely independent. "I'm so sure that living is made richer by our 'interdependence,'" she will say, "our own sense of values is born by comparing our convictions with those about us.

"Her marriage to John Monk Saunders will always come first in her life. She sel dom thinks of herself as Fay Wray. She THINKS of herself as Mrs. Saunders. Except when she is actually at the studio.

"Admirant on this one subject always—however—that she would not talk about her marriage, the fact that she speaks of it today readily, is the fine and conclusive proof that belonging has made her unafraid for any part of the future.

"Living isn't fun, thank God! It's hope and defeat and suffering and disappointment as well as laughter and romance. And marriage is what makes living worthwhile. Its beauty is in the sharing of what life deals to you and to your man. And growing together gently with wisdom and understanding. You can't have either if you avoid the friction of life. Sharing the tears, the pain, the disappointments with the one person, that's what matters.

"Happy as I am with my career, and vitally important as it is to me, and necessary as I think it is for modern women to do something on their own and retain their individuality, if it ever came to a choice—marriage would win!"

She walks with firm steps on the tight rope of life, eager eyes forward, her young heart unafraid. She's a gay little modern, with ideals. A poised little traveler, at home in Hollywood, New York, London and Paris.

She's Fay Wray Saunders, American Citizen!
Adjectives Color Their Lives

[Continued from page 25]

song...every so often they are called upon to do their part into most animated dances...and they have to be such slim little numbers! One good steak and a baked potato and their careers would be over. (Sometimes I think that a writing job is all right. You can just sit still and grow fat if you want to!)

"Intellectual," Elissa Landi...Fay Wray...Jean Muir...Evelyn Venable. Oh, goodness! Elissa writes books and sells 'em, too. She also likes winers and sauerkraut for dinner. Jean Muir is ver, ver, "theater." The little Venable had all her early training in Walter Hampden's company in Shakespearian repertoire...had never played anything but Shakespeare until she came into pictures!

These girls scare me. And they are all so pretty! They know so much more than I do about what they are talking about...and they do talk about it. One keeps on thinking that their being just that pretty, combined with a certain native intelligence, would have allowed them to progress in pictures. But maybe they want something more...Anyhow, it seems to me that the adjective, "intellectual," will not get them far. Still Fay Wray gets around.

I'll bet you are wondering where Jean Harlow comes into this story. Well, d'you know I didn't know where to put Jean myself. She certainly is "sex-y!!!" But she doesn't belong among the languid ladies. She is "sophisticated..." but she doesn't suffer enough in lovely costumes. Maybe she is "glamorous."

Joan Crawford is "glamorous." So, despite her two youngsters, is Norma Shearer. I don't know why I should say, "despite her two youngsters..." except that it seems to me more difficult for a lady to be glamorous when she has several children to consider. "Glamorous" seems to me to mean gardenias and lots of young men crowding around in the most prominent night clubs. But maybe I don't understand!

Of course, when you get to comedians, you have to take up "poignant." I have always, in my benighted fashion, thought that Charlie Chaplin was a much finer artist in the days before people discovered that he was "a poignant little man" than he was afterward. But, that just shows you what I am! He certainly made more money after it was discovered that he had an adjectival!

Of course, there is ZaSu Pitts who is "plaintive..." and that preyed pretty well, too. It's paid her so well that she has been able to reject starring contracts which would let her be plaintive on and on.

There was James Cagney, "the blond-buster." He busts blondes with such success that he became the chief 'tough guy' of pictures. But there was still Eddie Robinson. Well, Eddie was fairly tough, too. But Eddie has objected to being so tough of late...and it looks as if he might lose his most important adjective...Ah! Happy indeed is the Hollywood actor with a dependable little adjective around the house, particularly if those little friends worth "in demand" keep the door bell ringing.

Garbo Tankes Boyer Is Goot

The success of Charles Boyer has not escaped the watchful eye of the beautiful Swede, and now Garbo has requested that he be secured to play opposite her in her new picture, at present unannounced.

Not all lipsticks are a friend to romance. Some put on color, but may dry and parch that tender skin, the most sensitive skin of your face.

And men just don't like to kiss lips rough as crepe paper! Lips that invite romance must be soft and sweet and smooth.

Indelible—but no parching!

How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can...with Coty's new Lipstick—the "Sub-Deb". A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color...but without any parching penalties. It is truly indelible...yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom." Make the "Over-night" experiment! If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty smooths your lips to loveliness, make this experiment. Put on a tiny bit of lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Choose Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick in any of its five indelible colors, 50¢. And there's Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50¢.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder...with a new tender texture.
Another Dickens’ Classic Comes to the Screen

[Continued from page 39]

The first step
in ROMANCE

It’s your EYES that invite men
—How to frame your EYES
with long, seductive lashes.

We’ll remember your eyes—did they charm or repel? There is no need to suffer from skimpy lashes—they can look long and alluring in 40 seconds by merely darkening them with either of my Emollient Cake or Creamy Liquid Winx Mascara.

One application works wonders, I promise—a complete change, giving your face a mysterious charm. You will be admired as “the girl with beautiful eyes.”

Give yourself long, lovely lashes

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.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer today. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note it’s superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara
—for the years most popular form of all.
So easy to apply, its soothing emollient oils keep lash soft, silky.

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara,
Absolutely waterproof ready to apply.
No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.

At 10c stores

Patricia Ellis, Earl Blackwell, Ruth Embry, Evalyn Knapp, Glen Beles, Grace Durkin and Milburn Stone playing water badminton. Try it in your bath tub.
What's the Biggest Thing in Pictures?

[Continued from page 27]

Today Mr. Von Sternberg and Paramount have parted company, but Paramount is clutching to Claudette for dear life—she can bring as many cars on their lot as she wants to, in fact if she should want a red carpet from the gate to her dressing room that would be all right too. Miss Colbert happened to have won an Academy Award, and appeared in the most successful picture of the year, "It Happened One Night."

And, because she made such a successful picture for Columbia last year, naturally her new picture for the same studio is looked for with great interest. "She Married Her Boss" has some knock-out comedy in it. You won't be disappointed. Of added interest is the fact that Michael Barrie, who practically stole "Love Me Forever" right from under Grace Moore's high C plays the secondary love interest in it, singing that charming and thrilling aria, "The Old Gray Mare." What "It Happened One Night" did to the "Man on the Flying Trapeze" I sort of imagine that "She Married Her Boss" will do for "The Old Gray Mare." Not a big picture in the sense of the spectacular and the smash-buckling, but good delightful comedy. I can't wait, can you?

That shy, awkward boy from Montana, who used to try to make a living drawing cartoons for the newspapers, will next appear as Peter Ibbetson in "Peter Ibbetson." Gary Cooper used to blush and stammer when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks passed by, and then came "The Virginian" and other successes and today an invitation to Pickfair is nothing in Gary's life.

Besides Gary, and that's reason enough for me, this picture will be important because of Ann Harding. It is the first picture Ann has made for Paramount, it is the first time she and Gary have co-starred, and it is the first time since her divorce from Harry Bannister that Ann has permitted herself to be human. She has suffered so much over the very thought of loving her little girl that it has softened her, and any writer today can interview Ann, and any fan can have her autograph book signed by her. There was a time when Ann Harding didn't bother. That time is over—and I think the new Ann Harding (oh, we might just as well be trite, everybody else is) will sort of glow as the Duchess of Towers in "Peter Ibbetson."

And there are still two other reasons why this picture will be important. When Henry Hathaway made a success of "The Lives of the Bengal Lancers," despite the fact that the odds were against it and the script had been turned down by practically every director on the lot, all the old meniacs in Hollywood, the jealous buzzards, said, "It's a fluke, Henry can't do it again. He's only a nephew of a Western director." So Henry Hathaway is terribly eager to show these Doubting Thomases that he can take the most fragile, the most delicate, love story of the last half century and make a successful picture of it. Then, too, Paramount is wondering whether you and I will take to this lovely bit of whimsy about a love that lasted through dreams. Personally, shall we wallow in it.

Also up Paramount's sleeve for the fall is the screen version of Stark Young's best seller, "So Red the Rose." Here you have the stirring scenes of the Civil War, the revolt of eight hundred slaves on the Bedford estate, the battle of Shiloh, and the burning of Porto Bello—all leading to the re-birth of the South. Margaret Sullavan, who became the sensation of Hollywood

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

SILVER SCREEN for October 1935
Richard Arlen picks natural lips as loveliest!

UNTCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Film star chooses girl with Tangee lips in Hollywood test

*And most men agree with Richard Arlen! They prefer lips that are rosy and soft... not coated with paint! If you want your lips to be lovelier, use Tangee Lipstick. It can't give you that "painted look", because it isn't paint. Instead, it brings out your own natural color... makes your lips kissable... more appealing. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 5c and 11c. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.*

REWARY OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person sell you an imitation... there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ERHS THAT PAINTED LOOK
TANGEE COLOR PRINCIPLE

Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "Let 'em Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

Robert Taylor was selected to play the young doctor. Bob has been doing all right in relatively unimportant Metro pictures, but hasn't made much of a ripple on the Hollywood pond yet. But this picture will probably be the picture that makes him another Bob Montgomery.

Going back to sweet romance we'll soon get to Mr. Sam Goldwyn's immortal love story, "Dark Angel." In the old silent days this picture established Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky as a love team second only to Garbo and Gilbert. They were sensational. In the new version Freddie March and Merle Oberon play the young lovers and Herbert Marshall the friend. We'll see if Freddie and Merle can cause as much of a romantic stir as did Ronnie and Vilma.

"Barbara Stanwyck," is also in production in Mr. Goldwyn's workshop. Miriam Hopkins, fresh from her "Becky Sharp," success, plays the lead in this her first picture under her Goldwyn contract. She is supported by Eddie Robinson (borrowed from Warners) and that new heart-throb, Joel McCrea. Joel is more in demand every day.

At R-K-O "The Last Days of Pompeii" is about ready for release and is one of those super-colossal pictures that will fairly stagger you by its magnificence. Wait a while, until you see Vesuvius erupt. "The
Three Musketeers” hasn’t a big name in the cast but they tell me that it is so gorgeously romantic and thrilling that it can’t miss. Walter H. (of the New York stage plays D’Artagnan, and here is his chance to become one of the great—if you, the public, like him.

And at last Lily Pons starts warbling for the sound track. Her first starring picture is called “Love Song” and is being directed by John Cromwell, and who do you think was finally chosen for her leading man? Henry Fonda, one of the new hopes of Hollywood. Ever since “The Farmer Takes a Wife” Hollywood has been Fon-da-conscious, and now he is no longer spoken of as “Margaret Sullavan’s ex-husband,” but as “that marvelous Henry Fonda.” It’s going to be another case of Charles Boyer, I’m thinking.

“Metropolitan,” the first production of the newly formed Twentieth-Century-Fox combination, will bring back to the screen none other than Lawrence Tibbett. The picture will have the famous old New York Opera House as a background, and Mr. Tibbett will certainly give voice of the voice. Virginia Bruce also sings, and looks divinely.

Ready for release are Warner’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” which has already been much publicized, and those who have had “peaks” claim it is the greatest thing that has ever been done on the screen, and R-K-O’s “Top Hat” which is the latest of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dancing pictures and according to rumor better than any of its predecessors, and Paramout’s “Crusades” which brings Mr. De-Mille’s Antony, Henry Wilcoxon, back to the screen for his final picture since “Cleopatra.” Well, really, now I do think we’re in for an exciting and romantic autumn. Can you bear it?

Harvest of Heroes

[Continued from page 31]

parently Gordon remembered for he retaliated by casting him in “The Farmer Takes a Wife.” Fonda’s performance was one of such captivating simplicity that Hollywood grabbed him without thinking twice. Usually a young actor is made to establish himself, something more than a “one shot” before being tested for pictures. Fonda was an exception. Which is just fine for Henry and the screen but not so good for Broadway.

Briefly, Henry Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska. He studied journalism for two years at the University of Minnesota. But he finally quit to look for a job where he could do some painting, in which he was really interested. A friend sent him to the Omaha Community Playhouse. Hoping for a chance to do some painting he presented himself there and was given instead a part to read. For a young man with neither desire nor intention toward the stage as a career this was a disconcerting experience. However, he spent three years with them before setting out for New York.

The next five summers he played with the University Players at West Falchon. It was here he met Margaret Sullivan, whom he later married and from whom he is now divorced. The past two summers he spent at Westchester Playhouse, first designing scenery and then acting. By a happy coincidence June Walker, his co-star in “Farmer,” saw him in Westchester and it was she who brought him to the attention of Marc Connolly, the author. Amazingly enough, during his years in the theatre he has worked to overcome the mid-western
SILVER SCREEN for October 1935

**NEW "POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 to 15 LBS. QUICK**

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets.

An amazing new "power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "thin" people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctor now knows that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the health and active life of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chests and flabby limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and complexion troubles of the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty — you're an entirely new person.

**Results guaranteed**

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only, don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared 'Yeasts and Iron' tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeiters usually contain only the lowest grade of bullionary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the genuine Ironized Yeast tablets. So once you get the genuine. Look for "TV" stamped on each tablet.

**Special FREE offer**

To start you building up your health right now, we make this: FREE offer to you. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets with your first order and send the box and mail it to us with a coupon of this announcement. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package, or money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 520, Atlanta, Ga.

Accent which he had to re-cultivate for his first real break. He has just drawn the cover story for the Sunday "Panorama," leading man in her first picture. Watch Henry Fonda, he's going places... and how.

Walter Abel, who brings Dumas' d'Artagnan to life in "The Three Musketeers," is recognized by critics as one of the most skilled actors on the American stage. How he has carved out the title role in this long is a mystery. Perhaps he might still be undiscovered so far as pictures are concerned because he is a first-grade duplicate of the Dumas classic, who was drama critic on the New York World when Abel attained prominence as a tragedian with the Provincetown Players. Nobody still contends that Abel's performance in the revival of Eugene O'Neill's "S. S. Glencairn" was surpassed, but his introduction to the Hollywood scene is an event.

Ever since he can remember, Abel has dabbled in theatricals. On two occasions in different parts of the country he was the only person who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the health and active life of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chests and flabby limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and complexion troubles of the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty — you're an entirely new person.

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his name is Delmer Daves, and he isn't married, which is a bit of a surprise to Warner Brothers, and he's big and muscular and quite determined. When I asked Kay if she were engaged to him she said "Ridiculous" but you know how girls are. She came back from New York on the same train with him and you can't tell me that was coincidence. She's going to Arrowhead next week to see this important picture which is being made in London you know—and it's dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Delmer Daves has a little business to attend to at Arrowhead while she's there. And it wasn't that operation, or love for her studio either, that made Kay cut her six months European vacation short. It was just a job she couldn't get away from to Hollywood. Hummm. I like Kay for that, she shows good taste, an honest-to-goodness writer is better than any of those fandangled furriers any time. And I think that Margaret Sullivan and William Wyler aren't separated for keeps, but just for the duration. "Mam'selle" is a picture she claims is going back to him when "So Red The Rose" is finished. And I think Cary Grant would take Betty Furness to the altar too. He could get over the memory of Virginia Cherrill, but you know how it is with men once they've been married, which is the case with Cary. But Eddy has fallen for? That cute little Isabel Jewell. Even since the Lee Tracy-Isabel Jewell romance split up I've been kind of worried about that little girl, and I'm right glad to see her get a good man like Nelson. Nelson gave her a box at the Hollywood Bowl for her birthday and I guess Isabel is feeling very happy and tanned, but she's thronging on it as I never saw anyone look happier. And that Nelson Eddy, is he handsome! I can't wait to tell Lucy Winters about him. I got an autographed picture, too. He can play scales on my piano any time.

"Three nights ago," asked Joan Bennett's party. "Now, now, I know I shouldn't but I wanted to talk to Joan and that was the only way I could get to see her. She's a cute little thing. The prettiest face and the naughtiest eyes. She thought I was Jobyna Howland and kept asking about my peke, until he wasn't handsome but he's a kind of actor. He understands the art of reserve and has the power of characterization at his fingertips.

All of the new men are bachelors except John Beal, Robert Donat, Walter Abel, and Charles Boyer, who should give Miss America something else to think about.

And this is only a few of the long looked for and much needed heroes which Hollywood is grooming to fill the shoes of some of the veteran performers. It looks like an exciting harvest, full of color and romance and strange new beauty.

**Snipping**

(Continued from page 25)
a sponge cake and I thought that was kind of quaint. I've been awfully worried about little Joanie up in New England because Lucy Winters read in somebody's column that she and her good-looking husband, Gene Markey, were going to separate. And then when I read that he was going to Europe I nearly had a fit. I said to Lucy that when I got to Hollywood I was going to give Joan a piece of my mind. Why she'd never find another husband as sweet and considerate as that Gene Markey.

So I crashed the party and it was really a lot of fun. It was supposed to be Gene's going away party, but he decided not to take the job offered him in London, so rather than call off the party Joan just compromised by calling it a welcome home party. The place-cards were passports with awful looking pictures of the guests and some terrible data about them. I got Joan in a corner and she said I could quiet my fears, that she loved Gene Markey and had no intention of separating from him and that I was old enough not to believe every thing I saw in print. Now weren't those snooping gossip writers nasty to start those rumors about that sweet child?“That,” I said tersely, “sounds to me very much like the pot calling the kettle black. But tell me, Aunt Ella, what did you find out about Joan and Francher—are they married?”

“I think I know,” said Aunt Ella getting awfully coy, “But I'm not telling you, you old gossip writer. It's people like you who make Hollywood seem such an awful place. Don't you think stars are entitled to their private lives just like other people? Why do you have to go around prying and snooping all the time?”

“Aunt Ella,” I shrieked, “you can't do this to me. You—”

“Shut up,” snapped Aunt Ella. “I want you to write down the addresses of all the girls I met this week-end. I'm going to send them all a jar of my gooseberry preserves. Hurry now, Janet Gaynor is coming to take me to lunch.”

“Aunt Ella,” I sighed, “you are just a sentimentalist.”

The Writers' Heaven

[Continued from page 53]

them bring on sister Erna! Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, married, did a play, “Up Pops The Devil.” They are excellent collaborators, having done the script of “The Thin Man” and “Naughty Marietta.” They come to work so early, the milkman leaves a bottle of milk for them outside the office door!

Dashiell Hammett, author of the novels, “The Thin Man” and “The Glass Key,” both of which were adapted so successfully for the films, has calmed down considerably in Hollywood. He arrived with a notion that a screen-writer should be on a con stant binge, but was soon talked out of that.

Sam Marx of M-G-M had quite a time taking Hollywood to Alice Duer Miller. Remember, she wrote that popular Saturday Evening Post serial, “Manslaughter,” which served as a grand box office smash for Claudette Colbert and Fredric March a few seasons ago. He telephoned when she happened to be sitting with Alexander Woollcott, who had just remarked “Thank God, there are at least two of us left in New York.” Followed by no doubt, a diatribe against Hollywood. So Miss Miller said “No” to Mr. Marx. Finally she said she needed an escort to take her to the baseball game the next day, and Mr. Marx loves baseball. During the second inning, so near the final, Marx gasped. By the sixth inning, he had worn out his

April Showers

CHERAMY'S PERFUME OF YOUTH

Throw open your window on a rain-drenched flower garden... and inhale a breath of April Showers perfume! It's as young as Spring, satisfying, lasting. Yet the cost of a whole matched service of April Showers... perfume, face powder, dusting powder, talc, eau de cologne... will scarcely dent a schoolgirl allowance.

April Showers toiletries are presented to Youth by one of the world's greatest perfumers, with the assurance that a fortune could buy none finer.

They give what Youth wants... Luxury on a Budget!

April Showers Price List

PERFUME, small size, 25c and 50c
FACe POWDER... 25c and 55c
EAU DE COLOGNE... 25c, 55c, $1
TALC................. 25c and 55c
DUSTING POWDER... 55c and $1.25
Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion, Bath Salts, etc., from 25c to 85c.

Exquisite... but not Expensive
The secret of beautiful body skin

BATHASWEET

FREE

Yes, you can have a lover, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet and make your bath a beauty treatment. You might be basting in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. It is all freshness from the water. Bathasweet acts in a short time so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dislodge impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "eng" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness. Yet Bathasweet costs very little—5¢ and $1 at drug and department stores.

FREE—Gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Co., Dept. S. J., 1907 Park Ave., New York.

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Eunice Kelly

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a few hundred dollars. It was a double header, and by the time the last inning was played, he had her at his own figure. "If it had only been a triple-header," he sighed.

Every writer in Cosmopolitan, The New Republic, and P. G. Wodehouse was that he could only work out of doors. (Wodehouse, creator of "Jeeves" and many other characters, has been writing for Cosmopolitan Magazine for lo, these many, many years.) At home in England, Wodehouse works in the old, old oblivion of the studio went way down on the back lot where it was quiet, but the best they could find was an old Western saloon set. They put up a table, chair and type writer on the porch, and Mr. Wodehouse, a rather plump gentleman in tweeds, went to work. At luncheon time, an uninfomed prop man came along, saw the lay out, and named Bobby, it diligently back to the property department. Mr. Wodehouse arrived from luncheon puffing, feeling too exhausted to go all over that again, he worked at home from then on.

William Faulkner (famous for his novel, "Sanctuary," which was filmed as "Story of Temple Drake," with Miriam Hopkins in the leading role) fied to the Grand Canyon for his first swing around the ranch and dictates, and when the script is finished, the producer gets five or six pairs of socks. Jules Furthman ("Shanghai Express," "Chimes at Midnight," "Autumn"

You grant your body. Your skin. Every girl is a princess. Her face is a mirror. Is it not to be admired, to be loved, to be fussed over? The face is the first thing people notice about you. Is it not to be kept clean and soft?

Bathsweet, with its sweet fragrance, is perfect for the young and old woman. It is a natural beauty secret that has been known for generations.

Carl Erickson, "Black Fury" and "Sweet Music," is a tall, blonde, scrunn young man who probably looks like his ancestor, Lief Ericson. He is twenty-seven years old, born in Chicago, Illinois, a University, and has been factory hand, deck hand and reporter. He came to Hollywood determined to write for pictures. He was hanging around Warners for days, him finally climbed up the outside of the exec office and landed in Zanuck's lap. Zanuck is the head man at the time. With impressed with his nerve, he was given a job looking for a Chic Sale story, so Carl wrote one, "Stranger in Town," and landed among the writers. He is married to an artist, and he is fifty years old. Carl is more handsome than most actors, and one of those quiet determined young men who always arrive where they are going. He makes around five hundred, and it is only a very short time ago that one saw him every morning thumbing a ride to the studio!

The poor picture is usually condemned because of the story and you have often wondered what the collection of brilliant writers out here. I asked Sam Marx about this, and here is what he said.

"The story is blamed, but not always rightly. You have to remember that the producers are gambling every time they make a picture. It is not in any way like the automobile or the grocery or anything. They are dealing in positive facts. Every picture made is a different independent venture. We can't tell one can tell until it is on the screen, whether it will be a public favorite. There are no set rules to go by, which makes it difficult for the young writer. It is impossible to read a story and know exactly how it will finally look on the screen. The only advantage one can have over others is the determination to have the very best. We have found that expensive writers who deliver are cheap. Cheap ones are expensive.

"To quote Irving Thalberg, 'We have the same celluloid, the same cameras, the same flesh and blood actors. The only way we can beat another studio is by using brains on scripts.'"

The time required to complete a script varies from eight weeks at M-G-M. The late Edgar Wallace arrived, astonished the natives by writing one for R-K-O over a week-end. David Cox managed with a script in less than a week.

I asked Mr. Marx, head of the writing department at M-G-M, about the practice of passing a script to every writer on the lot. He said it was the old principle that two heads are better than one. Shakespeare's plays, he added, "were written by Shakespeare and Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Johnson, and Shakespeare. He operated exactly as we do on our scenarios. He was the largest stockholder in a London theatre, where they had a writer on the ground. Therefore they would exhaust their audience in a week or two and had to new plays all the time. So the group met at the Marylebone Tavern, and they changed ideas. Shakespeare would assign a sequence to the various writers. Then he would go over the page of notes and the newing and re-writing. If you are a student of Shakespeare, you can tell what parts he wrote.

Plays are nearly all written by the collaboration method, these days. "Gentlemen of the Press" was accomplished by six newspapermen in New York who tossed a coin to assign the work. The other one was told to hoot in.
An Artist in Armor

[Continued from page 51]

"During those three months when the production was in preparation I kept three hawks in a cage at my home. Every day I would take them out and train them so that they would get used to me. In the picture they had to be friendly enough with Richard to eat right out of his hand. Without this preliminary training they never would have done so. The same with my horse. First I had to train him to get used to armor. Then he had to get familiar with the idea that I, wearing about a hundred pounds of armor, would take a running broad jump every once in a while when he least expected it and hurt myself on to his back. That was no mean feat... for man or horse.

"Incidentally, I had to get myself accustomed to that armor, too. If I wanted to be Richard, I had to look at home in the kind of clothes he took for granted. Suits of armor are pretty cumbersome affairs. They require so many intricate methods of fastening which obviously wouldn't do if I was to discard any part of them with ease while the camera was grinding. Mr. DeMille then hit on the idea of using enormous modern clips. They wouldn't show, yet they would enable me to yank my cloak or any other part of the costume off with one swinging motion—like this."

And, having delivered himself of a magnificent descriptive swing, Mr. Wilcox sat down, the day being hot, and mopped his brow.

"But to get back to the coat hanger..." and Mr. Wilcox paused obligingly to give me time to let my mind do a little swinging on its own account—back to the coat hanger, which we seemed to have left somewhere in the remote background. . . .

"The Crusades" only brings to you one year in the life of Richard. What I had to do—at least I felt I had to in order to visually portray the essence of the man—was to delve deeply into the life of Richard as a child, as a growing youth, as a young man not yet crowned king. Only in that way could I determine just how the thirty-year-old man whom you would meet as Richard, the Lion Hearted would respond under certain given circumstances."

I mentioned that few actors or actresses would go to so much trouble for a rôle.

"Trouble," cried this apparently indefatigable man, "is the preparation. By the preparation was even more fun than the actual work itself. Even when we were 'shooting' the film, Mr. DeMille and I were so immersed with it that when the rest of the cast went home we would sit on the set for hours talking about it. Then, about nine-thirty or ten, when we were both practically talked out, we would go into the projection room and see the rushes. For ten months this went on... it was like having labor pains..."

An extraordinary simile from an extraordinarily virile man.

Wilcox has worked in just two Hollywood productions, both of them DeMille's. Therefore, it is not surprising when you are with him, and hear him talking with such ardor about his director, that you are reminded of the great love that His disciples had for Christ. And, just as Christ spoke to them in parables, DeMille speaks in similes to those who love him and listen at his feet.

And so, Fans, meet Henry Wilcox, Bachelor of the home as well as the arts, and disciple extraordinaire of that master showman and director, Cecil DeMille.

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Studio News
[Continued from page 33]

"That's mighty white of you, Mushy," I thank him.

"Think nothing of it," Mushy begs me.

"Some fighters," he goes on to explain, "get knocked silly but I got knocked polite. Who's your friends?" indicating the four handicaps I'm touting around with me.

"Oh, these," I explain, "are some friends from Princeton—Gerald H. Smith sometimes known as 'Slate A,' Douglas E. Jones whose nickname is P.B. and which I suspect stands for Pretty Boy, Blakeman Meyer known to his intimates as Maude Mueller because he's so crazy about Ten- nyson, and Ralph Whittaker whose mon- tiker around the campus is Cupid because he's always hopelessly involved with dates and dolls.

"Now are you?" Mushy asks when the studio swing gang had rescued me from the irate Princetonians. "Come on.

So, shortly, we find ourselves on the set of "Dr. Socrates," which stars Paul Muni.

The set is a room that was once the ball- room of a colonial home—one of the show- places of the state. It's proportions are still fine, even though it has fallen into decay. There are candle sconces on the walls and an ornate crystal chandelier. But the floor length windows on both sides are covered with blankets.

Barton McLane (who made such a hit with Muni in "Black Fury") is talking to Muni. "Well, doc," he addresses Paul, "what'daya think of the layout?"

Mr. Muni glances about and smiles wryly, "Very cozy and excellent taste." That's great, doc," Mac laughs. "You gotta sense of humor. I got one, too."

"Well, now that I'm here," Muni asks (and I suspect he was brought here against his will because these men look like gang- sters) "What do I do?"

"Me wing hurts, Mac informs him, holding out his arm. "And I think I'm runnin' a fever."

"Well, let's go where there's more light," Muni suggests as he walks over to a cot and opens his valve.

"Suite," McLane agrees, walking towards the table. "Come over here."

"Cut," from the director.

"I see you're in bad company," Al vouch- safes to Mushy.

"All in the line of duty," Mushy explains. "Well, crack out with some of these big words then," Al advises, "and show how much we know."

"Big words," Mushy informs me triumphantly, "are one of my idiosyncrasies. I
The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

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.
There are unmistakable signs she has been crying and he notices this instantly.

"I noticed you didn't go in to dinner," he remarks casually, "I thought you might not be hungry.

"Me?" Joan asks with elaborate carelessness. "I feel fine. Nothing ever happens to me."

Well, there's a lot of dialogue and fishing around and fencing. I gather that Joan, for some reason, is in love with Mr. Aherence and can, for some other reason, has hired him. Tomorrow her engagement to Fred Keating is to be announced but her heart ain't in it. You know how it is, kids. You can catch a man on one note and another. After they've gabbed and gabbled, Morgan moves towards the door.

Then he pauses. "Sure you're happy with the way they are now?"

"Positive," Joan assures him.

"Then I guess we're all happy," Morgan hopes. "I've something to be especially happy about today, too. He pauses a moment. "I just managed to clear up a terrific debt this afternoon. I was four hundred thousand dollars in the hole (I told you Miss Crawford never does things by halves. Even her father's debts are on a grand scale) and I didn't know where it was coming from. Then I managed to clear myself—just like that," snapping his fingers. "Well, good night, kid," opening the door slowly.

"Wait a minute," Joan clomps off the bed and stands staring at him with startled eyes. "Let me get this straight," putting her hands on his shoulders. "Do you mean you got a four hundred thousand dollar debt this afternoon?"

"Got rid of it for good," Morgan boasts. "The first hundred thousand dollar debt you had?" she persists.

My God, Miss Crawford, if you'll pardon my English, you must think your father is Besosauce.

"Say," Frank protests modestly, "how many debts like that do you think a man can make?"

"What the difference?" she smiles hopefully, kissing him. "Isn't it wonderful not to have a care in the world?"

"Isn't it?" he agrees, closing the door behind him.

Joan grins at the door an instant and then rushes to the phone. "I want to speak with Miss Crawford—Missy—Mr. Terence O'Neill, Atwater 4-0183."

It looks as though Mr. Aherence is in again so we'll just make our exit on this happy note and run on the story that a spare four hundred thousand is a good chap for a chape when he goes courting Joan and her family... or any other girl and her family, for the matter of that.

Next we come to "The Black Chamber" and there's nothing can be done about it. There it is and you may as well make up your minds to like it. It stars William Powell as Carl Rothwell, Rosalind Russell in a part, I suspect, that was designed for Myrna Loy.

People who know her tell me Miss Russell is a great girl but I don't like her because she gets herself up to look as much like Myrna as possible.

I disremember the dialogue verbatim but here's how the "Black Chamber" is the place (U.S.A. during the war) where both allied and enemy messages are decoded. But the enemies are getting hold of the message and codes and you can understand how annoying this is.

Willie Jordan (William Powell as was) late Portland Opera singer (of the Washington Star, doesn't even know there's such a thing as "The Black Chamber" and thinks a man's place is at THE FRONT. He's just got his lieutenant's commission and is all set for THE GREAT ADVENTURE. He rescues Rosalind (you'll pardon me for being so familiar, ma'am) from a policeman in a supperette parade. That is, Rosie is in the parade—not the policeman, and asks her to kiss him goodbye at the troop train when he leaves. She shows up to deliver the goods and when he's got her there, he tells her he's on a leave and gone on which he's leaving—that his doesn't leave until morning but he couldn't wait that long for the snuggle.

I don't know if it's to get even or if it's because she CARES but—as these things happen in the movies—it turns out Miss Morgan has a man (I hadn't thought of him) I'm just not the type who gets unduly familiar with girls on short acquaintance) undie is the head of the Black Chamber so she has Willie transformed into her. He's plenty cut up about it until her uncle gets bopped off and he's put in charge. (Does this bore you, my pets, as much as it does me?)

He suspects Binnie Barnes (Yep. She's back again, too.) of being connected with the same scheme. He begins to hunt into his office and searched. Well, naturally no gentleman is going to search a lady so Miss Russell searches her and throws her clothes, place by piece, over to get them to the chemist to be analyzed and they're ruined, so Rosalind is sent out to buy her a new outfit.

One woman who is jealous of another woman (Miss Russell thinks Mr. P. is in love with Miss B.) buys clothes for the other woman you can imagine what they look like.

If only Myrna were in this picture maybe I wouldn't be so cut up about the whole thing but, she isn't, which is probably why it's barely possible everyone doesn't feel as I do about Myrna so I'll just wish Miss Russell, Mr. Powell, M-G-M and all others concerned the best of luck with "The Black Chamber."

Next we jump handheld on to the set of "A Tale of Two Cities" but I get a break here. There's no dialogue in the scene. Mr. Colman—Mr. Norton Colman—just walks down the street and turns in to a certain house and I'm not exactly exhorted to ask if the house is or why he turns in and, despite the fact I've met Mr. C. at least a dozen times at parties and on sets, etc., he has never got to know me very well so I just leave.

Next we run into those merry, mad Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera." The set is very simple. It's backstage at the opera and all the scenery there is, is a rack with some clothes on it. One or two of the Brothers drift in and I hear Groucho, who MUST be an agent, talking "contract" to Chico and I hear him say something about "sales contract." He tells him the contract and Chico comes back with "There ain't no Santa Claus" and the director sees me writing it down and says to me, "Hey, put it down, write it down."

I'm just still showing my independence I do both. I never did think those guys were funny anyway.

And then I get a break. "Tarzan" with Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weismuller and Clayton Hurd. "Pursuit" with Chester Morris and Sally Eilers, although that last is no break because I've had "Tarzan" before. "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" I've already told you about and "Mutiny on the Bounty" has just finished and the set of "The Bishop Misunderstood" has just been closed because it's the first day of shooting, and "Broadway Melody" you've already heard about and all of a sudden I find I'm through out here and there's not a thing
in the world to stop me from going on over to—

Fox

THREE pictures shooting here. My petty-wattles (as Vivienne Osborne says in "No More Ladies")

The most important is "Way Down East" which some of you may recall was made by Griffith years ago with Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, Lowell Sherman and Mary Hay. As I recall, it contained the first color sequence in a picture and it was the first time Lillian Gish ever appeared on the screen in evening dress. But alas and alack. Lillian is only a name to many of you young upstarts, Lowell has passed on to his reward, Barthelmess and Mary Hay have been divorced and remarried to other people and I think Mary has ever been divorced again.

All of which has nothing to do with this version of the picture, featuring Rochelle Hudson in the Gish part, Henry Fonda in the Barthelmess rôle, Andy Devine, Margaret Hamilton, Snub Summerville, Russell Simpson and Spring Byington.

Rochelle Hudson plays the leading part in the new edition of "Way Down East," which they are making at Fox.

The scene is the combination dining room and kitchen of Squete Bartlett's home where Rochelle is working as a servant girl.

Right fetching she looks, too, in her green wool crêpe dress with a calico apron. This is Rochelle's big chance and I only hope it puts her where she belongs. She is one of the screen's real beauties and a mighty swell girl along with it.

Rochelle has been betrayed by Edward Trevor (in the Lowell Sherman part) has had her baby and the baby very considerably died. So Rochelle finally gets work. Company (all the people I mentioned above) comes to dinner and Margaret Hamilton (another swell actress but a gossipy old hussy-body in this picture) recognizes her. "She calls herself 'Mrs. But she wears no wedding ring," Margaret confides to Spring Byington (who is Mrs. Bartlett) and this is in the first scene.

However that comes a little later. Just now Spring is getting dinner ready and is fluttering around the table.

"Oh, Anna," she says, suddenly remembering and taking a plate from Rochelle, "I forgot. Go down in the cellar and get me a glass of quince jelly. It's on the middle shelf on the right as you go in."

Rochelle starts to leave when suddenly Fonda who has been standing sleepily by the fire, comes to life, "I'll get it," he volunteers following her. Hearty is "that way" about Rochelle.

My dears, you ought to see the look Margaret Hamilton throws after Rochelle for this is where she recognizes her.

Griffith took his troupe up to New England and shot the scenes in their actual surroundings. The scene where Gish was
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GLEAM with GOLD
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Silver Screen for October 1935

unconscious on a huge cake of ice floating down the river towards the rapids was made on the Fox. But players have pressured so much since then that a whole New England farm has been reproduced on the Fox lot. The snow is powdered granite. I don’t know what the ice but it isn’t the McCoy.

Andy Devine, who burned his hand on the stove, went up to the fire and exploded in it, is still on the sick list and isn’t working. But he wanders on the set, to visit.

“You’ll stay and have lunch with me?” Slim inquires mildly.


I jerk out my pencil to jot down this momentous announcement. “Look, Slim,” Andy says. “When I buy a lunch it makes a story.”

“It ought to make a whole serial.” Slim informs him.

And then Henry Fonda comes up.

“Henry, this is Dick Mock,” Andy introduces us and continues to Henry, “he can be the sweetest guy on earth when he likes you and the worst of the others when he doesn’t.” Having concluded the introduction, Andy faces me. “And that is a perfect description of you,” he finishes triumphantly.

How do you like that for an introduction, my friends?

Next we have “Bad Boy” featuring James Dunn. This is supposed to be a sequel to “Bad Girl,” which first brought him fame. I hope it’s as good for Fox ain’t done right by Jimmy.

This is just at the beginning of the picture—the first day of shooting. Jimmy has his eye (the weather eye) on Dorothy Wilson who works as a cashier in a grocery store. But Dorothy wants no part of him. Jimmy goes in to buy some things—once alone lamb chop—just so he can get up to her counter. But (there are more “buts” in this plot) she takes his change and gives him back the right amount.

“You’ll have to Loretta and wait your turn,” Dorothy snaps and that’s all there is to this scene.

Nice of you to come out last Sunday as you said you would,” Jimmy greets me.

“Gosh, Jimmy, I’m sorry. I just forgot about it.”

“Fine thing,” he begins and then the director tells him to take another take so I breeze on over to the next set which is “The Gay Deception” starring Francis Lederer and featuring Frances Dee and Benita Hume. I may as well admit at the beginning that Mr. Lederer is not one of my favorites. He turns the old personality on and off in the same way you turn on the lights. Miss Dee is one of my very special favorites but she isn’t working today so there’s no fun here.

The scene is the upper deck of an ocean liner. There are a lot of naval officers waiting on the dock to greet Mr. Lederer. When the gang plank is lowered they march across to meet him and at the same time Mr. L, followed by some henchmen, comes along the deck. There is so much cheering from the crowd of passengers that you can hear voices shouting to him and, anyhow, I don’t think it matters.

Maybe Andy was right. I guess I am one of those things.

Brooding over this horrible realization, I set sail for—

United Artists

Two pictures going over here—both of them Samuel Goldwyn productions, which means they’re super-colossals.

One of them—The Dark Angel starring Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall—I told you about last month.

The other is Barbara Stanwyck over which there was such a to-do raised during the late and unlamented censorship drive. This one stars Miriam Hopkins and Edward G. Robinson and features Joel McCrea.

Miriam arrives in Frisco during the gold rush to marry Dan Morgan. She discovers on her arrival that he is dead. At one of the night clubs on the Barbary Coast, she meets Louis Chambliss (Robinson) who decides she would be an excellent foil for his saloon. The transformation of Miriam into the woman known as Soon is complete. Bedecked in diamonds, hard and brittle, she presides at the roulette wheel. The miners flock to her table hoping for a smile but find that the price of her smiles comes high—they never win.

Then, one day, while riding in the gold fields, she meets Jim Carmichael (McCrea) and takes refuge in his cabin during a storm.

The rain is beating against the windows of the shack. Suddenly Joel dashes to the window and looks out.

“What is it?” Miriam asks.

“Your horse has run away,” he tells her.

“Oh!” she exclaims, dashingly to the door.

“Catch him. Catch him!”

“If you insist,” the obliging Joel agrees, “I’ll take a couple of days.”

“How am I going to get back?” she asks in perplexity.

“I’ve got a couple of burros outside, Napoleon and Josephine by name,” he suggests. “If you don’t mind riding on a few sacks of gold.”

“All my life,” she breathes, “I’ve wanted to ride on a saddle of gold on two burros named Napoleon and Josephine.”

“You’re not going to vanish in a puff of
smoke, leaving only a forget-me-not behind," he whispers, staring at her unbelievingly.

"No," she smiles. "I won't vanish in a puff of smoke."

Well, there you have one of the scenes from the shocking new Barbara Stanwyck picture. Of course, lots of things happen before Love Conquers All but conquer it does, even though not until the last fifty feet of the film.

Cheered by the knowledge that "True Love Triumphs, I bend my footsteps (that's an idiotic expression, isn't it, for how can you bend a footprint?) towards—"

Paramount

THERE are seven pictures shooting over—well, nothing—absolutely nothing—I can do about it, except hold out "Two for Tonight" until next month, and tell you that "Rose of the Rancho" and "The Wanderer of the Wasteland" are on location.

Taking a deep breath and trying to bear up like a little man, I plunge on to the first set which happens to be "Minneapolis Farewell."

Here we find those roistering youngsters Richard Cromwell, Tom Brown, John Darrow, Ben Alexander and Sir Guy Standing. Of course Sir Guy being around sixty, doesn't roister much but he's still young at heart because he's always dating Toby Wing.

The story is the old, one of two classmates who don't get along until the last reel when they shake hands. Brown and Cromwell are the two in this instance.

Right at this moment they're coming along the corridor of Bancroft Hall, followed by other plebes and upper classmen, squabbling like the devil. Brown has hidden Dick's girl.

"You tell me where she is or I'll punch your head off," Cromwell threatens.

But Brown has a better idea. "Wait till we get to our room. If we start anything here, we'll both get thrown in the brig."

"All right," Dick agrees, controlling himself with an effort. "I'll wait. But the minute I step into that room, I'm going to swing one for your chin, son—"


"We take two steps into the room," Dick continues as they walk along, "turn and go to it." They pause at the door, enter in the manner of two men who are going to start slugging and then Al Hall yells "Cut! Try it again!"

"Can't,'' Cromwell. Brown yells to his arch enemy, "where's your make-up kit? I can't find mine."

I'd like to stay and chin awhile because I always have fun with these kids but it's getting late so I look at my list and head for "So Red The Rose" which stars Margaret Sullivan and Randy Scott.

This is merely the beginning of a dining room. Miss Sullivan and Robert Cummings (and you must remind me to tell you about that one) are seated next to each other. Across the table are Elizabeth Patterson (a cousin of the family), Dickie Moore, Harry Ellerbe and Walter Conolly. There is a vacant seat for Randy when and if he arrives.

"Miss Valette," Cummings opines to Miss Sullivan, "that's the loveliest centerpiece I have ever seen."

"Cousin Mary (Miss Patterson) helped me a lot with it," Margaret answers.

"Artie," Mr. Ellerbe addresses Mr. Cummings, "this is my brother Middleton (indicating Dickie Moore)."

"How d'y a do, Mr. Middleton," Dickie responds and then, "you know my sister Valette is a heartless flirt?"

"Children should be seen and not heard," Miss Patterson admonishes him severely.
“What about old maids?” Dickie screams back at her.

You can well imagine what that dinner is going to be like. Anyhow, about this Mr. Cummings: He is who put Margaret Lindsay up to that English accent, "I wish you’d explain," he says to me, "that I didn’t teach her to be here!"

She’d never been to New York, and both of us were getting nowhere fast. I lost several good parts because the producers were all interested in English juveniles. So I went to England and the only thing I concentrated on was her pronunciation. I came back, made up that trick of my own, and for myself—"including experience in a number of English stock companies—and got some good parts. Then I ran into Margaret and told her about it, and she wanted to do the same thing—which she did. She came back and immediately got that part in ‘Cavalcade’ that made her. But she taught herself. I only suggested it.”

And now that that’s all cleared up, we’ll proceed—or rather, I’ll proceed and you can follow me to ‘Without Regret.’ This features Elissa Landi and Frances Drake. Elissa’s husband (Paul Cavanagh) is the bone of contention. At the moment the three of them are in the living room of Frances’ apartment, only Elissa is hidden so there are really only two of them. I’ll tell you all about it tomorrow." Paul announces quickly. "Meanwhile, I’ll call on Professor Thompson, a friend of mine who has a flat upstairs. He paces at the door and turns. Yes, see... I thought it just as well to provide myself with an alibi.”

When he’s gone, Elissa comes out. Frances is quite put out about the whole thing. "It wasn’t very wise of you to put him up to that," she threatens Elissa. "You don’t think I’d tell him anything about this?" Elissa murmurs in astonishment. "If you didn’t, who did?" La Drake wants to know.

"It must have been Steven (Keit Taylor)." Elissa hazards without thinking. Frances stares at her as if she’d been shot. "Steven!" she exclaims, suddenly furious. "You’ve seen Steven?"

"Yes," says Elissa. "This afternoon. He came to..."

"You didn’t tell me why he came," Frances screams, going quite mad, as she advances on Elissa. "You! You’ve got this man you call your husband—your home—your life—and all the luck—all the—cute things!"

Elissa falls back before her fury but Frances goes right on: "But that isn’t enough, is it? No! You want a little excitement as well. Well, don’t you think you won’t have it?"

"You’re wrong," Elissa protests. "Steven means nothing to me. He—"

"You and him again!" Frances screeches as she clutches her head and begins pacing to and fro like a raged animal. "I just wanted that to finish it." Suddenly she stops in front of Elissa. "Get out!"

"But—" Elissa begins. "GET OUT!" Frances bellows hysterically. She looks as though she were about to strike Miss Landi. Elissa backs away from her, turning from the door. Miss Drake continues to scream at the door until the director calls "Cut!"

“I’m sure you can understand that after a scene like that the girl is in any mood for idle banter so I get out, too.”
George Burns and Gracie Allen making "Here Comes Cookie," but perhaps the title will be changed.

and also George Burns' clothes, breaks all the windows in the house and has weedy planted in the front yard so people will think she's broke. Then she goes out and invites a lot of insolent (get that one, Mushy) vaudeville actors to come live with her.

There are great goings-on in the living room where suddenly the ice man appears with a 100-pound cake of ice on his back.

"Where's the dizzy dame that runs this joint?" he asks of no one in particular.

"Here I am," Gracie admits brightly.

"Where do you want this?" he asks, indicating the ice.

"Oh-uh," Gracie flutters, "put it upstairs in the bathtub."

"Gracie," George explains patiently as the iceman disappears, "the ice-box is in the kitchen."

"I know," she concedes, "but I can't put the ice in the icobox because I had to have some place for Frederick's Feathered Friends. Besides, Gladys is in the bathtub and she can't live in a warm climate."

"Who is Gladys?" George wants to know.

"You don't know anything, do you, George?" it now becoming Gracie's turn to be patient. "Gladys is Thompson's Trained Seal."

"Oh," George murmurs. "Now I feel better. I thought it might be Pilsen's Polar Bear."

"Oh, no," Gracie reassures him. "They're out in the back yard."

Well, now, this is really funny, no kidding. I'll tell you all about it for George and Gracie's future, I leave them and mush on to--

Universal

THE shadows are beginning to lengthen as I drive out Catalina pass and the sky is all mottled with gold and red

purple--only the sunset tints are behind me which is just as well because I can't drive with the sun in my eyes. If I'm beginning to sound a little like Gracie don't be alarmed--it'll wear off eventually.

Well, out here, we have ZaSu Pitts, Hugh O'Connell, Helen Twelvetrees and Warren Hymer in "She Gets Her Man," only the girls are not working today.

This is a force with a farcical plot. And to make another long story short, a gang of bandits are after ZaSu. Her press agent gives out that she's been kidnapped. Naturally, the bandits are quite mystified in deed as none of them have her.

So Eddie Brophy, with the head of the gang, gets a banquet and invites every gangster in the country to attend. Then he rises to address the mob (and, Mushy, here's where you learn something about mob): "I want to compliment you guys on The Tiger Woman (ZaSu) snatch. I was thinkin' of doin' that myself, but one of you gentlemen is one to the punch. Well, there's no squawk from me because I believe in good, clean sportsmanship. Like the big book says, the race is to the first guy. So I'm offering ten G's to the mob that turns over Esmerelda to me. Remember, I don't stand to make a dime. I'm no middle man in this deal. I just got a personal reason for wanting that dame.

He pauses for breath and little clicks about the table look at each other. Each expects the other to stand up and acknowledge the snatch. But no one rises. So Eddie looks over to Warren Hymer angrily. The reward was Hymer's idea. "I guess you guys think ten G's is conveti," Brophy goes on, getting all steamed up. "I'll raise it to twenty an' I'm beggin' the gent to come up and take a bow."

But still no one rises. "I thought you said this was a good idea?" Brophy whirts angrily on Warren.

"I thought so, too, Chief," Hymer agrees.

"Why don't you open that clump face of yours and let out some light?" Brophy yells furiously.

This is no time of day for me to be getting mixed up in games, what with dinner practically on the Arlens' table, so I drop over to the next stage where Edmund Lowe and Pinky Tomlin are in the middle of "King Solomon of Broadway." The set is a bathroom--very elaborate, all in black marble with indirect lighting. But still nothing. Eddie Brophy just out of stir, is in the tub with a big cigar in his mouth.

"You caught me with my accounts a little balled up, Larson," Love begins. Love has been doing a little chiseling while Pawley was away.

"I ain't asked you for any statement, have I?" Pawley interrupts, scrubbing his shoulders and chest vigorously as he clouds up the room with cigar smoke.

"No," Lowe admits, busy getting into his clothes, fastening his shirt studs, etc. "You seemed a swell that way.

"If you'd of been the wrong guy I wouldn't of gone in with you in the first place," Pawley tells him.

"Suppose I turned out to be a wrong guy?" Love wonders.

"What usually happens to a double-crosser?" Pawley concedes back. "Hand me a towel, will you?"

Just then, Pinky Tomlin pokes a caution head through the doorway. "She's out here," he tells Brophy.

"Excuse me a second, Larson," Love begs as he vanishes.

And now, my friends, readers and traders, since you know as much about the pictures that are being made as I do, I'll take my flock of Princetones and leave you to figure out the endings as best you can. So long.

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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1  A volcano
2  With Wallace Beery in "O’Shaughnessy's Boy"
3  Betters
4  The warden in "Public Hero No. 1"
5  "The Man-Makers"
6  Ripped
7  A prefix meaning against
8  Ann Harding’s patient in "The Flame Within"
9  He mortgaged the old family home in "Hooray for Love"
10  Type measure
11  "Go Into Your Dance" (poet.)
12  "Keytone State" (initials)
13  Famous radio singer now in Hollywood
14  At one time
15  "Tweedled"
16  The Japanese officer in "Thunder in the East"
17  A corded dress material
18  Pertaining to the rules
19  A comedian (initials)
20  "Pass the Buck" (initials)
21  "Escape!" introduced her to American fans
22  Direction (abbr.)
23  "The Other" (initials)
24  A Mid-western flower (abbr.)
25  "She"
26  "No More Ladies"
27  "The Bells"
28  "Alias Mary Dow" (initials)
29  "The Fetter"
30  "The Art of Singing" (initials)
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DOWN
1  The star of "Ginger"
2  He last appeared in "Party Wire"
3  Over again
4  Caesium (abbr.)
5  Exits
6  Greek letter
7  Polish
8  Delicate article (Fr.)
9  Throughfare (abbr.)
10  To pretend falsely
11  Last name of well known artist
12  "Freddy"
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Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

"CHARACTERISTICS"
"HAYDON" "ALE" "URALIC"
"ARM" "MADELEINE" "NELL"
"REVEE" "LID" "VOODKA"
"DRAINER'S" "HOOTS" "U"
"W" "TO" "OA" "BERT" "MD"
"IRIS" "THEBURN" "ONCE"
"COT" "POSSESSOR" "ALT"
"KM" "ALP" "EY" "VAN" "AT"
"EWE" "LEKE" "GLAI" "AGE"
"E" "AIL" "N" "ERNE" "L"
"FLA" "SN" "NET" "RE" "PEA"
"ALI" "LES" "ORG" "O" "R" "AP"

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