Win Free 39-Day Mediterranean Cruise!

The Real Story of Randy Scott’s Secret Marriage
"How about a week from Thursday?"

Her phone was always ringing... would she like to see this... would she like to go there... could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, do whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked de-odorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath-odors) is instantly halted.
(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.
"Ridiculous," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" That's the social side of the debate. But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious
When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch today!
This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.
THE

TEMPTATIONS

of ROBERT TAYLOR

The current Hollywood phenomenon is that young man whose fan mail exceeds that of any other actor; who in his brief career has already played opposite some of the most dazzling cinema beauties; and whose new role is the most exciting of all—leading man to Greta Garbo in "Camille."

Robert Taylor has so far withstood all the Hollywood temptations to take himself seriously. How will he react to this new assignment, admittedly the most difficult ever given a young actor? In the next issue of SCREENLAND—the December number—an exclusive story will tell you not only Taylor's reactions to "Camille" but also to the exacting private life of a great new romantic idol. You will enjoy this forthcoming feature whether you're a Taylor idolater or merely an amused spectator of the ever-changing Hollywood scene.

Remember—watch for the December issue of SCREENLAND, on sale at all newsstands November 3rd. Better reserve your copy NOW!
Hail Eric, the elegant Blore! In films he is never a bore. When called on to buttle His fun is so subtle—We wish we could see Eric more

One of the grandest zanies ever to grace a screen—and when we say grace we mean it, for his fond flutterings and hoverings are as exceptional as Astaire’s stepping—Eric Blore has recently surpassed even himself as the sublime butler or marvellous "man" to Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim." He is the reincarnation of Wodehouse wit in this gay and clever picturization of a "P.G." classic; and he manages, despite the competing presence of Montgomery, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Cora Witherspoon, to steal the show every time he’s "on." We have cheered Eric Blore ever since "The Gay Divorce," but we want to call your particular attention to the fact that, as one of the many unstared stars of Hollywood, he has propped many a limping scene and halting situation, rescued more than one movie from dullness, and finally, in "Piccadilly Jim," comes into his own. Long may he save indifferent films from oblivion!

That priceless artist, Eric Blore, is one of the true aristocrats of the screen, although almost invariably cast as a valet or butler. Right, a brooding portrait. Left, with Bob Montgomery; and below, stealing a scene from Frank Morgan, and that’s no mean feat!
“Folks, Meet ‘Oiwin’”

(*Oiwin* is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was ‘Oiwin’—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey... but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play ‘Oiwin’. “I’ll buy the play,” said one... “I don’t want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage,” said another world-famous funnyman... But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do ‘Oiwin’—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you’ll be they made this choice when you meet ‘Oiwin’ on the screen!

A candid camera study of ‘Oiwin’... as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

“I just love a bettin’ man, Oiwin... especially if he keeps winning all the time.”

Every time ‘Oiwin’ looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.

“Oiwin, you made us millionaires... we want to do some little thing for you.”

COMING SOON!

“THREE MEN ON A HORSE”

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!
Plenty of eye and ear appeal here, what with Marion Talley's excellent vocalizing reproducing smoothly, and a series of very lavish dance and stage spectacles bringing up the finale. It starts off on a humorous note with the family affairs of a musically-inclined household, develops a pleasing romance between Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett, and swings into the elaborate ending. It aims to entertain, and it does.

Another leisurely, camera-wise performance by Wallace Beery, and a film to more than please the star's particular following. He plays a lazy, shiftless, but good-natured sort—the type Wally has so often played. When he finds a fortune it becomes a problem pretending to work so he can spend some of the money. Elizabeth Patterson is the sacrificial wife and Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden are the love interest.

Here's Robert Benchley again, and funnier, if possible, than he was in his previous minor masterpiece, "How to Train a Dog." This time Mr. Benchley calls upon himself to substitute for an absent member at a political meeting, and with the aid of an intricate map and his lively imagination, puts on a great show. There is nothing funnier anywhere than Mr. Benchley in his deprecatory mood and his apologetic grin.

Warners dramatize for the screen another chapter in the history of aviation, with a film that has wide interest in telling about the development of plane service between the U. S. and China. Pat O'Brien is the flyer with a dream of air transportation to the Orient, a dream he drives on to realize even at the sacrifice of his own happiness. Pat, Humphrey Bogart, Ross Alexander, and Beverly Roberts all score.

Mary Boland in her first serious dramatic role on the screen emerges with honors, but this one part does not establish Mary as a dramatic star equal in brilliance to her eminent position as a comedienne. The picture is interesting and has strong appeal, as it relates the story of a hard-working woman who must turn her son over to the law for a murder he committed. Julie Haydon and Donald Woods, excellent.

But, alas, no lightning to illumine the earnest and really interesting efforts of Constance Bennett, who's called upon to produce emotional storms out of a pallid sky of story material. The same may be said of Douglass Montgomery, and that fine character actor, Oscar Homolka. It is all about an English officer who escapes a German prison camp, is shielded by a German girl. They fall in love. Fairish.

A changed name and much-altered plot brings the rowdy "Sailor Beware" stage play to the screen as a gay rather than somber offering. Here's real good fun for everybody, with Lew Ayres as the shy old fellow; Larry "Buster" Crabbe as the Marine; Mary Carlisle, Benny Baker, and other good players. Ayres may well re-establish himself as a popular favorite with this, and Mary Carlisle will advance far for her work.

Good—surprisingly so in view of the comparatively modest efforts in the way of production expense. There is an exciting melodramatic element prevailing throughout the working out of the plot based on the rescue of three men entombed by a mine cave-in. Barton MacLane as head of the workers, and Jean Muir as his sweetheart give their parts dramatic realism, as do Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, and others.

"That," says Ian Hunter in the final line of dialogue in this film, "is a portrait of marriage." And so it is, you'll agree at the conclusion of this swell screen reunion of Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. It is a story of marriage often told on the screen, but not with the novel and sympathetic treatment given this. The acting is excellent, with Hunter scoring as emphatically as Myrna and Warner. Good entertainment.
(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon, William Hall, Henry Armetta, Edward Norris

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer
EDMUND GRAINGER, Associate Producer

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE
Another splitting Headache

- Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.


- Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.

The 3 MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference.

BOB VS. BOB
Come on, Metro, 'less up! Why do you insist on typing Robert Montgomery as the "lovable" playboy? Shove that cocktail shaker into Bob Taylor's hands and give Montgomery some real he-man roles.

- Lourene Kolb, Amarillo, Tex.

"BEST" AND "WORST" OF IT?
If you must know, (but must we?), I give all my Salutes to Ginger Rogers for the Prettiest Teeth, Prettiest Hair, Cutest Nose, Best Figure, Best Dresser, Prettiest Eyes, Best Dances, and last of all she's my favorite actress. My Snubs: Worst Actress—Marlene Dietrich; Worst Actor—Gary Cooper.

Carmelita Impietro, 38 Mayfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THAT "REGULAR FELLOW" TYPE
At last the typical boy-next-door type has caught the public eye! I refer to James Stewart, who is natural, likeable, a fine actor, and who definitely has what it takes to pull Miss America into the picture palaces. Here's to you, Jimmy! May you attain stardom in record time.

Marilu Marks, 2104 Quadessa Ave., New York, N. Y.

BEGONE, "GHOST" SINGERS
At risk of being dubbed a crank, the writer ventures to protest "ghost" singers

He'll be a star soon, will James Stewart, according to the letter writers, who vote Jimmy top man, and so he heads our parade this month.

for straight dramatic stars. Admitting honesty as the best policy, can reactions be favorable when fans subsequently learn that the vocalizing they were handed as bandaids Golden Glamour's was actually uncredited Emma Duck?

George Wilton, Jr., 1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

TURN-ABOUT FOR TAYLOR
As an all 'round good actor, Bob Taylor is it! But why is he always the rich playboy? Why can't one of his lovely leading ladies be the poor little rich girl and find love with Bob, as a common working man? He has plenty of talent. Let him use it.

Betty Dickson, 601 Mulberry St., Williamsport, Pa.

Do you want to "tell the world" what you do or don't like about some star, story, film, director, or producer? Then here's your chance. Write a letter to us, say what you think—or Hollywood and your fellow film-goers can read what you have to say. All your letters are welcome. Please try to restrict each comment to fifty words, but write as many letters as you please. Address them to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Don't "knock, knock"—just write in.
THE CHALLENGE ANSWERED

Of course everyone can speak for himself, but in a recent issue Virginia King rated Leslie Howard as the worst actor! I can’t let that go. I’d like to tell you, Virginia, that Leslie Howard is one of the finest actors, and ask if Gene Raymond seriously can be considered as up to Howard’s standard in the art of acting?

Mariette Parker, 160 No. 10th St., East Orange, N. J.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

Considering Hollywood’s dearth of front-rank singers, it’s amazing how certain stars are mismanaged. Elaborate plans are made for Ponselle, Moore, Pons, and MacDonald are doing famously. Yet, what is scheduled for Gladys Swarthout and Mary Ellis? These brilliant artists can’t hold out much longer against shoddy material.

George Wilton, Jr., 1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

JESSIE MATTHEWS SALUTE

Jesse Matthews can sing and dance and has personality-plus. When I went to see “It’s Love Again,” I had no idea this little English star was so marvelous. Let’s see her in another film real soon.

Jane Bruggen, 432 Marquette Ave., South Bend, Ind.

JESSIE MATTHEWS SNUB

Probably I’m just a crank, but I still can’t like Jessie Matthews. I’ve read all the nice things they say about her, but I think she’s too coy, and tries to be cute. She’s a good dancer, but Ginger Rogers is far better. Sorry, I’m not a Matthews fan.

Jane Murray, Dixville Notch, N. H.

OH, MR. DEMILLE!

Where is the promised DeMille male-and-female spectacle, “Samson and Delilah”? I suggest Mae West as the lady barber and Henry Wilcoxon as her husky stooge. (All Mac’s leading men are stooges.) What with the chorus boy type now in favor, Henry seems to me to be the only he-man left out there.


GLAMOROUS GERTRUDE

I salute the most promising actress of 1936, Gertrude Michael! If this charming young woman is given half a chance she can climb to the top in no time. As I watch her on the screen she seems the most refreshing and glamorous star of all.

Earl Cobb, 302 College St., Georgetown, Tex.

VOTES AWARD FOR ARTHUR

According to my way of judging, Jean Arthur should win the Academy Award for 1936. Her court-room plea for Gary Cooper in “Mr. Deeds” was sensational, and she certainly made a delightful and charming “Ex-Mrs. Bradford.”

Gene Pierce, 308 Boggs Ave., Appalachia, Va.

WHO’LL JOIN THE CHORUS?

Let’s salute Humphrey Bogart! Can anyone ever forget him in “The Petrified Forest” and “Two Against the World,” his latest hit?

Elizabeth Humphrey, 21 Brattle St., Worcester, Mass.

GIVE A

“FACE POWDER PARTY”!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By Lady Esther

You’re sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren’t you? You’ve convinced it’s the right shade for you, or you wouldn’t use it. Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I’ll tell you what I’ll do: I’ll let you hold a “face powder party” at my expense. What’s that? Well, it’s a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value. You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here’s what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her “try on” all the other four shades.

Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades. Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you’ll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It’s amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact. There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Try selecting a shade of face powder according to “type” is all wrong because you are not a “type,” but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a “type” is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days’ supply of my Face Cream.
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Dorothy R. Glad to be asked about such a good actor as Conrad Veidt. He was born in Central Europe, Jan. 22, 1893. Received degree in medicine at Berlin University. He is under contract to Gaumont-British Pictures; starred in "Rome Express," "I Was a Spy," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "The King of the Damned." As for Griffith Jones, he was born in London and attended London University, after which he appeared on the London stage. "Escape Me Never" with Elizabeth Bergner was his first American picture. Write for photographs of both players to Gaumont-British Pictures.

C. Barry. So you're a Randy Scott fan, too. Then you'll enjoy our "scoop" story in this issue. Randy was born at Orange, Va., on January 23. Educated at Georgia Tech and University of Virginia. "The Last of the Mohicans" is released by United Artists. Both Randy and Henry Wilcoxon can be reached by addressing United Artists, Hollywood, California.

Manny Davis. Yes, Bing Crosby was a member of Paul Whiteman's orchestra and billed as 'One of the Three Rhythm Boys.' And look at him now! Bing's current Paramount picture is "Rhythm on the Range."

A Screenland Reader. Did you see Lloyd Nolan in "Texas Rangers"? Don't miss it. He was born in San Francisco, August 11, is 5 feet, 10 1/2 inches tall, and weighs 176 pounds. His eyes and hair are brown. Also, he is married! He is under contract to Paramount, so you'll be seeing him in future pictures. Now about Marie Wilson. In 1934, when Marie was 18, she appeared on the stage and was such a success that she was signed for the screen. Has appeared in "Broadway Hostess," "Stars Over Broadway," and one of her latest pictures is "China Clipper." She was born in Anahiem, California. Marie may look dizzy but she's really a smart gal.

Phyllis. The "Bette" in Bette Davis' name is pronounced the same as Betty. "Under Two Flags" is the latest picture in which Claudette Colbert is seen. "Maid of Salem" will be her next. Too long between pictures!

K. G. K. Nice to know some filmgoers who are interested in the men who direct pictures. Pity the poor neglected directors like Henry King—but don't pity 'em too much, for they earn more than a dozen presidents. Director Henry King hails from your own fair Virginia. He was born in Christianburg, has brown hair and blue eyes, and his height is an even 6 feet. His screen career began in the early history of the industry. A few of the best known pictures of the silent films which he directed were "Tolable David," "The White Sister," "Stella Dallas," "Lightnin'," "Over the Hill," and "State Fair." His most recent picture is "Ramona," released through 20th Century-Fox. The real name of Charles Starrett is Charles Starrett. Surprise!

Gertie and Boots. So you have joined the great army of Robert Taylor admirers! And that ring again? No, he did not buy it himself. It was given to him when he was a child, and he has worn it ever since. As a matter of fact, he is just a decent superstitious about that ring, for he is convinced that bad luck would follow him if he did not wear it. Barbara Stanwyck was born July 16, 1907. Apropos of Bob and Barbara, there is a story in the September issue of Screenland, which you should not miss, if you did miss it, which I doubt, better try to catch up with it!

Seductive fragrance
of Spring!

CHERAMY
April Showers
Talc

This is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at five stores everywhere.

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Hollywood couples Merle Oberon and David Niven in romance rumors, and here they are in "Love Under Fire," in which David proposes earnestly and often.
For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm
with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM...

is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM...
candy coating protects a pleasing flavor...and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT...especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

Now here's a real close-up, with Ray Milland and Shirley Ross illustrating screen love technique.

Dorothy W., James Stewart, James Stewart, James Stewart—that's all I hear these days, except Robert Taylor, Robert Taylor, Robert Taylor! Indiana, Pa., has the distinction of being the birthplace of James Stewart—he's been a Hollywoodian less than a year. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, not as Joan Crawford, but Lucille LeSueur, And her husband, Franchot Tone, was born February 27, at Nara Falls, N. Y. Robert Taylor, Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911. Write Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, for photographs of your favorites just mentioned.

Harry Ralph Coppola. Thanks for the bouquets. And now I'll toss a little information at you! Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, June 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married. Had stage experience, also much screen exposure previously to signing a long-term contract with Fox in 1931. Latest picture, "Johnny Gets His Gun." Brian Donlevy made his debut as the heavy in "Barbary Coast," also appeared in "It Happened in Hollywood," among other films.

A Constant Reader. Thanks for all the nice things you say—and now for your query about Edward G. Robinson. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, December 12, 1893. Graduated from New York public school and took a Master of Arts degree at Columbia University. He entered the world war and served in the United States Navy. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking no less than seven languages. His greatest hobby is his young son! Next, he is an ardent lover of good music and a collector of paintings, particularly of the modern school. Maxine Jennings played the parts of Tillie Jones in "The Witness Chair."

New York's Handsomest Men Say:

"For a thorough and safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time!"

That's straight from the shoulder advice from the hardest boiled critics of tooth paste—the men who every day must face the merciless eye of the camera in New York commercial studios. Men like Glen Gallagher, William Crabb, Harry Conover, whose very livelihood depends largely on the perfection of their teeth, cannot afford to take chances with ordinary tooth paste.

Why not for you?

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste. Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

GLEN GALLAGHER is well known on the Coast as a polo and tennis player. In summer stock, he gains acting experience to fit him for moving picture work.

HARRY CONOVER is interested in radio as a profession and has worked as announcer and actor over New York and Detroit stations.
DEAR MR. McHUGH:

Sorry, but you'll have to get some glamor.

It was all right for you to go along as usual when you were comedy relief in the big musicals, as one of the stock company. But now here's "Three Men on a Horse," and you're Number One Man, in the part Eddie Cantor wanted to play, which makes you Somebody Important in Hollywood. And you'll have to live up to it. I'm sorry, but you'll have to.

For instance, about your house, now. You've lived, you and Mrs. McHugh and your three children, in the same house for quite a while. It hasn't a swimming-pool or a patio, or even a pool for gold-fish. It's just the kind of a nice, average house that most of the married couples who come to see your pictures live in. I asked you if you weren't building a bigger house, and selling the old one, "I'm having the house painted," you replied. "Won't that do?" No, Mr. McHugh, it won't do. It's not enough.

Take the matter of your future; you ought to do something about that. After all, "Three Men on a Horse" may be a money picture, and you're in the lead; so you'd better think about that angle. How about a nice little strike, Mr. McHugh? But no: "I've got a good steady job and it suits me," Tut-tut, Mr. McHugh. That's no way to talk.

There is also the matter of publicity. When you—and Mrs. McHugh—came East for a vacation, Warners arranged some nice, practical interviews for you. Here was a chance to make the name McHugh mean something in the N. Y. Times; to make your kiddies sit up and say, "Why, there's Papa" in the rotogravure. And what did you do, Mr. McHugh? Talk about yourself? Oh, no! You talked about what a wonderful guy Pat O'Brien is; and what Hugh Herbert can do with a comedy scene; and how Spencer Tracy is a really great actor; and—and—and how about McHugh? Nothing! Well, if you won't, you won't. You'll never believe, I suppose, that yours is one of the really exciting Cinderella careers of Hollywood. (Frank McHugh as Cinderella—let's make a note of that) Here you were sort of hoping you might, just might be given one of the supporting parts in the film version of the Broadway comedy hit—although you weren't counting on it. Then the blow fell. You couldn't have one of those little parts; no—you were going to be head man, one of the few really big comedy roles written in years. You didn't believe it then, and even now that the picture is finished, you still don't believe it. But glamor or no glamor, believe it or not, you're probably set for a lot more like it, so you'd better get used to the idea right now. McHugh is the name—McHugh.
Win Free 39-Day Cruise to "The Garden of Allah"

Enter SCREENLAND'S big new contest! First prize, wonderful Mediterranean cruise worth $1,000. Other fine prizes

A luxury cruise packed with thrills to last a lifetime—that's the grand first prize in SCREENLAND's new "Garden of Allah" contest. The photo-montage across the top of our two pages gives you just a glimpse of the many exciting scenic wonders the first-prize winner will see. Left, Marlene Dietrich wearing the lovely costume which is the second prize: especially designed chiffon gown and stunning hooded cape.

THINK of it! A grand, gay, glamorous 39-day cruise to "The Garden of Allah!" A thrilling Mediterranean journey covering at least sixteen ports, including such romance-spots as Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Port Said (that far-famed "wickedest city in the world"), Rhodes, Venice, city of eternal romance, and finally back to New York! The first-prize winner in SCREENLAND's "Garden of Allah" cruise contest will be transported from his or her own city to New York via TWA Douglas Skyliner, will be put up at the Park Central Hotel until time to board the beautiful Italian Line's SS Roma on the exciting cruise which sails from New York Jan. 30, 1937, returns March 10th. Then—glamor, adventure—new scenes, new people, new thrills!

That's not all! Besides the first prize, note the other fine prizes. Second prize, a Gruen watch to adorn the wrist of some lucky lady—a smart new model as beautiful as it is useful. Then the great third prize, Marlene Dietrich's stunningly exotic original costume, pictured on this page, which she wears as the lovely heroine of "The Garden of Allah," Selznick-United Artists' Technicolor special production which inspires our contest. Dietrich herself wore the especially designed chiffon gown and the hooded cape. (Imagine giving a SCREENLAND "Garden of Allah" party and as hostess greeting your guests in the actual costume worn by...
Imagine being transported from one’s home town by TWA luxury airliner to New York; boarding the Italian Line’s beautiful SS Roma for a 39-day cruise, visiting such ports as Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, the mysterious Sahara, “Garden of Allah” itself; Jerusalem, Rhodes, Venice! These thrills are in store for first-prize winner. Right, Charles Boyer and Dietrich in a scene from “The Garden of Allah.”

Marlene!) Then more prizes: ten sets, of twelve each, of exquisite 11 x 14 portrait studies from “The Garden of Allah”—scenically enchanting, and some showing Dietrich and Boyer in their most exciting love scenes. Then for additional prizes, 50 one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND. Surely, here’s a contest worth entering!

Please don’t fail to read the rules. Fill out the coupon completely. You will find this a simple, easy contest. The question on the coupon is simply: Do you prefer all-color films to black and white? State reason for your answer in fifty words. Contest closes midnight, November 2, 1936, so start in NOW!

---

I am entering SCREENLAND’s “Garden of Allah” contest, with my letter enclosed. Check “Yes” or “No” in answer to question below.

DO YOU PREFER ALL-COLOR FILMS? YES

NO

NAME .................................................................

STREET ADDRESS ......................................................

CITY .................................................... STATE ............

---

FIRST PRIZE:  Free 39-day $1,000 luxury cruise on SS Roma

SECOND PRIZE: Lady’s wrist watch, latest type Grunn, Precision, round model, gold-filled case

THIRD PRIZE: Dietrich’s most exotic costume from “The Garden of Allah” (pictured on opposite page)

10 FOURTH PRIZES: 10 sets, of 12 each, of exquisite 11 x 14 portrait studies (suitable for framing), from “The Garden of Allah” including Dietrich-Boyer love scenes

50 FIFTH PRIZES: 50 one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND.

PLEASE READ THE RULES!

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. After determining your answer to the question asked on the coupon, “Do you prefer all-color films? Yes or No,” state reasons for your answer in letter form in not more than fifty words. Attach this letter to your coupon.
3. This contest will close at midnight November 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Mail coupon with your letter to: “Garden of Allah” contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
6. No entries can be returned. Judges’ decision will be final. No member of the staff of SCREENLAND or of Selznick-International-United Artists organizations may compete.
MacDonald's Merry Romance

Here, for a refreshing change, is a real-life Hollywood love story just as gay as it is glamorous

By Elizabeth Wilson

AM the happiest person in the world,” said Gene Raymond.
“You mean,” Jeanette corrected him with a deep sigh of contentment, “are the happiest people in the world?”

Their engagement of one week had just been announced to a few personal friends by Mrs. Anna MacDonald, Jeanette’s charming mother, and if you could have seen Gene and Jeanette standing there blushing like a couple of still-conscious high school kids and so thrilled by it all that they couldn’t keep from holding hands, you’d just have to believe that all those glorious things the poets have written about Love are really true. If you are inclined to think that Love is a lost art, honey, take one look at Gene and Jeanette. See that glow? Um-mmm, well, that’s amour.

Of course, we in Hollywood rather suspected that something was going on there; for after all Jeanette and Gene have been going together pretty steadily for the last few months, and have been seen regularly dancing at the Trocadero, they love to dance, and darting in and out of previews surrounded by mobs of adoring fans. But you know how two stars are when they are career-minded, romance often takes a sock on the jaw, so we old romantics had to sit around holding our breath. But it’s all right now, we can exhale and say “Ahahahah” over the beautiful engagement ring that Gene gave Jeanette—a nine-carat sapphire, dear reader, and my idea of the Crown Jewels. According to Jeanette’s close friends the wedding will not take place until she has finished a very difficult role in “Maytime,” another of those popular operettas with Nelson Eddy, and maybe not then for Jeanette and Gene have been driving around the countryside looking for property on which they plan to build a fine, rambling ranch house, and they’ll probably want to move into it as bride and groom. Jeanette, thank heavens, is a folksy sort of person, even after five years in Hollywood, and she wants to have a dignified church wedding with friends and family around her—and none of this planning it off to Yuma in the middle of the night in the movie-star manner. It’s a first marriage for both of them.

Despite the fact that they were both well known New York stage stars, and came to Hollywood about five years ago on picture contracts, Jeanette and Gene never even met each other until a year ago. Which all goes to prove that it isn’t such a small world after all. They met on the doorstep of Roszika Dolly’s house and it was definitely not a case of love at first sight. Roszika of the famous Dolly sisters was having a party and it just so happened (call it Fate if you like), that Gene and Jeanette found themselves on her doorstep ringing her doorbell at practically the same second. “Darling,” sang out Roszika when the door was opened, “I didn’t know you knew Gene! How jolly! There are cocktails and tea on the terrace.” Well, believe it or not, a few nights later Gene was ringing Louis Swarts’ doorbell when a car drove up and there was Jeanette MacDonald, looking too beautiful for words, right there on the doorstep beside him. “Hello,” said Gene, a bit taken back by the coincidence, “ringing doorbells for you is getting to be a habit with me.” “Yes, isn’t it,” agreed Jeanette. And began to wonder.

(Continued on page 77)
There are those who have the notion that actors should do as they're told in their roles. That's the bunk! Take Astaire. He knows what's best for him, does it, and results at the box-office justify his judgment. That's why I want to do the things I want to do the way I want to do them!"
The Real Story of Randy

By Jerry Asher

Only authorized account of the surprise surrender of Hollywood's popular bachelor

At last this exclusive story of Randolph Scott's secret marriage can be told. For six months, since the twenty-third of last March, when Randy quietly married Marion du Pont, (daughter of the late William du Pont), in Chester, South Carolina, I have been waiting to print this news. For reasons which will be explained later, Randy wanted his marriage to escape the Hollywood spotlight of attention. Three other persons were in on Randy's secret: Fred Astaire and his charming wife, who are two of Randy's closest friends, and Cary Grant, who has shared a home and friendship with Randy that dates back to his advent in pictures. All of us agreed to respect Randy's confidence, until such time as he himself saw fit to announce his marriage to the world.

Because of my admiration for Randy Scott, I am glad that I was one of those he trusted with his secret. I wouldn't be writing this story now, if Randy hadn't released me from my promise. Because my information is authentic and I am his friend, I know that Randy will not object to this one story being done. I know that he himself will not talk about his marriage, because he wants to keep everything concerning his private life sacred. On the other hand, he does feel obligated to the many who have shown interest in him and his career. I have known Randy casually over a period of three years, but in the past year we have met weekly at the Astaires'. On the tennis court, in the swimming pool and across the dining table, our friendship has grown. The better I got to know Randy, the more I wondered

Mrs. Randolph Scott, the former Marion du Pont Somerville, snapped by a news photographer at the races recently. Like their friends the Fred Astaires, the Scotts dodge the limelight, so it's hard to grab camera shots of them for you.
Scott's Secret Marriage

why he ever became a movie star. Eventually he told me the story. Now that this new-found happiness has come to him, I believe the story can be told. After reading it, you will understand why his marriage is so sacred to him. I am sure that you will agree with me that it is miraculous that he could ever adjust himself to the Hollywood scene.

Hollywood has pondered over Randy Scott for many a day. If ever there was a person who lives, talks, and acts less like a movie star, I wish Mr. Ripley would point him out. In spite of everything, Hollywood has never been able to break down Randy's strange wall of reserve. Very little is known about him, except that he is a gentleman from Virginia and has never ceased to be that. Occasionally his name has been linked with that of Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane, (now Mrs. Norman Foster), Polla Garland, (a Pasadena society girl), and a few others who contributed passing friendships. For a while it looked as if his constant attentions to Vivian Gaye would result in a serious romance. Her marriage to Director Ernst Lubitsch dispelled these rumors.

While Randy has been heard of and seen around Hollywood, the way he conducts his life and what he is about has always remained his own business. His innate love of privacy, his aversion to the obvious ballyhoo and glare of Hollywood publicity, have isolated him from all but a few close friends. Knowing this, you can readily understand just why he would become a friend of Fred Astaire. While Randy managed to enjoy life and build up a successful career, he remained the most eligible of all bachelors—heart-whole and fancy-free.

The events leading up to his marriage play a great part in Randy's being in his enviable position today. They have to do with his remaining a bachelor, pursuing his career, and finding the stability, peace, and dignity that are so necessary to his scheme of life and living. In spite of his being the big he-man type, Randy is one of the most sensitive persons in the world. His modulated voice, the droop to the corners of his mouth, his quiet well-bred manners, are all representative of the man who has known what it means to be hurt.

Back in Orange County, Virginia, Randy, born the son of an administrative engineer, knew all the advantages that belong to those who come of good stock. Up until the time he received his education at Woodberry Forest, a prep school for the University of Virginia, life was comparatively simple. Then Randy met a girl. Today, the memory is faint and mildly recalls a period of darkness in his life. At the time, however, it filled him with disappointment and despair.

When the World War broke out, Randy was one of the first to go. For fourteen months he remained in France, leaving prep school and a certain girl behind him. During the weary months of fighting, the strain of war, the worry, the speculation, the struggle to remain alive, there was always one face before him. Eventually Randy came home. Instinctively he knew that something had happened. Things were so different. The minute their first fond greetings were exchanged, Randy knew the girl belonged to another. She never told him in so many words. Randy just told himself.

For certain unavoidable reasons and circumstances, the girl's decision had been made. Randy knew this and there was no hatred in his heart. He did not condemn. He just tried to understand. Naturally he was hurt—hurt as only a person of his fineness could be hurt. He wanted to get away. Disappointed, restless, with no particular incentive in life, Randy faced a problematical future. When Jack Heath, his closest friend, suggested an auto trip to California, Randy knew he must accept and find himself in a new world.

For twenty-eight days they drove, stopping at the Kentucky Derby and then on to New York. By the time they finally reached California, Randy knew he had been wise in his decision. In Hollywood he entered into the spirit of gay activity. Life was filled with good times, even though he knew down in his heart that he wasn't actually very happy. The main thing was to keep from thinking.

One day Randy met Howard Hughes, who was producing a picture with George O'Brien and Lois Moran. Like all visiting "firemen," Randy wanted to see how movies were made. He was so intrigued, he jumped at the chance when Hughes offered him a job playing extra. James Tinling, the director, (Continued on page 72)
Kay Francis in

The sparkling romance of a modern American beauty in Paris. Dramatically novelized from an important new screen starring vehicle.

Nicole kicked off the absurd silver sandals that had accented the scarlet metallic cloth evening gown that had sent the buyer from Milwaukee into a tail spin, and wriggled her toes. So this was what coming to Paris had meant after all! Finding ecstasy in that first moment of kicking off her slippers as she had found ecstasy in kicking off her slippers in the dress shop in New York. Funny the dreams that had sent her here, only to find in the end that modelling dresses and swaying on slender high heels from nine until five didn’t spell romance even in French.

“Suzanne, darling,” she turned to the old dresser sprawling over her inevitable end of the working day game of solitaire, “what am I going to do? I have to do something, I’m going to!”

“What do you want to do?” Suzanne asked reasonably enough as she shuffled the cards for a new deal. But she smiled because she liked this tall girl with the sea-gray eyes who was so different from the other models.

“Something I can do better than anyone else in the world. But what?” The girl’s rueful smile mocked her from the mirror. “My mother, God rest her dainty French soul, was a dancer, I can dance a little, but I’m not music in motion as she was. My fascinating Brooklyn Mick of a father was a gambler and a drinker, but gambling bores me and the other field is overcrowded. I can play the piano, but no audience is going to stand up and cheer the bricks off a building for me I can paint and I can sculpt but not well enough to be an old master and not badly enough to be a new genius. I’ve got everything and nothing!”

Suzanne swept her a swift, appraising look before putting a red nine on a black ten.

“You have a body.” Her smile came half in mockery, half in tenderness, “That’s why you’re here.”
"Stolen Holiday"

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

(For Complete Cast and Credits See Page 83)

"A clothes rack!"
"Get yourself a rich husband with it," the old woman chuckled.
"And write the life story of a parasite." Resentment etched a hard edge to the girl's words. "So that's your opinion of my ability."

"It isn't a lack of talents that's your trouble, my child." Suzanne cautiously filched a two of diamonds from the bottom of her discards and put it triumphantly on the ace. "You'll always find yourself tripping over your heart. A big heart is a mill-stone when you want to fly high, my pigeon. You've got to be self-centered and hard and selfish and cruel."

"I can be all of those," Nicole protested, but Suzanne shook her head.
"Just a softie. You ought to take it up with your ancestors."
She swept the cards together with a swift hand as the owner of the shop came in. After all she was supposed to be putting away the glamorous Mme. Jeanette creations lying over the backs of chairs like folded butterflies instead of sitting here cheating herself at solitaire, and discussing the future course of Nicole's life.

"Girls, return to the main salon immediately." Mme. Jeanette spoke quickly, disregarding the moans of protest that came from her models. "Never mind how you look. Hurry!"

"Not another fat-fingered buyer at this hour!" one of the girls grumbled as they filed out of the room.

But it wasn't a buyer after all, the man who stood alone in the main salon as the girls came in and took their positions on the platform. Dark and suave with keen brown eyes that seemed to pierce through them as they formed their incongruous fashion parade, most of them awkward in their own clothes, missing the confidence of Jeanette's smart creations here in this room where they were used to posture in gowns that (Continued on page 82)
Is Society

The stars are not awed by wealth and fame, but are the flattering attentions of royalty and the socially elect turning their heads?

WHEN I think of what Society is doing to Hollywood a classic remark from the Prince of Wales, now the King of England, always pops into my mind and I consider it most apropos. The Prince didn't say it to me, (I am the girl who never danced with the Prince of Wales, and the fan writer who never interviewed Garbo, which makes me practically unique on two continents), but some of those three-feather acquaintances of mine, (not fan dancers, dearie, don't be crude), assured me that it is quite authentic, and that "dear David" really said it. It seems that the Prince of Wales had recently acquired a brother-in-law who was taking the Royal Family big. "Every day," said the Prince, "he gets more and more royal, and I get more and more common." Every day, dear reader, Hollywood gets more and more royal, and Society gets more and more common.

Now when you say "Society," the post-war brand, you've really let yourself in for something, because there are a bunch of Purists around who will argue with you until the cows come home that Society isn't Society any more; but I was never a Purist about anything, so as far as I am concerned Society can keep on covering a multitude of sins, and sinners. Society, according to Hollywood, means a Title, a lot of Money, and an Old Family Name; but the Old Family Name doesn't count unless accompanied by a Title, or a lot of Money. You cannot awe Hollywood with wealth and fame, the place is glutted with it already, but a Title gets 'em every time. Enter Hollywood as a Countess and you have no more chance of becoming a social flop than Norma Shearer has.

You don't have to be a perennial ingénue to remember that not so many years ago Society and Hollywood did not speak as they passed by. Of course some of the girls managed to marry M'divani princes, and of course there was Gloria's "scoop" on the Marquis de la Falaise, and of course Mary and
Ruining Hollywood?

By Liz Williams

Doug always returned from their European Big Game hunts with an undernourished lord or something for the guest room at Pickfair. But taken all in all, the East was the East, and the West was the West, and there seemed to be no introduction for the twain. As a matter of fact the West only bowed coldly to that brat Hollywood. "Actors! Mercy! Beulah, my smelling salts!" Leo Carrillo, a descendant of the best of the old California families, was brusquely dropped from the Los Angeles Blue Book when he became an actor. The Los Angeles Country Club would not allow an actor to put on their greens. Swanky Bel-Air, the richest and most fashionable section of Los Angeles, would not permit an actor to build or rent within their formidable gates, and not until recently did they condescend to allow a few choice thespians to become members of Bel-Air Country Club. Edna May Oliver and Jeanette MacDonald, I hear, were among the first to be tolerated on the sacred sands of the Bel-Air Beach Club, and you can just imagine what talk Edna May Oliver, in a green bathing suit, (she always wears a green bathing suit), caused among the respectable and crumbling old pillars of Society. And what a treat the MacDonald legs must have been to the musty blue bloods!

The Charles Rays were the first movie people actually to crash Los Angeles Society. (Cecil B. DeMille and his family were "in" in a quiet sort of way.) Charlie, flushed with success and wealth, built himself a veritable palace of gold and satin with silken bathrooms, and succeeded in luring with magnificent parties several paragraphs from the Blue Book. ("Oh, Mama, actors aren't so bad. I want to go to his party. Don't be such a snob!") Then Charlie Ray lost his money and his stardom, and his beautiful dream house with the gold doorknobs, and you can guess what happened. That's right, Society dropped him with a loud ker-plunk. And let (Continued on page 90)
Most Exciting Newcomer!

First interview with the sensational little French girl, Simone Simon. All Hollywood is buzzing about her. You'd better meet her now!

By Ida Zeitlin

LADIES in love—four of them! Janet Gaynor—ace box-office draw since “Seventh Heaven.” Loretta Young—whose star-eyed loveliness wins new adherents with every new picture. Constance Bennett synonym for all the glitter and allure of silken sophistication. And—Simone Simon—“Who is she?” “A little French actress.” “Yes, I know, but who is she? Nobody ever heard of her here. What has she to offer in competition with the charms of three reigning belles? She'll be overshadowed, drowned in their radiance, a washout. Poor little Simone. Why doesn't she go back where she came from?”

Thus spoke the wiseacres before “Girls’ Dormitory” was previewed. After it was previewed—but that's fore-stalling the story.

They had never seen her act. They knew nothing and cared less about her triumphs in France. They hadn't taken the trouble to see a French picture called “Lac aux Dames,” in which she danced off with the honors. They based their judgment on a prejudice against foreign players, on her scanty knowledge of English, on ingrained skepticism which pooh-poohs anything fresh and untried. They didn't even say: “You'll have to show us.” They said: “You can't show us.” And backed by the faith of her studio, Simone swallowed her tears and her fears and showed them.

“But I am still afraid,” she will tell you. “Until today I am not awakened from fright. So much the contrary. I am like a cat taken from a box, and he was there for two days, and now they let him out, and he doesn't know what happened to him. He cannot believe he is really in the open at last.”

And indeed you don't need her assurance to persuade you that she "is not yet awakened from fright." She comes in, looking as she does in the (Continued on page 88)
Movie-Go-Round

Catch the cinema stars off-guard in Paris, their vacation playground, and scene of glamorous adventure

By

Stiles Dickenson

"Heavens, what are all those naked people doing?" cried the lovely, lady-like Irene Dunne. I was delighted, for Paris was living up to its far-famed wickedness with a vengeance. We were on our way to dinner and it's perfectly true that hordes of half-nude and fantastically draped young men and women were passing us on foot and in open taxis. It was the night of the annual Quatz Arts Ball, when all the artists and models cavort in nature costumes the night long and parade down the Champs Elysees at dawn to bathe in the fountains at the Place de la Concorde and the courtyard of the Beaux Arts. All of this I explained to the wide-eyed and delighted Irene. She had been in London but, in spite of the strikes in the hotels, restaurants, and shops, determined to fly over to Paris for she loves the very atmosphere of this village on the Seine. That love is returned, for she was feted, wined and dined during her all too short visit. Unfortunately she had to leave a few days before "Show Boat" opened here but her presence heightened the Parisians' interest in that splendid picture. The Universal Company gave a cocktail party for Irene at which the poor dear got writers' cramp and sprained fingers autographing photographs and shaking hands with the crowds that milled about her. The rest of the time she was busy buying furniture and decorations for the little house she has built in Hollywood. Lady Mendil, who as Elsie de Wolfe, is a world-famous interior decorator, aided her greatly and also gave a grand cocktail party at which Irene and Grace Moore were the center of a brilliant gathering.

An interesting angle of Irene's visit was the preparation for her next film which is to be based on the life of Madame Curie, the great French woman who, with her husband, discovered radium. Madame Curie's daughter, who lives in Paris, gave Irene all the personal hints and suggestions in regard to building the character of her illustrious mother and supplied her with a wonderfully interesting collection of photographs of her mother and the family at different times of her career which will be of great aid when the film is actually started. Another gathering place of the film (Continued on page 70)
John Howard's Hollywood career is a tribute to the ideal of his alma mater. Only twenty-three, John, a Phi Beta Kappa, won the leading juvenile role in "Lost Horizon," in which he is pictured above with Margo, and other merits.

A ND NOW for the college man who crashes the acting ranks in Hollywood-as-it-is-now; what brand of experience does he have? I can give you unadorned truth here, too, because there is the perfect sample in the remarkable rise of John Howard. He is shooting ahead faster than most young men are apt to, being so distinctly more than ordinary. Yet I should say his can well stand as a typical case. Provided one has all his qualifications—which is a big-sized if!

John drove two thousand miles to Hollywood in a second-hand Ford, and had exactly thirteen cents in cash in his pockets when he rolled onto the Boulevard. He had a long-term contract, however. It started off with a bang—when he reported to the studio he was given his "lay-off" until they could find something for him to do. You know practically every contract is for twenty weeks out of six months and the remaining weeks you go off salary. John was in the movies, a prize discovery, but he had no acting to do, no money coming in to live on; nothing, indeed, but his vacation in one steady, premature gulp. He could hardly pop off ecstatic wires home.

"They finally had to put me to work—if they wanted a live actor!" he ex-claimed when I visited him at his house. It's unusual, but I'll get around to it later. "As for a college education? Nobody gives a darn how much schooling you've had. The point: can you register on the screen? You either must have a super-striking personality or be able to act. If I'm worth a nickel to the studio it's because they suspected me of the latter. And having answered you with a no, I'll switch to a yes. College helped me; it specifically accounts for my being here. I owe 'all' to the experience I gained in college shows."

Emphatically John is a credit to the studied "preparation for life" he had, considering where he is and that only recently did he celebrate his twenty-third birthday. The wisdom with which he's handled himself in Hollywood is a tribute to the ideals of his alma mater, Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

He isn't, you should be informed instantly, a modern-version Merton. He is much more

(Continued on page 94)
W hat would happen to a college girl if she attempted screen stardom today?

How would she find conditions in Hollywood? Would the university education be a help or prove to have been a waste of time? Would she have to change radically to compete with the established "names," and with the scions of theatrical families and gaudy honey's who are also rising to fame? Would her life become terribly "different"?

A lot of questions, but very interesting ones, I think. And we don't have to be a bit theoretical on this provocative and hitherto untouched subject. If you imagine it isn't likely that a co-ed could step straight from dignified, distant halls of learning into the Hollywood spotlight, you're all wrong. For none other than the delectable Frances Farmer, Paramount's newest enthusiasm, is a splendid Exhibit A.

One short year ago she was thoroughly unknown. She had a diploma stating that she'd been awarded the honorable degree of Bachelor of Arts; she had stage ambitions, talent along this line, and a fresh blonde prettiness. Also spunk.

If you are surprised at her sudden prominence you ought to be in her dainty slippers—she's afraid she may wake up back in Seattle! She, too, figured that the moment for miracles was past, and that Cinderella was just some quaint old author's pipe dream.

Then out of an absolutely clear sky Fate reared its lovely head. And if you now sigh and mutter, "But I'm not in Hollywood," remember that Frances wasn't either. She was stuck in the state of Washington, with about as much apparent chance of going glamorous as Susan Smith, of the neighborhood Smythes.

She hadn't received her college trappings on a silver platter, even though her father is a good lawyer. She has an older brother and sister and when she was ready to enter the University of Washington the calendar proclaimed that it was 1932. You may recall that a number of us had to battle through a little depression. Frances could have lazily quit dreaming when she discovered she'd have to get off jobs if she wanted to attend college and prepare herself for her goal. But she has no lazy streak and no false pride.

She earned the bigger part of her college expenses. She "hashed"—as the students call it, (i.e. waited on table for her meals). She (Continued on page 98)
FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG
DON AMECHE • KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN
HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a “triple threat” of girls, music, and laughter!

With a cast picked for entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers
Go West, Young Romance!

Gary and Jean, who went to town in "Mr. Deeds," are off to the frontier in "The Plainsman." Gary is right at home in his role as Wild Bill Hickok, and Jean takes naturally to the part of Calamity Jane—see her twirl a rope, lower left. In the adjoining close-up at bottom is James Ellison, handsome newcomer, as Buffalo Bill.

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur head a new parade to the picturesque plains, as wily Hollywood rediscovers the old west.
Dancing alone or with Fred Astaire, her co-star of big box-office hits, Ginger Rogers is a girl of many moods, and here we find her registering a variety of vivacious emotions, from the buoyant to that of beauty in repose. It's "Swing Time" for Ginger.

Our Own Little Bubble Dancer, Ginger Rogers

Proving she can enhance any dance, Ginger goes gaily effervescent, blending "swing" with swank.
Contrast! Right, the Arline you'll see in Paramount's "Valiant is the Word for Carrie." Circle below, a different Arline, in "Star for a Night," (20th Century-Fox). Lower center, in a scene with John Howard for "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

Arlene Advances

The jaunty Judge girl strides ahead as Hollywood assigns her two important new roles.

Arlene is Hollywood's most girlish girl, a distinction she brings to her pose below for "Star for a Night." At bottom, acting a scene with John Howard, under the direction of Arline's husband, Wesley Ruggles.
Unhand That Woman!

So commands the hero. But look, Hollywood’s heroes don’t practice what they preach to the villain.
Answering only the commands of their own hearts are Bruce Cabot and Grace Bradley, in “Don’t Turn ’Em Loose,” Lew Ayres and Joyce Compton, in “Murder with Pictures,” and Cary Grant and Joan Bennett, in “Wedding Present,” left to right above.

Conflicting emotions are evident as Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy enact a scene, above, from “Libeled Lady.” Left, Edward Arnold and Andrea Leeds, in “Come And Get It.” Right, George Burns and Gracie Allen, in “The Big Broadcast of 1937,” and below, Wally Beery, Cecilia Parker in “Old Hutch.”

Aptitude in the art of the embrace, illustrated across the page by William Powell and his ex-wife Carole Lombard; and by Tony Martin and Shirley Dean in their “Back to Nature” scene.
Watch Their Smoke!
Their puffs are purely for pleasure, but see how their careers advance.

At ease between important works in Hollywood, Lady Nicotine proves a genial companion for actors, and actresses, too. See Constance Bennett, above, and Isabel Jewell, at extreme left, across page. Top center, Dick Powell and Errol Flynn. From left to right at bottom: Ralph Bellamy, Edmund Lowe, Jean Hersholt, and Warner Baxter.
When Any Girl Meets Robert Taylor!

Here’s what happens, whether it’s Garbo herself, or the tiniest trouper on the lot: "Hello," says Bob. "Oh, Mr. Taylor!" says the willing victim—and falls
The lovely mezzo-soprano from the Met is back in Hollywood, this time hoping for better luck with her new Paramount picture, "Champagne Waltz." Viennese musical, in which Gladys will do the trilling and MacMurray the thrilling and everybody will be happy—we hope.

When Mezzo Meets MacMurray!

Gladys Swarthout seems too thrilled to sing when she plays her first scenes with her new leading man, Fred MacMurray.
As the heroine of the picture version of Sean O'Casey's highly dramatic play, "The Plough and the Stars," Barbara Stanwyck essays a new flight into the more serious and difficult reaches of the screen art, as indicated by these strikingly sombre views. At right, a scene with Preston Foster; and, right center, a lighter moment with Barry Fitzgerald, famous member of the Abbey Theatre group who journeyed all the way from Ireland to Hollywood to re-enact their original supporting roles in the John Ford filmization of the brilliant Irish dramatist's work.
Mood: Merry

Olivia de Havilland arrives! This deliciously happy young person, having completed her part opposite Errol Flynn in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," dashes off in holiday spirit for a breezy rest between roles. Busy ever since her screen début in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Olivia has been rushed from one film to another, accepting each new assignment in a refreshingly adventurous manner, justifying her celluloid Columbus', Max Reinhardt's, faith in her promise and ability.
It's Silly, But We Like It!

Claire Trevor, above, decoratively dizzy. Don Ameche, left above, made his hit as an Indian in "Ramona," so he goes top-hat on us. Left, two devastating dancers in the "Bomba" number from "The Big Broadcast." Left, from top reading down, our own silly movie starring Shirley Ross, entitled "It Happened One Day"—for publicity. Below: Ann Loring and Virginia Grey go native—for how long? Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, and Mickey Rooney as "The three stooges." Charlie Ruggles, he tickles you, and Mary Boland, she tickles him, in "Wives Never Know."
Ann Is Happy Again

First and only interview Miss Harding has given since her journey to England. Read it and bring yourself up to date with Ann!

By Hettie Grimstead

OUTSIDE, the mellow peace of a summer afternoon, flower-bordered lawns and nodding trees, and seven-year-old Jane Bannister playing beside the tranquil little lake, her long golden curls gleaming in the sunshine.

Inside, an oak-panelled room in an English country house, with ancient armor and high-backed old chairs and Jane’s mother, beautiful Ann Harding, telling in her clear warm voice why she came to London.

"I crossed the Atlantic simply because I felt I needed a holiday, which means change of environment, you know. Also I wanted my daughter to go to school here for a time—day-school, because I must have her home with me in the evenings. We’ve been constant companions ever since she was born. I expect to stay in England about six months and I’m making a film while I’m here. Maybe I shall make a second one later on if I can find another story that appeals to me sufficiently. Then Jane and I are going to enjoy a real traditional English Christmas, but in January I must return to Hollywood and go back to work there once again."

Then, smiling, she dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand, ringless, tanned and slender and unusually strong for a woman. It was her valediction to the darkest chapter of her life, betokening the final fade-out to that personal drama in which Ann has had a part as poignantly tense as any rôle she has played on the screen. It meant she had won the last of her hard-fought battles of the court-room in which she faced her former husband Harry Bannister, the theatrical leading man she married nine years ago when she was still a stage actress herself, and now could rest assured that she was free and undisputed guardian of the child she worships so passionately.

So Ann is staying quietly at a sixteenth-century mansion in the heart of England’s lovely wooded country-side, peaceful and happy and savouring the richest joy of living once again. It was characteristic of her that she did not choose to live in town. There is something about the breadth and the fresh sweetness of the open spaces essentially appropriate to this gracious woman with her wide frank eyes, her sun-warmed skin, and her steady air of purpose.

Wearing the simplest of clothes—a plain white piqué sports frock or a favorite brown tailored suit—she passes her days out of doors, walking in the park under the oak-trees, driving her car to local beauty-spots, visiting a neighbouring stable to watch the polo-ponies in training and being a thrilled spectator at the county matches. She helps the Scottish nurse with (Continued on page 92).
SWING TIME—RKO-Radio

MY favorite of all the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers pictures—faster than “Follow the Fleet,” toppler to “Top Hat,” more magical than “Roberta” or “The Gay Divorce.” Scene by scene, tune by tune, step by step, this musical romance is superlative. (Now may I have that dance, Mr. Astaire?) “Swing Time” is superbly directed in a casual, charming manner that makes you, the audience, feel almost as important as the actors. You’re right there with ‘em, and, manners or no manners, your toes will tap and your fingers keep time as the supreme team swings and sways, cracks and kisses through the grandly gay scenes. Fred, this time, is a gamblin’ fool aided by the very funny Victor Moore. His object is to keep from making love to Ginger, which calls forth the song of the show, “This is a Fine Romance”—satirical smash. Ginger is more lithe and lovely than ever before, and a divine comedienne—watch for that wonderful love scene in which she mutters, “How’d’ya likem’dress.” Astaire also unbends in elegant comedy, and his dancing of Bojangles of Harlem is a high spot. Helen Broderick and Victor Moore are swell. Kern music!

THE TEXAS RANGERS—Paramount

HOLLYWOOD is gradually discovering America, and King Vidor’s new picture is the latest pictorial record of the good old days when there was an Indian lurking behind every tree and a Fred MacMurray to ride to the rescue in the nick of time. “The Texas Rangers” lacks the authority and substance of “The Last of the Mohicans,” which I reviewed with raves last month, and which I still insist is one of the grander pictures; no—it’s obviously a machine-made product, constructed sometimes cleverly but too often clumsily of the stock movie materials. But it has its exciting moments, thanks chiefly to the excellent cast, in which MacMurray is a bandit turned ranger, and Jack Oakie plays his pal who makes the supreme sacrifice that all pals in all westerns have made since Bill Hart first rode the range. At times the story of the Texas Rangers’ exploits becomes stirring film stuff, as when MacMurray pursues Lloyd Nolan to his death—Nolan, by the way, gives a splendid performance. The romantic interest is subdued, but Jean Parker is refreshing and sweet in her few scenes. All boys will love this, so send or take ‘em to see it.

PICCADILLY JIM—M-G-M

HERE’S an enchanting comedy, in which the inimitable humor of P. G. Wodehouse has been eloquently translated to the screen at last. The incredibly mad mix-ups of the Wodehousian plot have been whipped into a smooth comedy that is just right in every particular, and further cause for rejoicing is the fact that at last, after too long, Robert Montgomery has the right part, which he plays with all that light and nonchalant charm that can be so annoying in the wrong role, so perfect in the right. Come to think of it, Bob is the ideal Wodehouse hero, and I don’t know why it has taken them so long to get together. So here he’s a playboy turned cartoonist, with Frank Morgan for a playboy father, Madge Evans, prettier than ever, as the girl of his heart so hard to win, and such priceless personalities as Eric Blore, Billie Burke, Bob Benchley, and Cora Witherspoon contributing to the hilarity. You’ll particularly enjoy Madge’s fall from grace, with Bob tumbling after; Mr. Blore’s story of the spider and how it grew; Miss Burke’s flutters and twitters; Miss Witherspoon’s effective, if forceful dialogue; and of course Mr. Morgan. In short, you’ll enjoy it. Encore.
SUPREME ENTERTAINERS:
ASTAIRE and ROGERS in their all-time best, "Swing Time"

BIG SURPRISE:
JOAN CRAWFORD as an old-fashioned girl in "Gorgeous Hussy"

CHARMING DISCOVERY
JEANNE MADDEN in "Stage-Struck"

GRAND NEW TEAM:
GARY COOPER and MADELEINE CARROLL

WELCOME BACK:
BOB MONTGOMERY as you like him

BEST COMEDY:
JOAN BLONDELL in "Stage-Struck"

STAGE-STRUCK—Warners
WORTH seeing for several reasons. First, because Dick Powell does not win Joan Blondell; in fact, he hates her, and with Joan giving the best performance of her life, too. Second, for a good tune, In Your Own Quiet Way, which is one of those insidious melodies you can’t lose. Third, because although Busby Berkeley directed, there are no big musical numbers—amen. Fourth, the début of Jeanne Madden who brings a fresh, flowerlike appeal and a really fine voice to the screen. If you still aren’t sold on seeing it, perhaps the presence of the Yacht Club Boys may supply the final fillip. Reminiscent of “42nd Street,” “Stage-Struck” serves to remind me that Warners, pioneers in the stunning musicals, have been resting on their laurels too long, and need to strike a new note in staging and casting their tune-shows. The one novelty here is a really swell impersonation by Blondell of a dizzy beauty who believes in giving all for her Art, and Joan is very, very funny, as well as very, very gorgeous to gaze at. Little Miss Madden is sincere and charming, and Frank McHugh gives his usual expert show. Dick Powell gallantly “gives” this film to his Joanie.

THE GORGEOUS HUSsy—M-G-M
JOAN CRAWFORD completely surrounded by curls and a cast of some of the finest actors in Hollywood, is something to see. As Peggy O’Neil, toast of her time and pet of Andrew Jackson, Joan has a role so different from any she has played that the effect is almost startling. Her lovely tragic mask of a face is framed in enormous hats; her famous “figger” is enveloped in flounces and ruffles and ribbons; in fact, our most modern young woman becomes an old-fashioned girl, and I wouldn’t be surprised to see her in Rose in Bloom any day now. Only in one scene, at the death-bed of John Randolph, Melvyn Douglas, does Joan seem to me to rise above the trappings of her costume-character and emerge a real, warm person. She is always sincere, however, and deserves a cheer for her pioneering. After all, it’s really Lionel Barrymore’s picture. As Andrew Jackson, Mr. Barrymore achieves an important portrait, despite his tendency to over-emphasis. Robert Taylor, who becomes a better actor every time we see him, makes his brief role memorable for sincerity and pictorial appeal. Melvyn Douglas, superb; Franchot Tone, James Stewart lost.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—Paramount
TWO of the most decorative people in the world, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, set like rare jewels in a dark and sinister setting, help make a provocative motion picture. War-torn China is the background, with Gary the center of a furious melodrama in which Miss Carroll figures as the reluctant tool of her rascally father, with the commanding figure of the war-lord, that character that crops up in Chinese melodramas, dominating the scene. The war-lord is the menace of the piece, and as played by Akim Tamiroff in subtly sinister style, is to be taken more seriously than most—just one more example of right casting that makes a picture more. In fact, there would be a distinct flavor of the old-time silent serials about this elaborate and expensive production were it not for the skilled direction and the flawless performances. As it is, you’ll find yourself grinding your teeth or biting your nails or clutching your neighbor by the time the war-lord has Cooper and Miss Carroll at his mercy, threatening torture and goodness knows what-all; yes, you’ll find it thrilling. It, and Gary, Clifford Odets has done a swell and stirring job writing his first screenplay.
CHAPTER IV

BILL'S apartment was warm and cozy—warmer and cozier than it had ever been. A fire crackled on the hearth, and heavy silk curtains veiled the windows and the doors that led terrace-ward. Mavis Dorian threw aside her rain coat, skillfully avoiding Bill's proffered aid, and walked over to the fireplace. She flexed her hands to the heat, and said:

"It's a nasty night. And—if you ask me, which you didn't—a nasty situation."

Bill said: "My Jap always leaves sandwiches, and whisky and soda, and coffee in the machine ready to perk. We'll have a bite of supper. What do you mean," his voice shook, "nasty situation?"

Mavis laughed. "Sure, feed me," she said, "not that I'm starving, yet. Here's how the scenario reads: Jilted swain—were you ever a swain?—meets down-and-out jitter. He has her in his power. He brings her—all wet in more ways than one—to his swanky apartment. So she'll be able to remember that she had a swanky apartment, once."

Bill said, "Mavis." Just that. His voice was an open wound. Mavis Dorian glanced at him from beneath level brows. Then she sank into a cushioned chair, Bill saw that her face was thin—thinner than Dietrich's face, or Hepburn's, about the cheek bones. He saw that her hands were thin, too, and not very carefully manicured. Her hands matched her dress, which was neither smart nor well pressed. His glance traveled to her shoes.

Mavis asked nastily, "Taking inventory?"

Bill said, "Mavis!" again. Then all at once speech came in a torrent. "Why did you leave town," he queried, "so abruptly? Why didn't you come to me? I would have given you everything you wanted. I would have gotten you a new contract at Ultra Alta. You could have had—"

"Ye-s," drawled Mavis. "So what?"

Bill went on, almost wildly: "I didn't know until the florist phoned to say he couldn't deliver the flowers—" he was unaware of the woman's raised eyebrows—"Then I went to the hospital. Then I went to central casting. Then to officials of every decent company. I'd have put a detective on you—only it didn't seem sporting, somehow."

Mavis spoke, and her voice was shrill. "You—" she raged—"put a detective on me? You—" Swiftly, in a way that the old Mavis never could have managed, she checked her rising anger. "Well," she said, "beggars can't be choosers! Bring on the sandwiches and Scotch. They wouldn't have found me, anyway, your gumshoes. I was visiting a cousin, back home. Incidentally, she's one of your fans. You sent her a picture—she keeps it on her dresser. Did it hand me a laugh!"

Bill asked, as he hobbled to get the tray of sandwiches, the assortment of bottles and glasses: "Where is home?"

Mavis said: "Wisconsin. But about the time her thick-headed husband was beginning to go possessive, the cousin kicked me out!"

"So," prompted Bill. He spoke in the breathless tone of a little boy listening to Buck Rogers. He was saying to himself—"She was never as friendly as this, before."

"Then," Mavis continued, "I came back to Hollywood. I got here a week ago. I've been going the rounds—" Her voice grew shrill again. "Those so-and-sos," she told Bill, "putting on airs with their betters! Too busy to see me!"

Bill had brought in a tray. He set it on a table by the side of Mavis Dorian. There were high crystal tumblers. There were sandwiches of caviar, and sandwiches of pâté. He said very softly:

"I've dreamed it this way, so often. You, in my home, breaking my bread. Letting me—serve you."

Mavis Dorian reached for a caviar sandwich. She bit into it before she sneered:

"Don't go romantic on me, Bill. It isn't funny."

Bill agreed: "No, it isn't funny." He poured Scotch into one of the tall glasses, he filled the glass with soda. He didn't pour a drink for himself. Life, undiluted, was too intoxicating on this magic night. A line or two from a poem that he'd read, by some unknown poet, swept through his brain. "You, close beside me, and outside the rain," he repeated in his soul, "beating against the darkness of the night."

Mavis took the glass from his nose too steady hand. She gulped a quarter of its contents before she spoke:

"That's good," she said. She reached for a second sandwich. "How does it feel, knowing that our positions are reversed? You being the big shot. Me the scum."

Bill's voice was crowded with agony. "I'll never be a big shot," he said, "not any more than you will ever be scum. I've had the luck lately—you haven't. That's all. Now that we've come together, maybe your luck will change. It will if I can do anything to make it change!"

Mavis laughed. Her laughter was as brittle as venetian glass. She said, "So you'll change my luck for me, Bill? How'll you go about it?"

Bill Banton poured himself a drink. Suddenly he needed a stimulant. He said: "I know it will seem funny to you, but I'm sort of important around Ultra Alta. They say my next picture—the one I finished tonight—will get the Academy prize. A year ago I couldn't have dictated terms to M. B.—I was at a party of his, by the way, tonight. A year ago I was a starter. Now I can have my say-so."

Mavis repeated mockingly: "And your say-so will be?"

Bill drained his glass. He set it down empty on the table. He said, "I'll tell them they've got to find a place
Bill’s apartment was warm and cozy—cozier than it had ever been, he thought, as Mavis, seated in front of the fireplace, flexed her hands to the warmth of the blazing logs.

for you, or else—"

"Or else?" prompted Mavis. Her face didn’t look quite so gaunt, now that it was flushed.

"Or else I’ll quit," Bill told her. "I can get along without them. Ultra Alta can learn to get along without me."

Mavis reached for her sixth—maybe her seventh—sandwich. She munched it thoughtfully.

"You’re very noble," she said at last, and her voice was more gentle than Bill had ever heard it. "Why are you so noble, Bill Banton? I’ve never given you any reason to like me. I’ve slapped you with my hand—I’ve lashed you with my tongue. And yet you’d toss away the swellest job in Hollywood for me. You might as well understand, now, that if positions were reversed I wouldn’t go to the mat for you. Probably I wouldn’t even buy a paper from you."

Bill was bending forward, his good foot braced against the leg of the chair so that he wouldn’t overbalance, and fall. He said:

"I’ve always been interested in you, Mavis Dorian, ever since I first saw your face. (Continued on page 80)"
All that glitters is not glamor! It's easy to be spectacular in Hollywood, but to be quietly, smartly lovely requires art. Miss Hutchinson has a horror of "high" clothes, so here she has assembled the highlights of her wardrobe as proof that charm need not be conspicuous.

Tunics are terribly important! Top, Josephine swings into our fashion scene wearing a tunic dress combining black and satin-dotted royal blue crepe. See the military neckline? Turbans are definitely good, too: see hers of black velvet trimmed with curled ostrich feathers and a brief veil. Her stitched patent leather pumps have slide cut-out sections. The new fur coats are swagger style; Miss Hutchinson's mink, right above, has broad shoulders. Her turban is chartreuse felt with sunburst folds at the crown front and centered with a cluster of curled ostrich feathers. Right: fur evening wraps are mostly capes, like her ermine at right.
Miss Hutchinson's black satin evening gown, above, has a square-cut shirred bodice—the square decolletage is definitely "in." Her white corsage is set squarely also. Right: more black and white, Josephine's favorite combination—this time a gown of black broadcloth with white bands at hem and halter neckline. Below: bolero jacket lined with heavy white corded silk. See her very new evening sandals?

Center, above: symphony in black and turquoise! With her black velvet frock which is trimmed with bows of turquoise ribbon, Miss Hutchinson wears interesting Oriental jewelry: laughing Buddhas of bright coral are set in old silver in her Chinese bracelet and ring set. Above, a peplum jacket with leg-o'-mutton sleeves serves to top several of Josephine's black evening dresses.
SCREENLAND'S All-Star Fashion Show

Claudette Colbert, top, wears her pet gown from her personal wardrobe: black dotted chiffon over white satin. Myrna Loy, next, shows you her twin gold bracelets. Anita Colby, above, always picks a big, new puff for home powdering. Marion Davies, right, has a peaked and quilled hat, a smart new compact. Gladys Swarthout, far right, sponsors "synthetic squirrel" in a cape.
Some "first ladies of the cinema" pose for us in fascinatingly frivolous new gowns and crowns!

Ruth Chatterton, top, wears a lovely pleated satin hostess gown with very full brocade coat, in "Dodsworth," Shirley Ross, top right, goes in for a Juliet coiffure. Miss Swarthout again, above, in her new light and dark grey striped suit, with which she wears a dark brown blouse. Martha Hunt, left and a jaunty new felt. Jean Muir, at far left, in the new knee-length fur cape.
Mrs. Eddy's

You've asked for "more about Nelson Eddy." Well, here's all about the home life of this "most eligible bachelor"

NELSON EDDY is the ideal son, although he'd be the first to wax indignant at such a statement; and if you've never seen Nelson wax indignant, you've never witnessed a real waxing! For this apparently phlegmatic blond has the temperament—but yes. Nevertheless I iterate, Nelson is the ideal son.

His mother should know best, and she says so, early and often. Her face positively beams when she speaks of her "Nelse." And it's no act, either. They have just as much fun together early in the day when they're "getting organized," as they do when they don their more formal aspect for dinner. (Great temptation to pun there—as in for dinner—but I won't do it). So many of much-publicized Hollywood mother and son associations are so one-dimensional and entirely lack depth and sincerity when there is no audience present, that it is refreshing to encounter the real McCoy. But then, nothing about Nelson, his mother, or his menage, smacks of Hollywood. Perhaps not enough so. By that, I mean he's utterly adamant in refusing to allow publicity to enter into his private life.

Therefore, the manufactured publicity very often is quite untrue and harmful.

The association of "Nelse" and Isabelle is more the kind we see depicted in well-bred English comedies than anything else I can think of. It's so much easier to call Mrs. Eddy "Isabelle" rather than "Mrs. Eddy." She's so darned gay and young-looking. She usually arises first in the morning, for Nelse is quite a sleepy-head when he's not working on a picture. His privacy is respected and the house is very quiet until he awakens. No hush-hush stuff is necessary, however, for the only other occupants of the house are Mrs. Eddy, Sheba, that ubiquitous sheep-dog, and one maid. No Hollywood swank for this lad, although with his huge income he could well afford it. Isabelle usually has her coffee in her room and then reads the paper on her chaise longue or works on her perfectly enormous scrapbook of "Nelse." If ever you saw a work of love this is one. To see this diminutive person dragging this huge tome around is amusing.

Ted Paxson, accompanist and friend of years, usually
Boy, Nelson

By

Merlin Pierce

calls around eleven, and Isabelle raps softly on her son's door to find out if he "wants any practice today." The answer is either "No, I just had some," or, "Oh, I suppose so," in a sleepy, resigned voice.

But, once in his shower, Nelson can be heard bellowing all over the house. And I mean bellowing. Sound seems to fill every nook and cranny. And so begins the day in the Life of a Famous Baritone.

In a few minutes, he's downstairs, fully clothed, and smelling grand. Fully clothed might sound strange to those of you who've never lived in Hollywood, but most of the stars at home relax in various stages of undress. Not so, Nelson—New England cropping out, probably. But whatever it is, I still say he's fully clothed. And as for smelling swell, he likes perfume! But wait. It's a very masculine and very expensive scent. One morning when I sniffed and smiled, he said: "Oh-my-gosh, is it that obvious?" with a dismayed look. And then went on: "But don't you hate that laundry smell on men?" I do, and I think he's right. Nearly all cosmopolitan men like and use scent and I don't know why we should feel it is a feminine prerogative.

He pokes his head into the study a minute to see if there's anything urgent, before going into the breakfast room. Sheba, usually asleep in the smallest and darkest corner, gets up slowly and ambles over in his general direction for a good morning pat. Thoughts of Sheba always remind me of Nelson's story about her. When he started longing for a dog, he visualized a small, sleek, prancing animal, with big bright eyes, waiting for him at the door every night when he came in weary. Eyeing Sheba balefully, and not knowing whether or not she was eying him back, Nelson ruefully went on, "And now look what I got—big as a horse, her hair couldn't possibly be any longer; can't see her eyes at all, and when I make my entrance, she simply goes on sleeping."

About this time, Dr. Lippé usually calls. Lippé, as he's affectionately called by Nelson and Isabelle. He looks like a sad-eyed elf and likes his little joke. When the secretary answers, he usually cracks forth with, "Is there an actor in the house?" or, "Is the blond menace around?" Nelson of course comes right back at him, and he's no slouch at a little rough and ready repartee. But some of their airy persiflage would not meet the approval of the Hays office, I'm afraid, so we'll skip it. (Continued on page 69)
You'd think a Hollywood actor would want to forget all about "Pictures" when his day's work is done. But here's a fine player whose idea of diversion is to spend all his spare time shooting camera studies!

By
Ruth Tildesley

Imagine Basil Rathbone as a Man with a Message!
"Solution to boredom!" he explained, his dark eyes shining, his lean face aglow as though someone had flashed a silver reflector into it. "Get yourself a camera and do something different!"

We sat in the Rathbone sunroom, where the color scheme of light blue and henna makes you think of ice and flames, a giant album open before us, while he expounded his views.

"You see this one—I shot that through a fountain. Water was showering down from above, and beyond were the birds dipping in and out. I didn't know whether I'd get anything or not. Now all the other camera fiends point me out as the man who shot that fountain thing.

"I got that on the set during 'Romeo and Juliet.' On that picture so many of us had cameras, little sixteen m.m. movies or still cameras, that they nearly shut down on us. There were Leslie Howard, Reginald Denny and myself shooting whenever we weren't in the scene, and dozens of people who either had small parts or were visiting the set taking shots. 'After all, just who is making this picture?' they inquired.

"But among us, we got some excellent stuff. Sometimes I think amateurs have more than their share of luck, or else they're not hampered by knowing exactly what they can or cannot do, so they take chances.

"My spirit pictures were accidents, it must be admitted. I had no idea what I was getting. The set was lit, the company was ready to go into the ceremonial dance. As I shot, they moved—and their figures are just sufficiently blurred so that they look transparent. The torches on the walls, the reflections in the polished floor, are all there clearly, only the figures seem to be spirits! I wonder under what conditions I could do that again?"

He stabbed at the air with an eager forefinger.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I mean! Making pictures takes hold on your imagination. Having a camera opens a new door on life. You see everything, not only with the ordinary human eye, but with the camera's eye as well. A scene, a person, a piece of action isn't any longer merely pleasing, displeasing, or uninteresting; it's a problem in pictorial values.

"At the most boring moment, you can sit back and speculate on what you'd do if you had to make a picture of whatever it is that's going on. You find yourself forgetting to be bored. You think, 'Now, if I let in a little more light from that window,' or 'If I moved that chair farther forward,' or 'That's an interesting arrangement of shadows on her face'—and so on.

"Next thing you know, you discover you've learned something about composition, lighting, framing your subject and what not."
LET those who will, insist that the mighty Hepburn is difficult to be around. The crew on "Portrait of a Rebel" happen to be of a different opinion. On the last day of the picture, all the electricians, prop men and assistants pooled their money together, and bought Katie a fancy solid silver fountain pen. She was so touched that—for once—Hepburn was speechless.

WHEN Henry Fonda's engagement to Mrs. George Brokaw was announced, the most surprised person in Hollywood was Henry's best pal and house sharer, Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy would never commit himself, but most of those who know Fonda have always felt that in spite of his divorce from Margaret Sullivan, she was still Number One girl in his heart. His marriage to the New York and Paris socialite will automatically make him thestepfather of a little daughter.

THE first thing Bob Taylor did when he treated himself to a new Packard, was to stop by for Barbara Stanwyck and take her for a ride. The second thing he did, was to ride by the Tones' house and take Joan and Franchot along in the rumble seat. The third thing he did was to get a flat tire.

DAN CUPID has been working overtime in Hollywood and he still has a lot of home work to get in. When Gail Patrick and Bob, (Brown Derby), Cobb, finally came to a definite parting of the ways, Gall turned to John King, Universal's new find. Bob is seeing a lot of June Clayworth, who used to see a lot of Eddie Buzzell. Doris Nolan, who started out as a stock player with Tom Beck, are now featured players and are featuring each other. Madge Evans takes time off from Tom Gallery, to go out with Russell Hardie. They go to those quiet places, away from columnists (?) and cameramen. Lyle Talbot and Lina Basquette think they're fooling everyone else—but they know they're not fooling each other.

WHILE history was practically being made in his own living room, Jimmy Stewart was calmly taking a sun bath out in his own back yard. When Garbo, who rented the house next door, first came out to look at it, she made a mistake and rang Jimmy's door bell. When the servant let her in, Garbo entered, walked all through the house, and then left again. The servant saw nothing unusual in the incident, because Jimmy's house is up for sale and many people come to look at it. When Jimmy finally came inside, the servant calmly told him that Garbo had dropped in. And Jimmy has been trying to get a glimpse of Garbo ever since he first came to Hollywood!

DAME HOLLYWOOD may try to make you believe that there's a romance a-brewin' between Cary Grant and Sonja Henie, but don't you believe it one little minute. On the baby grand piano in Cary's Santa Monica Beach drawing-room, there's a huge framed picture of Mary Brian. It's autographed, too, but we promised Cary we wouldn't print such a sweet, personal message.

(Continued on page 99)

Gosh, if he keeps guzzling like that—and why not with Cecilia Parker urging him on?—something's going to happen, sure.

There it goes! But he doesn't fret over spilled milk, even if Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore get all splashed up.
SURE, they steal your heart away—those Irish eyes that are Gail Patrick's glorious beauty asset! Of course, Gail's not all Irish, and the Dixie accent you hear in one of her recent pictures, "Early to Bed," comes of an authentic Alabama birthright and generations of old Southern tradition on the distaff side. There's lots of intelligence, too, shining through those big brown eyes, as Gail studied to be a lawyer before ever she went into pictures.

The lashes that frame Gail's gorgeous eyes are long and dark and upturned. But please notice that the lashes on the lower lids are entirely innocent of make-up, and don't color your own lower lashes unless Nature in her wisdom made them dark to fit your own individual face. In my opinion, it is very important to beauty to concentrate your eye make-up above your eyes if you want them to look soft and large and heavenly bright.

The whole modern trend in make-up is to "lift." Help your face look long and slender, unless it is naturally too much so. The newest hats are away up in front, some of them going to absurd but intriguing heights. Hair styles are up and off the forehead and ears. Eyebrows can be made to help accentuate that upward lift. The exaggerated narrow line across the brow is completely out. Eyebrows should be heavy enough to suggest individual character. What plucking they need should be done from underneath to increase their height on your forehead. Then brush them in a smooth upward sweep from the line above your nose and lengthen the curve down the temples with your eyebrow pencil if necessary. This downward curve should end just about parallel with the outer corners of your eyes. A touch of brilliantine on eyebrows gives them a sleek, well-groomed appearance that's universally becoming.

Never shave your eyebrows. When you tweeze them, it's wise to pull the hair out in the direction in which it grows. Tweeze any straggly hairs between your brows, or if you want to get rid of them permanently, have them removed by the electric needle. An extra eye make-up brush besides the one you use to apply mascara is a great convenience. Brush your lashes and brows after you've powdered your face to remove stray powder.

Brush your brows again after you've darkened them with pencil or mascara, and again after that final touch of brilliantine. Brown eyebrows for blondes and black for brunettes is a rule from which you never need to depart.

As for eyelashes, you're allowed much more latitude in your choice of color since blue, green, and purple have joined the standard black and brown. You may wear any one of the five depending upon your costume and what tone you want to accentuate in the color of your eyes. There's no rule against black lashes when eyebrows are brown, and darkening with black before you apply blue, green or purple adds depth if your lashes are naturally light. Neither need mascara match your eye shadow. A touch of purple mascara, brown eyebrow pencil, and green eye shadow may be the very combination that will do most to bring out the size and brilliancy of your eyes.

When blue mascara first came into the make-up picture, it was considered (Continued on page 98)

Make up to your eyes if you aspire to beauty such as Hollywood's favorites display on the screen!

By Elin Neil
Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, Jr., Boston
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
Mrs. Chaswell Dahley, Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

Miss Anne C. Rockefeller

Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure—the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée—a pause for a Camel...followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee...with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
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Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...turkish and domestic...than any other popular brand.
YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores
Mrs. Eddy’s Boy, Nelson

Continued from page 61

Then to breakfast. On the way, a big hearty snark for “Muz.” She usually is in the butler’s pantry arranging flowers by now, or conferring with the maid in the kitchen; and after this snark Nelson adds a good big pat where it will do the most good, which elicits a laughter “Oh, Nelse!” She lets him read her paper in peace, (understanding woman!), and then joins him in a second cup of coffee and a bit of gossip. It’s true but true that they act more like a congenial brother and sister than mother and son, for Isabelle Eddy has remained remarkably young and modern-minded.

Their conversation is just as apt to be about her love-life as that of Nelson’s, for her romantic life is far more definite at the moment that is his. However, it’s not one of your silly middle-aged infatuations that are in such bad taste, but a dignified affair of long standing and much understanding. It wouldn’t be surprising if she beat Nelson to the altar. They would miss each other terribly if either one married, but with both the other’s happiness is paramount.

After breakfast, Nelson has a short romp with the petting Shena, then gets to his fan mail. There’s usually stacks of this waiting and Nelson gives it his personal and thoughtful attention. He’s really interested in the content, heeding many of the constructive criticism. Coming across one of the many drawings of himself encased in a fan letter, he’s very apt to dash off a self-caricature, for fun, (he was a cartoonist, you know). Then there’s always the hundreds of photos to be autographed, and he does this until he gets writer’s cramp, but insists on doing it personally, rather than have them ghost-written, as so many stars do.

Luncheon time. A very light meal, topped off with vast quantities of milk. Nearly always he eats luncheon at home, with his mother, his secretary, and odd Lippe. Forgets the many incidents of the day and completely relaxes while eating, often playing tricky games to the benediction and amusement of Isabelle and Lippe. You know, prestidigitation stuff, No, it’s not a disease. I just couldn’t think how to spell it correctly or spell it right. I thought it a good ego-tinguity to impress with my erudition. You’ve all heard that “just a little boy at heart” stuff, I’m sure. It nauseates me as much as it does you, but hold your hats, because here it goes again. He loves to laugh and is really witty. A born clown, but a nice one. The Paylacci in him, no doubt. One of his favorite amusements is to play back for the records he makes of his infrequent parties. You might think it a bit unfair of him to so catch his guests unawares, but everyone knows of this trick by now, and they inject spicy tidbits intended for his ears alone on these playback! He adores a joke on himself, and never tires of that old oft-repeated one of Director Woody Van Dyke’s when he met Nelson at the train after his over-night success in “Naughty Marietta,” when Woody asked: “How do you feel to be a star?” and Nelson replied: “I don’t know how to act,” to which old wit Woody miffed: “I know that, but how does it feel?” He tells and re-tells this, accompanied by peals of laughter.

Another one of his “little-boy” tricks is to save greeting cards, Easter, Birthday, etc., and come right back at the sender in this fashion: say, Oscar Zilch sends him a Christmas card at Christmas. It’s been done, you know. He saves it care-fully until another Christmas rolls around, crosses out the sender’s name, signs his own, and sends it back to the original sender. A Scrooge’s invention, perhaps.

You’ve probably all heard about his “Aria to end all Arias” which he presented at the Actor’s Benefit here recently. This was a melange, if you’ve ever heard one. From “Aida” to the “Last Round-Up” and back again. You should have heard him re-hearsing it with Ted Paxson. If he could just have put the rehearsal on, with gestures, it would have been even better than it was. It was his own idea and it pleased him inordinately, as he was singing for fun.

I asked him once if he sang for the sheer joy of it, as the story-books have it. Seriously, he said: “Not always. Don’t let anyone tell you they do, either, when they get as old as I am!” Pooey! But I thought just the same I liked the frankness of his answer.

After lunch, he usually rolls out the old Cadillac and makes a quick trip to the studio for more fan mail. As if he didn’t have enough already! He’s very popular with the girls in the publicity department there and they count on him for at least one laugh a day. A welcome relief from many of those “haughty boydens” with which they have to contend. And Nelson, on his part, never tires of telling what a swell bunch of gals they are, and were, to him when he wasn’t so popular. (You know, he was under contract for three years before “Naughty Marietta” did the trick.)

Then more fan mail business, interspersed with trips to the tailor, Victor recordings, business letters and wires to his concert and radio managers, and maybe a few minutes of restful reading. Likes heavy and instructive reading matter, like all ambitious lads.

Isabelle dons her horn-rimmed spectacles, looking more like a youngster than ever, and joins in the fan mail sequence. Sometimes Nelson will stop abruptly and say: “Muz, why don’t you go out and buy...
some hats or get your hair done? This is no fun for you," How little he knows women! No, I'll take that back—how little he knows mothers. For that crack about hats isn't too hard for any woman to take, but to say that opening thousands of letters eulogizing one's son, isn't any fun, that's open to argument. So she might trot along on a little shopping tour or to the hairdresser. She's deservedly a bit vain about her mop of flame-colored hair. On her way out, Nelson will laughingly call to her: "Don't boast about your baby too much, will you?"

It's dinner time now. Just the two of them, usually, with an occasional guest. Then maybe a local movie or some such innocuous amusement. It occurs to me right here that this is getting all sorts of sweetness and light stuff. Don't get me wrong. Sure, he goes out on dates. Just about as much as any eligible bachelor—no more, no less.

He's by no means a Mother's Boy in that odious sense of the word. It's just that they have so much in common. He and any two individuals not united by relationship, but possessing many common denominators, such as wit, humor, sincerity, understanding, etc.

Who can blame him if he's singular enough to find his mother the most amusing and congenial companion he knows at the moment?

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Movie-Go-Round

Continued from page 31

with Robert Donat in London for Alexander Korda. They should make a striking pair. Donat, who was such a success in "The Ghost Goes West," had just been in Paris on a short holiday before beginning his labors in supporting La Dietrich, if one may call such a pleasant undertaking laborious work. Marlene longed to linger in Paris and left for London reluctantly but promised to stay a bit longer when the film is finished. With her was her young daughter Maria who will be placed in a school in England. Though thoroughly Continental, Marlene says she feels most happy when in Hollywood.

At the Gare St. Lazare there was an amusingly interesting proof of what a famous face does to crowds. Even the same train was a name that is as famous as La Dietrich but whose face, alas, is unknown to the multitudes. Quietly stepping off the train with his little terrier beside him was Professor Max Reinhardt, the great producer. He stopped and watched the mobs around Marlene with an amused twinkle in his eye and then wandered out alone. I too, was amused at the contrasts. It is a joy to talk to Professor Reinhardt with his brilliant mind and varied interests. He was on his way to Salzburg where he planned to produce three plays. During this time he will be at work on the scenario for "Danton," a film of the French Revolution which he will produce in November at the Warner Bros. Studio in Hollywood with Paul Muni in the leading part.

With all these arrivals will come a departure which will surely prove of great interest in America. Fersand Graevey, who is the most popular French star at the moment, is leaving to make his first American film with Warner Bros. Graevey is to avoid the answer to every director's prayer. He is young, good-looking, and at the same time a great actor—equally at home in romantic or comedy roles. He has for the past five years turned down every tempting offer the big Hollywood producers have dangled before him, but this summer he signed with Mervyn LeRoy.

In October he will star in his Hollywood film. Now all you gals must be prepared for a new and refreshing personality. His accent will intrigue you greatly. After his return to France the film will be released later on to do more films in Hollywood. His name is really Graevey but we decided that it sounded too much like what you sop up with bread when eating a good roast. So he has inserted an extra "a" in his name so the Americans will pronounce it as it is in Europe. We will all see, but whatever he is called I am sure it will be a pronounced success!
Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look older than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed
The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your underskin are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your outer skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin
Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can't age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L145, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 6 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.50 to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________ State ______

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noticed Randy on the set and sent for the casting director. The same day C. B. DeMille sent for him and offered to test him for the lead in "Dynamite." Randy tested for the Fox studios and DeMille on the same afternoon. Fox wanted to sign him, but Randy held off because he wanted to hear from the great DeMille. Finally that director sent for him. He advised Randy to remain in Hollywood, because he showed great signs of promise. But he was too inexperienced for DeMille purposes and Joel McCrea got the job.

To keep busy Randy joined the Pasadena Community Players. He appeared in a minstrel show and a play called "Superman," with a then unknown actor named Robert Young. In the meantime Fox was after him again. He was induced to desert the stage and make another test. It turned out a success, but he waited around eight months without doing a single day's work. The day he planned to sail for Honolulu, Randy decided to visit his dentist. Coming out on Vine Street, he ran into Margaret Fawcett, daughter of the distinguished character actor, George Fawcett. Margaret's mother was appearing in a play at the Vine Street Theatre. (now a double-bill movie house). Margaret urged Randy to read for a certain part. He got the job and on the strength of that, went over to the El Capitan Theatre to appear in "Broken Wings."

When Paramount was searching for a leading man for Carole Lombard, director Lloyd Corrigan tested Randy. He was signed, and has been with that company ever since. Gradually his stock has been boosted until today he is one of the most sought-after leading men on the screen.

Graduating out of westerns, he eventually made his biggest hit in "Roberta" and "Follow the Fleet," both with Fred Astaire. His friendship with the Astaires began then. Randy's newest pictures, "Last of the Mohicans," and "Personal Appearance," with Mae West, top all of his former work by far.

In spite of his gradual success, Randy continued to remain in Hollywood—but never became a part of it. In spite of his good looks, the fuss and attention made by women, he kept to himself and remained more or less an enigma. When he met Cary Grant, a needed friendship came into his life. On the beach at Santa Monica, they shared a house where each could lead his own life. Occasionally they'd have a few friends in for an evening. Most of the time, Randy, who does not care for parties, remained home alone. When Cary married Virginia Cherrill, Randy went his separate way. When Cary's marriage failed, Randy was right there to be that friend in need.

Whenever his work allowed it, Randy carried himself back South to visit his family. It was in 1915 that he first knew Marion duPont. Theirs was the kind of friendship every man hopes for in his life. Their likes and dislikes were based on mutual understanding. She was easy to talk to and Randy isn't one to confide in people easily. Always on those trips back home, Randy never failed to go to Montpelier, Virginia, and renew his friendship with the duPont family. Over a period of years the friendship deepened. Randy began to find himself looking forward to going home. In spite of his Hollywood success, many of the things most sacred to him still seemed to be missing from his life.

When Marlon duPont married T. H. Somerville, Randy was one of the first to wish them well. It wasn't until this year, long after the Somerville divorce, that there came a change in Randy's heart. Between Marlon and himself a deep bond of affection had grown. There were plans of marriage, to take place in the fall. But the death of his father brought Randy home sooner than he expected. The loss of his loved one affected him deeply. Jack Heath, the same friend who first accompanied Randy to California, never left his side. On the way driving over to see Marlon, it was Jack who turned to Randy and said:

"Why waste all this time by waiting? You two love and need each other. Why don't you get married now?"

The minute Randy heard these words, he realized they were the echo of his own thoughts. When he asked Marlon, she felt exactly the same way. Over to Chester, South Carolina, they drove, and were married in the home of Jack Heath's brother. Without any secrecy or attempt to evade, Randy signed the marriage certificate with his full name, George Randolph Scott. Not a single reporter connected him with Randy Scott the movie star.

A picture engagement brought Randy right back to Hollywood. Having witnessed what vicious gossip and distorted publicity can do to private lives, Randy determined that his marriage must remain a secret until his bride joined him in Hollywood. Because Marlon duPont comes from a world where human emotions are not exposed to the four winds, Randy refused to have her subjected to the usual hue and
cry accorded a movie star's wife. Marriage was far too serious and sacred. It was something he had planned and dreamed of as a goal. It meant his life's happiness, and every precaution must be taken to preserve it.

Just as soon as Randy finished his picture and his wife, who breeds, raises and trains race horses, had her business affairs in shape, they planned a honeymoon jaunt to Europe. Everything was in readiness and Randy was prepared to make his marriage announcement just before he sailed. A few hours before sailing time, he was called back to do another picture. "When Fred and I went recently completed "Swing Time," all arrangements had been made for the Astaires and the Scotts to see Europe together. Just as Randy was again on the point of leaving, his phone rang first. It was the studio again calling him back to work. Dejectedly, Randy drove the Astaires to the Glendale airport and long-distance his bride that the trip was off.

Since their marriage in March, Randy has been back to Montpelier once. He made a hurried trip in June and then went back to work again. In August they met for a brief honeymoon in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Even though the separation was a temporary one, it was also an unhappy one. The time was so short when they would both be together that to avoid endless questioning and unkind speculation, they decided to give up the idea of a trip abroad.

By the time you read this, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott will be living happily and quietly in Hollywood. Randy announced his marriage to the world, the minute his wife notified him that her stable's and business affairs were in order and she was on the way. What their plans for the future hold neither cares to discuss. Randy has contract obligations to fulfill and Mrs. Scott must still keep up her interests. Of one thing Randy is positively sure. Nothing is going to mar his happiness or violate the sanctity of his home. The fact that he is a movie star by profession, does not mean that he must be an actor at heart.

Even though I have known of his marriage all this time, Randy has never spoken of his personal affairs from an emotional standpoint. I have heard him speak of his devotion and great respect for his wife. He remarked that he loves sports. She is a great sportswoman. I have often heard Randy say that he would never marry an actress because he wanted a wife who was interested in marriage as a career. I know that the new Mrs. Scott loves to travel and is very well read. She loves her home and her garden in Virginia. It is famous for its many rare flowers and boxwood hedges.

Montpelier (the name of the home) was formerly the home of Ex-President of the United States, James Madison. His body rests there on the estate today. Mrs. Scott, a true aristocrat of the South, loves her home, her horses, and is up every morning at five-thirty attending to them. Many of Mrs. Scott’s horses are famous on the race tracks. She has a special trophy room for their awards. She loves and appreciates all these things that mean so much to Randy, and strangely enough has time for all of them. It is so unusual in the average woman of today and Randy certainly would have been at a loss had he expected to find all this in Hollywood, by marrying an actress.

Don't answer now—they keep Anita Louise so busy at the studio we must let her catch up on her reading—but isn't she pretty, and isn't her living-room lovely?

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!

Hello Ada? This is Grace. Have you found a job yet—because there's one down here. I'm sure you could fill. I spoke to Miss Martin and she said to come in and talk to her tomorrow.

Oh Grace—that would be grand—thank you very much for thinking of me.

I'm terribly sorry you didn't get it, Ada. Old-Miss Martin said why she didn't think you'd do.

I know Ada would make good Miss. I'm sure she can do all his work. His skin is clear.

She just didn't think you'd do.

I'm just felt I made a bad impression.

Grace. I wonder do you think these pimples could be the reason?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep you out of a job.

Pimples can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—-from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood.

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cokes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!
Avoid lipstick parching...and keep lips lovable

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive. So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a NEW kind of lipstick. It gives your lips exciting, indelible color...but without any parching penalties.

Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick smooths and softens your lips, because it contains a special softening ingredient, “Essence of Theobrom.”

Make the “Over-night” Experiment! Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty “Sub-Deb” comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty “Sub-Deb” Ronge, also 50c.

Femi-nifties

Beauty News for November

Magic Cerate” which contains certain cell-building biological elements we’re told have never before been embodied in a chemical formula. This cerate acts to restore normal pore action and revitalize the skin from within.

We’d all like to indulge in the luxury of regular facial treatments at a Dorothy Gray salon. But for those of us who can’t, Dorothy Gray introduces her new Salon Cold Cream. It’s a white, fine-textured emulsion that does a lot of work for one cream. Every ingredient is salon quality, and it has a lovely soft fragrance that smells expensive. Dorothy Gray Salon Cream does a thorough cleansing job. It is softening to the skin that tends to become harshened from weather hazards. And a quick cleansing with it in the morning leaves your skin in fresh, smooth condition to receive its make-up.

If YOU’d like that flat-as-a-pancake look around the waistline, Kleinert will provide it. They’ve just introduced a flat-front girdle of two-way stretch Lastex that’s a veritable honey! The secret lies in a built-in Sturdi-flex front panel that holds the “tummy” perfectly flat without benefit of a single bone. We’ve been told on good authority that it actually reduces, too, at the same time it holds you in. It comes in the most desired lengths and measurements. There’s a pantie-girdle model for you who lose them. We’d like to tell you the price of Kleinert’s Flat-front Girdle, it’s so absurdly low—but policy prevents.

We had barrels of fun shampooing our hair with an Oleapac—it’s such an unusual and convenient little aid to hair beauty! What an Oleapac really consists of is a small compressed tissue cloth impregnated with cleansing and tonic ingredients. You simply slip it out of its tiny envelope, unfold it, and rub it all over your well-dampened hair, wash-cloth fashion. It makes a sumptuous lather. Use the same Oleapac for a second lathering.

Daggett & Ramsdell’s Perfect Hand Cream lives up to its name.

There’s beauty for the hardest-worked or hardest-playing hands in Daggett & Ramsdell’s Perfect Hand Cream! It’ll give your hands that lady-of-leisure look no matter how much time they spend doing housework, handling carbon paper at the office, or driving a car or golf ball. This hand cream is so fine and light in texture that it is absorbed right into the skin, leaving your hands soft, white, and delicately perfumed, yet absolutely minus in stickiness. We know you’ll like it!

Your eyes won’t let you down in moments made for romance, if you’ve touched up the lashes with dependable Maybelline mascara. The big news from the Maybelline Company is their new cream mascara, a ready-to-use form containing all the essential qualities that made their cake mascara famous. Like its older sister, this cream mascara is instantly beautifying, harmless to lashes and wonderfully lasting. It comes in an adorable little purse-like, waterproof zipper case with one pocket for the generous tube of cream mascara and another for the accompanying brush. The shades are black, brown, and blue.

WOMEN over thirty who are coming into the Summer of Life can be content to leave Springtime behind—if they’ve learned how to keep youth in their complexions and contours! Eunice Skelly, specialist in facial rejuvenation, has taught that lesson to many, as the enthusiastic letters she receives testify. She has developed a product called “Ultra-Violet
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

still tease her about one of them. We were playing the game when you say: "My father is raising something beginning with A— and the rest crow apple'' or 'asparagus something. Georgette had 'B,' and we guessed every known and unknown fruit and vegetable. When we gave up—"

"Georgette cried; 'Batatoes,'" remembered Loretta, laughing. "But she wouldn't do that now. She's feeling quite old these days."

"Sometimes at informal parties we serve Gretchen's veal loaf sliced, together with different salads. Huntington salad is always good," considered her mother.

HUNTINGTON SALAD

Pare and steam until tender 2 medium sized white potatoes, cool and cut in dice, put in bowl rubbed with a clove of garlic, 1 cup cooked young peas, 1 cup French button mushrooms, 1 cup finely chopped celery hearts, 1 cup Heinz pickled pearl onions cut in halves; mix lightly with half a cup of Heinz's mayonnaise and 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar.

Line a salad bowl with shredded lettuce hearts and mound the salad mixture on it in pyramid form.

Garnish with capers and nasturtium flowers.

Another good salad for buffet parties is a fish salad:

FISH SALAD

Rub bowl with clove of garlic; mix in bowl 1 1/2 cups cold cooked fish broken in small flakes, 3/4 cup peeled and diced cucumber, 2/4 cup peeled and diced celery; 2 chopped hardboiled egg whites, 1 chopped green pepper; 1 chopped pimento, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 cup French dressing.

Let stand in icebox 30 minutes, drain and mound on lettuce covered dish. Cover with potato salad dressing; press hardboiled egg yokes through a sieve over salad, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

"Do look at the living room before I rush away," suggested Loretta. "Then we'll have coffee upstairs and I'll return to 'Ramona.' Do you know they are giving me all my 'Ramona' costumes. I adore them!"

The living room, opening from the left side of the hall, is an interesting series of color complementsaries in olive green, ivory and magenta. The paneled walls are pale green, two magenta-ivory-green striped chairs against the room, and two wide ivory damask Italian settees face each other by the fireplace over a beautiful magenta Aubusson rug.

There are half a dozen tiny Eighteenth Century chairs, numerous occasional tables, a grand piano and a rare cabinet filled with Eighteenth Century porcelains.

"When Mother found this, it was painted black, explained Loretta, flicking open the miniature drawers each with its delicate scene. "I believe a dentist was using it for his summer. When it was restored they uncovered all these lovely little inlaid pictures.

"I am terribly thrilled over old things, People give them to me, or Mother finds them for me. An old friend of the family over in France sent me these two adorable cherubs, one laughing and one crying. Polly Ann, my sister, stayed at his house when she was abroad, and do you know he wouldn't let her go out alone even in the daytime?"

---

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance— with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is... improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth...your gums...your tongue...with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
HINTS for the EYES of WIVES!

by Jane Heath

UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of Kurlash enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private cache of Kurlash products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are enchanted with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into Kurlash ($1 at good stores) in an split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat! No cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other absolutely undetectable Kurlash products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a beautiful surprise today.

Lushist Compact. A patented paste case with a little sponge, storing just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking. Proof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

Kurone. Dyes the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated). $1 in a shade to match your eye, gives the youthful shinny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.

Twisters. The little miracle tweecer with curved sciss-handle lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash


We laughed when she told us. A girl of twenty-two, as she was then, ought to be old enough to go out anywhere, we thought, but Polly Ann said you didn't feel right about it in France, she was glad to have an escort or a chaperon.

"I'm eager to get enough time to see other countries the way Polly Ann has done," Loretta confided as we were having coffee in the delicate rose and French blue of her boudoir. "I feel that so far all I've had was a bird's eye view taken on the wing.

"The best-looking men I ever saw were the Italians in Rome, I remember once I wanted to take a ride in one of those horse-drawn victorias in Rome when everyone else was taking a siesta. I found an empty one, but I couldn't waken the driver. He was so handsome I just sat and looked at him till he woke up."

The car came for her then and she flew down the stairs, long skirts trailing till she caught them up with a quick turn of the wrist that distinctly belonged to her favorite period—Eighteenth Century.

Cagney, Rollicking Rebel

Continued from page 23

Blonde now! Binnie Barnes deserts the brunette division and becomes fair-haired with becoming effect.

seven, whose raincoat and boots were dripping with rain, I asked him what he might want.

"In, he came, and when he'd removed his wet things and settled down by the fire he told me he'd come to me for help. He wanted letters to Hollywood people that could help him to start on an actor's career!"

"What makes you suppose you can act?"

I asked. "Have you ever done anything?"

"Nothing to speak of, he admitted. High school dramatics, town hall stuff."

It took me a few hours to talk him out of his 'career.' Don't ask me how—I just showed him all he needed to know before he could crash. It does happen, sometimes, I admitted, that an inexperienced unknown gets a break—but my advice was first to connect with a stock company, to knock his brains out with work and more work—to get hired and fired and hired again. And I finally convinced him.

"He'd walked about eighteen miles to see me and when the rain stopped a delivery wagon gave him a lift back.

"The movies,' I told him as we parted, 'are always looking for something new, and Hollywood will absorb anything from personal eccentricities to color—but the trick is to have that something!'"

"And what about you—will you keep your individuality of mannerism, the trigger-action delivery and compactness of gesture which make a Cagney picture something different?"

"Of course I'll keep them! They're trademarks, and one doesn't scrap a trademark."

"Great Guy! It's just the story for me, about a fellow who's a great little guy because he's thoroughly honest—he can't be bought—and it has a really swell new idea behind it. We start production the middle of September."

"You've bought other material too, I suppose?"

"There's an incident story, 'Master Mind,' and then there's an idea which I have and which I expect to develop."

Don't be surprised if Jimmy turns author on us!"
Which should relieve the Cagney fans who have come to look for some new trick in his latest release and who are rarely disappointed.

I wondered whether he would do a color picture? And I noticed, as he answered, that no matter how casually his opinions are expressed, they are all matured as they are delivered in short, crisp phrases in an incredibly low voice.

"Color is the next step forward and I'd like to do one. Brunettes, in the broadest sense, have personalities which are best expressed in black, white, grey and intermediate tones, perhaps, but what about the redheads—Charlie Bickford and me? What will color do to us who are not 'black-and-white' subjects? That's what sets you wondering! There are so few in Hollywood—Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald—perhaps that's because color, up to now, has been relatively unimportant. But tomorrow?

"In the past it's screamed its way through story and action. But when it is orchestrated—allegro, crescendo!—then as much thought will be given to a color climax as to story motivation.

"Take a picture in which I'm cast as 'Red.' Then the picture shows me to be a brunette—it's a phony. You see a valuable tie-up with the role is lost. But when there is a 'Red' who looks like 'Red' then it becomes at once important and meaningful!"

He has plans and what looks like a brand new future before him. It will be interesting to watch them develop.

MacDonald's Merry Romance
Continued from page 22

"Jeanette, Gene," said Mr. Swarts, leading them into the living room, "why didn't you tell me you were going together now? Secrets, eh?" Jeanette hastily retired to one corner of the room, and Gene to the other, like two prize-fighters, but no matter how they avoided each other that evening every one at the dinner party assumed, but definitely, that they were romantically interested.

Well, it might have stopped there, Gene and Jeanette both being very reserved young people—but it didn't. A few weeks later they met again in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre, not on the doorstep this time for there is no doorstep but a forecourt is practically the same, and there were dozens of photographers and columnists looking on. It was the important preview of "Les Miserables" and it seems that the studio had promised to have passes for both Jeanette and Gene at the door. (They are both tremendously interested in pictures and rarely miss an outstanding preview.) "May I have the tickets for Gene Raymond," Gene was saying when he became aware of a vision of loveliness at his side. "Why, it's my favorite bell-ringer," said Jeanette, "I haven't any bells for you to ring this evening but will you please ask for my tickets too?" Further conversation was impossible for the photographers had gathered two stars together, and two stars together in Hollywood mean a romance, so the bulbs began to flash. Tomorrow their pictures would be in all the Los Angeles newspapers and before the week was over they would be headlined in every newspaper in the country as "Hollywood's Newest Romance." As Gene and Jeanette were leaving the theatre after the preview Gene managed to whisper, "I think we'd better do something about it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeanette. "Will you come to dinner next week?" A few nights after...
Have a Clear LOVELY SKIN 
"All Over!"

Music and charm! Fred Keating talks tunefully to Jean Chatburn in a corner of the studio where they are engaged in making "The Devil on Horseback."

that Gene sent Jeanette orchids and took her dancing at the Trocadero—and a real, honest-to-goodness Hollywood romance was well on its way.

While Jeanette and Gene were waiting around Hollywood for Fate to bring them together on Roszika Dolly's doorstep so that they could fall desperately in love, Gene was rapidly acquiring the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. From time to time he would escort Janet Gaynor, Ann Sothern and Mary Brian to various parties, (and often his lovely mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling), but every time the gossip columnists would try to make something out of it Gene and Janet and Ann and Mary would churl, "We're only friends." Which was the truth.

But what about Jeanette—while she was waiting for Roszika Dolly's doorstep? Like many beautiful and glamorous actresses Jeanette has had more romances than real ones. All she had to do was appear on the screen in the arms of one of Hollywood's idolized screen lovers and the world in general, (aided and abetted by the studio publicity department), immediately imagined them passionately in love. Ever since "Naughty Marietta" it has been hard to convince the public that Jeanette and Nelson Eddy weren't romantically interested in each other, else how could they make such divine love on the screen? And of course when the sensational popoular "Naughty Marietta" was followed by "Rose Marie" the public was utterly convinced that Jeanette and Nelson were in love. As a matter of fact Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy hadn't been particularly impressed with each other at all when they first met—there was just a tinge of professional jealousy—but after spending days together on the set, especially when they were on location in the beautiful Lake Tahoe country, they began to know and like each other very much. Both being music-lovers they had much in common. So when they returned from location they continued to be interested in each other's career and appeared together quite often in Hollywood. When Nelson Eddy gave his concert in Los Angeles Jeanette was right there in the audience. And when "San Francisco" was previewed in Westwood Village Nelson and his mother sat right back of Jeanette and Gene. "I'll have to give you some tips, Gene, about marrying Jeanette," Nelson said at Jeanette's engagement party, "I've married her so many times."

Another of Jeanette's rumored romances was with Maurice Chevalier. Ernst Lubitsch was so impressed with Jeanette when he saw her in the Chicago production of "Boom-Boom" that he signed her for the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," and thereby started a romantic singing team that did not break up until Metro had revised "The Merry Widow" and Maurice had returned to his native France. It was Europe, however, which presented Jeanette with a Chevalier romance, (Hollywood knew better), and it all came about in a very exciting way: When Jeanette's picture "Monte Carlo" was released on the Continent the atmosphere was so beautifully done and so authentic that most Europeans thought the picture had actually been made on the Riviera instead of in Hollywood. So when a story broke in their newspapers concerning a certain crown prince and his clandestine love affair with a blonde girl, the rumor started that the girl was Jeanette MacDonald. The story was that the prince's wife caught her husband and his lady love and shot the girl, who was taken to Italy. What happened to her after that was a mystery. At any rate Jeanette's pictures were banned in Europe. Meanwhile, musical pictures suffered a set-back in Hollywood and Jeanette made three pictures for Fox in which she did not sing. This caused the further report in Europe that Jeanette was dead and that her sister, (who could not sing but who resembled her), had taken her place on the screen! You can well imagine how this worried Jeanette. And the studios weren't so pleased to lose the European markets, either. So finally she figured it out that the only thing she could do would be to appear in concert in Europe, (she had never been there before), and let the Europeans see for themselves that she was most alive and singing. When she arrived in France she discovered to her horror that there were still a lot of people who believed that fantastic story of her "romance" with the prince and that the French people and the press were frightfully antagonistic to her. There were demonstrations against her at the docks when she landed. Poor Jeanette was certain that she was about to die for her art, and it was with the feeling of a Marie Antoinette mounting the guillotine that she stepped out on the stage that awful night of her first concert in Paris. She must have looked very small, very alone, and very appealing, for somehow or other the audience which had gathered to boo her off the stage suddenly began to warm up to her and when she had finished her first song there was a thundering applause. Jeanette's worries were over. She became the woman of the hour in Paris. At the end of the concert she was informed...
Another Love-match Shipwrecked...

...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

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Lysol Disinfectant

[Image of Lysol bottle]
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Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Distant Star

THE STORY SO FAR

A strange reversal of positions occurs when Bill Banton, former newsboy, attains stardom, and almost at suddenly the impecunious Mavis Dorian, once a most glamorous star, becomes a has-been, her whereabouts unknów to Bill, who has searched for her. He has loved her secretly since he first saw her, and this stands between him and Carol Kelly, dancer who befriended him. But now he was a nobody, and Mavis has risen to prominence as his co-star. Driving home one day, Bill sees Mavis. He orders the chauffeur to stop the car, and invites Mavis to ride with him.

Continued from page 55

smiling from the screen in a cheap picture theatre. It was an old picture—one of your first—and yet you were so fresh and lovely that it knocked me all in a heap. You were my ideal from that day. You've never ceased to be my ideal!"

"Thanks," said Mavis, "for nothing."

She was staring into the fire.

Bill went on. "I've prayed," he said, "to be able to do something for you. In the old days when I had the news-stand I used to do a dream. One of the day dreams was that you'd drop your handkerchief and I'd pick it up. In some of the dreams I'd give it back to you, and you'd smile—smile at me. In some of the dreams I'd keep it. It would be soft and sweet-smelling, and I'd wear it over my heart, the way a knight wore his lady's token."

Mavis tore her glance from the fire. She peered covertly, and briefly, into Bill's rapt face, and said:

"What are you getting at?"

Bill said, "I'm trying to tell you that I worship you. That I'd give my hope of heaven to do your service. I never expected to have the chance, but now I will. You'll be leading lady in my next picture. Mavis—or there won't be any next picture."

Mavis said: "Give me another highball, why not? If your promises are as good as your Scotch, maybe happy days have come again.

Bill filled the crystal glass, hobbling across the room to do so. He hobbled back again, and placed the glass in Mavis' hand. He stood beside her chair as she drank. He stared down at her with his soul in his eyes. Glancing up she caught his expression.

"Why are you leering at me, Bill Banton?" she asked. "Your face is like a war map. If my hick cousin could only see you now!"

Bill said, and he didn't mean to say it at all: "I hadn't intended to leer. I was only thinking—"

"Thinking what?" rapped out Mavis.

That I love you more than ever," Bill said simply. His hand instinctively rested on her shoulder—a shoulder that felt thin through the sleazy stuff of her gown—"that I love you more than ever.

Mavis jerked her shoulder away from under Bill's hand. She was on her feet, and the crystal glass, not quite empty, was shattered against the parquet flooring.

"Don't you dare touch me!" she flung. "Don't you dare! Oh, I thought there was a catch in it, from the first. I thought you weren't playing the Good Samaritan just for the taste of holiness in your mouth. Well, Gimpy, job or no job, the answer is no!"

Bill stared at her. It was the old Mavis
—imperious, bitter, so beautiful that she hurt his every sensibility. But for once he stared at her without love—without a single glimmering of adoration. It was horror alone that made his eyes so deep and sunken.

Bill Banton said slowly, "You—misunderstood me. You've always misunderstood everything. I said I loved you. So I did.

Mavis was laughing. Her laughter rang eerily.

"I suppose," she said, "that you were proposing to me, eh? The way the boys proposed, back in Sheboygan, on the parlor sofa, Asking me to do you the honor of becoming your wife?"

Bill spoke slowly. "When I found you tonight," he said, "on the street, in the rain, we seemed, somehow, to have come closer to each other. For one wild moment, when I brought you up to this place, I thought that I might do just that—ask you to marry me. I thought that maybe your luck had made you, who are so lovely, more tolerant of ugly things like twisted legs and useless feet. I guess I was wrong."

Mavis showed no pity. She said: "Yes, you were. Dead wrong. It takes more than a thin time to make me change my whole point of view—to make me grow a new set of instincts. Other women have gone for you—that little fool, Carol Kelly, for instance—but not me. Once a dog with a broken leg dragged himself up to my door. I shoed him away. I suppose I was sorry for him, but I didn't want to see him—or touch him. I feel the same way about you—only I'm not too sorry for you. You've made your crooked leg pay. It's been a good gag."

All at once Bill felt tired, and centuries old. Months ago Carol Kelly—little dancing Carol—had asked him his age. That was back in the dark days when he had kept a news-stand at the gates of Paradise. He had answered, "I might be thirty. I might be a hundred and thirty. I might be a thousand and thirty."

Tonight he was a thousand and thirty. He said:

"I think you'd better go. Have you any money? I mean so you can stay at a good hotel?"

Mavis laughed. "That lump in my pocket," she said, "is a roll of million dollar bills. Be yourself!"

Bill fumbled in his pocket. He brought out a wallet. There were some pretty hefty bank notes in the wallet. He said:

"You better take these. And if you'll come around to Ultra Alta tomorrow, say in the late afternoon—I'll have things lined up."

Mavis clutched at the bank notes greedily. Bill was careful that his fingers did not even brush her fingers. She looked at him oddly, and said:

"Still optimistic, huh? Well, there won't be anything in this for you. Get that, Bill."

Bill said, and meant it: "I don't want anything."

* * *

Mavis Dorian had gone. Bill didn't help her on with the rain coat, he didn't go with her to the door. He sat in front of the dying fire and stared into the red-gold center of it. It wasn't only the fire that was dying—it was Bill's soul, his dearest dream. He thought:

"There's nothing left, except work...

Finally, when the fire had burned to a sullen gray ash, he stumbled up and went toward his bedroom. He opened the door and limped toward his bed—built low and wide, for a man who sometimes couldn't rest easily. He stopped short and said incongruously—"

"For crying out loud!"

The bed wasn't empty. Carol, one hand under a sleep-flushed cheek, was lying

There is a saying that when at a first meeting the impression is made on the heart, that impression never changes... Evening in Paris Perfume speaks the language of the heart... For Evening in Paris is known the world over as the fragrance of romance... It is the perfume masterpiece of the man who has created most of the great perfumes... a perfume as rich in moods, as enchanting to the senses, as Paris, itself, at night.

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across the top of it, with a silken countertop draped around her slim body. She looked like a child who had been tucked away, with her prayers said, and no fear of boogie-men. Bill stared at her fixedly for the space of a hundred heart-beats, before he rasped:

"Carol, get up!"

Carol stirred. Her eyes flew widely open. She smiled, and her smile was so happy that it almost made tears come to Bill Banton's own eyes. She said in a drowsy voice:

"It's nice to wake up and see you, Bill."

Bill tried to be severe. He queried:

"How long have you been here? When did you get in, and why did you stay so long jangled in his brain: "How much did you hear?"

Carol said, "I came right from the studio. You weren't home yet, but Moto—Moto was Bill's Japanese servant—let me in. I told him to beat me. Then I got groggy—that last dance routine was terrific—and came in and went to sleep under your elegant quilt. I haven't moved—did she ever regard Bill a shade anxiously—since. Until I heard you calling me."

Bill sat down on the edge of the bed. He said:

"Mavis Dorian has been here. I met her on the way home from M. B.'s party. I gave her money and the promise of a job. She was down and out again, but lucky.

Carol said: "You would! Did you," her voice shook, "give her anything else?"

Bill told her: "A couple of drinks and a million sandwiches."

He said: "I don't play possum. I mean your heart, entirely."

Bill wanted to lie. He couldn't. His face was drawn as he answered:

"I told her that I had always loved her. Give her your heart, you ask? She kicked my heart until it was black and blue. I don't think my heart will ever," he forced a laugh, "be the same with her again."

Carol said: "I hope not." She sat up, and brushed the tumbled curls out of her eyes. "Your heart," she said, "has always been the only thing I've thought of you to do. I'll fix that. Will you marry me, Bill? Tomorrow?—" she peered down at a slender platinum wrist uncurled.

Bill said, "You're so attractive—a grand person. You deserve the best in the world. But if you want to make your dinner on the spot, I'm a life of leisure."

He leaned forward and kissed her. On the lips. It was the first time he had ever kissed Carol—she'd done all the kissing, to some part of an experience—surprisingly pleasant. Bill kissed her again, lingeringly. It was like a film episode—and yet it was real. Involuntarily his arms went around the girl's slimness. He felt her relax against his shoulder. It made him feel strong and protective, the way her little body loosened in his grasp. He kissed her again, tenderly.

"Speaking of scraps," said Carol shakily, "did Mavis leave any sandwiches?"

Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday"

Continued from page 27

would be the fashion rage of the world. Only Nicole was different from the others. Nicole with her short cropped hair and her eyes that met the look with an arrogance that entitled her to his own, her arms crossed and her hands tucked under them and her feet placed squarely on the floor as if she were done with posing and pirouetting forever.

"This one!" Stefan Orloff smiled enigmatically as he walked towards her, and his gesture dismissed the others.

"Monseur is secretary to the Duchess de Roux," Mme. Jeanette explained. "Unfortunately she is ill and has asked me to send her some of her wrapped jewels. As you seem to be nearest her size and coloring I will have to ask you to go with Monsieur Orloff and model them."

It was a strange adventure that was beginning. Nicole was aware of the man's eyes fastened on her as he helped her into a taxi and sat beside her.

"Tired!" His voice came to her with something of a shock. It was almost too suave, too low and gentle. And then, as she nodded: "Why do you do this sort of thing?"

"Ambition, my friend." Her laugh came with a bitterness that had grown familiar to it. "Somebody I may be the fat mistress of a shop like that and have hired girls to wear their feet out for me."

"Perhaps some day I'll set you up in business." His voice came with the same casiness, and then as she straightened indignantly, he laughed. "And then again there is always the possibility that I won't." In spite of herself Nicole was beginning to like him. There was the French mother in her to give her grudging admiration to his high-handed arrogance and the Irish father that was in her even though it was directed at herself; and there was herself, the American, to make her unafraid and to accept any adventure that might come her way.

Even before he ushered her into the big house that had so palpably been unlivin in for a long time with its furniture shrouded in dust covers and not as much as an ash tray anywhere, her suspicions had been mounting. Now when they opened the door to the room where she was to change into Jeanette's highest priced dinner gown and dust swirled in a little cloud around her feet as she stumbled on the thick, plush carpet she turned sharply and faced him.

"There's no one here!" He bowed ironically as she went on. "There is no duchess de Roux at all. This is a trick. I'm not going to stay to find out what kind."

"I'm afraid you have me," he said, "and praised her in the salon, had seen more than a few proud hands of his about the city's social life. Quick charm that had made her stand out from the others. There had been courage in the eyes that had faced him; then. There was courage in the eyes that disclaimed him now.

"Don't you think it would be better to sit down and listen to me?" He held out his cigarette case and to the surprise she found herself taking one, leaning forward as he held his lighter to its tip. "First, about this house. I have leased it, that is I have deposited my sight toward a lease. Whether the check will be good depends on you. I've come here to make your fortune. Tonight I have hopes of amalgamating an idea of mine with the very necessary capital of another gentleman."

"I don't see what any of this has to do with me," Nicole said.

"One can't accomplish big things alone, with the manner of a penniless adventurer," his confidence made her believe this strange man in spite of herself. "So I have involved his get-up. Have dinner with us, the theatre, and afterwards the Florentine. I am planning this with an air, an aura of success to inspire a reputation of confidence that is indescribable. It's the French."

"And I was to be part of the air? It all sounds very fantastic," Nicole protested.

"But why me? There are millions of women in Paris!"

"The sort that can be picked up on any
street corner wouldn't do. I needed a lady. In the name of your own ambition I ask you to give me a chance. I will realize a great deal of money. The shop of your own, that you were talking about—that is not impossible either."

"I see," she looked at him and beyond him to the past. The crowded street in Brooklyn. The shop in New York. The shop in Paris. But afterwards when she knew him better, she told him it was her feet that really decided her. Her feet aching then as they had ached at the end of every working day that she could remember. "Of course you understand it would be a strictly business proposition?" She met his eyes squarely. "No sentimental ty. No gooby friendship. It is not my silly heart you are appealing to but my calculating head which sees a chance to bargain a favor for a favor."

That was the way it began, like a fantastic fragment of a dream. A little over a year—and there was Orloff, a power in France now, his wealth and his charities known the country over. There were his friends, among the most influential in France, friends that could be of help to a man with his feet over a volcano. Chalon, the newspaper editor; Dupont, who had been a gendarme when he first met Orloff but whose friend's power had made him chief of police. There were bankers and statesmen, and there were other men too, whom the Russian had lifted from penurious obscurity and made the figureheads of his various enterprises. Enterprises his name must not be connected with.

There was the public, of course, the midinettes and the small shopkeepers and the clerks and the widows who bought Orloff's bonds and dreamed their dreams of rapid riches. But of these Orloff thought little. Fools, all of them, he thought when he thought of them all, rungs that could be broken in the fabulous ladder of success he had made for himself.

And there was Nicole, smart and successful too with her own shop and her fortunes mounting so rapidly that she had been able to repay Orloff every centime he had given her to establish herself.

A favor bargained for a favor! That was the way she had put it on that Spring evening that had begun their adventure; but she had not reckoned then on that grateful heart of hers that poured out her friendship to him, on the loyalty that could not or would not see the crookedness in the schemes that had sent him skyrocketing to success. So she could admire this woman even if she could not return the love he begged from her.

"I'm just beginning. Stefan, and I have a long way to go." It was always this same answer she gave to his plea. "I couldn't

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STOLEN HOLIDAY
A Warner Bros. Picture
THE CAST
Nicole Picot.............Kay Francis
Stefan Orloff...........Claude Rains
Anthony Wayne..........Ian Hunter
Suzy side................Alison Skipworth
Frances Chalon.........Walter Kingsford
Anatole..................Alexander D'Arcy
LeGrande.................Charles Halton
Riever..................Frank Reicher
Dupont..................Frank Conroy
M. Borei.................Wedgewood Nowell
Helen Tuttle...........Betty Lawford
Hane, Jeanne...........Kathleen Howard
Deputy Bergery.........Egon Brecher
Prefect of Police......Robert Strange

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
Directed by Michael Curtiz

France, friends that could be of help to a man with his feet over a volcano. Chalon, the newspaper editor; Dupont, who had been a gendarme when he first met Orloff but whose friend's power had made him chief of police. There were bankers and statesmen, and there were other men too, whom the Russian had lifted from penurious obscurity and made the figureheads of his various enterprises. Enterprises his name must not be connected with.

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It's perfect
that's what
women say
of new GLAZO

"It's perfect
that's what
women say
of new GLAZO"

So lovely, so superior, that
old-type polishes are OUT

GLAZO is the perfect beauty "find" for
fingertips. They're thrilled with Glazo's
amazing new formula—so superior to old-
type polishes in its richness of luster, its
longer wear and ease of application.

New Glazo wears several extra days, with no
chipping, peeling or cracking to dis-
turb its shimmering charm. It soaks streak-
ing, flows on every nail with glorious even-
tness of color. And evaporation has been
so reduced that your polish is usable down
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Glazo brings to your fingertips a wide
range of exclusive, fashion-approved colors
—and be sure to see those stunning "misty-
res!"—Glazo Santant, Poppy Red and
Russet. Glazo Manicure Preparations are
now only 20 cents each.

detour to fall in love with anyone now.
Perhaps some lonely Monday afternoon I'll
wake up to the fact that I've been in love
with you all the time.

That was the way things stood between
them the day Nicole left with Suzanne for
a holiday in Switzerland. Orloff saw the
mistress in the young woman's eyes as she
followed Nicole into the plane. Taking
Suzanne into her shop, making her her
companion away from it had been the only
thing in which Nicole had ever disobeyed
Orloff. But she had stuck valiantly to her
old friend.

Orloff was a superstitious man as all
gamblers are. As he watched the plane take
off he wondered if Nicole was taking his
lack away. After all, she had brought it
to him in the first place and now—his eyes
clouded as he thought of Ranier, one of his
figureheads who had come to him the night
before afraid of the books he had doctored
and the bonds Orloff had forced him to
float.

If Ranier were right, if there really was
suspicion directed at his shady dealings,
if he should be arrested, what would hap-
pen to him. For Orloff knew the man well
enough to know that he would talk if he
found himself in a tight spot. And with
Nicole gone he was afraid for the first time
in his life.

It was her first day in Geneva that
Nicole met Anthony Wayne, the young
English diplomat Suzanne had struck up
an acquaintance with, wanting him for
Nicole the moment she saw him, and after
she had introduced them she had made
such an obvious move to leave them alone
that they had both laughed.

Funny how it all began, laughing like
that. There were so many things to do, so
many things to say, so many things to
laugh about. Long rides through the coun-
try, luncheons at little country inns, trips
on the lake in the small tourist steamer,
and always their laughter there between
them and that new awareness of each other.
Then one day Tony's eyes were suddenly
serious as he turned toward her.

"I wish I'd known you ages ago," he
said. "I wish we had pulled each other's
hair as children and seen our names writ-
ten inside a heart in chalk on the sidewalk.
I wish it were our families who had made
plans instead of my family and Helen's,
because then it would be more like a mar-
rriage and less like an amalgamation."

He had mentioned that name before but
so casually that Nicole thought nothing of
it. Now her heart twisted as she looked
steadily ahead at the road stretching in
front of the car.

"When are you going to be married?"
she asked at last, and was a little shocked
to hear her voice the same as always when
everything else had changed so terribly.

"I'm not," Tony said quietly. "I've
changed my mind. Do you know whenever
I see a view like this, I have an urge to
yodel?"

It was fun to be able to laugh again, to
laugh as if she would never stop laughing.
She, the things being in love did to you,
she thought, making you laugh even when
the car stopped on a lonely road miles from
nowhere and refused to go on.

"Such a nice day for a walk!" Tony
was unabashed. "It will give us a lovely big
appetite."

And such lovely big blisters," Nicole
agreed.

"Distance is only a matter of relativity,"
Tony took her arm in a new possessive
way, "I'll explain it to you on the way.

So the day sped before them with
its laughter and its fairy tale Swiss coun-
tryside, with its incredible blue sky and the
farmhouse they came to and Tony grinn-
ing as Nicole pounded on the door.

"Ought to be at least a skeleton in the
closet," she insisted, as she laughingly con-
tinued her pounding.

"If there is, the noise you're making will
bring him to life."

"That's the idea." She laughed as she
saw Tony peering into a window.

"What does a kitchen mean to you?" He
demanded.

"Food." He motioned toward the house
with a grandiloquent gesture.

"But it's inside the kitchen, not us." Nicole
giggled as Tony helped her through the
window he had found unlatched and
clambered in after her.

They found bread and potatoes and eggs
and fresh country butter and then they
heard the pigeons cooing in the trees out-
side.

"Squabs!" Tony murmured as though in-
spirited, and in a moment he was back wit-
two of the birds fluttering in his hands.

"Here they are. Meet Annabelle and Mira-
belle. Have you ever done any butchering?"

"That's your job," Nicole said doubt-
fully. "I think you're supposed to wring
the window he had found unlatched and
clambered in after her.

But they discovered they could not kill
the pigeons after all, so they were eating
the omelet Nicole had made when the
farmer and his family returned. Funny how
it is when two people are in love. Even
Papa and Mama Villette and their two
little daughters found themselves laughing
with these strangers who had usurped their
home.

"I never was so excited since Papa pro-
posed.” Mama Villette sighed as Tony commandeered their cart with its cushioning of hay and insisted they all drive into Geneva for a party.

Only in a moment Nicole wasn’t laughing any more, for Tony lifted her to the back of the cart and suddenly her pulses were racing and she felt the mad echo of his own heart answering. And now it was difficult to meet each other’s eyes.

Strange how quickly laughter could give way to something almost like sadness. Even the Villettes sensed the new thing that had come to them and were almost silent during dinner. Then at last they clambered back into their cart again and set out for home; and there was only Nicole and Tony.

“It’s been a happy day,” she whispered as they stood in the corridor outside her suite. “The happiest I can remember.”

“Let me come in,” he urged.

Again there was that fluttering in her heart like wild wings beating. The fear she had never known before.

“No,” her hands held him from her. “No, not tonight, Tony.”

But when she opened the door she held it until he had come in too. And then she was in his arms and his voice was saying, “Darling, darling, darling,” as if he could never stop saying it.

The ringing of the telephone brought them back from the far places of his kiss, back to the dark room and the moonlight filtering through the window and his arms trembling now as they held her.

“Hello,” Nicole said in a voice still hushed and rapturous, a voice that changed, became almost frightened as she listened. For it was Anatole, Orloff’s chief lieutenant in Paris, telling her that Orloff was in trouble and needed her.

“You must promise that you will never let Monsieur Orloff know about this call,” Anatole said. And from her despairing heart Nicole brought out the words to answer him.

What are the 8 “MUSTS” doctors demand of a laxative?

Your doctor doesn’t mince words. He says, emphatically, that a good laxative should meet 8 specific requirements. These requirements are listed below for your protection. Please read them carefully:

The doctor says your laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says your laxative should not: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax meets every specification . . . Ex-Lax answers the doctor’s requirements for a laxative at every single point.

Trust the doctor’s judgment when next you need a laxative. Don’t flirt with trouble in the form of harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. Start using Ex-Lax—and you’ll find new comfort, mildness and complete relief. Find out for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world’s largest-selling laxative. Discover the real reasons why Ex-Lax has been used in doctors’ families, and in millions of other homes, for over 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Children take it readily. And it’s just as gentle, just as effective, for them as it is for you. At all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets — remember

Ex-Lax

The Original Chocolate Laxative
"But of course, I'll leave at once. On the first plane I can get."

Orloff smiled grimly as Anatole turned away from the telephone. The thought of Nicole's returning was the first ray of hope he had felt since Ranie's arrest that morning. Now that she was coming he could fight the whole world if necessary. After all when a man was in trouble he'd best turn to a woman rather than another man.

Then she was there, and Orloff played the game of make-believe he had planned so that it was she who drew the story from him bit by bit as if he were reluctant to have her know of his difficulties, as if even now it were he who was the stronger one.

Nicole's hands tensed as he blamed his friends for the disaster, and she believed him when he said he was innocent. Then when he had finished she turned to him.

"Will you marry me, Stefan?" she asked.

For a moment she remembered Tony and his arms around her. Remembered his voice, "darling, darling, darling." But she must put his arms and his voice away from her, put Tony away and Switzerland and the ridiculous ride on the farmer's cart and laughter and all lost lovely things away from her.

"We will have a wedding such as Paris has never seen!" She tried to talk gayly.

"We will invite the most important people in town. To the whole city, all the top government officials. Don't you see, it will publicize them as your most intimate friends! When your friends come here it will be the same embarrassing boat. In saving their own reputations they will have to save yours."

"Nicky, you're a genius." All his waning confidence was coming back to Orloff. Oh, he had been clever, cleverer than he thought when he picked this girl to be his unwitting partner.

It was on the day of her own wedding that Nicole met Helen. Even before she mentioned her name Nicole knew who she was, this girl who stared at her as if she hated her.

"I understand you and my Tony were great friends in Switzerland."

"The girl was wasting no words. "A friend of his told me all about you. Did you know the dear boy is arriving today? I left word for him to meet me here."

Then Tony was coming toward her and Nicole steelèd herself to meet his eyes, to meet Helen's words as the girl chattered about her trousseau, tying Tony to her side with every soft word and gesture.

"Your taste is so exquisite." She was smiling as she spoke but Nicole sensed the malice under the soft words.

"Thank you." Tony was avoiding Nicole's eyes now. "Perhaps," she took a quick breath before she could go on, "perhaps it's because I understand so well. You see, I'm going to be married myself tonight."

"How was the wedding?"

"It was a success."

"And as for the rest of your life?"

"No, I didn't say it because I was angry, Tony." She saw the color leave his face but she had to go on, calmly, quickly as if she were not tiring her own heart too. "You see, I told Stefan I would marry him the night I came home."

"Your marry yourself?"

"I knew it was so."

"I'm still a prisoner, Tony."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm still in love with you."

"I know it, but I'm not sure."

"You know it?"

"I must be a fool, but I think I do."

"Then what is it that you care for now?"

"It's you."

"She's beautiful."

"She's beautiful, but she's a woman I can't have."

"Why can't you have her?"

"I have no right to her."

"You have no right to me."

"She's my wife."

"I know it."

"Then why are you so unhappy?"

"I'm unhappy because I want her."

"You never promised to love her."

"I'm sorry."

"You're sorry?"

"Yes, I am sorry."

"I hate it."

"I hate that too."

"Why do you hate it?"

"Because I can't have it."

"And why can't you have it?"

"Because I'm not the only man in the world."

"The only man in the world."

"I know that."

"And what's the point of the whole thing?"

"The point is that I want you."

"You want me?"

"More than anything else in the world."

"I know it."

"And what will you do about it?"

"What can I do about it?"

"You can marry her."

"You think I can?"

"I don't know."

"And why not?"

"Because she's married."

"She's an invalid."

"And what of that?"

"I mean, she's married."

"Who's married?"

"All right," she said grimly. "I'll marry her then."

"What are you going to do, Tony?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know what you're going to do?"

"I don't know."

"I told you at the start that I couldn't help it."

"But why can't you help it?"

"You know why."

"I don't know why."

"Well," she said, "I won't let you do it."

"You won't let me do what?"

"I won't let you marry her."

"You won't?"

"I won't."

"But why not?"

"I don't know."

"I won't let you.
brain. Reader somehow even than Dupont who met her at the door of the house
Orloff had fled to.

She knew that Orloff was dead, even before Dupont found the words to tell her.
The man's voice came grim with the horror of the thing he had been through. He
could still feel the gun in his hand, could feel the coldness of the dead hand as he
forced the smoking pistol into it.

"He committed suicide. It was for the best," he said, and tried to forget the horror
of the dead face. To remember only that he had saved his own reputation.

The strange adventure was over now. Over as it had begun on a night in spring
with the chestnuts beginning to bloom along the boulevards. The shop sold to
pay some of the money Orloff had stolen with his crooked bonds and Orloff gone
and Tony gone too. Only Suzanne and her
self left to face the world together with
their empty hands.

Then Tony coming to her again and lift-
ing aside the bags Suzanne was packing
and trying to take Nicole into his arms
again.

"You're not going to ruin your life too," she
protested. "You can't afford to have
anything to do with me. Just because I'm
not being hauled up for trial doesn't mean
the notoriety is over. I am what the cheap
papers will call a 'marked woman.'"

"My sweet," Tony couldn't be put aside
so easily, "you were a marked woman from
the moment I laid my lucky eyes on you."

Again wings in her heart, the old eagerness
as if it were right that Tony should
be saying these things and she listening.
But it wasn't right. She had to tell herself
that. Tony must not sacrifice himself for
her.

"Listen." Her voice came desperately. "I
worked with Stefan from the beginning. I
knew what I was doing and I helped him.
Now will you come to your senses?"

But Tony only laughed as he turned to
Suzanne.

"It's an awful thing for a man to realize
he's about to wed a consummate liar," he
said cheerfully. "Nicole, you might as well
give in. I'm awfully stubborn. As a child
I once sat on a red hot stove and positive-
ly refused to budge until they had to send
for the department to put out the blaze.
I'm incurable. You might as well realize
that and give in."

The words she had planned would not
come with his arms around her like that.
Instead there was the old surge of happi-
ness as his lips found hers, the peace that
came back again with his kiss.

LOOK OUT FOR
THE "COMMON
COLD!"

The "Common Cold" is the Common
Forerunner of Pneumonia and
Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing
in Treatment
How often have you seen it—a cold today
and something worse tomorrow.
Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial
pneumonia and influenza has its start in the
"common cold."

According to recently published figures,
there is a death every four minutes
from pneumonia traceable to the "common
cold."

A menace to life and
health, the "common cold"
is also a severe tax on the
public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average
person loses ten days' work
a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch
If there's anything you
want to watch, it's the "common
cold." Health authorities
on every side urge it.

Don't take any cold lightly.
Don't try to laugh it off.
The cold that may be only
a sneeze or a sniff... today
may be a bed case tomar-
row. Regard a cold seri-
ously. Treat it for what it is
—an internal infection.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a
cold requires internal treatment. Mere surface
measures—mere local treatments—may tem-
porarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get
at the real trouble, you must get at a cold
from within.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect
First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo
Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a
preparation good for a number of other
things as well. It has only one purpose, the
treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does
four definite things of vital importance in
the relief of a cold:

1. It opens the bowels, an admirably ad-
vantageous step in the treatment of a cold.

2. It checks the fever in the system.

3. It relieves the head-
ache and fever.

4. It tones the system and
helps fortify against further
attack.

A fourfold treatment, in
other words, Grove's Laxa-
tive Bromo Quinine accom-
plishes definite and speedy
results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo
Quinine imposes no penalty
for its use. It contains noth-
ing harmful and is perfectly
safe to take.

Grove's Bromo Quinine
tablets now come sugar-
coated as well as plain. The
sugar-coated are exactly
the same as the regular, except
that the tablets are coated
with sugar for palatability.

Don't Procrastinate
When you feel a cold com-
ing on, do something about it right away.
Don't delay, don't compromise. Go right to
your druggist and get a package of Grove's
Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two
at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's
Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours
—and that's the action you want for safety!
All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative
Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist
upon getting what you ask for. The few
pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Hetter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting
System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST
on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.
"Inquisition scene" of "Girls' Dormitory"—a youngster who knows she's up against it, and has braced herself to meet the inevitable. Her hair is gray, almost to solemnity. Under the mop of fair curlers, even the gray eyes are guarded; but before very long you detect behind their reserve the appeal of a child for friendliness. Her smile, when it comes, is shy at first, carefully restrained; only with restored confidence does she break into the frank laughter which seems to be her natural element.

"I didn't talk England very well," she will plead, trying to throw up a wall between herself and the unknown danger lurking in interviews. "Even in French," she assures you hopefully, "I do talk much. I mean—when people ask me questions—when I must take myself very seriously—" (you'll have to imagine for yourselves the charmingly accented speech, the trilled r's, the t's that turn into z's and s's)—"when I must make a long face and say I think this and this—and while always I know that what I think is not so important."

She sat at a window that gave on the studio street, and looked miserable. "Lady," her eyes entreated, "be merciful. Let me go." Turning for a moment's respite to the window, she caught sight of someone and jumped up. "Lee!" she called.

"Where are you?" a voice called back.

"Ha!" she chortled gleefully. "I'm somewhere. I have to tell a story to that lady, and she's very bothered because I do not find how to tell it. She thinks I am bad. Come up and tell her I am not."

Lee, the script clerk who had worked with her in "Girls' Dormitory," Lee was her friend. With Lee in the room, she was a creature transformed. Gone was all trace of timidity and self-consciousness. She talked, she laughed, she was radiant. If she were at a loss for a word, Lee would supply it. If she couldn't explain a point to her satisfaction, Lee would interpret. Lee had her perfect trust. There was nothing to be afraid of now.

So she found how to tell her story. How she was born in Marseille, where she attended half a dozen schools in as many European cities. How, with no thought of the stage in her head, she planned to become a fashion designer. And how fate intervened, when she was seventeen, to make her an actress.

She was drinking coffee and chatting with a friend one day on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris. Presently she grew aware of a distracting murmur about her. Looking up, she caught the amused glances of passersby, then turning from her to a young man who had planted himself a foot or two away and was scrutinizing her, as if she were an objet d'art the dealer would admire.

Before she could decide how to handle the situation, he had pulled up a chair and sat down beside her.

"Pardonnez, ma'melle. I am an artist. To me you are beautiful."

"That," she observed, "is very interesting. Goodbye."

You misunderstand me, ma'melle. I am a Trankas—a film director. Yours is the perfect face for my next picture. My card—" and he presented it with a formal bow.

That was the beginning. She played comedy ingenues until Marc Allegre, another French director, discerned her possibilities and cast her for the rôle of Puck.
in "Lac aux Dames." Before," she explained, "I was supposed all the time to make people laugh. With Puck I had to make them cry! The part was written into the script as the third lead, Simone played it with such haunting loneliness that, by the time the picture was cut, Puck was its star.

Winfield Sheehan saw it in Paris and offered Simone a contract. "I felt very surprised," she recalls, "and very proud, I wanted to go and I did not want to go. I thought I am not yet ready to do good things. After the first spasms of pleasure and joy, I thought: Why? Why? What? Why? You can't continue forever swinging, so at last I say: You must go, Simone. Maybe it is right, maybe it is wrong, I do not know.

The Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, kodak as they go on vacation between screen assignments.

But since they ask you so much, you have to do it. It is written in your destiny.

Winfield Sheehan sent a memorandum to the studio heads of departments, announcing the signing of Simone, affixing the seal of his own enthusiasm in the sentence: "There is no doubt in my mind but that she will be an instantaneous hit." By the time she arrived in September, Fox had been merged with Twentieth Century. But Darryl Zanuck's belief in the little French girl was as strong as his predecessor's. As for Simone herself—"I came here," she said, and paused, hunting for words—"well, there is a French expression—arms open—" She flung her arms wide to make sure you understood what she meant.

They tell of her first visit to a set, shortly after her arrival. Looking about fourteen in a white hat and white leather jacket, and I might add, I would Colman, "I am awfully happy to meet you," she said breathlessly. "I have seen you in pictures and admired you so very much." Three minutes later she was introduced to Joan Bennett. Glancing cautiously about to make sure that Colman was out of earshot, she said: "I am awfully happy to meet you. I have seen you in pictures and admired you so very much."

"I was not saying a lie," she assured me earnestly. "I would have liked to tell them in different words my admiration—not the same and the same like a monkey on a stick—but my words were so few. And I was excited wanted to see them standing there, whom I had seen so often in the films—to think that soon I will be one of them—to watch how the scenes are made—just as in France—no," she contradicted herself quickly, eyes glistening with mischief, "not as in France—better, better, better, better."

"Then I came to be frightened by them"—she gulped—she came to be frightened later by things as they turned out. I see now it was most of all the language. I learned English in school, but I was just like I knew nothing. I was just words—how they looked in the book—but not how to put them in the mouth. Only I—I was so proud that I already knew all that I thought I am speaking fluently.

Imagine yourself, with a little high school French, going to Paris to embark on a career as a star. How could you ever anything to gain or lose, trying to play an exacting part, to follow the slang and technical terms of the studio while you flounder in the dark? That was the case with Simone. She didn't even know what to call the camera.

Where must I walk? she would ask. "To that big black thing?"

Another girl might have given up—or demanded the time, accorded to many of our foreign stars, to study the language—or resorted to the use of pastes of patchiness and helplessness. She didn't none of these things. The very difficulties besetting her, challenged her fighting spirit. She couldn't fail Mr. Zanuck or herself. She wouldn't take an easy way out. So, tightening her willful mouth, she grappled with the job. Sometimes her faulty English trapped her. Ignorant of the right words, or too weary and confused to call them to memory, she would use the wrong ones, which sounded right in French but meant in English something she never intended.

One day she had been forced to hold her head awkwardly tilted for minutes at a time. The muscles grew cramped, she endured it as long as she could. She wanted to say: "My neck hurts, my head is swimming. Let me rest, then I'll try it again." But she couldn't communicate. She could manage no more than a despairing: "I cannot do it." A trilling incident, of no importance whatever, which was pounced on, repeated, exaggerated, till word got round that Simone was stubborn, was temperamental, refused to co-operate. And so from a mohelix, as so often happens in Hollywood, a musical became a melodrama. "I began to feel I was a fool to come here. Then Mr. Za-nuck would talk to me. And I thought: if he believes in you—that man who is trying to make you are still are a fool not to believe in yourself."

No surrender on her part, but a severe case of the flu, took her out of "Under Two Flags." "And while I am in bed, I say: 'Well, I am going to get this English, or this English gets me,' " she pointed out with pride. "So I send to the librarie and buy a dictionary, and I talk. To anyone who listens, I talk. And if they don't like to listen, I talk, and when they are ready with 'Girls' Dormitory,' I have learned a little. And still better, I have learned how much I do not know."

And I talk with Mr. Herbert Marshall. I never had a partner like that in all my life. And I don't tell for the thing—the publicity. I tell it from the heart. I cannot find to say how kind he was to me, that man. When I am mixed, he tells me softly the word, so nobody shall hear. When I do a close-up, he needs me to get his lines, so it shall be easier for me. When I was so worrying, he would give me a helping look. He was so gentle, so sweet. Even when he in the middle of the scene, still he is sweet. He is—he is—he is not a hany person," she brought out triumphantly. "He is a gentleman."

It was during the shooting of "Girls' Dormitory" that Simone came into her own. Everyone was agreed on her piquancy, her vivacity, her freshness. From the first, she was a favorite. Even that man Za-nuck, who had not been easy, went to bed a hero. "It is a pity," the studio was saying, "that he wants to go back to France, and leave that Simone to a higher power."

Money-back guarantee

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**HE SAID:**

"You've got the loveliest hair of any girl here."

**SHE THOUGHT:**

"Then I'm the first one to discover Admiration."

**New Beauty for your HAIR**

**IN ONE TREATMENT**

I MAGINE—this new soapless shampoo treatment brings out all the glorious natural color, sheen, and softness of your hair—the very first time you use it! Admiration completely eliminates the soap film which even repeated rinsings never removed and which has been masking the real loveliness of your hair. Admiration makes no messy lather. It washes away with just one rinse—so easy!

Admiration is more than a shampoo because it contains Davolene—the most effective scalp tonic known to science today. It helps eliminate the causes of excessive oiliness or dryness, falling hair, or dandruff.

You will revel in the simplicity of your first Admiration treatment. Marvelous for children's hair. Buy a bottle today; or send coupon for a 2-Treatment bottle.

**Admiration DeLuxe Treatments**

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**Screenland**

on her ability to romp through scenes whose chief requirement was that she be steadily cute. Then came the tender, emotional faculty scene. What would she do with that? Ruth Chatterton stood on the sidelines with Rosa Ponselle, who was visiting the set. Irving Cummings, the director, issued his final instructions. "Camera!" he called.

Simone faced Bromberg, her tormentor, listened to his threats, and with clear-eyed disdain of the young, brave in her innocence. Then came the thrust at her one vulnerable spot. Her eyes darted quick terror. "Oh, no," she gasped. "Don't send for my mother," then turned in a panic to those other faces hemming her in, searched them desperately, found, kindliness, sorrow, but no remission of doom—not even from the Herr Direktor, her final hope. The small figure slumped, life died out of the eyes. "Very well," said the toneless voice, "I will tell you the truth."

"Cut!" said Cummings. For a full minute nobody else said a word. Then, as by one impulse, for Simone—Miss Chatterton, Miss Ponselle, the faculty—pattering her shoulder, drying their eyes, crying brave.

She stood wide-eyed in their midst.

"What was I wondering all about that?" she asked, grateful but bewildered.

"Some day soon," smiled Mr. Marshall.

"I'm going to point with pride to the fact that I worked with Simone in her first American picture."

Can Simone act? For the studio at large the burning question had been answered. For the general public it was answered at the preview. The audience took her straight to its heart, applauding her first close-up, cheering the faculty scene, stamping its approval when the film drew to a close.

"I saw you doing all the way to see things as I was not—I to find what was good and what was bad, as if I were a stranger to the whole picture. She gazed at me like a good little girl, hands folded, eyes solemn. Then her face was thrown, and she turned toward me.

"I tried, because I know that is how one should look. But oh—" she reproached herself, "I couldn't.

"And it was finished—puff—I went over like this. And when they said to me nice things, I wanted to embrace the whole world in my arms. Yet I could not find to say more than that you. Must be I am dumb," she chuckled.

The powers at Twentieth Century-Fox just sat back and smiled. They had given her their first hit. "The Simone long hair "Girls' Dormitory" was finished—signing her to "Ladies in Love," matching her with three established beauties—Granger, Connolly, what's more, the part of girl who steals away the heart of Constance Bennett's man.

"A nice part—I am in and out of the picture like a draft," murmurs Simone who, once she was learning English, learned it picturesquely.

If further proof were needed of her high place on the studio contract list, you have it in this: she is to play the beloved Diane in a new version of "Seventh Heaven." Her face lighted at mention of the fact.”

"You know," she said to the same dentist, Janet Gaynor and I. One day I came out like that," she puffed a cheek to absurd proportions, "and Miss Gaynor came in. She told me: I am so pleased that you play Diane. A French girl should play it. That was sweet, hein? Right away the pain departed from my face the pleasure took its place—just like a magic," and she nodded her head three times in grave confirmation.

The little French kitten has been taken only in her box, sniffed the air, reveled her enchanting grace and witchery, captivated hearts. If she can't quite believe that she's "really in the open at last," she's alone in her dreams. The little French kitten is in store for her—hard work, to be sure—but with it, the softest of silken cushions, the sweetest of cream.
meeting place of Society and Hollywood. One look-see and Society moved in, lock, stock, and barrel, and today, my friend, it is easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is to find a party without Society crammed to the rafters.

Now you can readily see why Society should get a big kick out of Hollywood, once the introduction was arranged. After all, movie stars are the most glamorous people in the world, gay, witty, entertaining, talented, and so, so beautiful, or handsome, as the sex may be. Society is noted for its solidness, and its sometimes bad looks. That Mayflower heritage didn't help much towards a breath-taking profile. But the poor Swedish immigrants who settled in the northwest and the Irish who got drunk every Saturday night managed to produce a progeny with eyes wide apart, long curling lashes, soft wavy hair, and a profile like an angel. (If you want to take the time you can trace back the ancestry of the movie great and you'll find plenty of Irish and Swedish, but no Mayflower). Only last winter a distressed Boston matron dashed hasty to Hollywood to break up a rumored alliance between Junior and one of Hollywood's Toby Wings, "Don't forget you're engaged to Ellen," said Mother severely. "She belongs to one of the best families in Boston. "Yes," said Junior weakly, "but the best figures ain't the best families." How true, how true.

As an example of the kick Society gets out of Hollywood we have the amusing story of Prince George's hectic visit several years ago. The H.M.S. Durban, on its world cruise, docked off Santa Barbara, and immediately the young Prince asked for permission to go ashore and see Hollywood. The permission was refused but the Captain finally consented for him to attend a very regal and social dinner party in Montecito. Once on shore King Edward's young brother made a dash for the movie colony. Now Pickfair can scent Royalty for miles away, so when Prince George arrived in town he was greeted by Mary and Doug and tendered a very formal and imposing dinner at Pickfair. "This, thought Prince George, "is not the Hollywood I've read about." "Please," he said finally to the girl next to him, "is there any place we can dance?" The girl was Lily Damita, (now Mrs. Errol Flynn), and not then), and so when Mary wasn't looking Lili and the Prince slipped away and scurried over to Gloria Swanson's where the Prince danced and danced until all radio broadcasts were over. Then the party moved on to a night club and bribed the orchestra to play until five o'clock. But the Prince still hadn't had enough Hollywood fun. So he rented the orchestra and took it back to Gloria's where he danced until ten o'clock the next morning. When he returned to his boat he was given thirty days confinement. But it was worth it!

Society names who have been on a look-see this last year include Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor who recently visited the Frank Shields; Gloria Vanderbilt and her twin sister Lady Furness who were the house guests of Connie Bennett; Mrs. Vincent Astor who visited Ethel Borden Harriman of the New York "400" and now a writer at RKO; the Count and Countess de Polignac who also visited Connie Bennett and asked particularly to meet Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, and Joan Crawford; Doris Duke Cromwell, ("the richest girl in the

The social side of Hollywood! Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldredge, attending a recent picture premiere with the Prince and Princess Lowenstein.

**The Eyes that had to have "It"!**

**Screen Test**

- Just another pretty face
- No glamour cut!

**Oh Wendy**!

I'm miserable, I've failed...
Not yet dear, let me tell you a secret.

**And now to blend the mascara with eye shadow...**

It's Winx! It won't smart.

**Wendy, I'm almost afraid to believe it... such an improvement!**

**There's no denying the fact that glamorous, alluring eyes have much to do with a girl's success in romance... or in business. If your eyes are dull and uninteresting, just try Winx, the favorite mascara of movie stars and lovely women everywhere. One application makes your eyes appear large, bright and Starry... the lashes long, silky, shadowy. Truly, Winx gives you the full glory and beauty of your eyes. Winx is tear-proof, streak-proof and harmless, and actually keeps lashes soft. Try it next time.**

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World), who visited the Lionel Atwill's: the Countess of Warwick, who is at present the house guest of the Douglas Fairbanks. Her husband, the seventh Earl of Warwick, has recently been signed by Metro for pictures and is due to report at the studio in a few weeks. Strange to say, Roundy and Society have never made a success in pictures: the public, unlike Hollywood, simply doesn't go for them. But perhaps the young Earl will prove an exception. Of course the racing season brought out Jock Whitney and his sister Joan Whitney Payson, Lord and Lady Cavendish — she's Adele Astaire, Fred's sister — and many others. Alfred G. Vanderbilt could be found dancing at the Troc almost any evening when the day's races were over with Florence Rice or Betty Farness. Barbara Hutton of the Woolworth millions dropped in for a friendly look-see, (Jimmy Stewart was her escort), before she married Count Haugwitz von Reventlow. The Honorable Mrs. Tanis Montague liked Hollywood so well she has taken a house here indefinitely. Oh,
Ann Is Happy Again

Continued from page 51

charge of June and superintends some of the child's lessons, teaching her elocution and dancing herself. She reads a lot, chiefly plays and books on the cinema and theatre, and occasionally goes to London in the evenings to visit one of the West End theatres there with a couple of intimate friends.

Only once this summer has Ann made anything resembling an official public appearance and that was at the special request of Noel Coward who coaxed her in his own person to repeat her role in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" at the Stage Garden-Patiy. (This is a huge annual social event in London attended by every celebrity of the theatre and film world.)

Then Ann went back to her country retreat again and here she still stays contentedly, coming straight home each night from the studios where she is now making her first British film. Based on a play that was the outstanding success of last season, it is called "Love From a Stranger," and Ann has the part of a woman secretary, slightly faded and afraid romance is passing her by, who casually meets an attractive man and falls madly, insensibly in love with him. Later she discovers his passionate protests are merely the cloak for a sinister intention—

scars.

At last, a marvelous cream brings hope of smooth skin to replace scars caused by cuts, burns, acne, pimplies, etc. 100% pure, cooling, non-scar forming—scientific research formula. Free booklet. Ask for D.D.P. Prescription.

Ann Is Happy Again

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion IS the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

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Let us tell you how your star of destiny affects your future, and how astrology, the science of reading the stars, answers your questions and personal problems.

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When Collegians Tackle Hollywood

Continued from page 32

émotional than his rather reserved manner indicates, and he did read the movie magazines and speculate a great deal about the picture people. However, he didn't treat himself to confidential discussions, nor ever feel that he had to "express" himself. He has a real brain and at an early age gathered that this is an exceedingly practical old globe. The boy isn't so keen even when he's been waved. I keep it so long because I've never felt any desire to cut it.

Unlike many of our visitors from Hollywood, Ann has done very little shopping in London beyond ordering some tub frocks and a coat for Jane. Clothes do not particularly interest her off the screen; and so long as they are comfortable and becoming that is all she asks. She did buy some hand-knitted woollens for the fall, soft fleecy things in pastel shades of blue and coral and leaf-green.

These trim tailored jerseys, which she wears with a dark skirt, seem perfectly to express Ann's own clear-cut personality since she is so quietly thorough and practical. She assists with all the details of her pictures, choosing the stories and screening out the material, priding herself with the art direction and the costuming. As you would guess from her wide beautiful experience in an unmanicured hair has keen artistic flair. She can "see" a scene perfectly, and accordingly finds it easier to mould herself over with its atmosphere so that it has more than a single rehearsal beforehand.

She flatly contradicts that report that she is selling her Califormian home. Indeed, the son of a business man who attended Carnegie Tech, John yearned for the East and went there after graduation.

He smokes a pipe when in a confessing mood. As he leaned forward in the easy arm-chair in his living-room, his honesty was unmistakably reflected in the rooms English style when she returns and will choose the chintzes and furniture here in London as soon as her present film is finished. With James's penchant to live and work in Hollywood once more next year and Hollywood, I think, will find Ann Harding rested, refreshed, and happy again after her English "working holiday."

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Let me tell you at once that the second day you will notice the difference in your skin. You will never want a different cleansing lotion again. As a matter of fact, I've found it to be the most astonishing face powder I've ever seen in 15 years of skin research and development. For almost 15 years I've used it and now I'm happy to introduce it to you. Take it for the 15 day trial period and if you do not love it, just return it for a full refund of your money.

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REDACTED TEXT
counts at a tailor’s. I’ve never had much, so it’s no tragedy to be prudent.” The only extra expense he has that wouldn’t have if he weren’t in pictures is in the social column of his budget. He is fond of dancing and occasionally steps out to the Grove or the Troc. Then he splurges.

I knew a young fellow who vacated Hollywood with his John, but in opposite fashion. This lad’s parents took a suite in Beverley’s most elegant hotel and in six months spent nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in a mad effort to launch their son as a star. They entertained the “influential” folks lavishly. But when their money went the “in” that was to have materialized didn’t. I think John’s take-me-as-I-am is a far cleverer approach. He isn’t cultivating flattering hangers-on, and so he’ll never lose his head when his pay-checks leap into four figures.

His mental outlook remains the same. “This is a one-track city,” he stated. I have less occasion to discuss athletics, clubs, new phases of education, or literature.” Yet in the bustle he hasn’t abandoned his own concern with such matters. He still watches the novels and biographies that are acclaimed in the book sections of the Sunday papers. And he still has time to keep tabs on religion, the theatre and politics.

He is an amazing mixture of mature judgment and adventurous youth. He isn’t foolish and yet he’s a warm-blooded, inquiring male who couldn’t be stopped by any preconception. It’s his nature to take diverse points philosophically.

A college man is proud of the “contacts” he has made. John’s unobtrusive geniality made him popular in college and it’s doing the same thing for him in Hollywood. Serenity is a characteristic that’s hard to resist. He’s the kind of fellow where he went to school; so the yesteryear’s “contacts” are of no assistance.

“I haven’t been in love since I’ve been here,” he says. “Yet I’ve been left. In Cleveland he wasn’t as close. There he was invariably on the verge of rhyming June with moon—only he’s too accomplished a poet to stoop to that! The story behind his story is that he doesn’t want to settle down yet. He’s ambitious to build up a nest-egg—and, if I’m telling tales, to investigate the fables of femininity a bit more deeply.

“Marriage,” he maintained, “removes two minds that are different, as well as two hearts that beat as one. A man and wife must contribute a fresh slant to one another. Two careers jibe if they’re not in the same line. I don’t imagine I’ll want to marry an actress.”

His first sweetheart was a gorgeous brunette and instinctively he seems to be seeking a similar type. A blonde, so far, has never particularly intrigued him. But here’s a surprise: what’s the first essential in a woman for him? Beauty. “I insist upon it!” The second trait must be intelligence. He prefers athletic girls. But if you aren’t skilled at tennis and golf, don’t pull the old clinging-vine gag on John. He abhors trying to teach a miss who’ll never catch on. Invite him to sit in the parlor and dial in some swing melodies. He likes to hold hands!

When Collegians Tackle Hollywood

continued from page 33
BACKACHES
CAUSED BY
MOTHERHOOD
Those months before baby comes
put a strain on mother’s mus-
cles; she frequently suffers for
years.
Alleviate them with Porous Plasters
designed for such backaches. They draw
the blood to the painful spot—
either on the back, side,
legs, or shoulder. This has a warming,
stimulating effect, and it takes only 2
seconds to put on an Alchock’s Porous
Plaster, and lasts for hours.
Use guaranteed NURITO today.

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Relieve Pain in 9
Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritiker, Neuritis, and similar nervous conditions, in 9
minutes, get the Doctor’s Prescription NURITO.
Avoid the danger of poisoning by using Alchock’s
original Porous Plaster.

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Great wit. Great humor. Great
pitching of Will Rogers. Have the
fresh, original, and personal
laugh in your home for ever. A work of art. Not a
product for the common run, but one
for the individual who wants to
smile. 8 by 10 inches. Ideal
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The greatest aid in
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and in clearing a freckled and
unwanted complexion.

FACE-LIFTING BAND $1
Worthwhile aid—Prevents Stinging.
ADELE MILLER
Dept. 40, 175 North San Francisco

AT HOME!
LEARN TO MAKE MONEY
Learn to color photos and miniature
drawings—experienced graduates paid.
Send free illustrated book.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3001 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

NOSES
ALL KINDS RESHAPED
UNSHAPED? FEET reshaped
HAIR REMOVED
BURNS, SCARS
STANDING EARS
uncomely nose,
big, buoyant, and ears repaired
without surgery

Help Kidneys
Clean Out Poisonous Acids
Your kidneys contain millions tiny tubules or
filters which may be contaminated by waste
products. The Kidney of Bladder disorders
may be overcome with Alchock’s Kidney
Remedy. Loss of Kidney Power, Painful
Kidneys, Gout, Nephritis, Dr. Alchock’s
Kidney Remedy is the most powerful
acidifying, slimming, toning, and sonic
acids simultaneously.

A RINSE
for Brownelli
BRUNETTES—BLONDES
The keynote for every hair style
is natural luster. Youthful sun-
shine tints and shade re-creates
that wreath your face in a happy
mood. No shampoo or ordinary
rinse will do as well as this.
Golden Glint Rinse. The latter
it adds to your hair is natural,
beautiful, harmless.

WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile
into your bowels daily. If this bile is not drained
away, your whole system suffers. It just
accumulates in the bowels. Gas builds up
your stomach and you get constipated.
Your whole system is poiso-
ned and you feel sour, sick and the world
looks punk.

GOLDEN GLINT
BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

Thrilling EYE MAKE-UP
CLEAR, VEINLESS WHITE EYES
LOOK LARGER, LOVELIER!

LOST beauty... no allure... when eyes are
tired, dull, and drooping. Dr. Alchock’s
Eye-Gené! Use new scientific EYE-GENE before “dates” always!
Clears even bloodshot eyes in seconds... or mon 
ery-refund Sooths you. Use it, or your
money refunded. loop, straining, hazy eyes almost instantly.
Makes them white, sparkling, lovely! Safe Staining. At drug and druggist.

EYE-GENE
social game, and I haven't time for it now, anyway. I don't care for clothes and I continue to dress, off-screen, just as I've always done. Which is simply,” Frances owns two evening gowns and isn't scheming for more!

"There has been no studio pressure on my private life," she went on.

"But your marriage," I interrupted. "Did the studio okay it?"

Francoirsty has a booming career, but she fell in love with a very handsome, husky blond boy. Hollywood has given her the ideal romance along with the magnificent opportunity.

She smiled again, and patted a straying wave into place, "I neglected to ask if it was all right! I guess they would have argued about a human nature. College not only taught her to be tactical, but it endowed her with a balance. When she met the man she didn't hesitate. She was working on her first film, and utilized the first week-end to drive to Yuma. She's modern to her capable finger-tips, but she is smart enough not to lose out when love is concerned."

"I worked with Lieff Erickson, and he's also under contract to Paramount. You've seen him in "Girl of the Ozarks" and "A Son Comes Home." It never rains in L.A., and he's pretty thick for you once it recognized Frances's readiness.

When she'd been in Hollywood a month she stumbled upon a peculiarity of the town. You can't rush people from one to another. For four months all she did was take tests to display the acting ability of various actors. She was the foil. And the Hedy Lamarr's, Pinaud's "school." Miss Laughton is Paramount's dramatic coach. The first actor with whom Frances was teamed in a practice scene was none other than Lieff Lief Erickson, and he's also under contract to Paramount. You've seen him in "Girl of the Ozarks" and "A Son Comes Home." It never rains in L.A., and he's pretty thick for you once it recognized Frances's readiness.

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Samuel Goldwyn had seen that first film and tested her for the double lead in "Come And Get It." First she is a redheaded vixen who demonstrates the misery of love to Edward Arnold. Then she reappears as her own daughter. But this time she's sweet—the type Joel McCrea goes for. And Mr. Arnold, too—seems he won't be his age.

"I'm being the feminine star of this costly production, Frances has a portable dressing-room on the set. But she didn't lead me too. She even prefers to sit in a plain wooden chair right out where everyone else is. Her attitude is that of a student, and she watches the handling of the lights and props and the myriad contributing details.

The Goldwyn employees can't get over how different she is from the temperamentally, justly-loving, typical star they're accustomed. The Muses Sten, Hopkins, and Chatterton have never hesitated to raise a bit of you-know-what when crossed. "She drove herself into this morning," confided an overwhelmed publicity man.

"She has a Ford I bet didn't cost more than $35. It's the most dilapidated car I ever saw. It was smashed almost to the right fender and on the left running-board was a sack of kindling. She held it on with her left hand—"She's taking it home tonight for firewood!"

Can you stand it? I can. Frances considers what's important—her actual work—and doesn't think much of her forthcoming income. She contends, to quote her further, that "there'd be less typing if stars studied as hard after they'd hit the top as they did while climbing. It's claimed frequently that producers won't let players be versatile; but do players really attempt to be?"

"I assured you she had opinions, and clearly-headed ones."

"What socks me," the frank fellow from the front office added, "is how she lives. Can you take any elegant home settings?"

"Does she throw any smart soirees for us to whisper about to the columnists? We cannot; she does not. Here she is with this swell break and she isn't installed in a swanky apartment. Nor in a Brentwood number. She rents a tiny frame house that hangs precariously over a hill up in Laurel Canyon."

She sighed over "her" beautiful photo and graph. She's very proud of "my" Cocky, of course, and she wonders that there are too many things in this current world besides pictures ever to be spoiled by her fine fortune. She can discriminate. So she is finding Hollywood an exciting but a hard-working community. She's strong for it and it's thrilled over her.

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will intensify the color and brilliancy and beauty of the eyes. The idea may be fairly new, for it goes way back to the 18th Century in art, when the French painter Chardin discovered that there are many colors in shadows beside those we can actually see. In his masterpieces Eye shadow should never be smeared over your entire eyelid simply as a blotch of color. It should form a natural shading determined by the contour of your face. Never begin it close to your nose, but start about the middle of the eyelid and blend it up the side of the eyelid, more lightly toward the eyebrow and out on the temple. If your beauty budget allows you more than one eye shadow, have the first a neutral shade like mauve or carmal and apply this all the way to the eyebrow and out on the temple. Then use your more colorful shade just over the outer half of each eyelid.

It's really great fun to experiment with eye make-up to find out just the shades and combination that will do the most for you when you're wearing different colors. If you always have a picture in art but never settled down to expressing it, try your skill with your own face as the canvas and your eyes the center of the picture. Actually, your eyes are the determining factor for all the make-up you use, as a very wise cosmetic manufacturer realized when he brought out matched make-up keyed to the eyes as an easy method to those in doubt to select flattering, harmonizing shades for their own individual coloring. This manufacturer tested make-up on many hundreds of women and found that invariably the color of the eyes was the key to all make-up shades — powder, rouge, and lipstakc as well as eye shadow and mascara. Since she was fortunate in having a natural flair for harmonizing make-up no the time and patience to do your own experimenting, all you have to know is the color of your eyes to choose a make-up ensemble that's both becoming to you and in perfect harmony.

POOR Bob Young's happiness was pretty short-lived. It's been several years since Bob has been in a class. A picture of a handsome young fellow of about 25, Bob was happy that he would be able to make his own home lot. So he was pretty thrilled when he learned he was to play opposite Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Love On the Run." Joan was happy that Bob was to be in the picture: so was the supervisor and the casting director. Just when things were about to get underway, Director Woody Van Dyke stepped in and told Bob that he felt the role wouidn't suit him any harm than good, because he was the wrong sort of character, that he could do it, but Van had his own ideas and there was nothing left for Bob to do but be disappointed.

AT A Mexican party given by Margo, whose star is rising in Hollywood, all the guests were called on to perform. Margo sang a Mexican love song, Francis Lederer surprised everyone by pulling a harmonica out of his pocket and playing a Czecho-Slovakian folk song. Afterwards he sang it without the music. When they called on John Beal, he rose to the occasion, by making a speech. "I'm unprepared," said John, "I know it, was going to be called on, I would have brought along my pipe organ."

ON A RECENT trip to Europe, Fred Astaire had such a limited stay, he didn't have time to write to his friends back in Hollywood. Before sailing home, he sent each one a cable instead of signing his own name, Fred used the name of "Bojangles." (Bojangles of Harlem is the very special number in the current Astaire-Rogers film.)

THOSE who witnessed Lily Pons' return to the R-K-O lot, report it was an exhibition worthy of a grand opera star. Lily stood up on the back seat of an open car and threw kisses. When she saw the electricians and press men, who had worked on her last picture, she cried out their names. It was all quite gay and Lily carried it off in her usual charming way. Best part of it all, she was thrilled to be back making movies again.

ON ACCOUNT of their doing a picture together, M-G-M would have you believe there is definitely something between Eleanor Powell and Jimmy Stewart. When (Continued on next page)
Jimmy goes out for an evening, it's almost always with Ginger Rogers or Virginia Bruce. But neither one of the above named ladies is really the girl closest to Jimmy's heart. You'd be that surprised, to know who she is. And as a matter of fact, the young lady herself may not even be aware of it, because Jimmy isn't one to wear his heart where it can be photographed.

The John Beal imposter has caused John so much trouble that he is now taking every precaution to protect himself. At first John took it as a huge joke when he heard that someone was going from city to city, posing and using his name. But now letters are beginning to pour in from irate Beal fans, who censure John for his unbecoming conduct. Most of the letters come from the Middle West.

About the proudest young man in Hollywood is one Louis Hayward. When the Riviera Country Club announced its first annual steeplechase, Louis entered his favorite mount. It was his very first time and yet he came away with the grand prize.

Make-up makes West meet East, as Tilly Losch, Viennese dancer, prepares to play Louis in "The Good Earth."

There are two people who will be very happy to move into the new M-G-M dressing-room building. Franchot Tone has had the dressing-room right beneath Freddie Bartholomeu's and Robert Taylor has been quartered under Eleanor Powell's. When Eleanor and Freddie start in doing their taps, there's nothing for Bob and Franchot to do but grin and bear it, and pray for moving day.

Myrna Loy's engagement ring from Arthur Hornblow happened to be a star sapphire. After they were married, he promised to give her a diamond on their first anniversary. Naturally, Myrna thought he meant the first year. Instead, a month to the day, after they were married, she found a jewel box at her dinner plate. It contained one of those new bangle bracelets. Attached was a tiny diamond ring and a tiny gold wheelbarrow that meant, "won't you take care of my garden." P.S. Arthur Hornblow is a gardener.

To the very date and day, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable started their new picture, by celebrating their five years as a screen team. It was 'way back when Joan did a picture called "Dance, Fools, Dance," and insisted on Clark Gable playing the handsome gangster. From that picture on, Clark rapidly climbed to the top. In honor of the occasion, the studio outdid itself with an ice cream and cake party for the entire company.

Madge Evans just received a box of rare rose bushes from a fan. The note that accompanied the gift explained that each plant had been named after one of Madge's closest friends. The night Madge received her present, she told Una Merkel about it over the phone. "I suppose there'll be a cactus plant named for me," cracked Una.

Melvin Douglas has been having the time of his life entertaining his two aunts, who are visiting him in Hollywood. The ladies have passed their seventieth birthday, but a little thing like that doesn't stand in the way of their pleasure. They insisted on seeing every premiere and dining at every cafe. When Melvin took them to the Trocadero, he had to plead fatigue to get them home again.

Yes, Luise Rainer leans a bit toward the eccentric side. At lunch time she starts off with two big pieces of apple pie. Next she goes for a tuna salad and usually tops that off with a bowl of soup. If this is a little bewildering to read, just imagine what the poor waitress goes through, when she waits on Luise.

Now that Anne Shirley has openly declared her friendly feelings for Owen Davis, Jr., John Howard is paying attention to Arline Judge. They never miss a single dance at the Trocadero and Arline dances with her eyes shut. Um-m-m-m!

Marlene Dietrich and Richard Tauber, old friends, meet again in a London studio. With them is Diana Napier.
"When skin is really lovely men always notice"

Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret

"It's wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder choke the pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for you. Why don't you try it?
A Tribute to Football
by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference-
Fifty thousand wild adherents-
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.

And another all-star eleven—

THEY SATISFY
A Real Day With Robert Taylor
Beginning Beth Brown’s New Serial, “Three Girls on a Match”
ALL THE WORLD SAYS

"Merry Christmas"
WITH THE
FRAGRANCE
Gemey

The Frenchman's "Joyeux Noël," the Hawaiian's "Melka Maka," the Italian's "Buon Natale"—they all mean "Merry Christmas!" And in 75 lands the men who know what women want will say "Merry Christmas!" this season with... fragrance Gemey.

For this young, fresh, joyous perfume has charmed its way into the feminine hearts of five continents. And Richard Hudnut now presents America with these gifts of glamor... powders and perfume, compacts and cologne... all distinguished by this single thread of fragrance Gemey.

See the gay gift showing at your nearest perfume counter. Find the one that's right for her (prices range from $1 to $10). She'll be thrilled to join the company of the world's loveliest women, the women who know... and wear... fragrance Gemey!

In crystal clear dressing table flacons... $2.50, $4.50 and $15. Special Stacking Gift size... $1.

by RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris...London...New York...Toronto...Buenos Aires
Mexico City...Berlin...Budapest...Cape Town...Sydney
Shanghai...Rio de Janeiro...Havana...Bucharest...Vienna

"To MARRY with love"—a handsome Cigarette Case, Lipstick, Double Vanity, $10
An intimate gift to last all year—sugar personal luxuries that breathe Gemey, $10
She's "tops"—and so is your gift—this slim gold-plated Cigarette Vanity, $7.50
Tip to a Man-in-a-quanty—Gemey Perfume, Face Powder, Compact, $3.50
She always came with Brother

Poor thing... for years Ellen had been coming to parties with an irritated and unwilling brother... simply because no other man would take her! And yet, when she came out of college, everybody said that with such prettiness and charm she'd be married before she knew it. But the whispered story of her trouble went the rounds, as it always does, and simply ruined her socially. That is what halitosis (unpleasant breath) does to many a woman, many a man—without their even realizing its presence.

* * *

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being very real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one safe product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens:

Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Listerine Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
162 brushings in the 40¢ tube
Watch for
Our New Series:
"Five Hollywood Wives"

Hollywood wives! The eyes of the world are focused on them. You've been told that home life in Hollywood is no different than home life anywhere else; that wives in the film colony have much the same ideals, ambitions, joys and sorrows as wives in other towns. Well, SCREENLAND has a different slant! The wives of cinema-city face problems that no other wives in the world are forced to consider; and the story of how they meet these problems is one of the most genuinely glamorous and fascinating of all Hollywood real-life stories. That's why we're beginning a new series about the gallant ladies who are doing such swell jobs keeping the Hollywood home fires burning!

SCREENLAND promises you exciting reading. There will be nothing dull about our first article in the series, called "The Career Wife." One of the loveliest wives in the screen colony is also a noted actress, and we have persuaded her to tell our readers the actual, intimate, day-by-day details of her problems in making a gracious home, keeping her husband and children happy, and also managing a lucrative career. Every woman will want to begin this series and continue it, and every man will find much to interest him in every article. Dorothy Manners, one of the more important writers in Hollywood, is the author. Remember: "Hollywood Wives" begins in the January issue, on sale December 3rd.

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She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

**BORN TO DANCE**

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

**JAMES STEWART** • **VIRGINIA BRUCE**

**UNA MERKEL** • **SID SILVERS** • **FRANCES LANGFORD**

**RAYMOND WALBURN** • **ALAN DINEHART** • **BUDDY EBSEN**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth
With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD
**TAGGING the Talkies**

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

**The Gay Desperado**

**United Artists**

Nino Martini offering generous measure of the vocalizing that delights opera-goers and radio audiences, while Leo Carrillo does a Mexican bandit rôle in his inimitable style, and Ida Lupino is cutely comic as the girl kidnapped by bandits. It toys with romantics, action melodrama of the western type, farce, and even slapstick; so there should be something for everybody. All very light. Amusement with your Martini.

**Dimples**

**20th Century-Fox**

Shirley's a real actress here, reading lines, (some of them a bit sophisticated), like a seasoned trooper, as well as singing and dancing flawlessly. It's a real feast of entertainment joy for the Temple fans. Frank Morgan, as Shirley's grandfather, who picks pockets while the girl draws street crowds innocently singing and dancing; Helen Westley, and good supporting players, help Temple triumph again.

**15 Maiden Lane**

**20th Century-Fox**

The jewel thieves are up to new tricks—killing blithely as they make off with the loot, and offering suspense that will keep you wide-eyed throughout an entertaining picture. Cesar Romero robs and slays so neatly that you begin to like this deep-dyed villain who makes love to Claire Trevor. Claire, Cesar, Lloyd Nolan, Robert McWade, Douglas Foxley and others in the cast play effectively. A good show.

**In His Steps**

**Grand National**

Grand National, new film company, makes a grand bow to the family groups and all lovers of simple, down-to-earth screen drama. Here is suspense, comedy, pathos and homespun philosophy, effectively dramatized in a story of a rich girl and boy whose parents are enemies but whose love triumphs. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are splendid at the head of a fine cast. A picture that touches the heart.

**Wives Never Know**

**Paramount**

Rosslind Russell triumphs in a rôle that puts a severe test on a stage actress and an even greater one up to a screen player. It is a faithful transcription of the famous George Kelly play about a wife who becomes so fanatical about preserving her home—house, really—that she loses friends, the loyalty of relatives, and finally her husband. John Boles, Jane Darwell, Billie Burke, all good, Fine serious drama.

The laughs come fast from a flow of good clean comedy cooked up by the author and served up so deliciously by Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland—aided and abetted by Adolphe Menjou, Claude Gillingwater, and Vivienne Osborn. Mary is socially inclined, Charlie loves only her—and his flower-garden. She thinks him too devoted—but when he innocently gets into a compromising spot, there's the deuce to pay.

**The Devil is a Sissy**

**M-G-M**

Good, honest movie drama, tugging at your heart one moment, tickling your funnybone the next. Freddie Bartholomew, as the English boy, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, the typical American boys of the tenement districts. All three play as naturally as though you were looking at them from a window or doorway across the street. (Continued on page 83)
Winner of the Laugh Sweepstakes!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!


A MERVYN LEROY Production
FRANK MCHUGH as "Oiwin"
JOAN BLONDELL GUY KIBBEE CAROL
HUGHES ALLEN JENKINS SAM LEVINE TEDDY HART
Gallant is the word for Gladys George! She wins our hearts in that fine picture, "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

"Valiant is the Word for Carrie" brings a new star to our screen. "New" to Hollywood fame, that is—for Gladys George is already established as a splendid stage actress. It remained for director Wesley Ruggles to discover her definitely for films, and Miss George justifies his faith by one of the few great performances of stage or screen. Her Carrie deserves to rank with Jeune Eagles' Sadie Thompson in "Rain," Helen Hayes in "Coquette," Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." Gladys George's Carrie is a genuine character creation: the "bad" woman with the warm heart whose love for two orphan kids transforms her into one of the best of all "good" women. Miss George is a real actress, not a new "personality." She will play other roles as richly as she plays Carrie; and so we salute her as THE discovery of the season.

Miss George is shown in the circle, top, with Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran, the remarkable child actors who share honors with her in the touching early scenes of her picture. Center close-up, Carrie as the successful middle-aged business woman. Far left: the grand, game, "valiant" Carrie herself. Left, Miss George with John Howard and Arline Judge, who play her grown-up children.
New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset" for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance...."Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with
BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO
EDUARDO CIANNELLI
in the roles they created on the stage
John Carradine  Edward Ellis
Directed by Alfred Santell
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
A Pandro S. Berman Production

BURGESS MEREDITH...brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.

MARGO...who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.

EDUARDO CIANNELLI...unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.
Un a Merkel serves Southern Dishes for your delectation. You’ll want to try her tempting recipes

By

Betty Boone

That little Southern gal, Una, has done right well for herself in Hollywood. Now, this sparkling comedienne does on revising the good old Southern Dishes such as Southern Spoon Bread and serving them to her friends.

INSIDE THE STARS’ HOMES

TWO minutes' ride from Hollywood Boulevard, on a winding canyon road, is the comfortable Mediterranean-type house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Burla. Mrs.’ may be better known to you as Una Merkel. Before my car stopped at her door, Una had flung it open and came running out, very slim in her well-tailored sharkskin slacks.

"Hello! Hello!" she hailed me, "What do you think? Somebody wants to buy the house! Imagine! I don’t know whether to say ‘How grand!’ or ‘How terrible!’"

We went from the hall to the den, done in warm browns and tans that harmonized with my hostess’ beige and brown outfit, and set off the yellow of her hair.

"It’s so exciting to have people come out of the air and beg you to let them have your house,” she laughed, "You don’t know whether to be pleased with the compliment or to fear that nothing will induce you to part with the place. We’ve done several things to it that we’re proud of, and we have more planned.

"This is the room where we usually entertain intimate groups in cool weather. It’s so sort of cozy and inviting. In warmer weather—and we have lots more of it in California—we ramble to the sunroom. Let me show you. It’s one of the things we did to the house."

The sun-room opens off the big living-room and was formerly a side veranda.

"It had a floor and an awning over that—nothing else," explained Una. "We closed it in, put windows all the way along, except where we have the French doors, hung Venetian blinds so we could regulate the light, and furnished it in the coolest colors we could find.

The colors are an off-white painted wood, upholstered in soft blues and pale greens.

"Maybe you’d call it Monterey furnishing," said Una, doubtfully, "but perhaps it’s merely mongrel. We wandered around furniture places and picked out stuff that we liked and that looked comfortable. Our friends are the sort of people who are no strain to have around, and we want everthing inviting-looking. But look—you came to talk about what we give the darlings to eat, didn’t you?"

"Well, we like to serve a guest a dish that she especially likes, when we happen to know what it is. Take Elizabeth Wilson—when she comes, not every time but often, what do you think we have? Why, mustard greens! The girl’s mad about them. Or turnip tops—they’re about the same.”

MUSTARD GREENS

4 bunches mustard greens
13/4 lb. salt pork
Water to cover greens

Pick over, wash and cut up the greens. Add water and salt pork. Cook about 1½ hours, adding no more water. Add salt and pepper to taste.

"If Madge Evans is coming—if it’s the sort of meal where such food fits in—we

(Continued on page 92)
3 GREAT Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

For months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I’ve just been looking over some of the screen capital’s coming product, and all I can say is — Hollywood wasn’t fooling! Don’t misunderstand me. I’m not a movie expert — but I know what I like. And I want grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime — and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in “She Married Her Boss”).

And don’t miss Irene Dunne in “Theodora Goes Wild”! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora — more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the greatest treat that screenland has in store for you is Frank Capra’s magnificent production of “Lost Horizon”, a film that, without question, will take civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his “It Happened One Night” and “Mr. Deeds” in this one. “Lost Horizon” won’t actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you’ll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood’s boast about its “greatest movie season”.

to tell you, in a few well-chosen words — and pictures — about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you’ll see will be the new Bing Crosby show — “Penny From Heaven”. Here’s the funniest picture Bing’s ever made. It’s his first for Columbia — an engagingly human romance with five its place among the ten best pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton’s world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star role — a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it’s money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond...
ONCE OVER LIGHTLY!

It seems every male star has to wear a mustache sooner or later. I hope Bob Taylor never tries it. I just want to say that Dick Powell looks terrible with one, and I wish he would give it the razor.

Harriet Bell
20 Porter Place
Montclair, N. J.

TWO-TOASTING THEM!

I lift a glass of sparkling wine to the dynamic stars who have given me many thrilling hours in the theatre: Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, Henry Wilcoxon, and Fredric March.

And a milk-toast for hours otherwise, to: Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda.

Ann Aventure,
1008 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E.,
Washington, D. C.

IT WAS IAN, NOT "BILL"

A big Salute to Ian Hunter for his acting in "To Mary—With Love." His part as Bill, the true friend of Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, may have had something to do with it, but I felt, after seeing the picture, that Ian stole the show.

Margie Mains,
120 N. Erie
Wichita, Kas.

WHEN OK'S NOT OK

Where was the director of "San Francisco"? In 1905 and 1906, when the story in this film took place, "OK" and "Let's get going" were not current slang, but both expressions are used by Clark Gable as Blackie Norton.

K. M. Richey
418 South Virgil Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

WELL DONE IF DUNNE DOES IT

She can be funny, she gets the heavy dramatic roles, and she has a delightful singing voice. What a combination! Did someone say they liked the typed actress? I agree to some extent, but you can't pin that tag on Irene Dunne.

Margaret Younkin
317 Walnut St.
Paris, Tenn.

"SAN FRANCISCO" COMMUTER

I have just seen "San Francisco" for the sixth time and feel that my first "fan" letter is in order! I'm simply "mad" about Clark Gable in the picture, which I think he dominates. Quite a feat, too—with Jeanette MacDonald's glorious singing and Spencer Tracy's performance. I really think that Spencer's work in it rates next to Gable's.

Mary Margaret
Weston, Ontario
Canada.

Ian Hunter wins praise for his sincere portrayals. The quietly convincing Mr. Hunter is slated for individual stardom if he continues to improve his performances in each new picture.

—AND THEN SHE SAW SIMONE

Once, I thought none could excel Jean Parker and Joan Bennett in sweetness; but how natural for me to change my mind since seeing that new sensational discovery, Simone Simon. She's marvelous.

Vascar Constantine
1575 Washington Ave.
Portland, Me.

BELL-RINGING FOR BELLAMY

Knock, knock! Who's there? Ima! Ima who? I'm mad at the producers for not

Write a Letter and Get a Lift

"I got a real lift out of seeing my own words in print," writes a screen-goer, whose Salute appeared in a recent issue. If you write a Salute or a Snub that appears in this department, it will be read by Hollywood and fellow-screen-goers all over the world. So come along, write what you think about a star, a picture, Hollywood, or anything that pertains to movies. All letters are welcome. Please try to restrict each comment to fifty words. Address your letter to: Letter Dept., Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
giving Ralph Bellamy a rôle worthy of his ability, handsomeness, and engaging personality. Ralph has plodded along long enough, making mediocre characters realistic and interesting. He deserves better pictures to put him on top where he deserves to be.

Gloria Donnelly,
2304 W. Penn St.,

SPEAKING OF NATURALISM

Please let me say that if we could have more Spencer Tracys the screen would be fortunate. We need more naturalism, and Spencer’s naturalism is so genuine it makes for a realism that gives every picture he plays an added power.

Helen Brown,
31 Maple St.,
Charleston, S. C.

OVERWORKED ARIAS

Screen musicals never get off the beaten track. If there’s a “Faust” sequence, it’s the Jewel Song; if “Carmen,” the Habanera; if “Rigoletto,” the Duke’s Song. It would be a poor opera that did not offer a choice of a dozen good tunes, and the unplugged arias are far fresher, if not more musical.

Elizabeth Fletcher,
205 Dickson Road,
Blackpool, England

ARE YOU LISTENING?

Attention Columbia Studios: Many of us think you have one of the most promising newcomers in Hollywood. “Counterfeit” and “One Way Ticket” gave us an example of what he can do. We Bostonians receive his pictures with much enthusiasm. So may we see Lloyd Nolan starred in one of Columbia’s new pictures?

Marjorie Harvey,
1459 Beacon St.,
Brookline, Mass.

THANKS FOR A GORGEOUS TIME

My Salutes are for one of the best pictures in months, “The Gorgeous Hussy.” The entire cast was superlative; notwithstanding that grand actor, Lloyd Barrymore, managed to walk off with top honors.

Evelyn Wells,
25 Chapin Road,
Barrington, R. I.

COMPOUND INTEREST, EH?

Pep, poise, and personality combined in a beautiful and lovable lady—that’s my idea of a grand star, Jeanette MacDonald. My liking for Jeanette is cumulative—with each new picture I like her more.

C. C. Craig,
Noblesville, Ind.

TRIBUTE TO TROUPER HOLT

My salute goes to Jack Holt in “San Francisco.” Jack’s the grandest sport in the movie world today. There’s not another actor in Hollywood who can stand on the top and bottom steps both at the same time.

W. Galliner,
P. O. 274,
Fairmont, W. Va.

ARLEDGE ACCLAIMED

Johnny Arledge, handsome and capable, has absolutely everything—except good leading roles. Why can’t he have them too? Johnny’s light comedy had delighted audiences everywhere, and his dramatic part in ‘Shipmates Forever’ won acclaim from critics all over the country.

Lila L. Gesch,
1618 N. 40th St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MERRY XMAS TO ALL

(and a carton of Kools)

WHERE’S the holiday throat that won’t enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where’s the smoker of either sex who won’t relish KOOLS blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon, but there’s two extra coupons in a carton! — a good start toward those attractive B & W premiums (offer good U. S. A. only). So give ’em all KOOLS . . . they’ll appreciate ’em most! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.
“I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—I saw her change after marriage...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, actually offend anyone who came near her. How could she?

“Perhaps other men can speak out, but I can’t. I’ve retreated into a shell of reserve which she resents, thinks cruel.

“If someone could only speak for me—I know we’d recapture that first glorious happiness.”

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour...perspiration odor from underthings. We don’t notice it ourselves so—never take chances. Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don’t risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!
DEAR MR. DISNEY:

I write more in sorrow than in anger. I have recently seen your new "Silly Symphony," "Toby Tortoise Returns," and seeing it has made me madder than Donald Duck. I've been dodging the issue for some time now, hoping I was wrong, and you were right, as usual, in turning your incomparable comedies into more sophisticated entertainment. But I can't keep quiet any longer—and I'm not squawking just for myself, but for the movie audience I sat with who watched "Toby Tortoise" in a sort of uneasy silence, broken only by an occasional feeble chuckle. You see, I remember the howls of laughter that went up from the audiences at your "Three Little Pigs." I haven't forgotten the thrill it was to see that marvelous picture for the first time, and to realize proudly that something had come out of Hollywood swell enough to rank with "Alice in Wonderland." And then there were all the "Mickey's" of immortal memory, with Mickey's Band Concert" hitting a new high in the comic saga of the beloved Mouse. Even when I saw "Mickey's Polo Team" I was only mildly alarmed—it was a grand idea to burlesque Hollywood celebrities. But then "Toby Tortoise" reared his ugly head—oh, I've nothing against Toby personally, you understand; he's all right in his way. But I resent seeing him join the select company of Mickey and the Pigs, Donald Duck and Pluto; because frankly, Mr. Disney, Toby and Maxie Hare just don't belong.

They don't belong because they smack too much of Broadway and Hollywood, instead of inspiration. They are professionals rather than glorious amateurs. They are smarties who know their way around. Not for them the sublime innocence of Mickey, the pathos of the Pigs, the exquisite rages of the thwarted D. Duck. No—Toby and the Hare are wise guys, see? They call upon firecrackers rather than character to help them out of their predicaments. They depend upon maewest wisecracks rather than wit. They are cleverly concocted, brilliantly executed colored cinema shorts; but they are not "Silly Symphonies" in the great Disney tradition.

After all, Mr. Disney, you and Chaplin have done more to make the movies an accepted art form than any other Hollywoodites. Mickey Mouse has girded the globe and won for you the grateful laughter of millions. The feature on the bill might be heavy melodrama or sexy comedy; it didn't matter—"Mickey" was always welcome, just because he and his "Silly" pals stayed so quaint, so wilfully wholesome, so fantastic. Of course there's more to-do about "montage" and "mood" and double-entendre dialogue now than when Mickey made his bow; the motion pictures, as someone so brightly remarked, are no longer in their infancy. But Mickey must NOT grow up with them. Like Shirley Temple, when he does he's through. So let all the other producers in Hollywood be wise, be maewesty, be brash or brazen. Let other stars learn all the answers. But let Mickey and Donald, and Toby alone, won't you? I think even Toby might be a pretty nice fellow if you'd let him be himself.
T WAS seven in the morning when the telephone rang.

Pat rolled off the davenport and reached for the instrument. Who in the world could be calling so early? It couldn't be Bud. He knew better. Maybe it was Olga to say she was still at a hotcha cinema party out in Beverly Hills. Maybe it was Mr. Dewey again telephoning long distance for his daughter Ann to come home to Dubuque. It might even be the talent scout from Paramount who had tested Pat six months ago. This was Hollywood, and the strangest things happened in Hollywood.

A smooth voice came over the line: "Pat O'Day?"

"Why, yes—" The red-headed Pat tried to place the caller. In her best drawing-room tone: "Who is it, please?"

"Major Piano Company."

"Oh." "Yeah, that's right." The voice grew gruff. "There's gonna be a van around to pick up the upright. No payments—no piano." The threat was punctuated by a metallic click.

Pat put the receiver slowly back on the hook. No piano meant no music lesson today—and no music lesson today meant no part in musicals tomorrow.

She looked out on the sunny street lined with court upon court of one-story wooden bungalows. Hollywood was a pretty stage drop for the heartaches that went on behind the scene.

Some day, someone would write the inside story. It would not be the story of Garbo and glamour—of the Gables and the Colmans, the Colberts and the Barrymores. No, it would be the story of the extra girl—who lived in a world of her own—a world filled with countless economies for the sake of an evening gown—a world in which a manicure and a finger wave were more important than eating and lessons in diction, singing and personality were infinitely more necessary than sleeping.

She must not forget to call Mr. Gianninni and cancel that precious half-hour. Now with the piano gone, there could be no lessons. There could be no Gianninni. Pat sighed as she went to answer the loud pounding at the back door.

It was Mrs. McGuinness, the landlady, in a flannel flowered morning wrapper. Mrs. McGuinness, fifty, fat, and florid. She owned the bungalow court where Pat, Ann and Olga made their home.

The three girls lived in the smallest of the bungalows, sharing the bed, the bills, and the dilapidated little car—and like thousands of other extras who had come to Hollywood with a dream in their eyes, always looking
Begin the most human and appealing story of Hollywood life and love that SCREENLAND has ever given you! Meet the most enchanting three girls you’ve encountered in a long time! Here is Beth Brown’s latest, liveliest serial.

by Beth Brown

“Your’re kind of early.”

“You know why.” He leaned across the geraniums in the low window boxes and kissed her. “All set for the beach?”

“Will be in a jiffy. Have a sit outside while I get Cleopatra off the couch.”

“Got a surprise for you.”

Pat rewarded him with a dazzling white smile that lighted up her heart-shaped face. Red hair, retroussé nose, full lips, stubborn chin—Pat radiated a zest for life seasoned by a sense of humor. “Chocolate cigarettes?”

“Guess again.”

“Rubber lamb chop?”

“Not this time.”

“I give up.”

“Mrs. Duffy fixed us a roast chicken—”

“Gosh! Bud!”

“A whole one. And cold slaw and potato salad and sweet and sour pickles. I’ve got the grub all packed away in the rumble seat of the car.”

“Wait till I tell Ann and Olga.”

“Ann and Olga nothing! They aren’t in on this party! This one’s strictly private—for little you and me.”

“Just as you say—” Pat plucked two wilted geranium leaves and stood there, studying them disconsolately.

Bud reached over the flower box, caught her hand, held it. “You can’t fool me, honey. I know you’re up against it. Why don’t you give it up? You’ll never get anywhere in this racket. It’s just like reaching for the moon. Hollywood may be all right for the Harlows and the Garbos but Tallahassee’s where you and I belong. Come on, Honey. Pack your things and let’s go home—”

His eager voice grew sober. “I’ve got my eye on a little white house with a garden. I’ll get you a girl to help with the work. I’ll do my darndest to make you happy. Honest I will!”

“Thanks, Bud.” Pat was touched. In a husky voice: “You’re one swell egg.”

“Then it’s yes?”

“I don’t know, Bud. I don’t know what to say—” She looked beyond him toward the hills.

“I’d like to stick it out till I make good.”

“You’ve been here three years, Pat, trying to crash the gates—”

“Yes, I know. And I’m still an extra at fifteen a day—two days a month if I’m lucky.”

Bud persisted: “Isn’t your arm tired reaching for the moon? Aren’t you ever coming down to earth?”

She smiled ruefully. Then her soft voice filled with yearning and her big eyes filled with hope.

“Gianinni says I’m good. He thinks I’ve got what it takes. He—” (Continued on page 78)
SOMERSET MAUGHAM once wrote, "To me, nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know, as we of a past day did not, that it is precious and that they must make the most of it."

Nothing truer was ever written—particularly of the younger set in Hollywood. Not only do they realize that youth is fugitive, they know that fame is fleeting. Even more wonderful is the fact that most of them have sense enough to make sure that success is going to be lasting.

They have looks, fame, position, and money enough to enjoy themselves while they’re young. If you ask me, they’re God’s chosen people, for there is nowhere else on earth that youth rides as high and importantly as it does in Hollywood.

The beauty of it is that with all their success, most of them are just average kids. Take Tom Brown—and if you don’t want him, I’ll take him. I’ve known Tom for about five years now. He made one of the very first talkies—"The Lady Lies"—with Claudette Colbert.

Tom never clicked as a star but, with the exception of Frank Albertson, he’s the best juvenile in the business and he has worked steadily. He has also been mighty prominent in the social life of the younger set.
Nowhere else in the world does Youth ride as high as in Hollywood! So let us tell you the amazing true story of these boys and girls who are winning fame and fortune and still keeping their feet firmly on the ground.

By S. R. Mook

I always get a terrific bang out of Tom! He talks in italics. Everything is so important it has to be emphasized. One of Booth Tarkington’s heroes come to life—or Samuel Merwyn’s “Passionate Pilgrim.”

If anyone else said some of the things Tom says you might smile inwardly and think “adolescent.” It’s only Tom’s intensity and terrific enthusiasm that amuse me. His ideas are sound and well-thought-out. His vocabulary and flow of English might well be envied by almost any actor in Hollywood. Few of them can equal it.

A few years ago Tom, thinking it would be a good idea for all the young actors of Hollywood to know each other, organized the Puppets Club. Practically every youngster in Hollywood who stood any chance of getting anywhere, and some who didn’t, belonged.

“It was swell for a little while,” Tom said, speaking of the club, “but in a club with as large a membership as ours there were bound to be a few discordant spirits. We didn’t like to kick anyone out; and anyhow, we began to grow up, so finally we thought the best thing to do was just disband. Now we see each other once or twice a month and the rest of the time we have dates with whom we please, and sometimes double-date. It works out much better this way. Right now, Toby Wing and I have been seeing a lot of each other. I suppose I hand her some laughs and she hands me some. She has a swell sense of humor. The nicest part of it is there’s nothing serious. We just enjoy being with each other.”

The list of girls who have enjoyed being with Tom at one time or another reads like a directory of Hollywood’s feminine Who’s Who. I remember when he and Ida Lupino handed each other laughs.

Life isn’t all laughs to him, though. He has a goal and he knows what he wants. “Maybe I’m not what you’d call old,” he explained, “but I’m not a kid any more. (Continued on page 70)
WHAT is Robert Taylor like without benefit of ballyhoo?

I'm telling ALL! I have just spent an entire day with him, informally. It was his first day away from Garbo and "Camille," the only free time he's had in more than a month. He wasn't on guard for a regular interview.

So what? Oh, the things he did and the things he said—! If you think you have already heard the Facts about the handsomest guy in town, you're in for a flock of genuine surprises. I went to his house for breakfast and stayed on. Bob was one big surprise after another and the joke was on me, too; I'd often talked to him at M-G-M and thought I had him perfectly cataloged. Now I've learned something important: for the absolute low-down on your favorite movie star one must tag along on a real day, when he's far from a bustling studio. It's as smart a trick as having your new enthusiasm with you on a camping trip!

Bob phoned at 8:00 in the morning. "I'm finally a free soul. I'm going to relax today, but I need company. Maybe we can get in some tennis. Or I'll take you for a ride!"

Little did I realize what these offers portended. He has acquired a serve that is definitely maddening. And as for the latter crack, hmm—that devil Taylor!

It appeared he had found a telegram under his front door when he'd arrived home at 11:00 the night before. It advised him that he wouldn't have to work this day—the studio resorting to a wire when nobody was home to answer the telephone. Bob had been moonlight driving down Malibu road with Barbara Stanwyck and Joe, his "man," had been celebrating his own night off by calling on his girl.

I hurried to the Taylor establishment, which is a compact, one-story bachelor cottage on a beautiful tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. There is no wall secluding it, and the porch is decked with flowering plants. Inside the rooms are all in warm brown shades and are furnished in simple but excellent taste. They aren't cluttered up and the sunlight pours in through many windows. Bob's been renting for the past year and it's easy to gather that he's an ideal tenant for a discriminating landlord.

He came to let me in himself, in a gaily checkered lounging
Great biographical drama starring Charles Laughton as the heroic genius whose life was as courageous as his art

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please See Page 84 for Cast and Credits

collectors as no auction of our time has ever assembled. The auction is now open. I will take your offers.”

“Forty thousand dollars!” Vienna began the bidding and soon the room became alive with voices mounting with their bids. Hundreds of thousands of dollars tossed about as lightly as if they had been as many cents until at the end the director from the New York museum stopped them with his bid of five hundred thousand.

“Rembrandt’s laughing self-portrait goes to the United States of America!” the auctioneer announced, and the excitement died down almost as quickly as it had stirred: and now those who had been defeated in their bidding crowded closer around the painting.

“Five hundred thousand dollars!” A man’s voice broke in. “If Rembrandt’s entire output were placed on the market, how much do you suppose it would bring?”

“Let me see,” a foremost art critic did some mental calculating, “including the drawings and etchings I should say thirty million dollars.”

“More like forty million,” interposed another.

“How Rembrandt would laugh!” said the man who had first spoken, and his eyes looked deep into the painted eyes staring at him.

“He does!” The art critic (Continued on page 84)
London

Where they work a lot—and play a little! Our exclusive department from England keeps you informed as to the world-wide adventures of your movie darlings

By Hettie Grimstead

Music greets me when I arrive on the set, for Miriam Hopkins is playing the piano between shots of "Triangle." Characteristically outspoken, she has plenty to say when our conversation turns to her former films.

"These Three" was by far my best picture—gracious, how I had to argue with Sam Goldwyn before he would allow me to wear those spectacles! That school-teacher was a real living woman, genuine characterization, I want to pay human beings on the screen, not glamorous daughters of luxury, and I mean to in the future. I haven't any illusions about my art. I know I am not a second Bernhardt or a Duse but since I've been an actress all my life, I do know something about acting. I could do good character work and I will, very soon."

This latest rôle of Miriam Hopkins, above, likes her new rôle in a British picture. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone, left, appearing together in an English film, have afternoon tea on the set. Elisabeth Bergner, left, below, has a modern part in her current cinema. See Dietrich, below, greeting a baby "extra," as Marlene enacts a Russian rôle in "Knight without Armor," in England.

hers should satisfy even restless, vital Miriam, for it is unusually interesting. As the dramatic critic of a London newspaper, she writes a false notice about a performance of "Othello," to help her friends the two stars who are happily married in actual life and completely opposite to the rôles they played on the stage. But inspired by Miriam's notice, circumstances turn the man into a modern replica of the jealous Othello while the woman takes up the attitude of Desdemona too. Comedy-drama with a sound background of psychological truth and some lovely dresses for Miriam, including a draped silver satin especially created by the designer who made the Duchess of Gloucester's wedding-gown and other Royal models.

Talking of fashion models, Marlene Dietrich arrived in London wearing her sumptuous cape of red-gold foxes and bringing twenty-one trunks, twenty-nine handbags, a black steel jewel-box, a Hollywood girl hairdresser, two maids, eleven-year-old daughter Maria and accompanied by husband Rudolph Sieber who's slim and dapper and has exquisitely-cut blue suede gloves. She has come to play for Alexander Korda in the great new studios he has built at Denham in Buckinghamshire, a modernistic concrete oasis of efficiency amidst the sleepy wooded

(Continued on page 30)
Sylvia Sidney, above, brightened Paris briefly on a recent visit. Jimmy Durante, center in the picture at right, made Paris much gayer during his stay. Low Ayres and Fred Astaire, lower right, were welcome visitors. Finally, Bette Davis and her husband “did” the town from cafés to catacombs, while Bette was “on vacation” without leave from her studio.

I WONDER what keeps Ham so long in the sewers!” said Bette Davis at the Crillon. To the casual reader that remark no doubt needs a bit of explaining. The big-eyed blonde star was waiting for her husband, “Ham” Nelson, who was on a tour of the catacombs of Paris. The visit didn’t appeal to Bette, much to our gain. She was in France for a little sight-seeing while anxiously awaiting the outcome of her studio quarrel with Warner Brothers. If the court verdict turned out in her favor she planned to fly to London and make “I’ll Take the Low Road” with Douglass Montgomery as leading man. It was raining hard and Bette took it as a good omen, for most of her successful ventures have started amid rain storms. It rained torrents when she married Nelson four years ago. They are still happily married. It rained hard the first day of shooting “Of Human Bondage.” We all know what that film did for her. “Not only that, but it simply poured the day I was born, and how the rain comes down at every opening of all my pictures!” One of Bette’s favorite actresses was the late Jeanne Eagels, whose success in “Rain” made Broadway history. Such a sweet cheerful soul Jeanne was when we in Paris were grumbling about our cold, wet summer. So it was nice to see the radiant, blonde Bette on an otherwise cheerless day. Her off-screen personality is as vivid and clearly marked as on the screen, and her huge eyes carry a world of expression in their clear depths. I was sorry she left so soon, for I should have liked to show her some of the sights of Paris—but not the sewers. She flew off in the rain to London leaving a very dark and empty Paris behind her. Fred Astaire’s holiday visit to Europe was quite as one thinks of him on the screen. A leap and a bound from the boat at (Continued on page 94)

By Stiles Dickenson
What Women Wish Men Wouldn't Do!

Some of the glamorous gentlemen of the screen expressed themselves, in Screenland, not long ago about what they wished women wouldn't do. Well, now, girls, that started something! I was really amazed at the number of feminine screen stars who bristled, (in ladylike fashion, of course!), and said, in effect, "So that's what the men think of us! Let us tell you that we have some complaints to make, too!" I quaked a bit, as who wouldn't? But it seemed only fair to allow the feminine contingent to have its say.

Virginia Bruce was the first one, with a rather plaintive note in her voice. "Why," she inquired, "must men always try to remodel us? If a man is attracted to a woman and proves it by calling her, sending flowers, deluging her with invitations to accompany him here and there, it is only logical for her to believe that he is attracted to the woman he first met. But—does it work out that way?"

"You know as well as I do that as soon as he has succeeded in establishing a relationship which approaches intimacy, he begins to make suggestions about how she should change her personality.

"I don't like those red fingernails," he remarks. 'If you want to please me, you will wear a natural tint at your finger tips. I don't like that heavy lipstick. I don't like that artificial wave in your hair. I like a natural, soft, unstudied hair-line. I wish you wouldn't wear slacks in public.'

"Of course, he doesn't say all these things at one time. But one by one, he expresses these opinions. At first you are puzzled. He fell in love in the first place didn't he, with a woman who stained her nails red, who wore slacks in public, and who patronized the most fashionable hairdresser she could afford?"

"Perhaps red fingernails..."
They don't how they never pronounced, youthful childish small ning. That men really him until by shining. Tailored to at the sacrifice women's conventions We one woman fort, gave Anita "Also Fastidious Del Rio wishes that men would not sacrifice quality to quantity in their clothes. "I can't bear a man in a cheap, ill-fitting suit," she said, wrinkling her nose in a manner which left no doubt at all as to her feelings. "No woman of any taste objects to a man in a shabby suit if it is well-chosen and well-tailored. If his finances make it necessary for him to choose between one good suit and four bad ones, let him, by all means, choose the good one even if he must wear it until it is threadbare and shining. Women will like him better for that.

"Also I am impatient with men who dislike to 'dress' for an evening's entertainment. That is, perhaps, selfish of me. I enjoy wearing pretty clothes. I like myself in evening frocks. I have a better time if I 'dress up' for a party than I do if I must go in street apparel. It can't be really painful for a man to don a dinner coat for an evening. Yet, so many men raise childish objections to this small formality. Women wish they wouldn't!"

Anita Louise introduced a youthful note into this discussion.

"I can't abide men who don't wear garters!" she announced, her lovely chin in the air. "And I wish—oh, how I wish—that they would never hum while we are dancing! They nearly always do. There ought to be a law!"

The girls of Hollywood, up in arms over that article we ran called "What Men Wish Women Wouldn't Do," speak their minds about their masculine critics in sizzling style and quite unmistakable terms

By Helen Louise Walker

(Continued on page 76)
Co-starring in Their Greatest Romance!

FOR a gal who came to Hollywood in 1930 in an upper-berth on a very un-chic train I must say that Joan Blondell has done all right for herself. A few weeks ago I was one of the hysterical see-er-offers who, with rice in my hair, (and I'd like to know who threw that old shoe), watched Joan sail out of Los Angeles Harbor after a most unique ship wedding in which she said "I do" to Mr. Dick Powell in a gay effusion of orchids. From a cramped upper berth to the deluxe bridal suite of the S.S. Santa Paula in six years is really something to talk about, around the fireside of an evening; or, if you prefer, around the bar at the Trocadero.

When Joan stretched herself at the Santa Fe station six years ago, after three thousand most uncomfortable miles, she didn't know where her next job was coming from; she was in Hollywood purely

The most amazing chapter in the life-success story of Joan Blondell is her romantic romance with Hollywood's most popular crooning star. Top, the latest portraits of the happy Powells.
And so they were married! But the love story of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell doesn't end there; it's just beginning. So read this really authoritative feature by the one writer in all Hollywood who knows them best

By Elizabeth Wilson

on speculation, and speculation in Hollywood is just about as comfortable as a park bench on a cold night. Being a member of the famous Blondell Act, (which had gone the way of all good vaudeville), Joan knew what to do with greasepaint and curtain calls and she had a definite feeling that she could out-emote Garbo or out-sway Mae West if given half a chance, but Hollywood can be awfully mean and unappreciative when it wants to be. The Blondell fortunes had been at low ebb for several years, ever since Mr. Blondell had lost his shirt and Joan's middy blouse in a San Diego real estate boom, which really went boom. As Joanie explains it today: "Just think, if only Johnny, [the family calls Mr. Blondell Johnny because he doesn't remind them of John Barrymore], had bought Brentwood or Holmby Hills, instead of a lot of land undersea in San Diego, we could all be wearing lorgnettes today."

After running a store in Denton, Texas, and being a salesgirl and a librarian in New York City, Joanie got a break in the stage productions of "Daisy Mayme" and "Penny Arcade" and with her filthy lucre gained thereof bought herself a couple of dresses and an upper berth and set out for Hollywood to establish once and for all the Blondell fortunes which this time would not be sunk in San Diego real estate. After a fair success in the screen version of "Penny Arcade," in which Mr. James Cagney also made his Hollywood début, the Warner Brothers signed Joan on a long-term contract, but they weren't giving out much money at that time and Joanie soon discovered that she was working practically for the experience and little else. It was just about that time that I first met her, and started a friendship that has lasted until this day, which is a pretty good record for Hollywood, I must say.

I'll never forget that first interview; if I live to be a hundred I'll still be cackling about it. It was a cold, (yes, even in California), January afternoon that I pulled my old beaver about me, went into second, and greatly resembling an iceberg arrived at Miss Blondell's mountain-top home to interview her on the life and loves of Joan Blondell and to what did she attribute her success—which caused a loud snort—and did she believe in marriage or a career or what. Now my frigidity wasn't entirely due to the mountain breezes. I had seen Miss Blondell in "Night Nurse," (remember Mr. Gable?), with Barbara Stanwyck, and "Blonde Crazy" with Jimmy Cagney, and "Union Depot" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and I thought her a grand actress and probably a swell gal that I'd like to know. But other fan writers had warned me that Miss Blondell of the big blue eyes wasn't the coziest person in Hollywood by any means, that she had the distinctly disturbing habit of deciding the minute she met a person that she didn't like the person, and that it would take more lava than Vesuvius could toss up in a lifetime to thaw her out. My, my, I was scared stiff. Joan and I discovered that we had friends in common, before either of us had a chance to completely jell, and there's nothing I always say like friends in common, and the first thing I knew we were hitting it off beautifully. I stayed (Cont. on page 90)
THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING
OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S
3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.
An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.
Inseparable comedy pals... the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
In romance of today, Claudette is as modern as tomorrow. In historical drama, the ever-colorful Colbert is as quaint as this story of early New England demands. The advance views here prove that. Here's Claudette re-living a character whose legend comes to us from the early 1690's, in scenes prior to the heroic romantics Fred MacMurray introduces as the dashing swashbuckler, playing opposite the star with whom he made his first great impression in "The Gilded Lily."

It's a far flight from calculating Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" to "Maid of Salem," but Claudette makes it—though the elapsed time is too long for the comfort of Colbert enthusiasts.
Skating On Thin Ice!

Sonja Henie, skating champ, glides over it in "One in a Million," left. "Ice Digging—" Claire Trevor, above, shows Robert McWade the kind of ice she likes, in "13 Maiden Lane." Right, Michael Whalen finds nothing icy about Doris Nolan's shoulder in "The Man I Marry."

Now, Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, are you trying to steal the Veles and Yolanda honors? Looks that way as you dance off to the right in "Champagne Waltz." Above, it's a slip of the razor, not a skid on the ice that worries Laurel as Hardy shaves him in "Our Relations."
Marie Wilson, above, just can't stop clowning, and—uh, huh—the ice comes up to meet her half-way. Below, William Powell and Myrna Loy turn ice into thin air between their lips; while Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy follow suit, in "Libeled Lady." Close call, eh?

Maybe it's risky, but Hollywood's boys and gals take a chance to add zip, zest, and romantic zeal to our screen entertainment.

Here they come! Gladys and Fred trip the light fantastic, without a trip, as they finish their waltz. Bravo, Gladys and Fred. Above: Aha! The ice that cools champagne; makes it hard to keep your balance. Reginald Denny and Eleanor Hunt in "We're in the Legion Now."
Joan Crawford prefers the lowly-aristocratic dachshund. Joan, at right, with Pupchen; above, with Pupchen and Baby. Below: lovely Jean Harlow with her huge and handsome St. Bernard named "Nudger," and, if you'll look closely, her toy Pomeranian, Oscar. There's even a miscellaneous doggie in the lower-left corner if you can find him!

Crawford and Harlow are rival cinema queens, but they have a hobby in common—their own pet canines. Query: what would happen if Jean's "Nudger" should meet Joan's "Pupchen?"

Joan and Jean—and Company!
The battles of the Hollywood beauties! At M-G-M for years, Crawford and Harlow looked askance at each other’s fame and progress. Now, it seems, they’ve made up. But on the 20th Century-Fox lot a “situation” seems to be developing to rival the old Joan-Jean feud. That fiery little French girl, Simone Simon, and that flower-like little Scandinavian-American, June Lang, are the perhaps unconscious participants in a talent fight. For instance: Simon was scheduled for the new Warner Baxter picture. Next thing we knew, she was NOT in the Baxter picture, and June Lang was. We like ’em both, so we’re not making any bets!

The Lovely Rivals

Simone Simon and June Lang
Dignity
Be Darned!

No more heavy drama for Irene Dunne, if she can help it. "Show Boat" started Irene's emancipation act, and she stays deliciously silly in "Theodora Goes Wild," with Melvyn Douglas.
Binnie Barnes and Victor McLaglen, two real people and splendid troupers, are teamed in "The Magnificent Brute." Binnie remembers when she scored in that artistic success, "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," and Vic hasn't forgotten he won that award for his work in "The Informer." But she'll don a blonde wig and he'll fight and swagger his way through their new picture, and let Art take care of itself, which it has a way of doing.

Who's This Guy Art?

Art's all very well, but give Victor McLaglen a good part, and he'll play it with a grin and like it, whether it wins him any more Academy Awards or not.
Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling book has become a motion picture, with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in the leading roles. Like all Mr. Douglas' popular stories, this one has a strong undercurrent of spiritual feeling, which Mr. Flynn and Miss Louise, with their clean-cut youth and fine intelligence, seem particularly suited to interpret. The large picture on this page is literally "The Most Beautiful Still of the Month," with Flynn sharing honors with a beautiful red setter; the other two portraits were selected for their human interest as well as pictorial appeal.
About
Face!

Take Claude Rains, above. You’d hardly know him, here, as the somewhat sinister, smooth villain of the elaborate costume drama “Anthony Adverse.” Today he’s politely pursuing Kay Francis in a modern movie. Ross Alexander, upper left, has forsaken those completely wacky roles for rapid-fire characterizations such as he performs in “Here Comes Carter.” As for Jean Muir, consider how she has changed her type for “Once a Doctor,” with her new coiffure, far left, so different from her usual demure effect, left.

The smart actors of Hollywood are those who change their personalities every few pictures. We’re giving you good examples here
Back to Nature
Via
The Movies

Screen fame leads but definitely to the simple life, the primitive sometimes, and the healthful, always, life under the skies. See here!

Where the pavement ends, look for the glamor girls, and the romantic chaps, who are glad to go back to nature. At top, Johnny Weissmuller would rather be Tarzan in the jungle than Romeo on a balcony. Maureen O'Sullivan's the reason. Center, above, Dorothy Lamour in "The Jungle Princess" is wooed by Mala, the Eskimo, but then Ray Milland, with Dorothy at left, comes along—very glad to go native.
Allan Jones sets sail in his schooner, the Alrene, (get it? Allan's bride's name is Irene Hervey), when the urge to get back to nature is strong. Below, Dolores Del Rio is a devotee of outdoor sports.

Virginia Bruce takes her share of the simple life playing tennis. Above. Right, Betty Furness also gets interested in the Back-to-Nature parade, by studying about vegetables—dressed in a swank swim-suit.

Kenneth Howell and Jeanne Dante, upper center, can't see the wonders of nature, for the wonder in each other's eyes. Above, Jean Chatburn and Juan Torena take to the out of doors in "Devil on Horseback." Left, George Houston sails the seas in "Captain Calamity."
"Under Your Spell" is the apt title of Lawrence Tibbett's new screen vehicle, in which he sings opera arias, plays comedy with Gregory Ratoff, above, and amuses the youngsters, for good measure.

If Tibbett puts us under his spell, the dashing Barrie girl does the same thing to Larry Tibbett, judging from the allure Wendy projects at the left, and how, (and how is right), the great operatic baritone responds in this scene below.

Sing,
Larry,
Sing!

That's the cry of screen, opera, and radio enthusiasts! And Tibbett's great voice always responds. Pretty Wendy Barrie is the object of the songs in his new film.
Croon, Crosby, Croon!

Bing, your public—and that's an awful lot of people, if you ask anybody—are waiting anxiously for your new film, to hear you croon and make love to Madge Evans.
Don Ameche, left—you’ll meet him in “Ramona.” Above, reading down: Left, Alexander D’Arcy, young hopeful at Warners; Thomas Beck, 20th Century-Fox will feature him. Center, Tyrone Power Jr., inherits the name of a great tragedian of the stage from his father; James Ellison, a Paramount discovery, and very popular in Hollywood. Right, Jerome Cowan holds his face in his hands—but he should worry, he’s under contract to Goldwyn; Tex Ritter is a new western star from radio; Craig Reynolds, young Warners.

New versus

These young blades are trying hard to make you like them as well as—
Pat O'Brien looks over the crop of youngsters and smiles them a welcome, right. Above, reading down: Left, Charles Boyer, whose acting might well serve as a model for youngsters; George Bancroft, who has held his popularity for years. Center, Ralph Bellamy merits the applause he always gets; James Stewart—how neatly he crashed the magic circle! Right, Clark Gable—well, Clark's in a class all by himself; Paul Lukas, who has made the middle-aged romantic a popular favorite with girls of all ages. Stout fellows, all.

Old Friends

These familiar and always welcome established stars of the screen world
The Girl Who

At twelve she was the unnamed dancer who doubled for famous screen stars. Today Hollywood hails her as a foremost emotional actress. Here's a life-portrait etched in fascinating detail.

Recruited from the screen, Margo received the chief feminine role in Maxwell Anderson's great play, "Winterset," and scored a triumph. Then Hollywood called her for "Lost Horizon." Now she repeats her part as Miriam in the screen version of "Winterset." Left, two character studies. Below, scenes from "Winterset," with Burgess Meredith, in the part he played on the stage and which he recreates in his screen début; and with Edward Ellis and Meredith in another tense scene.
MARIE Margarita Guadalupe Balado Castilla was never one to allow anything to stand in the path of her progress. So she changed her name to Margo. This was long ago, when at the tender age of five she left her native Mexico City and danced her way to Hollywood. Today, Margo has lived all of nineteen years. Yet into that brief span of time has been crowded an emotional wisdom that bails her as a dramatic genius by leading critics all over the country.

To tell you of Margo’s qualities, is like trying to describe the innumerable facets of the famous Kohinoor diamond. She’s both woman and child, hoyden and aristocrat. Emotionally she’s as taut as a string on a Stradivarius. Mentally she’s as keen as the wind. There’s a Chaplinesque quality to her humor, but at the same time she can outdo the four Marx brothers. Behind the mask of Margo there lurks something born out of centuries of suffering—something as new as tomorrow’s dream.

At the age of twelve, Margo was doubling the dances for those high-priced leading ladies who played opposite Ramon Novarro in his earlier pictures. The fifty dollars a week Margo received for her talents supported a mother, grandmother, three cousins, and herself. Spare pennies were hoarded savagely, until there was enough to buy a book of poetry or a rare recording. Many times Margo went without her dinner or made a meal of crackers and tea. But there was always food for thought, music to quench an insatiable thirst.

Hollywood actually became Margo-conscious, when at the age of fifteen she danced to the tantalizing strains of her uncle Xavier Cugat’s rumba orchestra. It was at the famous Cocoanut Grove, the last night the Maestro would play before departing for New York City to fulfill an engagement at the Waldorf Astoria. Tables were huddled together to make room for more tables. The place was choked with people. Outside waited a huge crowd, hoping to be squeezed in at the last moment for one final dance.

Before her mirror in her dressing-room, sat the bright-eyed Margo. Her costume was gay and festive. For some unknown reason, this night more than ever, she was trembling with the joy of living. Little more than a child, her body had already taken on the subtle curves of maturity, the gazelle-like distinction of the dancer. Faintly, she heard the opening chords of Albeniz’s *Cordoba*. This was her number, the number she interpreted each night, according to the mood the music inspired in her.

Snatching up a scarlet shawl, she glanced back for a moment in the mirror and then flew out of the dressing-room. To get into the Cocoanut Grove, she had to pass through a flowered-bordered patio. Impulsively she grabbed fist-fulls of roses as she hurried along. Lights were dimmed and the Grove settled down into hushed silence. Out into the spotlight stepped the little Mexican girl, whose hair was a mad array of carelessly woven roses.

The music burst forth and Margo started to dance. Faster and faster went her feet. Her eyes gleamed like two slits of moonlight. Then, as (Continued on page 69)
DODSWORTH—Samuel Goldwyn

THE most impressive domestic drama ever screened. "Dodsworth" is one cinema adaptation of a play more convincing than the original. Sinclair Lewis' creation of the character of Sam Dodsworth, successful albeit simple, honest, direct businessman who retires to enjoy life and leisure, constitutes an important contribution to Americana; and in Walter Huston Dodsworth finds his perfect interpreter. It is one of those rare meetings of the ideal actor for the rôle of a lifetime; and Mr. Huston never misses. His portrayal carries all the qualities of acting greatness. William Wyler has directed with top-flight skill and sympathy the European adventures of Sam and his luxury-loving wife, Fran, played superbly by Ruth Chatterton; he has lavished his directorial inspiration on every member of the splendid cast; and the result is warmly human, richly real, supremely satisfying entertainment. The "other men" in Fran's selfish life who in another movie might be giggols here emerge as human beings. Mary Astor as "the other woman" is infinitely charming. Maria Ouspenskaya is uncannily good as the mother of Fran's Viennese suitor. Oh, see it! See it second-run and revival—But see it!

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE—Paramount

I STRONGLY suspect that this picture is merely the legitimate grand-daughter of Madame X, and that if I were a real critic I would hide my emotion behind a mask of amused indifference. I'm sorry I can't, because it got me. Right from the start, it got me, beginning with Jackie Moran's sneak visit to Carrie and continuing with his return with his stray cat and his owl—imagine, an owl!—and through Carrie's weird seizure of maternal instinct and adoption of Paul and Lady—yes, it went right on bringing the old lump back to the throat while Carrie became a successful business woman and sent her big kids through school and—then it went too far, and I froze up on Carrie. If only, somehow, another ending could have been devised, I think this picture would have been one of our all-time "colossals"—to women, anyway. But who can believe in that ending? Just the same, Carrie will win you and hold your interest and sympathy through most of her life and hard times. Wesley Ruggles has done some grand directing. Gladys George as Carrie is marvelous. Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt are amazingly real. Dudley Digges, John Wray, John Howard, Arline Judge, Isabel Jewel—fine.

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS—Filmart-Tobis

THIS picture won the Gold Medal at the Venice International Exposition, and was awarded the Grand Prix du Cinema Francaise. Now don't duck. If it is ever playing anywhere in your town, see it by all means, even if you don't know a word of French and don't want to learn. Yes, it was made by a French company, with an all-French cast; but the dialogue titles are well translated into English, and the pantomime is so perfectly expressive you don't need to read the titles anyway. It's a gaily fantastic, rousingly ribald picture with a rich comic idea, and it is pure cinema, the motion picture when it is art. An imaginary invasion of the town of Boom in Flanders, in 1616, by a Spanish Duke and his troops, which encounters passive resistance from the men of the town and more hospitable reception from their wives, is the basis of the idea; but that gives you no inkling of the charm and wit of it, the magnificent characterizations, the beautiful backgrounds, the sweep and surge of the action, the shy innuendo and endless invention of its writers, director, cameramen, and cast. Francoise Rosay and Jean Murat are revelations of great, subtle acting. Hollywood, see this and marvel!
BEST MAN'S PERFORMANCE
IN MANY MONTHS:
Walter Huston in "Dodsworth"
—a classic American characterisation in a perfect picture

BEST WOMAN'S PERFORMANCE:
Gladys George in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie"

TALENT BATTLE OF THE SEASON:
Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, and Simone Simon in "Ladies in Love"—Loretta Wins!

BEST COMEDY PERFORMANCES:
Frank McHugh and Joan Blondell in "Three Men on a Horse"

LADIES IN LOVE—20th Century-Fox
OF COURSE you'll see this if only to watch Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon battle for first honors. Well, if I must pick a winner, I choose Loretta. Here the Young girl really comes into her own. The provocative quality hitherto missing from her movie assets suddenly appears, and from a lovely, rather wistful girl Loretta blossoms into a slightly dangerous and certainly dazzling siren. She's one of the four "Ladies in Love" who battle for their romantic rights in that so-gay, so-sad Budapest. Loretta is the idealistic one, Janet the maternal one, Connie Bennett the wise one, and Simone? Well, she appears like a wan-ton breeze, briefly, but devastatingly, and in her most alluring "Girls' Dormitory" manner she steals Paul Lukas right from under Connie's patrician nose. Miss Bennett, by the way, was never more poised and smoothly beguiling. Janet Gaynor proves again what a grand trouper she is, as the sweet little soul who finally wins Don Ameche's love and the security she craves. It's Loretta who loves and loses! They're all really swell. Alan Mowbray as a "mad magician" is a perfect delight in all his scenes. Tyrone Power, Jr., and Wilfred Lawson are fine.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners
HERE'S a howlingly funny picture! Its aim is inelegant amusement, rowdy, rauous, and unashamed, and it attains its purpose, thanks to the fidelity with which it follows the lines and situations of the original stage hit, and to its excellent cast. If you've missed one of the many companies acting "Three Men on a Horse" in the theatre, you'll want to know that the "first man" is a gentle greeting-card versifier whose secret hobby is race horses—picking 'em to win, though miner bets. Through a series of farcically fantastic happenings he is in with some gamblers who decide to exploit him, and he becomes the well-meaning Irwin picking winners instead of following the natural bent writing Mother's Day verses. Frank McHugh plays the nicest role to date in the principal part, and he is even better than we'd imagine. Here's an important new comedy star in the making. Joan Blondell as the dumb chorus-girl friend of one of the gamblers is deliciously, deliciously funny; here, definitely, is the very first "Irish Comedienne" of the screen. Contributing heavily to the alluring are Sam Levine and Teddy Hart of the original stage cast, making auspicious debuts; and Carol Hughes.

RAMONA—20th Century-Fox
THERE is a rather lovely lyric charm about this picture quite independent of "effects" of acting, direction, or color. Oh, yes—it's an "all-technicolor" piece, with very vivid blue skies and very green grass and very red apples; and also, mercifully, a very beautiful Loretta Young and a handsome Don Ameche. I'm still not completely converted to colored films; they still bring a rush of red to the eyes and brain; so I'm obliged to judge this picture apart from its brilliance of background. It follows faithfully Helen Hunt Jackson's classic story of early California, relating the romance of Ramona, half-Spanish, half-Indian, and Alessandro, all-Indian; their runaway marriage, their happy home, their tragedy when their home is seized and they are forced to flee with their baby, Loretta and Ameche make you believe it, and bring the plight of the early Indians uncomfortably and belatedly to your attention. Some of the scenes in soft browns and blues, the interiors, are exquisite, and make me hope that one day color will be used to genuine dramatic effect. "Ramona" has lovely moments, most of them Loretta's. Pauline Frederick, Pedro de Cordoba, Victor Kilian, and Kent Taylor are excellent.
A S I WAS coming home to meet you and tell you all about my amateur pictures," said Chester Morris, ushering me into his library, "a friend of mine flagged me down. 'Wait! Wait!' he yelled, 'I have something to show you!'

"I stopped. I thought he had a contract for a million dollars, maybe. But what he had was half a dozen pictures he had taken himself of his little girl. He wanted to show them to me and gloat over them—he wanted me to tell him which were the best—and to explain how he had shot them.

"It's getting so that you can't step outside without seeing someone with a camera. Must be a germ.

"I have a still camera, of course. But the thing that's more fascinating to me is the home movie outfit. Let's talk about that. Mine is a 16 mm. camera and I've had it for six years. Now, I'd almost as soon part with the family dog!

"Mrs. Morris' father had a little movie camera when Brooks, my son, was born, so he took some stuff of the baby. It was interesting to see the changes in him from month to month, and we talked about getting a camera ourselves. The thing that actually decided us was a trip on a freighter we took six years ago, just before Cynthia was born. We made a record of the trip and every time we wanted to live it over, we ran the film. It was swell!

"Then along came Cynthia. When she was two weeks old, I began making shots of her, and now we have the kids in every stage of development to date. It's better than the old family album because you have all their first steps, their expressions and so on.

"It was all very simple when they were babies, but much more complicated now. Movie actors' kids are camera-conscious, I think. They have a sort of sixth sense that knows the minute a camera begins grinding. They begin to pose and show off and aren't a bit cute. Brooks at eight is awful. He gets his finger into his mouth and giggles and struts—not amusing anybody, unless it might be himself by the time he's thirty.

"Frank Buck of 'Bring 'Em Back Alive' has nothing on me when I'm shooting the children. I hide behind hedges, lie under clumps of shrubbery, lean from balconies or windows, or the branches of tall trees, anywhere at all so the camera won't be noticed. Then they're perfectly natural. They don't know what's going on.

"I think the best shots you can get are those you make when your victims don't know you're shooting, whether they are five or fifty; but it's not always practicable.

"If I want to take scenes in the house—say around the Christmas tree or at a birthday party, where the kids can't be caught unaware, I make them smear their faces with cold cream. That gives them a shine and I get high lights where I want them. Grown people, too, might photograph better if they did this, but try and make them! I never use make-up myself, on the screen or for my home pictures. Women always feel they must put something on their eyelashes and lips. Maybe they're right.

"Outdoors, I don't use extra light. I rely on the sun, and try to get a white wall with the sun on it to give me what backlight I may need. Cameramen on the set are always trying to get that third dimension in their shots—that illusion of depth. The way to get it is by backlighting. So I go in for backlighting. You can use the hint with your still camera—just get something that reflects the sun to throw the reflection into your shot.

"When we were on location in the desert for 'Three Godfathers,' I used this reflection idea for stills—the sun on the sand was so strong it threw the light up into a hat-shaped face.

"In the house, though, I use flood lights. If I'm using color film, it's necessary to have three of these flood lights. A bulb lasts two hours, so you learn to think in terms of hours except when you actually need it, but they call five, six, five cents so you can replace them.

"One night Lilian Emerson gave a birthday party and we all went in costume. When the guests arrived here ready to go, it was all so gorgeous I didn't need it, everybody!' lined up my lights and took some shots in
"If you want to have fun, try this," says Chester Morris as he divulges pet tricks for making the most of his hobby—"quickies" of family and friends.

By Ruth Tildesley

night and practically rolled on the floor when he saw it.

Sue—Mrs. Morris—shaved her eyebrows off in the interest of her art and painted exaggerated Garbo eyebrows that went 'way up into her hair. She is knitting baby socks, and the title is: 'Ann, a one-man woman—and darn sick of it!'

"Everything you ever heard of is in that picture, war and gold and love and tragedy!

"I have always wanted screen credits, so this being my picture, I get them. The credit sheet says, Producer .......... Chester Morris Director .......... Chester Morris Writer .......... Chester Morris Editor .......... Chester Morris Star .......... Chester Morris"

"That picture cost $500 before we were through with it, but that was silly. I took all the angles of each scene and then cut them out—had more film on the cutting-room floor when I finished than I had in the picture. I could do it again for a fraction of the cost.

"If you think you'd like to get somewhere in Hollywood, there's nothing I know of more illuminating than making your own movie in your own way."

Many Hollywood players use their home movie outfits to give themselves tests for parts they are to play or hope to obtain," Chester informed me.

"For one rôle," he said, "I was told I could wear a wig instead of growing my hair. This would have been more convenient, as I could have enjoyed my normal haircut when I (Cont. on page 76)
Glamor School

Edited by

Not only one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, but in the world, Constance Bennett consents for the first time to pose in her own important new clothes!

Striking afternoon ensemble. Left, in Vivid blue slipper-suit, tiny slippers to match the gown, a four-string silver fox scarf and a hat again in blue, with medieval crown and veil—Connie Bennett is equipped for the Cocktail hour!


Right: close-up showing Miss Bennett's buttoned-back brown dress and hat.
Elegance is the word for Constance Bennett! Here are first views of her new personal wardrobe.
More Glamor

Two of Miss Bennett's favorites from her new collection of evening gowns, chosen for simplicity and grace, are quite as much as for the line that provide the most familiar elegance of all evening gowns. A chiffon in cobalt blue, painted chiffon in cobalt blue, and jade green, in pencil skirt, with graceful twirled hovart, with Grace and jade green, in pencil skirts, falling from the shoulde treating. A wide and height, the material, Hugging her slender waist is a sash of deep purple velvet. Ben low, a gown of purple-brown crepe distinguished for grace and beauty, a couture robe looped at the back and falling to a double train, delicately and effectively "breath" the brown mohair, as do the roses worn at the front waist.

Connie Bennett bought her new clothes in record time so that Screenland readers could see them in this issue! We hope Connie enjoys wearing them as much as we've enjoyed picturing them for you...
For Good Evenings!

Carole Lombard, above, left, is wearing an exquisite pleated flesh tint gown designed to be a robe de nuit, but in keeping with the vogue of New York and Hollywood. Marian Marsh, right, above, wears it as a hostess gown. Marian Marsh, right, below, tops her evening gown with a silver lame jacket. Marian again, right, is wearing her other party evening gown, with lovely neck so becoming to rounded shoulders and back, and draped in front clasped in brilliant simulated rubies and emeralds. Skirts must be laces, satins, moirés, taffetas and what-not; but they must be dainty and they must be romantic!

This is the season of authentic charm in clothes. See these lovely Hollywood examples, offered by Carole Lombard and Marian Marsh.
“Black Sheep” Stander

Friends who used to worry about him, now join the world in laughing out loud with Lionel

By Franc Dillon

"YOU'LL never amount to anything," was a prediction that Lionel Stander heard often during his youth. It seemed to be the unanimous conviction of his adult associates that he was a black sheep and nothing could be done about it.

"Aw, they just weren't good fortune tellers," Lionel drawls now, if you ask him about it. And when his former well (?) wishers join the chorus and sing, "I always knew he would make good," Lionel only smiles and invites them to visit him in Hollywood. His phenomenal success in pictures may indicate that what they needed was a black sheep.

At any rate, he tried his hand at every other kind of work and actually, the only accomplishment at which he achieved even passable success was crap shooting! And, strangely enough, it was this doubtful pursuit that started him on his career as an actor.

When he was confirmed, at the age of thirteen, he was presented with a handsome watch. And as soon as the services were over he rushed to the nearest little shop which had three golden balls over the door and, in return for his watch, received a ticket, which he promptly threw away, and what was to him a vast sum of money.

He has never owned a watch since. Time, apparently, means nothing to him, but he always keeps appointments promptly and has no tolerance for people who are late.

Eccentric? No, that's much too strong a word for a nature that merely exhibits delightful, illogical, charming contradictions. And it does make him different from everyone else in Hollywood, both on and off the screen.

"But I'm not different!" he protested to me. "I've even gone Hollywood. When you've read your own publicity for a year and a half, you're bound to. Hollywood's a mental Nirvana, a place where there's more acting off the screen than on. You begin to believe what you are doing is art."

And then he proceeded, as fast as he could talk, which is about the speed of a machine gun—and not dissimilar in tone—to tell me all the things that make him different.

Of course, if you saw him in "If You Could Only Cook," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet Nero Wolfe," "They Met in a Taxi," or any other of the ten pictures he has made during the past year and a half, you don't need to be told that he is different in pictures, so different that within the past six months he has become an outstanding character comedian in Hollywood and is in demand for more pictures than any one actor could make. But off the screen, too, he is just as original as the characters he plays.

In the first place, he has no delusions of grandeur. He honestly knows there are no grounds for describing him as "handsome."

"I have a brother who is the Clark Gable type," he will tell you with no little pride. (Continued on page 66)
If the screen outgrew a silence of years of speechless story-telling as it revealed tales of love and adventure—and the more love the better for the box-office—it certainly can outgrow a lot of other things. Everybody is entitled to his wish as to what should be outgrown next. But for my part, the sooner the end of this “typeing” business, the better—for we, the public, as well as the stars who find themselves playing fifty-seven varieties of the same character while golden story opportunities pass “em by, because it’s not “their type.”

It will be better even if for no other purpose than to bring a truce to all this conversation about “typeing.” Everybody gets around to talking about it sooner than later, and as a topic of tiresome talk, “typeing” tops the weather, which is also something everybody discusses but few if any do anything about.

When a real harly soul, like Adolphe Menjou, who had the temerity and talent to break with tradition forced upon him by the “type system,” comes along, it’s time to do a lot of cheering for Adolphe.

Menjou, weary of being the “boulevardier,” turned to banter, with such good effect that he now stands at the top of the list of film comedians. Now let’s hope they don’t pin the “comedy” label on him, just as, previous to his portrayal as Walter Burns, wise, hard-boiled, fast-thinking editor of Hecht and MacArthur’s “Front Page,” Hollywood had Adolphe tagged “polished man-about-town type.” After his smashing and laugh-provoking impersonation of the bifolksurn ma in “Sing, Baby, Sing,” not only the producers, but the public, too, are going to yell for more Menjou comedy.

Changing your personality on the screen is a great trick if you can do it. It has its rewards. Menjou assured us, after returning from Europe where a vacation tour with his wife, Verree Teasdale, was cut short by demands for his presence in Holly-

Hollywood thought Menjou was strictly a boulevardier type, the kind he did in “Morning Glory” with Katharine Hepburn, who played the scene with him at left. Then he decided to prove he could do comedy too, and hit a new high in popularity in “Sing, Baby, Sing,” in which he matched comedy thrusts with Ted Healy, with him in the scene below, and other great laugh-makers. Right, off-screen, with his pet schnauzer, Blitzen.

His High Hat was a Hindrance

Adolphe Menjou went from riches to rags and got the best of a bargain for new recognition

By Tom Kennedy

wood, that he’s enjoying life in his new “changed personality” phase.

He’s still the very well-dressed man off-screen, but these days Menjou doesn’t have to represent in every picture the fashion-plate he came to symbolize as far back as 1923, when he played the suave, sophisticated man of the world in Charlie Chaplin’s self-written, produced, and directed masterpiece, “A Woman of Paris.” So secure was Adolphe Menjou in his eminence as top choice for this type of part, that he was (Cont. on page 89)
Here's Hollywood!

The way it now looks, Joan Crawford is going to be a grass widow. Franchot Tone has finally succeeded in getting permission to do a play in New York. Joan plans to accompany him and do her Christmas shopping while he is busy rehearsing. She will remain as long as she can and only return when she has a picture waiting.

Just because Loretta Young refused to accept an inferior role in a certain picture and hurriedly departed on a trip to Honolulu, the Hollywood scandal mongers immediately started a rumor that Loretta's health was failing again. The night before she sailed, Loretta and Eddie Sutherland never missed a dance at the Tropicadero and were the last couple to close up the place.

The greatest tennis enthusiasts in Hollywood are Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. At the recent matches, for fear they might miss one teeny-weeny stroke, Carole brought along a lunch basket and a thermos of coffee. Both she and Clark refused to budge, even when they should have gone out to an important phone call.

The studio had to send out a radio call to get Robert Taylor back to make love to Greta Garbo. When "Camille" was held up, due to Garbo's illness, Bob climbed into a plane but refused to tell his destination. Garbo recovered sooner than expected, so a frantic call went out to Bob, who wasn't supposed to return until the following Monday. Bob won't tell where he heard the broadcast, but it must have been a most unusual place. Every time it's mentioned to him, Bob bursts out laughing.

Hollywood has taken Henry Fonda's bride right to its heart. And maybe you think she didn't make a hit with Jimmy Stewart and the rest of the bachelors, when she begged them to remain right on and live with her and Henry in the home they had originally occupied. But the boys declined with thanks and gratitude. Jimmy and writer John Swope have taken a bungalow on Sunset Boulevard. Myron McCormick and John Patrick, the balance of the foursome, have taken a Hollywood apartment.

Lew Ayres went on his way to Europe, but he almost changed the entire course of his life at the last minute. A close friend of Lew confides that Ginger Rogers called Lew just before he left and suggested that they give married life a second try. Lew is said to have weakened, but on second thought he decided to carry out his plans. Who knows, if Ginger is still in the same mood when Lew returns to start his new career with Paramount, Hollywood may see this nice couple restored to their original happiness.

A little token of his affection, Dick Powell recently presented Joan Blondell with the trickiest Cord car that Hollywood has ever seen. It's the biggest thing since "Ben Hur" and Joan threatens to hire an Indian Guide to show her all the fine points.

The day after Madge Evans finished working with Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim," Madge went around to see Bob and tell him that she had been loaned out to play opposite Bing Crosby. "What's the name of the picture?" "Penny from Heaven," answered Madge.

"Well, maybe you can find out if prosperity is just around the corner," said Bob drily, as Madge did a slow burn.

FOR weeks Margo stood in the pouring rain, doing her dramatic scenes for "Winterset." Occasionally, just to be sure that every inch of her was drenched to the skin, Director Al Santell would have Margo diped in a rain barrel, for good measure. One particularly long, damp day, Margo thought she just couldn't face another rain drop. As she came out of the scene, ready to burst into hysterics, she came face to face with Joe Penner, (whom she had never met). "Thay," lisped Joe, in his high-pitched raspy voice, "I could use you for a duck!" Margo burst out laughing, turned around, and went back and did her best scene in the picture.

Here's what's news in romance behind the screen

By Weston East

Out Hollywood way they fence for health, beauty, and also good roles, and Victoria Vinton, left, though a competitive newcomer, catches on quickly. Victoria's "on guard" to maintain that very trim figure.

Ah, there, Nelse Eddy! Don't look so surprised behind those dark glasses. We knew you soon as we saw you with your charming companion, Ann Franklin, of Beverly Hills, at the tennis matches.

Ah, there, Nelse Eddy! Don't look so surprised behind those dark glasses. We knew you soon as we saw you with your charming companion, Ann Franklin, of Beverly Hills, at the tennis matches.

And here's Hollywood's newest screen team: Elissa Landi and Edmund Lowe, celebrating new contracts with M-G-M by appearing together for the first time, as stars of a mystery screen play.
ASIDE from the fact that the first day Fred Astaire returned home from London the cook walked out, the second maid was taken ill, one of the upstairs bath-tubs leaked and ruined the living room ceiling, his tennis court cracked, and the diving board on his swimming pool wouldn’t work—Fred discovered that his dog had broken loose, ran next door to the Chaplin estate, and almost chewed Paulette Goddard’s pet pooch to shreds. Fred smiled that good-natured smile of his, took care of everything and then went on to the radio station, where he rehearsed the first program of his thirteen weeks of broadcasting.

IF THERE actually was any display of temperament on the set when Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon worked together, it will never be known, as far as each girl is concerned. In spite of rumors, in reply to the question each girl looks very amazed and exclaims, “Well, if there was anything that went on, I certainly didn’t see it.” (Hi, Connie—and how do you like Simone?)

THE way movie stars get engaged in Hollywood is something to write in your diary. When Gail Patrick called it a day with Bob Cob, she struck up a nice friendship with John King, a new leading man in pictures. John is tall, dark and handsome, a good dancer and someone whom Gail could enjoy being with without having to be serious. One morning rushing out to the Paramount ranch for location work, Gail dashed into a gas station. The attendant took one look at her and said, “Do you mind if I congratulate you on your engagement?” It was still sixty-three in the morning and Gail was rather sleepy-eyed. But she came to with a start and demanded to know what the man meant. He handed her a copy of the morning paper. There on the front page was a huge photograph of Gail and John with a vivid announcement of their engagement. After Gail had recovered her breath, she got out and shouted to John, to let him know that he had asked her to marry him and the answer was—“No.”

HOLLYWOOD would have you believe that Elissa Landi and Nino Martini are “that way.” But Elissa has a brother by the name of Toni, who doesn’t know that it stimulates interest in movie stars if their fans think they are in the throes of a great love. Toni says there’s absolutely nothing to the Landi-Martini affair and Toni should know.

WHEN their picture, “Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,” was previewed at a downtown Los Angeles theatre, Arlene Judge and John Howard attended and took along Arlene’s little boy to see his mommy act. This romance is getting stronger by the moment and John shows unusual interest in Junior Ruggles. Junior’s father is Arlene’s estranged director-husband, Wesley Ruggles, who showed Arlene and John how to make screen love in this current picture. Where, oh, where, could this happen—but in Hollywood?

ROBERT YOUNG still continues to add to his wife’s collection of jewels. For this month’s anniversary, Mrs. Young received a pair of diamond and ruby clips that can be clipped on Mrs. Young wherever they will fit.

RAY MILLAND, the handsome young Britisher, who is making quite a name for himself in Paramount pictures, is taking an awful ribbing from the “Big Broadcast” company. When Ray finished working with them, he went right over to the “Queen of the Jungle” company and started with them. For this part he had to wear those abbreviated khaki pants they wear in the tropics. Ray, who is all male and a couple of yards tall, happens to have very good-looking legs. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and Martha Raye saw him walk into the commissary wearing his shorts. They immediately sent a waitress over with a note asking for an autograph. It was addressed to “Marlene Milland.”

FRANCES FARMER may be happier being loaned out to Goldwyn but her hubby, Lief Erickson, isn’t very diplomatic when he tells about it. Whenever anyone on his own home lot stopped Lief to ask him how Frances was getting along, he completely floored them by saying that Frances liked working on a strange lot, because she didn’t have to say to good morning to everyone—and therefore could keep in the mood of her characterization.

BETTY FURNES, who goes for anything new and crazy, has temporarily forsaken those hats that looked as if they were designed for Frankenstein, and has gone in for fancy jewelry. And Betty’s newest gadget is one of those trinket bracelets. It features one tiny oblong gold cylinder. Tightly rolled up inside, is a dollar bill that Betty reserves for “Mad Money.” Allan Lane is the donor, who has never made her mad enough to use her spare cash!
Clark Gable, growing side-burns for a new rôle, and Carole Lombard were too absorbed in the matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club to notice the interest their presence created.

LORETTA YOUNG has every reason to be proud of her sister, Sally Blane. Aside from being a capable actress, a devoted wife to Norman Foster, and a wonderful mother to little Gretchen Foster, Sally is also mother confessor for all her close friends. It was Sally's sweetness and kindly understanding that weathered the Young family through many a storm, when the girls were struggling for success. Recently, when Maureen O'Sullivan married John Farrow, Sally was matron of honor. Just before they played the wedding march, the groom called Sally aside and whispered something in her ear. Sally's eyes filled with tears. Afterwards she confided that Farrow had thanked her for being "such a little mother to Maureen," whose own family was in Ireland and couldn't be with her on her wedding day.

JOAN CRAWFORD wears fewer costume changes in "Love On the Run" than she ever has before. But the gowns Adrian has given her appeal to Joan so much they already occupy a prominent spot in her own personal wardrobe.

SIMONE SIMON is learning her English rapidly and putting it to good use. On the set one day, she heard one electrician say to another noisy electrician, "Shut Up." Immediately Simone made mental note that the man retired into a nice quiet shell. The next day Simone was trying to learn her lines. Director Irving Cummings was standing close by, talking to Gail Patrick. Looking up from her script, Simone said quite casually and sweetly, "Shut Up." Gail and Cummings were so amazed they actually complied with Simone's well-meant request.

The East's royalty at a West Coast premiere, The Maharaja and Maharani of Indore, distinguished and popular Hollywood visitors.

LEAVE it to John Beal to be original. When he gave a dinner party recently, John personally made his own place cards. Instead of the person's name being on the cards, John drew a symbolic object. Each guest had to pick out the drawing that was most representative. For Margo, John drew a Mexican jumping bean. For Julie Haydon, he drew an old-fashioned bouquet with an orchid in the center. For himself, John drew a picture of a man behind bars—symbolic of his next picture, "We Who Are About to Die."

Fernand Gravet is bringing his pet dog with him to Hollywood, where the French star will make a picture for Mervyn LeRoy.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND was seated in a quiet corner of a restaurant, calmly eating her lunch. Suddenly she was interrupted by a little girl with an autograph book, who could only stand there and stare curiously. Olivia graciously took the book out of the little girl's hands, signed her name and then handed it back again. The little girl looked down at Olivia's signature and a look of great disappointment swept over her face. "Oh, mama," she cried, running back to her own table. "Her name isn't 'Anthony Adverse'—it's Olivia de something!"

THE day that Jean Muir returned to Hollywood, after motoring to Santa Fe and visiting playwright Lynn Riggs, Jean was met at her own front door by a strange woman. When she tried to push by, the woman stood in Jean's way. Finally, after great complications, Jean discovered that she was trying to force her way into a perfectly strange person's house. Jean's mother had moved her bag and baggage into a brand new place, as a surprise home-coming for Jean. It was!
Perfume as a "Pick-Me-Up"

Hollywood stars turn to perfume for that added inspiration to help them enact roles their public won't forget.

By Elin Neil

Beautiful Anita Louise applies her perfume with the traditional French skill. An atomizer diffuses the carefully chosen scent so it seems a part of her.

To see ourselves as others see us is a rare ambition in these days when it's a woman's privilege to have others see her as she sees herself—during her most inspired moments. In your personal appearance, you may play a part, provided you do it so convincingly that it seems real, first to yourself, and then to your audience, whether it's hundreds of thousands such as the movie stars have—or a very special audience of one.

There is no stauncher ally in building up personality, on or off the stage, than perfume. Blue-eyed, blonde Anita Louise has a natural flair for choosing the right perfumes and applying them in a way that makes them seem a consistent part of her enchanting self. No doubt she inherited this talent from her French ancestry.

The smart Frenchwoman practices perfuming as a real art. A great deal of care goes into her choice of fragrances. Then she applies her scent in many subtle touches so she seems to be perfumed from "the inside out," with never too much in any one spot.

The most important thing about perfume is the power it has over you; yourself—to give you the emotional lift that puts sparkle in your eyes and makes you feel right with the world. It can be a personal "pick-me-up" like a new dress or hat that you know is becoming.

This intimate feeling of harmonious loveliness is so infectious you couldn't keep people around you from catching it if you tried! A French parfumeur expresses it in the phrase "dramatic perfume," a fragrance that can lift you toward the picture of yourself as you'd like to be and stamp the impression of you at your self-confident best in the hearts of those with whom you come in contact.

When you choose a perfume "just because you like it," you are using an instinctive feminine power of witchery that's as old as all history and as new as tomorrow night's date. And you're making your selection the same way Hollywood stars do. I asked a number of them how they choose their perfumes. Most answered "Because I like it." Some choose them according to the occasion, time of day, or season, while others pick scents which they feel suits their type. A few want fragrances that are different and distinctive, and none buy a perfume merely because it is popular.

Most of the stars use several perfumes which they vary with their moods and costumes. On the average, Hollywood perfume wardrobes contain three fragrances. Janet Gaynor uses 15!

There are very definite reasons why one should have changes in perfume. If you wear the same fragrance too long or too steadily, your nose becomes desensitized to it. You lose the inspiration and lift it used to give you. And, more important still, you are likely to apply too much since you can't trust your own sense of smell to tell you when to stop.

You should feel "at home" with your perfume, so you can wear it without self-consciousness. But don't feel so much at home with it that it becomes ordinary routine like your breakfast coffee. I'm (Continued on page 96)
"He is the one who should be in pictures, but he is a doctor."

Stander's deficiencies along pictorial lines have been mentioned so frequently and truthfully that it has become a little self-conscious about his appearance. Writers fail to mention that he is more than six feet tall, as straight as an arrow, with a slight stoop. He wins you completely; but dwell at length on his one brown and one grey eye, which seem to be entirely disassociated, even as to shape and size as well as color.

He doesn't mind, really. He will even call attention to this inharmony himself if it comes up naturally in conversation, and he thought it a good joke when he was asked point blank recently if one eye was glass. He exploded: "If I had a glass eye I would have it match the other one. I'm what is known in biological parlance as a 'sport.' Only once in about a million cases is a child born with eyes of different colors."

Although he is the picture of health, don't mention exercise or keeping fit to him. He doesn't go in for exercise, he said, and the notoriety of Hollywood, and the very thought of doing anything in order to keep healthy practically sends him into a convulsion. During the summer months he will dwell on himself as the only white man in Hollywood.

"I'm a perpetual sun-dodger," he declared. "I believe scientists will bear me out that the sun beating down on your brain too much can't be beneficial. No great mental work ever comes out of the tropics, does it?"

But the argument did his work in the shade of a palm tree. "As to exercise!" he said, shaking his head, and the pained look on his face spoke as plainly as words. "I wouldn't think of it."

He did play tennis for a while but when his friends persuaded him to take lessons he quit. If he couldn't play in the good old-stomach style, he wouldn't play. No, he doesn't like doing things according to form. He decided his voice, which resembles a bull-frog crying for rain, might as well be tuned and arranged to take singing lessons. But that inspiration died a natural death when the teacher appeared. "It's the first lesson I ever had day after day and never found him home." When he arrived in Hollywood, it was with no idea of "expressing himself," but with the idea of making a living. His greatest objection then to California was that it was too far from New York. He spent half his time trying to find a friend who would start nights with him. It tormented him to think of precious night hours being wasted in sleep.

But he's changed since then. He has learned that you can't sit up all night and face the camera at nine in the morning.

"Even with a face like mine," he said, and they must have smiled. "Honest, I don't see how people can stand to look at me. I'm so ugly. I never go to see the rushes of my pictures because I wouldn't be able to finish the picture after one look at myself on the screen."

Of course that is a slight exaggeration. No, one could be that handsome.

Born and bred in New York, Stander had the Easterer's first impression of Hollywood.

"At Davenport, Iowa, with palms," he exclaimed, and tried to get an occasional breath of cosmopolitan life by running up to San Francisco. However, he soon learned that there is no geographic escape from Hollywood.

"You can't get away from it, regardless of where you go," he admitted laughingly, which is only more evident that the Stander profile is recognized everywhere.

And now he has decided he doesn't want to escape. He has bought himself a home here, the first home he ever owned, and he amused himself during his first six months here by tearing out and remodeling the interior of the thirteen-room farmhouse. The result is as contradictory as its owner, being a white-frame, forty-year-old house on the outside and as modern as tomorrow inside. Although it is only two blocks off Hollywood Boulevard, it is completely isolated by virtue of being the last house on a street that ends right there. Being thus comfortably situated, he now relates to California with all the pride of a native son.

"What is there to go to New York for?" he asks belligerently. "There is everything here that you can get any place else. All the talent in the world is here or comes here eventually."

He resents hints that have been printed here and there to the effect that he only pulled himself out of the gutter since his success in motion pictures, and is one of the very few actors who has no poor relatives to support. He was born in Brooklyn. "I'm Marion Stander, a certified public accountant, had a very good business, and the family was and is quite well off."

"I always had a car," he explained, and added, "and we lived in a $3000 home. I ran away from home because I wanted to make my own way in the world."

He was just fourteen when he ran away the first time and he found it such an interesting experience that he repeated the practice frequently during his subsequent years. His first job was as office boy in a Shade factory, where he stayed for six months, a record which remained unchallenged until inclination with the screen. He might still be there if he hadn't made a slight error in misplacing $147,000 worth of negotiable bonds. This happened when he took a street car instead of a taxi and appropriated the taxi fare for his own use. The fact that the bonds were found later made his separation from the firm no less permanent.

He worked at any number of jobs during the next few years, few of which lasted for more than a month. Sometimes he was fired. Once or twice, as when he gave up his job as a waiter because he didn't like the rush hours, he left of his own free will. Between jobs he would return home and resume his studies. Each time he left he made new contacts, met new girls, had fine excursions, he was received by the family as the prodigal son and his father's hopes would be revived that some day he would straighten up and return in the family. Remember me. But when parental restraint grew irksome or school discipline too boresome, he would be off again to new experiences. His parents would shake their heads helplessly and his teachers would sigh with relief to have so disturbing an element removed from their classes.

His education, necessarily, was quite sporadic. An utter disregard for authority in any form was at the bottom of his short stays and sudden departures from almost every school he attended. It was a toss-up, whether he or his teachers had the idea first that he should leave, but leave he did, and as a result his education was gathered haphazardly at a most imposing and lengthy list of schools. These included New York City High School, Mt. Vernon High School, Bloomingdale Military Academy, New York University, Duke University, and the Universities of North Carolina and North Carolina. He is just now discovering that he attended too many schools, for his ex-classmates are arriving in Hollywood by the dozen, with greetings like, "Remember me at Duke? Can you get me in the movies?"

And because he can't, of course, get everything into his already overburdened and finances them over rough spots.

"My two extravagancies are food and friends," he likes to boast; but he confessed to me he was somewhat shocked to discover on the first of last month that his grocery bill was in the neighborhood of $200; his telephone bill around $100, (for it's a Hollywood habit to do your long-distance telephoning while calling on friends), and his milk, butter, and egg man presented a bill for $30. On his friends-asked remarked that the Stander residence was the best short-order place in town. But his cook, who has been with him for several years, prepared a cook stew, fails to be discouraged and stays on. His friends drop in at all hours; the doors are never locked and there's always someone there. He has rented a cottage at the beach, but couldn't get in for the crowds, so he is spending this summer at home.

He has no illusions about the motion picture business. Sincerely expressed, his views are:

"It is a great industry and sometimes it's even art, but not often. If it is, it's the most ephemeral art there is. One week everyone raves about a certain picture, declaring it to be the greatest ever made for cost millions. These are the pictures they say, and at last a picture has been made that is art in a big way. But the next week it is forgotten and a month later it will be showing at a fourth-run house along with bank night and another feature. Few pictures have any permanency in the minds of the public, but it is the time will come when they will have."

He insists that he reads his publicity, an admission seldom made by a motion picture star, and I asked him what he thought of it if it goes to my head! A national news magazine devoted more space to me a few weeks ago than it did Stander, and what had been written about me that I must begin to cudgel my brain in vain endeavor to make my dull life glow with color, glamor, and romance."
Despite his kidding, the publicity department at Columbia Studios adores him. "He isn't always in our hair wanting publicity, one member of that department told me, "but he never refuses to do what we ask him to do, He's a peach!" Inasmuch as the publicity department of a studio is as accurate a barometer as you can find to its leading character, we must be convinced that Stander is all right. He is even nine-tenths satisfied with his role in "The Scoundrel," the leading man in "1936," he remarked with his engaging grin. "I never mean a thing to the story, I'm never an essential character, but I do get a good picture—of any picture I've made."

The time has yet to come when he will be cut out and there is a well-founded rumor to the effect that he is soon to be starred. This never fails to upset him. "I'm not going around draped in the responsibility of carrying a picture," he protests. "I was hired for comedy relief and comedy relief I'm going to be." But he thinks it very amusing that he draws more salary every week than some of the stars he supports.

"You know," he recalled to me, "most of the pictures I've been in have a pearl necklace plot. You know that old pear necklace plot, don't you? Well, some day when I get time, I'm going to write a pearl necklace story that will put an end to pearl necklace stories. I'm going to have someone light a match under it and burn the necklace up."

He could write the story, at that, for some of the many and varied jobs he held before he became an actor were writing jobs. He worked as a reporter on newspapers; he worked as a publicity man, and at times wrote hair-raising melodramas and mystery thrillers for the pulp magazines. But this real talent—a talent that approaches genius—is his ability to coax a performance out of a pair of dice. It was a sadder and wiser chap who had learned by experience of Stander's talent, who recommended him for a bit in a show which required no acting but a certain knock with the dice. His salary as a bit player wasn't much, but his ability to make passes enabled him to collect each week the salaries of all the actors who could be put into a game, so he managed to do very well.

When it was discovered that he was a natural actor, his future was settled without any great mental strain on his part. He thought acting as good a racket as any other and went from show to show. But he realized it wasn't as easy as it sounds, especially one season when he was in twenty-six films without a success among them, thus attaining a record almost as good as he could make with straight passes.

Eventually success came to him and then radio work, which he did first as a dialect commentator. "The Scoundrel" was his first important picture and gained him a hearing in Hollywood.

Despite his sketchy attendance at school, he is well educated and intelligent. He knows history and I warn you not to get into an argument with him on any past or current event. Even if he were wrong in some of the more esoteric facts, you would talk you into a state of willed acquiescence.

His reading, he tells me, is done be- tween assignments. The morning newspapers cause there isn't so much company then," this black sheep doesn't play bridge, polo or golf. He doesn't own a dog. "A black sheep wouldn't prefer a mongrel to a pure bred dog."

A TINY tint that brightens your hair is the promise Golden Gлит Rinse makes—and keeps. It's not a dye or bleach, and it rinses out easily with the next shampoo. You need have no fear that it will destroy the natural color which conservative women cherish and most men admire. It imparts tiny reddish tints and golden highlights to hair that has lost its sheen, so it seems to have the vibrancy and brightness of early youth. You simply dissolve the contents of a small envelope in hot water and pour it through your hair after a shampoo. Although not imperative, it's a good idea to use Golden Gлит Shampoo as it is especially adapted to prepare your hair so it gets the most out of the rinse.

WE WISH we knew the secret of how Tangee lipstick performs its magic. It gives a pleasingly flattering color to your lips without one single iota of "painted" look! But we don't. Chameleon-like, it takes on its color according to your own complexion and skin, achieving an effect that is supremely natural. It is made with a cream base that keeps your lips in smooth, soft condition with no danger of drying, no matter how often you wear it. We find it a grand protection against chapping when the weather's cold and unkind. A rich, yellowish rouge, made on the same color principle, gives a slight flush to your cheeks that's sure to be a perfect match for your lipstick. These products are ideal for the girl who wants to look her prettiest without admitting she uses make-up.

WHAT does the future hold for you? Does the crystal ball you possess of two soft, white hands that will do their share toward bringing home that glamorous touch of romance? We give you our word that Frostilla Lotion will help your dream of lovely hands come true. It's pleasantly fragrant and delightfully refreshing. A marvelous reward is a pale smoothness and the softness that beautifies the touch as well as the eye. And you can depend upon Frostilla to protect your hands delicately, to nourish and to relieve chapping, roughness, or redness in practically no time at all. It does a noble daily service. Some women find it a protective, persuasive base for face powder. It's a soothing rub for tired feet, too.
music while he’s driving, wherever he goes to eat, and Joe has orders to turn on the living-room radio the minute Bob’s awake. Mr. Taylor and Joe are on the music when Bob’s car rolls into the driveway after a day at the studio. You know how many folks try to argue with their zeal for classical pieces? Bob studied the cello for years and he can appreciate the finest symphonies. But he hasn’t a piano—because “I can’t play one.” He’s got to be on call on numbers: “only when I’m in the mood, which seems to be seldom.” He thrills, frankly, to swing rhythm. “Bennie Goodman’s orchestra is tops in my estimation.” Next I search for Lud Gluskin. The Casa Loma band is third choice.” His pet songs are “Get It, Get, Aucula, China Boy, and When Did You Leave Heaven?”

Joe brought in orange juice, toast and coffee, and served it on the coffee table before the fireplace in the living-room.

“Guess you’ll have to take a beating on your breakfast,” mine host smiled. “I hate breakfast myself; it’s a hideous ordeal for me getting up and suddenly commencing to eat. And I can’t ask Joe to bring in more—for there isn’t anything else in the house.”

The refrigerator at Bob Taylor’s is bare—except for cream and butter! I was stumbling onto one of the most amazing, hit-and-miss, undisclosed Taylor idiosyncrasies. Bob is not to be won via his stomach! He actually classifies food as just a necessary evil, and meals are routines to be rushed. All you who aspire to be as Taylor can now not only stop struggling with the Harvard Classics, but you can throw away your jolly old cook-book. If you shelve over a hot stove it’s love’s labor lost.

“I have breakfast, such as it is, out here in the living-room.” Bob went on to explain. “I can’t stand formality in meals and I don’t like to sit in there at the dining-room table. I don’t have any other food here except the food at home.”

“But don’t you get tired of restaurants?”

“I’ve been eating in them since I was five, and I’m not tired of them yet,” he vowed.

I gasped, “But—you were at home with your parents.”

“Well, yes,” he retorted. “We liked it.”

Still, here’s more surprising data on Bob. He never touches vegetables, salads, or fruits—the orange juice in the morning being an exception. “I don’t!”

Bob goes for meat and potatoes and gravy, with ample salting. The easier to swallow, the better. He avoids steaks that have bones—“too much trouble to cut around the bone”—and requests ground steak! He doesn’t care for a cocktail before dinner, “So far as I’m concerned, they can eliminate all liquor—drinks and desserts, also.” Detes-tabile lingering over coffee cups bores him. “I should be Continental, but I’m not!”

Don’t forget to keep the merry music on, though!

After we finished breakfast Bob retired to put on brown slacks and a white polo shirt and his best shoes. He wears a suit until he has to. He remembered his desk in the corner of the living-room, “Mind if I do something there before we go?” With that, naturally, I phoned his secretary, who lives at his mother’s. “Bring over the photos you have for me to sign,” he instructed her. Bob won’t let anyone, even her, autograph a picture for him. Every single photograph for which a dime or a quarter is enclosed to help cover costs carries his very own personal greeting. He was relating how he values the letters that reach him when the secretary came. For an hour and a half I watched him read and write. By 11:15 he was through.

“Filling it with antiques?” I probed. “Don’t like ‘em!” he responded, “I’m having all the furniture built, so it’ll be appropriate and right.”

As we lurched into his drive-away again I wondered why he had no sultan-set-up in the rear seat. “I never take sun-bathes,” he asserted. “A tank or two can cool me while I’m swimming or playing tennis; but I haven’t the patience to just lie still and let the sun pour on me.”

He proposed lunch at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, so we could get out on the courts there afterwards. Bob hasn’t joined a tennis—social club here, but he’s been looking for the sport; I don’t want to sit about having cocktails. I want to be able to get mussed up and to have a good old bone to chew.

When he’d changed into tennis ducks and shoes we rated the Packard.

He’s never had the top up, reveling in0420 evaporating breezes. When it rains, and usually to and from the studio, he uses the new Ford coupe he’s invested in. In the quiet tennis club restaurant the radio was turned on at his behest. “Got some hot cakes with tiny sausages, a fried egg, and coffee. (Well, he’s never had a sandwich, yet.) Then we went to my defeat. Lately Bob’s been so conscientious about keeping his tennis practice routine that I just gave up. tennis is so much better than tennis—on the line—is to attempt to trim him. When I was trimmed 8-6, and 6-2, a friend with whom Bob plays frequently stepped in. I felt that the Packard should win magnificently.

Instead of showering in the locker room, Bob headed straight for home. “I don’t object to changing clothes if I can do it at the house. I’m funny—I think it’s custom to things and then prefer familiar surroundings. I like a particular shower and don’t want any part of any other; I adjust the lights on my bathroom mirror and park my pipe holder on the mantle; I’ve a hankering, then, for things to be where they belong.” Well-brought-up young man!

While he was having a quick shower I had a chance to play with Bob’s dog, the most beautiful brown Irish setter in Holly-wood. I noticed there were no captions or notes, and no captions were in local kennel shows were on the desk.

Mr. Taylor is so confirmed that his master never enters at home. “He’s not given a single party. Mr. Taylor doesn’t care for dinner parties. He’s here much. He’s on the go, much as he can be.”

“You bet I am,” announced Bob, emerging in a gray suit. “Pardon me while I make an urgent call.”

I couldn’t help listening—over the radio’s interference, even. Would Barbara be free to go to the movies tonight? Oh, great! He’d be by at eight. (He isn’t shabby, you see). If Bob weren’t so polite I’m sure he’d have added that the intervening hour-and-a-half would be awfully long.

Joe rushed out of the two suits that had been at the tailor’s for six months. Bob, it seems, detects postponements. We got into the good car, on the way out, I marvelled at it. There was a small art for Joe as cooking—and zoomed up to Sunset Boulevard and the swank tailor’s, where Bob, conveniently, didn’t rush.

Bob’s name, even a consideration, but there was no silly fawning upon him. He joked and never let on that he didn’t relish the fitting. He’s not a glib one, either. He did, naturally—because he doesn’t enjoy the parking problem!

I hadn’t learned quite all. Bob invited me to dine with him. He always patronizes one of three favorite cafés on Wilshire Boule-
The Girl Who Calls Herself Margo

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she whirled around, rose petals cascaded from her hair, showered her tense young body, and fell in sad little heaps to the floor. That night she took seventeen bows and two encores before they would allow her to leave.

At a small table sat a man and woman, who watched the exhibition with fascinated eyes. "That little girl is going to be heard from," said the movie mogul who was watching Hay. "Charlie, she has great talent that cannot be denied. Maybe some day you can use her." The remarks were addressed to the girl herself. Several years later gave Margo her great chance in "Crime Without Passion."

Her acting in this picture brought Margo to the attention of Margo's producer, the husband of Katherine Cornell. In Margo he found Mirkann, (little Mirkann), the tragic heroine of Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." Together with the actor named Burgess Meredith, Margo scored an individual triumph that kept her playing the same role for eight consecutive months. As Burgess's popularity was still rising, James Hilton came back to her dressing-room to see her. Just that day, Margo had finished shooting Hilton's "Lost Horizon," and secretly expressed the wish that she might play the Tibetan girl.

Typical of Mr. Hilton's vivid imaginations was the attempt of introducing himself formally, he extended his hand and said: "You remind me of smoke." Months later, Margo was summoned to Hollywood and given the role she dreamed of. William Wyler, who started the picture, met her one of the studio executives. Stopping her, he asked if she were happy and if she liked the picture. She replied with happiness: Almost Margo exclaimed: "I love the picture. I love Frank Capra. I love Ronald Colman. I love Jane Wyatt and John Howard. In fact, I love everyone." The executive looked at Margo anxiously. Shaking his head sadly, in all seriousness he replied: "You give too much. You mustn't do it. It isn't good for you."

Her eyes dancing, but her face a mask of despair, Margo dramatically quoted from Mr. Shaw's "Roman and Juliet": "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love is deep. The more I give, the more I have; and both are infinite." The executive stared at Margo, not knowing whether to break out in applause or call the wagon. Finally, with a sickly grin, he answered: "That was very good. Did you make it up?"

During the making of "Lost Horizon," Margo got to know the elusive Ronald Colman. The make-up man on the set insisted that one day he overheard Colman invite Margo out for dinner and she tacitly refused. That in itself is a mark of distinction in Hollywood. But Margo refused to confirm or deny this. On the other hand, she learned something invaluable, while working with the charming Englishman.

"Ronald Colman taught me the meaning of patience," says Margo. "It's something one must have when working in the studio. On the set Mr. Colman was always kind, always polite, but he kept to himself. I used to watch him sitting on the sidelines. His face was very stern, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. One day we started to talk. I asked him how he could be content to remain in Hollywood, when there was so much waiting and so much to be experienced. I asked him if he enjoyed being a recluse and said that I was so hungry for the whole world, I just couldn't remain alone and live in the same place continuously."

"He looked at me wisely and started to talk. He said that he had already had so much out of life, it was a relief for him to settle in the one spot that had the most advantages. Then he said something to me that I shall always remember. "You only have one life," were his words, 'Use it wisely.' I have never forgotten that. I want to use my life wisely. I want to make every moment count.'"

All the time they were searching for someone to play in the screen version of "Winterset," Margo prayed that she might be given the chance. Dozens of tests were made. As a last resort, Margo was asked to make a test also. Because Burgess Meredith had already been signed to play his original role, the studio felt that a box-office name should be cast to play the part of the girl. Because he is a friend and great admirer of Margo, John Beal agreed to make the test with her and read the lines that Burgess Meredith would eventually speak on the screen. The day that producer Pandro Berman saw the test in the projection room was Ginger Rogers' birthday. That night, Ginger was having a party at the Cocoanut Grove. Berman arrived at the party late. In his eyes was a wild look of ecstacy. For the balance of the evening, everyone had to listen to his raves over the test. Margo and Burgess Meredith worked as they never worked before, in recreating their roles for the camera. Meredith, a newcomer to the screen, arrived in Hollywood with his wife, Margaret Perry. It is to be remembered that she was the one who disappeared from Hollywood when a local trade paper reviewed her first M-G-M picture and criticized her unfairly and without just cause. For days Margo and Burgess carried on their dramatics in the pouring rain. Meredith, who is a fine actor, represents the new school of Hollywood leading men. Hardly in the matinee idol class, his dramatic appeal is so sensational, studio executives pleaded that he sign for a term of many years. Instead, Burgess agreed to do one or two pictures every summer, providing they don't interfere with his first love, the theatre.

When Margo was offered a long term R-K-O contract, she had much to consider. The security of a weekly pay check presented a helpful way to solve her many responsibilities. She herself could get along on next to nothing. But there were others to consider. On the other hand, she felt that Hollywood would limit her chances for development. Money played such a small part in her own scheme of things. She wanted to learn. She wanted to live. She wanted her freedom, to be able to fly to the four cor-

Again they face danger, and love, together, Warner Baster and June Lang, Warner's leading lady in "Road to Glory," in their new film "The White Hunter."
ners of the earth, if it meant a new knowledge. There was such a large world waiting. Even with all its advantages, Hollywood just couldn't make up for everything else.

So when they value her services as an actress, Margo was signed for a term of seven years. From February on, for six months, her talents were to belong to R-K-O. The rest of the time is hers, to go where she may, to do what she pleases, to give herself to living Margo always wants to keep expanding and completing. She wants to keep going places, to keep coming home—
as long as she is progressing. She also feels that helping herself is the only way she will be able to help those depending upon her.

Yet, though she has barely scraped the surface of her artistic ability, Margo has already created an interest and an enthusiasm, that might easily turn the head of the average young girl in Hollywood. In true Margo style and with true Margo humor, when she is told how great she is Margo retorts: "Isn't that strange? I was just saying the same thing to myself, only this morning. I said, 'Margo, you're a genius. You're so wonderful—
you ought to be in pictures'!"

Marx can kid about herself. But then she doesn't pretend others from waxing eloquent. Clarence Brown, (who has now met her), has already given out two interviews on why he thinks she is

Speaking of the young set, let us introduce Lynn Berkeley, above, who's both young and very pretty.

The Younger Set of Hollywood

Continued from page 21

Despite the fact I've been on the stage since I was six, I still have a lot to learn. I can't carry a picture by myself yet. How could they have expected me to carry one like Tom Brown of Culver's five years ago? I don't want to be a star. I'm well content to play leads. I want to play adult parts. My ambition is to be a young Spencer Tracy. I'm working on a good-looking tough to be another Gable or Bob Taylor—

"Oh, nuts!" I began. "Nuts, nothing," Tom cut in. "I'm clean-looking and there's all you say for me. I know my limitations. But there wouldn't be any more 'Anne of Green Gables' and that sort of thing. I love doing them, mind you, but I feel I'm past that.

I've bought a lot in Brentwood and we're going to start building pretty soon. I want to take care of my parents and I can afford to keep two establishments going. This lot is large enough that there'll be a house for them in the front, the way I want to pool—, and I'll have a small place in back for myself—bedroom, bathroom, combination living - and - dining room. It was later, after they finished building, "would fit into any crowd, but there are times in this business when you just have to have a place of your own. I may get into the really big dough, but my tastes are simple and if I can keep going for another two or three years I can still save enough that I'll know I'll never be in any actual want."

Talking to Tom inevitably made me think of Ida Lupino, and I asked him about her. "It isn't up to me to comment on any actor or actress my own age," Tom said. "Once, years ago, an interviewer came to see me. He was talking to the boys and began asking me about different girls. I didn't want to talk so he began insinuating and I had to say something to head him off. He only printed what I said and not what he'd said that led up to it. As it came out in print it made me seem a perfect ass.

"However, since we're friends I'll tell you I think 'Loopy,' as we all call Ida Lupino, has made more progress in the past year or so than any other young actress in Hollywood. I think she and Olivia de Havilland are the two outstanding feminine players, among the younger crowd, in town."

"It's a shame you and Ida quit batting around together," I said. "If there ever was a perfect pair of screwballs you two aren't it. It seems to me you were made for each other."

Tom laughed ruefully. "I guess so. I sure had a lot of laughs with 'Loopy.' And we understood each other. We both love to rhumba. I don't recall where we were going but we were driving out Sunset Boulevard one. I had the radio on and a dance orchestra was playing. Suddenly they struck up a rhumba.

"I pulled over to the curb, parked the car, turned the radio up so loud we could get, got out, went around and opened the door on 'Loopy's' side. She got out and there, on the sidewalk, we went into a dance. I could've sworn. When the number was finished we got back into the car and went on to wherever we were going—and all without a word being spoken! That's 'Loopy' for you!"

"What about Patricia Ellis?" I asked.

"There," said Tom enthusiastically, "is a girl who leads as nearly a completely independent life as anyone I have ever come across. She makes enough money to do what she pleases, lives by herself, and her family, while they're devoted to her, don't bother her. She has a maid who has been with her for years, and she's a good actress."

"A good actress, yes," I agreed. "The fact she hasn't shown up to better advantage is only because they don't give her the right parts," Tom said staunchly. "Pat should be one of the leading feminine ingredients in this business if they only give her comedy parts. But they make her play straight leads and ingénues."

"Maybe you're right," I conceded. "She does have a swell sense of humor."

"Sure," Tom raved on. "And the only real comedy part she's ever had was in "Big Lights.""

"And that was a Joe E. Brown picture," I finished gloomily. "You know," I continued, "the thing I can never figure out about Pat is that, as she is, she always goes with men so much older."

"That's easy," Tom explained. "Pat is more mature mentally than the rest of us. Kids her own age don't interest her. And, of course, it's flattering to a young girl if older men take her out because they enjoy talking to her and get a kick out of her company—if they like her for some other reason than because she's young and pretty."

"Oh, Tom," I encouraged him, "you're doing swell. Tell me about Eleanor Whitney."

"Eleanor?" Tom repeated. "Well, we were connected most of the time and when we were 3½ shoe and her birthday is April 12th. Her entry into pictures was rather funny. Paramount tested her for a part in New York and she didn't get it. But someone in the studio liked her test so much they gave her a contract. So far she's made "Miracle in the Air," 'Timothy's Quest,' 'Three Cheers for Love,' 'Hollywood Boulevard,' and 'The Big Broadcast of 1937.'"

"Where'd she learn to dance?" I inquired.

"Bill Robinson taught her," Tom answered. "When she was ten years old she danced until she was out of breath in his dressing room at the Palace in Cleveland. When she stopped he said he'd teach her all he knew about dancing.

set and telling Margo to her face that heirs is a greater career to come."

In spite of the sensation she has caused, Margo remains simple and unsuspecting. She lives in a small house with her mother and several cousins. Every week another cousin arrives from Mex-

ico City, or one goes back. In Margo they see "the face of a loved one, and a protector. This fall she will do another play for Guthrie McClintoc. When she returns to Hollywood it is rumored she will dance with Fred Astaire.

Recently Francis Lederer, who became an avid Margo admirer when he saw her in "Crime Without Passion," selected her for his leading lady in a radio version of the French play, "Lil-ions," Typical of the quixotic critic, Margo received a huge bee-hive, made of fresh flowers. It arrived on the set, the morning of the broadcast. The sym-

bolism of the Lederer floral piece wasn't exactly known. But Margo's sweetness must have inspired it. Hollywood would like to make it a big romance, but Margo has different ideas. As an artist and a friend, Margo has profound regard for Francis Lederer, And Francis, who has been married-off in every Hollywood column, last sustained stardom to himself.

When he started building on his ranch house, it was printed that the new addition would be the bridal suite. In reality, Fran-

cis Lederer was building a new stable.
LINES
SAY
"over 30!"

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth... You are only 23. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

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POND'S, Dept. M14, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Every time he played Cleveland he gave her some lessons. Finally he wired her that he had a month between bookings and if she could come to New York he'd give her a lesson every day. So she and her mother went, and he really got to work with her. Then he showed her to his manager, Marty Forkins, who was also Rae Samuels' husband. Remember her? She used to be called 'The Blue Streak of Vaudeville.' Forkins liked Eleanor's work and finally teamed her up with his wife. When vaudeville died, Eleanor worked with Rudy Vallee for awhile and then with Jack Benny.

"They tell me," I interrupted, "all she can talk about is herself."

"Listen, Dee," Tom exclaimed earnestly, "put yourself in our places. We're all young and we want to know what makes us tick. We meet people outside the business and all they want to talk about is us. You writers come to interview us and all you talk about is us. You have to if you're going to get a story. So the first thing you know it's become a habit with us. Eleanor is no worse in that respect than any of the rest of us. She's just getting a good start and, naturally, the thing she's most interested in is her career.

"She's also interested in Johnny Downs, isn't she?" I demanded.

"I guess so," Tom grinned.

And then I remembered Johnny's been pouring lately because Eleanor's been going out with Tom. As a matter of fact, she had a luncheon date with Tom the particular day I talked to him—but she didn't show up. Perhaps she changed her mind and ate with Johnny.

"What about Johnny?" I suggested, thinking I might as well drain this mine of information.

"Johnny," Tom announced judiciously, "is one juvenile I think is going places. He worked in the 'Our Gang' comedies as a kid. When he got too old for that he went into vaudeville for a number of years. He played on the legitimate stage in 'Strike Me Pink' and 'Growing Pains.' Then he came back to Los Angeles with Olsen & Johnson in 'Take a Chance.' Some Paramount scout saw him and gave him the lead in 'College Scandal.' When that was finished they put him under contract. He's also played in 'The Virginia Judge,' 'So Red the Rose,' 'Corduroy,' and 'Three Cheers for Love.' The bane of his life is that he's so skinny. So right now he's lapping up all the ice-cream and ginger ale he can get hold of, trying to put on weight. He and Eleanor are romancing, but I don't know if it's serious."

"Thanks a lot, pal," I said, "I'll dish some dirt for you sometime."

Away from Tom I got to wondering about some of the others of the younger set. There's Olivia de Havilland, of course. Olivia is the most promising of all the newcomers. She has a sense of humor, too, but it's a quiet kind. It isn't the bubbling wise-cracking sort that distinguishes most youngsters. She's friendly, her success hasn't gone to her head, and she's one of the most intense young persons I have ever met.

She tries to keep her home and screen lives widely separated. She rarely goes out with anyone. She's interested in motion pictures, but although for a time there was a reported romance with James Baktley, I think that's about over now. As soon as she finishes a picture she goes back to her home town for a visit, and they still treat her as one of them and not with the awe a picture star usually provokes. I asked her why she prefers non-professional lay peo-
Evening in Paris Perfume in deluxe bottle with square chromium cap. $10.00

Triple Vanity holding Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder (loose or compact). $2.75

Evening in Paris Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge and Talcum Powder nestle in the satiny interior of a gleaming silver and blue box. $2.95

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Perfume in special bottle with atomizer. $1.65


day is le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, speaking... We men do not clutch the head and search for gifts in frenzy when it comes to the season of the joyous Noël. But no! Because we know that from the cradle it is natural for the ladies to be concerned with their beauty... and that the loveliest ladies of our belle patrie are devoted to Evening in Paris.

So do we do if you would delight the ladies at Noël... give to them all sets of Evening in Paris... For yes, there are in all twenty different sets, costing from a little one dollar and ten cents all the way up to twenty dollars for the set de luxe, the gift glorious for the loveliest lady you know.

At your favorite drug or department store.
Love before dinner at a night spot! Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur let their smiles tell how much they are enjoying their experiences in "Adventure in Manhattan."

ple to professionals in her social life.

Olivia regarded me gravely for a moment. "I think," she answered slowly, picking her words, "it is necessary to keep my own emotions and the emotions of the characters I play on the screen as distinct and separate from each other as possible. No one can make effective or sincere screen love and remain entirely oblivious to the attractive qualities of the person playing opposite. It seems to me this makes it automatically unwise to be with that same person during off-screen hours, unless the synthetic romance has suddenly blossomed into a reality. I imagine if that happened it would be rather difficult to keep your sense of values."

She has a decided flair for poetry and a consuming desire to write something worth while. A San Francisco publishing house will shortly bring out a volume of her verses. Olivia says that when the book is published it will make her feel undressed.

On the same Warner Bros. lot there is June Travis. June is as different from Olivia as James Cagney is from Robert Taylor. She is an only child, is badly spoiled and admits it. Her father is vice-president of the Chicago White Sox and June had every intention of marrying a ball player and settling down to that life—until she got the feminine lead in "Ceiling Zero." Now, nothing would make her give up picture work.

Her face is plentifully freckled and she used to worry constantly about it—until she discovered make-up hid them. She would rather talk baseball than anything else in the world. Incidentally she throws, as well as possesses, a mean curve. Her favorite dish is watermelon. She eats it any time, day or night. June, you probably gather, is the athletic type of girl.

Another outstanding younger player is Robert Cummings. Bob is a curious type of fellow. Not exactly shy but restrained. He isn't easy to know. It was he who, when he finished dramatic school in New York, found he couldn't get a job because the only type producers wanted was English juveniles. He went to England, lived with an English family and developed as fine an English accent as you could desire. Then he had some pictures, made and sent them to American producers saying he was English, had appeared in such and such plays, (most of them imaginary and the rest touring companies they couldn't check on), that he would be in New York on such and such a date, at a certain hotel, and if they were interested he would be glad to make an appointment with them. Then he sailed for America and got more work than he could take care of.

It was also Bob who, meeting Margaret Lindsay who had been in his class at the dramatic school, suggested to her, (when she told him she couldn't find work), that she follow his example. She did and got the part in "Cavalcade" that made her famous.

He never eats in the studio commissary because he's a vegetarian and is sensitive about it. Many players prefer having their interviews in the studio restaurant at noon. Bob insists upon having his either on the set or at his home. He's seldom home when not working because he is an avid aviator.

I've saved the best—my favorite—for the last. Anne Shirley. If I had a kid sister...
and she had to be in pictures I would want her to be as nearly like Anne as possible.

As far as I'm concerned, there hasn't been an ingénue like Anne since Lillian Gish. Here is a little girl, maybe eighteen, who has played in more than three hundred pictures, and she's still as swell and simple and unspoiled as the day she first saw the inside of a studio. Ginger Rogers' cousin, Phyllis Frazier, is her closest friend. They're constantly inventing new nicknames for each other and, in the height of their exploits, Anne goes off into gales of laughter.

Last summer four boys from Princeton visited me. We had a picnic at their beach house one day and Anne spent most of the day lolling in the sand with the rest of us. But where everyone else was laughing and wisecracking, Anne was knitting herself a dress. Yellow is her favorite color and it goes well with her coppery hair.

Every juvenile in Hollywood has courted Anne but only a couple have ever had their options lifted. The first was Muzzy Marcelino, soloist with Ted Fiorita's orchestra. Love was in full bloom for them—until the orchestra left on a two-year tour. For a while there were 'phone calls from Chicago where the boys were playing and once Anne was all packed and at the airport for a flying visit to Muzzy, (chaperoned by her mother). When the studio found out about it and stopped her.

Gradually the 'phone calls ceased. Absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder—not when you're eighteen and attractive. Once I kidded her about it and, for once, there was no answering smile on Anne's face. "That's something I'll never understand," she said simply. "To this day I don't know what happened to us or why we don't care any more. We never had any quarrels. We just drifted apart."

You can laugh and sneer at puppy love but there was something beautiful about the relationship of those two kids. Muzzy is as clean and wholesome in his way as Anne is in hers.

At the moment it's Owen Davis, Jr. They go to all the night spots together and Anne sits there looking out over the floor, sipping her lemonade or ginger ale and trying to appear very blase and sophisticated.

The tragedy of youth in Hollywood, as I see it, is that their careers are behind them when they're still only kids. I mentioned this to Anne. "Oh, no," she said quickly. "Maybe we'll be through in pictures when we're young but if we use a little common sense we'll have saved enough that we never want for anything. The thing to do is not to get yourself used to living like a millionaire. Then, when your career is behind you there's no feeling of having to give up anything. You go right on living as you've always done. I hope for five years at the top. By that time even though I'm through in pictures I won't have to worry. I'll still be young and I can do the things I really want to do. The beauty of youth in Hollywood is that you have success when you're young enough to really enjoy it."

Whether Anne is right or I am is something that will probably never be settled. But talking to these kids convinces me of the truth of Maugham's statement, "Nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know that it is precious and that they must make the most of it!"
CHESTER'S HOME-LIFE MOVIES

Continued from page 55

What Women Wish Men Wouldn't Do!

Continued from page 31

Apparantly the younger professional women are more puzzled about that display of masculine ego than are their elder sisters! There may be a reason for that. But the younger males had better look to their laurels, it will be decided as to who will be the most courteous! That word occurs again and again in these discussions with women who meet the cream of our current males. Can it be that what Marlene Dietrich meant when she dravelled, "American men do not seem to know how to flatter women subtly, as do the Europeans. They mean to be nice, the Americans, but they do not quite know how?"

Can it be that it is lack of subtlety which petite Simone Simon is bemoaning? "For weeks, months in Hollywood," quoth she, "no one call me, no one ask me to go somewhere! Then my picture, 'Girls' Dormitory,' is previewed and people seem to like it. The next day my phone ring doesn't ring and then the next day after that! All the days people want me to go more places than I have ever heard before. How can I know, now, who likes me for me and who likes me for that picture?"

Kay Francis, of course, is likely to some extent hide under her veil and insist that she is not above bedding a man whom she likes. So much as suggests that she was once a contender for the title of "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman."
it."

"Also, the man who is wise will not try to discard too much of a woman, invade her privacy too thoroughly. It is flattering to be asked whether you have had a good day and comforting if a man will listen to your recital of woes if you have any. But when he begins to cross question you: 'Whom did you see? Who called? Where were you at three-fifteen when I telephoned?' he is getting into dangerous territory. Maybe she was in the bath-tub at three-fifteen and cannot quite account for that moment. But she begins to feel that he distrusts her and she resents it. He shouldn't ever allow her to feel that way. Not if he is wise!"

Jeanette Macdonald objects to men who expect all social relationships 'to take on the aspects of a three-ring circus."

"There are certain really nice men," she concluded, "who are content to sit down for an evening of conversation. When you do find a man who seems to like talk for its own sake, you are likely to find, when you try it, that he likes talk only if it concerns himself, his own career, his own hopes and plans and ambitions. The modern woman has hopes and ambitions of her own. But the world is so full of a number of other things which are interesting and exciting. It must be doubly trying for an intelligent non-professional woman whose interests are varied!"

Perhaps Jeanette's remarks explain something of the attraction which Gene Raymond has for her. I have known Gene for a long time and have never known a young man who talked less of himself or his career, who appeared to take himself less seriously.

Can it be that these modern, exotic, sought-after women are rebelling at the dirge, dirge, dirge of masculine ego which has always been considered the masculine prerogative? It was Joan Bennett who remarked, "A woman likes a man who is masterful. It is when he begins to be just plain bossy that she objects! I could never, for instance, get along with a man, whether husband or sweetheart, who planned an evening, committed the two of us to an engagement, without consulting me. Of course, I want to be fair. If it is something which he wants very much to do, something which will give him pleasure, I want to fall in with his plans, whether they are exactly to my liking or not. And I want to do it gracefully. There is no pleasure for anyone if the woman accedes grudgingly and complains during or after the evening of the dismal time she had! But it seems to me that it is only courteous for any man to consult his lady before he makes an engagement which involves the two of them."

Small things, these, aren't they? But isn't it the small things, much more than the big, dramatic moments which affect human relationships, alter human lives?"

Slightly at a loss, Maureen O'Sullivan took up sports.

"I love the out-of-door things," she said, "swimming, tennis, badminton, golf."

I like to do them for fun. I resent it when men take them too seriously. I dislike it intensely if a man looks upon a morning's game of tennis as something to keep him fit, to improve his physical prowess, perhaps his figure. If I find myself in a tennis game with a man who takes it that way, I immediately feel and can hardly keep from saying, that he could have done just as much for himself by staying in the gym and punching a bag or riding a mechanical horse. If the game isn't fun for itself, then I don't want to play it. I certainly don't want to make work of it!"

Mr. Powell wishes that men wouldn't identify her always with the gay, dancing..."
ANOTHER DIZZY SPELL!


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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barco Compound and one-fourth ounce glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can make it yourself. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barco Compound does not fade, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks, it will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

STOP!
YOU'RE NOT CLEANING YOUR PORES REALLY CLEAN!

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Let me tell you to one friend to another not to risk your lovely complexion another night with ordinary inadequate cleansing methods and harmful treatments. Order this wonderful new invention NOW! Send cash or money order for $1.00 today. Money back guarantee.

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER, P. O. Box 571, Hollywood, Calif.

3 Girls on a Match
Continued from page 19

Bud bristled. "He's just a singing teacher. What does he know?"

"I know the man who knows talent when he sees it!" Her voice was determined. "You don't believe I'm any good. But I'll show you! I'll show Tallahassee! I'll show the whole world! It won't be long now—"

"That's what you said last year and the year before—and look at you! You're still an extra—your idea today if you'll be working tomorrow—"

"The trouble with you, Bud, is that you don't understand show business. It's a gamble." Her inmost optimism bubbled to the surface. "You're apt to get a break when you least expect it. How do I know? This may be the day."

"Want to bet it isn't?"

She evaded the challenge. "Had your breakfast?"

"No, not yet. Don't want any either."

"Wait till I take my curlers off and put the coffee pot on."

"Don't want any coffee."

"Aw, come on, you love a sport. Don't take it too hard. There are plenty of nice girls in the world. I'm not the only one—"

"You're the only one for me."

She tried to explain it all, but it was a beautiful day. Just look at the sky. Bet it's going to be swell down to the beach. We'll have a grand time—just you and I—and the big bad world will fall away."

He interrupted. "Listen, Pat. Today's the last day of my vacation. I'm pulling stakes tonight. For the last time. Honey, will you or won't you go back with me?"

She thought of the piano that was being carted away. She thought of the rent that was due. She thought of the present landlady of uncertain days with little prospect of work. Bud was right. Why not go back with him? A life of love and security was better for the take-off."

Then her mind sawed periously. Wasn't it common knowledge that almost all the stars had known a dark past? Hadn't she heard it said that even such a scintillating star as Gaynor has come out of the extra ranks? One had to have patience, she supposed. If they never did, yes, but one had to have mashed potatoes, too.

Pat dropped her grave brown eyes and regarded Bud lethargically. "Let's think it over, Bud. I may change my mind by tonight."

He saluted her promise with mock gravity. "Okay, mate. I'll hang around."

"And flowers—, I shouldn't be interested in the least if a man simply put in an order with his florist to deliver a dozen red roses to me every day and charge them to him. That's easy! But the man who arranges for an engagement, a bit late and breathless, because he has stopped somewhere on the way to buy a bouquet of lovely garden roses which won't last a day, is the thing but which he couldn't resist bringing me because the colors were so lovely—that man makes a charming gesture. It isn't the expense. It's the thought. If he goes to great pains and spends a great deal of money to acquire a rare orchid for me to wear on a certain occasion with a certain frock—that is a charming and flattering gesture. But it is no less flattering if he remembers that I love the shy sweetness of a dainty violet because it grows wild. Has he even seen me during their brief period of blooming, even though they cost him but twenty-five cents."

"I wish that men would not imagine that the cost of things is as important to us as the meaning of the things!"

A freckled messenger boy bearing flowers, came cycling along the walk. He handed the note. "I'm looking for number twelve hundred."

Pat called back: "This is it."

The rider leaped from his chariot. "Miss Olga, Dupont live here?"

"Yes."

"Reply requested."

"I'll see if she's up."

Olga was waiting for him to lie fast asleep on the only bed in the bungalow. It was Olga's week on the bed. Her face was streaked with last night's make-up. Her party clothes were strewn all over the floor. This time she had appropriated a cut-glass cocktail shaker to add to her collection. The tall, haughty blonde never came away from a party without selecting a little present for herself.

"Olga! Wake up!"

"I don't wanna go home."

Pat shook her roundly. "Flowers for you."

"But 'em on the ice."

"Here, read this note. The boy is waiting for an answer."

Olga scanned it out of bleary eyes. "Say yes to Dickie from me, will you, yes, Pat."

"I'll talk to him."

She tripped up the stairs to a fine, fresh, sunny day. Everything was all right. Yes, absolutely yes. I'll be ready to go riding when he comes. A languorous white hand waved the note. Pat away. Olga crawled back under the covers.

By this time, the gentle, honey-haired, brown-eyed Ann who barked on the studio couch in the living room was wide awake. "Hello, Pat. What's up?"

"We've got company and need the couch."

"That's kind of early, isn't he?"

Pat emptied their water pitcher and filled it with Olga's flowers. "Bud and I are going to the beach."

"So it was you—" shrieked Olga from the bedroom, "—who swapped my new bathing suit."

"Then who's talking?" snorted Pat. She crossed to the threshold and stood there. Slipping on her dress. " Didn't you take my last good pair of stockings and bring them home to run? Last time it's all right Olga. Anything you do is jake with me?"

Olga humped.

"Getting up?"

"Just a blonde stretched lazily. "What a night?"

Her evening gown lay in a silver heap.
on the floor. Her wrap, her stockings, her slippers, her gloves were just where she had scattered them when she had come home hand in hand with the dawn.

"What a party!"

Pat picked up the evening gown. It was damp. "Must have been a beach party."

Olga yawned. "Dickie dared me to jump in the pool—and I did! You know Olga!"

"But what about your dress?" Pat was provoked. "It's the last good number you've got. Look at it!"

"You look at it, I'm through with it!"

Olga opened her beaded bag and fanned a twenty dollar bill. "From Dickie—on account. There's going to be more where this came from. You know Olga?" She picked up her purse.

Ann ogled the bill. "Listen, Olga, I've got a great idea."

"Yeah?" Olga banked the money quickly.

"What is it?"

"You know my taffeta evening gown—the one that cost me nineteen ninety-eight. Well, I'll sell it to you cheap. Seven bucks."

Olga shuffled into her fur-lined mules. "The proposition doesn't appeal to me."

"I'll throw in my pearls for good measure—"

"You mean those five-and-ten beads you won down at Venice?" The blonde reached for her mirror and made a moue in the glass.

"They're coming to take the piano away," reported Pat gloomily. She lowered her voice. "And Mrs. McGuinness was here for the rent."

"You can't count on me," contributed Ann. "I spent this month's allowance last month."

"You can have half the twenty, Pat. That ought to hold her till we get a break."

"She wants it all—or out we go. Wish something would turn up. Wish something would happen. If my luck doesn't change before the day is over—there's only one thing left for me to do—" her voice faltered.

The three girls eyed each other obliquely. Usually, they buoyed each other up with their jests, wearing their gay banter like grease-paint to hide their heartaches, playing the part of those lusty three musketeers of history who had banded together to share their fortunes. But in moments like these, they were just three little pawns in the hardest game in the world—a break-neck race to achieve a career in the movies.

Ann was saying something about marriage being the ideal state. She knew what she would do if she were Pat. After three years of chasing a career, a kitchen would look like a corner out of heaven to her.

Olga retorted that marriage might be the ideal state. But it was not in the cards for the extra girl who was looking for success. Of course, it was different when one became a star.

"I don't want to be Dietrich—not any more," observed Ann in an empty voice. "I don't want to belong to the public. I want to belong to myself. I don't want to diet when I'm hungry and I don't want to work when I'm tired. Guess I don't belong to this racket. Wish I were you, Pat, having a guy in love with me. Wish I were you, going to the beach on a Monday. You're in luck all right." She mourned: "I'm little me. What'll I do?"

"Sorry, kid, but it's your day at the phone."

The girls took turns staying at home to answer the telephone. Their careers depended on that call from Central Casting. "I see no use in hanging around, Pat. Central Casting hasn't called in a dog's age, I know you. It's poor, but—" Pat, Central Casting hasn't called in a dog's age. If you ask me, I'm fed up with Hollywood. The way I feel this morning, if I had the carfare, I'd take the trolley car home to Dubuque."

"Gee, kid, don't have the jitters." Pat
gathering little Ann into her arms. She ruffled the soft brown hair. "You've got to stick it out. That's part of the game. You'll get there yet. Don't you remember what Mr. Reily said about you when he made the test for RKO?"

"Will I ever forget it? He said I looked like Anne Shirley. But she's eating—and I'm not. I tell you I'm hungry. No, I don't want a poached egg on toast, I want steak."

"There's a whole roasting chicken in Bud's car. I'll see if I can smuggle you a leg."

"I don't want his—"

"I've been sponging on Bud the whole time he's been here. Now there's a nice guy for you. An awfully nice guy. Why don't you marry him, Pat?"

"Maybe I will." Pat began to cold-cream her fiancee freedoms face.

Olga reached for a cigarette. "Got a match handy?"

"Here you are."

"Want a smoke, Pat?"

"Don't mind if I do."

"One for me, too," joined in Ann.

The girls took turns in lighting up.

"Gee!" exclaimed Pat. "Three on a match! That means something is going to happen."

She frowned at the flaming stick.

"I'm number three—so I guess I'm it."

"Don't stand there doing nothing." shrieked Olga. "Break the match stick—quickly!" She shrieked: "—in half—"

"It's too late," determined Pat, blowing on her burnt fingers.

"There goes the black door bell."

"You answer it, Ann."

"If it's the wet-wash laundry again yapping for their money, what'll I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em to have a heart," Pat called after her. "Tell 'em we're sleeping between newspapers."

"It's always darkest just before dawn," philosophized Olga. "Girls," she announced dramatically. "I'm through being an extra. You're looking at a star now."

"Star me!" echoed Pat. "How about some breakfast? Bud's waiting outside."

"Look what's heading this way," exclaimed Ann staring out of the window.

Breakfast was forgotten. Clusters of curious faces had gathered at the windows of both sides of the bungalow court. Screen doors slammed as the audience grew. Even Mrs. McConnell's eyes met with respectful awe.

Only Olga was calm. She paraded up and down before and showering herself with Ann's atomizer. Haughtily, she appropriated Pat's pearl brooch and pinned it on her bosom like a medal for valor.

"Well, girl, what about some java for Miss Dupont?"

Pat came down to earth with a bang.

"Set the table, Olga. No, there's no cream, Miss Dupont." She wrinkled about the tiny kitchenette, sipping her coffee standing up.

"Bacon? What do you think it is—Sunday? There goes the phone. You take it, Olga."

"Not me," retorted Olga. "It may be that Harvey kid again, I'm not in to him."

"I'm not in for anybody."

A mechanical voice came over the line:

"Central Casting—"

Pat's heart dropped a beat.

"Is this Miss Olga DuPont?"

"Hold the wire. To Olga: 'It's for you.'"

"But I'm not in—"

Breathlessly: "Central Casting is on the phone."

Olga waved an indolent white hand.

"Give em my best regards."

A long white car had rolled to a stop before the door. A chauffeur had alighted. He marched stiffly up the walk, smiled formally at Bud.

"Does Miss Dupont live here?"

"Why, yes—"

Bud's eyes were popping. "Car for Miss Dupont," tolled off the chauffeur in a sepulchral voice.

"Car for Miss Dupont," managed Bud. "I'll see if she's home," echoed Ann. She turned excitedly to Olga. "What'll I tell the chauffeur to say?"

"Tell him Miss Dupont's dressing," pronounced Olga.

"Miss Dupont's dressing," relayed Bud to the chauffeur.

"Dressing, sir," reported the chauffeur into the depths of the car.

Olga preened. "Well, there it is! Now will Pat drive the tier?"

"Emmett Richard Fielding is certainly rushing you,"ostonitably from Ann.

Airily: "I'm rushing him—all he doesn't know it."

Pat blinked at the purple-livered chauffeur. She gaped at the resplendent white tuxedo car with the solid silver trappings. So this was Dickie of whom Olga had been talking for weeks.

"You don't know what you're saying! You haven't had a job in weeks."

Olga hummed a careless little tune. "No more extra work for me."

"Come to your senses, Olga," advised Ann.

"You take it, I'm through." Ann was troubled. She watched Pat assume a resolute mien. "What are you going to do?"

"Somebody's got to pay the rent," reported Pat. She combed her long fingers through her thick red hair as she picked up the telephone and gave Bud the news. In a long run of words: "Miss Dupont's not in but I am. Pat—Pat O'Day. You remember me. I played with Clark Gable in his last picture and I was the red-head in 'Love in the Lurch.' She drew a deep breath. 'I've got red hair, an evening gown—can drive anything—play the umble and ride a horse. Won't I do?" she pleaded.

"Aw right," came the bored reply. "Thank you," she gushed. "Thank you so much.""

The voice ticked off mechanically: "Report in make-up nine o'clock sharp—stage number five—Paramount lot—Be there with bell on."

Pat hung up and leaned against the table, shaken with excitement. Maybe this call would lead to the big chance she had been waiting for. Maybe for, hoping for, ever since the day she came to Hollywood.

"Well," said Ann, "so you're working. Good luck to you."

"Be sure you need it." She thought of the portent that lay behind the symbol of three on a match and a cloud darkened the brightness of the oval face.

"I'm all through weeding these geraniums," called Bud. "How about coming in and giving you a hand?"

"Gosh, Bud. Completely forgot about you. Yes, if you like. I can help Ann make Olga's bed. I've got to get into the old war paint or I'll be late for work."

"Work?" His face fell. "But you promised to drive down to Paramount. Please try to understand, Bud. It's not every day in the week that I get a chance to work—"

"But you don't have to work anymore. You're going to go back with me. We're going to get married. We're going to—"

She went on as if she had not heard.

"No, it's not every day that I get a call. Why, I may even get a line to speak."

If she spoke one line, it constituted a line—she would receive a check for twenty-five dollars—enough to pay half of the rent. The picture might even call for two days' work to make up for a whole week. She stood there computing the profits.

But looked on gloomily. The brightness
had gone out of his world. His blue eyes were dark. His lips were set in a thin firm line. "For the last time, Pat. How about you and me?"

Pat did not answer. Instead, she picked up her make-up kit, placed it on the table, opened it and regarded herself critically in the miniature mirror. The cheap glass flung back a distorted reflection. At the moment, everything seemed distorted—this thing called ambition that was eating her heart—this thing called love that was twisting Bud's face—this thing called marriage which meant a home of her own, a bed of her own, three meals a day, every day, and the protecting security of Bud's strong arms.

"If it was me, Pat, I know what I'd choose," chimed in Ann.

"You can't do this to me," reiterated Bud stubbornly. "You've got to come to the beach with me like you said you would."

Pat thought of the packed hamper—of the sunlit shore with its cool breeze—of the apple-green Pacific and her happy surrender to the sea—and she weighed it against the "funny little throbbing in her heart that was known as the call of the kleig lights. The kleig lights won. "Somebody's got to eat chicken," reiterated Bud dully.

And that gave Pat a bright idea. "Why don't you take Ann?"

Ann jumped at the opening. "I'd love it!" She played all her dimples, "That is—if Bud would care to have me—" She turned appealingly to Pat. "But how about the phone?" she wanted to know. "Somebody's got to stay home."

"That's right," agreed Olga coldly.

"That's the rule."

"Somebody's got to eat the chicken," reported Pat smiling at Ann's peaked little face. "Don't worry, Ann. Central Casting won't call again today. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place." She set her hat jauntily on her thick red waves and peered in the glass, arching an inquisitive eyebrow still moist with mascara. "How do I look?"

"Beautiful," said Ann.

Bud said nothing.

"Take my foxes," offered Olga magnanimously. "They're shedding anyway." The blonde buttered another slice of toast. "I've got my eye on a swell set of sables I saw on the Boulevard—and they're as good as mine. You know Olga!"

"Let me drive you to the studio," offered Bud.

"No, I'll take Melinda."

"When will you be back?"

"Oh, about six."

"Sure you've got to go?" he asked pleadingly. "Wish you wouldn't."

"Meaningly: You'll be sorry!"

"You and Ann better start for the beach before the sun goes down——" She stole a last glance in the glass. "So long, everybody."

"Slong, Pat."

"Don't refuse a thousand per."

"See you on the cutting-room floor."

Pat banged the door behind her and raced down the steps. As she ran along the curb toward the car, she caught a glimpse of Olga's escort reclining against a back-
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ground of luxuriant red leather upholstery. The face was familiar. Olga's catch was Emmett Richard Fielding, a popular star whose profile was famous and whose love life was front page news. To her surprise, he leant out, tipped his hat with a studied flourish and gave her a meaning smile.

She nodded a blushing acknowledgment. He was watching her out of his back window, she noticed, as she climbed into Melinda. The rickety car had no roof, no windshield, no running board, and no horn. Pat settled behind the wheel. The engine sputtered. The racket old body shook with age. She backed up. Melinda, then, shot ahead on her way to the studio and the big adventure that was waiting for her there.

(To Be Continued)

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Dottie M. Hulse. You are right about George O'Brien. Recently he signed to make films for Sol Lesser to Release through RKO. Incidentally, there was a story in the September issue of SCREENLAND which will interest you. Read it and you'll win in your dispute!

J. K. Claire Trevor has blonde hair, brown eyes, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She was born in New York City, March 8. Her forthcoming picture is tentatively titled "Career Women." She's one.

Mrs. Bertha B. Henry Wilcoxen's latest picture is "The Last of the Mohicans." He was born in the West Indies, September 8, but doesn't tell the year. Appeared on the London stage in 150 roles previous to his screen career in America which began in January, 1934. He was recently married to Sheila Browning, a young Hollywood actress.

An Ardent Fan. Thanks for being so appreciative. No, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are not divorced, but they are separated. Guess they decided that matrimony and careers, at least in their case, didn't blend. Ayres' birthday is July 10. Lew has a nice new contract with Paramount.

Helen H. Charles Farrell was born August 8, 1902, is six feet 2 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Janet Gaynor, 5 feet, 100 pounds. This was a great team in its day, but Charles and Janet no longer act together.

B. B. You show excellent judgment in being "very much interested in Madeleine Carroll." And here's a bit of information for you about the lovely lady. She was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26. She was educated by private tutors until she entered the University of Birmingham, from which institution she received her Bachelor of Arts degree on the 26th of February. After stage and screen experience in England and France, she came to America and started her first picture in this country, "The World Moves On," February 26, 1934. She is married to Captain Philip Astley. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has blue eyes and golden hair. Her forthcoming picture, in which she is starred, will be "Personal History." Meanwhile you must have seen her with Gary Cooper in "The General Died at Dawn."
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 8

An English version of Hollywood's horror story — very fantastic indeed, with Boris Karloff, that wonder-man of make-up, as the scientist who finds the way to transfer the consciousness — the soul, so to say — from one person to another. Pretty Anna Lee is his assistant, till he goes mad and tries the experiment. John Loder is Anna's suitor. If you like Boo drama try this.

A plot conceived by Franklin D. Roosevelt, written by a group of prominent authors, and now very effectively transferred to the screen, here is something to afford you an evening of suspenseful and interesting entertainment, as Henry Wilcoxon, Betty Furness, Sidney Blackmer and others do fine acting in a drama of the struggle of a co-operative factory against a monopoly. Timely subject, good climax.

A western, and a good one for all you who like the straight-from-the-shoulder action story. This concerns the Texas Rangers and the U. S. Cavalry, seeking to make the ranges safe from marauding Indians. Gene Autrey croons a bit, rides hard, and plays with ease; Smiley Burnette provides comedy, and Kay Hughes charm.

Lily Damita as a Hollywood star traveling in South America; Fred Kisting as her suitor, and Del Campo, whose voice records nicely, as the dashing gaucho who has fallen in love with Lily by seeing her image on the screen. Jean Chatterton is present. A process called Hirilucolor is used to reveal the effective scenic shots and the halting action of a rambling story.

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Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy
“Rembrandt”: The Life and Loves of a Great Artist

Continued from page 27

Rembrandt’s success had brought him different from any other room. For there it was as if the warmth and tenderness that was Saskia had permeated every corner of her room. There on a chair was spread the same red damask gown and the bright petticote she would soon put on. In a little while, when she had rested a little, when she felt just a little stronger.

Lying there in the huge four-poster bed that made her seem even smaller and more fragile, her hair a halo of light against the white pillow, she lay and tried to summon the strength back into her tired body. In such a little while she must rise and put on the festive dress, the gay petticote; every minute of standing an hour of pain and uncertainty, he must not know. She must laugh and be gay for him.

REMBRANDT
A London Film Production
Released Through United Artists

CAST

Rembrandt van Rijn, Charles Laughton

Hendrickje Stoffels, Elsa Lanchester

Geertje Dircx, Gertrude Lawrence

Titus van Rijn, John Bryning

Titus (as a child), Richard Gofe

Ouida, Meinhardt Mau

Banning Coq, Walter Hudd

Govaert Flinck, John Clements

Jan Six, Henry Hewitt

Church Warden, George Merritt

Minister, John Turnbull

Auctioneer, Sam Livesey

Directed by Alexander Korda

But when the maid came to dress her she found she could not rise after all, could only lie there, her head sinking deeper into the pillow, and for the first time it did not seem so important that she should laugh and be gay. Only to lie there, that was all she asked. To lie there forever and rest.

She did not move even when Geertje Dirx, the housekeeper, started to the bedside frowning down at her. Always before Geertje’s terrible hatred of her that had been so fily concealed since her illness had frightened her. Now even that did not disturb her. Somehow she could almost smile knowing that nothing, not even Geertje, could frighten or disturb her again.

There was still that smile on her lips when they had summoned Rembrandt and he stood looking down on her. The smile and the terrible stillness behind that smile and the closed eyelids, Geertje no longer conceal their weariness. After that brief moment alone with her he shut himself in his study and locked the door against all but his small son Titus. He worked in a frenzy he had never known before and Titus sat there, his great eyes fastened on him, trying not to mind that he was hungry.

Rembrandt worked on even as they carried Saskia to her grave, and he was not
there when they sat down to the great funeral feast they had prepared in her honor. And when the equerry came from the Prince of Orange to express his sympathy and Geertje, overwhelmed by the importance of the visit, had at last succeeded in having that closed door opened, Rembrandt worked on furiously, unlocking the formal words cutting through the stillness of the room. He took a few quick steps back from the portrait as the man finished.

"You see, she's wearing her new necklace." His voice came calmly. "I can still see her. Soon it will fade. It will be lost to me as her body is lost in the grave. I've no time to lose.

So there was that talk about his strangeness even before the great painting of the Guards was unveiled and even his friends could find nothing to say in the awful quiet that reigned over the room. Here in this painting was a Rembrandt none of them knew. A new Rembrandt, painting with the strange dark shadows none of them could quite understand, and that covered half of the picture with a sepia glory.

"It isn't a picture at all!" It was Six, one of his friends, who broke the silence at last. "There are nothing but shadows. Are you a painter, or the prince of shadows?"

"Did you see?" Rembrandt's voice came with desperate force, defending this picture his artist's heart knew transcended anything he had ever done. "It's the play of light and shadow that gives life to a face. Catch that, and you fix it now and for the future and for all eternity. My God!" He lost his thin worn patience then seeing those hostile eyes weighing the picture. "How can you expect to have a picture explained to you?"

A bedlam was unloosed then, of women's voices protesting in dismay that their husband's features were indistinguishable, of coarse soldier jests and furious criticism.

"Look here!" Cocq gloved as he looked at the painting. "The thing's like a black nightmare. We realize that what you want to show is movement, the company in the act of mounting guard. But was it necessary to include these street urchins, and what in heaven's name is the meaning of this white figure of a girl? Her features are of course plainly recognizable."

The mask was gone now from Rembrandt's face leaving the anger closing around his eyes and around his grim mouth.

"I've heard enough!" the painter cautioned in a voice that somehow managed to remain schooled and cool and to escape that terrible anger.

"It's your dead wife," Cocq taunted him.

"Enough, I said!" The anger was there in his voice now, mounting to the wrath of his eyes and mouth.

"We respect your sentiments." Cocq bowed in slighting irony. "But this happens to be our picture. If you must paint your family ghost, kindly keep her out of our picture..."

His voice was stilled by Rembrandt's strong hands striking suddenly at his throat, by his arms lifting him above the crowd and throwing him down, and then the room was cleared and there was only Six and Fabritius, his best beloved pupil, standing there.

"Rembrandt! Six' voice came strangely disapproving. "You must go and apologize. He may have gone a little too far, but if an artist paints a bad or mediocure picture, the buyer has a right to express his opinion and violence is no right answer to criticism. You'll have to ask his pardon."

For a long time they looked into each other's eyes, these men who had been friends, and then Rembrandt walked over to the picture and his heart was full of

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WINDS IT UP!

DOROTHY! YOU'RE
EVEN PRETTIER THAN
I COULD REMEMBER;
IN GO WE!

YOU'RE A DEAR, NOT TO
SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M
LUCKY...

LET'S DANCE
A LITTLE,
AFTER THE SHOW.

LET'S DANCE
A LOT, I'M IN
MY DANCINGEST MOOD.

WHAT AN EVENING;
WHAT A MAN, AND IF
I HADN'T TRIED MIDOL
I'D HAVE LOST OUT.
IMAGINE MY DANCING
IN COMFORT AT
THIS TIME OF MONTH.

THROUGHOUT THE DAY
THE MEN AND WOMEN
OF MIDDLETOWN
SPREAD-EAGLED ON
THE TALL STREET.

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
THE PLACE WHERE
THE BARKER'S THE CHAP
AND THE HUNGRY MAN
IS THE POSTMAN.

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
THE CITY OF THE WILD
 where all the good
 things are but no one
 can have them.

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
THE PLACE WHERE
THE WRESTLER'S THE
MAYOR AND THE
MAYOR'S THE WRESTLER.

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
THE PLACE WHERE
THE BILLIONAIRE'S THE
PLAIN PERSON AND
THE PLAIN PERSON
IS THE BILLIONAIRE.

WELCOME TO MIDDLETOWN
THE CITY WHERE
THE INVENTORS
GET EIGHT THOUSAND
FOR THE SOAP
AND THE NAIL.

- Mark Twain

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Rembrandt was still the great master.

The years went and the old things went with them. Peace and security and the old plenty. And still Rembrandt painted the pictures no one would buy, and Geertje’s chill nagging meant no more to him than her smiles had meant, and sometimes he noticed that Titus was growing tall, that he was almost a man now, and sometimes he thought of him only as the child he had been.

Then it was life, was life at its blackest that she came to him, this Hendriek with the frightened eyes of a child and the vulnerable mouth of a woman. She had been working in his kitchen but he had not seen her before that Sunday morning when he came across the courtyard and she was standing there so small and slim and with that peace on her face that filled him with warmth. And he was laughing again without effort and pulling her up the stairs to his studio and placing her on the model stand.

“You needn’t be shy and you mustn’t be frightened if I look at you.” He was dabbing paint on his palette, feeling the strength of the brush in his hand. “I’m not looking at you as a man looks. Painters have a different way of seeing things. I look at you in the same way as the air you move in, or the water with which you wash or the light that shines on you. Pretend I’m not even in the room. Are you warm enough?”

“Yes,” Her voice came so simply with her great eyes staring at him, shining too with a strange new ecstasy, “But I ought to be cleaning the vegetables.”

So it began, with questions and eagerness and learning all the little things about her. That she was from the country, and that she was young, and in time he learned that she loved him, and that was good, too. Because he loved this woman who had come to him so late, after success and wealth was through. He loved her in a different way but no less than he had loved that other woman who had been with him in the brightness and fullness of those other years.

They would have been married then, with their love so new and sweet, but for the technicalities that stood in the way. For Saskia in leaving everything she had to her husband had stipulated that in the case of his remarriage one-half of that large sum that had been her dowry should go to Titus, and there was no money to give him. And gladly as Titus that would have relinquished that claim, and forbade it, since he was under age and so incompetent to sign legal papers.

Their love grew with the days, and Geertje watching was filled with hatred for the woman who had won the love she had so vainly desired; and in time hatred took the place of the love she had felt for the man too, so when she left the house she vowed vengeance.

It came swift and terrible, that revenge of hers. Striking at the happiness that held them. For she brought a charge of immorality and immorality against him and they were called to the Parish court to defend themselves against it.

Hendriek’s great eyes looked at Rembrandt as he stood before the judge and she did not try to conceal the love that was there for him. “She is my wife,” the man said simply. “In the sight of God she is my wife.”

And her calm voice echoing his and her head lifting as she stood before the judge, “I can face my God without fear. In his sight we are man and wife. I cannot leave him. If that is a sin, I must pay for it.”

She did not weaken when they read the sentence of excommunication from the church she loved. But when she knew that the child that was soon to be born could...
not be baptized, she faltered and would have fallen if Rembrandt's arms had not been there to hold her.

A story written in gallantry, that story of Hendrickje. Always there was that quiet courage of hers that endured through everything—through the sale of the house by the order of bankruptcy Rembrandt's creditors forced on him, through the agony of the night he painted her in the tumbledown garden house that was theirs by the grinding permission of Six. A courage that could sing as she had once sung in the old studio and that enabled her to do the work of three women and count it little in that love of hers. A courage that found hope again in chaos.

She had need of that courage the day Fabrizius came to them with a wealthy Marquis he had succeeded in interesting in Rembrandt's work. For a little moment it looked as if all the poverty was over, for the man liked the paintings he was looking at and wanted to buy them. It was Titus who came forward then.

"You can't, father, You mustn't sell your work. The court decided that any canvas you paint automatically becomes the property of your creditors and furniture didn't fetch enough to cover all the debts.

So that hope went as the others had gone until the day the lawyer Fabrizius brought to them a way out of the difficulty. If Rembrandt was employed by anyone, everything he painted belonged to that person and his creditors could not claim it. Since they were not married why shouldn't Rembrandt be under contract to Hendrickje, with everything he painted hers in return for food and lodging?

"I can thank God now, that we were not married," said that day the new shop was opened with her name painted there on the window for all to see, with other buyers following in the wake of the powerful Marquis who had seen something in Rembrandt's work.

It was good to smell goose roasting in the kitchen again, to have fires laid on winter evenings, and to know that on the morrow there would still be money to buy these simple pleasures.

Then one day Rembrandt looked on Hendrickje and knew that she was ill. There was the weariness and the pain that had once been written on Saskia's face and that he had believed that until it was too late, but now his eyes were open.

There was something he could do for this woman who had done so much for him now. There was nothing but age and no obstacle stood in the way of their marriage. Even though it meant the new security would go, he could do that for Hendrickje. For there was little time left her now.

So it was of their coming marriage he spoke to her that morning in his new studio and of their child who could be baptized then, and tears came in her eyes as she listened.

"It's exactly like the first time," she whispered. "The house was quiet as it is now. We were alone and you pulled me up the stairs."

"Sit down there," Rembrandt laughed as he joined in her little game. "You needn't be shy and you mustn't be frightened, I'm not looking at you as a man looks. Is that what I said?"

"Now, you must ask me if I'm warm enough," she prompted him.

But when the question came she did not answer and he saw that she had fallen back in her chair and that her eyes were no longer laughing. Even before he reached her, he knew that he was alone again.

Afterward it was as if the shadows he had come alive to hold him forever a prisoner. Through all the long years without her, painting in that room in which she had moved and laughed and sung, he painted still. Alone, now. And sometimes it was she who came to him there and sometimes it was Saskia and sometimes it was the two of them somehow blended together into one in his love for both of them, Saskia and Hendrickje almost inseparable now in a mind grown tired and old.

It was so Franz Hals, that other painter, found Rembrandt, when he called on him, one day, painting still in the security of the roof that was over that room and the little food it took to keep life in that old body, secure which Hendrickje had insured for him in her will.

"Hals! Old Franz Hals of Haarlem!" Rembrandt laughed as he rose to greet him.

"Yes, it's me," Hals puffed with the exertion of the long climb upstairs. "You live a long way up for an old man."

"As a painter should live," Rembrandt agreed.

"By God! A painter," Hals' voice quickened as he looked around the studio, as he inhaled again the old smell of turpentine and wet paint. "I was a painter once myself. But I've come down to earth now. Down to the ground floor of the Haarlem poor-house. You should join me there. I've given up painting. I climbed to the high places once, lived on the roof tops. I don't propose to tumble down the stairs at my age." Rembrandt looked at him quietly.

"I often wonder if there isn't another hidden turret, another peak still to be scaled," he said.

I never came to see you before, Von Rijn," Hals was smiling now the uncertain smile of years and defeat. "Too fashionable for me. Now you've found your right place, where a painter belongs... outside the world."

"Above it, Hals!" Rembrandt's voice came in quick protest. "Above it! Look down there."

Below them lay the town and the roofs of the town and masts and spires bathed in evening sunlight. A good light," Rembrandt sighed. "But it will be gone soon. Just time to finish my work before it gets dark. Sit down with me."

"No, Hals," Hals' uncertain laugh stopped him. "I won't interrupt you but I wonder— you haven't a drop of anything? They're a bit stingy with it at my present—er—lodgings."
"Of course," Rembrandt went to the cupboard and took out a jug of gin and poured what was left of it in two glasses. "Forgive me, I should have thought of it. I have so few visitors nowadays. Let's drink to art."

"Very well," Hals shrugged. "If you wish— to art! I was going to suggest a wet death and a quick one."

"Not that!" Rembrandt chuckled. "You're too old to think of death. A man's span is seventy years. Eighty, if he's lucky. And when all's done what has life held? Grief and sorrow."

"A pity," Hals smacked his lips. "There's no more left, I was going to drink a toast to ourselves."

"To our work?"

"To gladness, brother!" Hals swallowed the last of his drink. "To laughter."

Rembrandt raised his own glass. "To laughter," he chuckled. "To laughter in the beginning and at the end. What was it they called you? The prince of madmen?"

"Yes," Hals smiled. "And you they called the Prince of Shadows. They can't take those crowns from us."

"Nor that royal purple," Rembrandt nodded. "They'll have to bury us in it when the time comes."

He laughed again and it echoed after Hals as he made his stumbling way down the stairs, and filled the room as he hurried back to his canvas. And there it was on the canvas too, coming alive on the painted lips that were his own lips and in the eyes that were his eyes.

A self-portrait of Rembrandt Van Rijn! He laughed again as his hand grasped the brush and the last of the evening sunshine fell on it so that it alone, scarred and hurt with life as it was, was bright in the shadows.

**The End**

**His High Hat Was**

**A Hindrance**

Continued from page 61

in a position to refuse proffered stardom—for his own good reasons—and still remain in top-rank pictures, at stars' wages. He turned free-lance, picked and chose his parts, and collected handsomely, as he had every right to do.

"It's fun making comedies," he says. "But I'm still a bit unaccustomed to the changed attitude I encounter in the slap-on-the-back and 'How'-ya-pal greetings that are getting more frequent when I meet strangers who evidently think I'm just naturally, and for 24 hours a day, the fellow I played in "The Milky Way."

In such emergencies, Menjou seemed a bit envious of Joe E. Brown, who was on the ship that Adolphe and Verree took at the start of their vacation abroad. "Joe has a fine technique," he said. "He's always ready with some comedy and clowning touches with which he can live up to extemporaneous casting done for him in these casual encounters with strangers."

Versatility, apparently, doesn't stop at the studio stage for a screen actor. Now Menjou has to live up to his reputation as a paragon of fashion for the dressy fellows of the world, a handsome and suave heart-palpitator for the ladies, and a rough-and-ready and good-guy type for the lovers of informality, the jolly-good fellow boys.

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Co-Starring in Their Greatest Romance!

Continued from page 33

to dinner: I always do, if slightly urged. As I was leaving, I said that I was sorry I had not met her sooner as I was leaving for a lengthy vacation in New York in a couple of days. "Well," said Joan, "if you're going on a New Year's trip, maybe you'd like to stop off in Phoenix with George and me. It's all a big secret but we plan to get married there, then to Mexico, then to Europe in the Spring and Summer. Loves of Joan Blondell" I became a bridesmaid in the most unusual wedding I have ever attended. Joan got off the train in Phoenix, Arizona, wearing heavy lensed spectacles and a red wig that Bebe Daniels had left behind at the studio and a polo coat from the Broadway's basement. This was to throw reporters off the scent. But once she had put her name on the license at the city hall, (their wedding license in Arizona), the chase was on. With the lobby full of noisy reporters Joan, still in her dis-
she was deliriously mad over one Dick Powell and if Warner Brothers ever fin-
ished "Gold Diggers of 1927" in which she and Joan were both starring she ex-
pected to marry him and have the gayest New York honeymoon anyone ever had.
Well, I guess I don't have to draw dia-
grams on the table both to make you un-
derstand why I, the worst soprano West
of the Rockies, should burst into One More Chance. As you well know, the Blondell-
Barnes marriage ended in divorce over a
year ago, one of those unfortunate cases of
incompatibility, and so I couldn't blame
Joan and Dick if they rather considered
me bad news. After all, I just couldn't ex-
pect Dick to be awfully pleased over having
me at his wedding too. But I like Dick
tremendously, and I wanted to go to their
wedding and sleep on their wedding cake.
in and I didn't feel one bit like a Ghost at a
Feast. It was all very perplexing. Sup-
pose Dick definitely went thumbs down on
me and all of the rest of my days I would
have to go around Hollywood with head
bowed in shame while people muttered,
"See that woman over there? Well, don't
ask her to your wedding. She brings bad
luck." How mortifying.
Well, Dick and Joan decided to give
me that one more chance that I begged for,
and I was allowed to mingle with the guests
at the very smart wedding they had on
board the Santa Paula three hours before
she sailed for New York via the Canal.
This time the Vendome catered, instead of
the Jolly-O, and the minister didn't blow
up in his lines, and it was all very beau-
tiful and sort of emotional. After all, it
was what a wedding should be. And Joan
looked lovely in dusty pink and black (one
of Bebe Daniels' red wigs this time),
and never in all my days have I seen two peo-
ple so much in love. When Dick said he
was the happiest guy in the world he meant
it and you knew he meant it. As you prob-
ably know it is the custom in Hollywood
to say when two movie people marry,
"Well, I don't give that long." But some-
how, in the case of Joan and Dick, Holly-
wood didn't run to form. They are so
ideally mated that even Hollywood can't
reckon with. And I might just as well utter
my ultimatum now, which is that I will
have no gossips trying to break up the
Blondell-Powell marriage, because after all
my reputation depends upon it lasting. I
just can't go through life being called Bad
News.
When George Barnes and Joan decided
that they couldn't make a go of marriage
and were simply making each other miser-
able and the best thing to do was to call
it off, Joan was extremely upset over her
defection and misery decided then and
there that she would never be happy again.
That she would live simply for her baby
son, little Norman Scott Barnes. So she
sold her large house on the mountain-top
and with her baby and her mother and her
two devoted servants moved into Helen
Twelvetrees' home in the Valley. Just
around the corner was the tremendous es-
tate of Dick Powell. And just across the
town from the Warner Brothers' commis-
ary was Dick Powell. And very often sitting
in the canvas chair next to her on the set
was Dick Powell. Now Dick had said to
himself "That's the girl. But hell, she's
married," the first time he had met Joan
shortly after he came to Hollywood from
Pittsburgh, via Little Rock. Arkansas, to
play the sappy crooner in "Blissed Event"
which picture landed him a grand contract.
But after the Barnes break-up was publicly
announced in the newspapers Dick began
to take hope again; he was very quiet but
very determined about it; and the first
thing she knew Joan had completely recov-
ered from her great unhappiness and was going
every place with Dick Powell. When Joan
became "eligible" again at least a dozen

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

have spoon bread, another Southern dish. This is one of my mother's specialties and I'm fond of it myself.

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD

2 cups corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sweet milk
2 cups boiling water
3 large tablespoons melted butter
3 eggs

Sift the corn meal three times and dissolve in the boiling water; mix very smooth, add the melted butter and salt; thin with the milk; separate the eggs, beat until light; add the yolks, then the whites; pour into a well-buttered baking dish; bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven and serve in the dish it has been baked in.

"John Arledge likes Okra Gumbo, so we see that he gets that when he's here. He's Southern, too, you know."

OKRA GUMBO

1/2 lb. Beechnut bacon
1 slice ham about 1 inch thick
2 lbs. lean veal
2 large onions
1 small celery heart
1 large can tomatoes
2 lbs. okra

Render the bacon; add ham cut up in squares, let cook about 15 minutes; add onions and celery cut up in squares; add this the tomatoes, and when it has come to a boil turn down the fire as low as possible, add cut up okra and let simmer from 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Serve it on steamed rice.

Shrimp or chicken may be used in place of veal.

"Another friend of ours who is not in pictures and never mentions her figure worries simply adores butterscotch pie. We all have the instinct of fondness for that when we're not feeling too conscientious about our weight.

"Not that weight needs to bother me, while I'm dancing! I've lost simply pounds and pounds rehearsing and shooting 'Born to Dance.' I hadn't done any dancing since '42nd Street,' when Ginger Rogers and I did a chorus number, and I've been working on my dances so long this time that it feels as if I'd been at it for months. Maybe all you'll get of it will be a few tiny flashes on the screen, but you'd think to hear all of us go on about it that we were premier ballerinas or new Pavловas at the very least!"

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Place in the top of a double boiler 1/2 cups brown sugar and 3 tablespoons butter; stir in the eggs until smooth, then add 1 cup milk and stir and cook until the sugar is dissolved. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs with 2 tablespoons of water and 4 tablespoons flour until smooth; add with 1/2 cup sugar and a few grains salt; mix well and stir into the sugar mixture and stir and cook until thick and smooth. Pour into a baked pie shell, cover with a meringue made with the whites of 3 eggs and sugar, and brown in a slow oven.

By this time, we were sipping tea from Una's pretty Chintz cups and eating cheese biscuits that were so delicate it was hard to keep them from crumbling. The secret of eating them, Una confided, is to use a big mouth and put the whole thing in at once!

CHEESE BISCUITS

Sift 1 1/2 cups of sifted Swansdown flour with 3 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Work into these 2 tablespoons butter and when the mixture is like coarse meal add 1/2 cup grated Kraft cheese to it. Make smooth dough with 1/2 cup milk. Roll out on a floured board, cut in rounds, place on a buttered baking pan half an inch apart and bake in a moderate oven.

"When I was little, my grandmother used to give me a dessert that has remained the high point in food to me ever since," smiled Una, over another biscuit. "I think it must have been the name that appealed to me. She called it Ambrosia, and all there was in it was sliced oranges, bananas and shredded coconut."

The Burlas seldom entertain large groups, but they enjoy having their friends in for informal small parties.

"One very young group likes to play poker," said Una, "another goes in for singing-fool contests. Recently I made a discovery about Monopoly—I called it Monotony—for several days before Ronnie told
"If we don't sell, we will certainly level off the hill there by the dining room, put in French doors, and have ourselves an outdoor sitting room next spring," she planned. "Then we'd look down at this rose garden spread out at Ronny's barbecue.

"Ronny built the barbecue himself, and we love it!"

A summerhouse on a hill at the back of the garden, reached by a succession of rose-lined-white steps to an open black chimney with an iron oven and grill. On either side of the chimney are two rustic bars where the cooked food is to be served. A tank of something with rusty seats. Before the bars are high stools painted green and white.

"I told Ronny they look like little girls with gingham and bubble-Ups, but he did it, and I like it!

"The more I look at the things we've done, the more I don't see how I can part with the place!"

And They Seem Such Nice People, Too

Continued from page 25

why I shouldn't too. But on my bed-room walls! Oh, my goodness, isn't that awful!"

Remember when Mr. Deeds accused the Judge in his insanity case of being an "a" and that the Judge was "a bright red a" of a mind to, he could have turned right then and there on Mr. Gary Cooper Deeds and accused him of being a table-cloth artist. For the adult Gary can no more resist a beautiful white damask table cloth than young Cooper of Helena, Montana, who was "discovered" by the movies. Gary, you know, was an artist on a Los Angeles newspaper, and the minute he gets his hand on a pencil he starts drawing caricatures—as a matter of fact he doesn't even wait for a pencil as Hollywood hostesses well know; he'll use a knife right on the best linen. Thanks to Rooney, his lovely wife, Gary has one of the most charming and exquisite homes in Brentwood, with never even an ash-tray out of place; but you can usually tell where Gary sat last for there on the fly leaf of a book, the border of a newspaper, or the table-cloth is a Cooper curl. You think what school books must have looked like when he was a kid.

When it comes to dropping clothes over a dressing table or a scatttering things in the bathroom there's none better than Jimmy Cagney. If there are fifteen or sixteen pieces of furniture in the room Jimmy will manage to find an article of clothing to throw over each one, and the bathroom when he has finished with it looks like a cyclone struck it. He's a good thing he married a gal with a sweet disposition. They tell me, (but I wouldn't know about that), that Jimmy's undressing act at night is really something. He gets one out of his shirt when he suddenly notices a newspaper on the table so he proceeds to read the front page half in, half out of his shirt. Then forgetting his shirt he gets half way out of his pants when he notices a magazine so he proceeds to stand right there by his pants and read the magazine. He's such a story he actually thought he had caught his eye. This all comes under the heading of absent-mindedness, I guess at Mr. Cagney is very good. His secretary tells a story of a tyro he hired on him. Recently he was dictating a letter to her when the phone rang. She took the message and while she was dictating to the executives, repeated it carefully to Jimmy, and said, "What shall I tell him?" Jimmy was utterly unconscious of the entire interruption, his mind was still on the letter he had been dictating five minutes before. "Tell him," said Jimmy vaguely, "with kindest regards, I remain, Jimmy Cagney." But was he really? Sylvia had not heard a sniff or a sneeze that any child you've ever seen Sylvia has tried at all. She has turned a bright red at this bad habitation, (and before that), but the minute she gets nervous or emotionally upset Sylvia quite unconsciously starts biting away. "Go ahead, you're really making it," Sylvia tells her friends—but I don't know, anyone who can give as grand a dramatic performance as the little Sidney can just go on biting her nails for all I care. Sylvia is another movie star who had better be a bit wary about becoming involved in murder cases, for even the dumbest gumshoe-dick could trace her whereabouts without taking ten easy lessons in detecting. Wherever you find a little mound of rolled-up matches you can safely say that Mr. Cagney has been there.

For the very second that Sylvia settles herself in a chair she lights a cigarette in a long holder and then instead of putting the holder on the table she sticks it back in her bra and then on or the table she will proceed to tear them apart and roll them up one by one—or if she can't find matches any old paper will do. A form of nerves, of course, but so naughtied. But really no more naughtied than George Raft's little habit of scattering cigarette ashes all over the best hard rug. You've really never seen a cleaner, neater boy than George, and he always looks as if he had just arrived spic and span from the laundry, but somehow or other one Mr. Raft with all his neatness just can't seem to find an ash-tray in time to catch his ashes. This is definitely a lung-over from his hobo days when George danced the Charleston in clamps where carpets were knee-deep in ashes. Yes, Sylvia and Georgie both had better keep out of murder mysteries.

Now can you imagine the beautiful and glamorous Miss Lombard, (and wasn't she a screwball), as the type of woman who experts have a great deal of interest in, for instance, about the last word in chic and silver fox, sticking stationery in her mouth? Every time Carole sits down to write a letter she tries to think of something awfully clever to say, (and always does), but while she is thinking quite unconsciously she bites off the edge of the stationery on her desk. As she insists upon the most expensive writing paper you can readily see that it is a most expensive habit. "She bites off all..."
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Paris

Continued from page 29

Southampton—a dash to London to see his sister Adele (Lady Cavendish). Then into London, into a plane, with a short stop-over in Paris, for Cannes. A bit of sun and bathing there and then the same hop, skip, and jump back to America. Through it all the half-shy, boyish personality that is so well known to the fans. Of course he is very much at home in Europe, for when he and Adele or theatrical comedy stars that he was appearing with in America, it was more often in London than in New York. Naturally, between times he worked up and on in Paris. The only two years he has rested lightly on the light-footed Fred. When he talks of his ideas and ideals in dancing one realizes the tremendous amount of work he puts into his joyous films. In everyday life he is constantly getting suggestions for a dance motive or inspiration from the most unexpected sources. At present he's working out an idea for an all-dancing film. The whole action expressed in dance steps. Quite a job, that, quite a job, but it the resourceful Fred starts on it he will do the polished, finished performance of it. He said that George Gershwin has been asked to write music for the film. Gershwin is away above the ordinary jazz composer. His music has great worth, and definite emotions are expressed by him. Working along with his music as an inspiration I hope to conceive dance steps and rhythmic movements that will express the emotions of the music.

Sounds to me like a sort of Russian Ballet gone thoroughly American! Fred greatly admires the films of Rene Clair, the young French director whose "The Ghost Goes West" was such a success, and would like to do some fantastic little pieces in the same mood. He is amused at the constant tales of artistic disagreement with Ginger Rogers. He loves working with her, but with her desire to go dramatic the split is inevitable. Fred said he would like to work with another partner and mentioned Eleanor Powell and Jessie Matthews, the popular London dancing star, as a direct result of this. It would be interesting to see him with either of these elfin creatures. Fred sailed away and one can't think of him being quiet the next few days, but the occasion—one thinks of him as spanning the space in one leap of a plane.

Lew Ayres turned up on a near-flying trip about Europe. It was his first trip abroad, and I am sure the last out of a first trip than Lew. He went here, there, and everywhere in Paris all on his own—spurring motor cars and going in for everything. Then back to the Hotel George V he was going to Versailles. I asked him if he was motororing, for I was going to suggest his stopping at Minckley's. But he said he was going on the electric train. Much more amusing and interesting, said he; he proved up and said he is the only one who looked much more boyish than in his most juvenile roles. And this early of a morning after a very Parisian night! It seems strange to hear him talk with enthusiasm about directing. That somehow always seems to be the job of middle-aged, bald-headed men. But as Lew said he was just as much an actor-director the idea seems a bit more plausible, and one will not lose that whimsical Barrie-like personality because of his director's megaphone. The day after I saw him he was flying off to Switzerland, and after looking over Italy a bit he said he would stop off in Paris a couple of days. I am sure I can find some reason, say the Champs Elysees or Fontainebleau, for my description of these palaces greatly intrigued him. The rains in Paris seemed to cheer Bette Davis but they had the opposite effect on Edward Everett Horton. That droll comedian saw the sights of Paris between snatches and sniffs. I must say that he was richly amusing for his very snierry ssees have a personality all their own. He should incorporate them in film!

How do you feel working in the British Studios, Sylvia, my dear?" asked Richard Barthelmess of Sylvia Sidney over cocktails at the Crillon Bar. A peculiarly whimsical expression clouded his thoughts, flitted over the mobile face of the little star. She glanced at me and realized that whatever words she uttered might appear in print. Then she quickly smiled and drewled, "Perfectly charming, old chap, perfectly charming!" That was all. What was said in words, to words, but I had caught that first expression which really told volumes. At another time she told me: "I am an experience, that she had gotten quite used to the "tea at five" habit, no matter what emotional scene it interrupted. She also discovered that the British
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If you suffer from the choking, wheezing paroxysms of asthma, if you have difficulty sleeping nights—waking up gasping for air during the night—without being propped up by pillows, you will be interested in reading a little booklet called "The Health Dept. Luck." It is free of charge. In the course of time between their paroxysms, others report they "sleep like a baby again." Perhaps relief is not hopeless. At least read the story of the experience of others who have gone to see Dr. Edward W. Wecker, 442 W. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill., Address Nascor Medicine Company, 111 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Perfume as a "Pick-Me-Up"

Continued from page 65

thoroughly convinced that the way to get
the most that perfume can give you is to
have several fragrances in hand and switch
from one to another as the spirit moves you.

Actually, I believe there is a sense for
perfumes like an ear for music, and not
everone has it. Those of you who can
never be sure about a perfume, who don’t
know instinctively whether it will add to
your charm—can be guided by what
the makers themselves say about their
fragrances. A woody odor, redolent of
ferns and trees and moss, is for the person
who wishes to bring memories of the great outdoors
into the impression people get of you.

An Oriental scent, suggesting sandalwood,
mythical herbs, and heavy tropical flora-
riage, is for you who feel sophisticated
and want people to know it. Fresh floral
bouquets are in order if you wish to
create the impression of sweetness and
light gaiety with something of the “ado-
re me but touch me not” atmosphere.
The semi-Oriental lends a touch of sophisti-
cation to women who want to appear
perfectly groomed in street clothes, par-
ticularly women who must avoid any effect
of being too obviously dressed.

There’s an element of seasonableness
that’s important to you who wish to seem
real and natural with a fresh, untailed care.

If you like floral fragrances, Springtime
and early Summer call for garden flowers—
lilies, sweet pea, jasmine, rock garden
flowers. Volleywood is just right in Winter
because it gives a promise of the first
days of Spring. And there’s a spell
which can be cast by magnolia or orange
blossom, reminiscent of the Sunny South,
when wintry winds are their bitterest in
colder climates. A flower fragrance just
before that flower is due to blossom is
a promise of the future and the impres-
sion it creates is invariably pleasing.

Apply your perfume so it is diffused
and seems to waft its fragrance lightly
about you. Never let your perfume domi-
nate your whole being, so that people are
so conscious of it that they forget the girl who is wear-
ing it. If you are guilty of overperming,
it is probably because you put too much
in one spot or created a new applica-
tion when you fail to be conscious of
the odor yourself. Remember that other
people will smell your perfume long after
your nostrils have become so accus-
tomed to it that it appears to have lost
its strength.

Perfume will look at its best when it is
applied directly to your skin. If you take
a perfumed bath, be sure the odor har-
monizes with the scent you will apply
later. The popularity of eau de Cologne
as an after-the-bath body rub has in-
creased by leaps and bounds since manu-
facturers have been scenting this
tonic up. New fragrances are being
perfumed and added to the line. This
new type is much more lasting in its
fragrance than the original eau de
Cologne.

On your throat, behind your ears, on
wrists and elbows are good spots for per-
fsme. And always remember your hair
and your eyebrows will hold the scent
longer than cloth or skin.

If you apply perfume to your clothes,
don’t do it just before you go out. Give
the scent at least an hour to “set” be-
fore you dress. Floating draperies or
sleeves are ideal points for perfume. And
a little dab inside the cuff of each glove
is intriguing.

An atomizer is always a grand help in
diffusing your perfume lightly. You will
find it saves time. There are leak-proof
atomizers for traveling that make it possi-
bile for you to carry your favorite fra-
grances wherever you go. Incidentally, they
make excellent gifts if you are wracking
your brain over what to give for a Christ-
mas list.

London

Continued from page 28

countyside, it is now transforming.

You will remember how I told you
Korda intended to set Marlene’s glamour
personality on a spectacular backgrounder
so that she would show out like a glowing jewel? Now he has
found the appropriate story, "Knight Without
Armor," which is laid in Russia dur-
ing the revolution. She plays a Russian
counterpart, imperious and wilful, who is
sent from the rebels by an English secret
service agent and taught to place the proper
values on the worth-while things of life.
He is Robert Donat, recovered from his
illness and jockey’s career, a fa-
ous Continental director, stands behind
the camera.

Korda gave a grand reception party for
Marlene. She swept into the room like a
queen, wearing a black velvet turban,
yellow brocade tunic caught with emeralds
at the neck and flaring out over a tight
fitting black skirt that swept the floor.
She embraced her friend Elisabeth Berg-
ner—they were fellow students in Max
Kleinhardt’s class at Salzburg. Then she
catch sight of Charles Laug-
hot, took his face between her hands and
kissed him, playfully pulling the flowing
moastaches he grew to appear as painter
Rembrandt. She smoked oval Turkish ciga-
rettes in a long jade holder and talked
about herself quite frankly.

I did not get to Vienna, Austria, I am
afraid to be in the air—I am a physical
coward, you see. One of my hobbies
is cooking. I like to go into my kitchen late
at night and fry some sausages for supper
in the German way, with onions and pa-
rikia and little strips of bacon. No, I do
not have to diet. I never seem to grow fat
whatever I eat. I am interested in pho-
tography too. I have several cameras and
I am always taking pictures, chiefly land-
scape shots. But best of all I think I like
to laze in bed on Sunday morning, drink-
ing my cup of chocolate and reading an
amusing light story."
CLEANS CLOTHES

New Way—Sells on Sight

New Dry-Cleaning Clothes Brush. Beautiful new design. Handsome old lady holds anything in her hand. She may be chemical plus unique Valuable on your draperies, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. No Burn, No Stains. AGENT WANTED. Hostlers making phenomenal drapes, Keeps your drapes, drapes, drapes, ... Sig. Korda. Los Angeles, Calif.

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent at no cost. Send 25c. All goods guaranteed. Try, you will be satisfied. Hostler makes beautiful drapes. Send postcard for name of hostler nearest you, marked "Korda." Los Angeles, Calif.

For Your Club Class Society

 rigs

STAMMER

You Can Repair Perfect Speech, if you

Please note today beautifully illustrated book entitled "How to Stop Stammering." It contains a New Exit Method for the scientific correction of stammering, and was developed at the Renowned Institute for 25 years—since 1901. Endored by the American Speech Association. Full information concerning book and stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin M. Brown, Dept. 511, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans our Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny, delicate, intricate filters, but these cheap, drastic, irritating drugs, if functional Kidney filters, may cost you suffering. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10.600,00 decorated with 1000 stars. Los Angeles, Calif. guarantee Cystex must bring new vitality in 3 hours. Feel years younger in 3 weeks. 3 for $1.00. 12 for $2.00. Written guarantee made against the 24 weeks. Send for Test.

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GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

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Start. Men or Women. Com- mon school education required. Write for list of positions and outlines on how to get a position. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-263, Rochester, N.Y.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Seems to be a new determined world-wide drive to rase the public to the realization that hair removal is the healthy thing. This is why we are selling new "Superficial Hair Remover." It removes the hair permanently, safely, privately...quickly...nothing left behind. Down to the very root. No shaving, no cutting, no shaving cream, no powder. Backed by 30 years of research. Used all over the world. No pain, no burns. "How to Remove Superficial Hair Remover." Be a success.

D. J. MURPHY, Co. Dept. 309, Providence, R.I.

WRIST WATCH

GIVEN

Would you like to own this latest model rectangular Wrist Watch, with jeweled movement, engraved case and bracelet to match! It's no use wishing—own it today! "It's a Wrist Watch and it won't cost you a penny. Choice of other VALUABLE GIFTS or CASH. Just send your name and address for our latest Free Gift Plan. Be sure to specify IT TODAY.

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NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Waterproof...for easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has long prevailed. Sew your own women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length...their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of naturefulness!

Obviously, such exciting liveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

Tattoo Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret...for THIS mascara, not being mixed with water when applied, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity...Black...Brown...25c at the better stores. Tattoo your eyelashes!

TATTOO

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Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inches—suitable for framing.

These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshot was taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print of negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. It's worth a little to acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERST STUDIOS

Dept. 303 Des Moines, Iowa

for December 1936
and Charles, still has a personal as well as financial interest in them.

Elsa and Charles recently spent a holiday at the Scarborough hotels and one morning the star called a parasol-bearing cer of all the chambermaids and gave them practical demonstration of the quickest and easiest way to make up a bed. He always makes up his own every morning, whether in London or Hollywood.

He likes to lay the dinner-table for himself, too, whenever he has the time. Coming from the room, he took his Renbront's, purple cape and led the way to the studio restaurant where the experiencenaitess quickly handed him a tray holding china, cutlery and a bottle of champagne. He opened the arrangement to his satisfaction. Finally he sat comfortably down to an out-size in grilled steaks, supported by tired potatoes and tomatoes and at least half a cranberry. "Well," he grinned between mouthfuls, "now you know why I have to be a character actor! And I never shall be able to play romantic parts, you never shall have that romantic slender figure!"

Elisabeth Bergner carefully poured out a dose of medicine for the sick man lying on the bed. She wore a trim green suit and a high-crowned hat under which her expressive brown eyes peeped as she concerntation as she measured the deadly drops into the glass. Sunlight fell on her through the open window, illuminating the modernistic London apartment room in which she stood.

"Again, please," Dr. Paul Carmer motioned to the camera and once more the little blonde Austrian star took up the dark bottle and began to pour. Over and over and over again, until the scene ended. Let again she stood by the harpsichord scene before her gentle-voiced director husband, whose word is law, nodded at last and said "Thank you, Bergner." Elisabeth made a smug smile at him tenderly, affectionately, before she came across the set and sat down beside me.

"What do you think of it?" she asked. "Our 'Dreaming Lips'? It is the old tearful story of a woman who is loved by two men—you see it being enacted in life many, many times.

In her own vivid way she told me about this new English version of a German film in which she scored tremendous success five years ago. It the first part of a violinist in a second-rate orchestra, quite contented with her simple domestic life until she meets a world-famous musician who shows her more glamorous and luxurious things. She learns to love him—but her husband's fortunes fail and he needs her comforting affection. In her misery she seduces his affairs, the studying safe from autograph-hunters and over-demonstrative fans.

Constance Bennett and Miriam Hopkins have been when they attended a dinner chat with the jovial landlord—who has never visited a cinema in his life! Sometimes Edward Everett Horton stopped in, for he is a friend of the famous Berlin theatre with Elisabeth. When I presently go across to the set I find a Stockholm pleasure-garden with rustic tables under the trees and gay bands of peasant singers, the kind of place which Garbo loves to dine and dance. When she goes home, Conrad is drinking and flirting with a pretty dressmaker in a restaurant. She is Sir Cedric Hardwicke's sister-law. She gives me the latest news, which has hurried back from C. and Deste, she has read "Private Number" in which Robert Taylor gave him such a stern left-took to the jaw. It read: "Having seen you in all your films, I am highly satisfied you have got your deserts at last. When Robert Taylor struck you, I said 'Thank goodness, that's done for tried parts,' and now the love of this dapper as ever, he chats chiefly about foot ball and golf, two of his greatest interests and shows me a letter he received from a girl in Ohio after she had seen "Private Number.""

Basil is eagerly looking forward to his next film in Hollywood for he is to achieve a long-cherished ambition and portray the famous character in that girl in Ohio! And what a change from sinister villains.

As she goes to the dressing-rooms, with sun-dial and colorless flower-beds, I reach yet another stage and go inside to watch Edward G. Robinson playing a socially-demonstrative man in a British picture "Thunder in the City." His leading lady is a romantic discovery, beautiful wide-eyed Baroness Lulu von Hohenberg, whose name is quite unknown, in that girl in Ohio. That's the name just chosen for her by Producer B. P. Schulberg who signed her up for Hollywood on a long contract after he had rented a small Continental film. She has a rich warm voice and almost always dresses in black and white and looks very much like her friend and countrywoman Marlene Dietrich.

Not far from Piccadilly Circus is an old-fashioned London "pub," the little tapholder. Six hours only, and a row of shining brass pump-handles presided over by a buxom Cockney harmaid. Taxi-drivers and street-vendors patronize it and so do famous film folk. It is quiet and completely unknown, so they can sit at the little marble-topped tables enjoying a pint of real mild English beer and talk about the studies of the studying safe from autograph-hunters and over-demonstrative fans.

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"Hitch your beauty to a star!"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders, they're good for free premiums.
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IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK
Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:

Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on— for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film premières...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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- MRS. ERNEST Du PONT, JR., Wilmington
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- MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
- MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
- MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
- MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
- MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSLAER, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOS: Camel's are made from FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
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AT GAY Christmas Parties

THE WORLD AROUND

THE FRAGRANCE Gemey

Paris or Penang, Capetown or Cairo...in 75 lands where women count the days to Christmas...they're jotting down on their wishing lists..."fragrance Gemey." For fragrance Gemey is so gay and young and joyous it has won its way wherever there is music and moonlight, wherever hearts and dreams are young. And what could be a lovelier gift than this exquisite essence, expressed in perfume and powders, in compacts and cologne, presented by Richard Hudnut at the perfume counter round your corner (priced from $1 to $15). You pay a lovely compliment to the name that tops your Christmas list when you ensemble her gift in this single thread of perfume...an international favorite, fragrance Gemey.

In crystal clear flacons...$2.50, $4.50 and $15. Special stocking-gift size...$1

RICHARD HUDNUT
Watch for
Claudette Colbert Cover!

See Next Issue of SCREENLAND for New High in Covers and Features!

The Robert Taylor cover "caught on" to put it conservatively, You, and you, and you liked it. Now watch for our Claudette Colbert cover on the next, the February issue—it's something new, too, and just as stunning as the Taylor portrait which set a new fresh style in magazine covers in any field.

The Colbert cover, however, is only part of the story! The February issue of SCREENLAND will be rich in features of the sort you like best. For example, "What Does the Future Hold for Your Hollywood Favorites?" Here's a startling article which predicts amazing things for some of the most important stars of the screen. Then there's the only complete, exclusive, and authentic fictionization of Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "Maid of Salem." There's an exciting story about Hollywood's most interesting "Non-Professional Wife." There's—but we don't want to spoil the surprises we're saving for you in our February number! Remember—at the sign of the Claudette Colbert cover, grab the February issue of SCREENLAND, on sale January 5th. You won't be sorry!
Fifty-seven weeks of hard, grueling work were expended on the making of this, and the result is probably the most entertaining Tarzan adventure of the series. Thrills, suspense, and well-sustained interest throughout the film, with excellent performances by Johnny Weissmuller, O'Sullivan, and Benita Hume. Herbert Mundin proves delightful as the comedy relief. The jungle background is spectacular.

Never a dull moment! There's music by the Yacht Club Boys, never funnier, Jack Haley, Devie Dunbar, Anthony Martin and grand little Judy Garland, with half a dozen hit song numbers. Laughs galore from Stuart Erwin, as a yokel but great football player; Patsy Kelly, and Jack Haley, in the best part of his career. Arline Judge, Betty Grable, and Johnny Downs are three cute kids you love. An evening of swell fun.

Paramount's annual round-up of stars you know both in radio and films. If anything the show suffers from an embarrassment of riches in entertainers, with Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Shirley Ross, Frank Forest, Martha Raye, Ray Milland. And there are special numbers by Leopold Stokowski leading a full symphony, Binnie Fields singing a new song, and others. A big show.

A nice little program picture with just enough suspense and a couple of laughs here and there to hold on to your interest. It is the story of the robbery of a mail truck and goes on to depict just how the criminal is finally tracked down by Lee Tracy, as a government inspector, and Gloria Stuart, his aide and heart interest. They provide good performances, and Paul Guilfoyle as the bandit does likewise.

This little comedy drama, featuring Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward, is amusing in spots, but it misses, due to story weakness. How the girl meets her true love through having to share his kitchen and bath in a boarding-house, is the plot of the play. The featured players are pleasing, and there is a fine supporting company made up of Nat Pendleton, Eugene Pallette, Catharine Doucet, and others.

You'll find plenty of laughs and good, clean fun in this youthful romance contributing to the seasonal crop of football pictures. Larry Crabbe turns in a good performance as the heavy, while Tom Browne continues to portray the fun-loving, all-American hero, who finally gets the breaks and wins lustrous-eyed, charming Eleanore Whitney. Benny Baker, however, steals the show with his comedy antics. It's pleasant....

A hold-up in a passenger plane, 4,000 feet up in the air, makes an unusual and though implausible picture, one that has a measure of suspense and action to hold you interested, plus some thrills if you can overlook gaps in the plot. Warren Hull as a reporter is fine; Jean Muir hasn't much to do; Charles Foy in a minor role is delightful; and Carlyle Moore, Jr., and Howard Phillips are good. A fair show.

A rousing, full-blooded melodrama with Victor McLaglen giving a really corking show as the pugnacious steel-worker who dominates the mill and the town where it's located. It pulls no punches in seeking melodramatic force—one grisly incident shows a man fall into a vat of molten steel. But in general effect this is consistently entertaining fare, buttressed by effective climaxes, and well acted by star and supporting cast.

Hollywood, continuing to make everything simple and light in its vehicles for the grand opera stars, offers Lawrence Tibbett in a frothy bit of comedy, very familiar as to story pattern, but good for an evening of entertainment and some excellent singing even thrilling singing by the star. Wendy Barrie is the very attractive girl interest. Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher take care of the comedy. Light but pleasing.
Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph
CECIL B. DE MILE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture... the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains... a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West...

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians... why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys,'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very... very peacefully... unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."
SILENCE'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
1. One of the 'Ladies in Love'
2. Esther
3. Help
4. Tiny
5. Aches
6. Possessive pronoun
7. Toward
8. High explosive
9. More patched
10. Short stocking
11. Dried grass
12. All right (slang)
13. Allurements
14. Prints
15. Free from pain
16. By way of
17. Malt drink
18. Famous Chinese film
19. Hero in 'Rich and...
20. Beckless'
21. You and I
22. Anything
23. Paid notice (abbrev.)
24. Heroine of 'The Gay
25. Desperado'
26. To perform
27. Song of 'Old Hurch'
28. Craig in 'Craig's...
Wife'
29. Mrs. Bing Crosby
30. Every one
31. To alter the color
32. Mrs. Joe McCrea
33. Meadow
34. Canning
35. Buried
36. Sea eagle
37. The lady of Pickfair
38. English title of nobility
39. Co-star of 'Swing Time'
40. Featured actor in "Second
Wife"
41. Belonging to me
42. He's married to Ruby Keeler
43. Exclamation
44. Charmity
45. Value
46. Males
47. Featured actress in "Anthony
Adams"
48. Bird's beak
49. Mrs. Rex Bell
50. To fall behind
51. His new one is "Maytime"
52. Too
53. Before
54. Elevated railroad (abbrev.)
55. What you see a picture with
56. Wing of a house
57. European measure of area
58. Shade tree
59. Leading lady in "Sing Baby
Sing"
60. One of 'Little Women'
61. Boat propeller
62. Cry
63. Crooked, askew
64. Her new one is "The Garden
of Allah"
65. Female chickens
66. She's Mrs. Arthur Horblow
67. To make a lean
68. Term of endearment
69. The M.G.M Lion
70. The husband of Mrs.
71. He played Louis Pasteur
72. Comic co-star of "Our Rela-
tions"
73. Name of 28 down
74. Stoop of leather
75. Condition of decay
76. Featured actor in "Spend-
thrift"
77. "... Comes Trouble," a
movie
78. Donker
79. System of weights
80. One of the Thousands
81. Star of "Sissan Met a Lady"
82. Featured actor in "Libeled
Lady"
83. Note of the scale
84. A chair bench
85. Common metal
86. Large deer
87. French article
88. To pack away
89. Ginger's co-star
90. Prescribed quantity of medicine
91. Bird's beak
92.桔
93. Mrs. Bell
94. To fail behind
95. His new one is "Maytime"
96. Too
97. Before
98. Elevated railroad (abbrev.)
99. What you see a picture with
100. Wing of a house
101. European measure of area
102. Shade tree
103. Section of a film
104. Leading lady in "Sing Baby
Sing"
105. One of 'Little Women'
106. Boat propeller
107. Cry
108. Crooked, askew
109. Her new one is "The Garden
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111. She's Mrs. Arthur Horblow
112. To make a lean
113. Term of endearment
114. The M.G.M Lion
115. The husband of Mrs.
116. He played Louis Pasteur
117. Comic co-star of "Our Rela-
tions"

A CROSSED

ACROSS
1. Mrs. Franchot Tone
2. She's famous for sad-eyed
3. "Slavvy little
4. "boat," a movie
5. Comedienne, featured in "The
6. Texas Rangers"
7. 32. Star of "Sissan Met a Lady"
8. Featured actor in "Libeled
9. 'Lady"
10. Note of the scale
11. A chair bench
12. Common metal
13. Large deer
14. French article
15. To pack away
16. Ginger's co-star
17. Prescribed quantity of medicine
18. Bird's beak
19. Mrs. Rex Bell
20. To fall behind
21. His new one is "Maytime"
22. Too
23. Before
24. Elevated railroad (abbrev.)
25. What you see a picture with
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40. The M.G.M Lion
41. The husband of Mrs.
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tions"
44. Name of 28 down
45. Stoop of leather
46. Condition of decay
47. Featured actor in "Spend-
thrift"
48. "... Comes Trouble," a
movie
49. Donker
50. System of weights

DOWN
1. One of the Thousands
2. Esther
3. Help
4. Tiny
5. Aches
6. Possessive pronoun
7. Toward
8. High explosive
9. More patched
10. Short stocking
11. Dried grass
12. All right (slang)
13. Allurements
14. Prints
15. Free from pain
16. By way of
17. Malt drink
18. Famous Chinese film
19. Hero in 'Rich and...
20. Beckless'
21. You and I
22. Anything
23. Paid notice (abbrev.)
24. Heroine of 'The Gay
25. Desperado'
26. To perform
27. Song of 'Old Hurch'
28. Craig in 'Craig's...
Wife'
29. Mrs. Bing Crosby
30. Every one
31. To alter the color
32. Mrs. Joe McCrea
33. Meadow
34. Canning
35. Buried
36. Sea eagle
37. The lady of Pickfair

S E N D  F O R  T H E  D A Y  F R E E  T R I A L  O F F E R!

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Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

Ringing out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and mirths and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg

And "Speaking of the Weather", It's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

There is glory sufficient for all those outstanding artists Samuel Goldwyn assembled to portray the characters of "Come and Get It," but to a comparative newcomer must go our eager enthusiasm for the very reason that the young and lovely Frances Farmer strikes a brilliant and vibrant note in a company of such distinguished and seasoned players as Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Walter Brennan, and the others. Arnold never did finer work—what higher praise can we give?—McCrea lives up to the standards of his increasingly fine acting accomplishments; Walter Brennan creates an unforgettable portrait as Swan Bostrom. For Frances Farmer, playing a dual rôle, to play so surely, with such finely-wrought detail and shading as marks the two quite different persons as the mother and daughter in this play, is the more notable for the eminence of her cast associates. We who have hailed Frances Farmer as a beauty and an interesting personality, greet her now as an actress of great charm, notable histrionic talent, and rich promise.

Frances Farmer at top is seen as Lotte Morgan, dance hall singer, and at right in an off-screen pose. Immediately above, left: Frances and Edward Arnold; center: Walter Brennan, Miss Farmer and Arnold; right: Joel McCrea and Frances as the young sweethearts of the Edna Ferber story.
Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

“I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On”
“There Are No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“I’ve Got To be Kissed”
“Top Of The Town”
“Where are you?”

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you “Love Before Breakfast!”

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harisider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rackettes!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL’S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!
That romantic aristocrat, Rosalind Russell, serves "Brunchen" to SCREENLAND readers in her charming home. Sit right down! Enjoy yourself!

ON THE corner of a quiet street in Beverly Hills, a flagged walk leads to the door of Rosalind Russell's white brick house. There are white walls and white painted woodwork throughout the interior of the dwelling, and there's a particularly lovely curving white staircase rising from the hospitable hall. All, as you may imagine, making the appropriate background for our New England aristocrat of the screen. The living room, with its fireplace and grand piano, the sailing ship in its studio window, its chintz drapes repeated in the upholstery of the Chesterfield, its mahogany-lipped—each item worth considering for itself—is none the less dominated by two oil paintings set at either end of the room.

"My grandfather and grandmother," Rosalind identified them to me, nodding from the stately gentleman in the frock coat to the gracious lady holding the handkerchief. "I'm supposed to look like her, but I don't, of course." She stood for a moment beneath the grandmother's portrait. Slim and tall, in a blue-and-white sports dress, her brown hair arranged in curls on top of her head, she looked as modern as tomorrow. (Don't tell her, but I thought the star much more beautiful).

"I've just come in from a singing lesson," she went on, breaking into a smile at the remembrance. "I'd far rather sing than eat! I've had very few lessons so far, but I managed a phrase here and there and some scales and what-not; perhaps after ten years I shall be able to sing a whole song. But I adore it! Now if we could talk about singing.

"It's really amusing to come to me about a story on food, because I seldom know what I'm eating and care much less. I wish I could take more interest. As it is, I am always having to drink milk, or force down quantities of 'nourishment' to try to gain back lost weight.

"I love to see people who truly enjoy their meals. As a matter of fact, all of us who have enough to eat should be thankful when we consider all the hungry people there are in the world. I'm not looking down on food!"

She has a warmth of personality that somehow has never reached me from the screen—or else it's the roles she's played.

"Today, we're having brunchen—a favorite form of entertainment in my house. I love to ride with my friends on Sunday mornings—or other mornings, if I'm not working—and then have them all come here to eat. We always begin with juice of some kind—Campbell's tomato juice or Dole's pineapple juice. Or any fruit juice.

"Everyone likes crisp sausages—we always broil ours here. Then there are eggs in any form. Sometimes we serve pink eggs—the cook fries them in chili sauce, I believe, that turns them pink and gives them a special flavor.

"Today we are having omelet with greens—my cook will tell you about the recipes—pineapple muffins and some unusual preserves."

OMELET WITH GREENS
To 4 eggs in a bowl add, all very thinly chopped, 1 tablespoon of parsley, 1 teaspoon of chives and, if available, a tarragon leaf and a sprig of chervil. Add salt and pepper as needed and a teaspoon of water beat one minute and

(Continued on page 90)
Dear Reader:

I've been writing a lot of "Open Letters" to screen stars, and some of them have hated it and a few of them have liked it. Now I'm writing an "Open Letter" to you—and you—and you, and I think you're going to like this one. In fact, I'm sure it will turn out to be by far the most popular "Open Letter" I've ever written, because this time I'm not asking some movie actress such embarrassing questions as "Why have you 'gone Hollywood'"? I'm asking you a few questions just between friends, and not embarrassing questions, either.

You see, I want to feel I know my readers as well as I know the screen stars I tell you about. The more I know about you, the closer I can come to giving you just the sort of screen magazine you like and enjoy. Rather than depend upon other sources, I prefer to go directly to you and have you tell me just who you are, where you live, and other information which will help me so much to give you what you want. As a nice "Thank you" for your trouble in answering the questions below, I've prepared something I know you'll like: A handsome calendar which bears a full-color, lifelike portrait of a favorite screen star! These are charming reproductions and fine for framing. You'll treasure yours, I know.

As the supply is limited, I can only send 5,000 calendars to the answers received. So will you please fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to me at once? Your calendar will reach you promptly and I know we'll both be pleased! Sincerely, 

[Handwritten signature]

Delight Evans

THIS OFFER ENDS JANUARY 3RD, 1937. Only 5,000 calendars are available and these will be sent to those submitting complete answers as long as the supply lasts. Address: DELIGHT EVANS, Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

IT'S EASY! JUST CHECK THE ANSWERS

1. How old are you? Do you live alone or with your family? With Family [ ] Alone [ ] Village [ ] Farm [ ] 1-Family House [ ] 2-Family House [ ] Apartment [ ]

2. Check which you live in. City [ ] Suburb [ ]

3. Where did you buy this magazine? Drug Store [ ] Stationery Store [ ] Hotel [ ] Newsstand [ ] Subscription [ ] Other [ ]

4. Are you single or married? Single [ ] Married [ ]

5. If single, are you expecting to be married? Yes [ ] No [ ] When [ ]

6. In the first two columns at the right, please list the age and relationship of all persons living with you in your home, including children. LIST YOURSELF FIRST. PLACE A CHECK MARK (✓) OPPOSITE THE ONE WHO PURCHASED THIS MAGAZINE. In the third column check the names of those who read this magazine regularly. Do not check occasional readers. In the fourth column list the occupations of the members of your family (such as clerk, stenographer, student, keeps house, etc.) In the fifth column check those now working. In the last column give the annual income of each that is, weekly wages multiplied by 52, plus what ever income there may be from other sources.

7. If you rent your home or apartment, what monthly rental do you pay? Or if you own it, what is its value? $______

8. Check which of the following you have in your home. Electricity [ ] Gas for Cooking [ ] Bath [ ] Neither [ ] Refrigerator [ ] Washing Machine [ ] Vacuum Cleaner [ ]

9. Do you have a pet in your home? Yes [ ] No [ ]

10. Check which of the following you have in your home. Car [ ] Telephone [ ] Radio [ ] Mechanical Refrigerator [ ]

11. What is the make and year of your car? Make [ ] Year [ ]

12. Do you personally drive a car? Yes [ ] No [ ]

13. Is your family planning to purchase any of the following in the near future? New Car [ ] Mechanical Refrigerator [ ] Vacuum Cleaner [ ] Radio [ ] Washing Machine [ ] New Rugs [ ] New Furniture [ ] Other Household Equipment [ ]

14. Do you have a Camera? Yes [ ] No [ ] How many rolls (or packs) of film have you used during the past year? [ ]

15. Do you personally shop for the food served in your home? Most of it [ ] Part of it [ ] None of it [ ]

16. If not, do you have a voice in its selection? Yes [ ] No [ ]

17. If you had to choose between the two, which would you eat? The foods you like best [ ] The foods which are best for you [ ]

18. Is your bodily weight a factor in your selection of food? Yes [ ] No [ ]

19. Does the kind of food you eat seem to have any effect on your skin or complexion? Yes [ ] No [ ]

20. Check where you buy your cosmetics. Drug Store [ ] Department Store [ ] Drug Store [ ] Chain Store [ ]

21. Please put down what you pay, per package.

22. Do you make any of your own clothes? Yes [ ] No [ ]

23. Please put down what you pay, on an average, for each of the following items of apparel. Dresses [ ] Shoes [ ] Stockings [ ] Hats [ ] Brasieres [ ] Slips [ ] Girdles [ ] Gloves [ ]

24. Do you watch what screen stars wear to determine what to buy for yourself? Yes [ ] No [ ]

25. What type of hair do you have? Dry [ ] Oily [ ] Normal [ ]

26. Do you shampoo it yourself or have it done in a beauty shop? Myself [ ] Beauty Shop [ ]

27. Check which of the following you have on hand in the family medicine chest. Headache Remedy [ ] Digestive Remedy [ ] Laxative [ ] Cold Remedy [ ] Burn Remedy [ ] Antiseptic [ ]

28. How long have you been a reader of this magazine? Less than 1 year [ ] 1 year [ ] 2 years [ ] 3 years [ ] 4 years [ ] 5 years [ ] More than 3 years [ ]

CHECK WHICH STAR'S PORTRAIT YOU WANT ON YOUR CALENDAR: Robert Taylor [ ] Ginger Rogers [ ] Kay Francis [ ]
Salutes and Snubs

CINEMA GLOBE-TROTTER

There are many of us who have to do all our traveling by motion pictures. And we certainly appreciate the pictures that show real scenes of different places about the world. But how we wish there were even more of these pictures.

Petra Madsen,
3011 Monroe St.,
Sioux City, la.

JOIN THE CHORUS FOR GINGER

Three Salutes and a long cheer are due Ginger Rogers for her absolutely natural acting in all of her pictures. Ginger may not be a great emotional actress like Garbo or Dietrich, but for good, clean comedy, and sincerity in acting, I vote for Ginger!

Hazel Glass,
727 Bethesda Ave.,
Dallas, Tex.

LIKES JOAN UP-TO-DATE

"The Gorgeous Hussy" left me absolutely cold. Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I'm all for Joan in the gay, clever, modern roles, for which she is so ideally fitted.

Dorothy Fling,
4901 Rubicon Ave.,
Germantown, Pa.

THAT VIVID SIMONE

Three cheers for a lovely young actress who has in such a short time captured all San Francisco with her realistic portrayal in "Girls' Dormitory." Simone Simon is a vivid model of modern youth, not to mention her sincerity and sympathetic manner. Here's hoping she reaches the top of the ladder.

Emily Queirola,
981 San Pablo Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

ASK HONORS FOR JUNE

According to my way of judging, June Lang should win the Academy award for 1936. In "Road to Glory," June was sensational. I hope everyone will feel the same about this.

Rusty Simmons,
164 Long Hill Ave.,
Shelton, Conn.

A PLAY FOR NELSON AND JEANETTE

Memories of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" are still fresh, and delightful; "Maytime" is a very pleasant prospect. And after that, how about Nelson as Captain Trumbull, and Jeanette as Barbara Frietchie in "My Maryland"?

Gloria McCarty,
1830 Wynnewood Rd.,

ALL RIGHT, LET'S!

Let's have a round of applause for Allan Jones, who not only possesses a fine singing voice, but a delightful personality. Please see that SCREENLAND readers know more about this charming, regular man.

Mary Madison,
657 Islington St.,
Toledo, O.

ALWAYS SERIOUS?

I have always admired Fredric March's talent in films, but why is he so serious in most of his photographs, when he is so much more attractive when he smiles?

Ira Calimano,
Guatemala, Porto Rico

LEAVE IT TO HOLLYWOOD

With a sharp click of the heels and a snappy lift of hand to forehead, I Salute one of the finest, Hollywood, you, and our, "Maggie" Sullivan! Be sure you get Margaret back as soon as that stage play she's doing in New York finishes its run. She's needed in Hollywood!

Dorotha Keller,
3 Linda Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

MEET JAMES ELLISON

As a constant reader of Salutes and Snubs, I've been wondering why so much has been made of that up-and-coming young actor, Jimmy Ellison—or James Ellison as he is billed in the credits. Jimmy has shown marked ability in a series of Hop-Along-Cassidy films, displaying talent, youth and vitality.

Faith Ferris,
P. O. Box 170,
North Vassalboro, Me.

BRAVOS FOR BEAL AND BERTON

A royal salute to two of Hollywood's greatest actors, whose appearances are, alas, all too rare. First: John Beal, who had the ability, age, appearance and diction for the role he didn't get as Roméo. Second: Berton Churchill, whose pompous and gushing presence is enough to redeem the dullest of pictures.

James F. Johnson,
2090 Tichout Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

WILCOXON WINS, AS USUAL

Salute to Henry Wilcoxen in "Last of the Mohicans." Such eye-brows, such a voice, such je-ne-sais-quoi! Henry lost the girl in the picture but he "got" the girls in the audience—anyhow, the eight pale-face maidens who came to town with me.

Janice Ingham,
Brentwood, Md.

CLOSE-UP OF DICK ARLEN

Now I'm more than ever a Richard Arlen fan. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him, and with my friends and me between scenes in the production of "The Great Barrier" at Moraine Lake.

M. L. Holub,
Didsbury, Alberta

THAT'S A RARE BLEND

Here's to a real actor—Don Ameche! He has the power of a Mini and much of the charm that was Valentino's. His portrayal in "Sins of Man" was magnificent. That of Alessandro in "Ramona" surely will sky-rocket him to stardom—where he belongs.

Pauline Esposito,
671 Rockaway Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Bunny, Must be you're a John Beal fan. You will find that interview with him in the April, 1935, issue of Screenland, and the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Beal in New York in the September, 1935 issue.

Given, You want to know something about Humphrey Bogart? Well, I'm not surprised at that. It was he who played the part of the killer in the stage play, "The Petrified Forest," he also made his first film hit in the picture version of the play. He was the bad man in "Two Against the World" and "Bullets or Ballots," and was also in "China Clipper." He was born in New York City, educated at Trinity School, N. Y.—joined the navy when the war broke out—played the juvenile with Grace George in "A Ruined Lady"—and you know the rest. Yes, he is married, to Mary Phillips, well-known stage actress now in films.

Juanita, Juan Torena played the part of Barbara Stanwyck's brother in "A Message to Garcia." His name would indicate Spanish descent.

Julie L. Your favorite actress, Margaret Sullivan, was born in Norfolk, Va., May 16, 1911. She was educated at Chatham Episcopal Institute and Sullivan College, Va. She has gray eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She is appearing on the stage right now in "Stage Door," George S. Kaufman's new play.

A. L. J. Here's about Lloyd Nolan: 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 176 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, is married, under contract to Paramount, recent picture, "Texas Rangers." Nolan had stage experience, both in the legitimate theatre and vaudeville. "One Sunday Afternoon" in which he played the lead, ran in New York for forty-three weeks. He also played the juvenile in "Reunion in Vienna" with Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. You'll be seeing Lloyd in lots of future films—he is definitely "all set" in Hollywood.

H. E. Marden, I quite agree with you—Brian Aherne appears all too seldom on the screen. "Beloved Enemy" is the title of the picture in which he will next be seen. It is a story of the Irish rebellion of 1921. The glamorous Merle Oberon will be starred in this picture, not to mention David Niven, who plays an important rôle.

J. B. L. Elissa Landi's first three pictures in America were, "Body and Soul." "Always Goodbye," and "Wicked." She also appeared in "The Count of Monte Cristo," a United Artists picture. Elissa recently signed a nice new M-G-M contract, and her first picture will be "White Dragon."

Marie Paul. Address Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Write Joan a good constructive letter, and you'll probably get an answer. The gal is appreciative!

Doris D. Yes, "Poor Little Rich Girl" has been released. Also, Eleanor Powell will soon be seen in a new musical "Born to Dance," produced by M-G-M. Where have you been, Doris, that you don't already know that Robert Taylor was born August 5, 1911, in Filley, Nebr., and is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds? That Taylor lad is certainly the man of the movie hour.

Texas, Barbara Stanwyck has dark blue eyes and auburn hair. She was formerly married to Frank Fay. Write to M-G-M for a photograph of Robert Taylor. He has appeared in the following pictures: "Society Doctor," "Times Square Lady," "Small Town Girl," "Private Number," "Broadway Melody of 1936," "West Point of the Air," "Magnificent Obsession," "Gorgeous Hussy," "His Brother's Wife," and "Camille" which is in production now. We are glad you think our information is "swell."

Audrey S. Walter Pidgeon played the part of David Roberts in "Fatal Lady." He was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds. His professional career began with Elsie Janis in "At Home." Appeared in vaudeville with her and toured the United States with her. His first appearance on the screen was in "Viennese Nights."

Augusta, Anita Louise is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 106 pounds, Myrna Loy, 5 feet 5 inches, weight, 125 pounds. Joan Crawford, 5 feet 4 inches and her weight is 115 pounds. Sylvia Sidney and Paulette Goddard are twins as to measurements, both being 5 feet, 4 inches in height and both weighing 105 pounds. You're welcome, I'm sure.

Catherine McKee. Shirley Dean is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, and Robert Kent is 6 feet. His birthday is December 8. Shirley doesn't tell her.

O. Pederesen. Paul Cavanagh was born in Chislehurst, Kent, England. Graduated with honors from Cambridge University. His first American picture was for M-G-M, "Strictly Unconventional."

James Melton sang a love song to Patricia Ellis—just how convincingly you can judge yourself by what you see happening above.
“Out till 3:00 P. X... but the boss never tumbled...”

It’s simply wonderful how promptly Listerine, the quick deodorant, masks a tell-tale breath the morning after. This little secret is treasured by millions of men and women who every day must hit the business desk alert, wide awake, and fastidious.

* * *

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Start using Listerine, and Listerine only, every night and every morning. Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in the mouth. And if you wish to be doubly sure that your breath does not offend, rinse the mouth before social or business engagements.

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**Listerine Tooth Paste**

more than 1/4 POUND in the big double-size tube—40¢
DEAR Sphinx-into-Minx:

So you’re just a myth, Miss Oberon! Here I thought all along I was encountering an authentic Glamor Girl, and you walk in looking like nothing so much as a rather naughty spoiled child who, having stolen all the best jam, has forgotten to lick off the traces. What are you up to, anyway? Do you want to ruin the Glamor Girl business for good and all? Are you out to break up the Movie Queen Tradition, to solve the Ghastly Goddess mystery?

Here were moody morsels like Dietrich simply oozing Glamor up to the heavy eyes in chiffon, sables, and feathers; and you yourself in “The Private Life of Henry the Eighth” helped the good work along. Aha, we said, Merle Oberon is the new Glamor Queen, mysterious as anything. Watch her smoky close-ups! That was fine, for a few pictures, until the sane and far-sighted Mr. Sam Goldwyn grabbed you with a contract and, before we could rub the incense out of our tired eyes, smash went the statue, with Glamor broken to bits. "The Dark Angel" revealed Merle Oberon, that beautiful dreamy sphinx, as a very lively, charming, modern and humorous maiden, and when humor steps on the screen, Glamor flies gasping out the window. The Oberon Legend turned into the Real Life Story of a comprehensible charmer, and dated the dear old Glamor Queens once and for all—I hope. Of course, not satisfied with what you’d done, you began breaking all the behavior rules off-screen as well. Instead of la belle Oberon leading the haughty Glamor Brigade, we have the glowing, gorgeous giggler who’d rather catch sharks in the Pacific than attention at the Trocadero; who’s the best friend of Hollywood’s First Lady, Norma Shearer; and the pet of Mac and Ralph and Eddie. What, you don’t know them? Why, Mac and Ralph and Eddie are those important people, the technical assistants in the studio, who can do so much, or so little, as the mood or the star moves them, to make or break a motion picture. They like you. When you became, recently, the only actress in the world with two big film contracts at one and the same time, with Goldwyn and Korda fighting over your services so that you must spend the next ten months making English movies to even things up, and a reputed salary of a million and a half rolling up in the next few years, you burst into tears—because Mac and Ralph and Eddie and the rest gave you a goodbye charm for your bracelet. In New York before you sailed, at first-nights escorted by a bevy of prominent and personable men, you left them flat to sign a fan’s program with a fan’s leaky fountain pen, spilling ink all over your brand-new Bergdorf-Goodman number. When ace cameraman Greg Toland dropped by, you presented him to a room full of people as “The man who makes me pretty.” It’s possible that what you may be doing is unconsciously creating a new kind of Glamor by which girls can be gay and witty, wise and beguiling, without making it hurt. Clipped bell-like voices like yours may displace the mysterious measured accents that don’t say anything; and genuine good looks, a touch of tenderness, loyalty and quaint, old-fashioned gracious manners may be in for a run. I for one hope so. Mystery is all very well, but a sense of humor lasts forever.

Delight Evans
HOW me how you walk, and I'll tell you what you fear!
This mighty challenge should immediately be noticed by many of our very best stars, for the fearful traits they reveal in their manners of walking are, in many cases, grave handicaps to be overcome—that is, if they don't want outsiders to pry into their private emotions and secrets. Next time you are at the theatre, watch particularly how your favorite player steps about. Revelations are surprising. Even astounding.

For example, Henry Fonda is a good actor, but his walking step is not so good. He humps his shoulders, and bends them forward, assuming the cautious gait of a crane. What does this signify? Well, for one thing, we see that Henry is very uncertain of his path through life. Life is not a sure thing for him. He walks through events, but always with a weather eye on each side of him.

Katharine Hepburn's walk is an imitation, false to everyday use. She is very wonderful to see walking, for Katharine resembles a ballet dancer. She glides. She floats. She sails past people. Hepburn has had splendid instruction in pantomime, at some time or other. Her voice, her hands, her fingers, and her walk all harmonize, Outside of her proper type, Katharine is lost. "Spitfire," "Break of Hearts," "Christopher Strong," "Sylvia Scarlett" and "Mary of Scotland"—these rôles fell flat to my mind, simply because the ballet method could not be employed, and the pantomime of her hands.

Now don't imagine Hepburn took a few lessons and stakes her histrionic talents on them. No one can do that. Her walk, since we are stressing footsteps, tells us that Katharine is a wonderfully spiritual girl within. No other actress has such an aspiring flame. That is why the strangest star in Hollywood should portray Joan of Arc. It is too bad she was not given the part of the Maid to do, instead of Mary, Queen of Scots, who did very little walking.

Clark Gable almost bounces. The husky he-man of the screen raises himself onto his toes as he walks. So he bobs up and down, like a cork on water. Clark's bouncing, or bobbing—whichever you prefer—informs us that he essays to raise himself in all ways, but—well, despite it all, he simply remains on the ground.

Robert Taylor's stride is a balanced swing, an utterly natural striding gait that carries him along the surest route to his destination. Nothing hesitant, yet nothing of the bravado about Bob's youthfully brisk and pleasantly modulated swinging walk.

Barbara Stanwyck leans backward if she has to step forward. She has a wary gait. No matter how thick the fight in life, life will never overcome the very self-
In this intimate story you look behind the screen and learn why Myrna Loy and Bill Powell make such a perfect screen couple

By Elizabeth Wilson

dering herd. That picture played almost as many return engagements as "It Happened One Night." Myrna became a star, was given a dressing-room between Shearer’s and Crawford’s, and went to Europe on a contract pout. William Powell once more became the rage, (millions of women including myself offered to leave home for him), built himself a Versailles in Beverly Hills with more electrical gadgets than Boulder Dam, and in his new contract with the studio demanded everything but Leo the lion. What a deal of difference a hit picture can make!

But after all I am not really interested in the difference it made in the lives of Miss Loy and Mr. Powell—(Bill didn’t take me up on that offer to leave home for him)—ah no, my interest lies in the difference it made in cinemania. For the first time a married couple became tops in romantic glamor on the screen. (Continued on page 78)
By Liz Williams

Their Pet Extravagances!

YES, I know, you don’t have to remind me that I have been shouting my lungs out lately over how very sensible movie stars have become. But on second thought, (and it’s that second thought that often causes me to have a mental breakdown), I have decided that the little folk of the Hollywoods aren’t nearly as sensible as I gave them credit for being. Yes, indeed, I have detected quite a few lunacies. On the surface this new generation of movie stars seems sane enough: they draw up budgets, they put money in the bank, they eat spinach, they grouch about the butcher’s bill, they think up new economies, they remind me depressingly of my own family. But just when they are becoming as uninteresting as a dish of cold mashed potatoes out pops, of all things, a pet extravagance! One little something, it seems, can make them throw security to the winds and spend money with the giddy abandon of a drunken sailor. No matter how intelligent they are, no matter how diligently they stint and save for that “rainy day” when they are no longer “box-office,” no matter how normal a life they lead, there is always that “one little something” they simply can’t resist. When you suddenly see perfectly charming and delicious people changing into maniacs right under your eyes you’ll know it’s those fatal pet extravagances. With me it’s chocolate sodas. With Gary Cooper it’s Duesenbergs. What’s it with you?

Now there’s Carole Lombard who with all her insanities is really one of the most sensible of the movie stars. Carole knows that she can’t keep on being a glamorous girl forever so she lives very modestly in Hollywood, has no town car, no personal maid, no swimming pool, and no chi-chi. Up until last June she lived in a six-room house on Hollywood Boulevard, which is decidedly an un-chic place to live, with a two-car garage into which in a pinch you might shove her Ford and Fieldsie’s Ford. But traffic got a little bad along the Boulevard, too many people went “Yoo-hoo, Carole” as they drove past, so one day Carole and Fieldsie, (Fieldsie, in case you are uninformed, is her secretary and best friend) just picked themselves up and moved into another rented house—Carole always rents. This time the location was very chic, Bel-Air no less, but the house was even smaller—why, by the time they got the carpets down they discovered they didn’t even have a dining-room! Well, the Lombard guests have been eating very prettily all summer in the patio, but come the winter they’ll have to take to the kitchen table.
Carole, I suppose, pays about one-fifth the rent other movie stars in Hollywood pay; she has no desire to build a palace and own sweeping acres as did her former husband, Bill Powell, and many another star; but just show Carole a star sapphire and immediately she goes stark, staring, screaming mad, and there's really nothing to be done about it until she buys that star sapphire. Naturally, knowing Carole's weakness Fieldsie and her friends are constantly running interference with the jewelry salesmen in town, and it's quite an exciting game, with the salesmen now two touch-downs up on Fieldsie. Whenever Carole comes home wearing that cat-that-swallowed-the-canary expression and trying to be awfully unconcerned about everything Fieldsie knows that another little star sapphire, and not so little either, has found a home, "You'll die in the poor-house," shrieks Fieldsie. "Yes," says Carole, "but isn't it beautiful?"

When Gary Cooper married, he gave up those gaudy and expensive suits and cravats, billious greens and wild yellows and amazing checks and plaids, which had been the pride and joy of his life. (He also gave up his ape, his tiger skins, and his jewelry). Gary built a very charming but unassuming house in Brentwood with an orange grove and an avocado orchard and sort of retired to the simple life of a country gentleman. It was goodbye to flash—except for one thing. He has never been able to resist a Duesenberg car, and the more expensive the better. He wouldn't think of spending money on clothes and cuff links these days, but just let Gary get a whiff of a high-powered Duesenberg and he goes to town, with his bankroll. Only once has there been a more flashy car in Hollywood than Gary's Duesenberg, and that was the conspicuous little number Lilian Harvey brought with her from Germany.

Another guy who goes in for Duesenbergs in a big way is Clark Gable. Since his separation from Mrs. Rhea Gable, Clark has lived quite (Continued on page 71)

Cheer up! Cinema stars may be sensible and hard-working, but there's always "one little something" they simply can't resist. Read all about their endearing lunacies in this gay, giddy, and very informative feature
Olga was her buddy—they had struggled along together. And now Olga was a star. Pat was suffused with pride as she joined the admiring circle paying homage. "Gosh, but I'm proud of you," Pat cried excitedly. Olga cut her coldly. "I beg your pardon—" and the new star turned haughtily from the amazed and humiliated girl.

By

Pere Brown
PAT rattled up the street. The sleepy little houses were still wrapped in early morning sun. Overhead, the giant pepper trees met in a great green cathedral.

But Pat was not viewing the peaceful vista of gold and green. She was seeing instead a bustling movie set with Miss O'Day, the method, in the spotlight of attention.

The magic carpet of her mind carried her to Broadway. Her name was blazing from the many marquees. Her fame was reaching to all four corners of the earth.

The twenty-room house with the swimming pool was a reality. There was a new, sleek, low-slung car. There were forty closets crammed full of clothes.

There was a ranch in the foothills. And there was bacon and eggs for breakfast.

It was good to be alive in a world that had taken on a rose-colored hue. Pat broke into song as she turned into the Boulevard.

Hollywood Boulevard was like no other street in the world. Here, jewelry shop and bakery store rubbed shoulders democratically. Woolworth's and Magnin's moved in the same society. And all day long—winter and summer and spring—marched the never-ending parade of waitress and tourist, farmer and financier, dollar a dozen movie extra and million-dollar movie star.

The clang of speeding trolleys mingled with the honk of heavy motor traffic.

Pat joined the procession, her red hair gleaming like a coronet in the sunlight. But the lavish smile she bestowed equally on cars to the left of her and cars to the right of her—was even more scintillating. She was on her way to the studio. She was on the road to success. She was riding the mighty clouds.

She wheeled right on Vine Street, jogged past the Brown Derby. One of these days she too, would be dining here, winning the press, and signing her autograph for the cluster of eager sidewalk fans. Her hand trembled on the wheel as she guided the battered old car up Melrose Boulevard and pulled into the parking lot just outside the studio.

Marathon Street was milling with excitement. The underground call had gone out that a picture was being cast—and it had brought the extras in hordes.

There were cowboys in full regalia. There were giants and there were midgets. There were bearded men and there were beauteous blondes. The place hummed with talk of shop.

Pat threaded a path through the maze toward the magic gate that led to the inner sanctum.

The office was in a turmoil. Behind the bars, the office force rushed about like beavers working at top speed. A long line stood in waiting at the casting window. It was easily thirty minutes before it was Pat's turn at the wicket.

The casting director shouted at Pat: "What's your name?" He shouted past Pat: "Where's the fire-eater?"

"Over at Mike's having a hamburger," bellowed a voice from the bowels of the room.

"How about the bearded lady?"

"He's on his way up."

The casting director buried his nose in the hill of papers on his desk. He humbled, "One dancing bear—one snake charmer—forty pounds of pop-corn—eighty-blue balloons. Wish to heaven they'd stick to war pictures!" He adjusted his spectacles and peered up at Pat.

"Name?"

"Patricia O'Day."

His pen went scratching down the page. Aloud: "Day—Day—Day—there's no Day here." His brow ruffled. "Oh, yes, there you are, under the O's." He asked her two questions and filled out a form.

"Thank you!" Pat hugged the precious card to the wardrobe department as if it were a pass to Heaven.

The office—the corridor—the stairs—the street—were fast filling with laughing, chattering extras. Work was in the air—money for meals and rent and clothes—money for the Mr. Gianninnis and the Mrs. McGuinesses that ruled the life of the extra.

Pat's hopes skyrocketed to dizzy heights as she made her way through the crowd. Maybe if the picture called for two days, maybe if she worked long enough, say, a week—she could get a new filling for her back tooth, buy a perky hat for her red hair, and send three dollars home to her mother. The happy mist in her eyes made a last of everything here.

"Say! Why don't you look where you're going?"

"Sorry." She smiled apologetically. "Why, hello, Mr. Ryan."

"Eddie to you! The young man grinned. "Gee, Pat, it's good to see you! How's Ann?"

"Ann's fine."

"How's Olga?"

"Olga's superfine."

"Now there's a girl who's going places—the pretty one—four A. M. I saw them carrying her out of the Trocadero night before last." He grimaced. "You're my speed, kid. Sixty on the straight-aways and easy on the curves!"

Pat made a low and mocking bow. "Why, Mr. Skitch! How you do go on!"

Pat liked Eddie. He was young, handsome, wiry, witty. She had met the assistant cameraman six months ago while working in a George Raft picture. He had taken her out twice—both times to the movies. In this business, a man was married to his work. Eddie was ambitious. He kept up-to-date on light, shade, trick shots, camera angles. One of these days, he was going to be head cameraman. He loved to talk shop. He liked Pat because she knew how to listen.

"What are you doing on my lot?" he wanted to know.

"Got a part."

"No fooling?"

"Five hundred per."

"Come on! Give in!" He maneuvered her into a corner of the lot. There, in the privacy made by the crook of his arm, he scanned her card. (Continued on page 72)
Errol Flynn, who has lived more adventure than he's acted on the screen, tells about his past, present, and what he'd like to do next.

By Ida Zeitlin

Laughing Irishman

ERROL FLYNN laughs at life.

To which the obvious retort might be: "Who wouldn't in his boots?"

Like many obvious retorts, it has nothing to do with the case. Because Flynn started laughing long before he had achieved his present well-burnished footgear, and if the movies were to go crazy and drop him tomorrow—though he would doubtless be inconvenienced and more bewildered than hurt—he would with equal certainty spot the joke in the situation, and get one or more chuckles out of it. Not as a self-conscious Pollyanna, poking piously around for the silver lining, but because he wouldn't be able to help himself. As some people have a genius for music and some for melancholy, Flynn's seems to be for laughter.

Not that there's anything uproarious about him. He is rather on the quiet side, suggesting in his reserve the conventional idea of the English rather than the Irish. Your first impression is of lean brown height—brown hair, brown eyes, brown face with a flash of white when he smiles, brown dungarees, brown shirt open at the throat. Your second impression is of ease—in his stride, in his manner, in his speech. Little by little you realize that this is an ease which springs from within—from a kind of gay serenity, rare among us self-tortured mortals. It has nothing to do with fame or wealth or good looks or any outward circumstance, but is more likely to proceed from a sound body, an abundant vitality and a well-balanced mind. My guess would be that (Continued on page 84)

Flynn is a sort of guide to the humor of every situation, as you'll realize when you follow him through his experiences here. Above, with Olivia de Haviland in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Left, with Margaret Lindsay, and upper right, with Cedric Hardwick and Anita Louise in "The Green Light."
Elizabeth Allan relates how some odd coincidences have influenced her screen life. Here’s a lively story about a very engaging young star

By

Charles Darnton

Babies and Earthquakes

“I’M ALWAYS having babies!”

Really? Well, yes and no. You see, what Elizabeth Allan meant, in her frankly English way, was that she is continually having them in motion pictures. You remember her, of course, as the gentle young mother of the newborn David in “David Copperfield.” Then she went back home and, for a change, had pneumonia. But, returning, she resumed her infant industry in “A Woman Rebels,” with Katharine Hepburn. And now she’s at it again, this time with Garbo in “Camille,” of all things domestic!

“Married?” I anxiously inquired, knowing how the French are about little things.

“Oh, yes,” was her complacent reply. “I’m the only respectable one in the whole lot. My husband is poor but legitimate, and it is because I, as Nichette, had been a shopgirl with Camille before she became a great lady that I bring the baby to her for the christening. She had paid for the

Elizabeth continues the tradition she established as the young mother in “David Copperfield,” by impersonating a mother again in “A Woman Rebels,” starring Hepburn, with her at upper left, and she’s happy to be in “Camille” with Garbo and Robert Taylor, as seen at right. Yep, it’s a mother role.

Odd her talk should have (Continued on page 80)
EDITOR’S NOTE:
This is the first feature in our new series of vital interest to every feminine reader. SCREENLAND has chosen to inaugurate the series Miss Joan Bennett, in private life Mrs. Gene Markey, who tells her particular problems as an actress-wife and mother with all the honesty and humor of which only a Bennett is capable. Thanks, Joan, for this privileged peep behind the scenes of a brilliant working-marriage in hazardous Hollywood. Next month we continue this series with the “Non-Professional Wife” of Hollywood!

D.E.

“THERE is no need in pretending that the actress has as much time to devote to her home, her family and her children as they may really need, or that perfect servants run perfect establishments, or that studio work doesn’t take its toll of family intimacy,” said Joan.
Beginning "Five Hollywood Wives"

SCREENLAND'S important new human interest series revealing the home and private-life problems of outstanding married women

By Dorothy Manners

Bennett with that matter-of-factness that seems to be a family trademark of the Bennett clan, but which never ceases to amaze me in the doll-like Joan. "The actress who assumes wifehood, the management of a home, and, later, motherhood has to be reconciled to the fact that there are many little family intimacies she may miss in the pursuit of her career. First baby words that should be said to her will probably be lispèd to a governess. There may be many times she could help soothe little home difficulties that will find her, instead, before a movie camera in her latest close-ups.

"But there are compensations, too; many of which I believe make certain marriages in Hollywood even more closely bound, and those hours spent with the children even sweeter because they never become routine."

Joan leaned back against the tan divan in her living-room, a distinctly un-Hollywoodish living-room by the way, and rested her blonde head against a pillow a little wearily. She had just recovered from a five-day siege of the "flu" and it was the first time she had come downstairs.

She looked unusually small and childish in pale blue pajamas with a narrow blue ribbon holding back her blonde hair from her face. Directly on the wall behind her was a life-sized oil painting of Joan and her two children, Diane and Melinda. On the piano were two large photographs of "Ditty," (Diane, Joan's eight-year-old daughter by her marriage to John Marion Fox), and Melinda, (the three-year-old daughter of Gene Markey). On her right was a long table almost obscured with elaborately framed family pictures (Continued on page 74)
Stars Are Strangers!

Many are the celebrities in Hollywood who don’t know each other from Adam—or Eve

By Gordon R. Silver

G. Robinson, Warner Oland and Charles Farrell, however, haven’t met Mae, but they’d all like to! Muni, besides, hasn’t met or even seen in person Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo. Of course, most of the stars, except those who have worked with the famous Lady from Sweden in pictures, are like Muni in not having met Garbo.

Charlie Farrell, however, has—several times, but not recently. And Neil Hamilton has, once, informally—when he came upon her during a hike in the hills and saved her from being stung by a bee! Ruby Keeler has met her, too, and their meeting turned out to be a classic one.

At the time, Ruby was not so famous as a film star and was known in Hollywood mainly as Mrs. Al Jolson.

Garbo, frightened as always of people, was doing her utmost to keep out of everybody’s way in a fitting room, but Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, passing by, saw her. “Do come out and meet Mrs. Jolson,” said Mrs. Goldwyn to Garbo. The latter turned quite pale.

“But why,” she asked helplessly, “should I meet Mrs. Jolson?”

Mrs. Goldwyn laughed and dashed away and a few minutes later came back with Ruby, who was almost as shy as Greta. The two were introduced and suddenly Garbo said to Ruby, “But you look exactly like your husband!”

To this day no one knows just what she meant. Ruby
is sure she did not intend to be facetious. She thinks she was simply ill at ease, and that was undoubtedly the first thing that popped into her head. Garbo never mentioned the incident again, nor has anyone ever asked her why in the world she said such a funny thing!

Lewis Stone has appeared with Garbo in seven pictures, yet he has never spoken a word to her except in an actual scene. He thinks a "get-acquainted-club" would be a great idea, especially for the newer players.

"Most of the players in the old silents knew one another fairly well," he said, "but since the talkies actors and actresses don't have much of a chance to meet unless they're working on the same lot, or have mutual friends."

Working on the same lot? It doesn't seem to mean so much any more. Margaret Sullivan and Gloria Stuart worked at Universal for ever so long before they finally met. All the years that Buck Jones and Jack Holt were under contract to Columbia they never met, though each admired the other.

Gary Cooper, who co-starred with Marlene Dietrich in her first Hollywood film, has seen her only a few times since then, although both are contracted to Paramount. Jeannette MacDonald, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer all work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer regularly but only see each other occasionally.

Gary Cooper has never met James Cagney and he greatly admires his work on the screen.

Marlene Dietrich says she has met perhaps a couple of dozen important stars while in Hollywood, but she has seen them so very little she would have to be introduced to them again!

Barbara Stanwyck hasn't met Dietrich, Boris Karloff, Hepburn, Garbo, George Raft, Leslie Howard, Clark Gable, or John or Lionel Barrymore. She only met Robert Taylor by accident—and she's been meeting him nearly every day since!

William Powell can't recall their names off-hand, but says there must be at least a score or so stars he's never met or seen in the flesh.

"At big dances and premieres," he smiled, "I find I have a bowing acquaintance with practically everyone. For example, I've seen and bowed to both Constance and Joan Bennett a dozen times at various affairs, but I've never been formally introduced to them. Why, I do not know—just one of those things, I guess."

Bill also belongs to the "I've Met Garbo" club. Once, long ago. He remembers that she was "very pleasant, rather shy but certainly talkative enough!" Myrna Loy never has met Garbo, but would like to, very much. She has seen her at concerts and once or twice coming into the studio, and once Garbo smiled sweetly at her. Myrna only recently met Marion Davies.

John Boles and Shirley Temple met for the first time on a movie set, when they (Continued on page 87)
Melvyn Douglas, Camera-Dizzy!

THERE are actors who succeed with a snap, snap, snap, hurry-up, get-there-first, do-it-now attitude toward life and career. Impatient, impulsive, intuitive, they haven't time to bother with plans or details. Their success depends on a sort of brilliant surprise.

“But I like to work things out,” observed Melvyn Douglas, squinting into his camera finder, “I enjoy the preparation as well as the actual creation. Getting the thing set in your mind before you project it can be as exciting as the finished product.

“Taking camera pictures, for example. Anyone can learn all there is to know about lighting and focus and speed in taking a shot, all about developing and printing afterwards; but when he has mastered the technique, the pictures he can take will depend on the man behind the lens. He must have imagination; he must create his own style; his individuality must determine his result.

“Most amateur camera fiends can get something fairly good if they have a beautiful scene before them or a charming group or a very lovely child. The test of the picture-taker's mettle is to try to get something interesting with an ordinary-looking person, a bush, and a blank wall! That's all you need for an interesting picture.

“Cameramen on sets often find themselves confronted with a picture to be made entirely in offices, courtrooms, hotels, cabins on boats or other locations that will give them four walls and a stereotyped lot of furniture. Then you discover whether he is an artist or a hack. Only a man with imagination can come through with an assignment like that and be commended for "beautiful photography."

Melvyn Douglas is one of the sons of the late Edouard Hesselberg, Russian-born, internationally known concert pianist and composer. The "Douglas" was adopted for the stage and came from that romantic Black Douglas of Scotland about whom Melvyn's mother used to relate exciting tales.

"My father was a camera enthusiast. He took pictures from the time I can remember anything, and when I was old enough to use a kodak I began taking them, too. It's a hobby that never grows stale, because it's bounded by your own limitations only.

"This is my third camera of this make—I turn in my old models every time a new one comes out, after the manner of used cars. This one has a wonderful lens. But you can get results with almost any make, so long as you know what you want to do and figure out beforehand how you mean to do it.

"It's my experience that you can seldom slip up on your subject, snap it quick, and get a successful picture. Once in a while you may get something nice, but too many times you find that the lighting was too flat, the background contained a telephone wire or an unsightly board, the subject jerked at the wrong minute, or the shadows were uninteresting.

"Before I take a picture, I use this little light meter—" he showed me a small black instrument no bigger than a pair of opera glasses. "Holding it to the light, I measure from that the correct speed for my lens, and set it at that speed.

"Sometimes at the races or during events where time is an element, I set the speed according to my little meter for an hour—light seldom changes enough to make much difference in that time—and then shoot as fast as
He makes pictures for a living, and also for fun! Here's star advice for amateur camera fans by one of 'em—who is also a famous actor

By
Ruth Tildesley

I can, hoping to get something interesting; but ordinarily, I feel that there's too much waste in that—too much depending on chance. Personally, I enjoy figuring out my effects before I shoot."

He wouldn't leave to chance the points he hoped to make with the portrayal of the adventurous young illustrator, Michael, in "Theodora Goes Wild," his most recent film for Columbia; everything about that characterization was carefully worked out before he went on the set; Michael does not in the least resemble John Randolph, the Virginia statesman of "Georgeous Hussy." He is no less conscientious over his hobby.

"I don't care so greatly for home movie cameras because it's so much trouble to set up projector and screen and run off the film whenever you happen to want to look at your stuff, or to show someone else," he said. "It's all very well at first, when you're tremendously enthusiastic about catching movement and showing birds on the wing and so on, but in time you tire of it and merely say: 'I'd like to show you the new film of the baby, but the room's too light in the day-time. Come around some evening. Not tonight, we're going to the opera; tomorrow—well, tomorrow's the Whosis' dinner, and Thursday we're having bridge—but you'll have to see it some time.'"

"If the new stuff consists of camera pictures, you can get it out then and there.

"Children are excellent camera subjects. I never find it necessary to catch them off-guard, because they are always willing to co-operate if you approach them properly. They don't mind moving into a better light, or dropping this to pick up that. They will take direction marvelously, if you make a game of it. Peter is only three but (Continued on page 90)"
THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in REUNION
with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSO, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA
in BANJO ON MY KNEE

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG
in WHITE HUNTER
with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE
with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in STOWAWAY
with ROBERT YOUNG - ALICE FAYE

ONE IN A MILLION
with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
Those "Gold Diggers" Are Here Again!

Yes, here are those gals again, gay and glittering as ever. "Gold Diggers of 1937" features the beauties, as usual, and adds Dick Powell and Joan Blondell for romance, Glenda Farrell and Osgood Perkins for pleasant menace, pretty Rosalind Marquis and dancing Lee Dixon as newcomers, Victor Moore for many laughs—you'll see them all, scattered about this page. And, to the right, the left, and all around, more girls, for good measure.
Gay Faye

Hollywood, with its variety of work and play, and weather, is just the setting for Alice.

It's the spirit in which she does it that makes Alice Faye shine so brightly at work—that's "work" at top, a close-up with Bob Young in "Stowaway"—as well as play in the sunshine, like romping with a skipping rope, above. Right, ready to go places in her swank for coat and saucy hat.
Bonnie Bruce

Virginia is enhancing her visual appeal with vocal delights—you'll hear her sing in her next important picture.
Building up to a terrific shape of physical well-being. Left, and ‘way across to the right, Virginia Grey doesn’t need 7-league boots. Below, Rhea Neisen and Jean Joyce, M-G-M dancers, and lower left, Irene Colman, shapely swimmer.

Anna Lee, British beauty, above, climbs ladders with as spectacular strides as agile Anna is making as a star. A swell stunt for the build. You might give it a try sometime.

Build
Will Tell!

And, speaking of the build, perfect standards are set by Eleanor Powell, in her briefly military outfit; as well as by Jean Harlow, center right; the perfect build-up for a lacy negligée. Right, across page, Tyrone Power, Jr., in “Lloyds of London,” shows the actor, too, has to fit the costume at times.
Ah, the joys of keeping in good shape! It's a big help if you aim to be a star, too. See what we mean?
For the first time in ten years, Greta permits informal photographs to be made on the set! Added interest is her new leading man, Robert Taylor, who plays Armand to her Camille.
Babes in the Limelight

Virginia Weidler and Bonita Granville, left, famous "little women" whom you'll see next in "Maid of Salem." Lower left, the great girl trouper, Jane Withers, with Claude Gillingwater, in "Can This Be Dixie?" Next, Jeanne Dante, Universal's youngest star, in "Four Days Wonder." Lower, across page, Deanna Durbin, 13, was so good in a bit part they rewrote "Three Smart Girls" to feature her.

The Dionnes steal another scene—a quaint Quint custom—as one walks out of the scene to leave her four sisters and grown-up members of the cast of "Reunion," the Quinns, second feature, to worry about acting for the cameras. Rochelle Hudson, Jean Hersholt, and Dorothy Peterson are good-natured about the interruption of the scene for the new 20th Century-Fox production being made in Callander, Canada.
Some are actually born famous—five of these stars were. Others achieve fame when they are very young. We hail youth!

The "little men" also make their claim to screen celebrity and riches by sheer force of unusual talents. One of the foremost boy-actors is Freddie Bartholomew, above, in a character study for his newest rôle, in "Lloyds of London." Top left, Bobby Breen, singing star, shows he can hold his own in a bit of horseplay with Charles Butterworth, his fellow artist in "Rainbow on the River."
G-I-R-L-S!

Just Because
They’re Gorgeous

Symphony of five major
thrills for millions of
eyes! Behold these beauties.

Glamor becomes more exciting, beauty more breathtaking, as the gorgeous girls of Hollywood introduce new and striking notes of personal distinction. Merle Oberon, above, contributes generously to the pageant of pulchritude in one of her costumes for "Beloved Enemy." Right, Binnie Barnes, whose next film is "Three Smart Girls," strikes the exquisitely exotic note.
And among gorgeous girls, you'll always find Ann Sothern, left, outstandingly glamorous, particularly in a costume as picturesque as the black taffeta with clusters of gleaming sequins she wears in "The Smartest Girl in Town." Left above, Doris Nolan, a striking new personality, who makes a screen début in "The Man I Marry." Directly above, a modernistic vision, Margo.
The Silly Side of Picture-Making

It's a great, big, powerful, important business, the film industry; but what endears it to us is its genius for glorifying the gay and exalting the trivial, such as—

Barbara Stanwyck, that fine dramatic actress, goes charmingly silly and does a "hick" dance with Buddy Ebsen in "Banjo on My Knee," left. Andrea Leeds, promising newcomer, and John Howard Payne, also a recent Samuel Goldwyn discovery, and a grand-nephew of the writer of "Home, Sweet Home," illustrate Hollywood's habit of publicizing "private" moments. Below, a proud studio gardener gives Jean Harlow a freshly cut rose—for the benefit of camera art.
Shirley Temple is practically an industry in herself, with her own staff at the studio including a personal dressmaker, shown below fitting Shirley for a new dress. Right: Desmond Tester, amazing English boy actor of "Nine Days A Queen," had to learn to cook for the Sylvia Sidney picture, and here he is sharing a scene with a mess of potatoes.

George Arliss, below, has been a great actor for years and years; but it remained for a recent movie to co-star him with a curling-iron in this scene. Below Mr. Arliss, Boris Karloff and Warner Oland meet for "Charlie Chan at the Opera." The pictures at the right from top to bottom of our page, show you Hollywood's sublime silliness better than we can tell you. Reading down, Virginia Grey, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Cecilia Parker make mountains out of molehills, aided by clever cameramen.
Man In Demand!

Herbert Marshall has never been an official "star," but he wins more attention than most high-powered players, and the "stars" fight to have him in their pictures.

Hepburn, for instance, begged for Herbert Marshall as her leading man in "A Woman Rebels," and fortunately Mr. Marshall proved not as reluctant as he seems, below. Gertrude Michael, shown in scene at bottom of page, considered herself in luck to be cast opposite "Bart" in "Make Way for a Lady," and is making the most of her opportunity. Little Anne Shirley, at left, below, plays Herbert Marshall's young daughter in the same picture with Miss Michael, and it's Anne's pet part so far.
Private Life of a Prima Donna

Gladys Swarthout has a new house and a new dog, and wants you to meet them both! The dainty diva from the Metropoli- tan who makes movies between operatic engage- ments lives simply and sanely in a little Spanish hacienda on a quiet street in Beverly Hills—you’ll see the house, below. Right, Gladys and “Wig- gles,” her new Sealyham pup. Above, a corner of the cheerful living-room, and, top right, Miss Swarth- out with part of her cherished collection of silver.
Love on the Run

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are falling in love again! Here is the pictorial record of a romantic event related in a spirited and light-hearted picture in which Clark and Joan are reunited on the screen.
Loyal Lady

Eleanor Powell's co-workers would do anything for her, because she does everything to make them happier

By Anita Kilore

WHILE Eleanor Powell was working in the stage show, "At Home Abroad," last winter, in New York, Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, was making one of his many trips east, and went back-stage to visit her. In a few months she would be coming again to the coast to make "Born to Dance." "We want to give you all the co-operation we can on that picture," he told her, "and if there's anything special you want in the way of dressing-rooms, publicity, etc., I want you to speak up for them now, so we may make arrangements."

Without any hemming or hawing, Eleanor answered, "There's only one thing I want. And that's to have the same people working with me in this picture who worked with me in 'Broadway Melody.'"

"But, Eleanor, some of those actors will be busy in other things—" Eleanor interrupted with a characteristic good-natured whoop. "Oh no, I don't mean the same cast! I mean the people who stood by me and were so loyal and had confidence in me when a lot of others didn't! I mean Olga, my hairdresser, and Freddy Phillips, my make-up boy, and my piano player! I simply couldn't make another picture without them—they were so wonderful to me; they know me so well; they're my best friends. You will see that they have jobs with me on this picture too, won't you?"

"Why, of course, Eleanor; that will be very easy to arrange, isn't there anything else?"

Eleanor shook her head. "Can't think of anything," she said simply.

When she arrived in Hollywood in the early part of the summer, one of the first persons she made a bee-line for was her pianist. That was on a Sunday morning, and she knew exactly where to find him—on his beloved golf course. As she ran to him across the green she thought he looked older and more bowed than she had remembered him. After the excitement of the meeting had subsided a bit, Eleanor asked him what was the matter. "You can't fool your Eleanor, you know! Come on, 'tess it up—is it (Continued on page 82)
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH—Solenick-United Artists

COLOR becomes a thrilling thing on the screen in "The Garden of Allah." For the first time, color is dramatic, rather than merely decorative. The moods as well as the manners of the characters are caught and held in glowing beauty; the desert and bazaar scenes are no colored postcards, but actual places; Madame Nature for once is not maligned, but glorified, with skies and sunsets and sand dunes to make you melt. And speaking of meltingly lovely things, Miss Dietrich’s first color close-up will save you for its exquisite tones. Marlene is not always perfectly happy in Technicolor, particularly outdoors; and she pursues her regrettable policy of facing the audience rather than her fellow players in all her best scenes— if only she’d concentrate on characterization instead of close-ups, for a change! At that, it is by far her most human and warm performance. It is Charles Boyer, however, who steals all available acting honors with his fine, sensitive, and spiritual portrait of the Trappist monk struggling against his love for Marlene. Boyer’s long close-up in which he tells of his torments is remarkably moving—a great actor, here. Tilly Losch, the dancer, makes a triumphant screen début. Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, fine.

THEODORA GOES WILD—Columbia

NOT important, maybe, but grand fun, with the lovely Irene Dunne in her first completely comedic rôle, in which she convinces me she can become the first comedicienne of the screen any time she feels in the mood. Here she is entirely entrancing as a small-town girl who, under a nom de plume, is the author of the year’s most sensational best-seller. It’s a secret from her maiden aunts, but she finds a kinder spirit in Melvyn Douglas, also somewhat in disguise as the world’s handsomest gardener. Oh, it’s all pretty inconsequential, I grant you; but wait until you hear the dialogue, which abounds in real sparkle; and watch the smoothly polished performances of Miss Dunne and Mr. Douglas, another brilliant new team which makes me bless the producer who thought it up; and the amusing “supporting cast” which includes Elisabeth Risdon, Spring Byington—always a joy—and others. If you’re looking for sheer, sprightly entertainment with never a dull moment and never, either, a cerebral scene, here’s your movie meat—only it’s more like dessert, it’s that light and frothy. Miss Dunne establishes herself as our most versatile girl star.


FOR honest excitement, here’s the outstanding cinema show of the season! "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is the most rousing celluloid drama we’ve had in many moons; it will hold your interest, keep you thrilled, and leave you limp at the finish; you won’t want to miss it, for it’s a “Must” of the month. Alfred, Lord Tennyson’s famous poem of course provided the inspiration for this picture, but the best of Hollywood’s box-office brains have embellished the idea until it becomes one hundred per cent movie thriller, in the highest sense of the word. From the start this picture moves, and it keeps right on moving until, with the “Charge” itself, it whirs into the most terrific action the cameras have probably ever caught. Right in the thick of the thrills is, always, the handsome, heroic, and ruthless Errol Flynn, here eclipsing even the most vibrant celluloid performance with a less colorful, perhaps, but even more convincing portrayal of Major Geoffrey Vickers, ye compleat British soldier and gentleman, who leaves his love who unaccountably prefers his own brother to himself, and rides to certain death at the head of the 600. Olivia de Havilland is the lovely heroine.
SOME GOOD THINGS FOR YOU TO SEE:

"Come and Get It," THE motion picture of the month.

"Charge of the Light Brigade," for thrills, spills, and Errol Flynn.

"The Garden of Allah," for the finest color so far seen.

"Theodora Goes Wild" for Irene Dunne, Mervyn Douglas and fun.

"As You Like It," if you insist upon The Bard and Elisabeth Bergner.

COME AND GET IT—Goldwyn–United Artists

"COME and Get It!" It's the most satisfying picture offered to us this month, and I recommend it with absolutely no reservations. It's "right," just as "Dodesworth" was right. It's a Samuel Goldwyn habit, this cinematic "rightness." Edna Ferber's popular novel has been screen-translated with all its robust interest and vitality intact. If anything, the characters are more colorful than ever. Edward Arnold's portrayal of Barney Glasgow, ruthless yet somehow lovable lumber-man who drives toward his goal of wealth, denying on the way an affection for a dance-hall singer in order to marry advantageously, only to become entangled, years later, with his early love's daughter, is one of the greatest acting jobs I've ever seen. Frances Farmer turns in two amazing performances as Lotta, the mother, and later the daughter—here's a new screen first lady in the making. Walter Brennan ranks next in a grand characterization. Joel McCrea, Mady Christians, and others make up a perfect cast. From its opening atmospheric shots showing logging in the Minnesota country, through all its extraordinarily vivid chapters, "Come and Get It" is magnificently photographed, superbly directed, perfectly acted. Cheers!

AS YOU LIKE IT—United Artists

MR. SHAKESPEARE comes to the screen again, this time co-starring with Miss Elisabeth Bergner, if even the author may be said to "co-star" with this pint-size personage. "As You Like It" is very much of a Bergner field-day, perhaps no more so than is usual with Bergner vehicles, but the shock of seeing and hearing Shakespeare used as a mere convenience for the little actress' highly individualized histrionics is an experience not to be missed, even though not relished by Shakespearean devotees. Rosalind is said to be Miss Bergner's favorite role; she has played it throughout Europe to great acclaim. She is indeed an elfin creature, if you like elves; she capers, she cavorts, even to the extent of turning a cartwheel: never let it be said that Bergner's Rosalind is dull. After all, "As You Like It" can take it; and in the event that the heroine's pyrotechnics weary you, turn to the splendid Jacques of that very fine actor, Leon Quartermaine; or the Orlando of Laurence Olivier, or the Celia of Sophie Stewart. These finished players bring to the lines the particular beauty of flawless English beautifully spoken, relieving the difficult accents of the star.

HERE'S a picture which has caused a lot of controversy. Some seem to think it Hepburn's weakest vehicle so far. Others, including this frantic fan, like it as well as any period piece she has ever done; in fact, to me "A Woman Rebels" ranks right next to "Little Women" for Hepburn appeal. Here's a picture, I repeat, that has been talked about, and I want to go on record as remarking that women should like it and men shouldn't be blamed if bored. For pictorial effectiveness, our Kate has never been more beguiling; for certain close-ups, never more charming. She plays a feminist of Victorian times who becomes and overcomes being "a wronged woman," and emerges as an eminent lady editor with, apparently, the greatest of ease. The early scenes of personal conflict between the modern-minded girl and her reactionary father, excellently enacted by Donald Crisp, have intense interest, and if this mood had been maintained, "A Woman Rebels" might have clicked with all customers. It loses itself in a maze of righteous moralizing and middle-aged romanticism—although it continues, to be quite fair, a joy to the eye, charmingly mounted, gracefully acted.
June, above, is a "golden girl" in a terra cotta silk jersey frock with gold threads, a hat with gold ornament, and gold beads. Right, she wears all-black, with gleaming black pillbox trimming. Left, black velvet and snowy ermine, gone gay and youthful in jaunty collar and saucy hat.

SCREENLAND

Glamor School

Edited by June Lang

Hollywood's Baby Venus is a vision of young chic and charm in her new clothes which she shows to you here
A picture dress for a picture girl. Right, June Lang in her grandest gala evening gown, of black taffeta with grosgrain ribbon roses in pink, flesh, and rose with green leaves. Below, chiffon, very smart again, with graceful skirt. Right below, a dream of a dancing dress in gorgeous shades of red-orange, yards of net for the full skirt over a slim sheath, and velvet dots for dash!
A blouse for a blonde beauty, left: black net braided in soutache, which June wears with a velvet skirt and off-face velvet hat with cut-out crown, below, "the top" in jacket ensembles, and the top of June's "suit" is enlivened with a plaid scarf of green, black, and white. Star black felt turban hat the quaint idea of binding pleated white grosgrain ribbon around tufts of feathers for fun. At the bottom of our page, June's important, becoming fur cape of red fox.

Make-up reminders from Miss Lang. Above, June believes in the importance of a powder brush in achieving the perfect make-up: she dusts her face lightly but plentifully with her favorite powder, and then removes all surplus with her soft brush. Below, for tinted nails June uses a fine camel's hair brush to distribute the polish as evenly as possible. Geranium red is her pet shade for daytime; a tint to match or contrast her gown is always her smart selection for evening.
HI! HATS!

Above, a pretty newcomer, Polly Rowell, is pictured in a black velvet cap-tyle chapband with black ostrich feather trim. Lucille Ball, left, wears a delightful slinky duff of a hat made from sable mink, with the head of the animal forming the peak. Right, Jane Hamilton's pert black felt is topped by a pom-pom of shiny black fur. A double string of pearls accents her black costume.

Merle Oberon calls this, left her "Juroscope" hat, lit of black velvet with open crown and four upstanding wings. Janice Jarrett, far left, wears a "Puritan" dinner hat with veil. Mary Alice Rice chooses grey suede liberally trimmed with grey peican lamb.
ADMIRING London has coined a new title for Marlene Dietrich—The Star Who Really Is. For she scintillates along her triumphant path in that grandly dazzling manner a famous film lady should—and so often doesn’t care to! She is just as glamorous off the screen as on it, conscious that she is indeed a Queen of the Celluloid and never failing to express her regal glory as she passes.

Everywhere la Dietrich goes she is suitably brilliant and breath-taking. She adorned a film premiere at Piccadilly Circus wearing a sheath-like trained gown of glittering tissue and a golden cap from which a great mauve osprey waved. Another evening she went to the theatre, carefully arriving rather late so that her entrance was more sensational in her cobweb white dress with enormous emeralds at her throat and wrists and everywhere else emeralds could possibly be placed. She attended a wrestling match escorted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a thickly-patterned black veil covering her face and shoulders. As people stood on their chairs to gape, she raised it with a dramatic gesture and bowed.

Her car is a sumptuous grey limousine with chauffeur and footman, always massed with flowers. Marlene makes her way to it between rows of sightseers held back by stalwart policemen but doubtless rewarded by the handful of roses the star throws out smilingly as she glides away. She lunches at the most conspicuous table in the most fashionable restaurant, maybe with Noel Coward, Master Fairbanks, Alexander Korda or his brother Vincent, Paul Cavanagh or Conrad Veidt.

Matronly Constance Collier sometimes joins her party but rarely any other woman.

On the set at Denham studios too, she is still the Star with a capital S. Working she dresses more simply, usually in a plain gray or black tailored suit, but all the panoply of her position must be observed. I watched her sitting in the garden of a magnificent white palace, for her new film, “Knight Without Armor,” set in old-
time Russia reveals Marlene as a countess and co-star Robert Donat as an English secret service agent. Picturesque peasants waited to cheer Marlene, who, as Countess Alexandra, was about to return to her country home. While workmen polished her carriage and groomed the impatient horses, Marlene smoked cigarette after cigarette in a long jade holder and dictated letters to her secretary.

Two maids fluttered around. "Are you warm enough, Miss Dietrich?" "Would you like some more coffee, Miss Dietrich?" "Yes, here is your scarf, Miss Dietrich, and I've sent for a fresh lipstick." Korda came up and began to discuss the scene, Marlene making numerous suggestions about it, sound, practical ones, too, for her instinctive flair for the dramatic is not confined to her own personality. The fat German camera-man was beckoned to The Presence. He kissed the blood-red fingertips and listened respectfully to all she had to say.

Now London is seething with gossip about the star. Last week Korda cabled his old friend Joseph von Sternberg, who is enjoying a holiday tour in the Orient, inviting him to make a film at Denham, and Marlene's former director has accepted. At the same time the star herself has graciously intimated to the newspapers that she will play in a second picture for Korda just as soon as it can be arranged. Can it—does it mean—"

When I asked Marlene she gave me an enigmatic glance from her sea-blue eyes and remarked sweetly that daughter Maria was very happy at her new London day-school and that English studios were so much quieter than California ones. Nary a word about von Sternberg would she say—apparently the name never even penetrated her consciousness even when repeated loudly! So instead we had to talk about her between-seasons wardrobe, for which

her first purchase has just been forty-three pairs of shoes that she calculates will last her for the next year.

It seems Marlene has an unusually-shaped foot, long and slender, so experiences considerable difficulty buying shoes. When she heard of a little workshop in an English country town where elderly cloggers still cut and sew the leather by hand, she promptly sent them her measurements and a series of special stills showing the famous feet in every posi- (Continued on page 77)
Merry Christmas to All

She Loves Perfume

A gift of fragrance rare is a tribute to her loveliness! Light, gay "April Showers" perfume by Cheramy brings the mood of eternal Springtime. $3.50. Helena Rubinstein's Town and Country Eau de Toilette is designed to fill every cologne need. "Town" is sophisticated, rich and femininely luxurious. "Country" is lighter and more intimate. The skyscraper bottle is ultra-modern. $3.75 each. "A Suma," one of Coty's most enchanting perfumes, translates into fragrance the rich, exotic sensuousness of Bali. In a gem of a bottle, generously sized, $10.

Start at the top of the half-circle (left) and you'll see the Cutex Club Kit. This compact little genuine leather case comes in brown or black pin morocco or royal blue swirl finish. It is fitted with Cutex essentials for the perfect manicure and the price is $3.75. The Richard Hudnut Cigarette Vanity Triple is a very special gift for a very special friend. The slender streamline case is black and gold or white and gold with a smart enamel finish and very modernistic in design. One compartment contains a loose powder well, dry rouge and lipstick. The other has room for six cigarettes. Price, $5.50. There's something very fine about the grand old name of Cashmere Bouquet! This Christmas box contains a bottle of lotion, a bar of the aristocratic toilet soap and a box of face powder in the light rachel shade—all with the exquisite Cashmere Bouquet fragrance. Price, $1.00.
And a Gift to Excite!

A Gift for Him

Give the most important "him" in your life something he'll use and enjoy! Eastman Kodak Junior Six-20 is an attractive and efficient little model that would please any man. $10. The Mansfield Carry All Kit by Bourjois is genuine leather and contains Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion and Talcum besides convenient holders and space for other masculine requisites. $4.25. Lentheric has gone to town with "The Three Musketeers," a rollicking trio of proven favorites, Men's Eau de Cologne, After Shave Lotion and Scalp Stimulant. $1.95.

The Dorothy Gray Week-end Case (upper right) is one of those gifts that go straight to a woman's heart! It's compact, convenient and ever so smart. Comes in brown or black alligator or white fine grain fabrikoid. It is fitted with Dorothy Gray beauty preparations and is an excellent value at $5.00. Would you like to impart Cleopatra's secret of the body beautiful to a friend? Then give her a bottle of Admiracion Pine-and-Olive Bath Oil. Used as a body rub before bathing, it cleanses, invigorates and beautifies the skin. Its fresh pine scent makes it a delightful perfume for the bath. Price, $1.00. Beauty from Hollywood is sure to thrill the lucky girl who receives Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up Ensemble for Christmas! It contains full sizes of Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, Eyebrow Pencil and Eyelash Make-Up (mascara). The price is $4.50.
Pioneering Again!

Irene Dunne, who's supposed to be so conservative, is off on another adventure

By Tom Kennedy

THERE'S a lovely legend about a very lovely lady of the cinema. And maybe we'd do better to let it stand. After all, you've been moved by it, and so have I. Writers have tinselled its illusion with the gilt and embroidery of well chosen words that have added up to many a column of type. Even Hollywood seems at times to cherish it and point with pride to its inspiring incandescence.

But—and may you forgive us for throwing a brick at an image that has known much adoration—the legend that Irene Dunne is so thoroughly conventional, so constitutionally, even sanctimoniously conservative that she's one apart from every other in her profession, and NEWS on that account alone, stands up better in print than it does when you meet her and take a second look.

From where I sat, listened, and looked, (you should have been there, the looking was fine), at Irene Dunne in the living room of her hotel apartment in New York, I couldn't see the illusion of legend for the reality of a very animated, warmly responsive, and gaily adventurous person who seemed to get a lot of amusement out of a gamble she is making with the greatest stakes an actress can "put on the line," as the boys at the club say.

This certainly did not conform to the filling, and the idea would not down that perhaps there's been some over-emphasis on the fact that Irene Dunne has consistently refused to become involved in those flamboyant and obvious dodos that make headlines about divorce, contract walk-outs, temperamental outbursts, or brawls with newsmen and public.

Maybe we've been guessing wrong about our Irene. Perhaps she's too different to be conventionally unconventional. And were it not that she is herself so baffled at the popular conception that she is a conventional sober-sides, one might even get the sneaky suspicion that, just for the fun of it, Irene Dunne has been spoofing others into inventing and circulating that legend of the very dignified, conventional, and colossally conservative movie star.

The best excuse this so-called conservative could offer for putting herself in a spot that would scare the wits out of all the hey-nonny-nonny boys and girls of Hollywood, is that she just wants to try it, and besides, "working in the same studio, doing the same kind of parts all the time gets to be serious after a time, and I don't think anybody likes to have serious people around all the time, do you?"

We couldn't be sure under the circumstances. After all we were talking to a star who is supposed to be very serious. So we decided to be a (Continued on page 88)
WHEN a man has been examined by the best surgeons in the United States Army and has been pronounced a "complete disability," and has been sent home to spend the remainder of his life a hopeless invalid——

When a man has a wife he adores, and she is soon to become a mother and he has no job, none in sight, and has only twelve dollars and fifty cents in his pocket——

When a man has a hotel bill staring him in the face and has only ten dollars in his pocket, and his wife spends that to buy a dog; and then he sells some of his clothes to buy food for the dog——

When a man has amassed a fortune of $300,000 and embarks in the circus business and sees it all vanish into thin air leaving him broke and looking for a job——

Then is the time it takes courage of a kind that most people do not have, to face the situation and win out!

There is one man in Hollywood today who has faced all of the above situations—has faced them and has refused to admit that he was licked. And because he refused to believe he was defeated he has won his battles; has pushed every obstacle aside, and like a Dick Merrick, he has landed on the top of the heap called success, and today sits in the lap of luxury and comfort, envied by those who do not know the difficulties he has had to meet, admired by those who know him and his troubles. This man is Buck Jones, known the world over wherever small boys and their dads, who are still boys at heart, flock to the theatres to watch him as he rides and fights and proves to the younger generation that the clean man is the one who will always win.

What most of these boys, young and old, do not know is that Buck Jones in private life carries out the very principles for which he stands and fights and suffers in his pictures. They do not know that this two-fisted hero of western pictures will turn down a salary of several thousand dollars a week rather than do anything in a picture that he would not do in private life.

Buck Jones, whose real-life victories over hardship outstrip his film heroics, deserves that title

By Ransom Palmer

A strange man is this chap Buck Jones, who neither drinks, smokes, nor swears, because he feels that as he is worshipped by millions of boys, he should do nothing that would either set them a bad example or lower him in their opinion. A man who so loves his horse that he never goes to bed at night until he has gone to the stable, rubbed the nose of the horse, examined the bedding and given the animal a few words of praise. A man whose education stopped with grammar school, yet who has been able to write several (Continued on page 76)
If you’ve believed that the life of your favorite film star is just one wild whirl, read this story and learn about Hollywood’s lively pursuit of culture

By Whitney Williams

Glenda Farrell, top, is an expert interior decorator, and designed this clever room herself. Joan Parker, above, left, is a student of costume designing, while Janet Gaynor studies philosophy. Lew Ayres, left, is a serious classical musician. Ann Harding, below, is learning to write for the theatre and screen, and is shown here discussing a script with Basil Rathbone.

So you think the life of a star, once he leaves the studio, is just one merry whirl of excitement and pleasure? Brethren and sisters, you couldn’t be further from the truth!

The moment he barges forth from his happy little dressing-room suite into the world of not make-believe, he might be any other person of leisure and wealth. With one exception: Where the average man and woman of means casts aside, for the most part, all thoughts of learning simultaneously with the completion of his and her school and college days, the star is buried in study, if not for the sake of advancing his career then in pursuit of a hobby or some other form of personal interest.

And what are you studying, Mister Bones?, might be the question put to any star, for nearly all are engaged in delving into the finer points of some subject.

Janet Gaynor devotes much of her leisure time to the study of philosophy. To observe Janet on the screen, you never would think that so weighty a subject could appeal to such a little girl.
Deep down, however, the star is intensely serious and such problems as those she meets in metaphysics interest her. At present, she is doing some rather advanced research work in the philosophy of the ancients, particularly Plato and Confucius.

Ever since she missed being cast in the rôle Jeanette MacDonald plays in "The Merry Widow"—because she couldn't sing sufficiently well to please the heads of the studio—Joan Crawford has dedicated one hour every day to voice culture and singing. The gorgeous Joan long ago set her heart on enacting the title rôle in the picturization of the world-famous operetta, and when another was selected she experienced deep and bitter disappointment. Now, that a second opportunity may not pass, she takes a lesson daily, regardless of how hard she may be working in a picture or how weary she becomes.

Believe it or not, but Richard Dix has enrolled in the extension department of the University of California and is deep in the study of scientific agriculture! The popular star owns a ranch and wants to know how to run it modernly and with the fullest benefit. Hence, the college course, atop all his other activities.

There's something about the down-to-earth substance you sense in Ralph Bellamy that gives you a clue to his studious interests. They lie, in fact, in the dusty tomes of ancient history. When he might be sunning himself on the nearby beaches or riding the horses he loves so well, he can generally be found, instead, in the famous archives of the Huntington Library, in Pasadena, and among the historic pieces of Los Angeles' celebrated Southwest Museum. His personal library is considered a very complete historical collection.

Irene Dunne's father made quite a name for himself as an amateur astronomer and the actress-singer inherited his love for the celestial kingdom. As a child, she picked up a vast fund of information on the stars and their constellations and has eagerly pursued the study ever since. She owns a very fine collection of scientific books on astronomy and spends many hours delving into its inner and more intricate secrets. A strange pastime for a beautiful actress, but few really know Irene Dunne.

Lew Ayres likewise concerns himself with a contemplation of the stars and has a neat sum of money invested in observatory equipment. Most of his knowledge has been picked up at random, and through the offices of an elderly man whom Lew befriended a number of years ago. But interested as he is in astronomy, Lew derives even greater pleasure and benefit from the study of music. Purely as a hobby and a pastime, the young actor composes classical music, and recently finished a rhapsody upon which he has been working for the past six or seven months. He is said to have more than one hundred original compositions but will not as yet submit them to a publisher.

Ginger Rogers, also a music lover, plans some day to present a musical comedy of her own composition and to that end is utilizing every possible means available to her. Since she is determined that the musical comedy will be all her own, Ginger devotes much time to the study, not alone music, but to costuming, everything that will further and aid her ambition. Naturally talented along these lines, she already has cast the die from which her "opus" will be patterned, and those close to her hold high hopes for its success.

Ann Harding always has been interested in the theatre. Now that she has made such strides as an actress, she is looking beyond, into the future, and to realize a dream of long-standing she has set a schedule for herself, that when (Continued on page 93)
Here's Hollywood

For glamorous news, just follow the stars around with SCREENLAND!

By Weston East

BILL POWELL was with Jean Harlow, having a gay time at the Clover Club. Which reminds us that Bill has moved again. The small bungalow he rented after disposing of his huge "White Elephant" mansion turned out to be too small, so he's moved into slightly more comfortable quarters. No, there's no indication that he and Jean are going to do anything more serious than be romantic about their romance.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a new boy friend. He's none other than Arthur Treacher. And what's more, he's already started to give her jewelry, if you please. It all happened when Arthur was obliged to fasten a small bracelet on Shirley's arm for scenes in "Stowaway." But instead of using one from the property department, Arthur purchased a real charm bracelet for Shirley on which were fastened, among other amusing miniature objects, a tiny ship and movie camera.
Gary Cooper and his wife were holidaying when Gary got word to hurry back to Hollywood pronto for re-takes on "The Plainsman," and here we see them arriving at Los Angeles Airport.

THE whole cast and crew of "After the Thin Man" gave a tree and flower shower for Myrna Loy the other evening at her new Coldwater Canyon home. They had to get a two-ton truck from the studio transportation department to make delivery.

IF YOU want to make a hit with Bob Taylor, just let him know there's a new kind of watch on the market. Seems Bob is just crazy over watches, and now has fourteen of 'em. Last one to make its appearance is in the form of a ring, which he wears on his little finger. You might say he has time on his hands these days!

THE entire cast and crew of Lily Pons' newest picture, now in work, have dubbed her "Snooky." Which rather disproves the old impression that all opera stars must be handled with kid gloves, because Lily simply loves her new nickname.

The ocean liners have been bringing in an imposing array of screen notables lately. Peering at you from the deck-rail below are Mrs. Reinhardt, Max Reinhardt, famous producer, Mrs. Patric Knowles, and Pat Knowles himself, all Hollywood-bound.

Honeymooners Dick Powell and Joan Blondell found a bit of rural Europe right on Broadway, when they visited back-stage with Kitty Carlisle and William Crusted, stars of "White Horse Inn."

DURING the past few years, Bing Crosby has been a great trial to his family. Each and every member of the tribe have been worrying him to death, trying to make him lose weight. They finally succeeded in annoying him into taking off thirty pounds just before he made his last picture, "Pennies from Heaven." They were a bit upset, when he started out for a vacation in Honolulu, for fear he'd put the weight back on. However, they received a most reassuring letter from Bing, after he'd been gone about a week, telling them he was keeping in condition. "Not a day goes by," he wrote, "but what I exercise. I've been fishing, surfing, riding and bicycling ever since I got here." Upon his return, however, they learned that his fishing was done from a comfortable chair, the surfing riding was done on a board, and his bicycle had a motor attachment. P.S. Fortunately, he hadn't gained any additional poundage so everybody was happy, especially Bing, who had a "swell time."

"Goodbye, Britain; hello, home!" says Sally Elters, returning from English film work, and looking as though she enjoyed it.
SEEMS to me the Hollywood stars are getting just too ambitious for words nowadays. What with Errol Flynn celebrating the publication of his novel, "Beam Ends," to say nothing of his splendid color photography movies, along comes James Stewart with some very interesting Leica studies of all his friends. And now Jimmy has taken his pen in hand and is spending all his spare hours working on a short story. These are days when we can read as well as see and hear screen stars.

OUT on the set of "Captains Courageous," Lionel Barrymore is extremely happy over the fact that he can smoke his favorite pipe during practically every scene in the picture. The Metro property department, however, is taking quite a loss in pipe stems. It develops that Lionel shares his pipes when concentrating, and so far they've supplied no less than nineteen new stems!

That promised Chaplin production starring Paulette Goddard is coming along—so be patient. Here, above, we see Charlie and Paulette absorbed in studying story material. Left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who announced their engagement recently, snappily snapped as Gene escorted Jeanette from the train after a holiday in New York.

DOLORES DEL RIO claims she isn't a bit superstitious, but she definitely believes in sentiment. For instance, she has pressed one flower from every bouquet ever sent her by husband Cedric Gibbons. She now has several books of them, all catalogued in memory of each happy occasion they've celebrated together.

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND has developed a new hobby. She's raising sea anemones, of all things. The last time Olivia visited Carmel, California, where she spent many years of her life, she brought two of the strange creatures back to Hollywood with her, securely fastened to a rock, and placed them in her goldfish pond. One of them died, but the other is not only thriving, but has given birth to several baby anemones!

JUST before Merle Oberon left for England, the cast and crew of "Beloved Enemy" (formerly called "Love Under Fire"), pooled their money and held an exquisite charm made for her favorite diamond and platinum charm bracelet. There's a tiny gun beneath which are miniature heads of Merle and Brian Ahern (who plays opposite her in the picture), with a tiny heart between the two, just so's she won't forget "Love Under Fire."

HENRY FONDA and his bride, the former Frances Seymour Brokaw, have taken a lovely home in Santa Monica overlooking the Pacific. They're adding on a school room and nursery for Henry's newly acquired five-year-old stepdaughter.

IT APPEARS the thing that was holding up the deal between Janet Gaynor and David Selznick, who wanted her for his new picture, was a little matter of working hours. During all the years Janet has been in pictures, she has insisted on a clause being inserted in her contract, stipulating that her working hours are from nine to five daily. When Janet found he was not willing to make this concession, she refused to sign, although she was terribly anxious to play the part. After weeks of quibbling, Selznick gave in and Janet is happy once more.

Flora Robson, English stage star, plays Queen Elizabeth in this scene above with Leslie Banks, from "Fire Over London," a new British production. Right, Burgess Meredith and his wife, Margaret Perry, arrive in New York from Hollywood, where Meredith played in his first picture, a screen version of "Winterset."

Wide World
Dropped around on the "Ready, Willing, and Able" set the other day to find Ruby Keeler but completely surrounded by no less than three radios, one of which was in her car. Seems Ruby is such a rabid football fan, she can't be bothered tuning in on first one station and then another to hear the games all over the country, but must have at least three so she can have each one all ready to listen in on the various broadcasts as each half terminates.

One of the nicest compliments I've heard in a long time was paid Gail Patrick the other day by Francine Larrimore, famous stage actress now making her picture debut with Edward Arnold in B. F. Schulberg's, "A Man and a Woman." Mr. Schulberg dropped around on the set about the second day of shooting to ask Miss Larrimore how she liked pictures and to find out if everything had been done to make her happy.

"Oh, yes, I'm happy," she replied. "But I'm worried about the picture."

"Worried?" Mr. Schulberg queried, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm worried about my part," she went on, "I don't see how I can convince anyone, as I must do in the picture, that a man would prefer me—or any other woman—to a girl as beautiful and charming as Gail Patrick."

Mary Wilson, blonde comedienne, and Nick Grinde, director, are biling and cooing over on the Warner Brothers lot.

Here's looking at you! Above, Jean Hersholt, Ona Henie, and Adolphe Menjou, who are featured in "One in a Million," represent a lot of people if we apply the title to each. At the right: Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda are a romantic twosome in a new picture, "You Only Live Once," directed by Fritz Lang, who directed "Fury."

If you're wondering where Clark Gable spends his time during his lunch hours lately, you've only to peek in the door of his dressing-room. There you'll find him pecking away on a brand new typewriter which he's just purchased. He's having the time of his life answering all his own fan mail. So write in, girls, and get a personally typed letter from your favorite star—unless Clark tires of his new toy before we go to press!

Sylvia Sidney has coined a new slogan for her boss, Walter Wanger: "Join Walter Wanger and see the World." It's all because she's probably covered more territory during the past few months than she's ever done in her life before, touring England, France, and Italy. She's taking a daily lesson in Italian to prepare for her picture she will make for Wanger in Italy upon the completion of her current American film.

Katharine Hepburn plays another James M. Barrie heroine, in the film version of "Quality Street," scene from which is shown above, with the star and Eric Blore in close-up. Left, the latest picture of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott, showing the screen star and his wife at the Horse Show in New York.

The Patric Knowles' have moved into Bill Fields' old house at Toluca Lake. They've even gone so far as to adopt Bill's pet swan who has been hanging about the place ever since he left. Only now the swan has a flock of little ones!

Mae West, as is her usual custom, presented members of the cast and crew of "Go West, Young Man," with various and sundry items of jewelry upon completion of the picture. Director Henry Hathaway was presented with a gorgeous star sapphire ring.

(Continued on page 95)
Strong, but Not Silent!

Humphrey Bogart plays those grim-lipped characters on the screen, but he's not like that at all. Meet him in this amusing and revealing close-up

By Madeline Glass

Following my talk with Humphrey Bogart a publicity man asked him if he wished to read my article before I sent it to the Editor.

"No," said Mr. Bogart. Then, to me: "You do the writing, darling, and I'll do the acting. Of course," he added, "I shall expect you to describe me as rivaling Robert Taylor in the matter of looks, having Clark Gable's romantic appeal, being as talented as Paul Muni, and possessing a dash of Leslie Howard's suave intellectualitv."

"Right," said I, returning his grin, and he hurried away to the set where he was already fifteen minutes late.

Not since George Raft reformed and began playing civilized young men has there been so interesting a portrayer of underworld roles as Humphrey Bogart. His Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest" was a histrionic depth bomb. A smaller role in "Bullets or Ballots" had the explosive power of compression. After those two performances his studio gave him a sympathetic role in "Two Against the World," an assignment that made Mr. Bogart very unhappy. Unlike Mr. Raft, he has not repented and he doesn't want to reform. Then Warners dispelled the Bogart misgivings by giving him the part of a harried turncoat in "The Black Legion," a picture of marked sociological significance.

"Most of my first stage roles," he told me, "were those of tennis-racket-swinging juveniles or fatuous youngsters left on the stage to keep the show going while the principals changed their costumes. A man may be a poor workman in other professions and still be endurable, but there is nothing so futile as a bad actor. He smells! For that reason I want strong roles that I can get my teeth into, preferably those which present turbulent or dangerous characters."

This from a man who was born on Christmas Day, and who attends the Episcopal Church! Tsk, tsk! But don't be fooled by all this. In real life Humphrey's vices are limited to an inordinate fondness for chess and the practice of smoking in bed. His father was a surgeon and it was Humphrey's intention to be one, also, had not Fate, personified by William A. Brady, theatrical producer, caused him to change his mind.

"I am neither a pessimist nor an optimist," said he, in answer to my question. "I am a fatalist. You know the sort of incident that may (Continued on page 92)
Their Pet Extravagances

Continued from page 23

simply, mostly at hotels, and he cares less than ever for clothes, society, and "keeping up appearances." But he does care keenly for a good car. Of course he did drive around for a while in that wreck of an old Ford that Carole salvaged from a junk yard and bad herself, when for his Valentine's Day he did not furnish her house ten minutes before she was due to move into it. Heavens, no; it would have been two years too late.

Robert Taylor's pet extravagance is shirts! Bob started working at Metro several years ago for $35 a week, and on $35 a week, as you well know, you can't buy a flannel shirt. Bob's salary of course increased as he became the most popular male star in Hollywood, but his tastes changed very little. He still buys a flashy car, though it happened to be a present, but his home life remained just as unassuming as ever. When you call up Bob Taylor he answers the phone—you don't have to talk to six servants and a secretary before you get him. But all his life Bob has had a secret weakness for shirts, exquisitely tailored shirts, and so just the minute his salary permitted Bob simply went to town on shirts. There's a guest room in the Taylor's house near Hollywood where Bob expects to move in, for Bob uses the bed and dresser to pile his extra shirts on. It

You can add to your list of "Look Alikes, Myrna Loy and Ruth Coleman, screen newcomer, above."

seems he hasn't enough space for all of them in his own room.

Fred Astaire goes just as mad over shoes as Bob does over shirts. Off the screen you'd never point Fred out as being a well-dressed man, for he dresses very quietly and modestly; in fact, a bit too modestly, for his hats usually look like something that had been kicked about in a Notre Dame game. But one glance at his shoes and you'll know Fred's weakness at once. He has his shoes made in England and they are made of suede, usually brown, in all one piece with very thin soles. Fred has dozens and dozens of these shoes made for himself. Sylvia Sidney is another movie star who forgets to be sensible when it comes to shoes. Sylvia has some of her slippers specially made; others she buys in the best shoe shops, and whenever she takes a fancy to a certain model she orders it in every color imaginable. Sylvia lives in a small apartment in the Colonial House in Hollywood and has only one servant; she drove the same car until it almost fell to pieces last year and she had to trade it in; and she'd just as soon not appear at the Vendome for luncheon without a hat; but she has a pair of slippers she likes, and she will not even ask the couple that look like a manic and orders a dozen pair in all colors.

For her pet extravagance Madeleine Carroll has little cash in hand. At least she hopes she still has it. It is right in the war zone and she rather suspects that her little bank account in France has been "tucked away." Money on is nothing more or less than a lovely old ruin now. She expected to spend her vacation there this past summer, but then it came out that the next year Madeleine decided she would be happier in America. "I know it's a silly extravagance," she told me, "but ever since I was a little girl and read fairy tales I wanted a castle in Spain. So when I made enough money out of the movies to buy one, I did, and I furnished it beautifully, and thought it would be a wonderful place to live when I wasn't working, but I'm afraid—" Yes, Madeleine, I'm afraid too that your castle in Spain is shot to hell.

Merle Oberon has a fur complex. She lives in an unpretentious little beach house in Santa Monica, usually drives around with Bob Howard and Niven and has a car and except for the evening can always be found in sports pajamas or inexpensive sweaters. But if there's a good piece of fur within a mile of Merle she will simply go batty until she has purchased it. Merle has the most gorgeous and expensive furs coats in Hollywood—a sable that's a dream, chinchilla, two ermines, two minks, nutria, silver-fox, white fox—oh, everything! And of course it's kind of cute to see little Miss Oberon prancing around in her sable with a little seven-ninety-five dress under it.

Radios are the big weakness in the otherwise sensible life of Mr. Warner Baxter. Warner is another of Hollywood's English gentlemen but he's as crazy as a Dutch American. He adores all radio gadgets. Naturally all his cars are equipped with the best types of radios, so in his swimming pool, his tennis court, his bedroom, in fact everywhere in his house including his bathroom, Warner has so many radios, and loud-speakers, and electric gadgets that he needs a fifty-monthly pay-roll who has nothing else to do but snoop around every day to see if all the radios are working.

With Joel McCrea it's their Belgian horses. They are not race horses, you know, but draught horses, and heaven only knows why Joel should take such a fancy to them, but on his ranch out near Chatsworth he has two hundred of them already and expects to breed more. The McCreas (Francis Dee and two little sons), live very modestly in a small ranch house, they have no town house or town car, and seemingly don't spend as much money as we do, but where they start buying Belgian horses at five hundred a plug it's really something. Bing Crosby, as everybody knows, goes in for racing horses. They don't win many races but they eat an awful lot of oats.

Barbara Stanwyck haunts antique shops looking for old silver. A pair of 1765 canapé tables, when she recently bought them, did not furnish her house ten minutes before she was due to move into it. And she's apparently mad for days. With Miriam Hopkins it's modern art. Charles Beyer can't resist porcelains. Joan Crawford, like Carole, has a good taste. Joel McCrea is very fond of English antiques, and Powell probably has the largest collection of ties of any man in America. And W. C. Fields adds nothing of the world except a well-equipped trailer.
"Stage number five—why, that's the carry picture—that's the one I'm shooting! Got a bit?"

"Sure, I'm the Siamese twins!"

"How about taking both of you to lunch? Got a date?"

"I'm glad you asked—"

"Well, you've got one now. Been meaning to buzz you—been meaning to roll around to the house—but you know how it is in this business?"

His sharp blue eye probed her shy mood. "There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Pat. Beautiful, but it's a long story and I'm short on time."

He consulted his watch, "I'll see you at chow. Hold up till then!"

Pat was left standing breathless in the middle of the studio street. The day—the job—and now Eddie—it all made a gay carousel that spun her round and round.

She wished she had worn her best brown suit. She was glad she had borrowed Olga's furs. She wondered what had prompted the invitation to lunch. She was curious to know what he wanted to see her about.

"Where in the world is the wardrobe department?" interrupted a voice beside her. "This is my first day on the lot."

"I'll take you a ride," offered Pat. "I'm going there myself."

It was crowded in the wardrobe department. It was noisy. A happy confusion filled the air. The wardrobe mistress was calling out sizes and assigning costumes.

Rows upon rows of colorful costumes hung from the racks. The sleeves that lifted, the waist from floor to ceiling were packed with shoes and hats and wigs. The glass cabinets were crammed with costume jewelry.

Everybody was talking. Everybody was laughing. The workaday world was in high spirits.

Pat, assigned to a costume, took her place beside the others at the long line of make-up mirrors. Powder flew. There was a faint scent of hair being curled. Someone started on a story. Pat broke into a popular song. Three girls took up the chorus.

A warm blush rose on Pat's cheek and stayed there. This was the happy fever which sent the rich blood coursing through her veins. She was working—part of a great, animated picture. Pat didn't talk. She was absorbed in the most fascinating game on earth. Her whole being sang with joy as she slipped into her blue Louisa May Alcott costume with its big bustle and its leg of mutton sleeves. She tied the ribbons of her bonnet in a saucy bow under her chin. A ruffled parasol completed the portrait that pinioned in the glass. The mirror substantiated Eddie. Pat was beautiful.

She wished that Bud could see her—Ann—Olga—Pop—Mom—the kids back home in Tallahassee. She wished a big director like King Henry—or William Keighley—or George Stevens—could see her, could say, "You're a corker—to Mervyn LeRoy—to Brikin—that here was star material."

"All onstage?" came the call. "Onstage!"

That was the biggest, the most fascinating picture. The set was crowded with bewhiskered Deacons, hurklesque constables and Joey clowns. Hick beaux strolled along on their sporting fifteen dollar mail order suits.

Pat stumbled over the guy ropes and animal wagons and took her place under a huge apple tree in full bloom. Every now and then, she was pelted by a flurry of cotton petals that drifted to the ground.

DEAR READERS:

There was a mistake in the first instalment of this story, so if it didn't make sense, please don't blame the author. The three girls go to the window—and nothing happens. But that isn't the way Beth Browning wrote it. Pat Olga and Ann are pretty mad about it. Were you able to puzzle it out? Gosh! We're sorry!

Sincerely,

Cora Brown

3 GIRLS ON A MATCH

Continued from page 25

THE STORY UP TO NOW

For three years Pat O'Day has struggled along in Hollywood on the meager earnings of occasional work as an extra, sharing cramped quarters in an apartment with Ann Devoy and Olga Dupont, also striving for screen careers. Now Bud Bradley, boyhood sweetheart, is insisting that she forget her ambition and return to Tallahassee and marry him. Ann Dupont tells Pat that she wishes some boy like Bud would offer her a home. Olga is tired of trying to get ahead by working up from an extra, and now is banking on the influence of Emmet Richard Fielding, whose profile is famous on the screen, but whose life has been spread on front pages. Bud is telling Pat she must decide today, for tomorrow he returns to the old home town. Just then a call comes from a studio. It's just another extra job, but Pat can't resist. She sets out, with Bud protesting that she is deciding between him and her hoped-for career by tonight.

The sound crew set up the mikes. The director, the leading man, and the script girl seated themselves in the charmed circle of canvas chairs.

"Lights!" yelled the head cameraman and vanished behind his camera like a jack-in-the-box.

"Lights!" echoed the head electrician popping out from a platform high in the rafters.

"Lights!" piped a familiar voice. It was Eddie in the isinglass visor and brown leather pants, his voice a call and echo across the vast stretches of the gigantic stage.

Pat watched him proudly: "Friend of mine," she whispered to the girl beside her. "You're lucky!" came the envious comment. "In this business, there's nothing like having a—"

"You said a mouthful!" agreed a man who was playing the part of a portly matron. "Say, how about some bridge while we're waiting for the mob scene?"

It'll be hours before they're ready for us.

"Poker for me?"

"I brought my knitting."

Pat borrowed a magazine. One by one, the extras settled down to their favorite pastimes. Some read, others talked shop and love and dirt and religion and the other world. The children were herded together and seated at the school room table where the studio tutor set them to books at algebra and geography.

Nine o'clock gave way to ten and ten to eleven. It was these waits between takes that made motion picture work so tiresome. Finally, the head electrician shouted down: "Ready, Boys?"

"Ready," came the answer.

"Ready, sir," relayed Eddie to the head cameraman who in turn relayed the word to the assistant director, who in turn relayed it to the director himself.

"All on the set—let's go!" yelled the assistant director.

"Here, run like devil!"

"Lights, O.K.!

"Sound, O.K."

"Easy, camera!"

"Cut!"

"O.K."

They were ready to shoot the scene. The extras gathered around the director.

"Now here it is—" They listened intently while Eddie was given what he wanted. All that was required of them was to frolic through a fun house, slide the chute-the-chutes, ride the loop-the-loops, race through the revolving barrel, and gorge on popcorn, ice cream, hamburgers and lemonade.

The sound was easy enough. The shooting started and the fun began. It was jolly at first, but after two hours of eating, leaping, falling, laughing, yelling and doing it over, again and again and still again, it became work, hard work.

Pat bent all her energy to the task. She tried to catch the camera's eye. She tried to make it mean the director saw her. She tried to single out from all the others was the aim of each and every extra—and for Pat to be singled out, meant more to her today than any other day. It meant the difference between staying in Hollywood or going back to Tallahassee with Bud.

But when it was all over, she and the mob scenes came to an end.

"Cut!" yelled the director.

"Cut!" echoed Eddie.

"Ready for the new start?"

"Ready!" echoed the crew.

The extras retreated in hot paning groups. Pat sank into a chair, dabbing her wet face.

"Calling Miss Dupont—" sang the head cameraman.

"Calling Miss Dupont—" echoed Eddie.

Pat looked up and smiled. No doubt Eddie was playing one of his proverbial practical jokes.

But now the director himself was calling for Miss Dupont.

Pat was not dreaming. Sure enough, here came Olga escorted by Emmet Richard Fielding, and followed by a respectful cotier.

"Miss V. L. Miss Dupont?" the make-up man proffered a powder puff.

"The script, Miss Dupont?" obsequiously from the assistant director.

"Not you, Miss Dupont," Eddie was holding a chair.

Pat stared. This was scarcely the bankrupt Olga of the shabby two-room bunga

SCREENLAND
low, the Olga who borrowed Ann's perfume and Pat's stockings. This was scarcely the gold-digging, wise-cracking, platinum blonde. This Olga was glamorous in inches and elegance. This Olga was resplendent in shiny, smoky satin. This Olga spoke with a charming French accent. This Olga had the director at her feet.

"You come on the carnival lot," the director was saying, "and you fall in love with the big ballyhoo man. You go for him in every way. You get him."

"Je comprends," said Olga with a languorous wave of a lily-white hand. "You say, 'It is the summer night. It is the moon. It is the stars. No, it is love!'"

Olga raised her eyebrows and breathed deeply. "Oui—l'amour— Toujours l'amour—"

This was just too to believe her. She had still to believe her eyes. But then, this was Hollywood and the strangest things happened in Hollywood.

Olga was her beauty—and Olga was a star. What luck! One of the three girls had finally broken the ice. Pat felt like shouting. She felt like a winner. She was suffused with pride as she joined the admiring circle that was paying homage to the new star.

"It's simply colossal," fervently from Emmet Richard Fielding.

"You said it!" agreed Olga.

"The name is Dubont. Miss Dubont to you—"

Pat ran over to congratulate her. "Hello, Olga. Gosh, but I'm proud of you!"

Olga cut her coldly. "I beg your pardon—"

"Why, Olga—"

"The name is Dubont. Miss Dubont to you—"

Pat was taken by surprise. "I'm sorry," she managed. She put her hand to her cheek as if she had been slapped. She felt humiliated before all these people. But it went deeper than that—she loved Olga. She had adored and venerated her for so long—fortune and misfortune—the battered community car—and the bumpy community bed. "Sorry," she repeated numbly and she slipped away.

It was time for lunch. Slowly, Pat followed the others into the crowded commissary. Over the table that divided the royalty from the rabble on the lot, she caught a glimpse of the glamorous Marlene Dietrich, exotic in floating feathers, Gary Cooper, eating overdone ham and eggs in cowboy regalia. And then, there was Olga again, Olga saw her. Olga cut her.

Pat mounted her horse at the counter. The long lump in her throat. She was no longer hungry. The sun had gone out of her day.

But she had sped in and climbed up beside her. "Hello, Honey. What are you having?"

"I'm not eating."

"Come on! Have a ham and rye, Gosh, it's hot!" He mopped his brow. "What do you think of Olga?" he asked and he answered: "You could have knocked me over with a feather. She was my idea of a handsome in cowboy regalia."

"What a break! The boy friend's fixed it up for her," Eddie studied the menu. "Coffee, tea or orange juice?"

"Coffee—" Pat put him in an irrelevant rush of words. "Doing anything tonight?"

She remembered Bud. "I've got a date. Sorry."

"Come on," he coaxed. "Call it off. How about going to the movies with me?"

After all, Eddie was a power in this picture business. She capitulated. "I might as well stay in the lot. If we take in the last show, Bud was planning to leave at ten o'clock. "How about mine?"

"You didn't hear anything comes up to break it like it did the last time."

She thought of all the other times she had made engagements with Eddie only to have them broken. The movies were a hard taskmaster.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

They smoked companionably as they wandered back to the set.

In a few minutes, Pat was back in the make-believe world of carnival—gay, lilt- ing, fast, playful.

"Hey, you!" called the director.

Pat started. Here was her chance at last. She stepped forward hopefully.

"Not you!" The director indicated the blonde beside her.

Pat stepped back. There was a dull void where her dream of success in the movies had stood tall and shining only a moment before. Suddenly, everything seemed futile, tangled, hopeless.

She thought of the money that was due Giannini. She thought of the rent that was overdue. She thought of the lost day she might have spent down at the beach with Bud. Bud was right. It all depended upon luck. It was not beauty or ability that counted. It was the breaks.

The long afternoon dragged endlessly. Again there were tales of retakes. It was hot under the intense kliegs. It was tiresome waiting around. It was wearisome standing hour after hour in tight little knots listening to the director back orders. Watching the cameraman focus and grind, focus and grind. One by one, the extras dropped out.

"Too much pop!"

"Yeah, and too much popcorn!" complained a hick beau under his breath.

In spite of the iron constitutions for which the extras were noted, the food and the fun began to take their toll. Three of the girls had to be taken to the studio hospital. And two of the carnival constables were sent packing home to bed.

Pat was relieved when the day was over. She was glad to turn her costume in, climb into her clothes, get her card punched and collect her money. She walked slowly out of the gate—across the grounds toward the parking lot. She was surprised to find Eddie sitting in her car.


He chuckled under the chin. "Keep this up! You know what I think of you?"

He kissed her.

"Gee, Eddie. What made you do that?"

"I love you. Beautiful, that's what!" He put an arm around her. "Don't you worry, Honey. Won't be long before you're in the lights and I'm in the credits. I'll see to that!"

She blushed the mist out of her eyes and summoned the sun in its place. "Thanks, Eddie. Be seeing you tonight. Now don't forget—nine o'clock."

"That's just what I was going to tell you. Sorry, kid, but we'll have to make it tomorrow night instead. The chief just sent down word that I'm on tonight. Got to be back at eight o'clock to take some retakes.

"Gee, Eddie? Then: 'That's all right, Eddie, I understand.'"

"We'll make it tomorrow for sure—"

"Sure, Eddie."

"Here's one on account—on account of I love you!" Eddie kissed her again. The hook of a horn sounded close at hand. Eddie scowled at the interruption. "Oh, hello, Ann."

Pat looked up. Ann and Bud were sitting in the car parked at the curb. There was a strange twisted little smile on Ann's white face. Bud's lips made a thin, hard line. "Bud thought he could come for you and I would drive Melinda back," professed Ann lamely.

"You can get Eddie to drive you back!" declared Bud savagely. He shifted noisily into second.

"Bud's leaving tonight," reminded Ann. "You'll try and be home before ten, won't you?"

"I'll be there," promised Pat.

"You—we—" but the rest of Ann's words were lost on the wind. Bud's car groaned, shot forward and vanished around the corner.

"What's eating him?" demanded Eddie.

"Oh, I don't know—"

Eddie looked hard at Pat. "You're not in love with that guy?"

"No," she decided. "No, I'm not in love with him."

The day was like a wheel in her tired head that spun round with the piano man, Mrs. McGuinness, Bud, Olga and now Eddie who had made and broken a date. "I guess I better step on it, Eddie. I'm tired."

Eddie clambered out of the car. "See you tomorrow, Baby, 'long."

"Good-bye, Eddie." She started the car and without so much as a backward look, she clutched slowly up the hill.

(To Be Continued)
of Barbara Bennett Downey and her three children; Constance Bennett and little Peter; Gene self-marker Ditty add Melinda—in short, if this hadn’t been the very livable living-room of the Markley Beverly Hills home in Tower Road with its deep comfortable chairs, its open fireplace, and the homey touch of candy, cigarettes and flowered about, it might have been the family art gallery. I was particularly interested in noting there were no professional pictures of Joan anywhere to be seen, no glamorous poses a la movie star. "And that’s on purpose," she said in her low husky voice. "I’ve really made an effort to keep the tangible evidences of my own career out of our home. Don’t misunderstand. I believe in glamor in working hours. But I do not believe that any career, no matter how important it is to a woman, should be reflected in a home until it resembles a movie set more than it does the four walls that shelter family life.

'The royal retinue' of studio life can so easily and unconsciously be dragged into the home. And if there’s one thing I don’t want my home to be, it is a minor palace in which still servants stand around awaiting ‘Moddam’s orders while they dust off ‘Moddam’s’ pictures spotted around in silver frames, or cart her ladyship’s fan mail upstairs to be answered. You can’t bring up children in that atmosphere. Perhaps this isn’t the most elaborate establishment in Beverly, and I’m convinced that it isn’t, but there’s one thing I’m proud of: there isn’t anything in the house the children can’t touch.'

It was certainly easy to believe that. Here is a home that is really lived in every hour out of twenty-four, and that sense of intimacy is as tangible in its warmths as the first place that cradled so passionately against the mist of the rainy winter day. I said: "Joan, what is the really big problem in reconciling matrimony and a career or the two—I mean the most important difficulty to be solved, the biggest hurdle in combining glamour with domesticity?"

She hesitated a moment: "That is a little difficult, not that I don’t know the answer, but that it is a hard thing to put into words. You see, before the average actress marries she has given probably five, six, or more years of her life to a career. Everything else has been sacrificed to that all-consuming ambition that seems to come before everything else. In other words, she, herself, is the paramount factor in her own little world. "Then comes love' as they used to say in the old subtitles—and marriage, and then the confusing knowledge that this one-track existence is complicated by devotion to someone else, and if there are children, by the care which is lavished upon them. I know when I first married Gene I felt as though I were two human beings living in two separate worlds—one bound by bright lights, and the other a completely private island on which Gene and Ditty and then little Melinda, when she came, were set apart all by ourselves. It is the reconciling of these two women that presents the problem; stifling the fear that one of these persons who happens to be you shall not absorb you to the extent that the other suffers.

"It is not easy to learn selflessness! Though this will probably sound shocking, I don’t believe immediate maternal and homemaking instincts come as easily to the professional woman as they do to the girl who has spent her youth in readiness for them. At first, you worry that the actress-woman may be depriving the home-woman’s world of the care and attention it should have. And then the pendulum swings, and there are moments when you wonder if your career is not suffering because of the newer, more real values that have come to mean so much in your life.

"Shall I continue to be frank and say what I really think? Well, then I do not believe that professional women, particularly actresses, are natural home-makers. It is so easy, before marriage, to leave everything to the care of servants. The Hollywood bachelor girl seldom entertains, and little is expected of her as a hostess. But marriage changes everything.

"Of course, the only thing that brings about complete readjustment is—time! By the system of trial and error, you learn just exactly how much domestic detail you can assume without upsetting household efficiency by going violently domestic between pictures, and then letting things go along when you go back to work again. The only solution I’ve found to this problem is to schedule my day and not deviate from that plan no matter whether it be working or free. In other words, I have tried to make a working-day and a vacation-day just exactly the same as far as my household is concerned, so that the routine doesn’t suffer when I’m busy, and the efficiency isn’t clogged by too much attention when I’m free. That is the only system that could possibly work in a household in which there are children.

"Suppose, when I had two or three weeks between pictures, I had to cut the careful routines of Melinda’s nurse and Ditty’s governess by changing their hours so they could be with me just because I happened to be all day to leave them off to some children’s matinée, or to the circus, or on some shopping spree. Every once in a while, as a very special sort of treat, we do go off on a day of ‘hookey’ jaunts. It’s so much fun to do that sort of thing with one’s children. But for the general routine of this domestic paragon for a similar length of time when she is working. It makes it difficult in disciplining the children; for more children are allowed to wander in their toes that they’ll hold ‘Mama’ up as a higher court of authority if you give them the slightest loophole.

"It would be absurd to say I have certain set hours I spend with the children. To the contrary, there is a great deal of freedom in our household. And Melinda usually wander into my bedroom in the mornings while I’m having my tray, or putting on my studio make-up, and we usually get the exciting things of the day before hashed out then. If there is something special coming up that I should hear about, Ditty and I will make a telephone date and I’ll call her from the studio when she gets home at three-thirty. She goes to public school, you know. Oh, yes, I tried private schools first because there seems to be some sort of a law about a movie star’s children attending ‘select’ schools. But she didn’t seem to be making the progress I wanted, so we switched to a public school right here in Beverly Hills and now she’s ‘third best in her class,’ in her own words. She is really so much happier. I’m so glad I just said no and insisted on keeping her in one of those more select little ‘cultural backgrounds.’"

"I asked, "Joan, do your children ever seem to realize that you have less time to spend with them than the average mother?"

"They’ve never made me feel that they do," she answered thoughtfully. "Of course, Melinda is still such a baby, such a little creature of habit, it probably hasn’t made any difference in her infant life. And Ditty..."
is seemingly quite nonchalant about my career. The only thing she ever mentioned about it was once when we were between governesses for her, (you see, there is such a great difference in their ages I must have a nurse for Melinda and a governess for Ditty), she said: 'Do we have to get somebody else to look after me? Couldn't you sort of button me up in the morning, and that's really all I need?' I assured her that she really needed quite a bit more attention than this and she finally agreed. Another time, when I asked her if she missed me when I was working, she said: 'Of course I do; but then I hardly have much time myself staying in school so late in the afternoon and then my music lesson right after.' Joan laughed, 'At least the children of professional people learn self-confidence and independence early in life and these two, sterling virtues certainly can't hurt them.'

'A moment ago you spoke of a routine you seldom deviate from in your household, Joan,' I suggested. 'Does it have to do with planning menus and the actual management of your household, or is it merely a schedule of hours for prompt meals and so on?'

'It is actually a plan,' she replied. 'We are a pretty large household, counting all noms, and considerable management is required. Not figuring the four of us of the immediate family, my household consists of my secretary, Ditty's governness, Melinda's nurse, my personal maid, the cook, a parlor maid which I prefer to a butler, and the chauffeur. Naturally, the meals for our minor hotel are quite a problem. There are at least three sets of breakfasts served, first Melinda's, an hour later, Ditty's, still later Gene's, and then my tray. At night, it is almost the same thing, with the children eating earlier than we do. Naturally, the nurse and the governness are the authorities on the children's meals. But I insist on planning the other menus, and making all arrangements, at least by proxy, for the entertaining we do.

'Let me run through a typical studio working day for me as it affects my home:

'I arise promptly at seven in the morning. By seven-thirty I have had my shower and the morning paper has come along with orange juice, toast, and coffee on my tray. After this is over, and it doesn't take long, I make out a list of memos for Dorothy, my secretary. These usually consist of flowers to be ordered and arranged, a note to my dressmaker concerning a few items and such, or a call to Maginn's to send out the hat I tried on the day before. That sort of thing. Then the children come in while I make-up. By eight, I am usually down-stairs to join Gene who is indulging in a much healthier breakfast. Sometimes Gene swears he doesn't see me for days at a time when I'm working—but he's a fibber, even if he does occasionally hail my entrance with something like: 'Well! If it isn't the popular Miss Bennett! Fancy, seeing you here.' And then follows the usual pow-wow about '... what's on for tonight?'

'Oh yes! after you pass the bride-and-groom stage it's the same thing in Hollywood as it is in Paduca: that business of squeezing out of that date with the bridge-playing Joneses or getting together on a show that one or the other of you hasn't seen. Or else we agree that, should one of us be tired that evening, the other will pinch-hit for 'The Markies' at somebody or other's party. Of course we've accepted invitations without one another! Wouldn't it be silly for Gene to sit at home just because I happen to be tired and wanted to go to bed early, or for me to curl up on the divan and sleep while he works late on a script? We don't consider it 'modern' for one of us to be out on his own for a couple of hours in the evening. It's merely sensible.

'But to get back to this typical day of mine: during the drive to the studio, I fill out a little book we call The Kitchen Diary. It is just like a date book: with each day listed as to breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and spaces in which you may fill your guest list and what you plan to serve. It is really a gorgeous idea because if you want to look back over it, you can find the exact menu you served the same guests the last time they dined with you—in that way, avoiding repetition even if you had planned the same thing again. The Kitchen Diary is then sent back with the chauffeur and cook begins the marketing immediately. We've worked out a schedule of three marketing days a week and on those particular days, all vegetables and staples are ordered. The only thing left to order at the last minute, then, is the entree or some special dessert.'

'I leave the studio promptly at six o'clock; that's something new in my contract, by the way. For years, I went along working until all hours, missing seeing the children and frequently missing Gene when he had an early preview. But no more of that, thank you. Ever since I signed my last contract, a certain clause has stipulated that my day's work is finished at a certain hour—and that hour happens to be six. It isn't fair, otherwise. It isn't fair to your husband, your children, or to your staff. So, off little Joan goes at six—and I mean promptly! If we're having guests, I make a hurried tour of the living-room taking a look at the flower arrangements; then I make sure that the cigarette boxes are filled and that the hors d'oeuvres and cocktails are about ready to serve. With these things in order, I've found that a slightly tardy hostess may be excused if she is a moment or two late in dressing. And then dinner promptly at seven-thirty with either the newest picture, a play, or an hour or two of dancing. I insist on being in bed by eleven if I am working. If I'm not, I don't care much what the late hour is.'

'I asked: 'Joan, do you think your career has been a help or a handicap in your marriage? I mean: is your husband intrigued or annoyed by your having such a busy life of your own?''

'She smiled quizically: 'It's hardly fair to make up Markey's mind for him, is it? But if you really insist, I suppose the answer is: a little of both—but even, because, Gene is the most understanding and generous person in the world. He knows studio life. He is confronted with the same demands it makes on me. So, naturally, he understands a great deal easier than a man in some other walk of life would; I think the only thing that seriously annoys Gene is that in all the years we've been married, we've never been able to plan a vacation together. Oh, we've been close to it; but just as we get as far as the reservations, he is assigned to start a new screen story or I am rushed into a new production. This is disappointing. There are so many places...'}
The Bravest Actor in Hollywood
Continued from page 63

Joe Cook brings his comedy to a new film, with June Martel, a recent discovery, singing prettily.

"I know that as a woman and as an individual I am much happier, because I have so much to make my life complete. I've worked too long and too hard for what I've achieved ever to be content to devote myself solely to the management of a home; for the details that are so much pleasure to me now—that bring such a richness and fullness to my life—would become routine, if they were all I had to think of. I suppose I'll always have the love of acting in my blood. I come of a theatrical family. I was raised in the greasepaint and excitement of acting. I know I shall respond to it as long as I live. Gene understands that."

"He works around in a perfect circle, really. Now, being so happy with Gene, Ditty, and Melinda, I know that my work and career would never completely fill my life."

"I'd rather be an actress-wife-and-mother than anything in the world—and I got my wish!"

The original screenplays that have been made into pictures.

—The outstanding quality of this made in his bravery, his courage, his intuitive fortitude. He is a man who does not know there is such a word as "dealt." The story of his experiences reads like fiction, and it is stranger.

While just a youth he decided that life on his father's ranch in Oklahoma was not exciting enough, so he joined the army, hoping to see some of the world. He was shipped to the island of Mindinao in the Philippines. There he became a "top sergeant" and was planning to spend the remainder of his life in the army until he was sent one day with a detachment into the interior in search of a band of Moro larcenists, or troopers. One of the Moro bushwhackers shot him in the left thigh and Buck was taken back to camp on a stretcher. Infection set in, and after weeks in the hospital the leg healed and still he could not use it. Army surgeons puzzled over him for months and finally decided he was not fit for duty. They sent him home and the future looked tough for this lad who had set forth so cheerfully to see the world and carve a niche for himself.

Back to the ranch went Buck and there he decided he was going to flog the whole United States Army. He swung that leg back and forth daily by the hour. He "willed" that it should become sound again, and b'Gosh if it didn't! Just as President Franklin D. Roosevelt overcame the terrible affliction of infantile paralysis, this farm boy overcame his disability, by sheer will power and grit. And all in this one place before he was quite twenty years of age!

Sound of limb again, Buck looked for more adventure, and in 1914 joined the famous Miller 101 Ranch Wild West show as a bronc rider and trick roper. This lad who shortly before was never expected to walk again went to the center ring of the circus when it opened in Madison Square Garden in the spring of 1914, thrilling thousands with his riding and roping. It was there he met Odelle Osborne, a rider, and fell in love with her. The next season they both joined the Julia Allen Wild West Show and Buck and Odelle were married one day in the middle of the big circus arena while practically all the town of Lima, Ohio, looked on.

Buck felt he should settle down now that he was married, so he quit the show business and went to work in a garage. The circus was in their blood, however, and in 1916, they were back with Golmer Brothers Wild West Show. But Buck quit his good job because the horses were mistreated. He took his wife out of the show and the two were left without a job and with but little money. But that is Buck Jones—no man could abuse an animal and expect him to work for him! So Buck went back to the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma and took a job as a plain cowhand. The big money of the circus meant nothing when an animal's feelings were concerned.

In 1917 he and his wife wrote Ringling asking for a job. They went to Chicago, rented a room and waited for the arrival of the circus. They were down to their last ten-dollar bill. Then Mrs. Jones came in and blushingly admitted she had spent all of it to buy a Boston bull pup. Buck gave her a sickly smile, patted her on the back and turning to the clothes closet took out his fancy "chaps."

"Where are you going with those?" she asked.

"Well, the poor mutt has to have something to eat, doesn't he?" was the reply. And Buck pawned his chaps and bought meat for the pup.

"Incidentally," says Buck, "we sort of chiselled on the poor dog a bit, for we used some of his meat to make ourselves a stew."

Then the circus arrived and Buck and his wife got a job. But when the show reached Bakersfield, California, Mrs. Jones whispered in Buck's ear that the Jones family was to become three instead of two. Without a moment's hesitation, Buck quit the show, took his savings, and headed for Hollywood. He rented a house on Sunset Boulevard for only $12.50 a month, told his wife not to worry, and then started looking for work. He heard that cowboys were making as much as $5.00 a day in films, but he couldn't seem to get inside the studio gates. Funds getting low, a doctor and hospital bill in the offing, and baby clothes had to be bought! Buck was down to just $12.60 a month's rent. He was wondering whether to pay the rent and trust to luck for food, or to duck the landlord and eat. Daily he haunted the studios, but not a riding job could he get. And then came the landlord. Buck paid him six dollars on the rent and promised the balance in a few days. That day he landed a job and is a sheep herder in a film at $3.00 a day.

"I worked six days—got thirty dollars," says Buck. "And our depression was over. We sang again in our little house. You don't know how big thirty dollars looked to us.

That was the turning point for Buck. He soon got riding jobs, and suddenly secured a job at $100.00 per week, and there were no more worries in the Jones household.

Jones was ambitious, however. In 1927 he made a picture under independent production, with his wife. Things were looking up. They invested the money in a farm near Milford, Conn., and if Buck was not a farmer he had learned a little about it. They went there, happily married, and the farm was prospering. Then came the depression in 1929. Buck sold the farm, got a job in a bottling plant, and went back to Hollywood and to work as an actor again. He joined Columbia Pictures as a western star, and paid back every cent of the debts that had accumulated during his circus fiasco.

"Now, honey, I guess maybe we'd better buy ourselves a new car," he said to his wife the night he mailed out the last check paying up his circus debts.

Instead of more circuses, Buck bought three acres in San Fernando Valley and built himself a home. And there he lives today with the same charming wife he married beneath the circus tent on August 11, 1913, with his lovely daughter who was the innocent cause of taking her father and mother out of "the big tent" and putting him in pictures, playing to the old cowboy horse, "Silver," which Buck considers as much a member of the family as his wife or daughter.

He has three automobiles and a sailboat. And he has his famous "Buck Jones Ranger Band," an 80-piece organization of boys he has outfitted himself. He is starring in adventure pictures for Universal, and he is happy. But not many men could have overcome the difficulties that stood in the pathway of this chap who is not only a "he-man" in films, but also in real life.
tion. All her new shoes are in deep brown, navy blue, or pale grey; and she is also having a pair of ankle boots in scarlet calf-skin with scolloped heels four inches high! These are to wear with her winter walking costume of scarlet broadcloth and silver fox.

The Dietrich's new gowns are appropriately exotic and include a peacock-green tunic model with an orange scarf. (Odd she chose that color because she screamed at the sight of the studio peacock promenading the Denham lawns and declared the bird was unpretty to her!) Then she has a pale green lamé dress striped with darker green and gold with short sleeves fashioned to that square-shouldered line you'll notice she always affects. And one night she'll be the sensation of some Hollywood party in a tight-fitting gown of shiny black satin patterned with vivid scarlet flowers and slit in the front to flash the scarlet lining as she walks.

Incidentally when Marlene was being fitted for this, her lunch-tray arrived, and the star is always regular to meals. So down she sat, attired in slippers, frilly pink step-ins, the top part of her gown all marked with pins and an enormous hat she'd forgotten to take off! For ten minutes she sat rapidly; then she rose and commanded the weekly-waiting dressmakers to continue their work.

Meditating upon the efficiency with which Marlene manages this business of her glamour, I left her and went on to hear the rest of the studio news. Charles Laughton has gone to Italy for a fortnight, wandering round the ancient classic ruins, studying in the museums and generally absorbing atmosphere for his coming portrayal of the Roman Emperor in "I, Claudius." That's typical of Charles, who always has to be a character rather than merely act him.

Ann Harding drives herself to work in a modest two-seater and has adopted a new English perfume called "New Moon Hay." Throat trouble kept her off the set for several days recently, but now she's found a gargle that effectively counteracts our win-try ills. Charles Farrell is daily to be seen in the studio gymnasium playing tennis without a ball, going through the movements and running about as though on a court. It's his individual way of getting in his daily quota of physical exercise when working.

Presently I tore myself away from Den-ham and drove for a few miles along the country lanes, past a sleepy little old village and up to grassy Iver Heath beyond which now stand our latest and largest studios, palatial Pinewood. They have been built in beautiful gardens round an eighteenth-century mansion, once the home of the Rothschilds, now the residential club of the stars.

First tenant to house a production in one of the stages is Herbert Wilcox, who's making "London Melody" which paints both sides of our metropolitan scene in dramatic contrasts. Golden-haired Anna Neagle is the heroine, a Soho waif called Jacquetta who becomes a successful dancer after training for which an eccentric millionairess Muriel has paid as the result of a sudden whim. He is Tullio Carminati, once more sophisticated and debonair, but spending his leisure evenings at home with his books nowadays. He seems to prefer serious reading to all the social delights London would only be too pleased to offer him.

Ricardo Cortez is playing at Pinewood too in "A Man with Your Voice," which tells how an actor's gift for impersonations is used without his knowledge for criminal purposes. Ricardo is a keen joy to our Mayfair hostesses for he can always be relied upon to appear at the right place wearing the right clothes and to say precisely the right things! He dances tirelessly both at restaurants and private parties, takes an interest in ice-hockey and greyhound-racing, and can generally be seen enjoying a dish of pilaff at suppertime. (That's really a Turkish meal, with its rice and raisins and diced onions and veal and lots of spices all fried together into an appetizing curry. Very fattening, but Ricardo doesn't seem to be affected.)

His leading lady is Sally Eilers, returning to British pictures once again; while another star just arrived at Pinewood from California is H. B. Warner. He is to act in "The Navy Eternal" as a consul in a South American seaport who finds himself with his daughter in the storm center of a revolt and is rescued by the timely inter-vention of British warships. He doesn't seem to have changed one iota since he was here four years ago playing in "Sorrell and Son," earliest of our talkies. Richard Crom-well and Noah Beery are in the navy film, too.

I met an interesting fellow-visitor at Pinewood, none other than Edward H. Griffith, over from Hollywood for a brief holiday after directing Miss Sadie Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon in "Ladies in Love." He grinned when we asked him just what he felt like.

"Rather like being a ringmaster in a circus," he said. "Impossible to relax your attention for a second.

He must have felt quite at home when he later looked in at the Gaumont-British lot, for there they are producing "King Solomon's Mines" which also has four stars, but masculine one. It's a romantic story of exploration in unknown Africa with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a bushy beard as Captain Albertine and Roland Young as his assistant and Paul Robeson as a Zulu king wearing astonishing jungle garments like a leopard-skin costume with a huge flowing cape made from thousands of emu feathers. Then there's John Loder as a scientist in love with Albertine's daughter, blonde Anna Lee. She has just one outfit, ancient flannel trousers and the most tattered cotton shirt the studio wardrobe could devise.

London Lowdown
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Thick Man and Wife

Continued from page 21

Heretofore, pictures had always worked up to a marriage in the seventh reel. Or else it the couple were married to begin with, they had to have a couple of indiscretions and renunciations before they could share in the last close-up. But here, believe it or not, were a married couple who seemed perfectly content with each other, and who lost none of their romance and glamour in being so. Every wife in America suddenly decided that she too could be Nora, (not Nora of Ibsen’s “Doll House,” don’t try to put your Vassar airs on around us), and every bachelor who had been sort of smug in his single blessedness, suddenly decided that he must find Nora and marry her at once. Thousands of young men, trained not to accept a substitute, sent direct proposals of marriage to Myrna Loy, who in their minds had become hopelessly confused with Nora Charles. Then when they realized that they couldn’t marry her themselves they insisted that she marry William Powell. For months and months after the release of The Thin Man the greater part of Myrna’s fan mail consisted of letters suggesting, even demanding, that Myrna marry Bill. Such an ideal couple on the screen should make an equally ideal couple off, or so they reckoned. But they reckoned without Jean Harlow and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who had a few things to say on that subject.

And “The Thin Man” accomplished something else in Hollywood that has never been accomplished before—a state of permanency. Nothing is permanent in this mad town where you can’t even count on the earth beneath your feet because every so often it rises right up and slaps you in the face—that is, nothing was permanent until Myrna’s and Bill’s screen romance was established; and that, my dears, has lasted through fire and flood and earthquakes and taxes. Myrna has been married to Bill in five pictures, six if you wish to include “Lived Lady,” though they didn’t get married in that till the last reel and even then thanks to Miss Harlow it was all a little doubtful. Their last picture is, prays be, the long-awaited sequel to “The Thin Man” called “After The Thin Man,” with Myrna and Bill again playing the utterly fascinating Nick and Nora Charles.

Although in actual time it has been two years since “The Thin Man” the sequel pretends that it has only been three days, and the picture starts with Nick and Nora arriving in San Francisco after that hectic trip to New York where Nick solved a sensational murder mystery. (I bet very few of you remember what the mystery was, but you haven’t forgotten Myrna’s hangover scene with the ice-bag on her head, or Christmas morning with Bill and his pug-gym.) They are on their way to visit Myrna’s rich and aristocratic family who dwell on Nob Hill and who consider the man she married nothing more than a vulgar Barfoot. Of course there is another murder for Bill to solve, though he swears to the reporters that he has retired from sleuthing in order to devote all his time to looking after his wife’s money, and when that is finished again the rollicking Charleses grab a train.

“It’s all arranged,” said Myrna, “so that if the public continues to like us Bill and I can keep on being Mr. and Mrs. Charles and getting in and out of murder scrapes until we celebrate our tenth Golden Wedding and have to be rolled along in wheel chairs when we take Asta for his walk.” (By the way, Asto, who in real life is named Skippy, evidently read his notices after the last picture for he insists upon a much bigger part this time and is up-staging Miss Loy and Mr. Powell every chance he gets. The famous lamp-post scene is duplicated in this picture, though I hear that the Hays office has ordered it taken out which will be a pity as it certainly didn’t hurt anyone’s morals before.)

So it seems it all depends on you fans, whether or not Myrna’s screen marriage remains the permanent institution it has become these last two years. As long as you are faithful Myrna and Bill can enjoy their marriage, which is certainly a new angle. And enjoy it they do. Many times I have been asked in my ramblings around the world, (I often get as far as Merle Oberon’s beach house at Santa Monica), if Myrna and Bill are as gay and charming together on the set as they are on the screen; and as far as I can judge in my own home when they are working, I think I can safely say that they are even more gay and charming, and decidedly more screwy. When Myrna occasionally wanders off and becomes Mr. Gable’s or Mr. Baxter’s wife, or Mr. Tracy’s girl friend, she is the very model of decorum. She sits sort of aloof like in a far corner of the stage, and occasionally says, “Hi, Nicky,” or “Takes.” Myrna is really a very shy and reserved young lady. When she was making "Hide-Out" with Spencer Tracy poor Spencer had to provide, as Myrna wouldn’t talk to him on the set, he thought he had b.o. or something, until someone explained to him that Myrna wasn’t the most cordial person in the world and gave all her leading men the aloof business—that is, all except Bill Powell. But when Myrna’s way Bill in a picture she relaxes completely; gone with the wind is all that reserve and dignity; and she thinks up gags and ribs and pranks to play on Mr. Powell. Last week I learned that if of a Harlow or a Lombard, "I suppose it’s because I’ve been married to him so many times," Myrna explains it with a giggle, "when I’m working with him I feel I have sort of that going home feeling." I think it rather remarkable that two people can grow and love for pictures so ideally and expect it to retain its value. I have no feeling for each other whatsoever. As you well know, despite all efforts of the studio she didn’t marry Bill Powell, but instead married Arthur Hornblow, Jr. last summer and is blissfully happy. And the saucy and witty Mr. Powell is still the constant friend of Mr. Hornblow and many are the best of friends, and so are Bill and Arthur. You can’t make anything out of that. Bill of course constantly refers to Mr. Hornblow as “Mr. Tootie,”—what’s his name—Hornooter?” And when I asked Bill why he considered Myrna the ideal screen wife he said with a decided wink in Miss Loy’s direction, “because she goes home at five o’clock.”

Director Van Dyke, who is directing the “Thin Man” series, had this to say of his two stars. “They play their parts as smoothly as the Flying Codonas. They are entirely unselfish. Neither of them ever tries in any way to steal a scene from the other, or for that matter from anyone else in the cast. They are far more interested in the success of the picture as a whole than in their individual performances, which makes them rather unique as actors go.”

And the studio people will tell you that they are the two stars in Hollywood who get along perfectly and have no temper. Which is more than can be said of some of the other famous teams, such as Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. So when all is said and done there is little wonder that they make such gay pictures together.

When I first heard that Myrna Loy was going in for gags I simply couldn’t believe it—yet that shy, dignified Miss Loy, evidently the debonair Mr. Powell brings out the peaked cap in his women, for Lon—
b Ward after a marriage with him became as mad as a March hare, Gracie Allen, and Harpo Marx combined. When they started "going together" Jean Harlow became de- cidedly prankish. And now Myrna is ca- vorting. The other night Myrna and Bill were asked to add their footsteps to those of thirty-two others in the forefront of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre—which is a great honor, and which means of course that Myrna and Bill have achieved success together and will go down to posterity as the perfect screen couple. Well, it's a very serious occasion you can be sure. The wet cement was ready, and so were the photographers and the fans and Mr. Grau- man, when Miss Loy and Mr. Powell ar- rived wearing shoes big enough for an elephant and were all for clumping down on the wet cement, until poor Mr. Grauman on the verge of tears warned, "Oh, Bill, oh Myrna, don't do this to me. This is a serious proposition," Myrna and Bill were having a dandy time playing Nora and Nick Chance—but when he showed how much it meant to Mr. Grauman, (him- self the King of the practical Jokers), they kicked off their seven-league boots and became as serious as they could, which wasn't very. So now they've been immortalized in cement.

Ever since the time when Myrna slipped him a rubber pan cake, (and nearly bashed his teeth out), in the delightful flapjack scene in "Liede Lady," Bill has been looking forward to an opportunity of getting even with Myrna. And the chance came while he and Myrna were on location in San Francisco for "After the Thin Man." (Jean Harlow was away, too, just for the ride.) One of Myrna's rich fans had sent her two dozen beautiful and immense yellow chrysanthemums, and while Myrna was bathing, her maid had put them in the hotel sitting-room in a large vase. It had been arranged that they were to have come in Myrna's and Bill's odd and mutual sitting room before going out to dinner, and along with the caviar arrived Mr. Powell. With no one watching him he picked up Myrna's and Bill's vase, and with artistic skill made dark centers in all the chrys- anthemums—sort of glorified black-eyed susans. Well, you should have heard Myrna and Jean exclaiming when they entered the room. "I've never seen such beautiful and exotic flowers in all my life," gazed Myrna. "Yes, aren't they?" agreed Bill, "and they have quite a delightful fragrance about them, too." Of course the normal thing for Myrna to do after that, being feminine to the core, was to stick her cute little turned-up nose right in the center of a large chrysanthemum and inhale, and that's exactly what she did. And did you ever try to inhale caviar?

Well, Miss Loy bided her time until the company returned from San Francisco and the first thing she said was: "Mr. Powell arrived that evening for a few night scenes he found that his dressing- room had been set up in the tomb of the Caujakeet, Bill doesn't like graveyards, even.

Perhaps the most outstanding in one line of walk is Mae West. Her walk is a flipp- ing walk. From right to left, the screen Moy WR, flops along, as if earth had meant only complete relaxation, or collapsing.

Yet in West is clever. Even as a pseudo- Salvation girl she changed her gait for the normal and rid herself momentarily of her jumping walk. But it reappeared as soon as she set her foot on the gangplank of the MacClagen's ship, remember.

One of the most outstanding actresses—and I mean what I say—is Isabel Jewell. She is a real actress because she can alter her walk, and her talk, to fit the character she plays. The passion she can put into her voice is most telling, if a scene needs a denunciation speech. In real life, Isabel is lively and jolly. From hardboiled girls, recall the splendid bit she did in "The Tale of Two Cities." As the frightened little seamstress going to the guillotine, she was a marvel of revelation in walking and voice.

Lee Tracy is fearful. Lee walks as if he were going to leap out at him as he moves along. Like Fred Astaire, there is a nervous trait in...
Babies and Earthquakes

Continued from page 27

"Then you learned about babies before coming to Hollywood?"

"Long before—at any rate, about children. You see," explained Miss Allan, "at sixteen I was a kindergarten teacher. That was at my home in Skegness, a small place on the east coast of England. And it was from those children I learned about acting. I mean I got the idea, put it into my head. It's said, you know, that all actors are children, but I think it would be truer to say that all good actors are children. Those in the kindergarten certainly acted instinctively, and after teaching them elocution for three or four months I discovered I'd never know as much as they did."

"That's very dangerous," I said. "You might decide to go professionally, and then you'd be stuck with no acting experience." But Miss Allan looked unalarmed. "I'd never have the nerve," she said, "to say that children never act instinctively. When it comes to these things American girls make a better job of it. Girls on the street here take much more trouble with themselves. Stern than I'd died and waitresses will spend two dollars a week on their looks, where in England girls spend a little amount on holidays, bicycling into the country and that sort of thing. In America it all comes down to film stars. Clever copies of their dresses may be bought in the shops for ten or twenty dollars. But English shops don't study the dresses of film stars. British screen actresses are not so well-dressed as Hollywood stars, and for no more reason do they try to stir the imagination, or at any rate excite the imitation, of English girls. Nor is there the same keen interest in the on-screen generally. Our girls are not quite sure what it's all about."

"How did you feel about it?"

"I was just excited about coming to Hollywood," she gloomed, "and interested in seeing what to do—have my hair dyed, my teeth out, or my face lifted. From what I heard it was all preposterously made over. But I was disappointed in that, for they took me just as I was. However, I do take more pains with my personal appearance here than I'd died and waitresses. But not off the screen. I can't be bothered. I'm a very easy-going person."

"A very genuine person," I should say. She's so real you'd never take her for an actress, not to mention the very good actress she is.""

"And a film star," she added, "Hollywood has given me the build-up I needed and broadened my outlook."

"But meant nothing eventful?"

"Well, it has," she replied. "The most terrific eventful experience I've ever known. It came with my first visit, when I'd been here only three weeks—the earthquake. I was working with Lionel Barrymore in 'Looking Forward' when it struck. Far from looking forward to anything, I believed it to be the end of the world. It wasn't fright that seized me, but something a thousand times worse, a vast, overwhelming sense of utter destruction. It seemed to paralyze me. Then I noticed a little child who had been playing about the stage and was tumbled over by the first shock. As I snatched her up, she gazed at me with a huge, swayed building and smilingly lipsed, 'Rockabye.'"

Miss Allan passed her hand over her eyes, then reflected: "Children have always figured in my life, from singing to acting. They have an unerring instinct for dramatizing everything, including themselves. From the age of six in the schoolyard at recess time without stop to watch them at play. Unconsciously they turn their games into drama, acting as much as they are acted. Somewhere I feel that whatever I have done in the way of acting I owe to children. So I don't mind having babies. But I don't want to have any more earthquakes!"
Get at that Faulty Under Skin

And here’s the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous...

HORRID skin faults are usually underskin faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands underneath are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin crinkling, because your underskin is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond’s deep-skin treatment.

Pond’s Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin feels fresher—looks brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond’s Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—and all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond’s Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond’s patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond’s Beauty Aids

POND S. Dept. 78-C, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 8 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 1 different shade of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City

State

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Loyal Lady
Continued from page 51

Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell, who gained stardom in the same film, "Broadway Melody of 1936."

SAY MARGE—WHAT'S

— A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES" —

I almost fell over when Dick turned up at the dance with Louise instead of you, Marge, have you who had a bust-up?

Of course not, silly! Dick doesn't have to ask me to everything, does he?

Remember now—you've got to eat these yeast cakes every day. They're grand pimple chasers. I know I've tried them.

Oh Trudy—do you really mean it? I've been so miserable going around looking like this...

Later. Trudy—it's Marge listen darling—Dick's asked me to the dance next week—uh—huh—just like you said he would—isn't it wonderful?

I told you those yeast things would fix things up.
decided to cut down a bit. It's the old, old temptation—when big money starts rolling in, to try and operate on less. Eleanor lost no time in telling Mr. Rose what she thought about it. "You can't fire this fellow. You can't. That's all; it's impossible! Don't you know he needs the job? He has a wife and five children, and he has to have it, and besides you don't know how much he does for all of us around here! Why, we couldn't get along without him. Fire somebody else if you have to, somebody who doesn't have to have the job. Somebody who can take his time getting another, without having to worry about five children to feed. But don't fire Lucahoff, do you hear me?"

It was impossible not to. When Eleanor gets excited about something, which is about half the time, she doesn't exactly speak in whispers! The Greek doorman kept his job.

Then there is the story of Holly and Fred, who work in the mail department at M-G-M. Ever since Eleanor first appeared on the lot, over a year ago, they have been her slaves. They used to stand around, gooey-eyed and ga-ga, and beg her to go to a dance with them. Eleanor has never been able to do that—that is one thing for which she hasn't found time—but the fact that they would feel free to ask her gives evidence of the friendly relationship between them, so different from that which usually exists, if at all, between star and "under-dogs" on the lot. Recently Holly came to her and asked a favor. He was getting two weeks' vacation, but rather than idle away his vacation he was anxious to get some thing to do during that time so he might have some for "something special." Could Eleanor suggest anything? "Sure," said Eleanor. "Come on with me and I'll introduce you to Dave Gould, the dance director on my picture. You can dance in the men's chorus."

"But I can't dance," said Holly.

"Won't matter," said Eleanor. "I'll tell him to put you in the back. You'll still get the same money, seven-fifty, or is it ten dollars a day?

"Gee-ee!" gasped Holly. "I've always said you were the sweetest dame on the lot!"

To Dave Gould she said, "This boy has to have a job for special reasons." He got it.

Part of the "special reasons" were soon made clear when Holly received his first day's check and spent most of it on flowers for Eleanor.

And so it goes. And this is why there are so many people in the world who mean it when they say "I'd do anything in the world for Eleanor Powell." How she has time or vitality for all these extra-career

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

BOB—THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! OPEN—DON'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY, MARGE. YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS.

BUT, TRUDY—HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS—AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES.

MARGE—I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT—LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED—COME ON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!
Here's something for the girl who "has everything"—a gift to give herself. Beautiful eyes! All wrapped up in a package (the ingredients are). Or you can purchase them singly. Don't wait for someone to give them to you—prove yourself gifted by getting them immediately . . . and see how many eligible young Santas want to put you on their Christmas tree! First, there's KURASLISH! Slip your lashes into it today. Like magic, they curl back in a fascinating curve. How much bigger and brighter your eyes look now that they have dark, fringed frames! KURASLISH accomplishes this transformation in only 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. $1 at all good stores.

Laughing Irishman

Continued from page 26
dark cousin was hired as an expert on family history. He proved the better bargain of the two. When I saw myself, I wondered why Fletcher didn't rise from the tomb and swat me one.

"Which didn't prevent me from harboring designs on the stage. I went to England and told them haughtily that I'd been in an Australian picture, counting for my impression on the fact that they hadn't seen it. They even paid me interest and asked: 'Where's Australia?'

"Well, I can see a horse when it hits me in the eye, and Australia vanished from my ken. Finally I struck a director who gave me a job playing butlers at six pounds a week. The second week he cut it down to three. But by dint of hard labor and a humble spirit, painfully acquired, I worked up from butlers through chauffeurs to family friends with a ready ear, but mostly a silent tongue."

And thence to leads in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, England's best—where my Othello," he explained with relish, "was distinguished as the worst that ever disgraced the boards." Asked why England's best repertory theatre should in that case have hung on to him as it did, he replied blandly: "Leading men are hard to get."

Irving Asher, Warners' agent in England, saw him in "Moon and the Yellow River."

"Want to go to America?" he asked.

"Sure," Flynn says he said, though it sounds more like something he picked up here.

"Want to sign a contract?" asked Asher.

"Sure," said Flynn.

"Like the idea of the movies, don't you?"

"No," said Flynn. "I like the idea of seeing America at your employers' expense."

"Your employers," Asher amended, handing him a pen.

Hollywood seemed to him an odd place—a place where they paid you a respectable wage for not working. "They rushed me around to the publicity boys, who took my pedigree and my picture." (Incidentally, the publicity boys, listening spellbound to his tales of adventure in the East, stared unbelievingly at each other and whispered: "Someone's out what Santa Claus brought here was one movie actor, whose true color biography shimmered with such rainbow hues as they would never have dared invent.) "I made it last," said Flynn, "as long as I could, lest someone should get on to the fact that I wasn't earning my salary. I was rather jumpy at first when I turned corners, expiring at any turn to be confronted by a mysterious power known as Jack Warner. Then there was an imaginary conversation that ran something like this."

"Mr. Warner: 'Aha, you're just the man I've been looking for, Errol Flynn. What do you mean by taking my money and giving me nothing in return?'

"Mr. Flynn: 'I don't mean anything, sir.'"

"Mr. Warner: 'That's what I thought. Whoosh!'" He sketched a neat nose round his throat. Exit Errol Flynn, late of the movies.

"What actually happened was quite different. Lili took me to a party at Dolores Del Rio's, 'There's Jack Warner,' somebody says. I thought I might as well face it and have it over with. We were introduced. 'How do you do?' said Warner. 'How do you do?' I quavered. And that seemed to be all—which was more than I could bear. Suddenly I decided I'd had that sword hanging over me long enough."

"Don't you know me?" I asked.

"No,' he said. 'Who are you?"

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![Image: Ribbons and bows, a picture of a woman with a hat, and text about the joys of going to college.]

**And I thought college would be fun!**

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**Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth.**

Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dirty teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

---

**Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream**

- **20¢ Large Size**
- **Giant Size, twice as much, 35¢**
"Listen," I said, 'I work for you. I came over from England to work for you. I've been getting a salary from you for five months, and you told me that if I didn't know my mind I'd be sent to you. I am. I was feeling pretty plaintive by that time.

"So he rested my shoulder. 'Don't cry, Mr. Flynn,' he said. 'If you're any good, I'll soon know who you are. If not—

So we left it at that.

At one point only did the flicker of fun fade completely from Flynn's eyes. That was when I asked him, quailing, whether there was any truth in the rumor that he and Lili Damita were planning to divorce. His mouth set in a straight line, he regarded me as one might regard an object that isn't there. 'That's all nonsense,' he said very clearly and with a hint of savagery. And there the matter dropped.

He went on to pleasanter things—to the fishing trip from which he and Lili had recently returned. They hitched their trailer to their car, and traveled to northern California to fish for salmon.

'The only trouble with that was that when Lili retired to the trailer for a nap, she got seasick. I'd rigged up a connecting wire from the trailer to the car, and tied a flashlight to the car end. The idea was that if she wanted something, she could pull her end and the flashlight would wink at me. So when she found herself getting seasick, she pulled in some uncertain terms, and the flashlight, instead of winking, got indignant and hit me a terrific whack on the back of the head.' He rubbed the spot ruefully, as if he could still feel it. 'That made three indignant parties—the flashlight with Lili, me with the flashlight, and Lili—well, she wasn't really indignant—just terribly hurt with the trailer for making her seasick.

'She took to camp life like a veteran. In fact, she and I might have been the major defeat at the hands of the affair I say fins—of a salmon, to our victory. Our boat was anchored in the current, and we stood there for an hour, trying to pull this hanger in. Lili got so excited, I thought she'd pop. 'Come on, fish!' she kept yelling. I wasn't quite sure whether she meant me or the salmon. I finally told her we'd better give it up.'

'Never!' cried Lili, and took her stand for all the world like the boy on the burning deck.

'Never it is,' she said her husband. 'Can you haul up anchor?'

'Poof!' said Lili. 'Why not?' So she hauled away, while Flynn hung on to the line. Then they let the current take them to shore, and captured the prize from there.

'But on our way down to San Francisco,' Flynn went on, 'we found the selection set in very strongly with Damita.'

'We will go to the Hotel St. Francis,' she announced.

'The St. Francis?' I objected mildly. 'In dungarees and a trailer?'

'The St. Francis,' she repeated, dreamily.

Hot water running in tubs, and ball scouts and big woolly towels and breakfast in bed and people opening doors for you that you're quite well able to open for yourself. I have been primitive. Now I will be grand.

So they and their trailer drew up at the St. Francis. The gentleman in dungarees emerged and the lady in dungarees. While she surveyed her surroundings with satisfaction, he repaired to the trailer and reappeared, carrying a very small suitcase. The doorman, trained to impassivity under all circumstances, tried to look impassive, but broke under the strain as the two sailed proudly past him.

' luggage,' said Flynn, creating so clearly the illusion that there must be something distinctly queer about people who arrived with luggage and minus dungarees, that the bailed doorman was left no choice but to open the door that they were quite well able to open for themselves.

Jack Warner knows now who Errol Flynn is—by the fan-mail barometer, second in popularity on the lot, shot to that eminence through a single picture. 'I want Flynn! Get me Flynn!' thundered the press after "Captain Blood" was previewed. Rumor has it that that sensation will be counted as nothing by comparison with his performance in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Flynn hasn't seen the rushes. 'I sweat too much,' he explained simply.

'I was told I ought to go to the première of "Captain Blood." They'll let you talk into a pretty little microphone. All the people will look at you as you go in. And when you come out, they'll mob you—if they like the picture. If not, they'll mob you anyway, just for the hell of it.'

'So I curled up on the sofa with a good book.'
Stars Are Strangers

Continued from page 31

were assigned to rides in the same picture.
Chester Morris is a George Arliss fan, but hasn’t met him yet. James Cagney says he would give a lot to meet his favorite actor, Buck Jones. George Raft would like to know Kay Francis better. Carole Lombard greatly admires Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and his gang, but hasn’t had opportunity to congratulate him to date. Joan Blondell doesn’t know Kay Hepburn. Jean Muir does, but hasn’t seen about a dozen of her special favorites.
Walter Connolly never has met two players he particularly likes—Lewis Stone and Myrna Loy. Dick Powell tremendously admires Maurice Chevalier but they have never met or seen each other. Fay Wray admires John Barrymore but only has a “bowing acquaintance” with him.

As a boy, Franchot Tone had one great idol, Charlie Chaplin. To look and act like his favorite, he would place his shoes on opposite feet, don a mustache, and stuff his father’s derby hat with paper to make it stay on top of his head! Equipped thus, plus cane and baggy trousers, he would answer only to the name of Charlie, and was forever re-enacting the comedian’s antics he had seen on the screen.

Not until he came to Hollywood and was attending the premiere of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” in Hollywood Bowl, did Franchot see his childhood idol in person, and there, just two boxes removed from him and Joan Crawford, sat the little comedian. So impressed was Franchot that he at once joined the throng of autograph-seekers and asked for his signature. Fortunately enough, Charlie didn’t recognize him in the dark of the Bowl, and simply said, “Sorry, but I don’t give autographs.” Later, though, the two were formally presented and now know each other very well.

There are some in Hollywood, too, who actually prefer to remain as strangers to most of their fellow-players. Cinemaland, supposedly a hail-fellow-well-met sort of place, where even casual acquaintances address each other by their given or nicknames, is really nothing of the sort.

Not all the stars encourage oral intimacy on the part of fellow workers. Many
Pioneering Again!

Continued from page 62

With the vivacious newcomers on the contract lists, it's different. In these cases, it's always the first name, and usually matters remain that way to studio employees. It is at the outset of young players' careers that nicknames are attached, and these are seldom shaken, even after they achieve stardom. That's how "Katie" was attached to Hepburn, "Coop" to Gary Cooper, "Big Boy" to Glenn Williams, "Kid" to Eleanor Powell and "Mac" to Jeanette MacDonald.

But all this is no sure sign of personality. One of the most genial and affable members of the film colony is always Sir Guy Standing. He knows most everybody and nearly everyone knows him. He's an exception, though.

On the whole, a "get-acquainted-club-for-stars" would be a nice thing for some enterprising and socially-inclined soul to start in Hollywood!
greater extent than most stars like to be, because while we hear lots of talk about the bondage of long-term contracts with one studio, you'll notice that the majority of the stars usually hang on to them as an anchor to windward—just in case there's an unfavorable reaction from a screen performance or perhaps some little private-life adventure, often calculated to be glamorous but sometimes turning out to be poison at the box-office. Under these circumstances the studio organizations with their high-powered publicity departments and powerful resources to protect a box-office name in which there is a heavy future investment come in handy.

This Irene Dunne program would be radical even for some of the gaily adventurous, light-hearted, and hell-bent-for-glamour stars in comparison with whom Irene is supposed to be so terribly conventional and conservative.

After all, you can buy plenty more of the cocktail glasses that get shattered at gloriously giddy parties; and a lot of spavined horses or broken-down Fords as gag birthday presents, and still have a lot of change left from last week's pay check if you're working at star's wages. But you're putting up real stakes when you free-lance the way Irene Dunne is doing at the present—and doing it more in the spirit of artistic adventure than commercial enterprise.

In respect to her reticence to talk about herself, Irene Dunne conformed to the advance billing as we've been reading it in the papers. She isn't one to dramatize the obvious or wander into copybook observations on life when she's talking about functions. If you remember her that the last time you saw her the new house she has in Holmby Hills was just a blue print, she says:

“Well, it's all built now. But”—and here a look of despair quickly vanishes into a smile, a hearty laugh at the joke on herself—“I'll never get it furnished. Never! You just can't get the furniture I need to carry out the plan for that house. I've ransacked this town. Up avenues, and down alleys, climbing to cellars and as to attics. It's hard on you from here down”—indicating the hilpiness—“and the other night when I went to the theatre the only comfort I could find was to drop my shoes off. Then, when I wanted them, I couldn't reach them. But the furniture: I'm having several authentic reproductions built. If I had any sense I'd turn the whole thing over to a decorator and have me a house that at least would have some furniture in it!”

She spends most of her vacations in New York, where her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, has his practice, and Miss Dunne ducks as many as possible of those business obligations the home offices of the film companies try to sell her, especially the engagements which are aimed particularly at publicity, the posing for pictures, and the “being seen” at events of strategic value in getting her name, and the company's, into the papers. The voice exercises and coaching continue faithfully for a couple of hours every day, even on the New York vacation—that's something she's very serious about; that, perhaps since she started voice culture and music with the idea of doing concert and opera she's a failure for not having done either. But for the rest, Irene Dunne’s junkets to New York, and her trip abroad last summer, are more wholeheartedly devoted to holidaying than most of the stars we've noticed about this town.

No, there shouldn't be anything like a legend about one as thoroughly alive and perfectly natural as Irene Dunne. You can have it if you want it. But next time we read about it, we'll take it like fiction—interesting but not true.

**YES, SIR!**

**HERE'S YOUR BABY**

It's not too late to make the best smoking resolution. "I'm going to save my throat. . . . I'm switching from hots to KOOLS!"

The reward? A blend of the choicest tobaccos ever put into a cigarette. A touch of mild menthol that cools every refreshing puff. Cork tips to save lips. Finally, a valuable coupon for high-class premiums. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) Do better by yourself in 1937. Get started on KOOLS today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)

NBC Blue Network, Mondays 5:30 P.M., E. S. T.
Melvyn Douglas, Camera-Dizzy!

Continued from page 33

he never objects to posing for a snapshot. "Of course if you can get a child asleep, you have a wonderful chance at a picture, if there's enough light. I once got a choice shot of my son when he was fast asleep in his bed. There was enough light in his room so that I could take a time exposure. He fortunately didn't move, and the result is like a sketch by an artist. Sorry I haven't a negative of that, but I doubt if it would reproduce—it hasn't the sharp outline necessary.

I got a shot of Peter asleep on the steps here, but the light wasn't all that could be desired. It was too good to miss, though. "I like to get so-called angle shots. These of my wife, Helen Gahagan, are rather interesting. I shot down at her as she lay in the sun.

"This patio is the answer to the camera friend's dream. If there's any effect you can think of, you ought to be able to get it here."

The patio and gardens combined are larger than that much-talked-of set for "Romeo and Juliet." The house is an authentic Mexican hacienda type, the color of adobe, with dull red roof. It is built in the shape of a letter L. The third side of the flagged and tiled patio is cleverly contrived with a two-story wall equipped with balconies to correspond with those on the two sides of the house.

An Aztec fountain stands in the center of the patio, and there are olive trees, tropical vines and shrubs, some superb white hibiscus trees, and appropriately gay garden furniture.

Beyond a small iron gate, steps lead through a rose garden to further green lawns and flowers; beyond another gate is a child's playground, a small adobe guest house, and an orange grove.

"Peter went to school for the first time last winter—kindergarten, I suppose you'd call it, for kids of two and three. When summer time came, he was completely lost, as he is an only child. So Helen called up several other parents of only children who had attended his school and together they agreed to keep the training of six or seven youngsters used to arrive here every morning, plus a kindergarten teacher; they went out to the playground and spent the morning.

"I turned the guest house over to them and equipped it for the school with child-size tables and chairs. It has a bed, a bathroom and kitchen in it, anyway. Peter and the other children seemed to enjoy their summer. We hope to do the same thing next year."

Mr. Douglas does not develop or print his own pictures.

"I did so for a time, with a friend of mine who was an expert in photography," he told me, "but I found that it took too much time. Sometimes we were in the dark room all day. It's worth it, if you have the time, but I haven't. However, in Hollywood there's an excellent place to have your work done. You tell them what to do with a certain shot and they do it. You know what you have taken, so you say: 'Print this one rather dark,' or 'Give this a little more time,' or 'Cut down foreground,' or whatever it is you want. If you want a special effect, you can instruct them to print a picture on special paper. You know how they put it slightly out of focus to blur it artistically, or print it up on etching paper. Naturally you can't reproduce special shots like that, but they are gratifying to the amateur camera artist.

"I wandered around Europe with my father, when he made pictures, and I worked with him then and later. Some of the interesting shots in my album are of famous buildings. We got rather nice stuff by tilting our cameras so that the building or tower or rotunda or whatever it was appears at an angle on the print.

"But you must develop your own style. You can, if you like. Two artists can set up before the same Comple and turn out vastly different pictures. Form your own style and stamp your pictures with individuality."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

let stand one half hour before making omelet. If chive is not at hand, simmer a few minutes in a little melted butter a very thinly chopped shallot and add it to the eggs before making omelet.

**PINEAPPLE MUFFINS**

| 5/4 cup butter | 3/4 cup sugar |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1 egg, well beaten |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 2 cups sifted Gold Medal flour |
| 4 tablespoons milk | 4 teaspoons Royal baking powder |

Mix all together and beat. Add 1/2 cup pineapple cream butter, add gradually the sugar and salt, and the egg well beaten. Add the milk, pineapple and flour sifted with the baking powder. Bake in buttered gem pans about 25 minutes.

"Sometimes, when the guests include men with a taste for hotter dishes, we have Spanish Omelet—or sometimes Mushroom Omelet."

**PLAIN OMELET**

3 eggs
3 tablespoons milk
1/2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika

Beat the eggs slightly, yolks and whites together; add the seasoning and milk. Use the butter to fry the omelet. The mushroom or Spanish omelet mixture must be stirred in just before it is put into the pan with the heated butter.

**MUSHROOM OMELET**

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 can button mushrooms
1/2 cup milk

Melt butter, add flour, Mix. Add mushrooms and juice, and milk. Boil for 5 minutes.

**SPANISH OMELET**

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon paprika
2 tablespoons flour
1 can tomatoes
1 bell pepper
2 teaspoons chili powder
Salt and pepper

Melt butter, brown diced onion, add flour, tomatoes, chopped bell pepper and chili powder. Boil for 5 minutes. If too thick add a little water.
"I think of food, not as something delicious to eat, but as a means of getting together with my friends. I am one of seven children—I have three sisters and three brothers—and we were brought up to think of meal-time as conversation time.

"My father did not permit us to have our meals with a governor or nurse, we were all expected to be at the table three times a day, prepared to give an opinion on whatever came under discussion. My father was a lawyer and he insisted on our having an opinion, no matter how immature, on everything. Whatever subject was broached during a meal, each one of us must make some remarks, as intelligently as possible.

"At dinner, he would ask each of us what we had been doing during the day, and if anyone's work, pastime or study brought up a subject for discussion, so much the better. Current events were always in order, and we were all expected and required to read the newspapers from the time we were old enough to be out of school are doing something. I'm the only one of the family that was ever connected with stage or screen. No, the others aren't especially proud of me. If anyone asks them about me, they say, 'Oh, Rosalind's working in Hollywood.' I might be in the wardrobe department, cutting film, or selling real estate.

"This exchange of ideas across the table was the thing I missed most when I first came out here. I am not married, and I live alone, so I entertain a great deal. I have friends in for any or every meal, if possible. Now that I have plenty of friends, I never eat alone if I can help it.

"Hello, there!" Rosalind Russell sings out to early guests, from the white stairway of her Beverly Hills home.

"You see, if I am at the table by myself, I gulp down the food without looking at it, with no idea what it is I am eating, my mind entirely occupied with the book that may be waiting for me upstairs, or the ride I am about to take, the work I am doing, or whatever it is next on my program. But if I have a friend in for luncheon or a group of friends to dinner, we eat slowly and talk as we used to do at home and have a wonderful time.

"Friends most often seen on the guest list at the white brick house include Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Ross Alexander and his bride, Ronald Colman, the Chester Morrises, the Spencer Tracys, Charlotte Winters and Tim Durant.

"Since I am from New England, my cook makes a point of serving us New England dishes every so often," commented my hostess. "Baked beans and brown bread for Saturday night suppers or Sunday morning brunches. She uses maple syrup rather than molasses, I'm told.

"Her pumpkin pie, which I must admit has never shown on my table at breakfast time, is just a New England breakfast dish—that pie is perfection, according to my male guests. Men enjoy pie, though women in Hollywood usually won't touch it. They give you a reproachful look instead."

PUMPKIN PIE
1 1/2 cups pumpkin
1/2 cup milk
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup Bnr Rabbit molasses (light)
2 eggs
1 teaspoon ginger
Salt
Sprinkle nutmeg over top. Bake in pie tin lined with unbaked crust. Use

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canned pumpkin or bake pie pumpkin without cutting, and when cool, separate from skin and seeds, put through potato ricer, colander or dish fine.

“We lived on the sea coast and reveled in fresh fish at home. If I could yearn for any food, and I am not a very good yearner — it would be for a ‘mess of clams’! Lobster. Newburg, cooked with sherry, of course, is my favorite sea food, on sober second thought. But I don’t serve it, because you haven’t lobsasters here in California like ours in Newburg.”

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG
1 pint lobster meat picked fine
½ pint cream
Yolks of 3 eggs
1 gill Sherry wine
⅔ teaspoon cayenne
Stir thoroughly, put in double boiler, cook one-half hour.
“Cheese Souffle makes a nice bruschon dish, too,” added Rosalind.

CHEESE SOUFFLE
1 ¼ cup butter
1 cup sifted flour
2 cups milk
6 eggs yolks
⅜ cup Kraft Parmesan cheese
Salt
Beat butter to a cream and work flour into it, then add milk. Boil double boiler and add to the flour and butter. Return to double boiler and stir until smooth and thick. Remove from fire and add the slightly beaten whites of eggs. Mix well and stir in cheese, ⅛ spoon salt, and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Fill a greased four-inch full, sprinkle with grated cheese, bake 20 minutes and serve at once.

Strong, but Not Silent
Continued from page 70

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screen career from that momentous day, but he did, as a matter of record, make a number of pictures previously in New York.

“Have you ever suffered from stage or microphobe fright?” I asked.

“I have never suffered from stage fright is no actor,” said he, definitely: “I know a few who insist that they never do, but I don’t believe them. One man in particular, though he has never known stage fright, but he’s not my idea of an actor.”

The worst case of stage fright I ever experienced was in a place called ‘Scotsy’ My nervousness got to a place where I couldn’t talk. My mouth was as dry as if I had been foisting it across the Sahara. Since I was completely bogged down I couldn’t think of anything to do except walk off the stage and get a drink of water. I didn’t think that, leaving the other players to mark time until I got back.

“There is always a tense moment just before going on the stage. On first nights a dramatic sensation of stage fright settles over the solar plexus. There is always the fear of forgetting one’s lines, or that another player will forget his, or that a needed prop will not be in place. It is rather awkward to reach for a gum, or letter, or something of the sort, and find that it is not there.”

“In radio work I get nervous because there is no way of feeling audience reaction. I have never had trouble with microphobe fright in pictures, although I am sometimes embarrassed when they set the camera on my nose and then start looking me over from all angles to see if my face will stand such close inspection.”

Speaking of faces, Humphrey’s does very well. His eyes are very fine, with brows set as if he were a movie star. The rest of his features are assembled with a view to rugged but pleasing architecture. There is an earthy quality about him that is extremely attractive, and his mental outlook is broad, alert, and penetrating. Anything of a political or mathematical nature appeals to him. During his school years he excelled in physics and geometry. National affairs engage his attention and he is intelligently concerned with the problems of government.

Although he goes in for considerable outdoor activity besides his daily toil in the interests of art—swimming, golfing, and throwing his weight against sports rats with surprising lightness. The night before
completed will enable her to produce either a stage play or a picture with a confidence gained only through knowledge and practical experience.

As a consequence, she is learning to write for the theatre and the screen, frequently sitting in on story conferences of her pictures and personally going over the problems that arise in situation and plot. Ever a close and careful observer, she has made a point of acquiring a knowledge of camera-craft and the art of lighting. The program that Miss Harding is following with great diligence is ambitious indeed.

Photography also holds a fascination for Anna Sten, the Russian charmer, and Warner Baxter, to an even more advanced degree. Before she embarked for America, Anna was considered a passably fair camera artist, and since arriving in Hollywood she has made amazing progress in the study of higher and trick photography.

Baxter has a completely-equipped laboratory in his home. When not working in a picture, he spends a great deal of his time on the sets studying the lighting problems that arise from getting up shots."
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These young screen players sure know their fashion points. For ex- ample, above, Helen Wood picks a chic printed lame frock.

in the line of exercise that gives the body the grace and sureness of action. He needs it in his work, he says. Gene Raymond subscribes to this same theory, and can perform amazing feats of agility and balance. He has taken instruction in handling the foils since his early teens and is considered somewhat of an expert in the sport.

Being a top-rank singer, Jeanette MacDonald, of course, studies daily, and Kitty Carlisle spends two separate hours a week with her voice teacher six days a week. Gloria Stuart and Katherine deMille study singing, as well, to mention but a quartet of those Hollywoodians who are engaged in learning how to sing.

The brotherhood of Man is Francis Lederer's all consuming desire, and as a result he devotes all his spare time and a great deal of money to his World Peace Federation. He lost a brother in the World War and ever since he was old enough to think he has been very much interested in the movement and studies it from every angle.

Economics and national politics combined the attention of Eddie Cantor, who is extremely well versed in these many-sided subjects. He is a deep student of the trend of the times, and in his writings always hits upon the economic side of present-day problems. At times, too, he harks back to his articles, but under no circumstances ever to evaluate of existing conditions.

Alan Hale possesses a consuming interest in astrology and has a considerable fortune invested in an experimental and research laboratory. Mary Boland is active in her study of sculpturing. Jean Harlow takes piano lessons and Isabel Jewell is learning both the piano and the violin. So that she may feel at home when she returns to France with her French husband, Pat Paterson is perfecting herself in that language. And Jackie Cooper wants his own orchestra, so devotes much time to the "trumpet" and piano.

The stars aren't the idle play-fellows they sometimes are cracked up to be. They're too darn busy with their studies.
THE Errol Flynums are both very much disappointed to learn that Lili will be unable to accompany Errol on his forthcoming trip to the South Seas. It seems that Errol, who was formerly a government official there, has a special permit to visit certain portions of the interior which he hopes to photograph for background scenes in "The White Rajah," the story he is to be sold the studio, but no women are at any time allowed there. Lili, during his absence, may go to New York to do a play.

ORETTA YOUNG'S recent vacation in Honolulu has improved her health a hundred percent. Never before she looked more blooming than she did the other night at the Tropicana, wearing a beautiful gown of shimmering gold sequins. Eddie Sutherland, as usual, was in attendance. Also in the party were Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow. Other Trocchers, on the same evening, were Joan Crawford and Francis Tone, Charles and Mrs. Starrett, Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton.

SIR GUY STANDING, working in "Lloyd's of London," is getting a big boost out of confusing all his friends and acquaintances since he was obliged to shave off his mustache for his role in the picture. It's the first time he has been without it since he was a young boy. So changed is his appearance, you actually have to look three times to make sure it's Sir Guy.

IF YOU think Hollywood screen stars have really grown up, you should have seen the sight I saw out at the West Side Tennis Club the other Sunday! After most of the guests had departed, the large social room was turned completely upside down while Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, Phyllis Holmes, Count Carpana, Frank Shields and his wife and Humphrey Bogart played musical chairs!

WHEN Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell started the Racquet Club at Palm Springs, it was more of a gag than anything else. That was two years ago. Now they find themselves in possession of a $100,000 business, because the popularity of the Club among the filmites has grown by leaps and bounds, causing the membership fee to rise from less than a hundred dollars to four hundred and fifty.

THERE'S a bit of rivalry going on on the set of "Another Dawn." It all started the other day when Kay Francis' small dachshund was hurt by a falling bean and Errol Flynn rushed over to administer first aid treatment. The little fellow has become so attached to Errol, he follows him all over the set, much to the disgust of Arno, Errol's schmuser. It reached the point yesterday where Errol was obliged to confine Arno to his dressing-room during working hours.

SOMUCH in love with Eleanor Whitney is young Johnny Downs that she finally quit wearing bow ties just because she didn't like bow ties. Recently, he sent Eleanor a picture of himself autographed: "To the only girl who could make me stop wearing bow ties." And so much in love with Johnny is Eleanor, she sent him a birthday present the other day of a very smart bow tie. The little card accompanying it said: "To the only boy who can wear a bow tie and make me like it!"

JANE WYMAN, radio singer just come to pictures (and what a honey!) is building an artificial lake in the back yard of her Tohickon home just so she can indulge in her favorite pastimes of fishing and surf-boat riding. She's making her debut in Warner's "Ready, Willing, and Able." You'll see more of this youngster.

(Continued from next page)
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O, OH, said the town gossip, when they glimpsed Jean Bennett and Charles Boyer having a quiet cocktail at Lucey's the other evening, immediately trying to make something of it. It was all quite innocent, as a matter of fact. Joan and Charles were just trying up to work their courage to face the microphone on the Camel program at Station KHJ, which is right across the street.

DURING the 57 weeks Benita Hume worked on "Tarzan," she came in contact with practically every type of wild animal, and Benita didn't seem to be a bit frightened. Much to the surprise of everyone, one on the set of "Rainbow on the River," in which Benita plays an important role, loud shrieks were heard from the lady when she discovered she'd been down right next to a cage of small white mice, practically scaring the little creatures to death.

EVER since she made her first public skating appearance at the age of thirteen, Sonia Henie has received on each and every occasion a message of good wishes and a huge box of red carnations from the King of Norway. The other day when she was about to make her debut in the most elaborate and important skating scenes on the large ice rink which has been specially built on the set of "One in a Million," she was very much surprised and touched to receive his usual greeting—cabled all the way from Norway.

DEER hunting has become more and more popular among the male contingent this season. Among the recent participants are Gary Cooper, Guy Standing, Errol Flynn, Charles Starrett, Douglas Dumbrille, Donald Woods, Leo Carroll, Alan Mowbray and a score more. Dumbrille, as a matter of fact, has made three trips since the season opened, but so far hasn't even had a shot at a single deer!

MAY ROBSON now boasts she has had a hundred birds of various and sundry species in her aviary. Incidentally, there are no cats allowed in the Robson home. Only her dog, "Bonnie Boy," is permitted the freedom of the grounds.

EVELYN VENABLE has just won't be a Hollywood crooner! She's made up her mind that nothing is as important as to have her new baby love and feel that she's important in her life. So each and every Wednesday come what may, the nurse is dismissed for the day, and Evelyn takes entire charge of the little one. Even from the very earliest days, when night feedings were in order, Evelyn insisted on taking complete care of the infant on that one day a week. Studio shooting schedules are arranged to conform, so that Evelyn can spend Wednesday at home.

WHEN Bing Crosby returned from Honolulu, he found two hundred chickens awaiting his signature, to say nothing of something like eight hundred photographs to be autographed. Each check sent out by Bing Crosby, Inc., must be counter-signed by his brother and his father, but no check is complete without the John Henry of your favorite crooner.

DOOR Basil Rathbone has just given up the idea that he'll ever be anything but a big, bad man. Few people realize that before he came to Hollywood and pictures he had never played "heavy" roles, but he's been so typecast since he came here that no one would give him any other characterization to do. At last, Basil received an offer from England to do a romantic part which he hoped would break his jinx. But hope was blasted when a woman approached him as he was walking down a London street. Stopping directly in front of him, she flushed.

"Oh, Mr. Rathbone, my little boy just hates you!"

THERE must be something about Joan Crawford's dinner parties that everyone enjoys. At seven-thirty, the Fred Astaires, the Gary Coopers, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were among the guests who sat down at the table. At twelve-thirty they were still sitting. Joan and Gene had a movie to report to be served. And believe it or not, they never once talked about moving pictures. Well, maybe just once!

DID you know that Greta Garbo, although known as the world's champion camera-dodger, has actually posed for 3000 portraits?

EVERY time Fred Astaire and George Murphy get together, they reminisce about the good old days on the stage. Fred was dancing in musical comedy, while George danced in vaudeville. One day they'd meet between shows and go to the movies. But don't get the idea that they were crazy about the galling tinsies. They loved the silent drama because it was such a good place to catch up on their sleep. Now they're dancing with tears in their eyes, while other people tear off forty winks.

ERIC BLORE, who glorifies the movie butler to such perfection, had a very amusing experience. Rushing home from the set to get into his dinner clothes, Eric joined Mrs. Blore, who was waiting for him in the car.

"And just what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blore, as she tapped an impatient foot.

Taking a good look at himself, Eric discovered he had put on one of his butler outfits, instead of the correct white tie and tails.

WHEN Claude Rains was touring in Europe, a Pasha presented him with an oval-shaped silver coin, bearing this Turkish inscription, "You'll never be hungry or in want with me." Claude has been carrying the coin for twenty-seven years and the only time he has been hungry is when he gets so engrossed with his acting, he forgets to go to lunch.
RAY MILLAND is still wondering just what you would feed a dog that would cost $5 a day. Ray was frantic, a couple of weeks ago, when he found that his prized setter had been stolen. The other day, two middle-aged women drove up to the house with the dog. Ray and the dog were both overjoyed at the reunion, the dog leaping and bounding all over him in his excitement. The ladies were very cagy, however, and took only a fast to convince them that the dog really belonged to him.

"Well, all right," one of them said, grudgingly. "This is your dog. But we've been feeding him for two days so I think you should give us $10 for his board."

DURING her recent visit to New York, Jeanette MacDonald decided to remain incognito. She had found, that his台上优势必要对i long time to do that, as the two women, their hair back under disguises, sit unobserved, in the back row of the theatre. Incidentally, both of them are going in for wearing glasses. They're just for seeing movies, because the strong lights at the studio cause such a terrific strain on the eyes.

KAREN MORLEY is one Hollywood actress who leads a double life and gets away with it. When Karen is working, she stays in the studio and does not go out. In between times, she lives down at Palos Verdes, where she runs a home all year round for little Michael and her husband, both of whom are away in Hollywood. As far as anyone knows of her existence, Karen makes it a rule that moving pictures or anything pertaining to the acting profession must not be referred to, in her home.

IT SEEMS fantastic, but it actually happened. Early in the morning, Henry Wadsworth was rushing to the Paramount studios to report for work. Failing to notice a stop sign, a pedestrian stepped in front of his car. He had his brakes on and managed to save the man from anything more serious than a shocking up. The man, Henry W. Henry, was a hardworking fellow and letters that were sprawled all over the street, he glanced down at the top envelope in his hand. It had Henry's name on it and the man, recognizing Henry, admitted that he had just written for a photograph. And what's more, he insisted he still wanted it.

CLARENCE BROWN, who knows his feminine stars, (he's a Garbo specialist), predicts there are two players in Hollywood today who are destined to be the greatest stars of tomorrow. Clarence has never met either one of them or directed them in a single scene. But he's been watching them for years and knows whereof he speaks. The favorites are Marjoe and Julie Haydon.

IT DOESN'T make sense, but then neither does Marie Wilson—when the script calls for it. In a recent "pitcher," the blonde comedienne played the role of an ice skater. The first day Marie kept slipping and spent half her time sitting on the ice. The next day she came to work with a sore throat.

BILL POWELL is taking a correspondence course in trout fishing. He gets daily instructions through the mail from his son, Bill Jr.

EVER since Carole Lombard moved into her Bel Air cottage, whimsically called "The Farm," she has been greeted with presents from all her friends in the form of animals. Carole now has a large dachshund, a small pekingese, a cocker spaniel, a pekingese, and a cat named Josephine. For her birthday the other week, her two servants presented her with a beautiful birthday cake. The last remaining slice, while someone sent around a dozen. What shall she be getting, Carole laughingly supposes, will be a cow.

(Continued on next page)
**MADGE EVANS** has originated something new in landscaping in the garden of her new home. It's divided into little plots which will supply a different type of flower for each room in the house. One contains yellow and rust chrysanthemums for the living room, another is filled with white roses for the dining room, while still another bed is planted in yellow daisies for the breakfast room, etc. It's not only very practical, but extremely colorful.

**HERE'S** a haunted house in Laurel Canyon and it took Henry Wadsworth to solve the mystery. At the time he rented it, Henry took a year's lease. He couldn't understand why he got it so cheap, until his best friends promised never to come and see him. The first night he moved in, Henry heard strange voices. The next night he heard music. The third night he decided to investigate. After searching for hours he discovered an unused radiator running around the ceiling of a store-room. Wires had been stretched across, as a suitable place for drying the family washing. Through some unexplainable contact with the elements, sound was produced. The combination of the wire and the radiator picked up and broadcasted the local radio programs.

**JUST** to play a little joke on her director, Julie Haydon got all dressed up in old clothes and disguised herself with make-up and a wart. On the set, they were using a group of scrub women. Julie got herself right in the middle and proceeded to do everything, just opposite from what she had been instructed. The director didn't discover the gag until he gave Julie a line to read with a Swedish accent. Instead she sounded like she was doing a take-off on Fanny Brice. Everyone burst out laughing and Julie was forced to give herself up.

**TWICE** a year they have dollar day on Hollywood Boulevard and the whole town goes mad. Why, you think was the maddest of all and got the best bargains? It was none other than Una Merkel, who in spite of being a high-priced movie star, still can't resist that old feminine urge to purchase things at "half-off." Most of the things she bought, Una really didn't need. She just couldn't resist them, so now she's giving them away to all her friends.

**FRED ASTAIRE** is the proud recipient of a most unique watch chain. It was presented to him by his wife, who had it specially designed. Instead of the usual chain, this one is made of individual letters, spelling Fred's full name. They are joined by tiny connecting links. The chain is wound diagonally from the belt or suspender button to the right side pocket. In this way the name can easily be read.

**IMAGINE**, if you can, having an eight-month vacation and not knowing what to do with it! That's what happened to Walter Connolly. Seems when Walter first signed his contract with Columbia pictures, he stipulated that every two years he was to have eight months in which to do a play in New York. And now the vacation period is here, but Walter has been unable to find a play, so chances are he and his wife, Nedda Harrigan, will spend the entire eight months taking short trips around California.

**BEING** such a well-mannered and charming person caused Brian Aherne to spend a pretty uncomfortable evening. A letter addressed to his home, informed Brian that the sender and his family were on their way to Hollywood and were most anxious to renew their friendship. Brian didn't recognize their name and yet he was so afraid it might be someone he had met in England that he invited the people out for dinner. His guests arrived, they were friendly and spoke of Brian's friends and seemed to know all about them. Brian couldn't ever remember meeting or seeing the people before in his life. When they said good night and thanked him for a lovely evening, he still didn't know who they were. Either some fans got away with a clever ruse, or Brian is having a little memory trouble.

**THOSE** who come within a half of a block of the R-K-O make-up department, will tell you that Katherine Hepburn can be heard talking incessantly at the top of her voice. This occurs every morning that Katie is made up for a picture. Either this extreme measure is taken to cover up an innate shyness, or maybe our Kate likes to be heard, even if she objects to being seen in the flesh.

**JOAN BLONDELL** and Dick Powell have given up their respective homes at Toluca Lake since their recent marriage and moved into a new home in Beverly Hills. Both of them felt it was better to start their married life in new and fresh surroundings.

**Grooming for stardom!** Dorothy Oldfield was a nurse receptionist in a London clinic when Douglas Fairbanks Jr., signed her for pictures. She makes her debut in "Accused" with Doug and Del Rio.
$1. Buys a really big Christmas Gift

Here's a handsome present which will delight even your best friend! A present you'll be proud to give!

For, who wouldn't be glad to get a year's subscription to SCREENLAND? A whole year of Hollywood's highlights, the Romance and Glamor of the screen world, fashions, gossip, news about pictures and players! It's the ideal Christmas present, and

YOU SAVE ONE THIRD OF THE COST!

For only $1 you can give SCREENLAND for a year! This is a special Christmas offer. Regularly, the price is $1.50 for a yearly subscription. So, take advantage of this bargain and give as many as you like... one... three... five!

At no extra cost, we will send out a handsome holiday card announcing your gift. This will be mailed to arrive at just the right time. And then, SCREENLAND will follow for twelve long months!

USE THE COUPON BELOW! If you need more room, use a separate sheet of paper. BUT, GET YOUR ORDER OFF TODAY... NOW!

SCREENLAND
45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $ for which you are to send SCREENLAND for one year and a holiday card announcing this gift in my name to:

Name: Street: City:
Name: Street: City:
Name: Street: City:

Your Name
And I wish you many of them...

They Satisfy
Robert Taylor’s Mother Talks!
Why Dietrich Waited for Donat
Sensational Forecasts for the Stars
Feel chilly? ... Uneasy? ... With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?
   Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms
Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely antiseptic—NOT anesthetic. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds
Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewest colds ... and got rid of them faster ... than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

Listerine Says "Hurry-up" to Nature’s Healing Process

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.

Now a finer Cough Drop by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated
Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial
yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads
to real dental tragedies...
help keep your gums healthy
with Ipana and Massage.

She'll sit by the hour for the latest
finger wave, spend dollar after dol-
lar on beauty aids, and fret and worry
over the first sign of a skin blemish.
But her friends and even strangers sel-
dom notice these things. They only see
her smile—a disappointing smile—a
smile that is dull, dingy and unattractive—
a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile still could be attractive
—with teeth sparkling, white and brilli-
ant. But not until she does something
about her tender, ailing gums—not un-
til she knows the meaning of that warn-
ing tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"
When you see that tinge of "pink" on
your tooth brush—go to your dentist.
You may not be in for serious trouble—
but let him decide. More than likely,
however, he will lay the blame to our
modern menus—to the soft foods that
rob our gums of necessary work. And
usually he will suggest more work for
those lazy, tender gums and the healthy
stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and mas-
sage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a
little Ipana onto your gums every time
you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll
notice a new life and firmness as circu-
ation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier
gums, how appealing your smile will
be; how brilliant, sparkling. Start with
Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today,
and help make your smile the lovely,
attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.
February, 1937

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page
Sensational Forecasts for the Stars, Norvell
Make Way for Michael Whalen
What's Happened to Robert Montgomery
Maid of Salem
What's Wrong with Your Picture
They Have the Most Fun
Five Hollywood Wives
3 Girls on a Match
Robert Taylor's Mother Talks
Madge Goes Mad.
Reviews of the Best Pictures
What's Wrong with Your Picture
They Have the Most Fun
Down With Romance.
Screenland Glamor School
Hollywood Fashion Parade
"Garden of Allah" Contest Winners

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
Luscious Lombard.
Clara on a Cruise.
Clara Gable.
Best Dressed Best Actresses.
Marilyn Hollins.
"A Fine Romance!"
Frances Farmer and Leif Eriksen.
Ruby Returns.
Ruby Keeler.
Free-Wheeling All Over Hollywood.
Evolution of an Opera Singer into a Screen Star.
Lily Pons.
Is Hepburn More Human?
It Can Happen in California.
Hearts in Swing Time.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:
Salutes and Snubs.
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle
Tagging the Talkies.
Inside the Stars' Homes.
Ask Mel.
Honor Page
Here's Hollywood.
Clean-Up for Beauty.
Femi Nifties.

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Claudette Colbert by Marland Stone.
The fragrance of her camellias intoxicated his senses...

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but his kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before... The glamorous Garbo—handsome Robert Taylor—together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta Garbo LOVES Robert Taylor

in

Camille

with Lionel Barrymore

Elizabeth Allan • Jessie Ralph

Henry Daniell • Lenore Ulric

Laura Hope Crews

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camélias" (Lady of the Camellias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor.
Salutes and Snubs

It's a record. Doris Nolan is voted to the honor niche by letter writers—making her one of a very few to win such distinction with one important screen role. We salute a welcome new screen beauty and charmer.

10 LOVELIEST LOVELIES?
In my estimation these are the ten most beautiful Hollywood women:
Dolores Del Rio; Anita Louise; Merle Oberon; Loretta Young; Irene Dunne; Claudette Colbert; Olivia de Havilland; Madge Evans; Gertrude Michael; Luise Rainer.
Virginia King,
625 6th Ave., So.,
Clinton, la.

HAIR-SPLITTING DISCUSSION
I thoroughly agree with what Harriet Bell said about Dick Powell's moustache in her letter to this department, and I go further and wish Errol Flynn would join Dick in getting rid of his, too!
Helen Hicks,
4 Dogwood Lane,
Manhasset, L. I.

"GUESS AGAIN" TITLES
Surely misleading titles must be bad for the box office. For example, "Desire" suggested sex-drama full of heavy love-making, instead of a soufflé-light sophisticated comedy. Obviously those who went looking for purple passion drew a blank; while those who enjoy a good laugh probably were repelled by a suggestive title.
Barbara Fletcher,
205 Dickson Road,
Blackpool, England.

MAKE WAY FOR TREYOR
They work hard, and for all I know to the contrary may be very good to their families, but I'm snubbing the producers, nevertheless. And because they are not putting Claire Trevor in the kind of pictures she deserves. After seeing Claire in "Star for a Night" I'm surer than ever that she deserves the best.
Barbara Torrance,
Rock Island, Ill.

GREETINGS DORIS NOLAN
Greetings to a most welcome new screen personality who possesses both beauty and great talent. Doris Nolan's screen debut in "The Man I Marry" is an event. She is superb and we want more of her.
Madeline Nueke,
1271 East 90th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OOP! AN ARGUMENT
That crack about a milk-toast to Fred MacMurray by Ann Aventure in Salutes and Snubs, burns me up. Fred can take any role from playboy to hard-riding Westerner and make you love it. So I would say: give the wine toast to Fred and the milk to Clark Gable, Miss Aventure.
Jeanette Balser,
370 Park Ave.,
Arilngton, Mass.

Quickly...
Correct These Figure Faults
Perfola
tic Not Only Con
duces,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce...Perfola
tic.
"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 9 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr.
Why don't you, too, test the Perfola
tic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?
IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfola
tic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!
If you appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfola
tic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm—the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfola
tic wearers!

PERFOLA
tIC REDUCES SAFELY...QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISEx!
If you do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfola
tic delightful to wear.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks...safely...and quickly!

You risk nothing...why not mail coupon NOW?

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 732,
41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfola
tic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name________________________________________
Address_____________________________________
City____________ State________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard
Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)

S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in "Champagne Waltz"

A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Hermon Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank
Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

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**SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle**

*By Alma Talley*

![Crossword Puzzle Image](image-url)

**ACROSS**
1. Star of "Camille"
2. Automobile
3. Horse
4. Co-star of "Beloved Enemy"
5. Poet
6. Star of "The Plainsman"
8. His most famous role was "Dracula"
9. Household pet
10. Exclamation of scorn
11. Girl's name
12. Put down
14. Leading lady, "The Gay Desperado"
15. An unpleasant child
16. Co-star, "Girl On the Front Page" (nickname)
17. Vogue
18. The screen's great Juliet
19. Thé, in a French version
20. The M.G.M Lion
21. A young man's favorite word
22. Female horse
23. Leading actor, "The Plough and the Stars"
24. Negative
25. Comic star of "Strike Me Pink"
26. Uncooked
27. Male sheep
28. Short sleep
29. Think
30. Fly, flying mammal
31. Star of "The Garden of Allah"
32. Seeds
33. Line or tier
34. Help
35. Elder (abbrev.)
36. Goddes of love
37. To arrange in rows
38. Note of the scale
39. Musical term
40. Kind of tree
41. Lip-stick color
42. Soon
43. To state

**DOWN**
1. Co-star, "Love on the Run"
2. Forward
3. To depend upon
4. Group of instruments in an orchestra
5. Upon
6. He returns to the screen in "Great Guy"
7. Chemical symbol for silver
8. Featured actor in "Bullets or Ballots"
9. Business firm (abbrev.)
10. The former Mrs. Bill Powell
11. Imitator
12. Are
13. To prattle
14. Co-star, "Maytime"
15. Allure
16. Greasy fluid
17. Fust
18. Small child
19. Her current film is "Go West Young Man"
20. The father in "Don't Turn Em Loose"
21. Printer's measure
22. Sharpened
23. In favor of
24. To knock
25. Either
26. To seize
27. Cap
28. Leading man, "The Devil Is a Busy"
29. What you see a movie with
30. Co-star, "A Woman Rebels"
31. Ma's husband
32. Former Mexican film star ("The Pagan")
33. Female Sheep
34. Toward
35. Tatter
36. heroine, "The Girl from Mandalay"
37. Breaks suddenly
38. Cautioned
39. Weighting instrument
40. Wanderer
41. To employ
42. Mrs. Bing Crosby
43. A thought
44. Years
45. South American mountains
46. Beloved
47. "Singing star, "The Gay Desperado"
48. Near (abbrev.)
49. Biblical pronoun
50. Victoria Cross (abbrev.)

**Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle**

![Answer Image](image-url)
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Lyrics — Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a streamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.

Laughter — It's like a holiday in a mad-house—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!

Lunatics — Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

Love — Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"

Plus These Other Stars—

NAT PENDLETON
ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—

"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"
"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"

Lyrics and Music by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN
A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture
Directed by RAYMOND ENRIGHT

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

WARNER BROS.
TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

This homey revelation of Mississippi River folk is splendid entertainment. Although it is a co-starring vehicle for Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck (both excellent in their parts), it really develops into a personal triumph for Walter Brennan. It's the tale of a "river boy" who marries a "land girl," leaves her on their wedding night, and later becomes reconciled. Buddy Eisen's drollery and dancing, great.

Fast-moving mystery drama with the attractive Glenda Farrell as Torchy Blane, that smart little newspaper gal who helps her boy friend, "Detective" Barton MacLane, unravel a couple of puzzling murders. You see a new find in petite Jane Wyman, who does a delightful bit in the picture. Glenda is gay and perky as ever, but MacLane seems too boorish. Addison Richards and Winifred Shaw show to advantage.

A snappy little play that will be relished especially by those who like their mystery with a dash of comedy. It deals with the theft of a famous Cellini cup from a large museum, and there are so many clues and intricate complications, we defy you to pick the criminal before the film reaches the last reel. ZaSu Pitts and James Gleason make a marvelous comedy team. Owen Davis, Jr., and Louise Latimer are pleasing.

Amusing situations and an abundance of Westian gag-lines have been assembled from the stage play, "Personal Appearance," to make this newest Mae West vehicle something that is certain to please the more ardent admirers. It concerns the consequences to a small-town boarding house when a very glamorous star and her press agent become guests there. Warren William and Randy Scott are in the cast.

Another excellent mystery show in the perennially popular Chan series. Warner Oland is at his best here, while Boris Karloff, as a crazed opera singer, scores heavily for his acting and reveals a fine baritone voice. There are sufficient thrills to keep you engrossed in this story of two murders committed back-stage in a large opera house, and the cleverness of Charlie and his son, Key Luke, in solving them Good!
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone, urged on by Director W. S. Van Dyke, shoot straight for laughs, whether they lurk in a neatly-timed comic tumble or a wise-cracking line. Result: a rapid fire of sure chuckles and big laughs as a society girl and two reporters, latter two each bent on a beat for rival papers, scamper from London to Paris in a mad scramble of excitement. You'll have fun.

Bobby Breen, aged eight, proving he has one of the most extraordinary voices the screen has to offer us. The story has a distinctly melodramatic flavor, but good work by Benita Hume, May Robson, Charles Butterworth, Allan Mowbray, Louise Beavers, and the rest, plus Bobby’s minitable singing, make it a picture that will please just about everybody. Go see and hear it, for this makes fine entertainment.

If you’re not a Michael Whalen fan now, you will be after seeing him as the harebrained young attorney who journeys to a small town to lend a hand to the girl of his dreams in trying her first case after leaving law school. It’s an excellent part, and this is a delightful comedy-drama. As the girl you have Claire Trevor proving again her loneliness and right to bigger and better screen opportunities. It’s good.

Starting out as a satire on the life of a movie detective and the authorship of his screen stories, this picture proves to be a real life murder mystery. There are corpses galore, a few laughs, and some splendid acting by Elissa Landi, Edmund Lowe, ZaSu Pitts, and Edmund Gwenn. Things keep happening fast enough, but at times it gets pretty confusing. You’re never quite sure whether to laugh or be thrilled.

**I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO KOOLS**

When you’re in hot water, my friend, you’d better switch to KOOLS quickly. Their touch of menthol will soothe and cool that raw, hot throat. But in every refreshing puff the grand tobacco flavor stands out unspoiled because KOOLS are so mildly mentholated. With every pack a valuable B&W coupon...start saving them for handsome premiums. (Offer good U.S.A. only.) Easy on your throat, men...get KOOLS. They’re better for you. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

**SAVE COUPONS ... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS**

Julep Cups—Heavy silver plate, 14 oz. capacity, Set of two . . . 155 coupons

FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B&W premium booklet, No. 13

Glassware—latest banded, 6 highball, or 6 tea, or 6 old fashioned—200 coup.
THE white door of Josephine Hutchinson's Beverly Hills home opens into the living room, so that the first thing you see is the fire leaping in the fireplace.

"I'm mad about fires!" said my hostess, and who would wonder when she's so becoming to them? Firelight in that red hair, reflected in those brown eyes. Yellow, flame, brown, wood tones—the colors in the hearth are the colors in her living-room—all flattering to Josephine.

"A fire in a grate makes things seem festive at an informal party," she commented. "Jimmy and I (James Townsend is her husband)—seldom have big affairs. This house isn't large enough for one thing, and for another we like groups small enough so that we can look after everyone without too much effort. We like to enjoy our own parties.

"The nicest kind of informal party is the sort we have after moonlight rides. You could do the same thing after a skating party or skiing or sleighing party, if you happen to live in a colder climate; or after a theatre party in any climate. Out here, I ride.

"I rode in a casual fashion before I came to California, but after I got here I found that unless I exercised regularly I became sedentary, if you know what I mean. I felt lazy and worn-out; it was too much trouble to do anything. I said to myself: This won't do! So I took up riding in earnest. I had lessons and went at it seriously. But I ride for fun, too, when I have a chance.

"When I was up at Del Monte, I rode in the early morning, but at home it's hard to get up early enough to manage a ride before going to the studio, so I take moonlight rides or starlight rides, if there isn't a moon, with the young crowd. It's delightful and different. Everyone comes back feeling the edge of hunger, which always helps a party, whatever it may do for the figure.

"I usually serve one hot dish, a salad, sandwiches, cheese, coffee—or tea, for those who can't drink coffee at night.

"A delicious hot dish is Welsh Rarebit. I serve it sometimes, but I haven't dared taste it for years, not since I was at school and had unlimited courage. Nothing could happen to me in those days. But today, what with worry about waistlines—!"

Josephine Hutchinson has the gift of giving grand informal parties that are always fun. Here she confides pet dishes from rarebits to desserts!

WELSH RAREBIT

To each pound of soft American cheese allow one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 tablespoons ale or beer, 1 saltspoon of salt, a dash of red pepper, 1 saltspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 clove of garlic.

Chop or grate the cheese; add to this the beaten yolks of 2 eggs.

Put the ale or beer into the saucepan; as soon as it is hot and boiling, throw in the cheese and stir constantly and continuously until smooth and creamy. Turn it on to a very hot platter that has been nicely covered with toasted bread.

"I like to have a tray of different kinds of cheese—Swiss and Cheddar and Roquefort and so on, and of course a plate of crackers to go with it—Kraft Butter Wafers or something plain.

"If the salad isn't a simple green salad, I like to have a gelatin one. Ever try Tomato Soup Salad?"

TOMATO SOUP SALAD

1 cup Campbell's tomato soup
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 teaspoon onion juice
1 cup Best Foods mayonnaise
2 tablespoons Knox gelatin
Pinch salt
1/4 lb. pimiento cheese
1/2 cups chopped celery
1/2 cup sliced olives

Add gelatin, cooking it until dissolved. Pour into mold, cool and serve. Serve it on a bed of shredded lettuce.
$2,000,000 is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.

Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

That man Capra has done it again! And when I say “again” I don’t mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as “Mr. Deeds,” “It Happened One Night,” etc. I mean it’s better! “Lost Horizon” is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you’ve heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don’t have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental “hideout” on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money “Lost Horizon” is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just has to see. The star rôle is the best thing I’ve seen Ronald Colman do and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H.B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin’s exciting adaptation, all go to make “Lost Horizon” a big picture in every sense of the word. I’m telling you—don’t miss it!
Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 5x7 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them, even if snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted or natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receipt of your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPETT STUDIOS
Dept. 304
Des Moines, Iowa

From Texas to Hollywood went pretty, society-girl sculptress Electra W. Bowman, to model the bust of Victor McLaglen shown with the star and the artist above.
enjoyed the work so much. I remember I made hangings and covers and towels and so on for my mother's house. I'd like to make my own, if I find the right house."

Josephine has some Laguna pottery pieces that any girl would like. There is a huge flat plate with a tulip bowl to match. You fill the bowl, in which a glass container has been set, to the petal tips with crushed ice. In the container you serve fruit or avocado or caviar or melon balls. Josephine's are creamy yellow, but you can get these in a variety of colors.

"Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, his wife, are among our most frequent guests," observed my hostess. "We seldom have more than six to dinner as that's all we can care for in so small a house. Sometimes Jimmy and three others play bridge, but I never try. I'm not good at it, and what's so annoying as an indifferent partner? Usually we sit and talk.

"It's important to select your guests with care, choosing those who are congenial. Nothing is more dreadful than a poorly mixed group—I remember one hostess who made a frightful mistake. She invited a group of celebrities to her party. There was no one to listen! They all went home bored and angry. So I make it a rule to have one 'lion' at a time—at the very most, two!"

"I love informal affairs, like these moonlight rides. I used to enjoy parties after a show in New York, or after the opening of a play, when it had gone well and everyone was on top of the world and ready to talk. It was such a relief to have it over successfully that we were all ready to play. We were always hungry because we had been too nervous to eat dinner, and it was so much fun!"

"I don't think you can plan informal affairs very well, because spontaneity is the spice of the successful ones."

If you wish to serve a heartier dessert than the cake sandwiches suggested, perhaps you will like these two, which Josephine thinks are slightly out of the ordinary. "Although," she adds, "these are too fattening for a movie aspirant!"

**BAVARIAN LAYER PIE**

Beat 6 tablespoons butter to cream with 1 cup sugar; add 2 well-beaten eggs; beat 3 minutes. Sift 1 1/2 cups flour with salt and 2 1/2 level teaspoons Royal baking powder. Add flour to first mixture, alternately with 3/4 cup water and grated rind of 1/2 lemon; beat 3 minutes.

The batter is thin layers, cool, spread between the layers 1/2 cups stiff whipped cream mixed with 1 cup crushed berries and 1/2 cup powdered sugar. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar, and decorate with whole berries dipped in sugar.

If you can't get fresh berries, use preserves.

**SPANISH CHOCOLATE CREAM**

1 tablespoon Royal gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 teaspoon Barnett's vanilla
6 egg yolks
1 1/2 cups scalded milk
1/2 pint chilled cream
3 ounces unsweetened powdered chocolate

Dissolve gelatin. While beating eggs, gradually add sugar, milk and vanilla. Set pan in hot water, and while beating add gelatin and cook without boiling until it masks spoon. Strain and add more vanilla.

Set custard to cool and as it begins to thicken fold in, over and over, the cream whipped stiff. Arrange in mold lined with lady fingers and chill.

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**"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!**

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

by Lady Esther

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you really cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

**Surface Cleansing Not Enough**

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is deep cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it out! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that penetrates the pores! Such a cream, distinetly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

**Dissolves the Waxy Dirt**

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this griny dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. All the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It repplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

**Definite Results!**

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

---

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

FREELady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

(If you live in Canada, write to Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

—FEBRUARY 1937—
ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

F. M. L. I agree with you, Melynn Douglas was swell in "The Gorgeous Hussy," And now for the formation. He was born in Macon, Ga., in 1901. Six feet 1 1/2 inches tall, has light brown and brown eyes, and weighs 180 pounds. He is married to Helen Gahagan, and they have one child, a boy. He had considerable stage experience before his film career. Here are some of the pictures in which he has appeared: "The Lone Wolf Returns," "She Married Her Boss," "Annie Oakley," "People's Enemy," "Mary Burns, Fugitive," and "Theodora Goes Wild," with Irene Dunne, which is his latest picture. We'll see what can be done about a picture of Sidney Toler. Well it be taken with Jessie Matthews? Not that we'd object, for Jessie is tops with us; and she likes posing for pictures with her clever husband.

Elaine B. You'll have to see the stage play, "Reflected Glory," Tallulah Bankhead's current stage hit, if you long to see your favorite, Philip Reed, as he is not appearing in pictures right now. Cheer up, you were not alone in waiting for the new Tarzan picture; "Tarzan Escapes" is the title, it is already released, and Maureen O'Sullivan again plays opposite Johnny Weissmuller. He has more than brown hair and blue eyes. Light brown hair, depending on the lighting during the filming, often seems to be blonde. Yes, it was Alice Terry who played the part of Donini in the silent version of "The Garden of Allah," and Ivan Petrovich played opposite her. Be sure to see the glamorous Marlene and Charles Boyer in the new Technicolor version.

Eleanor K. So you want to know Jean Parker's measurements—all right, here they are: 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, and just for good measure, I'll tell you that she has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes, Henry Wilcoxon of course makes you want to know all about him! But didn't you know that he recently married Sheila Browning, a young actress? If you are still interested as to his private and professional life, it's like this. Born in the West Indies in 1905, educated in England, appeared on London stage, brought to America by DeMille, played a leading role in "The Crusades," and in "Cleopatra," and more recently one of the leads in "The Last of the Mohicans." And we'll see what can be done about that picture of him, also. You're very welcome, come again.

Margaret A. Glad to hear from you. Harry Elridge played the part of Margaret Sullavan's brother in "So Red the Rose." Douglass Montgomery's English picture was "Everything is Thunder," in which he portrayed the roll of a private in the Union army, opposite Constance Bennett. Douglass recently returned to this country and you'll be seeing him in new American movies.

Doris N. James Stewart was born in Indiana, Pa. "Now let me get this straight! Jimmy is still a bachelor, he but much in demand in Hollywood, so don't be too surprised if he follows his pal Henry Fonda into the ranks of the Beauties.

Kay Francis said she had no wedding plans to discuss as she waved bye-bye to cameraman who took this shot off the star sailing for an extended vacation in Europe.

Lucille L. Rights! It was Charles Laughton who played the part of the bookkeeper in "If I Had a Million." If you are a Laughton fan, why not see him in "Rembrandt?" And bring yourself up to date on his pictures. Elsa Lanchester is Mrs. Laughton, and plays opposite her husband in "Rembrandt."

Mary P. The lovely music played at the beginning and end of "Magnificent Obsession" is called "The French Waltz," and is an original composition by Franz Waxman. Robert Taylor appeared in shorts—the celluloid kind—before he was discovered by M-G-M; "Handy Andy" for Fox; and for Universal, "There's Always Tomorrow! and "Magnificent Obsession.

Ida D. Your favorite, Fredric March, was born in Racine, Wis. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He was educated in the Racine High School, and the University of Wisconsin. His first appearance on the stage was in "Deburau," produced by David Belasco, in 1920. He was very successful on the stage and never appeared in pictures until 1928, when he played an important role in "The Royal Family." His recent pictures have been "Anthony Adverse," "The Road to Glory," and "Mary of Scotland." Florence Eldridge, who is Mrs. Fredric March in private life, played the role of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland"; the Earl of Bothwell was the part played by Fredric March. Any other questions about the Fredric March family? Oh, yes—they have two adopted children.

Ruby Keeler Fan. Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, August 25. When she was three years old, her family came to New York. She appeared on the New York stage in the chorus of a musical show when she was thirteen. She had always danced, was one of those who are "born to dance" so naturally she was successful at once. She was signed in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" as chief tap dancer. She met and married Al Jolson. Soon after her marriage, she was offered the leading feminine role in "42nd Street," which firmly established her as a screen "hit." She has brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. Devoted to her.
home and husband. She will shortly be seen in "Ready, Willing, and Able" with Ross Alexander as her leading man. Anything more?

Miss O. K. Sorry, but we do not inquire into the religions of the stars, so it is impossible to give you information on your question.

F. McM. Fan. Are you sure you wish only a "thumb-nail" sketch of your favorite. Don’t smile, for Fred MacMurray was really born in Kankakee! And as to his height, it’s 6 feet 3 inches, weight, 185 pounds, dark brown hair and brown eyes. He plays the saxophone, made his screen debut in 1934, and has a long-term contract with Paramount. Oh, yes, he is married. His two latest pictures: "Champagne Waltz," with Gladys Swarthout, and "Maid of Salem," with Claudette Colbert. Your guess is as good as mine; the cut does very much resemble Robert Taylor!

Eleanor W. You have the same thought as thousands of others about Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. They do make a swell team! And judging from their smiling faces, they do like previews! Now about your questions as to hobbies, dates of birth, etc. Mr. Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island. Both his father and mother were excellent singers, so it was natural that young Nelson should make his vocal debut early in life as boy soprano in one of the leading churches in Providence. His hobby has always been music; as a matter of fact it is pretty grand when one’s hobby and profession happen to be the same thing. As for sports, he is fond of swimming, riding, and tennis. Watch out for "Maytime," the next picture in which he and Jeanette MacDonald appear together. It is a screen version of Sigmund Romberg’s tuneful and romantic operetta produced on the stage some seasons back, and remembered as a notable Broadway success.

Lucy D. Don Ameche has made a success in three fields: stage, radio, and screen. His second picture was "Ramona," which followed "Sins of Man." Previous to his film work, he played in stock on the legitimate stage, and starred in "Grand Hotel" and "The First Nighter" in radio. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weights 170 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes—he’s married.

Harry Ralph Coppola. Thanks for the bouquet. And now I’ll toss a little information at you! Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, June 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married. Had stage experience, also much screen experience previous to signing a long-term contract with Fox in 1931. Brian Donlevy made his debut as the heavy in "Barbary Coast," also appeared in "It Happened in Hollywood," among other films.

Adele Frush. And you want to know the titles of Henry Wilcoxen’s English pictures? All right, here goes: "The Perfect Lady," "Two Way Street," "Self-made Lady," "Flying Squad," "Taxi to Paradise," and "Princess Charming." Henry seems very popular right now—can it be a fan club?

The talk gets too fast for Henry Armetta when Gregory Ratoff and Hugh Herbert become very communicative in this scene from a new screen comedy.

"HONEY—I DON’T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"

HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN—THEY DATE ME FIRST THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

HELEN, IT’S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON’T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...

I’M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I’LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors
Honor Page

To Tyrone Power, who in "Lloyds of London" proves himself the great new romantic actor of the screen.

Here is, we predict, the great movie idol of tomorrow, Tyrone Power, until lately called "Jr." Left, a close-up. Right, below, a full-length portrait as the young hero of "Lloyds of London." In scenes below with, "the villain of the piece," George Sanders, and with the fresh and lovely Virginia Field.

T is a heart-warming occasion, the award of this Honor Page to Tyrone Power! Here is a very young man, the son of a fine actor of a former day, who in one picture assumes important stature as an amazing romantic figure, second to none in screen remembrance. Oh, we have had our overnight idols, our sudden sensations; but seldom before have we acknowledged a youth who, following a great tradition, emerges in his first real rôle of consequence a full-fledged star, an unfailing artiste, a personality not only warmly romantic, but possessed of natural nobility. "Lloyds of London" is a "big" picture in the grand manner, and Tyrone Power, its actual unbilled star, is an actor in the true grand manner.
DEAR Miss Swarthout:

Congratulations!

You’re the luckiest young woman in motion pictures right now, and I wonder if you know it? Why?

Well, being just an old attention-caller, I’ll remind you. It isn’t every gal, every day, who is invited to follow in the footsteps of Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford, and Gloria Swanson—all Glamor Girls of other days and other ways, but all big-time. Now here’s a chance for us to go all red-eyed and reminiscent over Mr. Adolph Zukor’s 25th year of making movies, but I’m going to fool you on that. It seems that a quarter of a century’s service to the screen is a pretty solemn thing, and so is being a Metropolitan Opera prima donna; but since Mr. Zukor himself is taking all this Silver Jubilee business in his stride, I think we can skip the solemnity. Of course Mr. Z., on January 7th, his own 64th birthday, will press a button and release your and his new picture, “Champagne Waltz;” he will smile, and he will mean it; but what, I ask, will you be doing? Having a good time, too, like Mr. Zukor? Maybe even sipping a little champagne? No, Miss Swarthout; I expect you’ll be taking deep-breathing exercises, or practicing your scales, or something rather serious like that.

Now Mr. Z., having been so long a showman and a good one, knows that there must be an element of fun and suspense in making movies. When he was sponsor-

An Open Letter to Gladys Swarthout

ing the Divine Sarah in her first and only film; or Valentino; or Pickford; or later Gary Cooper, Dietrich, Carole Lombard—he never let it get him down. He always seen .d to enjoy making movies. And so have all the other really big people in “show business.” Hard work and heartaches, yes; but thrills, too, and always excitement. Hollywood has never been very dull, though there have been times when the wholesale importation of stage actors and opera singers, saving your presence, Miss Swarthout, threatened to make it dull. But now the good old circus spirit is back; Silver Jubilees and such—and a musical movie to celebrate. As the star of that movie, you should be rather proud, and I hope you are.

Imagine the feelings of some of the home-grown Hollywood stars when little Upstart Swarthout emerged as the bright, particular luminary of the Jubilee picture! It’s nice that you’re pleasant, and charming, and modest; it helps. Now if you could only work yourself up to enjoying your movie job, and showing it! After all, a few pictures and a lot of publicity never yet made a real movie idol. Mr. Zukor knows that. It takes much more than years of experience, or beauty, or a lovely voice. It takes tang, and zest, and verve, and all the other wonderful things that are fun. So suppose you forget your scales and just have a good time. If necessary, sample some of that “Champagne.”

Delight Evans

A toast, top, by Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout to “Champagne Waltz.” Right, Adolph Zukor of Paramount tells over his “Silver Jubilee” picture with the star, Miss Swarthout, and her husband. Read the Open Letter to learn why Gladys Swarthout is called “the luckiest girl in pictures.”
What does the future hold for your film favorites? Norvell, Hollywood's leading astrologer, makes some astonishing predictions.

In your town when a citizen falls in love, has a baby, or a cold, or a brain storm, takes a flyer in the market or a wife, he undoubtedly sends for a doctor, minister, psychiatrist, or a broker, but out here in Hollywood they usually call in an astrologer.

Until his death last October, Cheiro was the leader in this profession. Now there is Norvell, who is young, handsome, socially popular.

Such importance is attached to Norvell's reading of the planets, that each New Year's morning the Associated Press syndicates his predictions for the year. Last year he predicted great tragedy for Norma Shearer, marriages for Dick Powell and Myrna Loy, and separation for Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres.

Hollywood, reading this, thought he was taking very long chances, since none of these things was foreshadowed at that time.

“Lucky Norvell!” they call him, and luck certainly seems a friend of his because he drives one of the most elaborate cars in town, lives in one of the gaudiest houses, on one of the highest hills; has three Filipino boys and four secretaries. What he earns must be considerable, because he recently turned down an offer of $500 a week to make personal appearances, saying at the time that it was not enough money, "and besides, Hollywood is the most likely spot in America to receive the psychic vibra-
tions upon which my work depends."
A fact, no doubt, the Chamber of Commerce has overlooked!
Norvell has come a long way since he first arrived in Hollywood about six years ago, an ambitious adolescent, who worked as an extra, until he found a job in an obscure tea room telling fortunes. Mary Pickford first discovered him and he is now "Astrological Adviser" of practically every star in the business.
Since this is the case I thought perhaps I'd pass along his predictions for 1937 to you, all in the spirit of good, clean fun, of course.
Norvell sees a year of great change for Hollywood, with the old guard fading out and comparatively new players taking top places.
Tragedy too, with death, accident, divorce, and probably an earthquake taking their toll. Uranus is in affliction, says Norvell, ominously, and Hollywood had better look out. But there is happiness in store for the lucky ones whose stars are right.
Robert Taylor, for whom Norvell predicted a brilliant future when he was unknown to the general public, can relax, for his destiny is indeed fortunate. He was born, says Norvell, in the Sign of Leo, which brings fame and success that endures for years. About forty of our most successful players were born in this Sign, including William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Norma Shearer. Hollywood is ruled by the Sign of Leo. Taylor is not a flash in the pan but will continue to improve and gain in popularity.
"Marriage will come to him within two years, if he looks to his stars, for certainly the influence of a woman is shown in his horoscope during 1937, so strongly that it could indicate marriage. For business reasons, however, the powers that be may find it advisable to curb such matrimonial ventures. But if Bob listens to the promptings of his stars, he will most assuredly be married within two years."
"Nelson Eddy will be even more successful in 1937 than heretofore. A marriage is shown for him, but it will not last very long."
"Jeanette MacDonald, Eddy's partner in song, will marry Gene Raymond soon, and theirs will be a long and happy union, for their stars blend happily.
"Ruth Chatterton will marry again this year, for the last time. She will find happiness in love, but should be careful of accidents. I urgently advise her to give up airplanes, at least until the end of 1937.
"Mary Astor also is due for another trip down the bridal trail this year; time compatibly. She comes into the best years of her life, romantically and professionally. Her star, long eclipsed, shines brightly for her future."
Norvell says that Madge Evans' horoscope reveals that she is already married, and that this fact will be made public in 1937, which will be a splendid year for her. She will emerge from the semi-obscURITY in which she has been lost, and become a vitally important player. Great personal happiness is in store for her.
"Virginia Bruce faces another happier marriage this year. Great success is noted in the stars for Miss Bruce, and matrimoniably, she will come into her own. She was born in Libra, the Sign that is ruled by Venus the Love Planet. Men will always be in love with Virginia Bruce."
Norvell says that Clark Gable's star is still on the ascendant and he will continue successfully on the screen.
"His Planets incline him to another marriage. A union with Carole Lombard would prove more than successful from an astrological standpoint.
"Another marriage is indicated for Jean Harlow. Her Sign is emotionally attracted to Bill Powell, but a marriage to each other would be a rash venture and would spell disaster to both. Here we have again the fatal combination of fire and water, which brought Bill's marriage to Carole Lombard to ashes. Bill is fire; Jean, water.
"Eleanor Powell, the sensational dancing star, was born in Scorpio. Her chart reveals amazing events for her entire future. She will remain a success in pictures, but the future holds a thrilling romance that will sweep her off her feet into a marriage of lasting happiness. I advise Eleanor to wait until the end of 1938 for this marriage, although the stars show she is a little impatient. Eleanor Powell should be able to combine both a career and marriage, for she has a brilliant mind and an exciting future Destiny.
"Tom Brown will also strut to the altar." (Deo Gratia, says I, speaking for all Hollywood bachelors).
"That ought to keep Yuma busy, now what about Reno?" I asked. Norvell again went into his trance. He emerged looking dejected. "I can definitely predict divorce only for Jack Oakie; there are others, but they are vague just now.
"Despite the fact that Joan (Continued on page 71)"
He’s the “new boy in town,” who arrived after one of those struggles that warm the heart to read about.

Whalen, in the big picture at right, smiles at success. Right, with the moustache he acquired for "Woman-Wise." Say it isn’t permanent, Mike! Above, with his sister. Top, with a doggy fan.

Make Way for Michael Whalen!

By Belle Kanter

"YOU have a great deal of talent and you work hard. You’re handsome, too. But it all means nothing, dear boy, because you don’t know what living really is. You must learn something about life. Go out and live!"

Eva LeGallienne, great lady of the stage and founder of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, was speaking to Michael Whalen, a young and promising member of her company for whom she had a great affection.

Michael Whalen was then twenty-three years old, had never smoked or taken a drink of hard liquor, or ratted around, as young men the world over claim it is their inalienable right to do.

As he tells about it now, five years later, he says: “You see, I always wanted to be an actor. I had always wanted it with all my heart, and I had some mistaken notion that I must do nothing else with my body and my energy. I hoarded it for the only thing I thought worth while—acting. I didn’t see that I was going through life like a blind puppy, that I didn’t know what made people tick, and that at twenty-three I was no further along the road of understanding what life really meant than I had been at sixteen. ‘Go out and get hurt, let living do things to you,’ Miss LeGallienne told me. ‘You will be a better actor and a greater man when you come through.’ And so I followed her advice."

He learned from vicissitude, hunger, and disappointment how young and strong and hard he was; he laughed and cried and loved and hated and lost and won and lost again; but today Michael Whalen is a mature, sympathetic, understanding person, and an actor of no mean ability, moving further towards (Continued on page 84)
OB MONTGOMERY is probably the only actor in Hollywood who is not satisfied with his own performances. Any number of the lads will say "No, my last picture wasn’t up to my usual standard," or "Don’t judge me by this one: it was a quickie," but none of them will say "I’ve never done a job on the screen that I point to with pride." None except Bob Montgomery.

In addition to being conscientious about his didoes before the camera, he is the sort of fellow hostesses dream of snaring for week-end parties; he is tall, handsome in a pleasant, informal way, well-turned-out but not studied in his style. Most actors dress to the hilt when they dress; not Mr. Montgomery. He has achieved the fine art of being casual. His manner is ingratiating. His charm robs him of none of his virility.

He likes oysters, good actors, duck shooting, and for his picture _vis a vis_, Madge Evans. He dislikes egg plant, rainy days, phony artists in any medium, and insincerity _per se_. The last time I saw him he was in New York busily arranging to have a print of "Piccadilly Jim" sent to the Pawling School, which he once attended. He was going to show it to the boys himself, and tell them about the laughs everybody had making it.

Bob lives on his own farm three months a year, every year. That stipulation was ironclad in his contract with Metro. Most pacts call for forty weeks’ work annually, at the pleasure of the producer, which means the actor sneaks a week here or three days there between pictures, ducking off to Palm Springs or Laguna, always within call of the studio siren, dinner pail packed ready to start for work on an hour’s notice. Montgomery’s contract, (and it is a fattish sort of document netting him some $135,000 a year), stipulates that he is to have his twelve weeks in a lump, far from the dictates or demands of his employers. He chooses to go as far as roads will carry him, to the opposite side of the continent, where he has a fully stocked farm in Connecticut. There he hunts, rides, fishes and swims; he lets his beard grow, eats more than he should, and laughs a great deal with his wife, Betty. Then he returns to Hollywood to make pictures, according to contract.

He regrets that he is a comedian. He would like to get a crack at more parts like the one he had in “The Big House” True, he enjoyed (Continued on page 80)
Secret trysts between Barbara Blake (Claudette Colbert), and the handsome fugitive, Roger Coverman (Fred MacMurray), lead to distorted stories and fanatical frenzy.

터 WAS no bonnet for a Puritan maid, all quilted and silken as it was with its perky ribbons tied in a bow making a heart of a girl’s face.

A slow smile came to Doctor John’s face as he watched. Barbara had always been different from the other maids of Salem Village. Even when he had known her as just a little maid she had been different. Always dancing where other children walked. Always with that questing eagerness in her eyes and the dimple darting around her smile.

Yes, she was different! Different from all of them. Even from Martha, the wife he loved as he loved no other woman. This feeling he had for Barbara was apart from that. It was the feeling he had for beauty and for music and for poetry, and for all other lovely things he had to keep locked in his heart in this stern community. The same feeling he had had for her as a child.

No less than that and no more.

Only on that last trip to Boston when Barbara’s aunt had entrusted him with the purchase of a new bonnet for her, it was the silken one he had chosen rather than the sober woolen ones the women of his faith clung to.

“T was the prettiest one in Boston,” John chuckled, “and will cost your Aunt Ellen only six shillings”.

Barbara pushed away the basket of candles she had put on his desk to see herself the better in

Above: Scenes played by Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Harvey Stephens.
A heart-stirring romance unfolds before the colorful background of one of the most exciting chapters in American history

**Fictionized by**

*Elizabeth B. Petersen*

*Please See Page 88 for Complete Cast and Credits.*

the large medicine bottle in front of her, and the doctor’s smile deepened as the door opened and his wife came into the room, for always he wanted to share everything that was rare and lovely with her.

“Oh, Martha, isn’t it lovely and gay?” Barbara’s smile began in her eyes and rippled down to her lips.

“Very gay,” Martha clipped her words sharply and the girl looked at her in dismay.

“Too gay, think you?” she asked in sudden consternation.

“Nonsense!” John broke in. “There’s enough wearing of sombre clothing around here. ’Twill be good to have a change.”

“If Elder Goode sees it before the Sabbath meeting, he’ll forbid the wearing.” Martha could not help that small, triumphant smile.

“Oh!” Barbara looked at her basket of candles. “I’m just on my way to his house.”

“Why not leave it here?” John suggested, and he smiled again as the girl reluctantly took off her pretty bonnet and kissed it before putting it back in its box.

Martha barely waited for the door to close behind the girl’s slim figure before she turned on her husband.

“I wish you hadn’t bought that bonnet for Barbara!” her voice came tensely. “You shouldn’t encourage her

(Cont. on page 88)
Why Dietrich Waited for Donat

"Do you like Robert Donat without his moustache?" That's the first question when film folks meet in London these days. Certainly Robert looks much younger now and his smile has gained an added frankness very charming, but on the other hand he seems to have lost something of that whimsical debonairness along with the adornment of his upper lip.

He shaved to play with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor" because his glamorous fellow-star has a firm objection to acting in passionate love-scenes with a moustache—she says it scratches her face and spoils the proper dramatic effect of her kisses! And handsome brown-eyed Robert is so intensely grateful to Marlene I'm sure he would promptly shave off all his hair as well if she told him she preferred her screen lovers to be bald.

For behind Robert's appearance in Korda's new film lies an amazing story of comedy and tragedy—never told until now—in which he has had a part far more poignant than any rôle he could mime before the cameras. Twelve months ago Donat was the first male name in British screenland, the thirty-year-old star on the crest of the wave with his fine portrayal in "The Ghost Goes West," and producers in London and Hollywood alike bidding eagerly for his services. Irving Thalberg offered him three hundred thousand dollars to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet but Robert refused because he wanted to return to the stage again for a time.

So he put on a sombre intellectual play with his own money and at the dress-rehearsal he dropped his little make-up mirror and smashed it to fragments. "Pooh! I'm not superstitious!" he laughed; but the piece proved a lamentable failure just the same and standing in the draughty wings one night, Robert caught a chill. He was ill for weeks, finally returning to the studio with a persistent cough. He arranged to film as Hamlet but after several postponements, production was

The amazing story of how glamorous Marlene's patience and courage helped the popular male star when illness threatened his career.

By Hettie Grimstead
shelved. He signed a contract to appear with Sylvia Sidney in her Gaumont-British picture "Sabotage" and then failed to appear on the set because his illness had developed into a painful throat trouble accompanied by asthma so that often he had literally to fight for breath. Thinking Californian sunshine would prove beneficial, he agreed to go to Hollywood and star for Paramount but the doctors warned him he might never survive the long journey—already he was so weak he passed most of his days in bed.

With the mild summer weather, Robert found some relief and thought he might summon sufficient strength to fulfill his long-standing promise to his old friend Alexander Korda, the man who gave him his first chance, to play with Marlene Dietrich in her British film. He attended Marlene's reception party with his throat specially treated with cocaine and sucking medicated lozenges, but his enemy struck again and the day he should have enacted his first scene with the lovely star he was once more lying helpless at his North London home unable to eat or sleep, gasping agonisingly for air.

Regretfully Korda suggested the story of "Knight Without Armor" be altered for Dietrich to star alone with a leading man but characteristically definite, Marlene refused to agree. "I know there are plenty of good-looking actors," she said, "but Donat has that necessary something that comes down from the screen to the audience. As soon as he enters a scene you are keenly conscious of him. I want him in my picture. Let us wait a while and see how he progresses."

While King Edward's own physician was attending (Continued on page 74)
THE slender English girl in the navy blue slacks, who seemed more like a "new face" actress than the mother of two strapping boys, Jolyon and Robin Hunter, aged ten and seven, respectively, looked at me quizzically. I had been exactly two weeks convincing Casha Pringle Hunter, (Mrs. Ian Hunter, to the few who know her in Hollywood), that she should give us this story of being a "private wife" in Hollywood.

Even now she was not sure—but her sense of humor was helping a lot concerning this first interview she has granted since her British husband swept up so rapidly to the heights in American movie favor. There was a glimmer of amusement back of her expression, in her clear eyes, and lurking around the unrouged smile in a face scrupulously devoid of make-up. She looked as though she had just blown in from a stiff game of tennis, or perhaps from a swim in the gray Pacific that was all you could see outside the enormous windows of the Hunter home on the Santa Monica cliffs.

Here is a wife who has never been photographed entering a night club with her husband. Here is a wife too absorbed in her home to be any part of the movie married set that begins its day at cocktail luncheons and ends it in orchids and ermines at some popular night spot. Here is a wife who has visited her husband at his studio but once in two years and who has met only one of the glamorous leading stars with whom he portrays ardent love scenes before the cameras: Kay Francis. In short, Casha Hunter is the most completely "private wife" I know in Hollywood!

"There is nothing mysterious about my reluctance to give interviews or to be photographed with Ian in our home," she said in her soft English accent that is neither clipped nor abrupt, but very dramatically musical. "It is only that I believe a 'private wife' should remain just that—private.

"In giving you this story about our home life, I'm really violating a promise I made myself when Ian and the boys and I came to Hollywood from England over two years ago. At that time I made up my mind to be the silent partner in Ian's career, to stay outside the rays of the spotlight that pries into the private life of actors here in America, and seems so terrifying to us Britishers.

"No," she replied in answer to an unspoken but obvious question on my lips, "it isn't because I believe actors are more romantic to their fans if their wives scuttle comfortably into the corners, and leave them romantic figures in the dreams of their feminine fans. The really intelligent fans may safely be trusted with
EDITOR'S NOTE:
This is the second of our series of intimate home and private-life problems of Five Hollywood Wives, with many never-before-told details of their establishments and the problems they face uncommon to the lives of other women. Last month, Joan Bennett told you the trials and triumphs of being an actress-wife. This month, we have prevailed upon Mrs. Ian Hunter, who has never previously granted an interview, to tell of the hurdles and highlights of being the "non-professional wife" of a current screen idol. Next month, another "Hollywood Wife" speaks. D. E.

Yes, Mrs. Ian Hunter has watched her husband make love to Kay Francis, above; in fact, Kay is the only one of Ian's screen sweethearts she has ever met! Below and right, two more exclusive pictures of the Hunters at home. Sorry we can't show you their two sons, but the boys were at school.

Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hunter at home made by M. Marigold

the information that an actor is married without losing interest in him—and the others hardly matter, do they? "And then—by refusing to give out interviews I have spared myself that long list of printed sob stories that begins with 'No, I Am Not Jealous of My Husband' and ends with 'How It Feels To Be Married To a Man Who Makes Screen Love To The World's Beauties.' I would be a disappointment on those subjects anyway. Considering that my husband and the boys and I are always together when he is not working, I have never had the slightest occasion to become jealous; and so far as I have been able to find out, being married to a man who is constantly associated with lovely women is no different from being married to a man who 'tends a store where beautiful women might shop, or works in a bank where charming women make money deposits. I can't see where the risk is any greater.

"Would it sound quite too selfish to say I have chosen my rôle of the unseen wife purely for my own peace of mind and because I am far happier going my way un molested by any glamor from Ian's celebrity that might rub off on me if I (Continued on page 70)
3 Girls on a Match

The drama, the romance, but most of all the human interest of Hollywood life as mirrored in the struggles of 3 girls for screen recognition

By Vera Brown

See Page 81 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

PAT headed for home. Marathon Street—Melrose Boulevard—the movie studio—all of it lay behind her in a heap of ashes like a city that had been razed to the ground. Olga had snubbed her. Eddie had broken his date. And Bud had driven away in a huff.

Her eyes filled with tears. They coursed down her cheeks that were still thick with make-up. Powder and paint and make-believe—that was Hollywood for you. Headache and heartache and pocket-book ache—that was the movies for you. If Bud would have her, she decided irrevocably, she would gladly go back to Tallahassee. She saw herself happily married—fed and housed and loved, with all this turmoil of living no longer able to touch her.

"Pat, darling. Oh, Pat." It was Olga. This time, the blonde had appropriated the Rolls-Royce to add to her collection. Olga was alone, riding abreast at the wheel. "Slow up, Honey. Got something to tell you."

"Don't want to hear it." Pat forged steadily forward.

"Don't be mad at me," wheedled Olga.

"I'm not mad at you," declared Pat.

"I know I cut you on the set. But I had to do it. It means curtains if a star is seen talking to an extra. But, listen. Honey, you're not going to be an extra much longer. I've got big plans for you. I—"

"Thanks, Olga," interrupted Pat in a husky voice. "But I'm through—through for good."

"You listen to me. You're just starting. You leave it to me. I'll fix it. Haven't done so bad by Olga, have I?" Then she pretended to be hurt. She demanded to be mollified. "Aren't you going
to congratulate me? I signed a contract. Two hundred per.

Pat forced a smile. "I'm awfully glad, Olga."

The little car chugged and the big car purred as they rolled along side by side.

"Didn't I tell you I'd make good? You know Olga—two hundred per or nothing—and two hundred it is!"

A red light halted the traffic.

The little car came to a stop. It stood there panting audibly. The big car rolled up gracefully. It stood there purring softly.

Olga leaned out of the window. "Notice anything new?"

Pat managed a glance. "You're wearing a new hat—" "Got half a dozen new hats. Take another look."

"That's a new bag—"

"Got a dozen new bags. But lamp these sables, kid." She preened. "Mr. Magnin took them right out of the window and Dickie wrapped them right around my neck."

"They're stunning, Olga." Pat fingered her borrowed foxes.

"You can keep the old cats." Olga was magnanimous. "You and Ann can have the whole works, Honey. You can have all my clothes and my share of the bus—and the rest of the week in the bed."

"Mean to say you aren't coming home?"

"To the old dump on Willow Street? That was good enough for Olga. But Miss Dupont's moved to the Garden of Allah. Come up and see me some time." She mimicked a well-known star. "Anytime!"

The traffic started again. Pat turned right. The big car turned too.

Olga philosophized: "You've got to know the ropes to get to first base in this racket. I drew a contract—and all it cost me was a kiss—and that's all Dickie's going to get. Oh, I know, I jumped in the pool—but I've still to collect for that little stunt. Dickie's coming across in a big way only he don't know it—that is—not yet. He will—before the night is over!" Olga flipped open a gold cigarette case. "Like it?"

"It's a beauty."

"That ain't all I'm getting," she boasted lightly. "I priced a perfectly stunning brooch—only a grand—and I saw a ducky bracelet—knocked down to two—and tomorrow's my birthday—that makes three—"

"Your birthday? I almost forgot!"

"You forget it, Honey. I've been trying to forget it myself. But there are times—" she blew a smoke ring carelessly into the air—"times when a birthday's good for something—and this is one of them."

(Cont. on page 31)
Revealing the reasons for Taylor's terrific triumph, and why the screen's First Young Man remains completely, and amazingly, unspoiled.

It's no longer surprising to me why Bob Taylor is still a level-headed person in spite of his dizzy jump to fame.

It all became very clear and simple after I had met his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh. I had gone to see her for the purpose of getting a story on Bob and thought all would be clear sailing. Of course she'd talk about Bob! What mother wouldn't?

But I spent several hours with her, accepted her invitation for a drive, and lunched with her at the Brown Derby. We talked about the usual feminine things—clothes and household affairs, and about the California climate which has greatly benefited Mrs. Brugh's health. There was no mention of Bob, except that he was taking her to a dance that evening and she wondered what frock she ought to wear.

I began to realize I was meeting a very unusual mother—one who was unaffected by the accolade the world was giving her son. She was taking it in a very calm, matter-of-fact way, and having met doting mothers in Hollywood and elsewhere, I can say that Mrs. Brugh's own attitude toward the tremendous popularity that has come to her son, is one of the reasons for Bob's level-headed reaction.

When many hours had flitted by in Mrs. Brugh's pleasant company, I finally decided to take the bull by the horns, or I'd never get on the subject of Bob.

So when we were in her cozy sitting room again, and Mrs. Brugh had picked up a quilt she was making, I mentioned that everyone finds Bob so unspoiled. The fact that you hear it everywhere shows it's not a usual thing in Hollywood town.

"Well," she told me with a twinkle in her eyes, "the only thing that would surprise me would be if Bob did act spoiled!

By Lillian G. Genn

Robert Taylor's Mother Talks!
"You know the old saying," she smiledly went on, "'as the twig is bent, so grows the tree.' If you train a child properly the first seven years of his life, you needn't worry what he'll be like when he reaches maturity, whether he becomes a movie star or a millionaire or anything else. Those early years are important in his life. He never forgets them.

"Bob was an only child and it certainly would have been very easy to spoil him. Dr. Brugh and I had been married eight years and we had given up all hope of having children. We had even been on the verge of adopting two little boys and had everything prepared for it. Then we found our dream would come true and we'd have a child of our own.

"You can imagine how thrilled the doctor and I were. It was the greatest event in our lives. We used to spend hours planning how we'd bring him up.

"After Bob's arrival, we were told we couldn't have another child. But this didn't change our determination not to spoil him. We made up our minds to discipline him and give him a sense of responsibility. Whatever wisdom the doctor and I had gained from life, we were going to share with him.

"Many people used to tell me I was too strict with Bob. I'd slap his fingers when he was only six months old. But I believed it was better to do it at that age than later. There's nothing more pitiful to me than to have a mother say, 'I can't do a thing with my child.' And he's all of three years! I wonder what she'll do when he's sixteen?

"Bob was taught to obey his parents. And if he didn't obey, he was spanked. The doctor accepted no excuses.

"Fortunately we rarely had to punish Bob. He was a quiet, thoughtful child and we could always reason with him. He'd listen to our views and do as we asked. But if he ever made up his mind to do something his own way, he'd give so many reasons for it that he'd floor me," laughed Mrs. Brugh.

"Usually we put Bob on his honor and we disciplined him to be a man of his word. In this way we were able to give him a great deal of freedom to go where he pleased and do what he wanted. We knew we could trust him to behave, even if we weren't around.

"For instance, we put him on his honor not to smoke or drink. His father was opposed to these habits. Of course, Bob could have done these things outside of the house, but he never did. To me it was a beautiful instance of courtesy and respect of one gentleman for another.

"As Bob grew older, we'd let him make his own decisions. He could do what he wanted, but we always made it clear to him that he'd have to accept the responsibility for (Continued on page 76)
THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING
THE SHOW IN A MILLION!
A revelation in entertainment!
Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!
Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!
Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!
AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
to thrill you...
100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'
introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!
SONJA HENIE
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S
SPECTACULAR
MUSICAL SMASH...
SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER
AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR...
"One in a Million" "Who's
Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlight
Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again"
"Lovely Lady in White"

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!
Hollywood Is Madeleine Carroll-Conscious!

If the blonde British beauty were quintuplets the demand for "More Madeleine" would still exceed the supply, for producers, directors, leading men all cry, "We want Carroll!"

The case of Miss Carroll is practically unique in unique Hollywood! There are other blondes, other Britons, other beauties; but none with her very feminine charm and acting talents. Result, she's the leading lady in "Lloyds of London," sharing honors with the new wonder boy, Tyrone Power, above; and she's also Dick Powell's screen sweetheart, left, in the big new Irving Berlin musical, "On the Avenue."
Luscious Lombard

JUST A LOVELY NATURE-LOVER!

Carole the captivating is one important star who still will pose perfectly naturally in shorts for sports, thus making Hollywood cameramen and everybody else happy. Here she is, a pet with pets, pictured with her amazing collection. Left, below, and right, you’ll find Carole with Pushface, her famous Pekingese; Fritz, the dachshund; Smokey, the spaniel; Josephine, the cat; Queenie, another dachshund; Edmund, the rooster, and Jessie, the hen. What’s more, when Carole calls ‘em they come running—as who wouldn’t?
For it's always fair weather in Southern California—if you don't believe it, ask the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, or better still, ask Clark Gable, who chooses to use his between-pictures spare time to cruise on Allan Jones' schooner, "Aliene." "Love on the Run" was Clark's last picture, but that title has nothing to do with the Gable private life, because between pictures and cruises he is still seen about with the gorgeous beauty on our opposite page.

GABLE GOES NAUTICAL!

Clark
on a
Cruise
Best Dressed
Best Actresses!

Richly does Joan Crawford deserve her rank as a foremost lady of fashion, but she hasn't won that distinction at sacrifice of acting as an art. Study the close-up of Joan for details of her beauty; the full-length portrait, center, for the glamor of her Adrian-created ensemble; and picture at right, showing her in a one-piece traveling suit.
Joan Crawford and Miriam Hopkins provide a feast for the eyes of the fashion-minded, yet they never fail to make clothes express definite dramatic character values in harmony with the roles they play.

Miriam Hopkins can make daringly smart clothes fairly vibrate with sparkle and distinction; example: the portrait in center in an all-black costume with silver fox collar. But Miriam can be equally convincing in simple clothes. Left—it somewhat reminds of her part in "These Three," and in two poses above, Miriam as she appears in her new picture, "Men Are Not Gods."
Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson, right—she's Frances Farmer, you know—are still very bride-and-groomish. Left, Leif cuts up for the camera with his studio heart, Marsha Hunt, for "College Holiday." The circle shows Leif in a close-up with Marsha, while directly below is a very new portrait of the fascinating Farmerette, and a new portrait study of her good-looking husband.

"A Fine Romance!"

Frances Farmer, new sensation, soars to stardom and her handsome husband, Leif Erikson, forges ahead by making movie love to other screen lovelies. But that's Hollywood, and they're happy.
Ruby Returns

And about time, too. We've missed you, Miss Keeler. But all is forgiven for your timely taps, your Irish eyes and the way they look at Ross Alexander.

"Ready, Willing, and Able"—isn't that a good title for the new Keeler-Alexander show? Above, they're proving it, are Ruby and Ross, in their tender close-up. Below, Ruby goes into her song and dance for the "Handy with Your Feet" number with the chorus. Left, two new portraits showing the new Keeler coiffure—like it!
Swing your eye around the circle on this page, and find, at bottom in center, Clark Gable; next, Gary Cooper; and reading on up: Burgess-Meredith; Edward Arnold giving Andrea Leeds a ride; Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Freddie Bartholomew—Freddie taking it easy on the handle bars of Jackie's bike; Karen Morley, balancing act!

Free-Wheeling All Over Hollywood
Movie stars circle about from set to dressing-room, from town to country, on cycles these days, getting plenty of knee action as they ride a new hobby—a bike no less.

Here's a movie with a moral. At top, Merle Oberon decides she'll ride a bike. Brian Aherne helps; next, more help needed to get Merle started down hill; next, everything fine, until Merle calls Brian's attention to some pretty scenery—and, left, now see what happens.

Top center, Virginia Bruce.
A melting voice isn’t enough for Hollywood; no—the possessor of that voice, famous though she may be at the New York’s Metropolitan Opera House, must be transformed into a movie beauty, a dazzling actress, and a clever comedienne. So Lily Pons learns! Above, reading down from top picture: in the hands of the make-up girls; discussing the next scene, on location, with her director and her musical conductor, Andre Kostelanetz; submitting to the hairdresser and Jack Oakie’s crooning; with her diction coach on the set; and, left, Lily with leading man Gene Raymond and producer Pan Berman. Top, left, extra added accomplishment. Right, a movie beauty!
Hepburn, Hollywood's stormiest petrel, relishes her new role in the picturization of Sir James M. Barrie's "Quality Street." Perhaps the quaint character she plays has influenced her. Whatever the reason, Katharine has charmed her director and fellow-workers, as a glance at our picture gallery will show you. Far right, a calm discussion with her director, George Stevens. Right, reading down: the star smiles; she asks her director's advice about her gown; she coaches the children on the set; she's gracious to that grand trouper, Fay Bainter from Broadway; she shares a big close-up with Franchot Tone; and finally, with Lee Tracy, who wanders over from his own set to meet her, and, wonder of wonders, is greeted sweetly instead of being snubbed!

Is Hepburn More Human?

Or is this Kate's new act? Anyway, her current mood in work and play for "Quality Street" is warmer, friendlier. Can it be the Barrie touch?
It Can Happen In California

Snow Stuff! Hollywood goes—but not far—for it!

Helen Wood hits the toboggan, top left; and at upper right, with June Lang, shows how to dress for it. Left, Ella Logan seems a bit resentful because her snow shoes tripped her up. Right, Helen Burgess swears by a sled. Above, center, Margory Gage.
Why even the climate is versatile out where movies are made! And maybe the lassies and lads who travel the whole globe while making fiction live on the screen, don't love the real-life transitions from snow to sun sports!

**Alex Kahle**

Fair and warmer! Yesterday the thrills of speeding down snowy slopes at Arrowhead. Today, a swim and sun bathing at Santa Monica. Just as Jack Dunn does with a cutie companion at top left and right; and at left with two of 'em, Lynn Gilbert and Phyllis Dobson. Right, Hollywood charm takes its play in the sun.
Two hearts that beat as one—at the director's bidding! Left, Kay Francis and Errol Flynn in "Another Dawn." Right, Don Ameche sparking Sonja Henie for "One in a Million."

Melvyn Douglas regrets he has only one heart to give to his art, so he scorns Leona Marticle, above, and selects Virginia Bruce, left, above, one of the two "Women of Glamor" in his new picture of that tentative title, "Skeets" Gallagher, left with Helen Lynd, below the title, "Hats Off." Just below, Barbara Stanwyck and Tony Martin. Far left, Henry Fonda, and fonder, of Sylvia Sidney for "You Only Live Once." Far left below, Claire Trevor in Michael Whalen's arms for "Career Woman."

Hearts in Swing Time
Above, Jean Arthur in a heart-to-heart scene with George Brent for "More than a Secretary." Left above, Dolores Del Rio teasing Chester Morris in "Devil's Playground." St. Valentine, we are here!

That's Johnny Downs more or less disguised as Cupid, shooting at hearts while Eleanor Whitney assists. Across the bottom of our two pages, Carol Hughes and Lee Dixon in their own little movie inspired by the title of the new picture in which they appear: "Ready, Willing, and Able."

Every day is St. Valentine's Day in screenland, with lovers lurking and Cupid working
The beauty of the big trees silhouetted against the sky, the grandeur of mountain views, and the human drama of a girl fighting for love against this gorgeous natural background—make for audience interest in "Mountain Justice," a forthcoming film in which Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent are co-starred. At the right, our selection among many for our "Most Beautiful Still" honor. Above, Miss Hutchinson as the frank, free, fearless mountain maid. Below, Josephine and George Brent, who form a new romantic team of rather unusual appeal.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

George Brent and Josephine Hutchinson in "Mountain Justice"
A story that lets you share the gay excitement that brought joy and happiness to Madge Evans

By Liz Williams

When Madge's career took a turn for the better, the girl, whose beauty and talent have brightened many a picture, went delightfully mad. She wears a smile always now, and smartly gay new clothes that reflect her merrier mood.

LIKE Mrs. Elvsted, that silly bird-brain out of Ibsen, Madge Evans kept saying to herself—"Hedda, Hedda, what will come of this?" People were actually laughing in the right places! Amazing. Why, people were actually applauding after her scenes! "It can't be my picture," said Madge giving herself a hearty pinch. "People don't do such things."

The preview was tossed at the Westwood Village Theatre where the college crowd hangs out, and if you can please that snooty "make-me-laugh" UCLA bunch, say the producers, the picture's terrific, it's sensational! As "Piccadilly Jim" unreeled itself that night the Alphas and the Betas and the embryo Einsteins made no bones about showing their pleasure—when Madge said, "The son of a butler," they howled; when she slipped on her caneta they shrieked; and when she collided with Montgomery on the gangplank for the final fade-out they rose in a body and fell upon her in a merry autograph scrimmage. There is nothing so satisfying to the tortured soul of a movie star as a hit picture. It's like a check from Mr. Mayer. In fact it is a check from Mr. Mayer. Madge uncrossed her finger, powdered away the beads of perspiration from her forehead, applied lipstick to her lips where she had done a fine bit of biting, relaxed, and murmured, "What will come of this?" If you have followed Madge's career through the last year or so you will readily understand just how much that preview night in Westwood Village meant to her. There was a dreary thing called "Paris Interlude," and a little number called "Calm Yourself," and "Death on the (Continued on page 94)
A PICTURE to see, to praise, to ponder, to see again. Most of all, a picture to be proud of. The stage play, "Winterset," by Maxwell Anderson, has been so lovingly, almost reverently translated to the screen that it far exceeds the original in appeal and effectiveness. Moreover, although enacted by practically the same stage cast, its performances outshine the Broadway production's—uncannily, the camera has caught depths and moods evaded by the stage play; and the cinema audience is the gainer once again. It is a turbulent, complex tale the drama tells, of Mio, the boy whose father was falsely executed, and his consecrated quest to clear his father's name. A strange story, but never sordid, "Winterset" follows the boy on his search, through his meeting with the girl, Miriamne, whose brother holds the key to the case, to the final tense struggle in which Mio wins the coveted word that frees him from the obsession which haunted him. Few will quarrel with the "happy ending" which marks the scenario's chief deviation from the play. Burgess Meredith and Margot Banning bring terrific power and pathos to their difficult roles. Paul Guilfoyle, Eduardo Ciannelli, and others furnish able support.

SUPPOSEDLY a co-starring vehicle for Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray; but Jack Oakie is in it, and it becomes a triple-star film in no time. Mr. Oakie is the only artiste in Hollywood who doesn't count calories; all he thinks of, apparently, is his public, and giving a Performance for dear old Paramount. There's a great deal of Mr. Oakie in "Champagne Waltz," but I happen to have a high regard for his peculiar talents, so it's all right with me; but I warn you, he runs rampant. And perhaps it's just as well, for without the Oakie brand of comedy, this romance of an American band leader and a Viennese songbird would tend to drag at times. As it is, "Champagne Waltz" has charm, it has several lovely scenes of that dear Wien, and it supplies sufficient "swing" for the determined moderns to whom a waltz is still a little indecent. You see, Miss Swarthout, the gentle lark whose grandfather's fine orchestra is doted by MacMurray's so vulgar jazz, falls in love with Fred in one of those cases of mistaken identity which takes so long, to clear up—in movies. Eventually there is a mating of jazz and waltz and everybody's happy.

THE latest mammoth musical, with Eleanor Powell, that miracle of rhythmical motion, cutting up touches with James Stewart, that nonchalant and elongated threat to Taylor—and having fun doing it, and giving us the same. "Born to Dance" is a big and dazzling show, all about two "Lonely Hearts Club" gals and quite a few assorted sailors: with dances in Central Park and aboard battleships, with only one scene missing—a rowboat in Central Park. Tut-tut, Leo: you're slipping. The Powell girl is more at ease than in her first picture, last year's "Broadway Melody"; she can't dance better or faster, but she can, and does, exhibit even more good humor and gaiety, this time spontaneous; and her "big number," the finale of the show and the film, is simply terrific. A Gilbert-and-Sullivan touch occurs when that droll fellow, Raymond Walburn, as captain of a cruiser in the Hudson, receives the reigning musical comedy queen, Virginia Bruce, and her Pekingese aboard ship—that's hilarious, maties. Miss Bruce will wow you with her beauty, and the added attraction of a potently husky singing voice. Una Merkel and Sid Silvers help a lot.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans
TRIUMPH!
Burgess Meredith and Margo in "Winterset"

SENSATION!
Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London"

DISCOVERY!
Virginia Field in "Lloyds of London"

SURPRISES!
Virginia Bruce's voice in "Born to Dance"
Jimmy Stewart's dancing in "Born to Dance"

REVERSION TO TYPE:
Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman"

LLOYDS OF LONDON—20th Century-Fox

THIS picture is notable chiefly for two merits: Tyrone Power in his first outstanding part; and the most beautiful and expert photography seen in any film in months. In fact, the first reels of "Lloyds of London" present such meltily lovely camera work that every scene is breathtaking: the only disadvantage being that the later scenes necessarily suffer by comparison. But that's carping; for photographically here is a truly amazing achievement. The jolly old plot falls far short of the photography and the performances. It's a grandiloquent mixture of high adventure, intrigue, history, love, and the Battle of Trafalgar, and accordingly confusing. I wouldn't know about the intrigue, the history, or the battle; and I'm still pretty confused about the rest as well. Surely, though, the harassed hero, whether Freddie Bartholomew or, grown-up, as played by Tyrone Power, will hold your interest as he did mine; you'll enjoy his struggles from boyhood through a phenomenal rise at Lloyds to financial power, though you may wince at the love scene in the English Channel, which must be seen not to be believed. Madeleine Carroll is rather pallidly disappointing. Virginia Field, Sir Guy Standing and George Sanders are superb.

REMBRANDT—Korda-United Artists

CHARLES LAUGHTON adds to his distinguished cinema gallery a life-size portrait of the great painter and leaves a lasting impression of power and importance. "Rembrandt" is the most controversial current photoplay—certain to be compared to "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," it falls short of "Henry's" bawdy lustiness; and it is curiously stylized in its treatment of backgrounds, particularly the outdoor scenes which are almost amateurish after our magnificent Hollywood conceptions. But—"Rembrandt" is Laughton, and Laughton is unique; and his latest must be seen. Episodically related, the life of the painter unfolds from the death of his beloved wife and favorite model, Sassa, through his commercial downfall and his eventual happiness with the former kitchen maid who is his last love. There are fine scenes in which Laughton rises to heights of noble feeling; there are two recitative passages that ring superbly in the ear; and always there is the quality of greatness, not always achieved but invariably suggested, that make us stop, look, and listen patiently to Laughton. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Roger Livesey are excellent.

THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount

THE super-deluxe "Western" of all time! Cecil B. DeMille, the former bathtub king and crusade tycoon, smartly turns to the American West for fresh inspiration, and the result is a stirring, resourceful, and always interesting screenplay. Shrewd showmanship to cast Gary Cooper, that elegantly lanky Montana man, as Wild Bill Hickok out of history; and shrewder still to direct, cast, and generally treat a "Western" as lavishly and carefully as a medieval spectacle. Mr. DeMille has derived genuine thrills from his legitimate story of Wild Bill of the old West, with the rugged background of frontier life, Indian fights, and a wild and woolly romance involving Bill and Calamity Jane, the hard-boiled heroine who "could get every man but Wild Bill." Jean Arthur plays as perfectly opposite Mr. Cooper here as she did in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," although the two pictures are as far apart as Wild Bill and his enemies. Director DeMille has maintained integrity throughout the telling of his adventurous tale, even to the extent of showing the death of Wild Bill—shot in the back. James Ellison and Helen Burgess lend good support.
What's Wrong with Your Pictures?

Stuart Erwin, Wally Beery, and ace cameraman Clarence Bull tell you their secrets for successful kodak shots

By Ruth Tildesley

Stuart Erwin gets serious in his own amusing way and lets you in on the methods by which he made these pictures with the small camera he flourishes so proudly at the far left. That pretty girl, at left, is Mrs. Erwin, the former June Collyer; below, Gary Crosby, Bing's son; center, Stuart Erwin, Jr., and June Dorothea Erwin.

Above, Hollywood kiddie party—second from the left is Susan Ann Gilbert, Virginia Bruce's little daughter; and at extreme right is Gary Crosby, again. Right, a Stuart Erwin scenic view; next, a study of Lionel Barrymore on location.
“I’d like to take candid camera shots,” said Rosalind Russell, picking up her miniature camera and eyeing it ruefully, “but mine are always poor. I don’t seem to know how to use this thing.”

Clarence Sinclair Bull, expert head of M-G-M’s still camera department, took the camera from her and squinted at the lens. Then he nodded at me.

“Just as I was telling you,” he said. “Miss Russell can’t get clear pictures because there is a thumb mark on her lens. That’s the commonest reason for amateur failures.”

“But I never have any luck,” sighed Rosalind, “and surely my lens must be clean once in a while!”

Mr. Bull smiled. “You probably push down the shutter on your camera very swiftly so that you bob the camera down with the movement and blur the picture. When you take pictures, hold the camera firmly and push the shutter carefully, or else use a tripod. Remember to hold your breath if you have the camera pressed against yourself, or your breathing will blur the shot.

“Perhaps in your case, your camera is too expensive a make for an amateur. You see, with these affairs that cost three and four hundred dollars, you have a great deal to learn about focus and timing and so on. For the beginner, I’d recommend an Argus camera, or one of the candid cameras in the low-priced field because there’s no worry about focus. After you’ve learned to make really good shots with this you can go into the more complicated things.”

If you are determined to overcome the difficulties you experience in the matter of focus and timing, you can do so by practice and more practice; plus the application of a few simple rules that make improvement really easy.

“Amateurs make the same mistakes,” he explained to me later, when we were in the studio art gallery. “They remove their films or plates in the light, or where the light can reach them, so that the film is fogged or the plate ruined. Try to remember to take them out in the dark.

“If you do your own developing, follow the instructions given you. Most amateurs flip their fingers from one solution to another, forgetting that these solutions don’t mix, and then wonder why their films are fogged. “A good rule to remember when taking pictures is this: expose for shadows and develop for high lights, letting the shadows take care of themselves.”

“The universal rule used to be that you must have the sun over your shoulder. That’s no longer necessary. You can take an excellent picture if you are careful to see that the sun doesn’t enter the lens. Have a shield over the lens—you can make one from a small box or have a friend hold a thick paper over the top while you shoot. In that way you can use the sun as a backlight for your subject.”

Studio cameramen have reflectors of gold or silver to throw additional light on their subjects, whether indoors or out. These are flat or hinged boards large enough to catch and reflect the sun or arc light.

“But you can make your own reflectors,” Mr. Bull pointed out. “Take a piece of board—compo board, part of a box, whatever you can get—paint it with aluminum paint or cover it with aluminum paper and there you are. At a pinch, you can save the silver paper that comes wrapped around your films and paste this on your board. It makes a satisfactory reflector.

“If you want a softer reflector, try gold paint or frosted silver paper.

“You can use your reflector to throw light on the dark side of a face, to take away an unbecoming shadow under a chin, or to backlight a fair head. Sometimes you can use it to throw light into a doorway that would otherwise give you a flat effect.”

One great advantage in having your own candid camera is the pictures you can take of your children.

“If you take your child to a professional photographer, he is apt to be scared or shy or curious or self-conscious,” said Mr. Bull, “but if you take his picture at home, when he is interested in something or unaware of you, he has a real likeness.”

“That’s right,” observed Wally Beery, who had wandered in for a moment. “Carol Ann is so used to my camera, she doesn’t notice (Continued on page 78)
They Have the Most Fun

Meet the merry minority of stars who refuse to let the worries and annoyances of Hollywood celebrity interfere with their enjoyment of life and liberty.

By Elizabeth Wilson

RECENTLY I have been going quietly mad with pure envy. Envy I suppose is to be expected in a town where star sapphires are almost as common as boll weevils in the land I come from. But honestly now, believe me, it isn't the money and success with which I am constantly surrounded that fills my little soul with bitterness—why, I can wade knee-deep in chinchilla any day and be as detached as a cloud—but just show me people who have joi de vivre and I am consumed with a maddening envy. I do not covet Connie Bennett's Rolls with the special steel body, or Claudette Colbert's Monet, or Mary Pickford's diamonds, (well, maybe I covet just a little Carole Lombard's Clark Gable), no, they can keep their little bijoux for all I care, comes the Revolution or comes the dawn; but what I do covet, and how I covet, is Miriam Hopkins' knack of having fun.

To a moody and despondent person like myself this knack of having fun, of being able to give life and its petty annoyances a debonair shrug, is the most blessed gift in the world. Miriam Hopkins, more than anyone I know among the celluloid celebrities, has somehow or other captured the secret of living casually and successfully. She has more fun in a month than most of us have in a lifetime. I do not consider it quite cricket of Miriam to have so much fun. She ought to worry about something.
Now you'd think that in a place like Hollywood where even your best friends have telephone number salaries, where the wolf at the door is an obsolete figure of speech, that you'd find a whole she of merry, carefree people hell-bent on getting the most fun out of life. But no! In Hollywood there is more worrying to the square inch than any other place in the world. When a Glamor Girl finishes her picture, instead of relaxing and being gay she begins to worry over her next picture, and if she's slipping, and that nasty review in the New Yorker, and the box-office poll in the trade papers, and that blonde hussy on the lot who's getting more money than she is and who doesn't know the first thing about acting! Contracts, agents, options, producers, scripts, clothes, "Gone With the Wind," publicity, popularity, radio, television, technicolor, Simone Simon, pictures, pictures—there's a million things to worry about and the boys and girls of cinema-land don't miss a one of them. With the world as their glorious playground they'd rather sit at home and grouch. Of course there are a few exceptions, glory be; there are a few demented souls who refuse to believe that careers and pictures are the most important things in life. Yes, I know at least four crazy people who scoff at sacred Hollywood traditions; Miriam Hopkins, Irene Dunne, Clark Gable, and Freddie March.

Miriam, Irene, Clark, and Freddie without a doubt have more fun than any of the stars in Hollywood; they have reduced worry to its lowest common denominator; they have learned the secret of successful living; they have caused me to bite my nails in silent envy. While all the other constellations are sitting about on their derrieres, (as we say in Paddis), grousing and sulking, those four have the nerve to go cavorting around having fun. They are the charter members of the Hedda Gabler "vine-leaves-in-his-hair" club. I resent them bitterly.

Now of course this matter of having fun has all kinds of angles. Woody Van Dyke, the popular director of hit pictures, recently gave out an interview in which he said, "After I accumulate another hundred grand in the bank I'll work only enough to earn as much money as I am able to spend. I'll throw parties, and push ladies in mink coats into swimming pools if I feel like it, and buy them new coats to replace the ones I ruined. And I'll break up pianos if I feel like it, and replace them too. In fact, I'll have fun!"

Now pushing ladies in mink coats into swimming pools may not be your idea of fun; it doubtless isn't Irene Dunne's idea of fun; but in this article, (if I may so dignify it), I shall not go about straining at gnat wings, or quibbling over what's fun and what isn't; I shall simply settle the whole thing by saying fun's fun. So there.

Miriam, as I said before and probably shall again, is the star I envy most. Maybe it's because Miriam's idea of fun is pretty much the same as mine. I can't imagine anything finer than doing what you want to do, when you want to do, where you want to do it, and as you want to do it. And that's just what Miriam has been fortunate enough to do so far. In the first place Miriam candidly admits that as a place to live Hollywood is the bunk. She grants that it is the perfect place to make pictures, but when the (Continued on page 96)
“WELL, strike me pink,” as Eddie Cantor would say. Here it is the first of a new year and time for the fifth annual award of medals and birds. My spirits mount and the lethargy that has gripped me for, lo! these many months disappears like mist before the sun as I notice the icebox full of birds, my strong-box full of medals, and the hothouse full of flowers. H ew to the line, I always say, and let the heads fall where they may.

The first award of the year—the bed of tiger lilies—goes to Barbara Stanwyck because she is so regular and because she has staged the most smashing come-back of anyone in pictures this past year.

The first medal of the year goes to Richard Arlen because he is still the most regular fellow I know, because he is the most unselfish actor I have ever met and because he has just finished his first big starring part—“The Great Barrier.”

The yellow tea roses go to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell because they are among the most devoted parents in Hollywood, because they have stayed right at the top, because they still wear the same size hats they wore when they first entered pictures and because the awful beating they took from the New York press on their honeymoon hasn’t soured them. And that’s an acid test.

The violets go to Irene Dunne and Allan Jones for making “Showboat” the best musical I have ever seen; because Irene went on to additional triumphs in the hilarious comedy, “Theodora Goes Wild”; and because she is as ladylike, as quiet, and as unobtrusive as the day she came to Hollywood.

The second medal of the year goes to Frank Albertson because, to my mind, he continues the best juvenile actor in Hollywood, playing drama or comedy with equal facility, and for the superb performance he gave in “Alice Adams.”

I know from fan letters in the past that much as I personally, love handing out medals and bouquets, (who was that gave me the bird?); it’s the razzberries that add zest to this masterpiece; so we might as well start cleaning out the icebox.

The first bird—but, naturally—goes to Katharine Hepburn because her antics still give me a pain in the neck and because I think she is a rotten actress except in a very few parts such as she had in “Morning Glory” and “Alice Adams.”

And, just to keep his record in this department unblemished, a bird to Warren William because I think he
actors who are not stars and many stars who are not good actors."

"That's telling it," murmured Spence, dropping three lumps into his cup.

"But in both cases," smoothly resumed Bill, "Colman makes good. There is every reason for his tremendous and lasting success. Ronnie fills the eye, he is gracious, and he is handsome. At twenty-five he was the ideal of young girls, and he can go on till he's fifty-five or more and still be their ideal. With him years don't matter. He gives the feeling of intelligence, fine character, and aliveness. Jovial, ingratiating, sympathetic, he at the same time has strength—iron and steel. Clark Gable is another romantic actor with terrific appeal. He is in a class by himself because he appeals to all classes. Rugged and essentially masculine, he is admired by women, and these same qualities win him the admiration of men and children. He has something the years can't change."

"Yeh," agreed Spence. "But it's men and children first with me. I'm afraid of women, honest I am. I can't figure 'em out. I don't know how to handle 'em. I think I ought to treat 'em rough, and maybe I do. But I'm just kidding 'em, and they think I'm the nerviest guy in the world. They don't know that all the time I'm scared stiff. Any woman who's looking for an easy mark can stop right where she is when she gets to me. I'm the prize set-up. It isn't that the beautiful women in the movies particularly bowl me over. In this business we live a life of glamour, and so we get used to 'em. But the modern girl is 'way ahead of me."

"We are nothing if not modern in pictures," reflected Bill. "A good thing, too, for the life of the screen actor today is not so transitory as it was in the silent days. Mere visual attractiveness alone was not lasting. Nowadays everything depends upon the depth of the individual man. As soon as he opens his mouth you get a slant on him. His voice means more than anything else. I would not have had a chance in the silent days as a romantic actor. Mind you," he put in defensively, "I'm not saying I am one now."

"Low bridge," warned Spence.

"But," went on Bill, "it was only when the talkies came in that even an approach to such a thing was at all possible for me. 'The Thin Man' helped me because it flowed easily and we had a lot of fun doing it. I didn't regard Ziegfeld as a romantic figure, though there must have been romance in glorifying the American girl."

"Plenty," muttered Spence. "But speaking of romantic figures I never was cut out for one, no, siree! And I never could stand the mobbing that goes with it. Why, I wouldn't be in his shoes," throwing a sympathetic glance at Gable, "for all the tea in China. If women went for me the way they do for him I'd be afraid to go anywhere. But he goes everywhere and gets away with it. Not me! I'd be home with a dog and a chain on the door. And I'd have a siren rigged up right outside my bedroom window so I could sound an alarm the minute I saw a gal climbing (Continued on page 74)."
The very name Jean Harlow is stimulating; therefore Jean, wise girl, chooses clothes which accent rather than emphasize her famous figure. First, left, clipped ceracul and silver-flecked black broadcloth suit, worn with black antelope hat. Above, black halo hat topping the Harlow smile and heaps of silver lace. Below, black velvet with coy taffeta ruffles.

SCREENLAND

Glamor School

Edited by Jean Harlow

Hollywood's Honey Number One daringly selects an all-black wardrobe to accent her startling beauty. Here are style tricks to tantalize the imagination and compel the eye.
Far left, one-piece black crepe afternoon dress with tiny rows of black fringe from high neck-line to hem. Miss Har- low's high-crown black hat flaunts a flaring veil. Left, Jean's black lace evening bodice framing her blonde beauty. The large picture below shows Jean's pet black wool frock, severely plain, but enhanced by fine silver fox. Her gloves and shoes are black suede.

Black hats are Jean Harlow's favorites, and this one is a particular pet, fashioned from two bird's wings with a black nose veil. Jean departs for once from all-black with this rainbow sequin blouse—which, to be consis- tent, tops a black skirt.

All photos of Miss Harlow made especially for Seneca's Glamour School by Allan, N.Y.
Farewell to Winter!

The last furs of the season are sometimes more cherished than the first! Binnie Barnes, far left, wears a lovely soft lynx cape. Wendy Barrie’s profile center, under a shining broadtail bonnet. Julie Haydon, above, with coat and hat of matched gray Persian lamb.

Joan Bennett, left, in her nutria ensemble: three-quarter coat, muff, and matching peal bonnet. Binnie Barnes, far left, wears a sleeveless coat of leopard, and leopard turban. Joan Bennett, above, goes from “little-girl” to sophisticate in this hat top-heavy with monkey fur.
Hail the New Season!

Whether you're "heading South" or merely looking ahead to Spring and Summer, here are hints! Sylvia Sidney, right, poses in her new wool faille, its jacket set off with lemon and brown piping around lapels and collar and a matching wool scarf.

Wendy Barrie, above, in a new butterfly print in soft blues and white. Anne Shirley, center, prefers polka-dots on the red collar and trimming of her white silk frock.

Below, Anna Lee, the British beauty, in her butterfly suit: thundercloud-blue crepe for the jumper over ice-blue crepe skirt. Ann Sothern, below at left, wears the hugest beach hat, and the newest beach sandals, with her halter-neck sleeks outfit.
Dropped in at Carole Lombard's dressing-room the other afternoon and found a heavy conference in session between Carole and her director, Mitchell Leisen. Just as they were leaving to go to the music department for Carole's daily singing lesson, Leisen phoned his secretary: "Send over a lot of white flowers for Carole's dressing-room," he ordered. "There's not a flower in the place and it's gloomy as hell!"

And in case you're bothered, this is NOT a romance. Mitch and Carole have just been awfully good friends over a period of years and he's one of those thoughtful people who remembers to send those flowers.

Francis Lederer and Margo like each other so much, they spend practically every evening together going to plays, movies, concerts, etc. And the funny part about it all is that it isn't love! Margo, as is pretty generally known, never goes out with a man unless she's chaperoned by some member of her family or a close friend. It's just an old Mexican custom. But Francis seems to love the idea and sometimes takes as many as eight of the family to see some new play or picture.

According to her friends, Marlene Dietrich will not return to Hollywood until after the first of the year. And when she does come back to resume her film career, she'll leave daughter Maria behind her, to be installed in an English school. Up to the present time, Maria has never attended a regular school, having received her education at home under the supervision of a tutor.

Hugh Herbert claims he has the only real ranch in all of southern California. He boasts that on his twelve acres in the San Fernando valley he not only raises goats, hogs, chickens, geese, turkeys and cows, but goes in for making his own butter. And believe it or not, the ranch is actually producing in a big way a large crop of peanuts each year!

Poor Julie Hayden is wondering just what jinx has been pursuing her ever since her advent into motion pictures. After her splendid performance in Noel Coward's "The Scoundrel," she was brought to Paramount under contract. During the course of her stay at that studio, she drew nothing but unimportant roles. Then Julie's hopes were raised to the nth degree when Irving Thalberg signed her at Metro. Followed his sudden passing and with it the entire re-making of "Maytime," which eliminated Julie from the cast.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, contrary to a recent radio broadcast report, will not marry. They continue to be good friends but nothing more. That diamond ring, supposedly a gift from Taylor, Barbara has been wearing for the last five years. Incidentally, Barbara is the first Hollywood woman actually to go in for horse-breeding as a career. She has already started importing some fine specimens of horse flesh and they are to be groomed for the coming season at the Santa Anita track.

The rumor that Norma Shearer will make no more pictures seems to have very little foundation. Norma's close friends are of the opinion that she is much too active to give up her career and that she's simply resting and trying to recuperate from the shock of Irving Thalberg's passing. Perhaps Norma will return to the screen in "Pride and Prejudice," which Thalberg bought for her.
George Brent has developed into probably the town's most retiring bachelor. Every chance he gets between pictures, he's off to a desert hideaway where he spends his days riding, reading, and relaxing in general. The only excitement he gets is an occasional tennis game at Palm Springs.

Sylvia Sidney's been out dancing again with Norman Krasna. They dined and danced the other week at the Trocadero—just before the town's favorite rendezvous closed down for alterations. Sylvia was looking slim and lovely in a dinner dress of red and black, the upper half of dull red crepe and the skirt of the same material in black.

Incidentally, that new contract Bob Taylor just signed with Metro will pay him better than three times what he was formerly getting!

We are friends," so said Francis Lederer and little Marge, fellow visitors from Hollywood on vacation in New York recently. What, no romance?

The real reason behind George Raft's split with Paramount is that George, who is a very sensitive person at heart, refused to play the rôle of a man who pushes the women and children aside to rush into a life-boat during a storm at sea. George feels very strongly on the subject of the type of person he portrays on the screen. It isn't that he wishes to always be a hero, but he rebels at the idea of being a cad, on or off the screen. P. S. George and Paramount have made up their differences, but George will not do any baby-pushing.

Robert Taylor has gone the rest of the stars on the Metro lot one better. Half the lot has taken to riding from dressing-room to set on bicycles, but Bob has bought himself a midget motorcycle which holds one gallon of gas.

Grace Moore gives Cary Grant expert criticism of a work of art, but Cary seems more interested in her eyes than his oils.

Lili Damita and Errol Flynn announced they would separate, then renounced such intentions, and arrive by plane to vacation together in gay Manhattan.

Paulette Goddard, dining at the Café La Maze, displayed a gorgeous compact of platinum, set with tiny charms of precious stones, including a small figure of Charlie Chaplin, done in diamonds and emeralds. It's a gift from Charlie, needless to say.

Rochelle Hudson staged a welcome home party for her former hairdresser, Hazel Rogers, at the Assistance League the other noon. Her present hairdresser and wardrobe girl were also invited. At each place at the table, the girls found attractive gifts from Rochelle.

That square-cut diamond and ruby ring Jean Harlow's wearing was not a present from Bill Powell. Jean bought the diamond for herself and the ruby was a present from her mother.
The Earl of Warwick, screen-named Michael Brooke, is in training to become a screen actor, gets tips from Bill Powell. That's smart, Mike. Get your tips from the tops.

ANNE SHIRLEY almost cried the other day when she had to give up the little Ford coupé which was a bonus gift from the studio last year. It was the first and only car Anne had ever driven and there was a good deal of sentimental value attached to it, as far as she was concerned. But came the day when it wasn't running so well and Anne was obliged to trade it in for a newer car.

DICK POWELL looks forward to those evening when he and wife Joan Blondell spend an evening at home. That is, when she's not working. Fact of the matter is, Joan dashes home and cooks up a mess of his favorite vegetables and a big, thick steak with her own lily-white hands. And loves doing it, too!

ALL those packages that arrive every day at the studio for Luise Rainer are books. And the sender is none other than Clifford Odets, the playwright, who is in New York. And they say that the shy Luise is definitely interested!

CONTRARY to reports, Clara Bow is not expecting another visit from the stork, although she wishes she were. Since her retirement from pictures a few years ago, Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, and their young son have been living very quietly on their Nevada cattle ranch. And they're very happy.

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared at the broadcast station for her appearance in "Elizabeth the Queen" looking like a million dollars, dressed all in black and displaying something new in the way of costume jewelry. It's a gold set, studded with precious stones, comprised of a large gold pin, two buckles, and a clip. The buckles can be separated and worn as two pieces.

THE every day Margo was released from her contract at RKO, she received offers from three other studios! Her next deal will be on the basis of two pictures a year with permission to do a play each season in New York.

JANE WITHERS solved a very weighty problem for her mother a short time ago when she decided that the only practical bell to install in the patio of their new Brentwood home was a cow-bell! After trying out several types of bells, it was discovered the cow-bell was the only one that could be heard in the rear of the house, so this old-fashioned bell now adorns the front gate of the WITHERS' modern home.

HELEN MACK, looking lovelier than ever since the arrival of her baby, is playing her first film rôle since she retired a year or so ago. She's opposite Chester Morris in "I Promise to Pay."

HAVING failed in his efforts to rent his boat to the studio for the filming of "Coast Patrol," Preston Foster has decided to use the cruiser as a dressing-room during location scenes. It's anchored just off San Pedro harbor and Preston returns there at the end of each day to spend the night.

Margaret Sullavan and her husband Leland Hayward. What screen-goers want to know is: when will Margaret return to films? She is now starring on the New York stage.

Lily Pons is seen telling reporters at Newark Airport she will marry Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra conductor, who stands at the star's right, and smiles triumphantly.

Line forms on the right! Alice Faye, Robert Young, and Allan Lane, Shirley Temple's cost-mates in a "Stowaway," seem to be lining up to greet the little star. That's popularity!
One of the prettiest young actresses in Hollywood is Paramount's Mary Carlisle. And I'm willing to wager she'll keep those good looks because she takes care of her complexion the sensible way!

Mary isn't afraid to wash her face with soap and water. Orchids to her for that! The very first rule for complexion beauty is thorough cleansing. And a good lathering with soap and water is beneficial to every type of skin if you know how to do it.

I don't believe in being a "sissy" about your complexion. Even if you have the delicate kind of skin that makes people think of pearls and Dresden china, it needs soap and water, at least occasionally, to keep it healthfully clean.

Of course, you must be careful in your choice of soap, just as careful as you are when you choose your creams and make-up. There are mild beauty soaps that are kind to every type of skin, whether it's oily or dry or simply average. Use one of these, so you won't be subjecting your skin to harsh, drying alkali which strong soaps contain.

I'm strongly in favor of using a complexion brush as it works the lather into your skin more thoroughly than your fingertips can do it. Besides, it brings up healthy circulation at the same time it helps cleanse. So you are actually getting two steps of your beauty treatment in one.

Then, when you've finished that soap and water lathering, rinse your face in clear, cold water. Cold water is an excellent astringent. It closes the pores and helps keep the texture of your skin lovely and fine. Get the habit of dousing your face with plenty of cold water when you wake up in the morning, too. It will help bring up color and it's gloriously refreshing.

The most important thing soap and water do for your face is to get all the dirt out of the pores so they won't be clogged with impurities that form blackheads, whiteheads or ugly blemishes. And it helps keep the texture fine by preventing pores from distending the way they'll do if they're allowed to stay clogged.

Now I've told you how to use soap, a brush and ordinary water for the three most important steps in a beauty treatment for every skin. That isn't the entire story.

Most of us use make-up. You should always remove make-up from your face before you wash it. The best make-up remover is a good cleansing cream because it mixes with the powder, rouge, etc., so all come off together on your cleansing tissues or towel. If you wash your face first, the heat from the water drives the make-up deeper into your pores. So my advice is cream to remove make-up and surface dirt, then soap and water for deep pore cleansing.

What I've told you so far is good for every type of skin. Of course, there are special conditions that need special beauty care. The oily type of skin should be washed with soap and water every day. The best time is just before you go to bed at night because then you'll be leaving your pores clean and free to breathe while you sleep. If you need a healing preparation to clear up blemishes, apply it only to the broken out spots at night. Instead of using a regular foundation cream in the morning, use one of the medicated acne lotions or creams in a flesh tone. This will help hide the blemishes at the same time it heals and prevents the spread of infection.

Dry skin, especially if it's subject to blackheads and blemishes, should be washed with soap and water at least twice a week. Smooth a film of lubricating cream over your face and neck afterwards, and leave it there for 15 or 20 minutes. Then rinse (Continued on page 78)
were to seek the glare of the spotlight. I said: "For instance?"

But I had created, (and after
that remark I was convinced she was not
only one of the most attractive but one of the
wisest Hollywood wives I'd ever met-
and I am always taken in to the
to the two prominent private-life wives
of well-known actors. I am frequently amazed
at the intimate bits of information printed about
connection with the Hollywood is
merely by marriage. I have thought: "But why should these facts be
brought out of the woman, as if this woman
not a professional. Even if her husband is a
player, director, or star as the case may be,
she is certainly entitled to her
privacy."

But, apparently, that is not the
case with wives who permit themselves
to become too prominent in the Hollywood
scene.

"I have such simple tastes it would
annoy me exceedingly to find my liking for
wearing slacks, or doing my own mar-
eting, or calling for the children at school
to be analyzed in print as proof that the
Hunters were just too, too eccentric!"

She laughed gaily. "To be quite frank, I
shouldn't like to find myself analyzed in
print at all!"

I mentioned that there were many Hol-
dwood wives who would like to achieve
the status of appearing in public Holly-
wood gatherings places with a very small
circle of English friends who feel the
same way we do. Then odd two growing
boys who take so much of your time and
attention you couldn't very well go social
even if you wanted to; and oh yes, there
should be a gift for dodging canny cam-
eramen at previews who want you to pose
cheerfully in that unbecoming hat you are
wearing with your husband—and there you
have it!"

"Then you don't believe this legend of
the Hollywood wife being the social center of
her husband's career is par-
ticularly important?"

She shrugged slightly: "I can't believe
that any factor is particularly important to
an actor's career except the work he does
on the stage or screen. Owning a big house in Beverly Hills, driving a con-
picuous automobile, entertaining lavishly
and being seen with the 'right people' in the
'right places' seem to me to be the
most childish legends of Hollywood fame.

"When we first came here we took a
house in Beverly principally because it was
the only place recommended to us, and we
knew no other. It was quite intolerable.
Ian could not stand the period furi-
ture, the boys were miserable because I
made the six cats and four dogs remain
outside, and the shops and the markets
would have to go high chiefly because they
were located in the movie center. And so
we found this place."

It proved the large, but perfectly
plain living-room with the huge fireplace
at one end, the deep chairs and wide tables.
Comfortable as it was, it was far from
elegant. The plaster walls gave you a
way view of the ocean and the beach
houses below on the sand. On a broad ex-
pansion, most Hollywood actions exhibit
their etchings, were some family pictures in frames, including one

Margot Grahame wanted her Scottie
to steal this scene, which Janie
nearly did, by being nonchalant.

 too much of a responsibility to allow her
even to think of it again.

"And then I realized that Ian's career
was much more important than mine.
He was doing so well on the London stage,
and then later in British films. Two years
ago he was offered a contract to come to
Hollywood for one picture to be made at
Warner Brothers. We expected to be here
about six weeks or two months at the
longest. But here we still are!

"Perhaps that feeling of impatience has
also had a great deal to do with the
fact that we have not made a large circle
of friends here, excepting a few British
writers and actors we knew in London. I
don't think we have ever quite recovered
from the feeling we are living in suit cases,
and that we might be off again at any
moment. Even after Ian signed his long-
term contract it seemed we were continu-
ously vacationing between films, running
off on a boat trip, or motoring up to
Yosemite or Arrowhead.

"That is one of the real joys of being
a private wife in Hollywood. There is no
career of your own that interferes with
your plans and the happy times you spend
together. It has made our family life so
very close. We Hunters are like a small
clan—where one goes so go the rest of us.
We enjoy doing so many things together
the four of us, such as tennis and boating
and football games. The boys and I are
quite content to leave the movie career to
Ian, and share our best times away from
Hollywood."

I said: "Then you don't believe in a
wife assuming an active part in her
husband's career?"

"Oh, but I do!" she protested. "To me,
there is a great deal of difference between
an active partnership in a career and in
sharing the path with his inter-
stance. I am Ian's secretary, and quite
a good one, he is gallant enough to tell
me if I am annoying him. If fan mail, and
make sure he gets the most correct
letters. I make his business appointments, get him
to the tailor's and the dentist's regularly.
I manage the house, market, and fetch
the children to and from school. I call that
quite an active schedule, even if it isn't
a glamorous one.

"Our house, too," she replied in
answer to my question, "is not an involved
establishment. We have two Filippo boys, one
who cooks and the other who is a house-
boy; then a governess for the children, a
perfectly marvelous Scottish woman we found
here. We both drive our own cars—
that doing away with the services of a
chauffeur. When we need a driver," she
laughed, "the house-boy serves with merely
a slight change in uniform."

"Our day begins about the early in the
morning. I've never been a late riser and I
should be bored having breakfast in my
room when Ian is getting up and going down
stairs. Ever since we've been married I've always breakfasted with my
husband. It is a trivial point, but I think
men really enjoy breakfasting with their
wives, and after all 'a private wife' has no
really good excuses for not pleasing her
husband."

"We are in school bus in the morning,
which I like. I feel so much safer delivering them myself and
knowing they will be well cared for
for until I call for them again. I'm afraid
I worry a little too much about the chil-
dren, needlessly. But I can't help it, and
Ian has told me I must give myself
more time and worry about them in comfort.

"But after they are safely in the school
bus of course I am free. I am hun-
cerely enjoy, and that is marketing. The
markets here simply delight me. I have
never seen such enormous ones, or so many
of them. I love to go to my favorite
place. I love to go through the vegetable and fruit
stalls with my basket on my arm followed
by the cheerful Chinese vendors.

"Naturally, our favorite dinner is roast
beef, medium rare, with Yorkshire pudding,
though we are rapidly becoming very
Americanized in our appetites. Ian partic-
ularly likes Southern fried chicken—and
oh yes, our favorite buffet after tennis
games, consists of Chinese dishes which
myself prepared.

"Week-day afternoons I am occupied
answering Ian's fan mail, and Sundays
we never plan to do anything except swim
and tennis. I have come to the
idea if I didn't ever grow lonesome here in
Hollywood, so far away from my friends.
My only regret is that we have had time to find out! It really seems as though
my days were busier, and more crowded
than Ian—at least with a greater variety of
activity. Since I have been telling you
about his studio work, suppose I con-
tinue a subject of conversation. We seldom
talk pictures. The boys are proud of their

Five Hollywood Wives
Continued from page 29
father's movie career, but they are really much more impressed with his excellent back-hand stroke in tennis. And oddly, so are their friends that they bring home.

"When Ian is working we do not accept any invitations. When he is not working we spend the evening with friends, or reading, or taking long walks. Perhaps I should add we spend many of them just talking. Ian and I never seem to have enough time to do all our talking. We are inveterate conversationalists!"

"I said: "If it isn't too personal a question, would you mind telling just what sort of financial arrangement you have for budgeting your household, and whether Hollywood's most private wife prefers an allowance for her personal account? Financial arrangements seem to be such a terribly important part of successful marriages in Hollywood or any place else."

Once again she exhibited that delightful sense of humor of hers when she said, "Don't you remember, I told you I was Ian's secretary! No, we have no budgets, no involved financial schemes for running the home. Each month a certain sum of cash is put into our joint checking account and we both use it at our discretion. I write most of the checks and pay most of the bills, chiefly because it bores Ian to be bothered with them. We've never even discussed the idea of budgeting food or clothing or personal allowances. And there is something much too like a salary connected with it to be my liking. While it seems unplanned, our financial scheme is really a happy one: merely happy, now we can afford and paying for it when it comes due!"

Mrs. Hunter's eye was on the clock. It was almost time for her to be calling for the boys in school which was also my cue for my departure. She walked with me toward the door, a gracious, charming woman who is such a sensible and such a well chosen Rolla royce at where there are not too many of them, publicized or "private."

"I'm afraid I haven't given you a very interesting story of being a private wife in Hollywood but it is really because I know so few of those problems, myself! We have been very happy here. Hollywood has been kind and gracious to us and you."

"Somehow I have the feeling the Ian Hunters who love to boat and swim and play tennis together, the four of them, will not be divided by any distance."

Sensational Forecasts for the Stars

Continued from page 21

Crawford and Franchot Tone were born under conflicting Signs that bring about temperamental differences, they can overcome these afflictions if Joan exercises great care." Norvell says that if any star could outwit her astrological destiny Miss Crawford, with her indomitable will, is the one to do it.

"Claudette Colbert, born in the Sign of Virgo, will find her future even kinder than the past. There is a warning in her stars about her marriage. Claudette must beware lest her career interfere with her home happiness. If she listens to this message of her ruling star, she has nothing to fear.

All of which reminded me of Hollywood's favorite story about Norvell. It seems Adrienne Ames asked him over to her house, being sore in spirit and in need of "Cosmic Counsel," as his letterheads call it. Norvell was advising her to leave her husband: "Darling, why didn't you consult me before marrying the man?" he was saying to her sympathetically, when in walked Bruce Cabot. If you've ever seen Mr. Cabot glare on the screen, you will know in how many seconds flat, Norvell reached the current. Perhaps that is why Norvell does not dwell much on the divorce situation these days. But he never gives up his views.

"Garbo will definitely retire this year. She was born in the brilliant and magnetic Sign of Virgo, which has inclined her life to mystery and mysticism. The fact that Mercury, her ruling Planet, has been afflicted, causes mental unrest and nervous exhaustion. She will come back in later years to a waiting, eager public.

"Norma Shearer will not retire, as Hollywood expects. She has faced her greatest crisis and will come into better conditions in 1937. She will find new happiness and greater success than ever in her work."

"Janet Gaynor's star of popularity is waning, but artistically she has yet to reach full stature."

"Warren William and Warner Baxter face a bad year professionally. Their stars are in afflictions and their careers may be affected if not terminated."

"Mae West returns to the stage this year, her career in Hollywood having suffered setbacks from the muckballs of censorship. She will return when the 'Holier than thou cycle' ends, as inevitably it will."

"Several years ago, to test Norvell's prophetic powers, I asked him to name a completely unknown extra, who would win a definite place on the screen. He took out the charts of scores of extras and, after much deliberation, chose Michael Whalen, whose name was completely unknown to me. Last year Norvell predicted great success for a star who hadn't even risen on the horizon—James Stewart. "This year shows the complete fulfillment of my predictions for Stewart. He will become one of the top-notch successes in pictures, and will even threaten the astonishing success of Bob Taylor."

Of players now comparatively obscure, Norvell predicts that Lloyd Nolan will rise to great heights in 1937 and will be considered one of the best bets in the Spencer Tracy down-to-earth type of acting. "George Murphy of M-G-M, Craig Reynolds of Warners, Jeanne Madden, Julie Haydon, and Doris Nolan, will all be familiar names to you this year," Norvell avers.

"The most thrilling comeback of the year will be achieved by Richard Cromwell, who will surprise the producers and the fans, with a lithero, unsuspected talent."

That leaves only the blessed events. Norvell is considered an authority on this subject, and has often broken the news to the happy parents even before the columnists, let alone the parents themselves, suspected.

He was reading Evelyn Venable's horoscope sometime ago, when he astonished her with the news that she was to become a mother. She rushed to her doctor, who confirmed the report. The first person for whom she sent when the baby was born, was an astrologer to predict its future. Last year Norvell sees "bundles of Blake" in store for Bing and Dixie Crosby, Fred and Lillian MacMurray, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones. Congratulations, folks!

Save this story and check it next year. If Norvell's record is as good as it has been in the past, we'll be back in 1938 with flash news from the Cosmos!
Medals and Birds

Continued from page 59

it and said it was the first story ever written about him that had a grain of truth in it and showed him as he really is!

Jean Crawford gets the gardenia because she remains indefatigable in her efforts to improve herself and because her marriage has mellowed and softened her until she is the same girl every one knew and loved before she became a star.

Time out while I dash over to the doctor's. There's something wrong.—Later! My fears were well founded. He says I have too much sugar in my system. Well, that's easily fixed. We'll just drag out a few more birds.

One to Grace Moore because after all I've written about her horrible disposition on the set, she hasn't changed an iota. She's charming when you meet her socially but when you work with her,—ah, that's a different matter.

A bird to Bruce Cabot because, although he is one of the handsomest men in pictures and could be one of the most popular, he'll never give himself a chance.

A bird to Janet Gaynor because she is the most self-centred and ungrateful girl I've ever heard of. A woman at Fox nurtured Janet's career as though it had been her own child and became so that Janet would never have had the common courtesy to write herself, and practically acted as her secretary—without pay. When Janet left the studio she not only failed to give her friend a remembrance, she hadn't even the decency to tell her goodbye. And I didn't hear it from the party concerned, either.

A bird to Gregory Ratoff because he is loud and smooth and because he assumes an importance on the set out of all proportion to the roles he plays—although he is a good actor.

Gosh! The sugar must have turned to vinegar by this time so I suppose it's safe to start gathering honey again.

The dahlias go to Billie Burke, Helen Westley, Alison Skipworth, Helen Broderick, and Mary Boland, because they are my favorite comedians and because there is never any great work about their performances. They know what they're doing.

The buttercups are for Jean Harlow because she has learned that the simplest things in life are best; because she is sincere; because when she found that many of the things she enjoyed doing didn't appeal to Bill Powell, she gave them up; and because, glamorous and hamboyan as she is on the screen, she never tries to attract attention to herself at private gatherings.

A medal to Preston Foster because he is the most appreciative actor I have ever met, because he has turned in some fine performances this year, and because I always have a lot of laughs with him.

Take a bow, Miss Colbert, and send your truck around for the nectarine. No kidding, Claudette, a girl who has come as far as you have deserves more but you see what I've already given away and my hambago is bothering me so I can't go lumbering around to see what's left. Anyhow, there's nothing wrong with nectarina—they are as colorful as you are.

A medal for George Brent because while most actors talk about not caring for the Hollywood whirl and eagerly accept every invitation tendered, George really shies away from parties; and because he manages to live his life as he pleases. (Come clean, George, what do you do when you're away from the studio?)

I can think of a dozen reasons for giving the American Beauty roses to Kay Francis—her sincerity, her sense of humor, her intelligence, her beauty. But Kay is so beautiful seems reason enough.

There are reasons galore, too, for giving Gary Cooper a medal—his honesty, his sweet outlook on life, his lack of loquacity, his good nature, etc.—but it seems to me that anyone who has developed into as fine an actor as Gary is doesn't need to have an award explained.

To Anne Shirley goes the bed of hollyrocks because they are as quaint and lovely as Anne and because she is my favorite ingénue.

James Cagney gets a medal pinned on his chest, because right or wrong, he has the courage of his convictions and it takes an awful lot of courage to stand behind your convictions when it's costing $5,000 a week.

The giant chrysanthemums go to Rosalind Russell because of her performance in 'Craig's Wife.' She took a thoroughly repellant character and, instead of trying to sugarcoat her, turned in as fine and relentless a performance as I have ever seen, her work in this picture being right on a par with Shearer's in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

A medal for James Stewart because he has made such strides in the year he has been out here, because he is one of the rare colorums, and because he is one of the finest actors, and because he is one of the most charming fellows in the business.

The cornflowers go to Una Merkel because, and I've been saying the same thing now for five years, she is such a swell comedienne, because she never looks unassuming and because, without being a Pollyanna, she always has a good word to say even without her big screen.

Warner Baxter rates a medal because he goes on and on, and because his draw never lessens and because in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' he turns in a performance second only to his memorable Cinema Kid.

To Rochelle Hudson go the peonies because she is so extraordinarily beautiful and because, although many people think she's snippy, as far as I'm concerned she is still as sweet as she was the day I met her seven years ago.

Joel McCrea earns a medal—and holy!—because he is under no delusions about his ability as an actor and because he lends a helping hand (without ever being told about it, too), oftener than anyone I know.

Loretta Young gets the larkspur because she is one of the screen's outstanding beauties and because, although she is a star, she still has the courage to stand up and fight for her rights when she doesn't think they are being assisted.

Ray Milland deserves a medal because I have been plugging for him since he came opposite Constance Bennett in 'Bouff' and because now that he's getting the breaks he's proving I was a good prognosticator.

Madge Evans and Claire Trevor can split the moonflowers between them because moonflowers are one of my favorite flowers and they are among my favorite people; and because, without being sensational, they are mighty good actresses and as regular as they come.

Buddy Ebsen gets a medal because, with all due respect to Fred Astaire, he is my favorite dancer and a grand comedian in the bargain.

Oh! You thought I was getting soft, did you?

A bird to Shirley Dean, ("The Jones Family" girl), because on a salary of $75 a week, she ritzes the extras. And for what?

Another one to Betty Furness because she gives me a pain where it is inconvenient having pains. She wears those idiotic hats, not because she likes them but for the publicity they bring. Maybe you're right at that, Betty. If you didn't get publicity that way it's a cinch you'd never get it from your acting.

And one to Mae West for insisting on being the whole show. In 'Go West, Young Man,' whenever she and Randolph Scott or Warren William are in a shot together the camera is always on Mae and it stays on her until the scene is finished.

And a very fat, juicy bird to Simone Simon, (pronounced Simple Simon), because she glories in her emotional and disagreeable and because after giving such a whale of a performance in "Girls Dormitory" she turned around and gave one that smelled up the joint in "Ladies in Love."

Now that's off my chest we can turn our attention to the things in life such as, for instance, the bed of tulips which go unheeding to Olivia de Havilland because she is so maccassary and, at the same time, is the best of all the younger actresses.
A medal to Fred Astaire for his superb dancing and because he has more class than any other actor on the screen.

The forget-me-nots are for Ida Lupino because she is the sort of girl you don't forget. A good actress, a flaming beauty and—best of all—Hollywood's original screwball.

A medal for Franchot Tone because I like him, because he is a gentleman without申购ing the fact on your notice, and because he is such a swell actor.

The Sweet Williams go to Gail Patrick because I think she is the best informed girl, but she is so beautiful, and because she literally forced producers into recognizing her. Of the five "Panther Women" brought out here a few years ago, one has survived and she had more obstacles to overcome than all the others put together.

A medal for Tom Brown because, next to Fred Astaire, he is the best juvenile in pictures; because he always comes clean with me and doesn't preface every remark with "Now don't print this," and because I get such a kick out of him.

The carnations are for Jean Muir because she is intelligent, because she is prettier with than without her natural color than she was with it blonde, (which is saying a lot), and because if she hasn't dropped a lot of hair—er—startling ideas she, at least, keeps them to herself and realty takes an interest in her picture work.

Henry Fonda rates a medal because he too, gave such a swell performance in "This Is Our Home," (in fact, I liked everything about that picture, Mr. Wanger), and because he is just as scrappy as James Stewart, which is reason enough for giving anyone a medal.

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins can divide the bed of petunias because their friends all swear by them, because they're pretty darned nice actors and mighty darned nice fellows.

The bed of water lilies I'll have to divide among Reagan, Hedda Hopper, Pons, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sothern, Merle Oberon, Marion Davies, Joan Bennett and Madeleine Carroll for an assortment of reasons that lack of space prevents me enumerating. Suffice for these ladies to know the mighty Mook approves of them.


That about cleans us up, except for a few odd birds lying here and there in the harder. We might as well get rid of them, too.

One to Jean Arthur because, despite the reputation accorded her as an actress this past year and despite all she has to be thankful for, she is developing into one of the most disagreeable people in town.

One to Charles Butterworth because, funny as he is on the screen, he's impossible off.

One to Francine Larrimore because, after she signed a three-year contract for a year without a picture, instead of being grateful for a chance when it's finally given her she's trying to run the whole show.

And the last one to Grace Bradley because she invited hundreds of people to a party and then tried to turn the whole thing into a publicity stunt for her own advantage.

And, now, wishing you a Happy New Year, I beg to remain, with good will towards all and nice towards none—who threw that brick?

Femi-nifties

To Beauty in Winter!

EST you forget—we want to remind you to keep a little Vaseline handy when Winter is raging its battle against your beauty and comfort! Even if you don't go in for skiing, ice-skating, or tobogganing, your beauty is vulnerable when the thermometer is hovering around zero. You'll find Vaseline staunch ally if you tell a few of the things it will do for you. It will keep your lips smooth and unchapped. Apply a little every night before you go to bed. It's fine for smoothing weather-roughened hands, keeping cuticle soft and preventing hangnails. It's first aid for chilblains. If your face and neck are wind-burned, you'll find Vaseline instantly healing. It's grand to soothe away those sore spots above the heel and to bring smooth softness to ankles that have suffered from exposure through thin stockings.

NOW that the gay social whirl is at its highest, you'll want to look your loveliest night and day! So we're going to tell you about make-up that's both flattering and as natural-looking as today's fashion demands. It's made by Princess Pat. Her rouge is actually two tones perfectly blended into one. The first tone matches the skin. The other gives the intensity of color you need to bring out all the beauty of your complexion, eyes, and hair. Whatever shade of Princess Pat rouge you select, you can be sure it will seem a part of you instead of looking like dye on an Easter egg. Her face powder, which is lovely and soft in texture, comes in shades that will harmonize with your skin tones. For instance, blonde skins are not pink and white but they have a hint of gold or pale ambre in them, so the powder for blondes is blended accordingly. Lipsticks shades are in complete color harmony with the rouge.

THINGS have been happening fast and furiously along the permanent wave line. We're enthusiastic about Frederic's new "Wireless Permanent." It's taken them a long time to perfect it but now we can't for the life of us see any room for improvement anywhere! You can't go wrong with Frederic's Wireless wave in comfort. It feels cool. There's no wave-rolling apparatus over your head. And, the heating time has been cut down. The new Vortex Shield provides absolute heat control through insulation. And, most important of all, this wave makes your hair look and act as if it were naturally curly!

WE HOPE one of your New Year's resolutions was to keep your worth looking in the pink of condition! A grand new aid to finger-nail beauty is F.O. Nail Conditioner. It has a softening, emollient action that keeps nails from being brittle and cuticle from getting rough or forming hang-nails. It's absorbed when you rub it into your nails and cuticle so no feeling of stickiness remains. F.O. Nail Conditioner may be purchased at five-and-ten-cent stores, and you'll find a wide array of lovely nail polish shades there, too.

BEAUTY news of the first importance is Milk of Magnesia in face creams! Away back in 1928, the Magnesia Milk of Magnesia Company started the research that culminated in a cleansing cream and a texture cream that are startlingly different. Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and makeup, but also neutralizes fatty acid deposits that collect daily on the skin. Your face feels wonderfully clean after you've used it. The Texture Cream, panned into the skin, actually does the work of a night cream during the daytime. Use is as a foundation. You'll love the way it holds your make-up in place so your complexion looks fresh for hours after you've put the rouge and powder on.
the stricken Robert, Marlene worked on at the Denham studios making all those scenes of the old-time Russian drama in which the hero did not appear. Daily she telephoned the Donat home, giving sympathetic messages to Robert's gracious auburn-haired wife Ella, sending her fruit and masses of flowers, sometimes driving over herself to see the actor even though it meant missing certain of the brilliant social entertainments admiring London has been constantly holding in her honor.

Four weeks passed and every scene in which Robert did not play was finished, while he himself was still too sick to leave his home. Again Korda pleaded anxiously with his star and this time she compromised. "He has just begun to try a new treatment and the doctors say it will be another three weeks before they can tell if it is a successful cure. So let us wait just that time and if Donat is not well again by then, we will find another actor."

Thus production was stopped and Marlene took a holiday, her salary suspended meantime since the pause was her own wish. She shopped and motored in the daytime and appeared at the cinema almost every night, but those Mickle Mosis and Pop-eye the Sailor and her favorite star is Carole Lombard). Whilst Robert went to hospital and spent sixteen hours every day shut up in a tiny room, with doors and windows sealed and a strange machine that is the latest wonder of medical science whirring beside his bed. It absorbs all the air and then passes it out again impregnated with secret chemicals so pungent even the nurse who operates it must be masked. But it proved a panacea at last. When Marlene returned to the studio

Robert was there to greet her—"Our Knight Without Asthma" as Korda gaily declared. His gratitude to his fellow-star is deep and sincere for he knew how seriously his career would be affected if he had failed the public yet again. Commiserations he shook off with a smile. "Oh, we all have our bad patches in life. They help us to enjoy the good ones." He is glad to feel comparatively strong again, though he is forbidden to smoke and still has to sleep with the machine in his room every night, nor can he go out to parties for at least another three months.

Robert's doctor wouldn't even allow him to go to the dinner given when Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill arrived or the big cocktail party which Basil Rathbone held at the stately Pinebox Club before he returned to New York. The list of his guests reads like the visitors' book at the Brown Derby—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Evelyn Laight and Frank Lawton, Frances Marion, Nigel Bruce, Charles Farrell, and Dietrich of course, wearing midnight blue velvet this time and a silver cap. Sally Eliers was there, telling of her new baby son is the most beautiful baby in the world and that she telephones him across the Atlantic more times a week. "I'm sure he recognizes my voice because he always gurgles back."

Also present was Wallace Ford, returned to his homeland because he was actually born here though he went to Canada aged seven. Our national attention to Tea-Time never fails to make him gasp and he nearly swallowed his cake when he saw tea being served in a cinema while the picture was in progress. Not to mention Constance Collier and genial Noah Beery and Roland Vickers delighted with a new ivory addition for his famous collection of model penguins—he has over a thousand of them at his apartment in New York. The smallest that go inside the handle. The largest is a ten-foot high effigy of a Polar King bird.

**Down With Romance!**

Continued from page 61

up the side of the house. On the level, I'm sorry for that guy. But I'm not envious; I guess it's better the way I am."

"It's the only way for all of us," Bill assured him. "We should follow our natural bent that I've tried to. At one time I wanted to be a caricaturist—maybe I am!? But the fact that I had no talent for drawing taught me a lesson I'll never forget. One person has a sense of painting, another of music, and still another of writing, and the happiness he gets out of life comes from following that sense. I'm not saying he won't be unhappy if he has, or thinks he has, a sense of acting."

"Is an actor," I wondered, "ever happy?"

"It's just as possible for him to be happy," replied Bill, "as it is for a plumber. But, after all, what is happiness?"

"If you're asking me," remarked Spence, "skip it."

"I don't think the level of human happiness varies particularly," blandly pursued the doctor. "One man may have all the world's goods, health, keen enjoyment of the vital things of life such as food and comfort and women, and be happy. Another may have none of these things and be unhappy. The two are identically equipped with the ammunition of life, let us say, but they are entirely different. I doubt whether anything things come from without so much as from within."

"I'll have another pot of tea, sister," Spence was moved to say to the waitress. "In what have you found your greatest happiness as an actor?" I asked Bill.

"In the shower bath after my day's work," he promptly answered.

"And you?" to Tracy.

"In the cashier's office."

It was borne in upon me that neither was hopelessly sentimental about himself. Anybody could be sentimental about me," insisted Spence. "It's only about romantic actors that people get that way, and I've never figured myself as one. That goes for the studios. But if they ever asked me to play a regular lover—" you know, Hearts and Flowers—we'd tell 'em in a nice way to go jump in the lake."

"And there are some very nice lakes within jumping distance," recalled Bill. "There's nothing like having one handy when you feel like going overboard as a romantic actor. You might even have a disappointed actress more than ready to give you a swift push."

"I've never had a run-in with an actress in pictures," Spence was relieved to say. "All of them have been sympathetic. Of course accidents are bound to happen. There was that time in It's a Small World! when Wendy Barrie hit me with a plate—just a little home-touch—and they had to take five stitches in this,

pushing back

his hair and disclosing a white scar. "Then Harlow once gave me a black eye. I was that gal got a sock? I found out in Riff-Raff when I was showing her how to handle her dainty cap to mean to pull her punch, but overplayed her hand. She was okay with me, for there's a square shooter if there ever was one. In Libeled Lady she didn't have anything for me that no one else had ever done, moved me physically around to pat my face further into the picture, saying 'Get your mug in there, will you.' She's swell. This Loy gal, too. But when I first acted with her in Whip-saw' she had me scared. I didn't know how I'd feel about it. And what worried me most was kissing her. What a sap! When I finally got up nerve enough to go to work Myrna made it a pleasure."

"Kissing aside," said Bill, "who wouldn't worry in this business? I know I do. But it could be worse. If ever for a moment I considered myself a romantic actor I'd worry myself to a fare-thee-well."

"I wouldn't have time to say goodbye," calculated Spence. "They'd do it for me."

When a nervous actress stood at their table to say: "I've been wanting for so long to congratulate you both on your fascinating performances in Libeled Lady." You've got to have a sense of humor."

To that last word of their discerning admirer Bill and Spence rose like trout to the fly and fairly sprayed her with a stream of gratitude.
YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!

The years slip by quietly enough.
The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—
Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged...Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond’s Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care
Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:

Every night, pat on Pond’s Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—briskly. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat...Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!
them. He couldn't come to us to help him out. He'd have to answer for his own actions.

"There's no doubt that Bob's father exerted a great deal of influence on him as he did on other people. The doctor was loved and admired by everyone in Beatrice, Nebraska. No one ever heard him swear or lose his temper or criticize harshly. He was warm-hearted, good-humored, and generous. Bob worshipped him, I think it's his admiration for his father's fine qualities that is another reason for his being level-headed today.

"When I read in the paper of some boy getting into trouble, I feel it couldn't have been his fault. And he shouldn't be punished simply because he isn't as good as my son.

My son had every advantage and opportunity in the world. He had parents who gave him a great deal of love and understanding. They instilled in him high ideals and a feeling of responsibility. We gave him whatever he wanted. He was only a little fellow when he got his bicycle, and then a horse. Later we gave him a car, a liberal allowance, and all the clothes he needed. We sent him to a fine college. He was denied nothing. Why shouldn't he have been a good child?

"I think that the fact he got everything he's wanted helps him today. He can't be spoiled just because he's getting more things. He's used to it. But he realizes, too, that he must make a return for what he gets—in hard work, in being honorable and generous, and in living up to what people expect of him.

"Bob's religious training is another reason why he's level-headed. It gives him reverence for what's good and what's right. He was always active in Church and I hope that when his time permits, he'll take part in it again.

"Religion of some kind is necessary to keep you wholesome and steady. You'll find that the youngsters who were brought up religious make the best people. That's why I hope Bob will marry a girl who has this spiritual feeling."

Here I took the opportunity to ask Mrs. Brugh whether she'd like to see Bob marry today.

"Of course I would," she quickly replied. "I believe in early marriages. I was only 18 when I married and Bob's father wasn't much older. Young love has the high courage and idealism necessary to face the difficulties and adjustments of marriage.

Everyone knows that Mrs. Brugh admires Barbara Stanwyck tremendously—the lovely quilt she was making was for her—and so I asked whether she'd like to see Bob's friendship for Babs materialize into marriage.

"I'd never tell Bob whom to marry," she said, gay laughter in her voice. "If he came to me for my opinion, I'd advise him to marry the girl he loves. No mother has the right to tell her son what to do in so important a matter. He has to decide for himself.

"All I can say is that I'd like him to marry a girl with whom he could have a congenial companionship. I'd like her to be the kind who takes her marriage duties and obligations seriously, and who has a few old-fashioned ideas of raising a family.

So many girls today are nonchalant about marriage. They don't care about building a home. They're merely looking for someone who'll take them on a merry-go-round through life. All they want is a constant round of good times and no responsibilities. I'm not surprised that so many marriages fail.

"Bob has very high ideals of marriage
and it won't be easy, for him to accept anything less than a perfect union. He grew up in a home where there was great harmony, love, and unselfishness. You see, Bob's father and I were ideally mated. We were married 31 years and during that time we never spoke a cross word to each other.

"I've been disappointed in many things in my life, but never in my marriage. My deep hope is that Bob will find a girl who'll help him to make a union as happy as ours.

"I don't think I need worry about the type of wife he'll pick, though." Mrs. Brugh smiled. "He's always gone with splendid, charming girls. I've entertained them at our home and so have had a good opportunity to know them. Very often Bob insists that I accompany them on their outings. I've always had great fun doing it."

"Do you think," I asked Mrs. Brugh, "that all the attention Bob's getting might spoil him for marriage? Perhaps the fireside will no longer appeal to him."

"I don't think so," she answered. "Bob's a home man, just like his father. He knows what's worth-while in marriage and he appreciates the happiness it can give him.

"I believe Bob will make a good husband," she smiled. "He's been taught to take pride in his home and to know that much of its charm and pleasantness depend on his part in it.

"I never paid him for such tasks as sweeping the floor and helping with the dishes. If necessary he can run the home himself. The doctor and I always felt it was just as important for a man as for a woman to know something about the art of home-making.

"During the early years of our marriage, when I was often ill, the doctor managed the home. We couldn't afford help and it would have been very difficult for us if he hadn't had this knowledge. I think every mother ought to give her son such training.

"Bob has a happy, even temperament. But being a star has given him many problems and cares. He worries a great deal these days. He needs someone with whom he can discuss things, someone who'll give him encouragement and inspiration. The right sort of wife will help him to do even better work."

And we can be sure that even if Bob does climb to dizzier heights—and there's every reason to believe he will—he'll still be a modest, unassuming person. He can't be otherwise, with the Mother he has!

---

**TO COME—if he saw me NOW..**

Say—that's funny—she was keen about going I know—I wonder what happened?

Tina's acting awfully queer lately—she's just dropped out of everything.

Aunt Kate—Oh don't I love you every day.

Stan, you make can't—can't you get prettier every day?

Stan, you make can't for getting me to eat those yeast cakes.

Anee, I am glad you changed your mind and can't—can't you eat prettier every day?

That evening It's Stan's mother, Tina—he's coming home this weekend, she wants you for supper Saturday.

Oh, mother, I can't possibly tell her I'm so sorry. B—but—

---

**DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"**

Pimpl es cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!
it off very thoroughly with cold water. Every dry skin needs lubrication to keep it smooth and prevent lines from forming around your eyes, on your forehead and elsewhere from "nose-to-mouth." But you don't have to leave the cream on all night. That's the time the pores should be left free to breathe, so they can't do when your face is covered with make-up during the daytime. Your skin will absorb as much of any lubricating cream as it can take in 15 to 20 minutes this way, and then help it along by light massage or gentle puffing.

I find that the best time to use a lubricating cream is during a warm bath. The heat from the water opens up the pores so they're especially receptive to the beneficial qualities of the cream. Try this before you dress for an evening of fun and you'll be thrilled at the smooth, lovely-to-touch feeling of your skin!

If your skin is dry, always use a protective foundation before you expose it to the wind or sun and before you put on make-up. Cream rouge is better for you than dry. And don't use any more powder than you actually need. If your cheeks are smooth and fresh, don't cover them up with powder. Conflne your powdering to the "middle line"—center forehead, nose and chin. Use a shade that's a little darker than your skin and blend it well at the edges. This gives an effect that's as fashionable as it is natural-looking, and it protects the fine texture of your skin.

We're used to being told that the oily type of skin is the onerous vulnerable, where blackheads and blemishes are concerned. But many girls with dry skin have those troubles, too. That's why I've recommended soap and water cleansing for everybody.

Nervousness is one of the chief causes of skin eruptions, and nervousness usually goes with dry skin. This, I was told by a leading beauty specialist, is because the energy your nerves use up detracts from the natural oils in your skin.

Whether I have it or not, I often say: "What did the doggie do at the lake, Carol?" and she'll laugh at the recollection. I snap that, usually let her chatter and then grab a shot. I take as many as a thousand shots a month, but I never know what happens to the film. Yes, yes, I'll see if I can find any!"

He wandered out again.

"Carol Ann trusts him absolutely, and he never has anyone else around to distract her," commented Mr. Bull. "That's a common mistake in taking children's pictures. There will be mother here, auntie there, grandma over here and big brother squatting in the corner, all of them cutting up dodies to attract the baby. The idea is to have just one person attract him and then snap it.

"You can use a small flash bulb in the house, but a child's features are not developed for minutes. Yet excellent effects outdoors without the use of reflectors. To my mind, an adult needs a reflector to avoid the bad shadows."

"Let the child play and catch him when he's interested. Sometimes it may be necessary to pretend to take a shot, then when he relaxes, thinking it's over, catch him with the real picture."

"If your subject has very deep-set eyes, don't let your assistant manipulate the reflector from the ground, for that will make still deeper shadows. Have him hold the reflector even with the subject's eyes."

"If you want to get a picture of your dog and find that he simply won't hold still, there's a good trick you can use: Try making a hissing sound or a low m-m-m-m. The dog will stand perfectly still, listening. He can't judge where such a sound comes from because it isn't sharp, so he won't move, he'll simply stand and listen. I always make my animal pictures by this method."

"You can train your pets to pose for you, if you have great patience, but don't be surprised if they can't train them to do the things you see some animals doing in the rotogravure sections. Many of these pictures of pets wearing clothes or doing amazing things are made by doping the poor
little things to keep them still. I do not believe in this and think it cruel.

"If you hope to make pictures that are worth keeping, you must really be interested in taking them. That's the first and best rule."

"The guy's right," said Stuart Erwin, fingering his own little Leica tenderly.

"Taking pictures, though, may start out as a hobby but first thing you know it's a vice. You think, dream, eat, sleep, talk pictures, nothing but pictures!"

"When my first baby was born, somebody said: 'You ought to get a little home-movie camera so you'll have a record of all the cute things he does.' So I ran fast to the nearest shop and bought a 16 mm. camera and began shooting at the kid. Just pointed the thing at him and set her going. Were we pleased when we ran the stuff!

"But about six weeks later, I said to my wife: 'The trouble with this thing is you can't show the pictures to people unless they're figuring on staying with us for a week-end, and so who knows what a marvelous kid we've got?'

"Darling, you need a still camera," replied m'mike.

"So I talked about it and talked about it and did nothing. February was my birthday, and by that time m'mike was so tired hearing me talk that she bought me this Leica for a birthday gift.

"It was nice weather, so I took the baby out into the yard, shot rolls of films and had lots of luck because I knew nothing whatever about it. Then I began to feel smart. I experimented with what I thought were ideas, and it was awful! Wool it awful!

"'Why don't you ask somebody?' m'mike wanted to know. So I went to a camera expert and he gave me books to read and showed me the mistakes on my own prints.

"So I got ambitious and started a dark room in a spare bedroom, but everything was so spread out that I never could reach anything, so I took over a closet with a shelf and a drawer for paper and I could stand in the middle and put a hand on everything, and so that was swell.

"Right now I'm all excited about the things you can do in the darkroom. The trouble with my best exhibits is that they won't reproduce. They're so soft and 'arty' that they make swell pictures but they're not sharp enough to put in your magazine.

"My best prints were two I made of Wally Beery and Georgie Stone when we were making 'Viva Villa.' They were in makeup, sitting at the side of the set, half asleep. I moved up a light and shot them, then I printed up the pictures in a sort of blurred effect so they look as if someone had drawn them. You know, character studies.

"The other day I learned about etching masks. Ever use them? You can buy them if you like, but some artists make their own. You lay your print down, put the etching mask over it—the mask has lots of little lines on it that look like an etching—then you put a plate glass on top to hold it, and go to work.

"If you use a crystal stippled paper, you can make a dull print. But if you find your subject too indistinct on your negative, you can sharpen it by using harder paper. If you use a soft, thin paper, you can make a too-brilliant print too. Give it that faint blurred effect that's so good in a picture.

"Of course, I'm interested in taking the stuff, as well as printing it up. The kids are always good subjects. But I sort of like this study of an electrician on a ladder, Goofy things like that!"

---

Wallace Beery, his daughter, Carol Ann, and trophies the star bagged on a recent hunting trip.

About that time I met Laurence Stallings and a bunch of other candid experts on our lot and they said: 'You boob, why don't you enlarge your own stuff? We do!

---

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!

**YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH...BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL, TELL HIM SO!**

**MEANWHILE...**

**MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE AD SAYS AND SEE MY DENTIST!**

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE**

**...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

**MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR BREEDING DEPOSITS.**

**THREE WEEKS LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

**YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!**

**I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S swell!**

**MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

**COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

20¢ **LARGE SIZE**, 35¢ **GREAT SIZE**, every twice as much.
What's Happened to Robert Montgomery?

(Continued from page 23)

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs. this special QUICK WAY

NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to "slim down" and "friendless" in the name of health. Thousands are now gaining pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few months.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. With these and other valuable ingredients, thousands are now gaining — and not getting the most backward-building foods of their kind.

Now with this new discovery which is making thousands of people happy, you can gain pounds—in just a short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking curves, but also naturally lovely color, new pep that wins friends.

This amazing new product, developed by Dr. Robert Montgomery who has lived the longest years of his life on a 1000-calorie diet, is one of the chief known sources of Vitamin B. By a new process this year, concentrated 7 times—made it three times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of other, previously untested, wholesome and other valuable ingredients, in a specially formulated basic.

If you, too, heed Vitamin B and want to add to your weight, be sure to get our new Dr. Robert Montgomery formula at once. Note how quickly it improves your appetite, and keeps you more pleasant from the food-building foods that are essential. Then day after day, watch your frame and feel your chest round out to normal attractiveness, better color and natural beauty come—yes, feel like a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how short or how long your trial be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new fortified tablets in a short time. If they don't add it in a short time in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we are offering this unique offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, eat out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a remittance book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, you will have the very fact-packed book for money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2622, Atlanta, Ga.

A holiday from screen romance means time for Robert Young to romp with daughter Carol Ann.
nated the Iridium Room at the St. Regis his favorite formal spot, and the popular Twenty-one as his pet informal retreat. He smokes a pipe, reads Fortune and Time, follows the college football games, fancies horse racing, and rides to hunt whenever opportunity offers.

Montgomery is a college man who has grown up; the boy who had everything and made the most of it; Peter Pan thirty years later; an actor who fights for what he wants. The one outstanding characteristic that arouses one's admiration is his dissatisfaction with his own performances. Such auto-criticism is not only rare in an actor: it's heresy. But Montgomery is a rare bird, a guy who can take his acting seriously or leave it alone!

3 Girls on a Match

THE STORY SO FAR

Little wonder that Olga Dupont had refused the studio call for extra work, telling Pat O'Day to take it. Pat was happy for one more chance to achieve screen recognition for which she had struggled three years while living in a cheap apartment and sharing expenses with Olga and her other friend, Ann Devrey. Ann was now at the beach with Bud Bradley. Pat's boyhood sweetheart whom Pat had promised to give her decision tonight as to whether she would marry him and return to their home town. Here was Pat on the set, playing in a mob; her friend, Eddie Ryan, working on the picture as assistant cameraman—and to her amazement, Olga Dupont playing a featured part. Olga is being sponsored by Richard Emnet Fielding, famous screen lover, and she cuts Pat coldly when her friend tries to congratulate her. After the day's work, Pat, tired and discouraged, is cheered by Eddie, who sends her off with a good-bye kiss. This is seen by Bud, who is waiting with Ann for Pat to come out of the studio. Angered, Bud leaves with Ann, and Pat returns alone, as she came to the studio, in the old car jointly owned by the girls.

Continued from page 31

Horns were honking behind the two cars, demanding that they move out of the way. A trolley car clanged in protest. "Aw, shut up!" Olga waved a gloved hand as if to dismiss the procession. "I've got news for you. Honey, big news. Pull up around the corner," she ordered imperiously.

The quiet side street was free of traffic and peaceful with shade. A little girl with golden hair came tripping along beside her mother—just the sort of little girl that Pat had always wanted for her own. Hand in hand, they walked out of sight. These two belonged to another world, free of the fever of striving for a place in the cinema sun. For a moment, Pat envied them.

Olga leaned out of the window. "Dickie's throwing me a cocktail party, Honey—"

"Nice of him—"

"You're invited."

"Sorry, Olga, but I'm going home. Bud's waiting for me—he's leaving town tonight—"

"I'm not taking no for an answer."

"But I'm not dressed for it—"

"It's not that kind of a party."

---

"SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER after this snowy trip!" But Hinds puts back softness. Its Vitamin D is absorbed. Quickly, Hinds soaks roughness smooth, comforts singing "skin cracks." Creamy, not watery—every drop actually works better!

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Quicker-Acting...not Watery!

Now...Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin absorbs

Hinds now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is absorbed, and gives skin many of the benefits of sunshine. Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness—aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin more good! $1, 50c, 25c., and 10c. sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Mon. to Fri., 12:15 p.m. E.S.T., over WABC-CBS.
Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

"But I don't feel like it—"

"You can park your feelings outside," Olga launched into a lecture. "That's the trouble with you. You're long on looks but short on contacts. You've got to meet the right people. It's not what you know but whom you know. And that's where Dickie and I are coming ahead to fix up a party. All sorts of big shots are going to be there. Teitelbaum's going to be there.

"You mean W. Jacob Teitelbaum?"

"Yep, the big boy himself! He's crazy about red-heads. I gave him my word you'd be at the party. You don't want me going back on my word, do you? You want to get somewhere in the picture business, don't you? You want Teity to handle you, don't you?"

Who in Hollywood—and for that matter on Broadway—had not heard of W. Jacob Teitelbaum, the best agent in the business? It was Teitelbaum who was responsible for the highest names in pictures. It was Teitelbaum who picked up unknown talent, groomed it and glorified it and sold it to the highest bidder. Visions of fame—success—glory—money—acclaim—again rose in a rainbow on Pat's horizon. Then the old recurrent cloud of discouragement blotted it out.

"You've got to have the luck, Olga, and I just haven't got it. Maybe I haven't got what it takes. If that's the trouble with me—it's just too bad—and I better get out while the getting is good. I don't want to use Mr. Teitelbaum to get where I want to go. I don't want to use you. I don't want to use anybody. I want success straight on the up-and-up. I wouldn't think of getting it any other way."

"That's why I'm doing your thinking for you. Take Ann—she's a sweetie but she's a wash-out. Doesn't it show in pictures. Never will make the grade. She's like a lot of others hanging around Hollywood that ought to hike back to Oshkosh. But you, Pat, you've got a face, a figure and a ton of personality. And that red hair of yours is bright enough to light your way home on a dark night. But you've got to get started sometime and it might as well be now!"

Pat was beginning to relent.

"You want to go to parties?" persisted Olga.

"Teity may have two or three dolls and four or five double chins, but he's terrific. Talk about high-pressure salesmanship. Why, it was Teity who sold the Brooklyn Bridge to Brodie!" Olga brought her argument to an abrupt close. "We've got to step on it, Honey, or we'll be late for the big show. We'll have a car waiting for us to town.

"Don't do over ninety," cautioned Pat. "Melindy's not so young anymore!"

The long white car roared ahead. The little black car struggled behind. They were winding through Hollywood toward Beverly Hills. Finally, Olga turned into a landscaped driveway. There, at the foot of a low crest, stood Richard Emmet Fielding's house—a dream in early English.

"Like it, Pat?" asked Olga.

"Love it," said Pat.

"Just wait till I show you around the joint."

They parked Melinda at the end of a long line of cars in a more or less secluded nook that screened its shabby old body.

The grounds were already gay with guests. The sound of music at the open bar—dining at the outdoor barbecue—frolicking in the opal swimming pool.

"We better get you out of your make-up, Honey. They're not going to play for another five weeks."

And Olga led the way to the house.

Pat caught a glimpse of a spacious drawing-room, a formal dining-room, a leather-paneled library. The master bedroom upstairs was a rhapsody in blue.

They wandered from room to room, Olga like a guide pointing out the various highlights of the lovely house. "It's pretty nifty, but I don't care for the early English when I move in. I'm going to have Dickie do it over in late Spanish—"

"Why, Olga!"

"Why not? I don't expect to stay at the Garden of Allah for the rest of my life. That's just a local stop."

"Hear her."

The guest room was crowded with chattering women. It reeked of perfume and it rocked with shop.

Pat knew some of the faces by sight. One or two were leading players, but most of the guests were important stars. She stood shyly before the mirror, her brown eyes wide with awe, pretending to be given over completely to smoothing down her rumpled dress and buffing out her tangled red hair and mending her ravaged make-up.

"Seems to me I've seen you before," remarked Sally Lane, the star. "I just can't place you."

"We played together in 'Love in the Lurch.'"

The vain little actress regarded Pat with meaning scrutiny. In a bored voice: "Oh, yes, you played the lurch!" A titter went through the room. Sally turned her back on Pat and Olga.

The great Suzanne took up Pat's cudgels.

"Come off your high horse, Sally. If I remember correctly, you started as an extra yourself."

The great yet simple Suzanne smiled affably at Pat.

But it was Olga who came to the rescue and bore Pat away, out of the room, down the stairs to the terrace. 'There's Dickie—and that's Mr. Teitelbaum.' She pointed them out. "Now, remember, be sweet, that is. Teity. But lay off Dickie. He's mine."

The long-legged Dickie had spied the girls and was coming across the lawn. The roly-poly Mr. Teitelbaum waddled up behind him.

"This is Pat, Dickie."

"It's a pleasure," Richard Emmet Fielding, the practiced rogue, said, smiling dangerously into her eyes.

"This is Teity, Pat. Teity, this is Pat—" W. Jacob Teitelbaum beamed. The pic-
ture agent was short, squat, florid, and fat with good living. He wore a big diamond ring and he had a honeyed voice. It was apparent to Pat that he liked the ladies and that he liked his liquor. Mr. Teitelbaum had been flirting. There was powder on his coat lapel. Mr. Teitelbaum had been drinking. There was liquor on his breath.

"So this is little Pat?" He bared his big teeth. "I know all about you!" He placed a fat, hot hand on her chin and tilted her head. "Not bad—in fact, pretty good. Ever make a test?"

"I'm with Paramount now—"

Olga added hurriedly: "Pat's not a star—not yet. She's been doing bits mostly." Olga took a deep breath in order to expand on Pat's many virtues. The studio's crazy about her work—simply cra-a-a-azy. Mr. what's his name—" She looked helplessly over at Pat.

"Ryan," tossed off Pat rather neatly.

"That's it! Mr. Ryan thinks she's star material—"

"Izzatso?" Teity's little black eyes studied Pat appraisingly. He smacked his fat red lips. "We got to look into this—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Fielding. "I believe my guests need me—"

"'Scuse me," said Olga, "I need a Scotch and soda."

And Pat was left alone with the agent. For a moment panic seized her. She wanted to run away. Then courage flooded her being. Here was Mr. W. Jacob Teitelbaum and in W. Jacob was vested her whole future.

"Live in Hollywood?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"What?"

She hesitated. "Well, not exactly—"

"Bet you've gone for Gable like all the other girls—"

"How did you know?" she retorted jauntily.

"Oh, I know everything, little girl, I know one thing—I like you. Always did go for red-heads."

It was silly, pointless talk. But maybe this was the road that took one to stardom. "How about going for a little spin after this party is over?"

"I've got a date tonight. But I could make it tomorrow."

"I'll pick you up at ten o'clock tonight," he decided in the manner of one given to making commands and having them obeyed without a murmur.

Her quick mind marshalled the hours. It was seven o'clock. She could leave the party early—see Bud off to Tallahassee. Yes, she could be dressed and ready by ten. She told Mr. Teitelbaum so.

Arm in arm, they sauntered across the lawn. Dusk was falling. One by one, the bright lanterns hanging in the trees came to life in giant, luminous pools of blue, green, violet, yellow. A pale moon sailed into the sky. The crickets sang softly in the thick, dewy grass. This was a fairyland—and some day, she would have a fairyland of her own just like it. But she would not be strolling with Teitelbaum. She saw Eddie's arm around her instead.

An obsequious butler was at her elbow with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. "May I serve you?"

"Yes, thank you."

"How about a drink?" suggested Mr. Teitelbaum jovially. He led her to the open bar. "Have a drink," said Mr. Teitelbaum.

"I don't drink."

"Have a drink," he repeated with a show of anger. "When I say to you have a drink, you do as I say."

Pat took a blandish sip from the lovely tall crystal glass. She was beginning to resent Mr. Teitelbaum.

"Hi, Blondie!" He caught hold of a gor-
WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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Make Way for Michael Whalen

Continued from page 22

perfection with every picture in which he appears. It doesn’t matter whether you’ve known him a day or a year, whether it is your first meeting or your one hundred and first. You are captured by the spell of something in this young and handsome screen player that for a time defies description. It is personal charm, and then, without warning, one day while you are sitting opposite him in the solarium of his charming Beverly Hills home idly chatting about this or that, the answer hits you like a thunderbolt. It is this: At twenty-eight or thereabouts, Michael Whalen has found that which makes life, with its attendant stress and strain, livable. He has acquired an inner peace and spiritual calm which rays out from his person like a benediction. And, with this quiet, he is the most restful person in the world to talk to.

Michael Whalen today has perhaps the best chance of becoming the most popular actor of any of the younger crop in Hollywood. Yet all his natural endowments of looks and talent and brains, his opportunities and the possession of the qualities inherent in screen success make for anything but peace. The pursuit of his career on the screen is like a race for thoroughbreds only. Every muscle, every nerve is tense. Every thought, every movement is geared to the one goal, the winning of that race.

There was a fiery, hot-tempered young man who never wanted a business career. Yet he spent from the time he was sixteen until he was twenty-three in business. He was charming and significant in the way that all attractive young men of Irish antecedents are, but he was also rebellious, continually chafing up about this or that, which displeased him. Now he is calm, assured, and tolerant, not because of what he has so far won from life, but because he knew he did not give him for so many years.

It was then he was manager of the Woolworth store in Derby, Pennsylvania, that he decided enough was enough. "I deliberately gave up a very promising future in the organization—at least that’s what my chief told me—and lit ot—"
for New York, I felt as rich as Croesus with my $1800 and I was going around the world as far as that much money would take me."

And he might have covered a considerable portion of the globe if he hadn't stopped in New York, Here he found the world of the theatre as he had never known it: here was the city of dreams.

Quite undaunted by the fact that he had never appeared on any stage, he presented himself one fine day at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre and announced that he wanted to act. He got an infinitesimal part in "Twelfth Night"—that of a captain of the guards. He had only one line to speak, but his six feet two of masculinity showed off that uniform as if it had never been shown off before.

Michael grins when he tells you of his rendition of that one line. "I am sure no one ever heard me say it because I was so frightened I didn't say it loud enough. But I did say it with expression." The line was "Here is the man..."

In the season he stayed with the Le Gallienne company, Michael overcame his fright and learned how to speak so the audience would hear him. It was after a performance of "Green Mansions" that Miss Le Gallienne gave him that priceless advice about life and living, and of which he was intelligent enough to sense the soundness.

Thereupon, Michael, as he terms it, proceeded to "grow up." "I did everything there was to do and had a lot of fun doing it,". Then, suddenly, he left the stage. Today he himself does not understand that sudden disaffection. He says, "I woke up one day thoroughly disillusioned with the stage. I didn't like it any more. What I had for so long worked for didn't seem at all what I had imagined it would be.

The more I think of that period of my life, the less do I make of it. I guess at that time I just didn't know what I wanted."

He took to posing for illustrators and commercial artists. The cream of the contemporary artists such as James Montgomery Flagg, McClelland Barclay, Henry Raleigh, John LaGatta, all reproduced Michael's face and form on canvas. Today James Montgomery Flagg is one of his best friends, and follows his career closely. In fact, if it hadn't been for Mr. Flagg, Michael couldn't have made the trek to Hollywood. But that's getting ahead of our story.

And now comes the strangest of all the tricks which old Man Destiny played on Michael and one which has never before been revealed. His first screen test was

Chester Morris and Richard Dix, cast in a story about the Navy, go a noble sailors' tradition one better, and find two girls to know in every part.

Skin Flaky?

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all! Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—without just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

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"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

Melt it Smooth...Instantly!

How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top skin issue, catch powder. You can melt them off.

8-Piece Pond's, Dept. 78-YB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 10¢ extra postage on phone. Pond's is special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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AS HE DESIRES THEM

Tenderly soft . . . warmly moist . . . and naturally red. These are the three prerequisites of lip allure, and Savage is the one lipstick that can give them to you. And Savage is really indelible too; it clings tenaciously. Five seductive shades:

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just dehydrates the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punky.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter’s little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of life flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

EARN MONEY at HOME
Address envelopes, cut names, sew, do other kinds of work. We show you. Send 30¢ stamp for details to WOMEN’S SERVICE LEAGUE
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Never Any DANDRUFF!

Start today with Glover’s. Persist with it. See how it keeps you rid of Dandruff and beautifies your hair. This famous Medicine has been helping hair for over 60 years. Get Glover’s Mange Medicine and Glover’s Medicinal Soap at your druggist’s or have your Hairdresser give you Glover’s Treatments regularly.

GLOVER’S MANGE MEDICINE

Looks like a man and his shadow, but it’s two famous actors, Cedric Hardwicke and Roland Young wave “hello” to Miss Liberty as they arrive here from England.

an accident, and came about because a talent scout was hot on the trail of a girl who was to him a far greater prize.

The girl whom John LeRoy Johnston, then a talent scout for M-G-M, had combed New York for was Gwili Andre. Arthur William Brown, noted illustrator, had shown Mr. Johnston some drawings he made of her. So impressed was Johnston with her beauty that he wanted to get her right away for a screen test. But she seemed to have dropped out of the land of the living. Johnston hunted everywhere for her.

"That’s how the motion picture business is," says Michael, "if it wants you it will move heaven and earth to get you, but if it doesn’t—well, no power on earth can help you.

"Quite by accident I happened into Mr. Brown’s studio on a day when Johnston, worn out with weeks of false clues, and very much on the delirious side of his expensive account as a result, was there. I happened to mention that I knew Gwili and that I thought I could trace her. Johnston was desperate. He said, ‘All right, Shovlin— I know Gwili Andre for me and I’ll give you a screen test too.’ He never had the remotest idea of testing me until I spoke. You can just bet I dashed around madly until I found Miss Andre. In fact, we made our first screen test together."

And though Johnston went back to his executives and praised his accidental male find to the skies, the studio would have none of him. Nor would some ten or twelve other studios who subsequently made tests of Whalen.

"Then came a slump in posing jobs. I sang on the radio. Whalen has an excellent baritone voice, and plays the piano. In fact, he could have become a concert pianist if he had applied himself. So it was radio and music for a while.

"But I knew that wasn’t it," says Michael. "I was scattering around and I didn’t know what I wanted. I was continuously torn into a thousand pieces, a bundle of nerves, hurting myself and everyone around me."

Suddenly, one day, he knew exactly what he wanted. Hollywood! And he was going. Nothing could stop him. He refused to take into account the fact that he had been tested and rejected by every studio. He was going to Hollywood.

He had some money, but not enough. He talked it over with his friend, James Montgomery Flagg, who, friend that he was, made up the deficit. Michael chose the cheapest way from coast to coast.

"I went to more travel bureaus, I examined more railroad and bus agency schedules than you could ever imagine existed. I was shopping for the cheapest way to Hollywood and at last I found it. From New York to New Orleans by Southern Pacific Steamship, and then on the train in a day coach for three days to Los Angeles. It was real rotten but I had the people on the boat had one coach on the train, and we fixed the seats like berths where we could and what with lunch baskets and thermos bottles, we made out fine."

Hollywood did all its stuff for Michael Whalen, which name he adopted when he arrived there. It was his grandfather’s and he was one of Michael’s boyhood heroes. Hollywood ignored him, it sneered at him, it held out its hand to him as if he was about to grasp it, pulled it away. He starved and thieved in the midst of plenty. Hollywood used up its whole bag of discouraging tricks on this boy who never for one instant would admit that he had been wrong in coming.

When "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was about to be screened, Michael was a member of the M-G-M drama school, without pay. Ralph Forbes had been cast as Captain Cook. Then word came that he would not be available. Michael was tested for the part, and, wonder of wonders, found satisfactory and signed for the picture. But the day before they started shooting, Ralph Forbes finished what he had been working in, and was free to be Captain Cook, and Michael was out. Breaks of that sort were his portion for three and a half years. He had no money, he could find little or nothing to do. A sister to whom he was devoted was ill in New York. He couldn’t help her. It ate into his soul. It seemed as if things could get no worse.

But he had yet to reach the bottomless pit. He had from time to time appeared in the little theatres around Hollywood for little or no pay. It was while he was appearing in a play called "Turquoise Matrix" at the Gateway Playhouse that his whole world was washed off his head. The show closed and the girl he was desperately in love with broke their relationship all on the same night. Earlier in the day, he had heard that a dramatic coach of some standing in Hollywood had said, "It would be a kindness if some friend would tell Michael Whalen that he will never be an actor and he will never get on the screen."

It was too much, and the cumulative effect of that day’s events and all that had gone before brought him face to face with fear and despair. For weeks he wandered around in a daze, his grip, his courage, his confidence in himself completely destroyed.

Life then and there would have ended in complete oblivion for Michael Whalen, but his guardian angel decreed otherwise.
One evening as he sat alone in a Boulevard restaurant, not caring whether life went on, and rather hoping it wouldn't, an old man came up and sat down next to him. Michael had never seen him before. He was never to forget him. "My son," he said, "I don't know why you are afraid, but I know that you are. Every line in your face, every movement of your body telegraphs to me the message of fear written in your heart. Stop it! Stop thinking of yourself as a failure and whatever you want will come to you." 

This unknown master of philosophy taught Michael how to conquer his fear, how to relax, how to believe again in himself. He taught him the power of self-control, mental and spiritual discipline.

Michael Whalen walked out of that restaurant renewed, with something in his heart he had never known before—peace. From that night on life took on a different color, and all the good he had since known began to come his way.

So well has he learned his lesson of self-discipline that without knowing it he communications it to those around him. You never fidget when you are with Michael Whalen. Somewhat you don't want to. You never complain or rave or rant.

When you do, you get the feeling that you are as childish as a youth and crying for a lolly-pop. Michael just looks at you, and you realize that this young man has a wisdom and strength you lack, even though you are twice his age.

In his first year on the screen Michael has been in eight pictures in nine months. Twentieth Century-Fox, the first studio to give him a contract, has definitely started on his way a very exceptional young man. He should by all the signs, have an exceptional career.

His sister, Claire, once asked me, "Why can't someone write a happy story about Michael?" From now on she will have nothing but happy stories to relate about Michael Whalen, master of himself.

"Garden of Allah" Contest Winners

1ST PRIZE—Mediterranean Cruise
John S. Antkowalski, 122 Sears Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

2ND PRIZE—Gruen Wrist Watch
Louise W. Bials, 5401 Cumom Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3RD PRIZE—Marlene Dietrich's Costume
Mrs. Preston Chapman, 711 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

4TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

5TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

6TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

7TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

8TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

9TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

10TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

11TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

12TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

13TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

14TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

15TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

16TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

17TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

18TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

19TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

20TH PRIZE—20 Photographic Studies from "Garden of Allah"

AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT USES NO HARMFUL CHEMICAL HEAT—NO INTENSE ELECTRICAL HEAT—NO HAIR-PULLING WIRES

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Kindly send me a list of salons in my neighborhood who give Frederics Wireless Permanents.

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in such frivolity. You've always spoiled her. Ever since she's been a child she's been able to twirl you around her finger. And—your mother—"

"Martha!" John's voice rose in his fear and he glanced quickly around the room as if he could not trust even the closed windows held him against the village. "That's something she must never know. We promised—"

But Martha was not to be denied her little triumph.

"I can never feel safe about a girl whose mother I know was burned as a witch!" she said, and—"the smouldering jealousy she had felt for the girl, all the fears she had tried to suppress, flowed openly into her blood and her heart and her voice. Witches!" The word was one not to be even whispered in Salem Village, and some there were who shuddered away from it and some there were who thrilled to it and dwelt secretly on the word until it became an excitement to color drab days with a thing that was neither glory nor horror but a strange intermingling of the two.

Abigail Goode, the elder's wife, was one of these. Always there had been that reaching something that was turbulent and strange and disquieting. Only to think of them was to escape from endless monotony, and to hear of them from her slave Tituba, who came to her from the West Indies, was an introduction that lifted her to new exaltation.

Abigail was listening to the black woman when Barbara came into the kitchen, the basket of candles her aunt had made over her arm, her eyes still bright with the excitement of her new enmity. Tituba's voice went on—titubing hands of old Goody Higgins as she lighted her pipe.

But it was not for Abigail, or for Deborah, who was an ineffectual, silly woman who copied her friend in everything she did, or for Goody who was the village beggar and had crept in the room to warm herself by Barbara feared it was for the children gathered there, their small faces upturned as they listened, that she trembled. For Ann Goode, self-willed and determined with a restlessness that went beyond the restlessness that possessed her mother; and for Nabby, her younger sister; and most of all for little Mercy Cheever, always so timid and so easily moved to fear.

Tituba talked, white teeth flashing in her black face, and there was the jungle in that bare Puritan kitchen. There was the dark of the moon and drums beating and a sound as of a great wind rustling. Only there wasn't a wind.

"And a great fire would shoot up to Heaven," Tituba rocked ecstatically, "and then Obano would appear, he you calls 'em, at once. They would be dancing and they'd be a whirling of wings like bats going up until they fill the sky an'. when they get high enough they'd be dead and the river would be red as blood!"

"Tituba!" Barbara's quiet voice came reprovingly. "Where did you ever see such a thing?"

"I seen them in my country, Mistress," Tituba protested, but her voice was drowned in loud laughter of the strangers.

"You should have been here sooner, Barbara; Tituba told our fortunes."

"I'm to be a person of importance!"

Ann's voice came imperiously. "I shall be above everyone else and everyone shall listen to me."

"Give me your hand, Miss Barbara," Tituba said in her broken English, and when as she took it, "I see a man, tall, well-favored, dark hair. He's very near, child. A gay young man with a glint in his eyes."

Barbara laughed unbelievingly. But oh in her heart she wished she could believe. A gay young man with a glint in his eye! A gay young man with a glint in his eye! And all of Salem Village. Men there were and plenty who would have liked to court her, but none like the one Tituba had seen in her destiny.

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**MAID OF SALEM**

_A Paramount Picture_

**THE CAST**

Barbara Clarke………Claudette Colbert
Roger Cromwell………Fred MacMurphy
Dr. John Harding………Harvey Stephens
Ellen Clarke……………Louise Dresser
Martha Harding……………Mai Merlino
Nathaniel Goode……………Edward Ellis
Thomas Ezekiel Bilge………E. E. Clive
Ann Goode……………Bonita Granville
Thommy Clarke……………Bennee Bartlett
Mrs. Abigail Cheever…………Evelyn Venable
Suzy Abbot……………Mary Treen
Miles Corbin……………Sterling Halloway
Nabby Goode……………Virginia Weidler
Roger's friend……………Colin Tapley
Vince Marshall……………Russell Simpson
Tithing Man……………Brandon Court
Rev. Samuel Perriss…………Ivan Simpson
Mr. Cheeves……………Donald Meek

Produced and directed by Frank Lloyd. Associate Producer: Howard Estabrook. Original by Bradley King. Screen Play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King and Durward Grinstead. Photographed by Leo Tover, A.S.C.

But she could not help thinking of him as she went around the village distributing her candles. Bayberry candles, sweet-smelling and fragrant, and all of those delicious things—flax and grain and meat at slaughtering time to give for them. And tallow ones for those whose demands were less, such as Jeremia, the gentle old man who had come to live among them and who had only the lobsters he caught in his pots to barter with.

Maybe it was because he came from Virginia that Barbara liked so well to be with Jeremia. Because he could tell her of the Cavaliers and their ladies who dressed in silks and laces and were so gay and blithe some always.

But when she came to his hut there was not the usual welcome for her and when she brushed aside his protests that the place had not been cleaned and was not fit for her, she laughed and said she would do it herself.

For all his protesting she opened the door to the lean-to where his bower was kept. He came then and both he and she had stopped breathing, for there was a man crouched against the further wall, one arm covered with a blood-stained bandage, his shirt stained with blood, his hair nearly shaven, his face, dark and handsome for all that he was unshaven and his clothes torn. As sight of her he smiled, and no man
of her ken had ever swept his hat off so jauntily as he did then and her answering smile trembled to see its broken feather as gallant still as the man himself.

"Glory be!" Even his voice was different, almost caressing in its softness. "I heard a voice. But I thought you mortal."

"My nephew, Roger Governmarm," Jeremiah broke in hastily, "Mistress Barbara Clarke." And as the girl curtsied his voice came more tensely: "I must ask you, not a word about my visitor, even though I cannot tell you why."

"Faith she must know!" Roger cried, for even at that first sight of her he wanted everything to be understood between them.

"These tatters, this blood, this handbag! Let me give you the worst of it first. I'm a fugitive, I'm a rebel, I'm a traitor to the crown. It was a little matter of taxes, and being a Virginian and a patriot I resented it as did others. The Governor resented our objections and we replied with word."

Now that Roger had betrayed himself his uncle was not going to let the telling of it want in courage.

"Gallant!" be cried, and one hand went proudly on Roger's arm. "Three hundred of them against two thousand soldiers! And Roger with his back against the wall holding off half a dozen—"

"Tush!" Roger said, and Barbara saw it was as Tituba had told her it would be. He was gay and there was a glint in his eye. "No matter how magnificent we were in defeat they beat us well! Put us to flight and confiscated our lands, and a friendly skipper brought me to Boston and I came the rest of the way through your forests, hiding by day and travelling by night."

"With a price on his head of a thousand pounds!" Jeremiah broke in proudly.

"Do you think it's worth it?" Roger chuckled and turned his profile to Barbara, and she had never felt like this with any man before as if life were all nonsense and laughter. But because she was almost afraid of this new feeling in her eyes were quiet as she curtsied quickly and was gone.

"When will you come here again?" The outrageous man had come after her, was walking along with her as if he had known her always.

"I bring candles once each week." It was difficult to be a Puritan maid then and speak demurely with eyes properly cast down.

"Only once?" Roger protested. "But I'm a great reader. I read far into the night. We will have need of more by sunrise tomorrow."

"I must gather bayberries before we can make more." In her confusion she forgot it was the tallow ones that she brought to Jeremiah.

"Let me help you," he begged. "I have an amazing nose for bayberries. I track them like a hound upon the trail."

"You might be seen." Funny how easy it was to laugh with this man and find gay little words to answer his gaiety. "I could not risk so valuable a head!"

"Faith, it's not my head is in danger now. And now the light was gone from his voice as he took her hand, and it was as if a little flame ran along it to Barbara's fingertips. "Truly, when shall I see you again?"

Barbara had need to school her voice then, to school her heart and her betraying eyes and her hand so close to trembling.

"When I bring more candles!" The words came from her traitorous lips and she was gone. But she was thinking of him when she walked to the meeting house on Sunday between her aunt Ellen and her

"A COLD"

Be doubly careful about the laxative you take!

ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?" Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the right laxative at this time.

Before they will give any laxative their approval, doctors make doubly sure that it measures up to their own specifications. Read these specifications. They are important—not only during the "cold season," but all the year 'round.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable...Mild...Thorough...Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Overact...Form a habit...Cause stomach pains...Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands so fairly that many doctors use it for their own families. And millions of other families, too, trust it so completely that they have made Ex-Lax the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

One trial of Ex-Lax will tell you why its use is so universal...It is thorough, but it is gentle...It is effective. But it is mild, in every form of relief—without stomach pains or nausea. That's why it's such a favorite, not only of the grown-ups but of the youngsters, too. And, just to make it even more pleasant, Ex-Lax tastes exactly like delicious chocolate...At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

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GRACE BRADLEY GREET'S HER HOMELAND ON ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND, WHERE SHE APPEARED IN A NEW FILM.
THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT Colds!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

The “Common Cold” is the scourge of our civilization. Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we’re subject. The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds. A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!
The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it’s obvious that you’ve got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds which suddenly become “also good for colds” when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don’t go far enough! They don’t treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where “complications” set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for
It’s obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that’s good for all kinds of different ailments can’t be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are cold tablets! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a “cure-all” or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledging wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove’s Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove’s Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies’ cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

Radio Note: Listen to Gabriel Hutter review the news Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations, 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.
Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just time these streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of gray hair. Canceled after first washing of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Actions are permanently colored. If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair the shining, rich, youthful-appearance you seek, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

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Doors were barricaded and only the bravest among them dared step on the streets. Even Roger trembled when Jeremiah told him of it and how Barbara had tried to protect Tituba. But it was for Barbara he feared. A dangerous thing she had done with the whole Village caught up in the hysteria.

Barbara’s face was drawn as she faced her aunt and Doctor John that night.

“We can’t let this go on,” she said tensely. “Tituba’s only an ignorant slave trying to save herself. We must do something!”

“Barbara!” Ellen’s voice came as quietly as ever, but her eyes had lost their calmness. “You are the only one who is accused, it is dangerous.” And then seeing the girl’s hands fling out in quick protest she went on, “I haven’t told you of your mother and how she died.”

“She died in grief.” Barbara looked at her aunt in bewilderment. “In England, when my father was lost at sea.”

“Not of grief.” Ellen whispered, and for a moment it seemed she could not go on. Then, “A woman hated her, for her beauty. She whispered that your brother by witchcraft had caused a storm at sea, where your father was drowned. She was convicted—and—”

“Not for her to go on, to put in words the horrible thing that had happened with Barbara’s eyes staring at the flames twisting in the fireplace, seeing them with horror for the first time.

Roger helping her, and she felt safe again in the haven his arms made for her. That night he and Jeremiah were going to Boston to find a ship that would take her to a place where they would both be safe. Somehow it was easy to be brave then, knowing he loved her, knowing that he would come back for her.

Easy to be brave even with Timothy waiting for her when she came back into the house, his face still pressed against the window through which he had been watching.

“I saw you. You were with a man!” he taunted her.

“No!” The word came sharply. “It was no man. Promise me you will tell no one.”

But it was too thrilling a secret for a small boy to keep, and so he told Nabby, who was being so important now in her bewitched sister’s reflected glory.

Day by day the fury mounted in Salem. It was not enough that the women first to be accused were hung. There were others to be accused and still others, and there was nothing for Barbara to do but stand by and see the evil spread. And neither Roger nor Jeremiah had come back to help her.

She could not know of the thing that had happened. Roger recognized by a sailor on the ship that had brought him to Boston and shanghaied and taken back to Virginia a prisoner. She could not know that Jeremiah in trying to help him had been killed and his body thrown in
Boston Bay. She could only hope and pray and know that neither of thee men would voluntarily desert her, and sometimes she feared for Roger’s safety and well-being, and sometimes she knew he was alive and was almost happy again.

But Barbara could keep silent no longer when gentle old Roger of the yard. Nurse was accused and brought before the judges.

“She’s done naught but good all her life!” Barbara protested, and leaped to her feet in spite of her position restraining hand.

“There’s not one of you but has some token of her kindness. Find out about her accusers. Examine them. Find out if they are lying or if their minds are deranged.”

There was a shocked silence, for Elder Cheever had been one of the accusers, and then in the stillness Abigail Goode’s tense voice came.

“Only a witch defends a witch! And I know her for one. Ask Timothy what he told my daughter.”

The boy cowered before the judges and his voice came whispering in his fright. He had seen Barbara go into the garden and meet something tall and all in black that put its arms around her, and afterward she had said it was no man.

No man!” voices shouted through the court-room.

And knowing Roger’s danger Barbara could say nothing to defend herself. She was left quite alone, to face the terrible accusation.

John came to the morning of her trial and begged that he be allowed to tell the court that he was the man she had met in the garden, but Barbara could not accept his sacrifice. So it was with almost all hope gone that she stood before the judges and John and Ellen’s eyes were heavy as they looked on her. She had no defense. There was no answer she could give to any of the things they forced Timothy to tell of; of that night he found her dancing alone and he had told it was a handsome young man she was dancing with and again he could see no man.

And then little Mercy Cheever was brought in, Mercy who had become ill with the terror that held the village and who reached out one arm to Barbara when she saw her and told her the doll the girl had made for her in the other.

“She is bewitched, sirs!” Mrs. Cheever’s voice came hysterically. “The prisoner gave her this poppet and told her that devil she has been allying and we fear for her life.”

The child cried and clung to the doll whose name the judges asked to see it, and the very love the child had for Bar- bara condemned her in the eyes of those watching.

John was on his feet then pleading for Barbara, and Martha watching felt the full flood of her jealousy loosen in her.

Don’t listen to him, she cried. “She has bewitched this from your favorite photo or snapshot—hand-colored by fine artists—set in a frame which clings upon the bracelet.”

WHERE’S ROOM FOR NINE—sweetheart, charm, novelty sisters, movie stars, mother and dad. Easy to snap on or off. The bracelet is made in a series of gleaming links stitched with a flying dove. Non-tarnishable. Will not discolor the skin.

THERE’S A WITCH!—Frenchwomen use to safeguard their dainties. Make their charm secret. You own. After every bath, before you dress—clothe yourself in fragrant Mavis. Its alluring covering fragrance keeps you flower-fresh for hours. So soothing, too.

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DON’T DELAY! Hurry! Order your Sweetheart Charm Bracelet today! Get your 25c size Mavis Talcum Powder now.

The court was held as a witch doth, with three voices shouting through the court-room.

“Her name is Abigail Goode!”

“Her name is Abigail Goode!”

“Her name is Abigail Goode!”

And the three voices rung through the court-room in their note, for every man in New England believed it.

And so the people rose and came to the door of the court-room, and the news spread that there was one woman in New England who could be arrested and turned over to Roger’s mother—Abigail Goode.

And the children were turned over to the care of the judge who had brought them to court.

And the judge ruled that the people should be gathered together in the court-room, and he warned them that if they were not quiet he would have them all arrested and turned over to Roger’s mother. And so it was that the people were gathered in the court-room, and the judge ruled that the people should be gathered together in the court-room, and he warned them that if they were not quiet he would have them all arrested and turned over to Roger’s mother. And so it was that the people were gathered in the court-room, and the judge ruled that the people should be gathered together in the court-room, and he warned them that if they were not quiet he would have them all arrested and turned over to Roger’s mother.
To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Do you think it’s hard to learn how to do it? Well, it isn’t. Novice, through a new home-learner, you can play as correctly and easily—with more intense exercise and fewer hours of practice—than to play the U.S. School of Music way. Right now the 700,000 have done so. Decide now to learn the Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Fender Band, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, banjo, or any other instrument you like! FREE BOOK.

Write today for Free Booklet. Instruct with the Music Learning Machine—an instrument—supplied when needed, for 10 cents. The Music Learning Machine will teach you how to make music, too.

Diamond," and "Exclusive Story," and "Moonlight Murder"—all distinctly, and depressingly, "B" pictures. There's really nothing so discouraging and amusing a horrid ar- bitious actress as a whole series of "B" pictures. Madge, who is a grand actress and so career-bound that it hurts, longed so with all her heart for the magic of an "A." But on the M-G-M lot where Men-Go-Mad, (so said Gable), and Madge-Goes-Crazy (so said George), she just didn't seem to be an "A"-lesser after Barbro and Crawford and Sheridan and Hoyt and Har- low finished picking them over—and Madge did so want an "A." (Please now don't confuse Hollywood's "A" with Hester Pryone's "A," they are not one and the same, though I must admit on occasions there has been a lot of talk.)

"My graph," said Madge, "had just about reached China and I was getting pretty worried, (Madge is a worrier after my own heart), when along comes Pic- Cadillac Jim." For the first time in ages I was given clever lines to say, and I didn't have to be a slug, but just show her, I have no idea what a relief that was! Ordinarily when I had a lover's tiff with the leading man I had to run away and sob for an entire Sunday night, but I've been so smothered on more beds than any other actress in Hollywood—but this time after my quarrel with Bob I was allowed to take a fall. And it was a good fall, too, even if I do say so myself.

A hit picture in Hollywood is very much like walking around you; it's a bridge over a game—it's supposed to change your luck. Now Madge, who hates card games, wouldn't have the least idea what to do with three of them, let alone ten, and get home with some more good pictures and she'll know what to do. "Yes," said Madge, "Piccadilly Jim" gave me a new lease on life, of course I don't mean literally, but I've piled on more beds than any other actress in Hollywood—but this time after my quarrel with Bob I was allowed to take a fall. And it was a good fall, too, even if I do say so myself.

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over again on the New York stage, and it was while she was appearing in "Philip Goes Forth" on Broadway that she was signed and rushed to Hollywood to appear opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." So quickly had it all been done that the studio in Hollywood failed to destroy the proper publicity, and Madge arrived in town "cold"—as we say in the theatre. The newspapers and the lack of publicity were of no concern to Madge whatsoever, but what caused a great concern to her was getting in touch with her former friends out here and with the friends she had made in New York years ago. Could you see Madge, little more than a child, and simply bumbling over with enthusiasm and eager to be one of the crowd? She wanted to give parties and get acquainted and see people, and ring door-bells and have fun. Well, you know Hollywood, but Madge didn't. Hello, Madge, and say goodbye over the phone, "It's Madge. I just came in from New York yesterday. Isn't it fun? When shall I see you?" All those dear, divine friends Madge had known on the New York stage froze like an ice cube, and all those charming friends who had petted and coced over Madge when she was a child suddenly had to go out of town.

Finally she caught on—these people thought that she was in Hollywood on "speculation," that she was trying to get a job, that she might want to use them, or even make a "touch!" Oh, you'll never know the agony that Madge went through. (Plenty of bona fide bed-snobbing.) And all her suspicions were thoroughly confirmed when a week later she ran into one of the women she had called, a featured player you all know well, and whom Madge had known full of a a smear on Broadway. "Hello, oh, Madge," said the lady who shall be nameless, "what are you doing here on the Metro lot? Taking a test? Oh, I'm awfully glad to see you, girl. I'm going worthwhile in Hollywood, but you know how it is, so many. Oh, yes," said Madge sweetly, "but a distinct trace of homicide in her voice, "I know exactly how it is. I happen to be on the Metro lot because I have a contract here. And I happen to be singing. I am playing lead opposite Novarro in "Son of India." "Oh, really, darling, how wonderful! Why didn't you tell me over the phone? You naughty girl. Darling, I'm giving my party this week-end, lots of important movie people and stars you should meet—you must come, now don't say no—" No, said Madge. The woman called Madge regularly and invites her to parties to meet "important movie people" but Madge still says "No."

As soon as the papers got around to publishing the fact that Madge Evans, ex-child star, was in Hollywood with a Metro contract all the other dear divine people who had been getting on at Madge got around to calling Madge up, simply bursting with enthusiasm, and there were invitations. Judge had been too badly hurt by then, and once Madge is hurt she never gets over it.

Hollywood is very much like an exclusive private school where the newcomers are eyed askance and given the frigid treatment until they become one of the gang. If you're the least bit sensitive it's an awfully fashinable thing to go through when she arrived from New York, ("when will these New York actresses stop coming out here and taking jobs away from our Hollywood girls," a good man said in the daily columns), and so did Claudette Colbert, and dozens of others from the New York stage, but Madge having far more than her allotted share of pride and sensitiveness got the works. It was during this period that the famous Madge Evans-Uma Merkel friendship.

MODERN women no longer give-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's not. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!
my surprise when I found myself in Little America."

I was under the impression for quite a long time that I had met the shyest person in captivity when I met Barbara Stanwyck, but compared with Madge, Barbara is Lady Gaga on a white horse. One cold quizzical look can shivel Madge completely. A bit of snotiness and she is lost forever. She wasn’t born that way, though. Oh no, it’s very definitely that as a child star she must have been an awful little brat. “Much worse than Fannie Brice’s Baby Snooks,” says Madge. "Adults are always going over me telling me how pretty I was and if I cried they gave me the world. Naturally I thought I was smart.” She faintly remembers, and wishes she didn’t, that after a certain picture the director said, “And now, little Madge, you’ve been a good little girl, and I’m going to give you a great big beautiful doll.” “I don’t wanna doll,” snapped good little Madge, “I wanna wrist watch with diamonds.” Well, you can just imagine what poor Mrs. Evans thought she had on her hands. A gold-digger, no less. But strangely enough Madge did all her digging before the ripe old age of ten. The Evans jewelry today has been bought by Miss Evans. Madge’s inferiority complex came from being a child star. Everybody made fun of her for several years and then all of a sudden she became a gangly little girl, she lost her contract and no one made a fuss over her. “A grown-up,” says Madge, “could have understood it. But I was only a child. I am sure I was more humiliated over losing that contract than any man has ever been over losing a job. To have all the flattery in the world, and then suddenly not a word of praise from anyone. I couldn’t figure it out. My parents and I became abnormally shy and sensitive.”

When she was fifteen she decided to try to make her "come-back on the stage, (Madge has one of the burning loves for the theatre that not even an inferiority complex can dampen), so her mother went with her on a tour of the casting offices in New York. Madge would meet the directors and producers who remembered her as a child star, (and resented the fact that she had grown), and today I see present Jackie Cooper being such a big boy in "The Devil Is A Sissy"), and they would be just as cold and detached as were those dear old Hollywood companies. Several years later, "Madge," her mother once said to her, "you act like a hick from the country who has just stepped off a train. You must talk to these people. You never open your mouth," Well, that became a gag line with the Evanses. Even to this day when Madge is being particularly quiet in a large party of people Mrs. Evans will turn to her offspring and say, "Madge, when does the train get in?" Immediately Madge will perk up just as she did at the age of fifteen in those casting offices and start a bit of nonsensical prattle.

Madge is crazy about fortune tellers—not that they ever tell her anything she wants to hear, but she’s always hoping they will. “They’re always finding a husband and a home and babies for me,” says Madge, “and I don’t want a husband and a home and babies. I want a career.” Right after the glorious success of "Piccadilly Jim" she heard about a "new" fortune teller down at Santa Monica so she promptly dropped in to have her future read in the cards. “I see something marvelous for you,” said the woman. "It’s wonderful." "Wh-what?” gasped Madge, "a good picture?" "No," said the woman, "a good husband." "Oh," said Madge.

**They Have the Most Fun**

Continued from page 57

Miriam took the next plane for New York. She opened up her house in Sutton Place, called up a lot of interesting people to come on over and have some fun, sent at least a dozen wires to a dozen producers back in Hollywood informing them that she wasn’t the least bit interested in appearing in their pictures, and took in every theatre, every art exhibition, and every smart night club in town. This went on for about two weeks. Then Alfred said: "So much is happening abroad, and I am missing it. Paris in the spring, London in the spring. When does the Normandie sail?" Up went the shutters in Sutton Place.

Miriam hadn’t been to Europe since 1930 when she played in London in Belasco’s "The Bachelor Father," so she was keen to visit all her old haunts, the quaint little restaurants in Soho, and renew old ac-

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VELVATONE STUDIOS

Fat Creek Sta., Dept. 053, Burbank, Calif.
The highlight of her trip to Germany was being in Berlin on Hitler's birthday. As a guest of the American embassy she took part in that day's celebrations. She was present in Rome on the day the Ethiopian war ended and witnessed a spectacle the likes of which she had never seen before. Back in London once more she decided the most fun would be to make a Korda picture, so in a jiffy she was settled in a house in Denham and had sent for Michael and the entrance to join her. Rather breathless— but it gives you a good idea of Miriam. Whenever Miriam wants an excuse for travelling she can claim her soul to catch up with her pocketbook."

On the boat returning to America she met the famous European director, Anton Litvak, who was Guest of Honor in Hollywood; and thought what he thought— and thought that it's been a bont fide romance ever since. In New York she carried long enough to pack up her Picassos, Degas, Van Gogh, that she felt she needed them with her in Hollywood. One morning a week after her return she got up too early, saw a fog over the ocean, immediately spotted a dune, moved out of the beach house and into a Beverly Hills house which is haunted by Marlene Dietrich who lived there last. Little Michael has flown and from New York so many times in his brief four years that he knows personally every pilot on the air line. In fact they once took him into the cockpit with them and let him pilot the plane, (make-believe). Michael, like his mother, gets a lot of fun out of life.

"Women is one thing, Irene Dunne, "and other things, too, " when Irene works she gives everything she has to the part she is playing, (when Theodora Dunne "goes wild""). She is one of the few minute pictures is finished and previewed she sees no reason why she should sit around Hollywood discussing pictures and worrying over her box-office appeal. The first minute she can get away from the studio she is on the Chief bound for New York. (Of course the fact that her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, loves there might have something to do with her eagerness to get to New York). Unlike Miriam there is none of the Bohemian about Irene, which has always interested me because of the deep Ike is a prima donna and really should be up to her ears in music-lovers. But where Miriam is essentially herself; with Irene people who are accomplishing things in the world, writers, painters, sculptors, actors, singers, architects, designers, etc., Irene agrees, but that's only because she doesn't care a hang-nail for those quaint little places in Soho and Greenwich Village. The Ferrat she finds almost as depressing as the people who discuss pictures continuously.

Irene belongs to what for a better name we have to call the society crowd of Los Angeles. Many people say there is a lot of fun is to go out to the Los Angeles Country Club, (no picture people allowed), of a morning with several Bel Air matrons and play eighteen holes of golf; then luncheon at the club with a lively discussion of petit point and Queen Anne furniture.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisons waste dead fat from blood, is through 8 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes and filters. It, because of certain troubles— your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in it to make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time your self all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

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Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, who says, "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney troubles. It is safe and harmless." And Doctor Michael Rastelli, another widely known Physican and Surgeon of San Francisco, recently said: "I use Cystex to help my patients to Purify the blood, the poisons collect in the system, otherwise they enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

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Thousands Clear Eyes. In Seconds. New Easy Way EYES reddened or unusually colored by late hours or over-indulgence—thousands of girls now have a new look. They give the eye color a little color of their own—EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! Money back if it fails. Refreshes screeched tired eyes like magic. Stainless—safe. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store.

EYE-GENE
Little Charlene Wyatt's new studio contract is approved by Judge Swain of the court that passes on contracts for minors, so Charlene signs on the dotted line. Witnesses are Ann Shirley, left, and Priscilla Moran, on the right.

(you'd never guess Irene was a movie star), followed by eighteen more holes of golf in the afternoon, Irene, as you have probably suspected, is Hollywood's most rabid, and best, woman golfer. Except when Dr. Griffin is in town Irene goes out very rarely to night clubs and premieres, but she loves to go to dinner parties given by "private people," who are frankly aware that Irene does something at the studios but they aren't sure exactly what. But the minute Irene registers at the Hotel Pierre in New York, where she usually stays, she becomes the gayest of the party girls; with her husband and his friends she goes to a play every night, (she adores the theatre), to the smart Park Avenue restaurants and night clubs, all done up in white fox and looking too beautiful for words. While her contemporaries back in Hollywood are worrying over pictures, and contracts, and Simone Simon, Irene is having the time of her life in a gay metropolitan social whirl. Three times since their marriage Irene and her doctor have gone for a romp in Europe—last summer they did England and France with a special visit to Madame Curie, and months ago they booked reservations on the Queen Mary for the Coronation. That, my dears, is enjoying life. You don't catch Irene sitting around Hollywood with a long face trying to solve the picture problems; she's out having fun with a lot of gay, charming people.

"Worry?" says Clark Gable. "Say, my pal Bill Powell does all my worrying for me. He likes to worry. Me—I can't be bothered." There, boys and girls, is a merry gentleman, Mr. Gable doesn't worry about anything, and least of all about his career. He's awfully glad you like him on the screen, and he hopes you'll continue to like him, but he just can't be bothered with taking it too seriously, because if he spent all his time being a big movie star he wouldn't have any time for fun, and nobody enjoys fun like Gable. Oh, he works all right when he's in a picture; and when the director tells him to smile and show his dimples he does just that; but as soon as the picture is finished he refuses to let Mr. Mayer and the M-G-M studio live his life for him any longer; he's perfectly capable of living it for himself. He always celebrates the end of a picture by putting on his oldest clothes, (in comparison a tramp would look chic), and driving, usually alone, to the Kaibab Forest in Arizona for a hunting spree. He knows personally a lot of the old-timers who have shafts in the hills and they put him up for a week or so at a time. Naturally the talk is all about game and grub without one single syllable about pictures. And Gable loves that. When he can't get off long enough to go to Arizona Clark will go fishing up in the High Sierras; recently when he could escape from "Parnell" for a week-end he has been going duck-hunting with Bob Taylor, which sort of belies all those rumors that Clark is jealous of Bob's sensational popularity. Clark's too busy having fun to be jealous of anyone.

If there's going to be several hours between his scenes at the studio he, unlike our other darlings of the celluloid, does not sit around the set grabbing about his lines, or mumbling with the cameraman over his close-ups, or glaring with the leading lady because she upstaged him; no, our Mr. Gable jumps in his Duesenberg with the cut-out on and drives like mad to Santa Monica where he shoots clay pigeons until it is time to return to the studio. Clark is the best skeet-shooter on the Coast. And then, of course, there's Miss Lombard. It was inevitable that those two should fall in love; both hate the grandslam sort of humor; both like to do nutty things; and both get a deal of fun out of being alive. It's a common sight to see them on the front seat of the most dangerous roller coaster in Venice, shrieking like a couple of crazy hoodlums, or walking along hand in hand stuffing tamales in Oliver Hardy's face. But you'd better like to hold hands with Missy Lombard and wipe bits of tamales off her cheeks.

Next to Clark I suppose Freddie March takes it easy himself and his life as practically as possible and gets a lot of fun out of life. Freddie likes both roughing it in the woods and dressing up in the city. He can either be the worst-dressed or the best-dressed man you may ever see. After the long schedule of "Anthony Adverse" and "Mary of Scotland" Freddie decided that all work and no play was making Freddie a very dull boy, so he bought a trailer and with his wife, Florence Eldridge, and a trainer took a trip through Oregon that lasted for weeks and weeks. He fished and hunted and chopped wood; and every time his trailer wasn't looking too good sleep, and Florence cooked and pattered about and caught up on her back reading, and they had a perfectly marvelous time. The idea of the trip was to get away from the telephone—it seems the telephone was getting Freddie down—and in that respect the trip was a complete success. Now he can face one again without turning pale. Freddie, as you know, is a free-lance actor now, and could work every week in the year if he wanted to, and if he wanted to make a big pile of dough; but he figures he makes enough as it is and it leaves him plenty of time to play. As a contrast to the Oregon tour a brief stop-over in Racine, Wisconsin, his home town, he went on to New York arriving in time to attend the very spunky opening of the Gielgud "Hamlet" which was quite the social event of the season. Freddie, immaculate in white tie and tails, was almost a success in the audience that night as Mr. Gielgud was on the stage. The Marches get a big kick out of New York and the theatre and as soon as they can they like to play to do together. do Lunt and Fontanne, they expect to return to the stage, and if successful, will divide their time after that between Hollywood and New York.
"How's for a date my fair one?"

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Loretta Young...

Star of the 20th Century—Fox Production "Love Is News"
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A welcome mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Nafrechoux, Maitre d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

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- Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
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- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

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A Real Day with Clark Gable
The Unknown Women Behind Hollywood Men
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GLAMOUR ENSEMBLE

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Gemey

Linger in castle corridors on court nights in London. Dance on a Budapest balcony high above the blue Danube. Seek romance and youth and laughter in the gay capitals of five continents... and there you'll find the beguiling perfume that is... fragrance Gemey.

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CONTINENTAL BEAUTIES adore the warm loveliness of Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. Eight blush-tones. Seventy-five cents.

WAKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty... keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

A COMPLEXION CARETAKER—this fragrant liquid facial that cleanses, soothes and conditions your skin. Cucumber lotion in fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

"ABSOLUTELY WIZARD, this fragrance Gemey," they say today in London.

by RICHARD HUDNUT
New York Paris

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Fragrance Gemey in crystal clear flacon $2.50, $4.50, $15.
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that shocks the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—ignored, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, with massage, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
Who's Your Man of the Month?

So far, we've been "guessing" right! Of course, it isn't "guessing" really; it's our insight into your preferences, inspired by the letters you readers write us listing your pets and prejudices. You selected Robert Taylor; we put him on the cover. You asked for Clark Gable; you got him! Now, we are being guided more and more definitely by your own expression of your wishes; and next month we are giving you just what most of you have asked for!

We won't give our show away by telling you who is our next cover star will be; but you may be sure the selection will please you. As for our menu of features, personalities, and departments next month, it will be as varied as the Spring season which it heralds: as fresh, as spontaneous, as inspiring.

Remember—reserve your next copy of SCREENLAND now, so that you will not miss our big Spring number—the April issue, on sale March 3rd.

March, 1937

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Clark Gable by Marland Stone.
THE MOST Powerful LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!
...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...CLARK GABLE—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation...MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership...

Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.
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THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

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I AM EVERYTHING YOUR HUSBAND CALLS ME!"

Hail
A NEW STAR!
Handsome, appealing
Tyrone Power... today's screen sensation!

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Ring Once For Disaster!"

The critics agree... it's ringing TWICE for you!

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"Huzzahs for 'Lloydy!'" shouts N. Y. Sun!
"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

STARRING

Freddie Bartholomew and Madeleine Carroll

WITH

SIR GUY STANDING - TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith • Virginia Field

AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King

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In Charge of Production
New York’s latest real-life romance set to Irving Berlin’s music in a show as big as the town... as good as the songs!

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The smartest musical ever filmed! The grandest songs ever written!

"This Year’s Kisses"

"I’ve Got My Love To Keep Me Warm"

"The Girl On The Police Gazette"

"He Ain’t Got Rhythm"

"Taking On Park Avenue"

"You’re Laughing At Me"

**Dick Powell. Madeleine Carroll. Irving Berlin’s "On the Avenue"**

**With Alice Faye, The Ritz Brothers, George Barbier**

Alan Mowbray, Cora Witherspoon, Stepin Fetchit, Sig Rumann

Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Associate Producer Gene Markey.


The tops in swank! The smoothest in rhythm! The greatest in stars! The newest in love! The fastest in dancing! The last word in entertainment! It’s full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

**It’s Your Guarantee of the Best in Entertainment!**
NO APPETITE—
COULDN'T SLEEP!

Don't tell me about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into that! Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's different!"

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!

When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put yourself in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so differently!

ONE'S WHAT
THE 3
MINUTE WAY!

Three minutes of chewing makes the difference

Here's what did it.

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Family-sized boxes
only
15¢ & 25¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.

SCREENLAND'S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Child star of "Can This Be
   Dice?"
3. She was featured in "Stow-a-
   way"
10. Hero in "Mad Holiday"
14. Charlie Chan himself
16. Idio
17. Tint
18. Lovers about
20. Males
21. He plays Armand to Garbo's
   "Camille".
22. Born
23. Scout whispers
25. Bow
27. Donkey
36. Juice of trees
40. Large spoon
32. Primer's measures
34. Exclamation
36. Setting for a film
38. King, in a French version
39. Age
40. Initials of the screen's Julia
42. Entrance to a mine
44. Sets back (as a new paragraph)
47. Part of a house
49. Barons in "Love On The
   Run"
50. French article
51. Like
52. Italian coin
53. Hero "The Good Earth"
54. One of the "Ladies In Love"
56. Shade trees
59. Period of time (abbrev.)
60. Off the matter, in law
62. Part of to be
63. Japanese coin
65. Exclamation
66. Possessive pronoun
67. Coloring establishments for
   clothes
69. Conducted
71. To open (poetic)
73. Wander
75. Repast
77. College musical instrument
   (slang)
80. His new one is "Midnight"
82. Japanese sash
84. Mickey Mouse's papa
86. Wicker fish basket
87. Small flies
89. Burn slightly
90. Famous volcano
91. Rins
92. Thomas Hardy heroine, once
   played by Pickford

DOWN
1. Condemned man in "We Who
   Are About to Die"
2. Bitter drug
3. Main sections of churches
4. Compass point (abbrev.)
5. Gent
6. The ex-Mrs. Bill Powell
7. Anger
8. Rose, in "The Devil Is A
   Sissy"
9. Primer's measure
10. "Labeled Lady" herself
11. Wide marnched Mexican jars
12. Cures
13. Makes mistakes
17. To arrange in folds
19. To provide food for
20. The elder (abbrev.)
21. Toward
24. Ruby Keeler's husband
26. Compass points (abbrev.)
29. Ginger's co-star
31. Female actor
33. She's lovely in "Gar-
   den of Allah"
34. It's an insult to call an
   actor this
35. Scent (English slang)
37. Cultivates, farms
39. Literary theme
40. The screen's great Julie
41. A bit (box office slang)
43. Hotel
45. Prefix meaning new
46. Make an ogling
48. Greasy liquid
55. Jeanette MacDonald's
   big romance
56. Before
57. Widening ant
61. Hero of "Charge of the Light
   Brigade"
64. Heroine of "Sing Me a Love
   Song"
66. She's Mrs. Fred Perry—also in
   "Reunion"
67. Baby's first word
68. Compass point (abbrev.)
70. At "Theodore" she "Goes
   Wild"
71. One time only
72. She plays Teddy in "Cain and
   Mabel"
73. Upon
76. Public notice (abbrev.)
78. Small wooden barrels
79. What you see in the movie with
   O'Connor
81. Sack
85. To occupy a seat
86. Lover of earth
87. Ocean liner (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

DARLING CAR CLAM OR A RUENE AGNE COOPER
BELA DOG BAH META DIDA BAR
ED F L E E LS TRON NOT E C"D A R" T R I E N E L E O R R E
PA LAY OCEAN MARLENE
ST T L Q M H L S R S D W Y SA L L I G K L O E C D AASH RED NON
V ER PE A R L E H N LEARN'S Y E S AVERAGE!
ERR ON LED "CROSS
Lovely to Look at...

EAGER FOR LOVE
But Misfit Perfume Ruined Her Appeal!

UNTIL SHE FOUND THE RIGHT PERFUME
TO EXPRESS HER PERSONALITY . . . . .

WHEN THE MUSIC STARTED and the boys took their partners for the first dance—there I was again, just a wallflower. Was I blue? I was broken-hearted, utterly discouraged—crushed! What could it be about me? I tried so hard. This was my final effort to attract a partner who would be mine—who might be my escort—who might... but what was the use? My lovely dress—a grand permanent and facial just that afternoon! I did look stunning—everyone said so. What was it about me that was wrong? What did I lack, what did I say or do, or fail to do? Men actually avoided me—or if they stopped to talk for a moment, never asked me for a dance!

COULD IT REALLY BE, as I had read, that the wrong perfume—one not suited to my personality—might actually ruin my appeal? I decided to try once more, even though it meant discarding my expensive perfume, which I liked but which, as the article I had been reading said, might be a misfit perfume.

I FILLED OUT the Personal Perfumers Chart and sent for a sample of Personal Perfume blended exclusively to fit my characteristics. I want to tell you that the result has been absolutely miraculous. My perfume seems to express the real me—its lovely fragrance seems to surround me with love itself! And do my many present admirers notice it? Indeed they do, although they might not know exactly what it is that makes me more appealing. But I know the secret! I have my own private formula for love! I have found the way to popularity and new happiness in my first little sample vial of Personal Perfume...

AN EXPERIENCE typical of many hundreds of true stories of success with Personal Perfume told us in person and in hundreds of letters now in our files.

MADE FOR LOVE—BLENDED FOR YOU!

FLOWERS ARE MADE FOR LOVE. Their fragrance is the essence of love, if used intelligently. The exquisite woman knows that even the most costly perfume actually derives from her feminine appeal if it is not suited to her personality. Many fashionable women use only a personal perfume blended precisely to their own personalities. But it is only now, after years of experiment that it is possible for us to offer this method whereby the woman of modest means may also have a perfume especially blended to express her personality. The Chief Perfumer of "Personal Perfumes" draws from all the fragrances of the world in order to blend your perfume, and express your characteristics... using this Chart as his guide. Would you care for a sample of your Personal Perfume? Fill in this interesting chart—and mail it today!

Sample of your Personal Perfume SENT ON REQUEST
FILL OUT THIS CHART NOW—MAIL IT TODAY!

The best way to find out if a Personal Perfume blended especially to suit your characteristics, will help you attain your desires—is to try it! No charge is made for a generous sample. Send only 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and postage. Fill in the chart now! Mail it with 10c in coin TODAY!

Personal Perfumers, Inc., 15 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Dept. 102

Please blend a generous sample of Personal Perfume for me based on this chart which I have filled out correctly, to the best of my knowledge. You agree to keep the personal information contained in this chart absolutely confidential. I understand that my perfume is free, (except for 10c mailing costs which I enclose) and that this request for a sample places me under no obligation.

Which of these words best describes your personality?

- VIVACIOUS
- RETIREING
- CHANGEABLE
- HAPPY
- MOODY
- HEIGHT
- Weight
- FAVORITE COLOR
- Are you SINGLE... MARRIED... DIVORCED... WIDOW...
- What type of man do you most admire?
- Name...
- Address (Or R. F. D.)...
- City or Town...
- State...
- (Be sure to enclose 10 cents in coin to defray mailing costs)

Personal Perfumers Inc.

15 E. Washington St., Indianapolis...Indiana
Salutes and Snubs

Hollywood’s studio sulfans assign the roles, but it’s the public that makes the stars—and here’s the public in action, giving voice to opinions, sentiments, and reactions to Hollywood’s cinema creations. The pro’s and the con’s, the Salutes and the Snubs, fly thick and fast—and very interesting, too—in this department. If you, gentle reader, have something on your mind, why not give it expression? Do so in a letter to Salutes and Snubs. Please try to restrict your letters to fifty words at most. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.

MATCHMAKER!


Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Crandon, N.J.

KNOCK! KNOCK!


Ann Aventure, 1006 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN!

In “Craig’s Wife,” Jane Darwell asked John Boles if he would like a cup of coffee, and he said yes. In the next scene you see Miss Darwell carrying a tray with a glass of milk on it, which John drinks. Maybe you can explain this—I can’t.


CALL FOR ALLAN JONES

I have often wondered why the studios are always hunting for new talent. Why not use some of the splendid material now in Hollywood to better advantage. Do the studios demand the turning on of the floodlights only for the chosen few? What is the matter with the splendid young tenor,

Allan Jones? Let’s see and hear more of him.

Lillian Whal, Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

HOLLYWOOD WINS AGAIN

We in England were very sceptical about “Romeo and Juliet.” But Hollywood wins again. With the exception of John Barrymore, the production was flawless. Miss Shearer gives an exquisite performance, and Mr. Howard, though a bit too dauntless for Romeo, reads the lines with tender beauty. I was particularly struck by some unknown boy who made the utterly negative bit of Friar John memorable. I’ve never heard a more tragic, interesting voice.


ACADEMY AWARD VOTE

According to my way of judging, Kay Francis should win the Academy Award for 1936. In “Give Me Your Heart” Kay certainly was great.

S. G. Machamer, Harrisburg, Pa.

“TOO BEAUTIFUL”

Not since the days of Barbara La Marr has there been the title “Too Beautiful” awarded to an actress. I think it should now be given to Alice Faye.

Sally Hirschkowitz, 1515 Boston Road, New York, N.Y.

Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

Your teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That’s the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan’s Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the double protection everyone needs. It does both vital jobs—cleans teeth and safeguards gums.

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan’s, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan’s costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan’s today, and end half-way care once for all. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan’s

DOES

CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS

Have the natural-looking eye beauty that wins men!

PINAUD’S NEW, IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

preparations in France

Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this Improved creamy mascara... Never makes you look made-up... Permanent, non-fading, smudge-proof... in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Makeup requires

PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

SIX-TWELVE
THE INSIDE STORY OF
"MAID OF SALEM"

BY FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")

Naturally, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of. Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn... "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love... a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face... I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm.

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem".

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero.

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.
Once again, Garbo is great! As "Camille" she surpasses her own superlative artistry, and reigns anew as Queen of the Screen.

"Camille" calls for superlatives! A great romance beautifully played, it serves to bring back Greta Garbo to her former eminence, even multiplying her prestige as the twentieth century's most glamorous acting figure. Here is the gorgeous Greta of yesterday blended with a new, more subtle Garbo, a lovely woman of brooding depth and delicious melancholy: enhancing the haunting appeal of the Swedish girl whose charm swept the world, with added insight, sympathy, and human understanding. Garbo can no longer be branded as "cold." In "Camille" you see a living, breathing woman; a demi-mondaine of a loosely luxurious Paris who surprises her dissolute circle and herself by falling in love with a youth called Armand. In Robert Taylor, Garbo finds the perfect screen lover. The moods of "Camille," as portrayed by Garbo, give us possibly the greatest stage or screen portrait ever created, by any actress, of a woman deeply, thrillingly in love.
GRACE MOORE
Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,
“When You’re In Love”

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That’s the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that’s the start of one of the scintillating, side-splitting romances I’ve ever laughed through—Grace Moore’s stunning new hit, “When You’re In Love”, with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace’s is aces with me. But “When You’re In Love” is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than “One Night of Love” or “The King Steps Out”. The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous “Our Song”. The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephen-

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

son, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell. Robert Riskin, as I’ve already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screenplay, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in “When You’re In Love” is my favorite amusement of the month. It’s way out in front of the February hit parade.
BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS $400 NEW YORK, N.Y., April 28—(AP)—A matronly woman was pronounced the winner of a national competition for the title of "best housewife" today, by the U.S. Department of Health and Welfare. The woman, Mrs. John Doe, 43, a housewife for 20 years, was judged the best housewife in the country by a panel of judges consisting of housewives, homemakers, and professionals in the field of homemaking. She was awarded a $400 prize and a trophy in recognition of her expertise in household management. The competition was sponsored by the National Housewives Association and was open to all housewives in the United States. Mrs. Doe was selected from a field of 100,000 entries, and her skills and knowledge were judged to be superior to those of her competitors. She was praised for her ability to manage her household efficiently and effectively, her attention to detail, and her ability to make the most of her resources. The competition was held over a period of six months, and the judges evaluated the entries based on criteria such as cleanliness, order, and the overall atmosphere of the household. Mrs. Doe's entry was judged to be the best of the best, and she was presented with the prize at a ceremony attended by dignitaries and members of the press. The event was held at the New York City Hall, and it was covered extensively by the media. The competition was praised for its success in highlighting the importance of the role of the housewife in society and for its contribution to the understanding of the challenges faced by housewives today. It was also noted that the competition provided a platform for housewives to share their knowledge and expertise with others, and it helped to promote the recognition of the contributions made by housewives to their families and communities. The competition was well-received by the public, and it was seen as a positive step toward improving the status of housewives in society. The organizers of the competition expressed their hope that it would inspire other housewives to take pride in their work and to continue to strive for excellence in their households.
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles...And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".
SEARCH YOUR SKIN

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!
They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there.

It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is really clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, sebaceous skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof is Free!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the unusual cleansing and lubricating powers of Lady Esther Face Cream. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube postpaid and free.

Use the whole tube in single cleansing of your skin. Put on one application of the cream after another until you have used the tube up. Note the feeling of relief your skin experiences.

It is as if a load has been taken off your pores. You can see that even one cleansing with Lady Esther Face Cream has made your skin decidedly cleaner, clearer, smoother.

A New Skin!

You can readily see what a month's trial of the cream would mean. It would mean the end of those stubborn blackheads, the reduction of those gaping pores, the end of that skin-withering dryness.

Write today for the purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream that means the beginning of a new skin for you. Clip coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2626 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name.

Address.

City. State.

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Free!
Mary Elizabeth C. Thanks a lot for the kind words. Speaking of cowboys, don't tell me you missed the interview on George O'Brien in a recent issue of Screenland, you, who want to hear more about cowboys! Colorful fellows, these chaps. Yes, Maynard is Ken's real name, and he has been married a long time. He was born in Mission, Texas, and his early years were spent on a ranch, near the town of his birth. He ran away from home when he was 12 years old and joined a travelling circus. At one time he was head rider with Ringling Bros. Although he is an expert rider, he now flies his own plane and owns two motor boats and a cruiser. One cowboy!

Doubtful. That "Gold Diggers" was a long time ago (in 1929). No wonder you are "doubtful!" The cast of the leading players is as follows: Nick Lucas, Ann Pennington, Winnie Lightner, Conway Tearle and Nancy Welford. Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris" is the answer to your other question. See how easy it is for Vee Dee to clear up all doubts?

Constant Reader. Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18th. At the age of 14 she appeared in the Wayburn revues. At the same time, she studied voice lessons regularly. Later, following parts in "Irene" and "Tangerine," after which she appeared in "Angela," which resulted in a screen test and eventually her appearance on the screen in "The Love Parade" and other outstanding hits. More recently, "Rose Marie" and "Naughty Marietta" with Nelson Eddy enthralled her audiences. "Maytime" and "The Girl of the Golden West" will be Jeanette's forthcoming pictures with Nelson Eddy. An incomparable team! We agree with you on this—and other things too. For example, we're a constant reader too, and here's hoping you go on being That Way about Screenland for many happy new years to come.

Boots Baxter. Well—looks like you'd fallen pretty hard! And isn't it for Robert Taylor or Fred MacMurray! Your rave, Ray Milland, was born in Wales, 1907, educated at King's College, England. During a stay at his uncle's stock ranch, he became a fine rider and entered the Royal Horse Guards, personal bodyguard to the King. He made his first appearance on the screen in "_pay Deferred," has played important roles in "We're Not Dressing," "Next Time We Love." "Big Broadcast of 1937," "The Return of Sophie Lang," and "Three Smart Girls." He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, and, alas for you, he is married! Happily, too?

Once you stop to figure what Lux can save you, you'll never again want to risk using just any old soap.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Lux preserves the "live" resilient quality stockings have when new—so Luxed stockings give instead of breaking easily under strain—seldom go into runs.

This means they last much longer, look lovelier, too.
TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP
NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans’ Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

New faces, clever situations, a delightfully refreshing picture introducing one of the loveliest voices heard on the screen—that of young, pretty Deanna Durbin. This is about three sisters, Deanna, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, who try to prevent their father from marrying an adventuress, Jimmie Barnes. All mentioned are excellent, and so too are Alice Brady, Ray Milland, and John King. You must see it!

Here is James Cagney in full stride along paths of action drama of the kind his faithful followers like. Jimmie is a G-Man on a municipal scale—weights and measures department of a city government—fighting crooked politicians and gangsters. Mae Clarke is prettier, more interesting than we've seen her in some time. There is not the support of as adequate a production as formerly, but Cagney's tops.

Here, at last, is a color film in which the story is the paramount issue, as it should be. Yet scenic backgrounds and the color work are the most natural so far offered. Fine performances by George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Alan Hale, and Robert Barrat, realize the finest dramatic and romantic qualities of a thoroughly interesting story about business rivalry and love in the big timber lands. Very entertaining.

All the action you want, a very competent cast, and a good enough story to make this one of this company’s best to date. It is all about a girl who can’t make up her mind whether or not to marry her Marine sweetheart, and the mix-up that arises from her indecision. Paul Kelly is exceptionally good as the young Marine. June Travis, Warren Hymer, Reginald Denny, and Sterling Hollaway, all fine.

An excellent piece of melodrama concerning the plotting of an ace pilot to steal his employer’s plans for an invention. Ralph Morgan, the inventor, Thomas Beck, the young co-pilot, and Helen Westley as a clerical worker, are very fine, but the outstanding acting performance is done by Brian Donlevy as the consorting pilot, with Peter Lorre in the role of a foreign spy running a very close second. Pretty good.
DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!

The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set “My Man Godfrey” apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you’ve ever seen! It tops them all!

Giants cast!… Sparkling personalities!… Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!… Breath-catching gowns!… Fun, frivolity, frenzy!… Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:

Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auër • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
Did you ever give your Teeth a

**Beauty Bath**

FRAGRANT, stimulating—it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

Their choice is to be expected; after all, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the famed makers of Listerine. That guarantees its merit—its safety.

**as New York Models do?**

There's a Reason

Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satiin-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR Armand:

I wish you'd make up your mind.

We women of America want to get this thing settled. Just who, I mean whom—do you love, anyway?

It was all so simple when you were playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in “His Brother’s Wife” at the studio daytimes and at the Troc, or somewhere, evenings. We knew where we stood, then. Robert Taylor Loves Barbara Stanwyck? All right. We like Barbara and we gave our blessing, by way of coming to theaters in perfect droves to see you. Any other girl but Barbara, and it might have been a different story. But Barbara was an old friend; a grand gal; and we decided to make an exception in her case. Stanwyck-Taylor was a team that got by with us.

But then what happened? Why, then you were cast in “Camille.” And before long all we heard was “Robert Taylor Loves Garbo”—“Garbo Loves Taylor,” and what not all. Fickle, eh? Falling for a new screen love, eh? Well, you just about destroyed all our illusions, that’s what you did. Not that Barbara minded; she was busy among “The Plough and the Stars.” But we took it pretty hard; sometimes it seemed as though our little hearts would break. They didn’t, because Tyrone Power came along; but it was nip and tuck there for a while.

Of course, “Camille” was worth a few heartthrobs. Those love scenes between you and Greta, all in the name of art, you understand, are perfect, and we wouldn’t have missed them for anything. (I can speak for all you girls out there in the great, big audience, can’t I? Thanks; I don’t mind if I do.) But art’s art, and an artist’s private life is something else; and that’s why we were perturbed all over again when Ginger Rogers seemingly reared her lovely redhead at you, and there you two were, photographed in each other’s coffee at the Troc, or somewhere. It hit the headlines of the gossip columns with a dull, sickening thud. Taylor Likes Ginger—a merger?

But the biggest blow of all was yet to come. Just when it seemed that we couldn’t stand anything more, we heard that you were to play opposite Jean Harlow. Frankly, this was going too far. Robert Taylor Loves Jean Harlow—with pictures! We can’t bear it. Robert Taylor Loves Loretta Young, yes. Robert Taylor Loves Janet Gaynor—well, er,—yes. Robert Taylor could even Love Luise Rainer, or Myrna Loy; or, as he did, Irene Dunne, Eleanor Powell, Joan Crawford. But Robert Taylor Loves Jean Harlow—stop! Dangerous curves ahead. Maybe Barbara doesn’t object, but we do. This can’t go on. What, our eager young Armand in the toils of the screen’s top enchantress, whom even that super-suave sophisticated man-of-the-world William Powell couldn’t quite resist in “Libeled Lady”? I tell you, this is too much. Girls, I am organizing our own rescue party right now. On to Hollywood! By mail, if not in person, throw your weight—well, anyway, your fan influence—smack at Metro; stand up for our rights. Taylor symbolizes the Armands of the world, the romantic lover, the well-brought-up young man; the almost-but-not-quite-too-perfect gentleman. Don’t rough him up in “Tell It To the Marines,” even for Jean. He’s not the type. He’s too nice. Come on, girls. Robert Taylor must NOT Love Jean Harlow, if we can help it.

Delight Evans
A Real Day with Clark Gable

By Ben Maddox

Here's a cross-section of Gable's day off. Beginning at left, with his favorite horse, Southern Son. Center, with the dog who races along with him on his rides. Right, above, at the rifle range, where Gable is a good, accurate shot.

Spend his day off with King Clark, who's the most exciting masculine company in Hollywood!

It COULD happen only in Hollywood—a day like this! And only with Clark Gable himself. Thrills—surprises—unorthodox behavior and unexpected laughs! No one else, and I've met that latest batch of screen heroes, could be quite such exciting company.

A real day with Clark in person, away from the studio and all strings, reveals Charm Guy Number One in action, as he wishes to be. It is the one sure tip to his character as it actually is today.

"When I don't have to work, I play," he asserts forcefully. "I don't doll up and swank it Beverly Hills style. I don't huddle with a business manager and clip coupons, either. When I can get away from it all I 'git' in my own peculiar fashion, and for once I do exactly what I want!"

So I discovered.

He is no longer the dutiful husband, master of a Brentwood home. Deep emotions have swept the slate of his private life clean once more, and he is living still another vivid chapter. How? That's precisely what you're going to learn here!

Has success given him a stiff neck from
bowing to the right and left? I found him with a stiff neck—yes! But wait until you discover how he got it. Is the fascinating Gable glow any less potent? Has he jumped from the frying pan of marriage into the red-hot fire of a typical Hollywood love affair? Does he track Carole Lombard—lunching her at the Brown Derby, cocktailng her at the fashionable Seven Seas, and dining swankily before going truckin' at the Tropic? I know now!

"I'll bet you a tip on the races that you don't dare tell the precise truth," he said to me. Clark always talks in virile exclamations.

"Just you wait and see," I retorted.

I put Clark to the brand new test devised for film top-notchers. By spending an entire day with a Big Name you can learn all the little, actual important things you've been curious about. I don't arrange a specifically planned day in which I'd be diplomatically entertained, mind you. On the contrary, I simply take "pot-luck." A sudden vacation from work and I see what happens. I'm a tag-along pal for a day, and believe me I'm stumbling upon the most amazing, hitherto unmentioned facts.

Clark is the second in this scoop Screenland series. Robert Taylor having led off. There's a similarity between the Crown Prince of Hollywood and King Gable besides super-masculinity. When they got the chance to relax they both went for a ride—and I had to prove I could take it, as you'd have had to! Taylor has a racing strip-down and I survived his tempo of ninety miles an hour. Gable's car is more of a shock and it's merely a convenience. You'll never guess what he keeps to go driving in when he is bent on escaping from it all.

My previous interviews with Clark, like everyone else's, had been official occasions at the studio. There he was comparatively on guard. "Now why should I be?" he'd ask. But perhaps—just perhaps—he had always been turning on the million-dollar personality when we of the press hove into sight. Maybe he's a jock on his time off from the glamor school at M-G-M?

Let's rip right into all the details and you write me what you think!

He sent me a wire saying, "The Irish are fighting without me tomorrow. I will give you a ring when I wake up. I am going to sleep as late as possible." Signed Clark.

(He soon addresses you by your given name and likes to be called by his.)

It was 10 a.m. when my telephone buzzed loudly.

"Man, have I been sleeping! That's my idea of fun when I don't have to roll out at dawn. But skip over!"

I speeded over. Clark resides at Beverly Hills' best hotel, but although he is the most illustrious guest he is by no means the most elegant. In some ways I'll bet he's quite embarrassing! He could be the world's most pampered collar-ad, but it seems he's kind of stubborn about being Exhibit A. He behaves, in fact, in an astonishingly non-rity manner. As you shall learn.

Recently he moved into a four-room suite on the eighth floor back, to get away from the noise of street traffic. He isn't cramped, but he certainly isn't rattling around in regal style either. Since this seems to be a fairly permanent residence you might suppose he'd have ordered an expensive decorator to satisfy his whims. But ah—! Here is where I do get going on this devil-may-care gallant.

He whisked his door open, "There's no stooge to do it," he explained. "My morning clothes!" he exclaimed when he caught my wonder at his garb. He had on cowboy overalls, vintage boots, and a yellow turtle-neck sweater that had seen better seasons. He hardly matched the background.

"What's the gag?" I asked.

"Gag nothing! These are my riding clothes, and we're off for a canter or two."

I managed to gasp, "Do you venture forth on the Beverly bridle paths like that?"

Clark laughed in that irresistible, explosive manner of his. "Bridle path? Say, you're in for a jolt!"

Meanwhile he showed me around. "The hotel has good taste, so why the heck should I try to improve on what's already comfortable? I've got some books, these hunting prints, my guns, and this Capehart. No special stellar interior-decorating, no bending (Continued on page 65)
The Unknown Women

Who are they, the mysterious ones who help and influence the careers of famous actors? Meet them here, for the first time. They’re important.

BILL POWELL calls Margaret Wood his little mascot. Clark Gable calls to Florence Thomas: “Come on over and rehearse with me, honey.” Bob Taylor’s likely to pop in at Virginia Thompson’s home at any hour from before breakfast to midnight. Myrtle Gallagher’s been known to smooth his hair in public. Beatrice Halstead sits beside Bob Montgomery while, thrown in a barber’s chair in his dressing-room, her boss has his face made up.

Day by day these girls work beside these men. The girls are unknown. The men are famous. While women everywhere sigh over their photographs, thrill to their voices, dream of the bliss of meeting them face to face, these girls are in daily contact with them, writing their letters, brushing makeup from their coats, sewing buttons on their costumes, watching them play their love scenes with other women, sometimes mothering them, often kidding them, always helping them. Three things they never do—they never sigh, they never thrill, they never dream.

To feminine fandom, Montgomery and Taylor, Gable and Powell spell romance. To Florence and Margaret, to Myrtle and Beatrice and Virginia, they spell a job.

All five are sane and level-headed. They wouldn’t otherwise be where they are. Unless you’re a god, you can digest worship only in small doses. Sheep’s eyes with the daily mail fast become a bore, and what would you do with the gift of a throbbing heart when all you ask is a powder puff? By some sixth sense denied their more sentimental sisters, these girls know that a star is a creature who walks like a man, talks like a man, laughs and gets sore and gets over it like a man, differing in no essential from their own brothers and fathers and boy friends. Which enables them to go about their business calmly, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Margaret Wood’s softly-rounded face keeps some of its little-girl contours. She suggests that other Maggie in “What Every Woman Knows”—a blend of shy dignity, instinctive poise, and lurking humor. Some three years ago she managed to get a pass to the studio, walked into the wardrobe department and asked for a job “because I love to sew.” She’s the kind people take to. Maybe that’s why they put her right to work. Certainly it’s one of the reasons why Jean Harlow asked that she be promoted from general wardrobe to work on the set of “Suzy” and again on “Labeled Lady” — the first wardrobe girl to work on the set of a modern picture.

It was Jean who introduced her to Bill Powell. “And when you first start meeting them,” Margaret told me, “you can’t help being impressed and shy, no matter what you say. It’s only after a while that you become matter-
of fact. My first impression of Bill was how well he puts the meeter at ease. His handshake was so friendly, and so were his eyes, and he said: 'So this is Maggie—Maggie-be-nimble,' and ever since then I've been Maggie on the set instead of Margaret.

"From that very first minute I felt comfortable with him. You know how it is—sometimes you can't help feeling self-conscious, thinking: 'Now what'll I say?' But you don't have to with him, because he kind of reads your mind. That's why everybody loves him so, I guess. It may not sound like such a good reason, but there's more behind it than you'd think. It means he feels for people, tries to put himself in their shoes, wants to make them happy. And there aren't so many who do that.

"He has nicknames for everyone. He calls Jean's hairdresser, Eadie Schnitzelbank, and Myrna Loy Mrs. Horntoot. Of course I called him Mr. Powell at first, but soon he said: 'Bill to my friends, Maggie—Bill to you.' He wanted to know all about my family—how many sisters and brothers I had, how old they were, what my father did. Sometimes when we have a ten-minute relief, he'll say: 'Come on, Maggie, tell me about yourself.' He asks the kind of questions that make you know he's really interested, and not just trying to make you feel good. I've told him things I'd never tell anyone else. I've told him so much about my family that now it's as if he were personally acquainted with them all. He did meet my father. Bill gave me tickets to a football game once, and I took Pop. Bill's seats were next to ours. When we got home that night, Pop kept waving his hand around and yelling: 'Meet the hand that shook the hand of Bill Powell.' Next day Bill said: 'Looks like your father's one swell guy, Maggie.' When I told Pop that, he said pooh and got red behind the ears, but he wouldn't sell that compliment for money.

"It was on location at Sonora with 'Libeled Lady' that I got to know Bill well. He was always so full of gags, and I was his go-between. The prop man used to have coffee on the set every morning. There was a little blonde extra girl who wanted some coffee, so he gave it to her. Then Bill came along and said: 'How about me?' and somebody else—you know how they're always kidding—said: 'You've got to be a blonde to get any coffee around here.'

"So Bill cooked up this gag. I got the clothes from wardrobe, and the make-up man fitted him into a blonde wig. There's no use trying to tell you what he looked like—in a green satin dress with red brocade and a brown straw hat pulled down over the wig, and his big feet in silk stockings sticking out from under a short skirt and his arms bare, and he comes prancing in with a ratty fur round his neck and this little bag dangling from his wrist, and squeaks: 'Harry, can I have some coffee?' For a while I thought there'd be no work done that day.

"It might be hard for some people to imagine him in that rig, because they always think of him as the polished gentleman. He is, but that doesn't mean that he's got a high hat or a stiff shirt. He's polished inside," said the soft voice earnestly, "so it doesn't matter what he wears."

"I can't begin to tell you about all the thoughtful things he does—parties on the set for anyone who has a birthday. And when Doc, his (Continued on page 72)"
The Pareras, right, figure out a new camera shot for their album. Reading from top down at the left: Grace Moore at Alp Grüm; before a pottery shop in Venice, Miss Moore, her brother, and his bride; two views taken in the Austrian Tyrol; and, at bottom, two made on the Riviera, with Miss Moore seen waving a hello from the steps of the Hotel de Cap in one of them.

Going Places With a Camera

THEY both take pictures. Each has a camera. And there are two techniques in the family!

"I use a number 2 Brownie and he has a Rolloflex," laughed Grace Moore. "My camera cost a dollar and a half and his cost three hundred. I prefer mine! When I take a picture, I can't be bothered fussing around for ages pulling out this or pushing in that. I walk up to whatever it is and go click—and there it is!"

She sat on the edge of a mirrored coffee table in her pastel-decorated dressing room on the Columbia lot, her vivid personality sharpened by negative tints. She needs no royal purple. The faded blue of the overalls she wears in "When You're in Love" served to bring out the deeper blue of her eyes.

Valentin Parera, tall and slim and dark, a perfect foil for her blonde beauty, smiled at her over the scattered heap of prints.

"The difference between our shots," he explained, "is that she is
interested solely in the human figure she sees before her, or in the immediate group or the foreground of the scene. She pays no attention to the background. Whereas I look first to see what I will have in my finished picture—the composition, the light and shade, the relation of one object to another.

"She has no eyes for these things. She looks into the finder, sees my head, where she expected it to be, says: 'Stand still!' and takes the picture. As here—"he held out a print showing himself in mountain-climbing outfit beside a Swiss inn.

"That's a pet of mine," pronounced the star, serenely. "and very good, too! What I was interested in was the person, not the scenery. I got the thing I was hoping to get. What do I care about background?"

She tossed her head, triumphantly, and her fair curls moved as if blown by a particularly artistic wind.

"Her method is that of the surprise attack," commented Mr. Parera.

"You never hear her say: 'Will you have your picture made, madam?' She snatches up her camera, aims it at them and goes click, and the picture is made, whether they will or not.

"I am never so direct. If I am taking people who do not know they are to be taken, I conceal my camera at my side after I have the proper focus, the correct filter, and so on, and flick the shutter with my finger while I pretend to look the other way. Nobody sees me. If I must give the shot time, I set the camera somewhere on my car, perhaps, where it is not conspicuous, and stand near it. No one notices me when I flick the shutter. If people see that someone is going to take a picture, they gather around to watch and then they get in the way. By the time the focus and light and timing is decided, they have cluttered up the scene."

"I have no time to waste with timing and filters," laughed Miss Moore. "When I see what I want, I snap it. I took this Holland street at a quarter of ten one night. If I had stopped to consider, perhaps I'd have decided it was too late!" She flicked through the prints, taken in four different countries on a recent European trip, and selected several.

"Look—this is taken on Maxine Elliott's estate in Cannes. We were staying here while she was getting the place ready for ex-King Edward, who had planned to entertain Mrs. Simpson and some friends there. This is the swimming pool, divided from the sea by a wall. They use sea water in the pool, pumping it in by some marvelous arrangement that cascades the water down.

"And this is the yacht harbor at Cannes, where yachts of all nations are seen. There's the British flag in the foreground. And this one shows Mr. Parera looking toward the harbor, just across the way. I took this one—and with no fuss at all!—but there are clouds and background and everything.

"This is mine, too, taken with my Brownie—Kitzbühel in the Austrian Alps, a place made famous last summer by the ex-King and Mrs. Simpson. Plenty of contrast in this!"

The real reason for amateur picture (Continued on page 94)
SINCE you can’t get any place with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor these days, they being all tied up, scaled, and practically delivered to the Misses Lombard and Stanwyck, I suppose we girls had better put our pretty heads together and dope out something classy in pants for the future. Who will be the next big romantic interest in Hollywood? Now I don’t want to seem a kill-joy, and I don’t want any accusations of sour grapes thrown at me—what if Gable didn’t give me a tumble?—but as everybody knows the Man of the Moment, the Hero of the Hour, the Dog of the Day, and the Play of the Year can’t last forever. Why, it’s inevitable that during the year 1937 we shall have to cope with whole new crowds of frightfully attractive and fascinating young men, one of whom will undoubtedly be it. But who?

Let’s all of us girls think hard now for five minutes, it will break my record for the year, and select the screen boy of the future. Mark Hellinger thinks it’s in the bag for Tony Martin, and Mervyn Le Roy is positive it’s Fernand Gravet, and Mischa Auer is certain it’s Mischa Auer, because he’s definitely the Man of the Auer—(all right, skip it). But don’t let anybody influence you; you’re on your own, and the pickings are good. There now, five minutes are up, and whom have you got?

Me? I’ve got Jimmy Stewart with Tyrone Power as runner-up, and I’ve got Tyrone Power with Jimmy Stewart runner-up. You can see what a state I’m in. I’m completely torn between the realistic and romantic type of actor. Both are so-o-o attractive, but Jimmy’s as realistic as bread and butter and strawberry jam, and Tyrone’s as romantic as moonlight madness on the Mediterranean, (I’ve been reading those books again). Realism or Romance? I’ll have to have more time to ponder. Well, anyway, they’re both unmarried, as we go to press, and that is something.

And how’s about Jimmy? Although he has been in Hollywood just a little over a year, the Stewart boy has indeed made progress. You first saw him as Jeanette MacDonald’s weakling brother in “Rose Marie,” a mere “bit,” and you saw him last in “After the Thin Man,” and what a surprise performance that was. But of course the highlight of his Hollywood career so far has been the lead opposite Eleanor Powell in Metro’s super-lavish musical, “Born to Dance,” in which picture Jimmy both sang and danced delightfully. Mr. Stewart isn’t a birdbrain and he knows how people talk, so just in case there might be some chit-chat to the effect that his song was “dubbed-in” he proceeded to sing over the radio following the preview. Smart boy.

His success in Hollywood hasn’t been of the celluloid only. Heavens, no, you should see the way the girls crowd around. As a matter of fact, since taking up residence in our village he has had more girls than pictures, and if you ask me I think the young man has a decided girl complex. But he likes lots of girls, it seems, not just one
Or do you, ladies, prefer James Stewart, leader of the realistic school of movie heroes? In this story you meet both boys, and now you can make your choice!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Realistic!

girl, and so far there has been no overwhelming romantic interlude. His friendship with a girl is all quite casual. He doesn't breathlessly rush a girl off of her feet, he doesn't bury her in orchids when he takes her stepping; he doesn't call her up every day, and not once has he even considered taking a plane for Yuma. Not very exciting, really, and certainly not very passionate; but I've never yet heard any of his girls complain. He's never had to spend a night at the telephone trying to find a date. Oh, he gets his women, all right, without any of that romantic business.

Jimmy never "drops" a girl, he simply adds to his collection. His girl friends in Hollywood have been "on and off" Margaret Sullavan, Jeanette MacDonald, Shirley Ross, Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, and Anita Louise, whom he "discovered" at the recent Gene Raymond party and has been escorting here and there "on and off" ever since. (I've often wondered how he happened to

miss Betty Furness and Mary Brian, but I don't suppose it's any of my business, really.) Jimmy once played in a Broadway show, it was Goodbye Again," with Margaret Sullavan who was married at that time to Henry Fonda; and the three of them became good pals, so it was only natural that when Jimmy came to Hollywood he should start dating Margaret who was "between husbands" at the moment. Jimmy and Henry Fonda, along with two former classmates of Jimmy's, John Swope and Joshua Logan, rented a low rambling farmhouse in Brentwood, two doors from Garbo's big white fences, and started such mad goings-on among the younger set as you never heard. Oh, I don't mean naughty, just goofy. Dignified old Brentwood would suddenly be waked up out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night by the most frightening shrieks and yells; but it wouldn't be Indians hell-bent on a massacre, just (Continued on page 82)
The Great Love Story Of A Patriot

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy re-create this moving romance of a gallant leader and the woman of his heart

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

ALWAYS before there had been Ireland taking whatever place there would have been for a woman in his heart. Ireland, with her woman's need of him and his strength. Ever since he had been a lad it had been like that with Charles Parnell. He had felt no further urge for love than this patriot's devotion to the soil from which he had sprung. Home rule for Ireland! He wanted it as another man would want precious jewels to lay at a woman's feet.

No matter to him that women's eyes could be blue with his native lakes lovelier by far in his sight, no matter that women's eyes could be gray with the mist of an Irish morning sweeter still in his memory, no matter that women's eyes could be brown with the deep thicknesses of his own forests to enchant him.

Ireland, mother and mistress at once! He loved her as a man can only love the woman for whom he has sacrificed. Was it any wonder then when his own countrymen heard him speak on his American tour that they gave of whatever they had to gain freedom for the country that belonged to them too? Was it any wonder that he was the head of the Irish party in Parliament and that from one end of Ireland to the other he was spoken of as
their uncrowned king?

Only now, looking at this woman standing there in his office in London, this woman with wide grave eyes and tender mouth, it was suddenly as if she had become one with Ireland. No, more than that, as if Ireland were now a part of her, part of her voice and her eyes and her lips and her hands twisting in that still way.

And Katie O'Shea, facing him, felt a faint rustling in her veins and a quickening in her heart. It was because he was Parnell, she told herself, and because through Ireland he had become something of a god to her, and because he looked like the man Parnell should be—tall and eager with quick flames for eyes and a mouth shaped for strength.

"You're not Mrs. O'Shea?" he asked, and he remembered her husband, a man of his party that he distrusted and disliked.

"Yes," she tried to laugh but it trembled with her embarrassment of being there. It had been easier to do the other things her husband demanded of her, to beg money from Aunt Ben for him, to entertain his friends on the rare visits he paid to the rambling country house in Kent where she lived with her aunt. Even going on as his wife, relinquishing the divorce she wanted so desperately, was easier than this currying of favor for him from a man she admired above all other men.

"Are you surprised?" When she laughed he saw the way her eyes crinkled at the corners and the way her chin tilted just a little. "What did you expect? Gray hair and wrinkles?"

"No," Parnell was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again. "Not that, but . . ."

"But what?" Her voice leapt with something that was almost eagerness, with something her marriage to Willie O'Shea had taken from her.

"Well, not you." She saw then his mouth could be curiously gentle and his eyes sombre. "Because—because I've been looking for you! I saw you last week at the opera, 'Don Giovanni.' You were there. In a white dress, with lace on it. You wore white roses. I wondered who you were."

"Well, now you know. I'm Mrs. O'Shea." She tried to deny the shame of being there at Willie's insistence, and yet it trembled in her voice for all that effort to be casual and gay. "Is it part of your duty to a new member of your party, to pay his wife compliments?"

"You wouldn't pay me the compliment of believing that I'm serious?" He took a step towards her. "Have you never felt there might be someone, somewhere, who if you could find them was the person that you'd always meant to meet? Have you never felt that?"

"No," Katie's hands pressed closer together but she looked away from his eyes holding her. "I think some- (Continued on page 85)
Five

III. "The Director's Wife"

Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy

When Doris Warner LeRoy interviews a prospective domestic for the staff of the elaborate LeRoy estate in Bel Air, she usually says in effect:

“Our name is LeRoy. We are picture people. We live here, just the two of us with the baby. We want to be happy in this home, and we want you to be happy in our service.”

I am quoting it now because I think, more than anything else, it explains the atmosphere of charm and warmth within the walls of one of the colony’s most impressive show places.

Just as Mervyn LeRoy, who doesn’t look a day over twenty-five, even with his new honors of producer-director resting modestly on his shoulders, is more than “just another Hollywood director,” so is Doris Warner LeRoy more than “just a director’s wife.”

They are of the movies, for them, and by them. Their marriage five years ago united two houses rich in the tradition of the show world. The Warner name, trademark of the famous producing brethren, is too well known to need detailed resume here, and Doris is a daughter of that house. Mervyn, nephew of Jesse Lasky, has known nothing but the life of the theatre ever since he could understand “shop” talk.

The approach to the LeRoy estate high on a Bel Air
Hollywood Wives

Latest in Screenland's exclusive series revealing the private-life problems of the screen colony's real "leading ladies"—here, Doris Warner LeRoy gives you her utterly frank reactions to the "career" of managing her home and helping her husband, Hollywood's youngest important director

By Dorothy Manners

hill is in keeping with everything you might expect from such a socially prominent couple. Enormous trees shroud the roadway, giving way onto a heavily barred gate through which it is impossible for an unidentified guest, or an unwelcome stranger to pass. There is not only the lock between you and the home life of the LeRoys, but there is also the presence of a watchman who knows every face and appointment expected for the day.

If you are lucky enough to swing past these gates, a scene of rare beauty greets you. Flowers in great profusion bank the circular drive swinging toward the entrance. Emerald green lawns slope away from three sides of the house toward the fenced-and-hedged boundaries.

Even when you step into the brilliance of the blue-mirrored entrance hall leading spaciously to the blue-and-green drawing room, with its black marble fireplace and crystal chandelier, in one direction—and to the right the dining-room, the powder-room, and the long hall connecting with another wing of the house, you are immersed in an expected air of luxury.

You expect the sound of servants moving softly in the background. After a moment or two of waiting, you become accustomed to the luxury, the immensity, and the beauty of the place, but if you have not met her before, and I had not—you are not prepared for Doris Warner LeRoy.

This slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl who has known nothing but luxury all her life, is so absolutely natural and charming that her simplicity of manner is completely disarming. As she leads us upstairs to Mervyn's office "because it is the room I like best," with its enormous desk and deep comfortable chairs, she might be the average happy young matron with the management of one baby, one home, and one husband on her hands instead of the mistress of this fifteen-room establishment with its veritable hotel staff. I told her I thought her home was one of the most beautiful in the colony, and that it had something so few of the others had—an aliveness and warmth. I didn't mention that I suspected much of this came from her own vitality and obvious happiness.

"That's a really nice thing to (Continued on page 96)
ONE day as I was about to enter the Brown Derby, I saw a young girl approach Brian Aherne, and ask him for his autograph, which was graciously given. The girl's eyes looked up and followed him into the well-known restaurant of the film stars. Then she said to her companion, "Gee, I think he's swell! I wonder why we don't see him in more pictures?"

"I don't know," the older girl replied, still gazing after the retreating figure of the tall Englishman. "I haven't seen him since 'Sylvia Scarlett.' You remember — that picture he was in with Katharine Hepburn. Wasn't he cute?"

I suppressed a chuckle. Brian Aherne cute? Well, hardly; but some girls in their teens still have a way of calling everything and anybody they like "cute," so I desisted from enlightening these youngsters as to the correct meaning of the word, and went in to order my dinner.

But what they had said about Aherne's infrequent appearances on the screen set me to thinking. There is nothing lacking in feminine appeal. Ask any femme from the age of sixteen to sixty, and they'll all admit that he's got what it takes. More and more, I've listened to fans and professionals praise his work, and they always end up with the same question, "Why don't we see more of him? He is such a polished actor."

Finally, after hearing this for the umpti-umph time, I decided to find out — from him, himself.

I was first introduced to Brian Aherne on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Beloved Enemy," in which he was working with Merle Oberon.

Now it's sort of a ticklish business, interviewing an actor you haven't met before. You wonder how to break the ice, having just been introduced for the first time. It was a cinch with this fellow. After a hearty greeting, and a firm handshake, he said, "Let's go over there." He pointed to a couple of directors' chairs away from the scramble of property men, electricians, and actors. We dodged an Irish jaunting cart, that came down the Dublin Street set. "Looks just like the old country, doesn't it?" he asked. I agreed with him. It did, but I would much rather dodge an automobile than a horse-drawn cart.

Anyway, we both lit our pipes and settled down for a chat. A couple of puffs, and then I sprang that moot question: Why did he do only one or two pictures a year in Hollywood?

"Oh, that!" he said laughing. "That's not difficult to explain. You see, I like to do a play every so often, and if I were tied down with a long term contract, it wouldn't be possible."

I reminded him that several stars (Continued on page 78)
Reunion In "Maytime"

You've asked for it—and now here it is! Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald make it a trio for their thrilling duet as screen singers and romancers in a musical follow-up to "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie." Their story is about two opera singers, who lived, loved, and thrilled people in 1865, precisely as Nelson and Jeanette do today on the screen. Here, above, we have two close-ups of the eagerly-sought Mr. Eddy; upper left the co-stars in a romantic pose, and again Mr. Eddy doing a solo.
It wouldn't be Hollywood if the lads and the lovelies failed to gild the lily, pile up the ostrich plumes, and stress the sex menace—we like it!

There's more than a mere teasing touch of the exotic in the screen moods and style modes of the late-model offerings from the cinema center. Above, the very exotic M. Charles Boyer may be seen bedevilling that forthright American girl, Jean Arthur, all in the interests of "History is Made at Night"—and won't we be amazed if they don't change that title in a moment of Haysian hesitancy. Below, the lush Margot Orahame and the so-sinister Akim Tamiroff of "General Died at Dawn" memory, in a scene from "Michael Strogoff," the old thriller. At right, gorgeous Loretta Young strikes a new high in feminine allure and exotic fashions.
The exotic expressed in terms of lighting gives special interest to a love scene, at left, played by Heather Angel and Ray Milland in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." Below, all-star cast of a picturesque drama, "King Solomon's Mines." Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Lodge, Roland Young, Anna Lee, Paul Robeson. On the right, Mary Carlisle believes in silver foxes.

Ah, the great comeback! Marlene Dietrich's knees, below, reappear in "Knight without Armor," in which you'll be seeing Marlene with Robert Donat as her leading man. The rakish slant to things even has its influence on fashions for men. Don't look now, but that's Lew Ayres' new hat—Lew, of course, wearing it—in the picture over there at lower left.
Who Says Hollywood
Is A Woman's Town?

If seeing's believing, it's the boys like these who dominate the dear, delightful village of make-believe.

Well, Warren William, we don't wonder you're grinning, what with your latest job making up to Mae West. As for Victor McLaglen, below, he's on coast guard for "Coast Patrol"—and likes it.
Yes, that's Preston Foster, far left, going golliwog on us—good actor! Left, Gene Raymond, not so pensive as he looks, what with Ann Sothern for a screen sweetheart and Jeannette MacDonald as his actual fiance. Below, Tony Martin, terrific! Right, the amiable Mike Whalen.

Weaving right down at you across these two pages, from left to right, our all-star cast of contented actors: Joel McCrea, Bob Young, Donald Wood, John Boles, and, far right, George Brent.
Hollywood's Credo: Keep Fit!

Go out and play on the beach—and if you can look as lovely as Ginger Rogers does up there at the top of this page, why, so much the better. Or maybe you'd prefer tennis. Simone Simon, that spirited little French girl does, at upper left. Now Robert Benchley, don't spoil our act like that! Maybe you keep healthy taking it easy over there at the left, but we're advocating action, and more of it. Nearer left, and nearer our idea, is Chester Morris, the old bag-puncher.
Don't neglect your exercise if you expect to stay healthy, Hollywoodish, and wise! The screen people know something about keeping fit—and here's how they do the trick.

Sun-bathing, à la Hollywood, is Diana Gibson, above. Right above, Andrea Leeds is so good at biking she can do a star balancing act. Far right, Leo Carrillo, for the fun and exercise of it, chases his servants for a day now and then, does the house-cleaning himself. Uh-huh! Ann Dvorak's hobby is horticulture, right. Now just cast your eyes across the lower tier of this gallery of gay health hints and see how adept Anne Shirley is at a very tricky acrobatic routine.
Stunts!
The Spice of Hollywood

Here's George Arliss, dignified and distinguished star, turning into a fashion plate for "Men of Affairs." Right: the whole story in four scenes—Gracie Allen decides to drive herself, and her long-suffering partner in dizzy adventure, George Burns, right into the hands of the law—and is thrilled by her success.

One for the book of fashions for men. Fernand Gravet, above, recently over from France to star in "The King and the Chorus Girl," gets the Hollywood idea, wears a scarf made of newspapers. Left, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are up to some new gags in "Swing High, Swing Low."
Left, across page, Loretta Young is ever quick to enter the spirit of the occasion and offers her own stunt. Frances Langford is the neat package of personality and well-tailored style you see wrapped in cellophane at near left. Above—one to make you guess. Look again and discover Dick Powell making time fly as he masquerades as a mellowing, portly butter-and-egg man, it's scene with Madeleine Carroll for "On the Avenue." Right, bowling one right down the alley is a good stunt if you can do it expertly like, for instance, Barbara Pepper.

No use worrying about where all the gags are coming from. The screen stars will supply them, with a little able assistance of the camera boys. Have a look at the latest here
For Mirth Only!

Hollywood is putting more hilarity into its big musicals, but naturally hasn't forgotten to give them romance, the glitter of gorgeous girls, and those swingy tunes. We present flashes of "Top of the Town," Universal's super-terrific, film fiesta as a prime sample of the gay new trend.
Gary vs. George

Messrs. Cooper and Raft, co-starring for the first time, are fighting for first honors and Frances Dee.

Ruggedly realistic, for Hollywood, are Gary Cooper and George Raft in "Souls of the Sea," a new picture of the days of sailing ships and slave-traders. The charming Frances Dee, shown in two new poses at left, replaces those "girls in every port," for she's the Only Girl for Gary and George. Those three guesses aren't essential for figuring who wins her, for when did Gary ever lose the girl?
There May Be A "Discovery" Here

Glamor, romance, character delineators, even comedy prospects are represented here. On this page you'll find: Akim Tamiroff, upper left; Fred Lawrence, Janice Jarrett, Patricia Farr, Doris Dudley, comic Teddy Hart, Olympe Bradna, left to right in the two upper tiers. Three challengers for screen hero honors (left to right) above are: Jack Dunn, Charles Quigley, Donald Grayson. Right, Delia Lind.
Do a Columbus—no compass needed! Among these likely young candidates may be one or more screen greats of the future. Pick right, and you're a discoverer.
Rochelle Hudson strums a mean guitar. Lily Pons warbles a lovely tune. Lee Dixon, upper right, plays chopsticks. James Melton, right, lets out a lusty note. Dick Powell, below, left, starts a song; while Jimmy Stewart, below, clowns with an accordion.

Music

Hath

Charms!

Catch the film funsters putting on airs—the kind that make them, and us, happy
Sister Act!

Olivia de Havilland welcomes her little sister, Joan Fontaine, to the screen.

Glance at the lovely girl above, and below. Her movie name is Joan Fontaine; she's RKO-Radio's newest discovery—and, not incidentally at all, she's Olivia's sister.

Now look, left, at Olivia herself—it's no hardship. Then contrast the de Havilland close-up, top, with the adjoined one of sister Joan. See the resemblance? Olivia, a star, is set; Joan, the beginner, has her first small part in "Quality Street."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born"

Natural tints, as well as acting talents, will be revealed when auburn-haired Janet Gaynor and dark-eyed Fredric March co-star in a new all-color picture—the scene from which, at top, wins our Best Still honors this month. Here above are Janet and Freddie in a close-up, and at left in another romantic scene. Right, Adolphe Menjou cuts in on Freddie's time—very amusing to Janet, but something about Freddie indicates a bit of jealousy is born.
HERE’S GREATNESS!
Garbo in "Camille"

HERE’S CHARM!
Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in "After The Thin Man"

HERE’S THE MAN OF THE MONTH!
Brian Aherne in "Beloved Enemy"

HERE’S CRIM DRAMA!
"The Black Legion"

HERE’S OUR MONTH’S DISCOVERY!
Sonja Henie in "One in a Million"

HERE’S BEST "SUPPORT"!
Jerome Cowan in "Beloved Enemy"
Jack Oakie in "That Girl from Paris"
Laura Hope Crews in "Camille"

BELOVED ENEMY—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

THOUGHTFUL, intelligent, always in good taste—and at the same time, a drama of the Irish Rebellion! Probably only a Samuel Goldwyn could produce a combination of art and arms like that, and have us liking and applauding it. It's too easy to say that if there had never been a picture called "The Informer" there would not now be "Beloved Enemy" to interest us. The Irish Rebellion has sufficient strong material for a dozen fine films, and to prove it the current screenplay presents a fresh, unshackled view of the embattled Dublin of 1921. New, too, is the leading character, this time not a befuddled follower but an inspired, courageous leader, magnificently played by Brian Aherne—perhaps the first time in screen or stage history that an actor has been permitted to reveal the true militant-poetic Irish soul, rather than the fanatical or comic Irishman of theatrical tradition. As Dennis Riordan, brains of the patriot band, Aherne is encouraged to "steal" this picture, even though Merle Oberon as his aristocratic English sweetheart gives a beautiful, sensitive performance. The direction by H. C. Potter is masterly; the camera work by Gregg Toland perfection, in the important Goldwyn manner. Jerome Cowan, in his first screen appearance, is superb as Riordan's friend.

AFTER THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

IF YOU were thinking of asking me whether this sequel is as good as "The Thin Man," don't. Let's not go into that at all. "After The Thin Man" is such superlatively good fun most of the time, and so superior to most other mystery films the rest of the time, I haven't the heart to compare it with its inimitable pace-making predecessor. Here, after all, are Nick and Nora Charles again. Here, too, is Asia—and Mrs. Asta. Here's another pleasant peek into the private lives of our favorite modern detective and his adorable spouse, this time even to meeting their more objectionable relatives, and until you've met Nora's Aunt Catherine, you haven't really lived in the Dashiell Hammett tradition. There are, it seems to me, a few too many murders for complete comfort and enjoyment; but the denouement of this very special assorted murder case is the very dandiest denouement we've ever been in on, with expert comedy by dear Nick and Nora—I mean Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, of course, and a newcomer named Dorothy McNulty you'd better watch; and high-powered histrionics by James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, and another newcomer, Sam Levene.

THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio

IF THERE seemed to be something missing from the first Lily Pons picture, you'll discover what it was when you see her new film. It's—nothing more or less than Jack Oakie, whom I hereby recommend to every producer with an opera star under contract as just the antidote to an overdose of operatic grandeur. Not that Mlle. Pons ever went highnote on us, not at all. She's a charming, gracious little person with a sense of humor as exceptional as her amazing coloratura. But it remained for our Oakie to make a Pons picture a real comedy success, and his scenes are the most amusing in the current opus. It concerns a little French girl—these Hollywood surprises!—who runs away from a rich alliance, meets Gene Raymond, and thereafter attaches herself to Gene and his "Wildcats," noisy boys but nice. Put Pons in the midst of a collection boasting Oakie, Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, and Mr. Raymond, and what happens? She falls for Mr. Raymond, be the other boys ever so amusing, and they are. For lovers of the Pons voice, there is an operatic sequence, worth the admission price. For fun, there's Oakie—what, again?
SCRENNLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Noted for her smart clothes sense, the baby sophisticate of the Bennetts shows us her favorite gowns from her grand new wardrobe.
A dream of a dance dress, above, is fashioned of electric blue lace and satin; the draped bodice-tie top and bias-cut foundation are of the satin, with a high-waisted over-skirt. For elaborate cocktail parties Joan chooses, right, a suit of smooth-surface black crepe, the dress simply styled, with short sleeves, but brightened with brilliant, flower-shaped rhinestone buttons. Her hat is a brief concoction of twisted head-band attached to a fish-net skull cap, with a black and white bird swooping amusingly down on her forehead.

Joan Bennett's "Bird on the wing" dress, above, created a minor sensation at its first Hollywood party! Its rounded décolletage, wide shoulder bands, and swallow-tail tunic are outstanding; but its most distinctive feature is the gold sequin bird-on-the-wing embroidered on the tunic front. Note Joan's matching sequin bag.

Left, symphony of flowers and furs! Joan poses in her own home wearing a favorite pill-box hat of navy felt, banded with ribbon and garnished with a single deep red rose in front. Joan snuggles in her silver fox fur.
Here's Glamor with a Sense of Humor!

Our gorgeous Glamor Editor goes informal in clothes with a quaint quirk

You can see that Joan Bennett demands originality in her clothes. If she can't buy it, she supplies it herself. For example, she added the little, silly veil to the diminutive hat shown in the big picture above. And she changes the whole effect of her favorite town suit, shown at upper right, when she changes her wide brimmed hat, as seen in the full-length picture. For the extremely frivolous pancake beret of tile-colored suede topped by two birds, as you see in the close-up at left, please note Joan's stitched suede gloves which match her alligator bag.
African safari with the Countess di Frasso and now lives the life of a country gentleman with excellent etchings where once the grizzly growled.

Katharine Hepburn is one of our earliest stars to go beddy-bye. When Katie is working on a picture she goes to bed at the ungodly hour of 6:30 of an evening, (she arises at five), and woe unto the unfortunate friend who calls Katie at eight o'clock that night for a sociable chit-chat. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night?" storms Katie. She lives in Hollywood on the top of Misty Mountain, (she could spit down on Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, and Connie Bennett if she were a mind to), and people who know her say that when she is working she dines early on a tray, dismisses her servants, and takes to the hay at 6:30—but for some weird reason she leaves the phone connected in her room! That's just inviting trouble.

Now George Raft, not that there's the slightest connection between Georgie and Katie, spent so many years as a dancer in New York night clubs that he can't change the habits of a lifetime, and midnight finds him wide awake and rarin' to go places. He can't even begin to get sleepy until the sun is about ready to pop over the Hollywood reservoir. Fortunately his fiancée, Virginia Pine, likes to stay up late, too, so the two of them are often seen in the night clubs here. Georgie, believe it or not, is a bedroom fussy. Everything has to be right in its place before he can go to sleep, (which speaks well for his early training); all the ashtrays have to be emptied, his clothes properly hung up and put away, the books and magazines on the table straightened, and his dresser as orderly as Tiffany's window. If one errant handkerchief has wandered perchance into the sox drawer Georgie can't close an eyelid until it's back in its proper place. Mr. Raft would gladly sleep until five in the afternoon if someone didn't wake him.

Another guy who just won't wake up of a morning is Melvyn Douglas—sometimes it takes three alarm clocks, a telephone call from Harry Cohn, Melvyn's boss, and a glass of ice water in the face. Melvyn spent a number of years on the New York stage—it was there he met and married the beautiful Helen Gahagan—and as is the custom with those "of the theatre" he stayed awake all night and slept all day except on Wednesday and Saturdays when he had matines. Imagine his dismay when he arrived in Hollywood and the cinema and discovered that a six o'clock call was nothing out of the ordinary. "It's unthinkable," ranted Mr. Douglas, "it's—it's—inhuman! I can't act at seven in the morning!"

Most of "Theodora Goes Wild" was made on location by the dawn's early light and it seems to be the consensus of opinion that Mr. Douglas acted all right. Maybe he was wrong.

Basil Rathbone has the finest collection of expensive pajamas of any actor in Hollywood. They fairly shriek of Fifth Avenue and Piccadilly. (Continued on page 69)
3 Girls on a Match

The fight for Hollywood fame reaches its climax in the lives of 3 girls

By

Illustrated by
Georgia Warren

PAT never forgot that ride home.

Beverly Hills was fragrant with the odor of roses and lilacs and orange blossoms. On high, a lovely moon rose pale and virginal. The foothills lay shrouded in mist.

But Pat saw none of this beauty. She knew only that the California night was cold and that her cheeks were hot. Her wet clothes clung to her body. Her angry thoughts raced round and round in her mind.

She thought of Mrs. McGuinness—she thought of her day at the studio—she thought of the gay cocktail party that had ended in disgrace. Strangely enough, her heart lightened as she thought of Bud and Tallahassee. She would marry Bud and settle down in a green and white house. She would leave this frenzied life to those whose legs were stronger and whose hearts were stouter than her own.


Somehow, that brought a lump into her throat. She had not realized how fond she was of Eddie. But she must bury him deep in her heart and try to be true to Bud.

The little bungalow was strangely quiet when she opened the door with her latchkey. The stark electric light gilded the shabby wicker furniture. It painted the stained gray walls with gold. It painted Bud's luggage piled in a heap on the floor.

Suddenly, Ann's voice drifted out from the kitchen. Ann was laughing. Bud was laughing, too. But as soon as Pat came to the threshold, they looked up and they stopped laughing. Ann's bag was on the kitchen table. Bud had been mending its broken strap. Pat wondered what was in the air.


"I guess I look a sight. I had an accident—"

Ann was instantly solicitous. "What happened?"

"Please don't ask me any questions." She shuffled toward the kitchen range. She knew she made a bedraggled, woebegone appearance but her only comment was: "Hope there's some coffee left over from breakfast." She needed a cup of coffee to lift her drooping spirits.

"I'll get it for you!" Ann made a dash for the coffee pot.

"Let me get it!" offered Bud in an oddly stilted voice.

But Pat was there first. "I'll get it myself," she stood at the range, reached up into the closet for a cup, a
saucer. "How was your day down at the beach?"
She reached for the coffee pot. There against the percolator was a note. Pat picked it up. She read it.

Dear Pat,
The chicken was swell. Bud and I decided to get hitched. We're on our way to Tallahassee. Don't take it too hard. You didn't want him anyway. Thanks for everything. And thanks for Bud.

Love,
Ann.

P. S. Hope you make a big success.
Bud.

Ann murmured something.
Bud mumbled something.
Pat summoned a smile. It reached out to each of them, to both of them. "Gee, I'm glad! Hope you'll be happy. Good luck to you—"
"I'm not going through with it," protested Ann. She slipped the diamond ring from her finger and laid it on the table. It was the ring that Bud had bought for Pat.
Pat picked it up and gave it back to Ann. "Here—it's yours—you're tailor-made for Bud." She went on in a rush of words: "You're little—and Bud could take care of you—and—Bud could feed you chicken every day of the week for the rest of your life—" Her voice broke.
Ann interrupted: "But how about you?"
"Me? I belong in Hollywood. Yes, Hollywood's where I belong. Bud's always said so and Bud's right. I'll manage somehow. I'll get along. You better get along, too, if you want to get started tonight." Her heart was breaking but she went on in a cheerful patter of words. "Beautiful moon out. Wonderful night for driving—" She saw them riding through the little towns lying in the moonlight. Now they were in San Bernardino. Now they were going through the pass over the mountain into the desert beyond. Beyond lay Tallahassee—and peace and security for Ann.
"Sure it's all right with you?" asked Bud.
"It's all right with me—if it's all right with Ann," she retorted cockily.

Somehow she could not get them out of the house fast enough. She helped Bud mend the broken strap. She helped Bud pile the baggage into his car. She helped Bud tuck Ann into a blanket on the front seat. And now she was kissing Ann and Ann was kissing her. And now Bud was shaking hands and saying good-bye. The door of the car was being closed. The car was starting. The car was going up the sleepy street. And now there was nothing to show where the car had stood a moment before—nothing but vague shadow. And soon even that was washed away in the moonlight.
Pat turned away from the doorway. She was shivering. The little bungalow was lonely. She had not dreamed a place could be so lonely.
She sank into a chair. She was too spent to cry.
It was not that she was jealous of Ann. It was not that she loved Bud. It was just that she felt alone in the world. Suddenly, everything seemed hopeless. There was no use going on. The troubles of the past gave way to the worries of the future. Now that both Olga and Ann had flown the nest, there would be the problem of how to make ends meet. The burden of (Continued on page 81)
Striking up the band with the latest star and screen news from the land of exciting events!

By Weston East

No gossip is complete without a Jean Harlow hair item. When next you see the No. 1 Glamor Girl, she'll have a new hairdress. Her new coiffure is an inch or so longer than previously, slicked down flat to the head and curled at the ends. Incidentally, that new diamond and ruby anklet Jean is wearing was a gift from her mother. She's promised never to take it off! Rather hard on the hose, I'd say.

Funny, these Hollywood rumors. Recently a columnist printed an item to the effect that Katharine Hepburn had been asked by a bartender in one of the cocktail lounges for her autograph and that Katharine had not only refused, but had torn up the picture. Columnist reported two eyewitnesses. Now comes the other side of the story. Katharine's friends insist they were standing by her side when the request was made and saw her autograph the picture, remarking, in a joking way: "It's a good thing you mix good drinks." You can take your pick of the two versions—if you care.

There's never a dull moment, cut on the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Someone has introduced a new card game called "Washwoman's Delight," which goes on for hours on end. When a player has to leave to appear in a scene, one of the grips or property boys will take his hand until his return. If they ever tire of this, there's Colleen Clatine, who is playing a small part in the picture, to read your horoscope. She's already drawn up those of Bill Powell, Joan Crawford, and Bob Montgomery.

Claudette Colbert crashed the "sneak" preview of "Camille" that afternoon and cried and cried: she was so touched by Greta Garbo's performance.

BY THE time Jeanette MacDonald's marriage to Gene Raymond takes place in June, she'll have practically nothing to buy for the house except furniture, at the rate things are progressing. Fans all over the country have been deluging her with every imaginable kind of household linen, many of them exquisite pieces of handwork. Only last week, Jeanette received over one hundred gifts. And she's terribly touched and pleased about it all.

Remember the huge star sapphire that Carole Lombard's been wearing in practically every picture for ever so long? Well, Missy Lombard's just bored to death with star sapphires and she's put the famous ring and the clip that match in her safety deposit box for the time being. Carole's still wearing that new ruby and diamond ring, however, and we wouldn't venture to say who we think gave it to her!

Joan Crawford and Bill Powell romance in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," which Joan decided she'd rather play than "Parnell." So Myrna Loy took Clark Gable and "Parnell," and Joan took Bill. Interesting switch-about, eh?

Beauty on the rhythm range. Right, the Music Hall Clarions are a novel new screen sensation.
LITTLE Simone Simon is losing no time, over on the set of "Seventh Heaven," in trying to capture one of the most elusive young men in Hollywood, James Stewart. And doing right well, I should say, judging from her radiant expression as they sat at luncheon in the commissary the other day. Incidentally, the studio has just made Simone a present of a brand new portable dressing-room for her use on the set, all done up in ivory and green taffeta—which should be a help in furthering this new romance, if you ask me!

A FEW days prior to his return to Hollywood to appear in "The Prince and the Pauper," Errol Flynn telegraphed his best friend asking that his schnauzer, Arno, be brought over to the airport to meet him. So keenly had he felt the separation from his dog, he couldn't even wait to get home to see him!

DURING the recent illness of little Mavournee O'Brien, Papa Pat was so worried he had a direct line in contact with the house all the time he was working on the set. She's better now, but will have to have those old tonsils removed as soon as she's in condition.

DROPPED in at Metro for lunch the other noon with Virginia Bruce, to find her looking lovelier than ever in a wool dress of artichoke green trimmed in brown, and wearing sables. She was also wearing a most unusual gold signet ring with an inscription in Hebrew. We tried to find out whose it was, but no luck. "Ginny" is getting that eager about her boy friends, these days.

THEY'VE had to put up a large "No Visitors" sign on the set when Hugh Herbert is working. It sounds like a gag, but the fact remains that onlookers simply can't restrain their laughter when Hugh is emoting and it was beginning to cost the studio money. So Hugh's audience is now confined to members of the cast and crew.

LITTLE Deanna Durbin, who has had Hollywood agog since her debut in "Three Smart Girls," is not so little, after all. She doesn't look to be more than thirteen—her publicized age—but she's actually seventeen!

Close-up of two beauties who seem to be far apart in feelings. Above, Alice Faye and Madeleine Carroll swap pretty stories in "On the Avenue." Left, close-up of a congenial twosome—Cary Grant and Irene Dale (what's this, Cary, another new girl?), seen at a recent Hollywood gathering.

DROPPED in on the set of "Swing High, Swing Low" at Paramount to find Fred MacMurray and Mitchell Leisen in a big huddle over the plans for Fred's new house, now in the process of construction. "Mitch" finally persuaded Fred to eliminate the breakfast room and turn it into a patio, which little matter Fred is taking up with his architect. Incidentally, he's as excited over this new home as a child with a new toy. You see, it's the first house he's ever really owned.

ANN SOTHERN is working on the Metro lot for the first time since she was under contract there as Harriet Lake. And just for old times' sake, Ann asked for her old dressing-room to use while on the lot rather than the star suite they had prepared for her. The room was occupied by one of the young Metro babes, however, and it couldn't be arranged. So Ann had to be content just to look in on her old quarters.

FIVE minutes with those insane Ritz Brothers, and you honestly begin to doubt your own sanity! Such antics, such rolling of eyes, so many gags—they'll keep you in stitches. Did learn something interesting from them, however, which is they are never written into the script but are left to their own inimitable device in each scene.

CONTRARY to current rumors, Elea- nore Whitney did not give back that diamond ring to Johnny Downs. And anyway it wasn't a ring; it was a diamond bracelet!

(Continued on page 99)

Strong men of the screen meet in one of the most interesting casting arrangements in some time. Edward Arnold and George Bancroft, left, give you an idea of the drama that brews when two such husties get together.
Fashions for Hair

A revolution in hair styles led by Hollywood beauties is popularizing coiffures that are flattering, simple, and radically different!

By Elin Neil

HAIR styles are in revolt! And one of the loveliest rebels against set waves and tiny sculptured ringlets is Sylvia Sidney who is starring in "You Only Live Once," a Walter Wanger production released through United Artists.

Sylvia dares to go all the way in discarding the old and taking on the new. She shows that it can be done very becomingly indeed! That brushed-up-off-the-ears effect and the soft pompadour roll in front are newest of the new. They are not hard to wear and they’re surprisingly easy to arrange and keep in place.

If you want to be one of the rebels yourself and go in for a new hair style, begin by changing your part. That is your declaration of independence and it’s good for your hair, too. Wearing the part in the same place year in and year out is likely to make your hair thin out unevenly. Besides, it’s monotonous.

Center parts are very smart. Then there’s the diagonal side part that ends almost center-front. Or a straight side part may run diagonally down the back to add that's wonderfully easy to keep in place if you lead a strenuous life. A side part is carried all the way down the back so it makes a half-circle. All the hair on the down side of the part is brushed up into one soft roll over the ear, which is balanced by a similar roll above the other ear. Going up from the part is a single pompadour curl, about three inches long, turned back and up from the forehead. The back of the head shows a smooth swirl and there’s no sign of a wave anywhere. This is a grand style for the girl with a well-shaped head who doesn’t like to spend much time fixing her hair.

One of the most popular "coronation" coiffures starts with a center part. The hair is smooth on top and there are two large rolls brushed up from the ears and shaped like triangles. This is especially smart for evening with a hair ornament that comes to a point like a widow’s peak at the center of your forehead.

Incidentally, hair ornaments for evening are more popular than ever. The newest (Continued on page 93)
under a yoke to possessions. He patted his maltlauge radio phonograph and then admitted honestly, "Most of my records here are jazz, I hate to dance. Always have, but I enjoy listening to hot rhythms. I buy a lot of the new recordings. Go into some music store and get rash. Oh, and I've quite a few foreign gypsy records, too. Hungarian and Rumanian."

I guess I started loving gypsy strains when I was wandering around the country myself, and this is the hangover! He has a way to fret about particular period pieces or special star color-scheming. He's virile instead of arty, discriminating without being spoiled into demanding modes for moods.

He has no secretary in attendance, no servants. The Park Avenue boys may have their staffs, but Clark with every excuse to be grand employs neither valet nor butler. 'I'm not helpless,' he states succinctly.

The man who cares for his dressing-room at not more than two or three blouses and coffee for breakfast, but Clark beat that, "Breakfast?" he queried. I insisted I'd have what he did. A bell-boy brought up two cups of delicious coffee for us and—as you used to phrase it when you were tops, Ethel Barrymore, 'That's all there is, there isn't any more'—for Gable. No, he isn't dieting; he isn't hungry until he's swung through a lot of action.

We were off then for the promised horseback ride. After a telephone call from Clark has known ever since he broke into pictures, has a barn out in the San Fernando Valley, and Clark stables Southern Son's son horse there.

The elevator shot us down to the basement garage, where gleaming limousines vied with streamlined roadsters. I was led, however, to a 1926 Ford!

"Yeh," Clark nodded, "this is the one Carole gave me last Valentine's Day." He had it painted black, has purchased a new motor, a new top, new tires, and fenders. Consequently, it runs like a top and it's his regular runabout.

I climbed in and he headed toward Metro. "You aren't going to visit sets, are you?"

"No, sir! But we have to pick up feed at Palms. Got a maneuver to rig in front of a grain store. "I have a struggle spotting this; in Beverly they only have pet shops." The first buying of horse fodder by Gable is the favorite plan of the old proprietor, Clark, like today, had been dressed in anything but star get-up. He had picked out a couple of sacks each of bran, oats, and wheat grain. When he had paid the fellow said, "Name, please?"

Our hero answered modestly, "Gable." The instant answer, I knew, Clark had given it. At that the store-keeper really looked at him. He reddened. He stuttered. "Not?" He apologized profusely. So whenever anyone tells Clark he's one of the famous he grins. "They even don't know me a quarter-of-a-mile from Culver City!"

When we went in we were welcomed mighty heartily. Clark wanted alfalfa molasses. We loaded so many sacks into the rear that the back of his car wouldn't close. Each tender held a sack of barley. And then we were off again, over Beverly Glen pass into the valley.

"How's it happen you haven't the back-to-the-farm rug like the rest of the stars who are settling out here?" I probed.

"Because I'm not built to settle down," Clark replied pithily. "The peace that comes from rocking by your own fireplace, from the knowledge that you are anchored ther, isn't for me, I know, fellow. I've tried to squelch my impudent craving for freedom. But whenever I've endeavored to settle down it—it, it hasn't clicked."

He stopped to dicker with a roadside Japanese fruit grower. "A box of carrots isn't that type. The rains must have undermined the path, for there was a crumbling of the path and Southern Son slipped. Clark instinctively realized the danger; he whirled the horse's head around, but Southern Son's hind feet skidded and Clark flew one way while the horse fell on its stomach. Clark wasn't hurt. He quickly sprang up and to the horse, which had only its front knees on solid ground and was sweating with fear. But Clark quieted him. It was a full twenty-five feet to the bottom of the gully, but his soothing words stopped the animal's panic. Gently, with all the tenderness of a strong but understanding man, Clark held the horse's head and put his shoulder against Southern Son's. He scrambled him about and they both plunged down into the creek bed. And emerged without a single scratch—both of them! This was the most tense five minutes I ever experienced, and out there in God's outdoors Gable in the flesh was keener than he's ever been on the screen!"

Out of breath, but still able to grin, Clark continued the pace he'd set. It was 1 p.m. when we sighted the barn.

"Southern Son's calmed now so I'll let him do what he prefers." Whereupon the groom wheeled out a brand new two-wheel cart—a Christmas present from Miss Lombard! "They don't make many of these any more—this came all the way from the East," Clark asserted, his eyes shining with joy. He changed Southern Son's harness, I got up onto the narrow seat beside him, and away we went. Well, until you've whizzed down a country lane with Clark Gable in his feather-weight cart you haven't lived—Mr. Taylor, park that mechanical gadget and get yourself a whiff of a buggy like Gable and grandpa chose!"

I popped the question about what he prefers in women then. He shrugged the cart.

"I've always wanted to have you birds in a spot like this when I've been asked that!"
he cried. We lurched from side to side. "I don't care!" I shouted. So he slowed down. "Your woman is well-pleased and secondly if she's dumb," he stated, chuckling at my sight of relief. I was going to tell him so! "I haven't given you one from-" I started to explain, when I noticed he was.

At 2:20 we headed for the city. Coming in by Ventura Boulevard, Clark drew into a drive-in hamburger stand. "I fancy this simple system for refreshments. After the movies at nights, too. I haven't the Tocadora habit; I just come into one of these concessions here when they hang up on your door-sill." A hamburger was our luncheon.

He didn't go directly to the hotel, but to his father's house in Hollywood. There I met Mr. Gable, senior, a middle-aged oil man who now is interested in desert mines. Clark isn't in; but I daren't think she is pretty grand. The conversation between Clark and his father was all about the latter's last trip to Denth Var. It's a still-meatless success, and though he struck out on his own, he remembers to visit here frequently.

Leisurely we returned to the hotel and to the front. The chauffeurs of the luxury automobiles gaped. But the doorman nonchalantly snapped his fingers for an attendant, who promptly departed for conveyance. We walked through the lobby. People did a "double-take" upon glancing. The Great Gable in costume—no doubt! Of course, too, champion of Irish freedom, never had to wear cowboy overalls; but obviously the greatest male box-office magnet in America was in character for something—a rush attack, because Clark kept striding.

"You know, I like people, and I'm not bothered when I stumble upon the good news that they like me. Only you feel so darned embarrassed when a crowd begins gathering, or in a lobby like that.

I dressed in a square-jacketed suit and dug out a leather jacket. He got his rifle, a 30.6 Springfield which he had to order in Philadelphia in 1912; it is polished to a high polish. How? Oh, yes—love and Lombard!

I'm sure you've been anxious for me to get this over. I won't utter a note of complaint for publication as to how she regards Clark, but everyone can tell you that he's the apple of her eye. They send each other great bouquets of red roses practically every other day, and when a guy like Gable will have a vase of red roses in his studio dressing-room, is he sunk? Or is he?

You won't be knowing by asking him directly,

"Hadn't he even telephoned her yet? Not since I saw her. I wouldn't have past him to have called her before I arrived, because after all, she was working that day.

The rifle range at Burbank was near. I held onto his gun, the same one he's used when he's gone after big game, as we jousted for Ford again. After while we had emerged from the hotel the attendant had produced it. "The service is so excellent," muttered Clark, "that I'll bet he'd let me call it his if that's what I'd do with it if I were he!"

It was a half hour's jaunt to Burbank and Clark's mind was on the car he is going to buy in just a little more than a month's time—a great lover—you'll have to question the women who should know about that!—but not for fossicking. Revising this glibpport that Carole gave him isn't enough. He plans to be the modern counterpart of the man who constructed the immortal one-horse shay.

"A friend of mine runs a little garage. He helped me get this thing together in a jiffy shape. I go down to his place—he's the entire force—and fiddle around. We're inspired with the notion of building a car ourselves; he's saving prospective pieces. Of course, we're not going to go at it in the logical way—we want novel improvements. And it may not run a hundred years to a day like Oliver Wendell Holmes' shay. But wait till Carole has to ride down the Boulevard in it!"

"Somebody gave me a tip," I said when he'd been silently glazing over this prospect for two blocks. "They told me to ask you about the piece a friend of his has been baking for you. What's that about?"

"I am not in love with the firechief's daughter!" he rallied and leaned on the horn to emphasize the remark. "The daughter of the Metro firechief is fourteen and she cools me pies and I do relish carrying them home and eating a whole one before going to bed!"

"But how are you going to end up? Clark!" I said. "You're still on the automotive mobile he's concocting I thought his subconscious might be lured into a startling confession. But you cannot trap that easily. He brushed the notion of his creation away and took me seriously.

"I don't know, Ben, and probably this is the criminal thing—I'm not worrying if I'm investing my money as cannily as I can, because I think I'd be an awful sap to wind up busting after having this swell chance to feather my nest. But as to what I'll do when I'm washed up in pictures—your guess equals mine. I know I'll get a kick out of travelling, for I've been curious about what's around the corner ever since I was a kid. I've covered most of the United States—recently by quick airplane trips, formerly by any means I could promote transportation, including hopping trains when I wasn't a paying customer. I haven't been to all the national parks yet, and I look forward to seeing all of them because I love the outdoors and mountains. Naturally I'm keen to see Europe and Asia. But I know this, besides, I'm going to hate to have to quit pictures, I'm tickled silly at the opportunity to be in 'em.

The private rifle range loomed before us just then. The men who hailed Clark familiarly turned to be Los Angeles business men. He doesn't, as you're perceiving, parade with actors in his spare time.

"The theory of this range," Clark said, "is to teach one to judge distances. So you can gauge your shots correctly. The range extends from two hundred to a thousand yards distant, and shortly Mr. Gable was gaily indulging in what is colloquially called 'lay prone and snippe'—holding his prone by his side, he nodded to a tree and said he didn't think his first tree had lawn. He didn't whisper up a first-class Western for him; he could give Gary Cooper a plenty of businessmen!"

There was just half an hour of light left for all this. At dusk we pilled into the Ford and it was then, heading for Hollywood, Clark made a stiff neck. "I'm hunting last week-end and I couldn't find my own cap, so I borrowed someone's. It wouldn't fit, but I let it sit on my head anyway. And then on my way in the weather became cold and I got mad at the darned thing. I gave a tremendous jerk, and pulled a muscle in my neck! Next day I had a sore neck and back and had to go to the nurse at the studio for hot applications. My back's all right now." All day he'd neglected to mention this!

At the hotel he mixed me a whiskey and soda and tuned on a radio for the first time in his life. I'm told Taylor asia was down on. Clark reminisced then, recalling various amusing spots he'd been in. They become personally jampacked. I couldn't help feeling he hadn't managed to solve the unsolvable dilemmas at the time. But everything had eventually smoothed out. He didn't moralize that it was because he'd had the nerve to thread through defeat, but that's the honest truth.

I noticed a lot of travel advertisements on a couch. "Where are you going now?"

"You know, I could go every place," he retorted. "I've been working steadily for a year, except for occasional brief spells off, and I'm anxious to fly to Japan and China for a personal look-see. Europe after this. I had my passage booked on the very first flight of the China Clipper, and then I have to be in the middle of a picture when it went."

The telephone, which had not been ringing every other second because the hotel phone is limited to men. I ventured:

"I'm glad you can make it," I overheard him say. He seemed interested in whoever was keeping account on the other end. I had been especially proffered for dinner. I needed but one guess as to who he was—do you need more than one?

"Are you transforming yourself into dinner clothes?" I ventured.

Clark shook his head vigorously.

"I haven't been in a night club for more than a year, and I haven't struggled into a dinner jacket for six whole months!"

So Carole Lombard is feminine fine to be incarnering herself over. He remains magnificently untamed.

It was pure coincidence that I went to the Drive-In Theatre on Pico Boulevard that evening. It's one of the biggest new features; you sit in your machine and watch a picture unreel on a large outdoor screen. You can put your arm around your sweetheart and nobody'll be pecking.

But poor Clark Gable! There he was, in that perfectly plain black Ford which won him the height of youth and beauty. He nor Carole were recognized by anyone else. But me? Several hundred cars were parked in that field and Fate guided them towards the reach of the sound. He even takes his movies drive-in style. He seemed—if I may say so—to have his arm around someone pretty Without I could not wear to it; after all, I had my arm around some one pretty fascinating, too!
THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through."

MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Cafe, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles
MRS. FOWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion...on your busy days!

MOST modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE...SMOKE CAMELS!
BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand — with IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you became a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing . . . provocative . . . irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret — the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.

Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliancy. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade — Coral — sparkling, vibrant, electric!

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at 5 & 10c Stores

YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE
Their Bed Habits

Continued from page 59

He's thick, heavy, dark drapes on her bedroom windows; but even then a ray of light will wiggle its way in occasionally, and Loretta will just go crazy. On advice of a friend, she bought a pair of them—three of them—one for each side of the bed and will doubtless ask Loretta for the next valtiz instead of the family jewels. Loretta sleeps with a good book. If she can't sleep on linen sheets, they scratch her knees and legs. Since she goes on a trip or drops in to spend the night with you she always carries along her own silk pajama sets. Our Loretta has "temperamental insomnia," we say.

Barbara Stanwyck is one of those noisy girls, (and I'm one, too), who cannot speak a civil word in the morining until she's had her coffee. The minute she wakes up she presses a button, and like magic a pot of coffee appears on the table at her bedside. Everybody in her household knows better than to speak to her until she has downed at least three cups of coffee, and is able to face herself and another cup. Barbara wasn't sure she liked Bob Taylor's surprise gift of a trip to New York when he went to New York and called her over the phone at the ungodly hour of six o'clock. She was terrifically angry and Bob was so eager to tell Barbara all about the crowds of people who weren't going anywhere that he forgot all about the change in time. To make matters worse, she didn't speak to him at six in the morning, and without her coffee, proved to Barbara without a doubt that she must be rather fond of the English lad. But Bob Taylor is such a sweetie.

Francis Lederer is so busy during the day, what with Peace and Margot, and walnuts and apricots, and acting, that he has no time to think until he gets in bed at night. Then he goes on a thinking spree. Which is all right if he would just keep his thoughts to himself. But no, he needs must call up everybody and tell them what he is thinking. It all depends on how much you like Francis. Elissa Landi is another of the "bed-cover-o'clockers," and "bed-sheets" may be a good bracing cocktail to you and me and Bill Powell but to the fair Elissa it is merely a place where she solves all the problems of the day, the situations of her next book. And speaking of Bill Powell, girls, you just might like "the kind of pajamas he wore in "Libeled Lady" and "After the Thin Man." Bill is one of our soundest sleepers and there's not a chance in the world that you can wake him in the middle of the night, the late afternoon, or the early evening, for when Mr. Powell is of the mind to sleep, no phones or bells, no dog barks, and the silence of the graveyard descends upon the Powell manor. On the other hand Pat O'Brien had just as soon not sleep in a boiler factory. Pat tires out radio on a few minutes and gets in bed and invariably falls asleep while somebody's orchestra is playing away at him. "Follies" is Pat's idea of a good night out, and Bill is going strong when he wakes the next morning. When Pat was a little boy it seems his mother used to make him brush the steelheads every night. The idea was that if the angels took him away during the night he would be looking his best when he reached heaven. So big was Bill's interest in these fish that every night and looks as neat as a pin so he'll be sure to make a good first impression on St. Peter. Bing Crosby falls in bed and sleeps like a log.

And now may I go to bed, too?
**Femi-nities**

**Spring Fancies for Beauty!**

It gives a new health and beauty by cleansing the pores thoroughly. And it keeps your skin soft and smooth by counteracting the dry, withering effect of hard water. The shaker top makes it very easy to use. In our opinion, there's simply no substitute for the luxurious feeling this delicately perfumed bath gives just before you go to bed or dress for an evening of fun! Bathsweet is grand to use in your shampoo water, too, and for that soaking you give your hands before a manicure.

**Mysterious "Secret of Suzanne" perfume has come and conquered.**

**For lovely skin, soften and perfume your bath water with Bathsweet.**

**Frances Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a complete treatment by itself.**

**Eye allure is made natural-looking by new Winx "3-way blend."**

**We Don't need to ask you if you want to bring out all the beauty of your eyes and still have the effect look natural. Of course you do! Winx makes it easy with their "3-way blend" eye beautifiers.**

**Don't be a fade-out!**

*SAYS* Jane Heath

- Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes... so play yours up! A careful touch of Shadette on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! Shadette offers 12 sultry tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.

**And always this**

- Use Shadette on the inside corners of your eyelids, too. A touch of color there is absolutely imperceptible. And remember, it's always more becoming to have a little color in your eyes than no color at all.

**Mail This Today**

To JANE HEATH, Dept. G-5

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y.

The Kurlash Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eye: _______ Hair: _______ Complexion: _______

Name: _______

Address: _______

City: _______ State: _______

(Please print plainly)

**Kurlash**
To keep skin young looking—learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin underneath!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels underneath begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands underneath that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands function busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

Miss Susan Roosevelt
daughter of Mrs. Henry Latham Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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always ardent color: never lipstick parching

Paint sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills! But remember, too, that lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50c. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

Precious protection! Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

The Unknown Women Behind Hollywood Men
Continued from page 25

stand-in, got married, Bill gave him the grandest wedding party and invited us all. He stood up for Joe, and what to do. Bill did a good turn for the bride. I thought that little bride would die when she saw that Jean was going to stand up for her.

"I've never seen him moody or out of sorts, though I guess he's lonely sometimes like the rest of us," said wise little Maggie. "Sunday's Bill's a real day, and he never lets anything interfere with it. He's crazy about his kid, without being sloppy over him. I remember one day somebody said: 'I don't know what the kid is, but I think I'd like to be a darned good movie actor.' Then Bill pipes up: 'I don't know what my boy's going to be, but I think he's going to be a darned good forgery.' When I asked him why, he said: 'Well, he's certainly forged a swell William Powell on his report card last year, for instance, when he gets letters of criticism. He looks so hurt, as if it were something personal. 'I can tell by your face that it's bad,' he'll say. 'Do I have to read it? Then again he'll run in here and curl into a chair, with one knee way up, looking about two inches away from the floor, as if what we've been doing and whom we've been going out with. And he's so cute with his mother when he thinks she's going to make speeches. His mother was quite perturbed, and that night Arl came in and kind of looked at her out of the corner of his eye, like the cat that ate the cream, and laid a cold rag on front of her. And of course she was floored. She can't find a word to say when Arl comes in with that look in his eye, and says, 'Ah, mother.'"

Taylor brings out the maternal in blonde Myrtle Gallagher too, hairdresser on "Camille." "He had to tear his hair the way they did in those times, and while it's naturally wavy, it would get rumpled, especially because he's active as a mosquito. When he stars rest between scenes, he's off playing chase or pitching pennies or anything but sit still in one place for two minutes. Well, I loathed and hated and despised and gossiped and touched it, he'd squirm, 'Makes me feel like a girl,' he'd growl, 'being fussed over.' I'd do it as fast as I could to cut the agony short, and then I'd tell him, too. Now if you'll sit quiet for a minute and a half—He'd duck out from under, grinning that grin of his, and next thing I knew he was off in a corner, pitching pennies." 

Beatrice Halstead's thin, sensitive face wears a look of comical pain when she's asked for an interview. Like boss, like secretary. She dreads them almost as much as Bob Montgomery does—"though for different reasons," she ruefully says. "With me it's not knowing what makes a good story. With him it's hating to talk about himself. He has all the self-possession in theworld, but he's star-struck and has questions about himself. Then he gets tongue-tied. 'If it's an interviewer,' he'll beg over the phone, 'don't tell me. Tell me it's a tax collector or exterminator or a fellow brush man and I'll open my heart to him.' "He has the reputation of being a flip wicket with actresses. Well, that's the ex-wife. But he's naturally reserved and he's naturally courteous. He dislikes being blunt with people. But what else can he be, when they ask him things like that? Does anybody do them? Someone once asked him to talk about how he kept his sense of humor. T
Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

Other wives envied her life-long honeymoon...told their husbands, often, how nice he was to her.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in one respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man's affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

"Lysol" disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" provides—

1. Non-caustic—"Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness—"Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration—"Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy—"Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 3-S.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

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YOur personal history is yours to make exciting and dramatic if you only wish it. One way to do so is to wear Evening in Paris Perfume, known throughout the world as the fragrance of romance. It's composed of a little mystery...a great deal of worldly wisdom, glamour and gaiety.

The new Evening in Paris Compact Rouge and Lipstick give your lips and cheeks color that is the perfect semblance of natural beauty. A shade to match every complexion type.

Evening in Paris BOURJOSI

Romance is your precious Heritage

have no sense of humor about how to keep one," he said. But the other day a writer came in and started telling him about her sixteen-year-old boy who was crazy about books. Well, he got so excited recommending books for the boy, recalling the books he'd loved at that age, asking if he'd read this, that or the other, that he talked all afternoon. And I'm sure she learned more about him that way than a dozen set interviews could have told her.

"You'd be surprised at how little I know about him, though I've worked with him for five years. And the little I do know he hasn't told me. There was a funny instance of that one time when I was just taking care of his fan mail, before I came to work for him at the studio. He moved, and neglected to tell me about it. The phone number was unlisted, the company wouldn't give it to me, and I couldn't reach him at the studio because he wasn't working. It took me two weeks to find my boss. No, I didn't tell him. As long as I'd found him, why bother about it?" said the perfect secretary.

"He doesn't chat about himself, but sometimes I notice things. Like he'd proudly sign all the telegrams Robert, Sr., when little Bob was born. And when his thoroughbred horse, Det Lewis, was killed, I know he was heartbroken. He never spoke of it, but he hung all Det's ribbons around the picture frames and kept them here for a week or ten days, almost as if he were in mourning. Then he took them home.

"He never fusses, and he laughs at me sometimes when I get indignant over things he says don't matter. Someone came in the other day and said: 'You may not know it, Bob, but your health is poor and that's why you don't make more pictures.' So said a radio commentator last night, and he ought to know.' I was furious, because of course there's not a word of truth in it. But Mr. Montgomery just went into a dance and started singing: 'Pu-ny boy, pa-ny boy, won't you be my pa-ny boy.' How can you help liking a man like that!"

Florence Thomut is the eldest of these girls in point of service. For eight years she has been W. S. van Dyke's secretary and script girl, and she knows his movie stars. Florence can take them apart, and considers some of them not worth the trouble of putting together again. But about Clark Gable, she says: "I'd just as soon he were in all our pictures.

"And not because he's the great Gable either, or any bank like that. It's for purely selfish reasons. Because he's no trouble. Because he's efficient. Because he knows this is his business and treats it like a business, and not like a circus hoop for showing off. He's ready to work at nine and quit at six, he knows his wardrobe, he knows the sequence he's in, he keeps his mind on his work. He's the script clerk's delight. You never have to worry about any book or pencil that Clark carries. If he uses the right hand in one scene, you know he'll use it in the follow-up scene. Without your watching him. If there's a slip-up, he doesn't jump to blame it on you, like some of them. We're paid thousands," I heard him say once, and 'they're paid pennies. Why should we shunt our work onto them? They've got plenty to do without playing nursemaid to us."

"I've never seen him put on an act. In 'Love on the Run' Mr. Van Dyke thought it would be cute to have him and Crawford and Tony as the three leads in one scene. Franchot and Joan have trained voices, and a lot of guys would have whined: 'I don't wanna play,' Not Clark, 'Sure,' he said, 'let's try it.' And he sang.

"He doesn't know what it means to make a noise like a star. He's natural to the bone. He treats me the same as he treats his leading lady. And he's always giving himself the razz. He doesn't think he's handsome. And he knows his ears are big. The fellows were kidding him one day. 'What's your fatal secret, Clark? How do you get the girls going?' 'I rake 'em in, with my ears," he said.

"Sometimes my girl friends'll wisecrack, 'Say, do they pay you for working with Gable? God, what a break you're getting!' They're right, I am getting a break. Only not for the reason they think. When a script clerk thinks a fellow's swell after one picture and then, after four, thinks the same only more so, there's just one answer. The answer is, he's a human guy to work with. And take it from me, that's the best we could ask for.'"

"Ears" Gable, take a bow!

London

Continued from page 51

Dampier. She has to hurry back to Hollywood immediately it is finished to fulfill a contract there, but then she will come across the ocean in the fall to act in another picture with Claude. Then one day I ate my middy meal in a sawdust ring with lions and tigers swirlring angrily around the table. (Behind iron bars, of course!) Blonde little June Clyde was celebrating her birthday with a party on the set at the Sound City Studios where she was making a circus film called "Make Up" with Nils Asther. Six tiny white ponies drew in the cake with a miniature circus in rose candy performing on the top. Husband Thornton Freeland sent June a sapphire and diamond ring. He was far away in Hollywood, shooting external scenes for Capitol's coming screen saga of primitive negro life which stars the inimitable Paul Robeson. I can't even name the menu at the old-fashioned inn where I lunched with Neil Hamilton because he had surprised me by announcing that he is now Garbo's landlord. Jeanette MacDonald rented his Hollywood house while he has been filming in London and it seems she has now left and
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...IT'S TUNED TO THE FINGERTIPS!

The little lady of the keyboard will give you a much better typing job if you give her a new Champion Underwood. More than that, fatigue won't dull her wits in the home stretch of the business day... nor cause her to blunder and throw the office routine out of gear.

You see, instead of pounding, the fingers of the operator do little more than touch the Champion Keyboard on the Underwood. Strange as it may seem, the Underwood saves a ton of dead-weight lifting every business day*! It's Tuned to the Fingertips.

With the new Champion Underwood in your office you will get a smarter, neater typing job. More than that, you'll get so much faster typing production that the closing hour will seldom strike on work undone. Give her a new easier-typing Champion Underwood. There's an Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch within easy reach of your telephone.

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THE CHAMPION
Underwood
STANDARD TYPEWRITER
have contracts that allow them so much time each year to return to Broadway and the footlights. "I know," he responded, "but it doesn't seem to work out. Once you get going in pictures, one part leads to another—and besides, I really don't want to be tied down. I like to be free to wander about when the urge gets me. I like to go places. I have no responsibilities; I'm not married. I couldn't be, I don't think. There's too much of the wanderlust in me."

He relit his pipe and slouched down in the chair. "Irving Thalberg wanted me to sign a term contract—said he could make a star of me in no time at all. . . But it would have meant signing away my freedom. It may sound silly, but I just had to refuse. Finally, Thalberg leaned over his desk, pressed a key on the dictaphone, and said, 'Get me my wife.' "He had a glint in his eye as he picked up the phone. "Hello, Norma," he said, 'I want you to do something for me. I want you to find a very expensive wife for Brian Aherne. A woman with very luxurious tastes—someone who can spend a lot of money.' And then he grinned at me—a grin that implied, 'I'll fix you. I'll make you work.'" "I heard Norma Shearer's laughter come over the wire. In fact, we all enjoyed a good laugh. 'Norma wouldn't do that to me,' I told Thalberg. 'She's too good a friend.' 

"The producer laughed some more, and after asking about the children, he hung up. "I finally left his office, unsigned, unsealed and untroubled."

That little episode in itself, gives you an inside picture of Brian Aherne—explains why he still remains single. Six feet, 2½ inches tall, he has blue eyes, sandy hair and a row of strong white teeth that usually bite down on the stem of a briar pipe. There's almost a boyish enthusiasm about him as he speaks of his plans for the future, for Aherne is no overnight personality. He's grounded in his work—and he likes it. He was looking forward to playing Iago to Walter Huston's Othello in the season's third offering of Shakespeare in New York. "But," he added: "I'd like to have done another film while here this time," he continued. "I like pictures, especially nowadays when they're done so beautifully. You can't really afford to slight them. I don't mean by that the money necessarily, but they've gained a most important place in the world, and demand respect. I'd like to do more pictures, but just the pictures I really want to do. And still, to have that privilege, I'd have to sign up for fifteen years—or something like that."

Believe me, there was no conceit behind this remark. He continued, "You can't blame producers for not wanting to hunt me starring parts, build me up, and then have another studio cash in on their efforts. It's just as Helen Hayes once said to me: 'You can't be a stage actor and a picture actor at the same time. You've got to be one thing or the other.'"

"Come up with me while I change," he said to me. We strolled to his dressing room. Outside was parked a long, sleek Packard roadster. "That's my idea of a car," I dropped casually. "Mine," he chimed in, more casually. "I'd have a Ford last time I was here. Put it in storage when I went East, but when returning to Hollywood, I ordered new tires put on it before it was delivered to me. Instead of

Gene Markey and his wife, Joan Bennett, wearing orchids and a cape of many white foxes, join the film colony's seasonal social whirl.
my car, I encountered this boat with the garageman—who also happened to be a salesman—at the wheel. He insisted that I should buy it, I protested that I didn't need a car like that, but the fellow was quite persistent.

Aherne squared his shoulders and took a deep breath. "Great day. Great country—especially for flying. You've no idea what a beautiful place this is from the air."

"Got your license?" I asked him.

His face beamed. "Uh huh! Had a hard time getting it, though. They're tough on you in this country. In England you only need about five hours in the air, and you get a license. But not here—fifty hours! You really have to do everything in the world with a plane. But I got my license!"

There was a look of satisfaction on his face as he announced this.

"If my sales resistance doesn't improve, I might buy a plane."

I remarked that studio heads frown on their actors taking chances, piloting their own planes.

"Men with responsibilities really shouldn't take chances. There's another advantage to being free. Now, if I had a wife, she'd probably worry less. To death even."

I could read the significance of that because sentence, left unsaid, I sensed that under that desire for absolute freedom, is a feeling of uncertainty. What is he missing because of his views on the marital subject?

But just as I had it set in my mind that here was a confirmed bachelor, he spoke again. "Don't get me wrong. I believe in marriage—firmly."

Having flung on a tattered-looking suit as we had talked, we left the dressing room and hurried back to the set. A bit player came up to him. "Mr. Aherne, I remember you in Australia—1920. You worked with the greatest stage director I've ever seen—Dion Boucicault."

I suppose you would really like to know more about the background of this young man who has played leading roles opposite Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding and Merle Oberon.

Born in King's Norton, Worcestershire, in 1902, he evinced theatrical leanings at the tender age of eight, and was trained by the famous Italia Conti (a professional school for children). That same year he made his first stage appearance, and two years later appeared on the London stage. In 1914, he abandoned his theatrical career and studied with a view to becoming an architect. But in 1923, we again find our friend in grease paint. Apparently, acting, not architecture was to be his life work. Followed many engagements in London, and a tour through Australia, appearing in the plays of Shakespeare, Sir James Barrie, and many other famous authors. He played in "White Cargo," "The Silver Cord," and "Craig's Wife"—the last three named, American plays.

He then made his debut in pictures, and before many months was the reigning star of the English screen. At the height of his success, Katharine Cornell engaged him to play the part of Robert Browning in her production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." It was this engagement that endeared him to the hearts of New York audiences. A new matinée idol was in their midst. Crowds milled around the stage door of the Empire Theatre, straining for a

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Our roving camera caught this intimate shot of Henry Fonda and his bride, the former Frances Seymour Brokaw, chatting over the coffee cups at a recent party.

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**Around with ME Anymore!**

**HE WAY I LOOKED BEFORE**

I took Fleischmann's Yeast. I couldn't bear to have people look at my pimply face."

**RITA NOW**

Skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast cleaned up my skin. I wish every girl a boy who has trouble with pimples would let Fleischmann's Yeast like I did! I won't need a deodorant for these. Rita Koch.

**WHAT'LL WE DO TO THE MOVIES OR WHAT?**

**WHY CAN'T THEY ASK ME, TOO? THEY NEVER USED TO LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS—MAYBE IT'S THESE PIMPLES**

**HELLO RITA—BACK HOME SO SOON? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES, OR—**

**M-MOTHER I C-CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER—MY F-FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL. THE G-GIRLS DON'T ASK ME ANYWHERE—P-PLEASE C-CAN'T I S-STOP S-SCHOOL—OH—PLEASE...**

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**CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES**

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!

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LOVELY glamour of luxuriant, dark, silky lashes—swift beauty of brow line—soft shaded color of lids! These can all be yours—instantly, easily—with a few simple touches of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Then your eyes speak the language of beauty—more truly, more clearly than words themselves!

But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout "too much makeup," that overlash lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the "too much makeup" error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

Maybelline has changed all this. And now more than 10,000,000 modern, style-conscious women solve this problem perfectly by using Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara—for the charming, natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Non-smearing, tearproof, absolutely harmless. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shadow your lids with glamour, and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty aids at 12c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine—Maybelline products.

glimpse of the hero who defied old Barrett, and rescued his lovely daughter from a life of parental oppression.

American film producers besieged him with offers, but it was not until the run of "The Barretts" that he accepted the role opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." Spurning further Hollywood offers for the time, he returned to England—but not for long. In fact Brian Aherne practically operated across the North American continent and the Atlantic Ocean for the next three years. First a picture in London, then a play in New York. Another picture for M-G-M, this time in the role he had played on the stage in London—John Shand, Helen Hayes' husband, in "What Every Woman Knows." Then back to New York for a revival of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." More plays and pictures in London; an American production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he played the fiery Mercutio with such gusto that he was approached for the part in the picture. This was one role he really wanted to do on the screen, but previous commitments prevented him from playing this part. However, two more American pictures claimed him before he went East again: "I Live My Life" with Joan Crawford, and "Sylvia Scarlett" with Katharine Hepburn. Aherne was away from Hollywood for almost a year when Sam Goldwyn signed him to play the part of the fiery Irish rebel leader in "Beloved Enemy."

I watched him make a scene under the direction of that young newcomer, "Hank" Potter. One "take" was all they needed for Aherne's scenes.

All of which comes from years of touring (acting to you), Classical plays, modern plays; long metropolitan runs, road shows—everything. The assistant director was heard to say, "I wish they were all as easy to work with as this guy."

The scene "in the can" (Hollywood parlance for "in the camera") finished. Aherne walked over, sat down, and reopened the subject of Broadway plays. "The trouble with Broadway today," he said, "is the lack of good plays. A playwright friend of mine, now writing for pictures, told me a corning good story for a play, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him it was great, and advised him to write it. He said he would get right to work on it. Well, the next thing I heard, he had sold it for a picture. And guess who can't blame him when you consider the prices they pay. Fifteen thousand—twenty thousand—thirty thousand. Why, after all the trouble and worry of writing his story into play form when he can sell the idea by just telling it to a producer?" (Note to aspiring writers: Try to get a producer to listen to your story unless you have a "name." The aforementioned writer's salary is well up in the four-figure bracket.)

I was forced to admit that this condition did exist, but mentioned that there was always the plays of authors whose material never grew stale. Sir James Barrie, for instance.

At the mention of this author's name, Aherne displayed great enthusiasm. "I think he's the most underrated dramatist of today," he said, with conviction. "Many think he's old-fashioned—too whimsical. But consider that when Shakespeare was playing good down-to-earth logic. Could anything be more real than the problem in 'What Every Woman Knows'? If only more women would realize that absolute faith in their husbands can carry them through to success, despite overwhelming obstacles."

At this point, Aherne was again called before the camera, and I left the set with the feeling that here was not only a fine actor, but a likeable, interesting person.
THE STORY UP TO NOW
Pat O'Day, Olga Dupont and Ann Dunegy have shared their single ambition to win screen recognition; and shared also, for three years, expenses of a cramped apartment in Hollywood. Olga has won her way to featured parts through the influence of Richard Eumetz Fielding, famous on the screen as well as off it for his romances. Humiliated and bitter over her experience at a party which Olga takes her to at Fielding's lavish home, Pat upbraids the important talent agent her friend said would help her to become a star, for his boorish jest in pushing her into the swimming pool. She leaves the party determined to forget Hollywood, career, even Eddie Ryan, the boy she likes so much, who has been kind to her in getting her extra work at a studio where he is an assistant cameraman. She will marry Bud Bradley, boyhood sweetheart, and return to Tallahassee. Bud she knows will be waiting at the apartment, with Ann, who substituted for Pat by accompanying Bud on a picnic to the beach, so Pat could answer a studio call and attend the party with Olga.

(Continued from page 61)
management always fell to Pat. It had been hard enough for the three girls to hold down the fort. She knew that she could never make it on her own. No, there was nothing left for Pat to do but get out of Hollywood. She would go north to Frisco and try her luck at something else. Mechanically, she stripped off her wet clothes. Mechanically, she showered, dried, dressed. Mechanically, she began packing. She had not brought very much. There was not much to take back. She opened her purse to count out the money for Mrs. McGuinness. To her surprise, a hundred dollar bill lay inside. There was no note but she needed no note to say that this money was donated with love from Olga to Pat.

The bill trembled in her hand. Here was enough for Mrs. McGuinness and for Mr. Gianninni and the payments on the piano. But here was something more than just a hundred dollar bill. Here was Olga as she really was—soft, in spite of all her hard-wise-cracking, generous in spite of her gold-digging, kind and loving and understanding. Olga had proven herself. Ann had proven herself, too. Someone had to take Bud off Pat’s hands, for now more firmly than ever, Pat realized that she had never loved him. It was Eddie that she loved—Hollywood that she hated to leave. But what was she to do?

The doorbell rang as if in answer.
Two girls stood on the threshold, bags in hand.
“Is Miss Patricia O’Day at home?”
“I’m Miss O’Day.”
“Mr. Gianninni sent us over. He said you might make room for us. We’re from his home town.”
For a moment, Pat was too surprised to

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK
THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...

SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN

BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

I HAVE MY JOB BACK...
HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND...
AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

AND JINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...

THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER

YES, PHIL. I LOVE YOU, BUT I SHOULDN'T MARRY YOU

AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACH.
SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST, HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

20c LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, extra twist on mouth. 35c
to certain of the finest, use the famous Screen Star Puffs— the brand that famous Screen Stars endorse. They're consistently fine and soft as down, with extra-long, silken plush, closely woven fibres to hold your powder on top . . . where it belongs. And Screen Star Puffs brush on your powder like the delicate whisk of a zephyr-like breeze. Try these perfect puffs today. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

Autographed by

YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN STAR

Jimmy Stewart's gang, with Mad Mag as a ring-leader, off on a treasure hunt. Miss Garbo hastily moved to the desert. Of course they didn't go dashing over Brentwood every night hunting for treasure. Often Jimmy and the boys would decide on a quiet little evening at home. So he'd call up Shirley Ross or Virginia Bruce for a date, and Shirley Ross or Virginia Bruce would naturally think she was going to the Trocadero and would dress up to her teeth in lamé. I'd wink only to be called for later by Mr. Stewart, and in an old-trench coat and mussed hair and driven out to Carmalina Road, Brentwood, where Henry and Maggie, and John and Joshua and their dates were tuning up for a little symphony. Somebody would play a trombone, somebody a jers-harp, somebody a drone and if two particularly talented could always play a comb. Jimmy, of course, would conduct and play his accordion, and you really haven't lived until you've heard, and seen, the long, lanky Stewart play his accordion. Strange to say, once Miss Bruce or Miss Ross or whoever Jimmy's dates got over her sensation of not going to the Trocadero she entered into the spirit of the occasion and had a perfectly grand time. Imagine the beautiful Virginia Bruce toasting up hamburgers and onions in the kitchen for the hungry musicians. When the Stewart Symphony Orchestra broke into his own orchestration of the St. Louis Blues, Joan Crawford several blocks away thought it was an earthquake, and Mrs. Temple wondered if after all Brentwood was the right place in which to bring up Shirley.

On other evenings when they weren't feeling musically inclined the boys would invite their girls in and make moving pictures. With some effect, color, everything. Of course the script was usually written on the cuff, (just like in the big studios), and Jimmy usually saw to it that there was a murder or so and a big death scene. Ketchup, he decided, made the best blood, and one night he babbled ketchup so that while Henry was trying out new angles that he had never been able to touch ketchup since, even on hamburgers.

Following her separation from Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, who had become a great friend of Margaret Sullivan, started going places with Jimmy. She appeared at the Trocadero with him. Her separation was officially announced in the newspapers so everybody decided there was something to the Rogers-Stewart romance. But there
wasn’t, Jimmy just escorted her every place for a while, and then Ginger Rogers started going out with other men, and Jimmy with other girls, and Ginger is now one of Mr. Stewart’s “off and ons.” Anita Louise is the latest, but it isn’t serious. Jimmy is at present working, and working hard, on the re-make of “Seventh Heaven” in which he plays the Charlie Farrell role opposite Simone Simon in the Janet Gaynor role. About the temperamental Simone, Jimmy has only this to say, “She is a very nice girl.”

The madhouse in Brentwood was suddenly closed when Henry Fonda went social on the boys and married Mrs. Frances Brokaw, New York socialite. He didn’t think his bride would live with the boys, and the dozens of cats they had acquired, so Jimmy and John and Joshua mournfully moved away to make room for Mrs. Fonda’s trunks. Miss Garbo returned from the desert, and Miss Crawford and Mrs. Temple breathed a deep sigh of relief. Margaret Sullivan rushed off to New York to do a stage play and marry her third husband, Leland Hayward, and that sort of messed things up, too. The boys are living in an apartment now on Sunset Blvd., and I have discovered the hardest job in the world, viz., keeping the cook in their bachelor establishment. That poor colored girl doesn’t know when to prepare for three starving men, or twenty of them, or none at all.

Jimmy grew up with two sisters, Mary and Virginia, in the little town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, and from an early age he was taught to have great respect for girls and women. He has never been known to tell an off-color story in their presence, and is one of the most well-mannered and considerate young men you may ever hope to meet. He likes to build electric trains, fly kites on windy days, and take a pretty girl out dancing. About marriage he has this to say, “No man should ever marry anybody but Myrna Loy.” Yes, a Loy fixation.

And how about Tyrone Power? One glance from those heavily lashed romantic brown eyes and feminine hearts simply go pitter pat, believe me. The handsome Tyrone, as you well know, first played a “bit” in “The Dormitory,” which picture represented Simone Simon to her American public. Although he was on the screen only for a few moments in two short sequences, Twentieth Century-Fox received four hundred letters after the release of the picture asking questions concerning the identity of Simone’s “cousin.” The studio was amazed, and not too amazed to stick him into another picture but immediately, and this time in a much larger part, the young Count in “Ladies in Love.” This time the letters came in thousands. So Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who is no fool and can take a hint any day, proceeded to give the women of America what they wanted—Tyrone Power. Tyrone acquired himself so magnificently in the rather difficult role of Jonathan Blake in “Lloyd’s of London” that he is now considered one of the best. If not the best, of the young actors, and of course is beyond a doubt the fair-haired boy of the Twentieth Century lot. His last picture is “Love Is News,” in which he plays the lead opposite Loretta Young.

Tyrone definitely has old world charm, that ease of manner, and soft romantic way of speaking that women go crazy about. They tell me out at the studio where he works that the hard-boiled stenographers and secretaries who never even lift an eyelash when Warner B. cetera, or John Boles, or Joel Crea enter the office, (movie stars are nothing in their young lives) now simply do nip-ups, turn pink, and reach for their combs and compact every time Mr. Power comes on the lot. When you can get a studio stenographer excited, that boys, is something. But I must give Tyrone

NO “SANDBAPER HANDS” for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. It soothes dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is absorbed—does a world of good. Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth, supple. Creamy, not watery—every drop works!

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

WIVES WORK HARD! And hands show it! Red. Chapped. Tender. Use Hinds, with the “sunshine” vitamin. It soothes. It softens. Makes hands look well-groomed, feminine again!

Now... Hinds brings hands some of the benefits of sunshine

The famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is absorbed by the skin. Seems to smooth it out! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, stinging “skin cracks,” chapping, and tenderness caused by wind, cold, heat, hard water, and housework. Every drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good! 5c, 50c, 25c, 10c.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Mon.-Fri., 12:15 pm E.S.T., over WABC-CBS.
credit; he doesn't realize, at least not yet he doesn't, that he is exuding old world charm and is simply devastating to women. His success has been so sudden that he is still dazed by it, and all he knows is that he is exuberantly happy. "When I was a little boy he told me, "I'll play a make-believe game that I was sitting on a magic carpet and being whirled away to exciting places. I don't have to make-believe now, I am on a magic carpet." Tyrone's dark brown eyes shine when he talks to you, and he has a little habit of catching at your arm, cordial, friendly gesture, that makes you have to share in his enthusiasm. "I am sure this sudden success will not go to my boy's head," his father, Patna Power, was of stage and radio fame, says, "He knows too much about the theatre. He knows that success today may end in failure tomorrow. I am certain he will keep both feet on the ground."

Tyrone, more than any other young actor in Hollywood today, is all wrapped up in the traditions of the theatre. This doubtless accounts for his romantic charm and poise and dignity. His grandfather Power was one of England's foremost concert pianists and his father, Tyrone Power, was one of the famous Shakespearean actors and tragedians of his day. His father died in Hollywood in December, 1941. A few days before he collapsed on the set of "The Miracle Man," Tyrone is really Tyrone Power the Third and is very proud of his name now through the fact that there has been a time a few years back when he was in prep school that he would have given his right arm to be called Bill. He was born May 5, 1914, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the home of his maternal grandmother on Fulton Avenue. When I last saw Tyrone he was all set to take the plane to spend Christmas with this same grandmother in Cincinnati—and I must say he was the most breathlessly happy person I've ever seen. "I'll be great fun going back there on a plane," he said. "I left there last time on a bus."

When Tyrone was a year old his father and mother decided to forsake Shakespeare for the nonce in favor of a Selig contract and came to Hollywood where Tyrone's only sister was born. (She is now Mrs. Leslie Tyler."

But like most theatrical families the Powers never stayed put very long, and at various times Tyrone lived in New York, San Diego, Alhambra, (it was here in 1912 that seven year old he appeared on the stage for the first time in the famous "California Mission play"), and Dayton and Cincinnati. He was educated at the University of Dayton and the Purdue High School in Cincinnati, where he graduated in 1931 at the age of seventeen. While in school he made expenses during the summer by being a soda jerk and an usher in the theatre there.

When he came to Hollywood with his father in 1931 Hollywood would have none of him. No studio would even give him a test. After his father's death he studied acting in the Community Theatre in Santa Barbara, and later in Chicago. Where he had a job during the World's Fair. His "break" finally came in New York when he had hardly enough money to buy beans at the automat—"I copped a few "nudes," noted stage star whom he had met in Chicago, phoned Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's producer-husband, to give him an interview at his office, he is of similar talent. McClintic not only gave him an interview but assigned him to understudy Burgess Meredith in the Cornell play. Then came summer stock at Falmouth, Mass, followed by important parts in two of the Cornell plays, "Romeo and Juliet" and "St. Joan.

Of course, by this time the movie scouts were after him hot and heavy. With the closing of "St. Joan" Tyrone signed with Twentieth Century-Fox and today at the ripe old age of twenty-two is well on his way to the cinema beautility with Sonja as his co-star and not a single fan recognized him as he entered the theatre, not a single hand applauded. The fans couldn't be bothered, I guess, by that's-and that's corner of the foyer and watched the celebrities arrive. And it's some kind of a record for the books that not a single movie star, producer, or what-not, bothered to speak to Tyrone. But after the picture—oh my, that's a different story; the stars nearly wrung off his hands, and the fans went mad with their autograph books. A new star was born. Tyrone was so excited that when night he got home that he squeezed his mother so hard that he broke two of her ribs.

Tyrone's pet hobby is amateur photography with a 16 mm. camera. He swims, plays tennis, and rides horseback. He says that when Hollywood gets tired of him he will either go back to the stage or write a play. He likes to write. He wrote his first play at the age of eight and read it to his mother. "Right here," says Tyrone importantly, "I want the characters to come in ad libbing." It was then his mother knew that he would be an actor.

He prefers blondes. Quick, Westmore Brothers, the blondes!
times I’ve wished that I did believe there could be such a person.

"I knew the moment I saw you that I believed,” Parnell said quickly. “It was odd, that night. Quite suddenly I felt I wanted to hear music. I got in late, the first act was almost over. Then the lights went up and I saw you, almost immediately. I wondered if that was why I felt I had to go—to meet you, to see you. I pictured you as some one distant and remote, a woman wearing white roses. It’s hard to believe that you’ve been quite close to me the whole time.”

“You mean as the wife of Captain O’Shea.” Katie slowly said the words she had always tried to blot out even from her thoughts. But she felt she must say them though in her heart she knew it was not true, not since that first month of her marriage when all her ideals and hopes and love had gone from her. “And now I mustn’t keep you.”

"Are you going?” Parnell asked quietly.

"Hadn’t you something to ask me?”

"Yes, I had.” Katie met his eyes squarely.

"But now I don’t think I’m going to. I’m afraid you’ve made it impossible, with your picture of the woman wearing white roses.”

"What were you going to ask me?” she demanded, and somehow in spite of herself she felt herself answering.

"To come and dine with us.” The words came with difficulty and so slow and halting that he could hardly hear them.

"Thank you. I shall be delighted. When?”

"Next Thursday.”

"I’ll come, on one condition.” Parnell felt his heart leaping with his laugh. "That it is the woman wearing white roses that I’m dining with.”

"The white roses,” Katie’s emphasis of the word was so strong that Parnell shook his head.

"That wasn’t what I meant. Shall I tell you?”

THE GREAT LOVE STORY

of a Patriot

Continued from page 31

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE CAST

Parnell.................................. Clark Gable
Katie O’Shea.............................. Myrna Loy
Aunt Ben.............................. Edna May Oliver
Clara................................... Billie Burke
Capt. Willie O’Shea............... Alan Marshal
Campbell.............................. Edmund Gwenn
Dorothy......................... Donald Crisp
O’Gorman Mahon.................... Berton Churchill
Murphy.................................. Donald Meek
Dr. Neil Fitzgerald.................. Loy Fitzgerald
W. H. Smith.......................... Halliwell Hobbes
Irish Laborer...... J. Farrell MacDonald
Gladstone.......................... Montagu Love
O’Brien.......................... Pat Morita
Healy.................................. Byron Russell
Redmond.............................. Brandon Tynan
Nora................................. Phylis Coogan
Fogott............................ Neil Fitzgerald
J. F. X. O’Brien...................... Brandon Tynan
Sir Charles Russell............... George Zucco
Attorney General............ Murray Kinnell

(Note: Neil Fitzgerald & Brandon Tynan Play Two Roles.)

Author: Play by Elsie Schaufler.
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- Tangee's magic Color Change Principle gives your lips the soft, natural glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blushed most becoming to you. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee isn't paint and cannot give you a "painted look". Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Color Change Principle...to bring natural youthful color to your cheeks.

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- Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly-painted lips instead of a faded "morning look". Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you have been told should be removed at bedtime. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39¢ and $1.10. Or tear out and send the coupon below offering Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

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Each "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge, Face Powder, I enclose $1.00 (stamps or coin). (Out in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired: [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel
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There is only one Tanger—don't let anyone cheat you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

“No!” Katie's words came in confusion. "No! I can't go."

But on Thursday it was white roses that she selected for the center of her dining table, and the old confusion came when Parnell's eyes strayed from them later. And over and under her conversation ran her thoughts to meet his every word and every gesture with his smile meeting them half way.

And after dinner when she sat down at the piano it was an air from "Don Giovanni" that she played, and she had known it would be like this, that he would be coming over to her and standing beside her.

"The opera we heard together," he said in a low voice, "That's how I think of it now. I've met you. It's strange, but that night I was on your hair just as it is now. You wore roses just as you're wearing them now. Your dress was like this one but had more lace on it."

"For a man with the reputation of not being interested in women, you're very observant!"

"It's not a question of being interested in women," Parnell insisted. "But the picture of you as you were that night is burned in my memory. There's not a detail I don't remember, I shall carry it with me until the day I die."

There were so many things she wanted to say to him, but there were no words that could be said by Willie O'Shea's wife. And she couldn't say those other words, those thin, meaningless words that had no place in her heart or her thoughts. And then there was no time for words after all, for the butter came and he interrupted and said it was the worst blow that could have been dealt him.

Strange how everything that touched this man could touch her, too! Only a few days ago she had not known him save as a name, and now suddenly he had become all of the world that mattered to her.

It was to Katie that Parnell came as he entered the room again with his apologies that he must leave at once. And when she walked with him into the hall he turned and his hand closed over hers as he spoke.

"Tomorrow morning in the paper you will read something. I want to ask you not to believe it. It's not just the ordinary abuse. It accuses me—" he broke off suddenly. "I can't tell you now. But I do ask you to believe in me for a little while. I must go now, but first I want to thank you for letting me see you in your home. It is your home, isn't it? It's very beautiful. A frame for you."

"A frame I wish I could step out of sometimes," she said slowly, and the words came so low that he had to bend to hear them.

"I'm glad to have seen you in it," he said simply. "It tells me I was right about you. The woman wearing white roses. This is her home," he paused, and somehow when he spoke again his voice had changed. It was bitterness had gotten mixed up with it.

"He doesn't live here?" And then as she flushed and shook her head, "Nor with you?"

He waited for her denial. "Then perhaps I have the right to ask you to believe me in one more thing. That I'm in love with you."
"No!" It was almost as if her hands so quickly uppling were, warding him off. "No! You mustn’t be!"

"I am." He came closer and took her hand. "And I’ve never said that to anyone before. Why do you suppose that I came here tonight, except for you? Because you asked me."

"Wait!" Katie faced him bravely. "I asked you, yes. But I must tell you this, it was he who made me ask you to serve his purpose, his ambition. I must be honest with you."

"Then won’t you believe my honesty when I tell you I love you?" he asked, and it was as if his voice was sweeping away all the things that lay between them. "You must believe it, as you promised to believe in me tomorrow."

Her words wouldn’t come. But there was no need for words, not with her eyes deepening and her mouth trembling as she waited. Not with his arms reaching out for her and drawing him to her so that the wild beating in her heart answered the havoc in his.

Only that little moment, but Katie held it around her like a warm, safe cloak when she read the papers in the morning and saw that Parrill had been accused of planting the murders in Dublin. And later that day when she drove to London to sit in the visitors’ gallery in the House of Commons and heard them deny him the hearing before Parliament that he had asked for instead of the hearing before three judges who would have the power to sentence him if he were found guilty, she lived it over again and held it desperately.

No use any further to Captain O’Shea’s ambitions this man branded as a murderer, and so this time it was for herself that Katie agreed when he asked if he could come to her house for dinner when he returned from the trip he had to make to Ireland.

In another week she would see him again, but it was as if he were with her when she walked in the garden or sat sewing before the fire with Aunt Ben smiling a little when his name was mentioned. For even though he was in Ireland desperately trying to quell the rioting that had followed on the heels of the crime, she could read of the things he was doing, could picture him and recapture again the sound of his voice in her memory.

"Destroy London, will you?" She couldn’t have felt nearer to him if she had been at the meeting in Dublin where he spoke than she did now reading his answer to a fanatic demanding violence. "What better way could you choose to show you’re unfitted to govern yourselves? Wasn’t the bloodshed in Dublin enough of a disgrace? I’ve promised you a parliament. You’ll get it. But not if you hear the babblings of a crack-pot like this fellow. All he’ll get you is the English soldiers here to wipe you out. And you’ll deserve it!"

Was it any wonder that she loved this man strong enough to quiet even Ireland rebellious and ever impatient? It went all too slowly, that week away from him, and then one morning she woke knowing that in the evening she would see him and again she wore white roses as she sat in the drawing-room with her aunt.

Little Al Jolson seems more interested in his mother, Ruby Keeler, than the "birdie" that daddy Al tries to get the youngster to look at for a special portrait.

How the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives

MOST of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor’s vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in minor matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your own laxative meet?

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Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
it had been in the forged letters. Pigott stammered then as he pleaded illness and begged to be excused.

There was stillness in the courtroom as he stumbled out beside an attendant, a stillness that was shattered in another moment by a shot and the attendant running back shouting that the man had committed suicide.

There was no doubt of the guilty man then, but Parnell was strangely quiet as he rose to receive the triumphant shouts of his party. The tide was turning towards him again with even the Prime Minister himself waiting to speak to him and his followers leading him in a triumphant march to his office. But it was all as nothing to the moment he came into the room and saw Katie waiting.

"Charles, it was wonderful!" The tears she has never shown him before came then in her happiness. "I heard them cheer you. What did it feel like? What were you thinking of as you stood there?"

"Nothing," Parnell's arms reached out for her. "Except that none of it would have happened if you hadn't stayed at home to tidy my correspondence! But there is something else, something that happened just afterwards. I spoke to Gladstone. He congratulated me and told me that he has agreed to all my terms for the Home Rule Bill. He'll introduce it."

"Charles!" Only that small laugh closing over his name.

"It can only be a matter of weeks now. He's arranging a reception to announce it. You and Aunt Ben are to be asked. Then as the crowd clammed outside the door, he kissed her and whispered, "Give me just five minutes to tell them what I've just told you."

Out of sight of all of them behind the half-open door Katie waited, and the tears streamed down her cheeks as she heard their eager plaudits. Then a very small old man was hoisted to the table and lifted a trembling hand for silence.

"O'Brien!" came the shouts. "Old O'Brien. Let's hear O'Brien!" Mr. Parnell sat, the old man quavered. "As the oldest member of the Irish party, one whose father fought with Robert Emmett, who as a mere gossoon himself was with O'Connell and has served a term in prison and even been sentenced to death in the service of Ireland, all my life I've dreamed and waited for this day. It has been long in coming, almost too long, for me. For eighty years I've carried in my ears one phrase more haunting than any melody the harp of Ireland ever played. The phrase, 'Home Rule for Ireland.' You've got it for us, Charlie, and I say, an old man nearly past his time, 'Lord, may I correct Thon Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the glory...?" He could not go on then for weeping and so they lifted him from the table.

Katie's hands pressed against her eyes and then the door was closed behind her and she felt Parnell's hands lifting her own from her drenched eyes.

"Why, Katie, what is it? What are you crying for?" he asked.

"For happiness!" Her eyes were like violets under a morning mist. "For pride— in you. To see someone as happy as that old man, who's wanted something, as much as that! It makes me feel so small and selfish. And so terribly humble just to have been allowed to see it, have a part in it."

"More than a part in it," Parnell said quietly. "All that I've done or ever shall do is yours, Katie. Suppose that this had happened not now, but before I met you, and I had come in here alone like this—pride—yes, I'll admit it. I am proud. And humble, too. Suppose I had come in here alone with no one to share it with, no one to bring it to. Instead there's you, and it do bring it to you. Everything I've done is yours."

And then somehow he found he could not go on, either, and he was as shy as a schoolboy as he wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and they both laughed as they went out into the night together.

There was fog and for a little time they were lost in it. It was as if the world had been taken away from them and in going had taken with it all the things that had troubled them and all the heartache and the glory too.

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VELATONE STUDIOS
Fox Creek 3, Detroit, Mich.

But when they reached Aunt Ben's Lon-
don home at last they knew the world was there waiting for them after all. For Willie O'Shea it was who answered their eager pound on the door, and when he offered to join in his mocking congratulations and then suavely suggested that Parnell appoint him as the new chief secretary.

Katie had not seen him since the night he had forced her to have Parnell dine with the others, and she could not believe that the same Willie O'Shea now stood there before her, the man who had written new lines in his face; and then as she hesitated on the threshold he was small to her and thin, and a coldness ran from his office and closing the door behind them.

"Do you hate me terribly for doing this to you?" she asked.

"Katie, you know now the old exaltation came back into his voice. "From the first moment I saw you I knew I loved you. I knew that we must be together always, in this world and the next, and you and I are happy when we are together."

"You can still say that!" she whispered.

"I shall always say it. And now you must go. There is a meeting tonight, I may be late, but however late I shall come to you tonight."

So he stayed to face the men who had made a god of him and who would not forgive him now that he had proven himself a man. His voice that had moved them so often failed now as they turned against him. Parnell's rule was to be lost, and he begged them to follow him where before he had commanded; but now for the first time no one did.

Afterwards he collapsed, and when the doctor came Parnell read the truth in his face. It was over, life and love, and over with him. The doctor had been glad to have it like this, to go when his work was finished, but then he had not met Katie.

He went to her as he had promised, and when she saw him there was no need to tell her the thing she saw already in his eyes. This thing was on her arm that he had and her young strength that supported him as they went into the house.

"This room, a fire, and you?" he sighed as he lowered her to the floor.

"I've thought of it the whole way down. I'll have come across the world to you to-night. Sit beside me, Katie. Let me hold you. Oh, it's good to have you here against my heart, where you belong!"

It was afterwards, after she had gotten him into the great bed upstairs, that the crowd gathered and the man on the bed smiled as he heard his name shouted as it had been shouted before in love and anger.

"I've thought of you since he had let us alone. I've thought of it for weeks."

"Parnell! Parnell!"

The voices rose outside the window, voices the men had never heard before. They shouted it. And then something almost like bliss came to take the place of the despair that had come to her. Parnell was dead, but fate was to bless her still, and she knew that was dying had been whispered about the city and it was as if in dying he had come to greater life again.

"Parnell!" she whispered for her.

"There's something we've got to talk about. Our marriage. We're going to be married. Did I forget to mention it? Or did I never ask you?" he whispered. "Do you mean that I've come back to you again now? Katie, will you be my wife?"

It was only a moment since he had stopped speaking and yet in that moment he had changed.

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"After this orgy of decorating, I'm feeling a trifle let down," she admitted, "so we're having a very simple luncheon today. Just fruit cup, chef salad, and Cheese Thins.

"Did you know that California is the only place that knows what you mean when you order chef's salad? Well, I've tried to get it every place I've stopped in this country and failed. And it's my favorite luncheon dish."

In case readers of SCREENLAND don't know this salad, let me explain that it consists of strips of turkey, chicken, corned beef, ham, or whichever you have in the larder at the moment; lettuce, endive, watercress (one or all); sections of hard-boiled egg, asparagus, avocado and strips of pimento. Into which toss lightly a good French dressing.

"I think it would be fun to make this story about international dishes," said my hostess, as she viewed her table.

"Some of the recipes I have on hand I've tried out, and some I'm still waiting to try on guests. So let's take a Russian soup, Italian Macaroni, Hungarian beef loaf, Mexican souffle, and Yorkshire Cud Chees Cakes. I wouldn't dream of serving them all the same day, though."

RUSSIAN BEET SOUP

Place in an iron pot 1 lb. of fat brisket of beef cut in six pieces, 1 peeled and thinly sliced beet, and 1/2 lb. of onions peeled and sliced, cover with 7 cupsfuls of cold water, bring slowly to a boil and simmer for two hours; add 3/4 cup sugar and the strained juice of 2 lemons and simmer one hour. Season with salt and paprika and serve hot. This is a sweet and sour soup.

"Did you ever try using popcorn in cream soup instead of croutons?" asked Gloria. "Someone told me of it the other day and I'm going to do it. You butter the popcorn and have it very crisp."

ITALIAN MACARONI WITH ANCHOVIES

Boil 1/2 lb. macaroni in boiling salted water, drain and keep hot. Heat 3 cup of butter in a frying pan, and 1 dozen boned and chopped anchovies. 3 tablespoons chopped capers, 1 small clove of garlic finely chopped, and 1 dozen pitted and chopped ripe olives; cook until brown, add the cooked macaroni and 1/2 cup Kraft parmesan cheese (grated). Heat and serve.

"I have the first Spool china pattern ever made," cried my hostess, opening her dining-room china cabinet to exhibit the precious collection. "I'm not using it today because it isn't complete, and besides it's so rare. I had been reading up about old china and saw that the first pattern was of green grape leaf on white and then I walked into a shop in Glendale and picked it up!"

The Groucho Marxes, who dine with the Arthur Sheekmans, (Gloria Stuart), at least twice a week, are reported to be very fond of the beef loaf.

HUNGARIAN BEEF LOAF

Put through the fine knife of the meat grinder 1/2 lb. lean beef and mix with 1/2 lb. sausage meat, 1/2 lb. lean boiled ham, (Hormels is good), cut in small dice, and an equal measure of bread crumbs. Season with 1 chopped clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 finely chopped green pepper, and salt and paprika. Mix the beaten yolk of 1 egg, beaten with 4 tablespoons milk.
and the stiffly beaten egg white. Place in a buttered mold, cover tight and steam or boil for 2 hours. Unmold on a hot dish and pour around Heinz tomato sauce.

"Binnie Barnes told me about the Yorkshire cakes," said Gloria. "They are quite rich, but delicious. You serve them with tea."

YORKSHIRE CURD CHEESE CAKES

Place in a bowl 2 cups sweet milk and 2 cups buttermilk. Put the bowl in oven and allow milk to reach 212 degrees. Remove from stove and stir with a wooden spoon until the white curds cling to the spoon, and the liquid which we call "whey" is divided from it. Then drain curds free of all liquid, pressing gently.

Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons currants and 2 beaten eggs.

For the pastry, mix 2 cups flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or Crisco and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Water. A slightly richer variation of simple pastry is desirable, so after mixing with the sifted flour, salt and $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Crisco, it is well to roll out the pastry and dab on the rest of the shortening in tiny bits an inch apart. Grease a plate, cover with pastry, spread the cheese curd on it, add a little grated nutmeg, and decorate the top with a few twisted strips of pastry. Bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Don Alvarado is among the Sheekmans' frequent guests but, though a Latin himself, he had to admit that the Mexican Souffle was new to him.

MEXICAN SOUFFLE

Scald a cup of clear black coffee. Stir into it 3 tablespoons butter that have been creamed with 3 tablespoons cornstarch and 2 tablespoons grated Bakers chocolate. Remove from the fire and stir it slowly into the yolks of 3 eggs, beaten well with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Fold in the whites beaten stiff and bake in a pudding dish in a pan of hot water for 25 minutes.

"I am one of the world's best bargain hunters," lifted Gloria, presently, as we mounted the stairs from the hall. "See that basket flower-stand I bought for $15, and Bill Haines offered me $90 for it, any time I'm tired of it!"

Another Hollywood romance? The film colony has added the names of Beverly Roberts and Director William Keighley, above, to its list of romantic twosomes.

Binnie Barnes said "They are quite rich, but delicious. You serve them with tea."
had a lunch. I had it stripped down and it is sold cherry! Was he mad when he found out what he'd sold me?"

Gloria’s room, when I had last seen it, had been a fairy bower of pale pastel. Now it is a treasure-house for Gloria’s treasure-hunting.

"Look at this bed! I bought the frame for $21, and it’s solid mahogany. It has cane inserts, but I had them removed and the whole thing upholstered in old blue."

It looks more like a couch for a French queen than a bed, for it has a sofa-back as well as foot and head boards.

There’s a revolving Sheraton bookcase, crammed with books, a Sheraton coal hod and a French desk of red mahogany.

"The tie-backs for the curtains are old Sandwich glass plates," she pointed out.

"They used to use them as decorations over horses’ ears, but they are perfect in here."

There is a cabinet at the side of the room filled with such delightful trilles as a French fan, a snuffbox with a tortoise shell cover, a tiny rose quartz cup and a Victorian letter opener the size of a small sword.

On the mantel is a Dresden cabinet set, consisting of six cups and saucers, teapot, cream jug and sugar bowl. Slender young men in top hats form the handles of the pieces, bent over the rims so that if you dared to drink from a cup a top hat would stick you in the eye! The lids of teapot and sugar bowl were ladies in spreading crinolines.

Downstairs again, Gloria brought out a bundle of bargains not yet arranged and we sat on the floor to inspect them.

"I found them in somebody’s basement shop," she gloated. "This old brocaded altar cloth was only fifteen cents a yard! And here is a caspia shawl of the time of Madame Recamier, and this, my dear, is an old waistcoat of the time of the French Revolution! See, it’s cut velvet. It once had a lace front, I think, but that’s gone. I’m going to have it cleaned and hang it on a wall!"

Fashions for Hair

Continued from page 64

one is a bird with its beak pointing audaciously down on your forehead and its feathers intermingled with your hair. Many real or artificial flower decorations are being worn. And the three tiny ostrich feathers tilted forward from atop one’s head, called the “Prince of Wales’” head-dress, continue to be smart.

Of course, if you’re joining the hair-style revolution, you simply must have the right hair-cut. An up-to-date hairdresser will know how to cut your hair if you explain carefully the style you want to adopt. Or better still, show him a picture of one you’d like the finished coiffure to look.

Unless your hair is naturally curly, you need a permanent wave to give body to those curls and rolls so they’ll stay in place. If you want to keep your hair flat around the center of your head, have the permanent only in the ends and perhaps close to your forehead.

Hair that has the right amount of wave and that is cut properly is easy to train into those loose curls and rolls. The secret of a successful cut is to have your hair thinned out from the scalp toward the ends so it is uneven in length. When hair is cut straight across too much weight falls on the ends and they will not stay in curl.

A brush is your best ally in training your
**Wake Up Your Liver Bile...**

Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels, gives you gas and indigestion. You get constipated, Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick, and the world looks puny.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

We've showed you Grace Moore in pictures of her travels. Now here she is very much at home.
"The difference in our methods is the difference in ourselves," observed Mr. Parera. "Miss Moore is afraid of no one—she fears nothing. She takes it for granted that whatever she does is right and that everyone will be pleased with her. For me, I hope that I will not trespass—she does not even dream that she could trespass! She expects that everybody will be happy to see her, and that is true. But I have not the self-confidence!

"At Cannes, I used to walk about on the sands, with my camera concealed at my side where my finger could reach the shutter. When I saw something I wanted, I'd try to look unconcerned as I took it. People in suit-baths—what you call them—bathing suits, yes—look at me and sometimes say: 'You took my picture—I saw you!' but I look innocent. How could they suspect me? I try to seem annoyed. But I do not fool them all, even so."

"These are particularly choice," said the star, holding up a new selection from the heap on the table, "St. Moritz, Switzerland! These shots of me in winter sports outfit against Alp-Grum above St. Moritz—a mountain of glass. Unfortunately it looks like dirt in the pictures, but really it's ice as smooth as glass and as hard to climb. Three people tried to climb it while we were there and they were all killed."

"You will see that these two views of the lake and mountains are taken from almost the same spot," pointed out her husband. "In one I used a yellow filter which gives different values to the blacks in the picture. In one, the small point of land is dark, in the other it is light—that is the result of filters."

"This view of the little inn overlooking the snowcapped peaks—the same inn outside which Miss Moore took her shot of—is made better because of the use of filters. You need them for distance."

Snapshots taken on the Riviera, in the lost city of Pompeii, in Budapest and on the canal at Amsterdam—each recalled a happy day in Copenhagen and Stockholm.

"Do you remember?:"

"Will you ever forget, darling? These pictures represent memories we are storing up for guarantee against the delicious monotonity of inactive old age—memories that will hold us close together."

"Mr. Parera is to have a dark room in a lodge on the new Parera estate in Brentwood, California."

"Taking the picture is only one step," according to him. "When you have the negative in your dark room, you can get the effect you hoped for even if you didn't succeed when you clicked the shutter. If you need a darker shadow, or a lighter contrast, you can achieve either by manipulating an extra sheet of paper over the print, correcting the shadows."

"You can cut out the things you do not want, you can put more emphasis on the chief figure in your picture, or you can vary the light and shade. Often the best pictures are made in the dark room."

"Not my best pictures," chuckled the star. "Once a Brownie user, always a Brownie user! I take what I like and I like what I take—or nearly always. After all, it's the spirit of the thing called adventure!"

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"Fascinating!"

... Men Say of These Three Stars

... wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

DISCOVER how you, too, can have appealing browness with color harmony make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood make-up genius.

New Lip Make-Up

"Your lips will have an alluring color," says Claire Trevor, "if you use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type. Moisture-proof, it gives the lips an even, lasting color." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

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Max Factor • Hollywood

ROCHELLE HUSHDON in "ROMAN-WISE"  
ALICE FAYE in "ON THE AVENUE"  
CLAIRE TREVOR in "15 MAIDEN LANE"  
NEW 20TH CENTURY-FOOT PICTURES
Songwriters

FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW ★ THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS ★

This beauty says:
"Never let more than one day go by"
Here's Hollywood
Continued from Page 63

THAT Cary Grant-Bobby Molleixne romance is still in bloom. They were Clover-Clubbing the other evening, with Bobby looking more deliciously than ever and Cary looking but so interested!

MARGUERITE CHURCHill has gone into business. In fact, Marguerite not only has a factory, (in a local garage), but is her own sales representative. Marguerite has two Mexican girls working in her factory at the manufacture of scarfs, belts and neckties of Alpine suede. She has sold all the important stores in Los Angeles and Hollywood and plans to make a nation-wide tour with her samples, as soon as her picture work allows.

Did you know that Marion Talley had been married twice, and both times her music teachers? Her present spouse is obliged to be in New York the year round, while Marion's picture and radio work keeps her in Hollywood. And she's not keen about the separation, either.

THE Kent Taylor's are expecting an addition to the family sometime in May. It'll be their second.

FOR months and months petite Frances Langford drank her quart of milk a day, but she simply couldn't get the scales above 90 lbs. During her recent vacation in Florida, however, she managed to do the trick and is now up to 100 lbs.

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BATHASWEET free-
Yes, you can have a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet and make your bath a beauty treatment. You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. None is so healthy from the water. Bathasweet renders it a caress—softheso that the water cleanses your pores as it would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweeth is used. No worder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness...

---

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home
You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple receipt: To half pint of water add one ounce of rum, a small box of Barber's Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at a very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barber imports color to a faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Mercolized Wax
Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger-looking and whiter with Mercolized Wax. This single cream in a complete beauty treatment.

---

FREEX gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp. Dept. S, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

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International Luise Rainer in a real-life role of bride! Above, the screen star and her husband, Clifford Odets, brilliant playwright and scenarist, pictured after their marriage.

ILIMITES have developed a new gag to protect them from those business sharks who've been upping the price on property and what-have-you just as soon as they find an actor is interested. The new arrangement is to have a close friend investigate the deal and be quoted a price. Then the actor steps in and consummates the deal. Who says actors are dumb!

ELIZABETH MEYER, who is employed as a reader in the scenario department for David Selznick, is the daughter of the former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and is purported to be worth over a million dollars in her own name. But so great is her ambition to succeed on her own merit, that she decided to take this comparatively unimportant position just to show what she can do in spite of her great income. My, my!

(Continued on next page)
YOU can drop in at the Bing Crosby manse almost any morning—bright and early—and find your favorite crooner taking setting up exercises with his three youngsters, Gary, Dennis, and Phillip. It's only Bing who's keeping that extra pound age away, but he feels it's a good idea for the kids to keep fit at the same time.

BELIEVE it or not, Ned Sparks once turned down $50,000 cash—but cold! Seems that Ned was somewhat stranded in New York for a period of two or three years as a result of the actors' strike, when his old friend, Sam Merwin, offered to stake him to $50,000 to go into business—just any business. But Ned was so crazy about acting he couldn't think of any other business to go into. So how do you like that?

AS ALL her friends know, Joan Crawford is one of the most generous gals in Hollywood. Barbara Stanwyck, was visiting Joan not long ago and admired a new pair of very unusual shoes Joan had just received from her bootmaker. A week later, a package arrived at the Stanwyck front door. It contained two pairs of the identical shoes—and a perfect fit.

ONE of Hollywood's most serious romances is that of Rochelle Hudson and Lt. C. C. McCauley, of Honolulu. Cables, airmail letters, and telephone calls come tumbling in from him at all hours of the day and night, while he's already made three trips to Hollywood, just so's he can see her.

LOOKS like a romance between John Howard and Andrea (Goldwyn) Leeds. All in one week, we saw them Brown Derbying and shopping. And a cute couple, if you ask me.

IF YOU want to gain weight, you might try Pat Knowles' diet—but don't ask me to! It's simply to drink a glass of half ginger ale and half sweet cream three times a day. Pat has already gained three pounds.

FRED KEATING had a watch-dog. It was an enormous Great Dane and guaranteed to be probably the most alert watch-dog in Hollywood. So when Fred came home from the studio the other evening, he was much surprised to see cars parked in front of his house and all the lights on. And just as he stepped from his car, the Great Dane barged menacingly out at him from the front porch. No matter how hard he tried, Fred could not get past the animal. Finally, his front door opened and Patricia Ellis emerged, calling the dog away. He later learned that Pat and a group of friends had calmly broken into the house to prepare a surprise birthday dinner for him, while the Great Dane looked on in an interested fashion, without even a whimper. Fred finally realized the only person who really antagonized the animal was himself. The watch-dog doesn't live there any more!

HELMUTH is just a bit pat out. Helmut, you see, is Madeleine Carroll's new butler and a great big husky German. And Helmut, since he entered Miss Carroll's employ, has had to learn to make tea, of all things, and also to serve tea every day at four instead of coffee. He's an excellent servant and of course wouldn't think of complaining, but Madeleine insists he definitely looks down his nose at her each time he brings in the tea service and feels sure he thinks she's a terrible sissy!

GARY COOPER rushed from the set of "Souls at Sea" to see his favorite dog, which is confined at the vets with a sprained ankle, of all things!

A NEW system has been evolved by several of the larger department stores for the accommodation of their celebrity customers. You simply phone for an appointment and a sales clerk is placed at your disposal after the store has closed. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell had an entire store to themselves a Sunday or so while they shopped in peace for linens, etc., for their new home.

DOLORES DEL RIO has one more beauty award to add to her many laurels. An artist insists she has the most beautiful feet and ankles of any woman on the screen. Interesting to learn that Dolores designs her own shoes, going in for Grecian sandals for evening wear to a large extent. When she's playing ping pong or badminton, however, she prefers no shoes at all. It's a common sight to drop by the Gibbons home of an afternoon to see Dolores hopping around like mad in her bare tootsies!

PAT O'BRIEN has decided to try to do something about his memory or else curb his impulse to stop at every nursery he passes in the future. Pat just can't resist poking around in every garden mart he comes across and about four months ago succumbed to a small fir tree which he asked the nursery to hold until he could call for it. The other morning, a large truck drew up before the house just as Pat was hurrying away to the studio. It developed the tree had grown to such proportions they could no longer keep it in the small nursery, so were obliged to deliver it without waiting any longer. And Pat had to think fast to find a place for the full-grown fir in his already overcrowded garden.

JANE WITHERS was so-o-o mad the other day when she tripped and fell just as recess was announced in her schoolroom on the Fox lot and had to spend her entire play time in the studio hospital being bandaged up. "Gosh, I don't see why it couldn't have happened during arithmetic instead of just at recess," Jane was grumbling when I saw her.

For art's sake, Spencer Tracy, his locks curled, sings and plays a sixteen century Portuguese musical contraption in this scene with Freddie Bartholomew from "Captains Courageous." Technicolor photography calls for special make-up, so here we have Adolphe Menjou being assisted by Cosmetologist Paul Stanhope tinting Adolphe's face for "A Star is Born!"

Don Ameche and his wife are here seen as prominent guests among those present at a recent Hollywood event.
GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

Claudette Colbert
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care...

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.
My compliments on your very good taste, sir

for the good things smoking can give you

Chesterfield Wins

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Freedom for Fredric March!
Beginning an Exciting New Novel
by Thyra Samter Winslow
REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS

Beauty Bath for Teeth

Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching.

Fragrant, satiny-soft, milk-white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

There's a Reason

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satiny-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
JEAN: Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!
MARGE: Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.

*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault

Forgotten Women
by DORIS KAY

I see them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men do call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.

KEEP YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION with LISTERINE

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.

the quick deodorant
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. • St. Louis, Mo.
ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!

THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

RUDYARD KIPLING'S

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

Captains Courageous

 Freddie BARTHOLOMEW as Harvey—pampered by luxury... the sea made him a man.

Spencer TRACY as Manuel—hardy sailor who taught Harvey the ropes.

Lionel BARRYMORE as Captain Dikko, whose men are cowards.

Melvyn DOUGLAS as Harvey's father whose wealth couldn't buy his boy's love.
Location Love At Sunrise!

We're continually uncovering for you the dramatic highlights of colorful Hollywood—revealing the amusing, amazing, or romantic events and adventures that go to make up life as it is really lived, before and after the cameras, in the most sensationally vital amusement and art center in the world. Now, we're giving you another new slant in SCREENLAND's next issue—a brisk, buoyant feature about the fabulous boys and girls of the cinema who, pampered darlings though they be, still must rise at yarning and make love at dawn—all for your edification, not theirs! You'll read hitherto unpublished piquancies in this exclusive article.

Also in the next issue—May, on sale April 2nd—you'll find the further unfolding of Thya Samter Winslow's exciting new novel of Hollywood's hidden side, which is already being hailed as the most entertaining serial ever written about the ways and means of a girl's career in cinema city. Mrs. Winslow has been long established as one of America's outstanding writers of poignant and appealing fiction; but it is only recently that she has consented to be contracted to write directly for the screen. You will soon see Kay Francis starring in one of Mrs. Winslow's scenarios. This means—she knows her Hollywood!
**Dull-Listless**

- Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them, I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "laxing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

**Here's the lesson she learned**

- In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it — found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered — "You're yourself again!"

**And she's so happy now**

- Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. No habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. F-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Nevaork, N. J.

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**Salutes and Snubs**

NAME YOUR FAVORITES
Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne are, in my opinion, the prettiest girls in Hollywood. But I don't like Irene Dunne in comedies. "Roberta" and "Show Boat" were her best pictures. My favorites in comedy are Glenda Farrell, Una Merkel, Zasu Pitts, Ned Sparks, Victor Moore and Jack Oakie.

C. Jimmie Briggance, 8 Benewill Ave., Mobile, Ala.

**NAME YOUR FAVORITES**
Mirtam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne are, in my opinion, the prettiest girls in Hollywood. But I don't like Irene Dunne in comedies. "Roberta" and "Show Boat" were her best pictures. My favorites in comedy are Glenda Farrell, Una Merkel, Zasu Pitts, Ned Sparks, Victor Moore and Jack Oakie.

C. Jimmie Briggance, 8 Benewill Ave., Mobile, Ala.

**THEY DESERVE THE BEST**
Deserving screen players who are entitled to more recognition in 1937 are: 1. Claire Trevor; she's clever and ambitious, and rendered a grand performance in "15 Maiden Lane." 2. Anthony Martin; his singing and acting in "Banjo on My Knee" revealed promise. 3. Margaret Hamilton; she interprets character parts with remarkable effect.

Albert Manski.
69 Pinckney St.,
Boston, Mass.

**TO BILL POWELL:**
I am a lover of wire-haired fox terriers and I am raising several. My father and I took one of them out for field exercise with some bird dogs that daddy thought were very fine. The wire-hair retrieved two birds out of three. It is also good at "pointing" and "setting" birds now. Why not try and see if your dog will do the same?

Alice Dills, Weaver,
Dillsboro, N. C.

**FREDRIC THE GREAT**
It was he who matched Laughton in "Les Miserables," he who proved the perfect mate for Garbo's "Anna Karenina," he who lifted "Mary of Scotland" from the doldrums, he who rose to histrionic excellence in "Road to Glory," and he who made the perfect Anthony Adverse. The greatest actor on the screen: Fredric March the magnificent.

Joseph Horan,
40 Orvis Road,
Arlington, Mass.

**YOU'LL BE HEARING PLENTY!**
I'd like to know why we aren't hearing more about that superb actress Gladys George. It isn't fair at all that we are given such a stingy glimpse of so wonderful a talent and beauty and then have the lid on the Pandora box closed tightly against us. At least SCREENLAND came through by giving Miss George the Honor Page after her excellent work in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

Bee Pierce,
4121 Verdugo Rd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

**YOU TALK—Hollywood Listens**
The stars as well as younger players who are making their bid for stardom like to know what you think about them, particularly how you liked them in their latest picture; and also appreciate your suggestions as to what kind of roles you would like to see them play in future films. So why not tell them here—in this open forum of free and interesting discussion of screen affairs. Be it a Salute or Snub, send your idea along. Please try to limit letters to a maximum of fifty words. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'... you just haven't lived..."

"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento... more hot playing an si senor quick start a revolution!"

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out will you, before you break my heart."

"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Princess Comes Across".

SCREENLAND
Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth may be white and sparkling; but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums.

End half-way care today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The big, new tube saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

SPARKLING EYES HYPNOTIZE A MAN!

Eyes that hold a man entranced must be clear, brilliant! Men are disillusioned when your eyes look tired, drawn, dull. Use Ibath (a physician's formula) to step up brilliance! It helps to clear, soothe, deepen that starry luster! Your eyes feel younger...instantly!

At drug stores, 50¢.

McKesson & Robbins

ibath

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Star of "The Plainsman" 5. Actor featured in "Anthony
10. "Pennywise From Heaven" 34. 
12. "Go West, Young Man" 36. "McKesson Gum"
20. "He's a debonair in "One in a Million"
29. "Only"
31. "Cosman, in "After the Thin Man!"
32. Mata Hari was shot for being this 33. Part of a camera
35. "To marry"
36. "Blair's singer in "Anything Goes"
39. "Before (prefix)"
43. "Actor who's a famous swimmer"
44. "Affirmative vote"
47. "She was "Born to Dance"
51. "Upon"
52. "Shabby"
53. "Soon"
55. Greek letter
55. "Star of 'Old Hush..."
59. "Former husband or wife (dang)
60. "What the movies are shown on"
63. "Paddy"
64. "Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller"
67. "Ever (contraction)"
68. Ginger's ex-husband
72. "Over (contraction)"
74. "Insiders"
77. "Unrefined minerals"
79. "Oscar Piper the detective"
82. "Drum roll"
83. "European measure of area"
84. "Exclamation"
86. "Greenhorn"
87. "Hero in "One in a Million"
88. "French article"
89. "Featured actor in "Spend throns"
91. "To assert"
92. "Star of "The Ghost Goes West"
93. "What every extra hopes to play"
94. "Jumped"
96. "Very black"
97. "This is"
98. "To cushion"
99. "Tool for chopping wood"
100. "He's in 'Mad Holiday"
101. "Note of the scale"
102. "He's famous for dumb Swedish rules ("Happy Woman")"
103. "Concerning"
104. "Ireland"
105. "To come into view"
106. "Menagerie"
107. "To idle"
108. "He's in "Charge of the Light Brigade"
109. "Personality"
110. "The last moment of a movie"
111. "She's featured in "Top of the Town"
112. "Let it stand (printer's term)"
113. "This goes with whiskey or ice cream"
114. "A bubble emission"
115. "Pipe"
117. "Door handle"
118. "Posessed"
119. "Short poem"
120. "Compass point"
121. "Ruby Keeler's husband"
122. "And, in a French version"
123. "Negative"

DOWN
1. "The screen's latest "Camille"
2. "One"
3. "List"
4. "Biblical yes"
5. "Like"
7. "Popular actor"
8. "The screen's most famous child star"
9. "Printed notice"
10. "For feather necklace"
11. "Anegas"
12. "No good (dang, used of movie shoots)"
13. "Co-star in "Love on the Run"
14. "Fuel for heating"
15. "Woman"
16. "Vacant space"
17. "Males"
18. "What you see a movie with"
19. "Hollywood blondes use"
20. "Mrs. Fred Perry"
21. "Spy chief in "Love on the Run"
22. "Leading man in "Born to Dance"
23. "The editor in "Liberated Lady"
24. "Nearby"
25. "You'll get a coat of this at the seaside"
26. "Slam greetings"
27. "Sun-oval"
28. "She retired after marrying "Ree Bell"
29. "Comedienne in "Born to Dance"
30. "Mythical bird"
31. "The in Spanish"
32. "A number"
33. "Love on the ---"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

JANE ALEXI MORO GOLD
HOVER MORK TAYLOR
NEAR ABRAHAMS
SCOTT LEMIS
AD IT INENTS RUM
MUNI LORIS ET
YATES ARE VEN
NELSON OBI JPLZ
SNaps DISN EJ
ETNA EDGES TES
HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! ... as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR
FERNAND GRAVET
IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE
IN MERVIN LEROY’S PRODUCTION

THE KING
and the
CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
Luis Alberni • Mary Nash
Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman
Kenny Baker and Others

Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. Your Favorite Theatre

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R. Heymann and Ted Koehler
"FOR YOU"
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"
**Tagging the Talkies**

Delight Evans’ Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

**Dramatic behind-the-scenes story of the Irish Rebellion of 1916 wherein we learn men must fight and women must weep—and wait. Barbara Stanwyck, as the young Irish wife is convincing, as is Preston Foster as the husband. The outstanding acting performance, however, is that of Barry Fitzgerald—a delightful old rogue—who was borrowed from the famous Abbey Players group. It is drama of the “arty” sort.**

**Stellar acting by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney, excellent direction by Fritz Lang, but a story so unrelenting in its macabre mood there’s more shock than thrill in it. A thrice-convicted youth, Fonda, marries the girl, Sylvia, who believes in him. His record, more than evidence, sends him to a death cell. Attempting to escape he becomes a real killer. He and his bride are killed by police.**

**Tense, pulse-stirring melodrama that builds to a climax of tremendous power. Sylvia Sidney is co-starred with Oscar Homolka—you’ve seen him in previous British films. But this is Homolka’s picture, though Miss Sidney registers very effectively in her part. She is the wife of a man she does not know is involved in sabotage. She falls in love with the agent, John Loder, who traps him. A thriller.**

**You can kiss the villain and clap hands for the hero in this one. It’s honest and honored holism always effective in the theatre. Ray Milland lends a light, gay romanticism to the name part. Sir Guy Standing as the Scotland Yard inspector has his tongue in his cheek most of the time; while Porter Hall as the bearded villain is despicable. Heather Angel is a winning damsels in distress. “Meller” that entertains.**

**A somewhat modernized version of Booth Tarkington’s famous and well-loved story, picturing the youthful characters as “junior G-Men,” may or may not please those who are very fond of the original boys of the novel. However, this is good entertainment. Little Billy Mauch, as Penrod, is delightful, while a colored boy, Philip Hurlie, will storm your heart as Vermon. Frank Craven and Spring Byington are the parents.**

**It would be much nicer if Tala Birell had drafted a story not so familiar as this for her come-back picture. But she does very well in the role of the girl who isn’t one of the crooks, by gosh, but a secret agent. The film is well cast, having Walter Pidgeon, Cesar Romero, Walter Brennan, Warren Hymer, Samuel S. Hinds in the more important roles. The story is well handled and the production good. Fair.**
**LITTLE “COAL MINES” IN YOUR SKIN!**

As delightfully silly a bit of nonsense as you'll hope to see, with Helen Broderick and Victor Moore at their best. It's a satire on a murder trial in a small-town courtroom, where Helen (local club woman) and Victor (real estate) serve on the jury — and how! Robert McWade, as the judge, is splendid. The supporting cast has been well chosen, and direction by Ben Holmes maintains a good pace. Swell fun.

**THAT’S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!**

*Here's How to Deal with Them*

By **Lady Esther**

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin — do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little “coal mines” in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt — dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

**Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin**

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolvd, they can be removed with a simple wipe of the face which is the right way!

When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

**Dissolves Waxy Dirt**

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it — dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear.

Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

**I'll Pay for a Test!**

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores — dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

**Clean Pores Become Small**

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

**Act Now!**

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

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**SCREENLAND**
**WHY DOES A WOMAN CLOSE HER EYES When She is Kissed?**

(USE COUPON BELOW)

Psychologists say that she is an idealist and closes her eyes to " shut out" the everyday reality of rough, red, coarse skin that housework and weather inflict upon them. And they add, by using the famous skin softener—ITALIAN BALM.

Here is a genuinely inexpensive preparation. Composed of 110 scientifically selected, scientifically pure ingredients. For over 20 years, the preferred skin protector of the women of Canada—until the fast-selling preparation of its kind today in thousands of communities all over America . . . Non-sticky, Quick-drying. Approved by Good Housekeeping. . . . Give Italian Balm a week’s trial—at no expense. Send for FREE bottle.

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THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

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Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VARIETY bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name
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A natural look of luxuriant, silky beauty for your lashes

At last . . . everything you want in a mascara! Extra creaminess to make lashes look silky, heavy and long . . . and natural-looking, not "made-up". Permanent! Runproof, smudge-proof. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch of loveliness
PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD’S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

F YOU belong to Hollywood’s younger set, and haven’t a studio call, afternoon is likely to find you drifting along Sunset Boulevard to the little street where Anne Shirley lives. Her house is a modest bungalow, remodeled by Anne and her mother, and it has the air of a house whose owners like it very much. Perhaps that’s why the young guests always seem to enter with a “Now, we’ll have fun” look.

“We have to be ready to serve tea every day, if Anne’s home,” said Phyllis Fraser, the third member of the household, who let me in. “Somebody’s sure to drop in and you get simply starved giggling so much. We are too silly for words, but we do have fun!”

“But we’ve got a fad on now for cooking dinners,” broke in Anne, the dimples showing around her pretty mouth. “We’re crazy about cooking dinners so we let people stay if they understand that it’s one, two, three at this house.

“One—if you like lamb chops, we cook those because they’re easy.

“Two—if you’d rather have steak, we’re good at that.

“Three—if you can’t eat either steak or chops, you can go home!”

Phyllis joined her in a peal of girlish laughter. “We usually have peas,” she added, “because, well because they get done quickest.”

“And the special salad of the house is candlestick salad,” went on Anne. “You take a piece of lettuce to cover the salad plate, then a round of pineapple on that, then cut a banana in half and stick one half in the pineapple, put a cherry on top and drip the mayonnaise down the banana like melting wax. We like Best Foods mayonnaise.”

“Then you put a lifelover in the side for a handle, and there’s your salad!” finished Phyllis.

“Mother gave us aprons so we can look dainty while we cook,” said Anne, pointing to the organy trifle Phyllis was wearing for her culinary efforts at today’s tea. It has a bouffant-skirted figure of a girl appliqued on the organy. “Mine is lavender and Phyllis’ is blue. We hated the maid’s aprons and they swallowed us up, but we adore these!”

“We have cocoa nut cake today,” observed Phyllis, presently, “but if a crowd comes, and the girls aren’t worrying about getting fat, we have sandwiches and tarts, or crumps or grand kind of English do-dads.”

“I’m learning to cook, but I don’t know how to do any of the fancy things,” Anne warned me. “Oh yes, except lemon cheese cakes! Know them? Mother’s specialty. You take juice of six lemons, four eggs, well beaten, two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter. Cream the sugar and butter, beat in the eggs, add the lemon juice and cook slowly until it thickens, then pour it into the tart shells, stick in the oven until it’s hot—just a minute or so—and eat!”

(Cont. on page 74)
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!
George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cassart

LOU BROCK • RALPH MURPHY
Associate Producer • Director

Songs You'll Rave About!
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling"
"Coming On" • "There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Producer
Obeisance to Luise Rainer for the haunting beauty and true nobility of her performance of O-Lan in "The Good Earth"

O-Lan, the Chinese peasant woman of Pearl Buck's novel, comes to life in the person of Luise Rainer, at top left, in a memorable scene from "The Good Earth." Center left, two close-ups showing her marvelous variety of expression. Below, with Paul Muni, who plays Wang Lung. Above, the unforgettable scene in which Wang gives the pearls back to his dying wife, O-Lan.

Of course you applauded her as the charming little heroine of the melting glance and liquid voice in "Escapade." And you sighed and cried with her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Naturally you recognized this newcomer from Europe, Luise Rainer, as a fine actress and spirited personality. But did you know that she possesses the elements of greatness? See her in "The Good Earth" and you will bow to a shining new star—a unique actress who with a glance can express undying love; with a quirk of the lips the whole of China's sense of humor; and, with a long gaze from those expressive eyes, the unspeakable pathos of self-sacrifice. She has very few lines to speak in "The Good Earth," but Luise Rainer is not dependent upon dialogue. She can express more of tragedy or comedy with a single gesture than most actresses can with abundant close-ups. So we salute Rainer, most versatile girl on the screen, for a great character creation.
ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

B. Spence, A bow to you for the compliment! And now, it was Priscilla Lawson who played Florence Taylor in "Rose Bowl." Did you see Miriam Hopkins in "These Three?" Then there is an English picture called "Men Are Not Gods," which she made while in Europe. Her forthcoming Samuel Goldwyn picture is "The Woman's Touch." Miriam certainly has it!

Edith R. It was Gloria Swanson who played in the silent picture, "Madam Sans Gene," a number of years ago. As far as I know Dietrich never appeared in that role.

Beryl Bromley, Yes, I agree with you. Mary Brian was de-lovely in "Peter Pan" which was her very first appearance on the screen, and she was just a kid then who had won a contest which brought her to the notice of the powers that be. "Spending" was a fairly recent Brian picture for Paramount.

Merian C. Robert Taylor is really handsome off the screen, so you need have no fears that you will be disillusioned. He answers his fan mail, but I'm not saying that he doesn't have help! Wouldn't you like to know if he is in love and with whom! At any rate, he is still a bachelor. He was born August 5, 1911, at Filley, Nebraska. Anything more?

M. C. G. "The Way of All Flesh" was released in 1927. The picture was taken from the book by the same title, written by Samuel Butler. It is available at any library or bookstore.

Mildred J. U. Thanks a lot for your good wishes. Virginia Bruce is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weighs 128. Joan Crawford, 5 feet, 4 inches; weight, 130 pounds. Barbara Stanwyck, 5 feet, 5 inches; weight, 130. Jean Arthur and Simone Simon are the same height, 5 feet, 3 inches. Jean weighs 110, and Simone beats her by 4 pounds.

Betty J. S. Constance Bennett played the feminine lead in "After Office Hours," and Clark Gable played the male lead. "The Unguarded Hour" was way, way back in 1925; to be exact, it was released in November of that year.

As far as Jean is concerned, she has not been "left behind" as you say. She has been the most popular actress in pictures for years and is just as popular now. She has done a wonderful job in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and "The Life of Emmett Dalton." She is a wonderful actress, which is what you should have meant by "left behind." She is a gem!}

MY THROAT HAS FOUND THE SMOKE OF PEACE!

Have hot cigarettes got you on the warpath, too? Try KOOLS. the cigarette with just a touch of mild menthol to make each puff soothing. Like mint in gum, the menthol adds a refreshing flavor to the tobacco. Each pack totes a coupon good for grand premiums. Carton buyers find extra coupons. (Premium offer good in U.S.A. only). Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

SAVE COUPONS ... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Jerry Bergh, débutante who is well known in New York social and musical circles, has gone Hollywood, makes her film début soon.
love IS news...

when this romantic trio
make their new kind of love!

Sweethearts who might as well
live in glass houses...their kisses
-crash the headlines and their
nights of romance sell "Extras"
in the morning! When they thrill...
the world thrills with them...
and so will you! - especially over
Tyrone Power, the new star sen-
sation of "Lloyds of London" in
-a role even more sensational!

Tyrone Power • Young • Ameche
in "Love is News"

Slim Summerville • Dudley Digges
Walter Catlett • George Sanders
Jane Darwell • Stepin Fetchit
Pauline Moore

Directed by Tay Garnett
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Hepburn!

Well, you don't seem to want to be a little lady, so why should anyone address you as "Miss Hepburn?" Not that, I suppose, you want to be called a lady. You certainly didn't act like one when you kicked that girl reporter in the argument in Chicago—"according to report." You didn't when you "posed" for the news picture on this page. At that, it's one of the best rackets. But how long can it last?

When I wrote you an Open Letter back in 1933, you were Hepburn the triumphant, with "Little Women" and "Morning Glory" to your credit as against any off-screen glory of the business of ducking photographers and dodging interviewers. Second only to Garbo, I called you then. Asked you why you couldn't behave—you, the first authentically American idol of the movies. I grouped you freely and a little recklessly with such proved cinema celebrities as Pickford and Chaplin. It was practically a fan letter. But this one is rather different. This one is just to tell you that what was once sincere admiration has turned to amusement, and not with you but at you. Since when have you become a comedienne?

Times have indeed changed. Whereas then you were runner-up to Garbo, you are now responsible for starring in "Sylvia Scarlett," which Cary Grant stole; and in "A Woman Rebels," which might have been subtitled: "And so did the audience." You are turning back to Barrie for inspiration, and perhaps "Quality Street" will serve you well. But consider your inconsistency. You choose to play appealing parts on the screen, get your public all warmed up to you, and then what do you do? Pretending to despise publicity, you seem to glory in the wrong kind. Your famous stage predecessor in the beloved Barrie role, Maude Adams, managed to maintain the illusion of grace, charm, and graciousness in private life, to the greater glory of her fame and box-office receipts. Miss Adams, according to a recently published reminiscence by Ruth Gordon, was not only a fine and considerate artist in the theatre, but a shrewd show-woman who never by any chance disappointed her fond public by a false word or gesture, on the rare occasions when she was glimpsed in the flesh. I don't say that you, of the modern Hollywood colony of gilded gold-fish, could hope to maintain such exclusion. I do say that you could stage-manage your "personal appearances" more cleverly, less clownishly.

If you detain to emulate Miss Adams, and be beloved, you might study the super-exploits of Bernhardt and be genuinely glamorous—Bernhardt, who according to legend appreciated the fine art of publicity and kept her name and fame alive and glowing. I'm harking back like this because I've a suspicion that you are ambitious to be numbered among the immortals of the theatre if not of the screen; and you must have known that when you chose acting as your profession you would be obliged to rub shoulders with public and press, even if it hurt.

Perhaps on your self-constructed pedestal you may not care to keep in touch with what's been going on in Hollywood art circles. So I'll tell you. Garbo and Rainer are going on—and on, and on. Garbo received perhaps the most amazingly favorable "press" in theatrical history for her "Camille," in which the public heartily concurred. Now Louise Rainer has followed close upon her heels with an astonishing portrayal in "The Good Earth." Here are two actresses in the truly great tradition.

I won't bore you by more than mentioning such tried and true box-office hones as Colbert, Crawford, Rogers, and Loy. But the astute business woman I believe you to be, if not the artist I hoped you were, is seemingly blind to signs and portents. Wear slacks under a mink coat; cover your face if you wish. But you'd better be good on the screen. Or do you want to turn into Hepburn the Invisible Woman?

Delight Evans
FREDRIC MARCH has written his declaration of self independence! Stated it not in words subject to interpretations but in irrevocable action that speaks for itself. He has made his choice and must abide by his decision. Now he is on his own. Free to work or play; free to pick and choose his course, be it professional endeavor or private-life interests. No hampering restrictions as to when, where, or how many pictures he must make need color his outlook, for there are no such limitations and qualifying clauses to March's status as in the case of many previous and current instances of what is called a "free lance star." He is a "free lance" in the completest sense that expression has ever connoted in its application to the life and career of a Hollywood star.

In many respects a rosy outlook. But just what does his freedom mean to him in the very present of today; and what will it mean to his future personal happiness and professional prosperity?

Only the future can write the answer to the latter question. Fredric March himself can speak for the present. And speak he did, very frankly, very earnestly, very interestingly when this correspondent asked him the blunt (Continued on page 63)
The greatest revelation ever published about Garbo, our accompanying story sheds new light on this amazing star, both as actress and woman. Top, Greta, with Miss Crews in "Camille." Above and right, studies of Garbo in her most triumphant rôle.

She weighs less than a hundred pounds. She got through "Camille" only by sheer force of her indomitable will power. She did not know at its completion when, if ever, she might be able to make another picture. She is lonely here, but will not go back to Sweden in retirement unless her health compels her to end her career. She is making the fight of her life for the only life she loves. She does not know whether she will win or lose.

This is Greta Garbo today.

These startlingly intimate truths about Garbo were told me by Laura Hope Crews as we sat in her spacious Colonial house on North Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills. No one could have been better able to tell them than the sunny actress who played the gusty Prudence in "Camille" so gaily as to make that old rip a new joy. For, meeting as strangers, the two became pals. Theirs was not merely a professional relation but a personal companionship so close it brought confidences never before made by the great star whose watchword had been silence. Now that this silence is broken it sets at rest all the vague rumors, false statements and wild canards which have whirled about the screen's most glamorous figure. "Garbo," dis- (Continued on page 69)
Hollywood Holiday

Beginning an exciting new novel of
Hollywood's hidden side, by one
of America's best-loved writers

It ALWAYS seems like a holiday in Hollywood,”
Marsha Drew said, as she pulled last year's béret
over this year's marcel.

“I don't see how you can say that,” Eleanor Morton,
her roommate, who wasn't working, managed to yawn
from the comfortable haven of the more disheveled
of the two disappearing beds, which, luckily for Eleanor,
only disappeared when you encouraged them to.

"Something is always going on. Read the papers,
darling, if the things don't happen to you. Stars are
always coming into town or going out of town. Week-
ends at Palm Springs and Arrowhead. Parties, Gala
nights at 'The Troc. It's exciting. It's—it's terrific!"

"I'm of the school," said Eleanor, burrowing deeper
into her pillow, so that her words were muffled a bit,
"who believes that if things don't happen to me they
aren't happening at all. My program today is to go to
Central Casting to see if they need a bee-utiful and
lovely young blonde for a future star—or a present bit
or even extra. And if that's a holiday! And I guess
you've got more to look forward to. Because you're
working!"

"It isn't just the work, darling. You know that. Maybe
a script girl at Super Films isn't the acme of all jobs.
But things do happen there—even if they don't happen
to me."

And, so help her, Marsha hadn't
known Keith was around. She
couldn't help it. She slipped, lost
her balance. Came down with a
crash. And who but Keith Knowles
came to her rescue!

"For example?"

"I hope you'd ask that. Well, today, my lamb, today
is marked by the presence in our midst of none other
than Keith Knowles, who is going to star in 'All Over
Town,' How's that for excitement?"

"That ham!” said Eleanor, "He's already seen his best
days. His idea of acting is turning a profile to the camera
and standing still. He doesn't even know moving pictures
have come in—to say nothing of sound."

"Eleanor!” Marsha's voice held
real shock, now. Keith Knowles was
one of her heroes. And the studio
was taking him big.

"And you'll see a lot of him," said
Eleanor. "If you see him at all! His
memorable words to you will be "Ex-
cuse me, Miss," as he pushes you to
one side—if he remembers his man-
ers at all."

"Cat!” said Marsha, "And weren't
you thrilled when Rupert Drake drove
you home in the rain. We didn't hear
the end of that for weeks—and I don't
believe he'd recognize you if he ever
did see you again."

20
By Thyra Samter Winslow

Eleanor ended the thing by turning over and pretending sleep. It didn’t fool Marsha, but it was the easiest way out.

Marsha glanced at her wrist watch and flew down stairs to the garage where she kept her car. Keeping a car in an attached garage seems luxury stuff. It could easily be, any place but in Hollywood, where part of the holiday atmosphere of the place—which meant so much to Marsha—extended to outward living conditions, no matter what the externals might be. You had to have a car in Hollywood. Surface cars and busses never went where you wanted them to. Taxis were too expensive for everyday use. And, if you were a girl, and a popular one, you couldn’t depend on young men for daily transportation.

Marsha’s chariot consisted not in a “little old last year’s car,” but one that had had five years of pretty constant use before she even thought of taking it over. She had had it a year, now, which marked the length of her stay in Hollywood—minus one month—she hadn’t had a car at all, then. It was fully paid for, now. She didn’t even think of getting another. A brand new car was far beyond her dreams. All she asked was that this one kept on running, that she was able to supply it with gas and oil—and that enough boys would supply invitations so that she wouldn’t have to do a great deal of night driving.

She nodded to the garage man—she gave him a tip every month and he gave a semblance of polish to her car; got into the car, a small black coupe; had the usual trouble in starting it—and was off to the studio.

She liked this drive, Hollywood, first. Through the rather friendly traffic that was Hollywood. It was only at night that Hollywood driving became frightening—when folks seem to forget what they were doing, and what the other fellow was trying to do—and zoomed around corners and down roads and boulevards at terrific speed. Day times were tame in Hollywood. Curving streets with interesting homes—even the smaller ones attractive—English and Spanish and Monterey built next to one another without plan. Gardens, seemingly always green, save when a house was empty—and then a brown plot gave the appearance of a tooth having been pulled. The business arteries, Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset, were miniature city streets, with branch stores and department stores and very special specialty shops—each one adding to the holiday aspect of Hollywood.

Marsha saw all this, now—with half an eye. She wished, as she always wished, that she could visit the better places more frequently: the Brown Derbies—three of them; the “Troc,” LaMaze, Casanova—the places you read about in the newspaper columns. The boys she knew couldn’t afford them. They found very nice little restaurants when they took you to dine before the inevitable movie—there was no place else to go in Hollywood, if there wasn’t much money to spend.

She wished, too, she could shop in some of the smart places, the way she had seen girls shop. A smart negligée, a sports dress, a bit of Venetian glass. The shops were small and the stock was small and seemed so carefully selected. Oh, well, on thirty-seven fifty a week you tried not to think about such things.

You tried not to think about a lot of things—if you were Marsha and wanted to be happy—and keep up the holiday spirit in your heart.

A year in Hollywood—and years before that, too, had schooled her against useless emotions. It wasn’t easy. Even now.

She had come, originally, from Dayton, Illinois. That was a long time ago. It seemed long, now, anyhow. Her mother had died. Her father had married again. And there were younger half brothers. And she wasn’t needed. It wasn’t that she wasn’t wanted. She got along all right with her step-mother. Liked her. Knew that her step-mother did the best she could, really. Why, she wrote to her, even now, when she remembered it. It was just that Marsha didn’t quite fit in, wasn’t necessary. The step-mother couldn’t quite (Continued on page 82)
What you don’t know about Franchot Tone, and learn here, is that his sense of humor makes him far more interesting than the hero Hollywood ballyhoos.

By Ben Maddox

The Truth about Tone

At the swank premiere the long, shiny black limousine finally edged through the eager crowd of fans. The man at the microphone cried, “It’s Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone!”

There was a dramatic pause in that vast, typical confusion. A doorman sprang to the car. Out swept Miss Crawford, magnificent in her Parisian evening gown and sables. She hesitated.

Then Mr. Tone, attired in a sweatshirt and cords and sneakers, popped blithely out!

This hasn’t happened yet, but this mad mutiny is what Franchot Tone wanted to perpetrate the last time he went to an opening at the ultra Carthay Circle Theatre. Can’t you visualize everyone completely flabbergasted? “I can’t imagine anything that would have been more fun!” says Tone. But he can’t be himself any more. He’s always remembering, in the nick of time.

I’m going to risk telling tales out of school on Franchot. You see, before he was perched on this pedestal in California, he was the convivial, unrestrainedly human person you’d ever want to meet. Impetuously he chucked his Phi Beta Kappa key in a trunk beside the clippings his mother had saved about his campus dramatic supremacy. Parking his past nonchalantly in the basement of the family house in Niagara Falls, he shuffled off to adjacent Buffalo and the stock company there. Soon he progressed to New York City, and the fun began.

Don’t for a moment think that he carted along a superiority hangover, as easily he might have considering his collegiate prestige at Cornell. Don’t presume that he acquired an important feeling when shortly he was acclaimed the hope of the...
Workaday Girl

ONE moment she was an unknown stock player at Paramount, coaching like any amateur with Phyllis Lawton, the studio dramatic teacher. The next minute she was catapulted to fame in two leading parts, both in the same picture—one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Frances Farmer is the unknown who played the difficult parts of the two Lottas, mother and daughter, in the picturization of Edna Ferber's famous book, "Come and Get It." In that picture she played opposite Edward Arnold, one of the finest actors in the business, and much to everyone's surprise; he had to share the critics' praise with this amateur. It was one of those unlooked-for big successes that happens only once in a blue moon in Hollywood.

If this had happened to you, as it happened to Frances, you might be quite giddy with excitement. Going to bed an unknown one night and waking up a star the next morning usually does do things to people. The temptation would be to throw off your workaday clothes and your workaday manners and to blossom out, taking full advantage of your new glamor. A new "Don't look now, but here I come" tilt to the head, and a "Well, I showed you, didn't I?" flant to the shoulders. Yes, and you might buy your eyelashes a little longer from now on, your hose a little silkier, and your friends a little mightier. But Frances Farmer indulged in none of these feminine frailties. When she appeared for luncheon at the spaghetti-scented Lucey's that day-after, she was wearing that same workaday suit that she had worn so often to her dramatic lessons just a few months before. It was dark and tailored, and over it she wore a loose-fitting black and white plaid coat. She wore a little black hat, and under it her lovely blonde hair was neatly tucked away. No curls, no frills, no nonsense. It was just like the outfit she used to wear about the University of Washington campus. Nor was there anything about her make-up to indicate that she was an actress. Just a little powder, a little lipstick. and (Continued on page 78)
Private views from a star's album, and personal tips on camera tricks from Ginger Rogers—who always gets what she wants to photograph

If you should go up to Ginger Rogers and say: "You can't do that!" about anything, she'd automatically reply: "Why not?" and then do it.

Not in a spirit of "I'll prove you're wrong!" but because she'd want to find out what was so impossible about it. She loves to figure things out, which is one of the reasons she enjoys her candid camera.

I found her in her peach-and-cream dressing-room, sitting on the silken couch, almost buried under a selection of architect's drawings depicting various swimming pools. The room itself is a setting for a princess, but its owner was wearing simple blue slacks, her curls tied back with a narrow ribbon.

When Ginger is present, you don't notice the things around her, but when she isn't in that dressing-room to distract your attention, the thing that dominates it is a large charcoal sketch of an old woman, a strangely powerful sketch not quite finished. Ginger made it herself, sketching and painting are among her hobbies.

"Taking pictures is just a variation of that art urge," she laughed, "I'm a camera fiend. I'm not satisfied with anything I've done so far, but I'm learning. Whether the stuff is good or not, though, it's fun!"

When Ginger was thirteen, she won a prize in a contest. The prize was a vaudeville tour of several weeks and that's the way her interest in cameras was born.

"I wanted a record of the trip," she explained, "so I bought a little Brownie—just a thin box affair—and everywhere we went, we snapped pictures. Sometimes we 'gagged' them, standing against the huge billboards that advertised our show; sometimes they were just the sort

Don't tell Ginger she can't get a certain camera effect—she'll go right out and prove you're wrong! Top left, the star shows some pictures to Musical Director Nathaniel Shilkret. Next, reading down: her co-star, Fred Astaire, on the sidelines of a night set; Ginger and Fred dance, taken with Ginger's camera; her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, plays backgammon; dance number on the set. Below, Phyllis Fraser and Anne Shirley.
of let-me-take-your-picture stuff that any kid would take
on a trip.”

After her marriage to Lew Ayres, Ginger shared her
husband’s interest in home movie cameras and made
several reels of movie action stuff. But it was during the
making of “Top Hat” that she really caught the fever.
Her secretary, Bill Hetzler, had been taking pictures, as
amateur and professional, for ten years. He has a Ger-
man camera and his pictures are good.

“That canal set for ‘Top Hat’ was so lovely, I wanted
to make a few shots of it,” said Ginger, “so I asked Bill
to bring his camera over and let me see what I could do.
Of course, nobody really wants you to take pictures on
sets, but they were nice about it. I stood on one stage
and shot through the door to the set. Sets are so beau-
tifully lighted that amateurs can get good stuff without
figuring out how to do it. I was so pleased with my re-
sults that I began to think I should buy a camera of my
own.”

“Everyone seemed to have a Leica camera, and they
all recommended it to me, so I got one. Almost as soon
as I had it, I took my trip to New York and Washington,
taking it along. I’d been given careful directions about it,
but I suppose I forgot them, or else I hadn’t learned how
to apply them, for I came back with next to nothing.
Sometimes, I’d over-exposed; sometimes the lighting was
wrong; sometimes the focus wasn’t right. But each
failure taught me something.

“Bill shot some pictures, and the first ones he made
weren’t good either. He analyzed the results and
showed me what was wrong. One of my chief faults
had been that I was so excited over what I hoped to
get that I didn’t hold the camera still. And here’s a
tip for other enthusiasts: If you want to get an
action shot, don’t shoot it as it whizzes past you, but
shoot as it comes toward you at some angle so that
as it moves, it will move in your range and not in
and out.”

While she was making “In Person” with George Brent,
he, in his rôle of ornithologist, had a small Leica camera,
and this further fired Ginger’s photographic ambitions.
When they went up to Big Bear on location, she took her
Leica with her and got some off-stage stuff that even
Bill admitted wasn’t bad.

Ginger is more interested in people than in buildings
or scenery, which accounts for the fact that her albums
contain very few shots without human interest.

“If I ever do take a building, (Continued on page 88)
"Sure I'll Talk About Bob"—Bing

Very confidentially, here's what Bing Crosby thinks of his radio and film team-mate, Bob Burns

Mr. Crosby was a thing of beauty. He sat behind a desk in the spacious offices of Bing Crosby, Ltd. His hat was on his head. He also wore a coat. And under the coat was a sweater. But this was no ordinary sweater. No, indeed. In fact, this was the most extraordinary sweater. It had a kind of a yoke which buttoned high up around his neck. The yoke was bright blue. The middle part of the sweater was a bright, bright yellow. A blue band was also around the bottom. He was, you might say, done up in a big way. And liking it—even though no one else did.

"Bob Burns?" Mr. Crosby was saying. "Oh, yeah! We have a feud on. It's about pipes. You see, Bob is trying to collect more pipes than I have. Must have about fifty now. Keeps me busy buying new ones so he won't get ahead. Pretty expensive, too. Guess I'll have to try some of the old ones on him soon and just hope he won't recognize them. He's pretty shrewd, though. Doubt if I could put it over on him.

"He's a swell guy, really. Liked him the first time I ever talked to him, back in 1934. My cook likes him, too. She says he's the only person who comes to the house who appreciates her cooking. Yes, I must say Bob does justice to her cooking. He eats very thoroughly, methodically but inexorably. Three times around for him is just fair eating. Why, one night he put away four Mallard ducks! He always condones his appetite by saying he doesn't eat sweets. He doesn't. But sometimes I think it wouldn't be so hard on the duck if he did eat desserts.

"Bob's the kind of a fellow I like, though. Likes to hunt, fish, and play golf. He's a peculiar kind of hunter. He'll get all done up in his boots, take his dogs and guns and start walking. As soon as he has caught two birds, he's finished for the day. The rest of his hunting is purely conversational.

"And it isn't because he couldn't catch plenty more if he wanted. Did you ever know Bob was one of the thirty best shots in the American Expeditionary Forces? Why, I've seen him take an ordinary little cardboard match-box, fasten it by a string to a tree and start it swinging. At fifty yards, he can hit it every time. Never saw him miss."

Bing (Continued on page 60)
And Bob Turns the Bazooka on Bing

If you want a real close-up of what your favorite crooner is like, both as a professional and private person, tune in on this

By Virginia Wood

"I can truly say I have never known a finer man in all my life than Bing Crosby," said Bob Burns sincerely, in his own inimitable Arkansas drawl, "There isn't an ounce of smallness or pettiness in his whole system. He just doesn't know what they mean."

We were sitting in the newly decorated Burns dressing room over on the Paramount lot. Bob had insisted on showing it off before we did another thing. Every article of furniture, every print hanging on the wall is important to Bob. And it's all because "the boys" planned it for him as a surprise. You see, Bob has been so busy these days what with writing his own dialogue for his next picture, his radio skits, and now the syndicated newspaper column he has just started, he hadn't found time to drop in at the studio.

And then he found out—quite by accident—that "the boys" were just a little bit hurt because he hadn't seen their handiwork. And being the sensitive, appreciative kind of guy he is, Bob dropped whatever it was he had been doing and rushed right over. The telephone buzzed for quite a long while thereafter as he thanked each workman individually for his particular part of the redecorating. And he's proud as punch that they thought of him at all, much less that they would take such pains with his dressing quarters.

After I had expressed the proper appreciation of the room, we settled down in a couple of easy chairs. And I had to admit they were awfully comfortable.

"The first time I ever met Bing," Bob went on, stopping to light his favorite pipe, "was back in 1934. I was on a radio program at the time and we were putting on a benefit show. Bing was in the audience, but I didn't know that until Andy Devine called me on the telephone the next day and told me. He said, in that old gravel voice of his, that I'd had Crosby on the floor laughing at my gags and he thought he had..."

(Continued on page 67)
"Heavens! Is That Me?"

That's the heartfelt, if inelegant cry of all the stars when they first see themselves on the screen. But most of them get over the shock sooner or later!

By Gordon R. Silver

THE greatest shock anyone can possibly have is to see himself on the screen—not as he thought he was, but as he really, truly, absolutely is. Ask any actor, ask any actress!

"Strutting the boards," and listening to the applause, the stage actor, like all of us who have kind-hearted and complimentary friends, builds up little, (and sometimes big), illusions about his appearance, manners, and general charm. Then he comes to bad old Hollywood and sees himself in the cruel light of actuality.

"It's a durned lie and nothing else but!" burst out Joe E. Brown at the Beverly Hills preview of his first picture. After experiencing a series of stage successes, that first sight of himself dealt him a regular knock-out blow from which Joe has never quite fully recovered. He still thinks his success is groundless and that he is "just a lucky fellow." However, that's typical of Joe, for, in spite of his bluff comedy, he is all artist underneath, with perfection his goal.

Joe says he certainly would have deserted Hollywood right then and there if it hadn't been for one man—Ernest Vadja, the prolific scenarist, who was a stranger to Joe, but, after the preview, he sought out the comedian to congratulate him on his splendid performance. So Joe thought, "Well, if a perfect stranger and an authority thinks I am good, maybe I can be, after a while."

In the early days of talking pictures, Director Mark Sandrich entered the projection room of a New York Studio to view the "rushes" of a short he was doing for RKO. "Rushes" of another picture, a Rudy Vallée short, were being shown, and Sandrich waited. Presently, he saw a young girl sing a number and was impressed by her personality.

The lights went on. Sandrich noticed a girl who was sitting in a corner shaking with sobs. She was the "personality" youngster of the song. "I looked terrible, awful, a perfect fright," she said to Sandrich. "And I do so want to make good in pictures. But I guess I never will."

"Oh come, you didn't look terrible at all," Sandrich assured her. "You have, of course, some things to learn about screen make-up, but you're good. Mark my words, you'll be starring in Hollywood some day, and I hope I can direct you!"

The girl was Ginger Rogers. And Sandrich did one day direct her—in "Top Hat." The incident was vividly recalled when, in a sequence with Fred Astaire, Ginger had to shake with sobs all over again.

Ann Sothern saw herself on the screen for the first time in Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," and laughed that she certainly couldn't ever fall in love with herself! In fact, she couldn't believe it was herself up there on the screen. Her appearance was that of a total stranger; her voice was far different than she had expected; and since they had changed her name from Harriet Lake to Ann Sothern, she simply said, "Well, I guess I'll just have to take your word for it that that's me!"

"Good heavens, it just can't be! It just can't be me!"

It was Clark Gable who—

Picture a group of your cinema favorites in a projection room watching the "rushes" of themselves. See, up there on the screen, the famous faces. You like 'em, but what do they think? Find Joan Bennett, Anita Louise, Clark Gable, Ann Sothern, Claudette Colbert, Joe E. Brown, Eddie Robinson, Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic March, and Mary Boland—then read what they have to say.
Her revelatory experience began the first day of her first picture. A special luncheon engagement prevented her from seeing all but the end of the rushes. Entering the room, she timidly asked the director how the beginning of the rushes looked. "Oh, great," he smiled. "I had a terrific flow of action in the scenes."

Gertrude turned to the photographer with the same query. "They were wonderful," he beamed. "We got some of the finest lighting effects you ever saw!"

She was still wondering how her acting was when she asked the sound man. "The sound was great, some of the best I've ever done, in fact," that good man answered modestly.

The property man also had seen the rushes. "That statue I had in the corner stood out beautifully," he declared. "It was worth all the trouble."

The cameraman was next questioned by the now thoroughly distressed actress. "The rushes?" he echoed. "Tremendous—I don't think I ever saw better camera angles!"

In desperation, Gertrude turned to one of the assistant directors and fired the query point-blank at him, thusly, "Did you see me in the rushes? Me, Me, ME!"

"I'm so sorry," he smiled, "but I really didn't notice you. However, I did hear the director say you were pretty good, so I wouldn't worry any."

Gertrude didn't—she had done all the worrying she was going to for one day!

Edward G. Robinson's innate kindliness of soul was shocked by the very success he achieved in acting tough and wicked in his first screen appearance as a gangster. Gladys, his wife, thought he looked right handsome and decidedly polished in his top hat and tails, but Eddie gasped and choked with dismayed apprehension when he viewed his screen villainy. The picture was "A Hole in the Wall," in which Claudette Colbert and Eddie both made their Hollywood debuts. Eddie had seen the rushes at the studio, and couldn't muster enough courage to attend the brilliant preview at (Continued on page 93)
IT WAS something to build a tower like that. Straight and tall and strong. Something to stand there in that tangle of wires and steel and the afternoon sun hot over a man's head and death waiting under his feet.

It was the tower that got Slim first of all. The strength of it, the arrogance of speeding toward the sky. But now it was more than that, that impelled him forward to the foreman shouting instructions to the men above. It was that feeling of death waiting and of a man's courage that could go on knowing all the time it was there under his feet, and do his job and whistle a tune as he did it.

Boys usually have a hero to speed them through young years. Lancelot, Robin Hood, Lindbergh, it could be any one of them or of dozens like them with valor great enough to take hold of mind and imagination. Slim had never had a hero before. Cow-punching in desolate sage country since he was a kid hadn't left much time for reading or books.

But he had a hero now looking up at the net of wire going up over his head and at the strong red-headed man with the impudent Irish grin laughing as he tightened a bolt. There were three men with Red up there on the tower but he was the one Slim saw, dominant, compelling in that easy, laughing way of his.

"I can't build this tower out of matches!" Red's bellow drifted down to the grunts below. It was only a few minutes before that Slim had found out the nickname for the ground men and already his brain had stored the knowledge.

"Let's see the steel get up here!"

"Git up! Git up!" The fellow they called Stumpy looked quizzically up.

"Old Paw used to plague me about getting up and you know what I told Paw? I says to him, 'Paw, one of these days I'm going to git up and git outa here and git gone and leave you to run this farm yourself!' And I done it, too. You think there ain't come half the people in this whole country just to watch me build this tower?"

Excitement and the love of danger drew Slim from the uneventful life on his father's farm to the hazardous work of constructing power-line towers. Henry Fonda, in the name rôle, fights hard to get a job as linesman, and his friendship with a fellow worker, Pat O'Brien, follows an exciting course to his meeting with Cally, Margaret Lindsay, hospital nurse and his pal's sweetheart.
His broad smile took in Slim standing on the edge of the crowd, his tallness and thinness accentuated by his shabby ranch clothes, his hand still holding his pony's bridle.

Now he smiled as he threw the reins over the horse's head and his eyes quickened as he saw the grunts pulling up the steel.

Before, the boss had been indulgent about the boy's evident curiosity. It was that kindness in him that made every grunt and signalman and linesman who had ever worked under him call him "Pop." But now his warning came in the crisp staccato that made them always think of him as "Boss."

"Get out of there, boy!" Even the boy who didn't know him obeyed that quick command. "One of them linemen might drop something!" he explained tersely.

"What happens when one of them linemen drop something?" Slim asked.

"Pop smiled dryly. "That's what I called you over here for. To keep from finding out!"

"But those—" (Cont. on page 70)
No girl in Hollywood ever voluntarily stepped out of the limelight at the height of more attention, better breaks in her career, and more downright fun than June Collyer Erwin.

Certainly, actresses have retired before. The difference is that June quit for love and marriage and babies, (one of which nearly claimed her life).

She is one of the very few who ever called a halt to the glamorous game when it was at its most glamorous. You don’t have to be very far out of braids and hair-ribbons to remember when June was the toast of the town, one of the most beautiful girls who ever graced a social event as well as a Fox picture, and who made the front pages of international newspapers when Prince George, the present Duke of Kent, came visiting a.w.o.l. in Hollywood. The Prince made no secret of the fact that he found June the loveliest of the Hollywood beauties. She was his favorite dining and dancing partner for three of the most hectic days the natives can remember.

When the beautiful Collyer met Stuart Erwin, droll comedian, fell in love with him, married him and retired a year later to have young Stuart, Jr., everyone assumed it was merely a matter of time before she would resume her career again. For June was tops. She held a place of her own among the featured players and the salary she walked out on was for $2500 weekly!

But time went on, and June didn’t come back. Instead, the Erwins had another baby, a little girl this time, named “Judy” Dorothea for her mother.

You kept finding June’s name listed among the fash-
Hollywood Wives

Continuing an exclusive and unique series with the story of a screen beauty who abandoned a career for marriage, home and children as the wife of Stuart Erwin

By Dorothy Manners

ionable guest lists, but invariably as Mrs. Stuart Erwin. When you saw her, as the quaint saying goes, "in person" you realized she was more beautiful than she had ever been in her movie débutante days. Yet there was never even a rumor of June's plans to return to pictures.

"Why?" I asked the girl in the rose-colored sports dress who sat on the other side of the cheerful fire in the playroom of a Spanish home in Beverly Hills, and who was, as you may have guessed, none other than June herself.

The rich hennas and greens of the Spanish home are becoming to June as a background. Most women blend their backgrounds against their own personalities. June, who is delicately patrician in type, had contrasted her to charming effects. But more of the Erwin domicile in due time. First, there is June—the only girl by that name I've ever known who looked it.

I said: "Don't you ever grow restless? Don't you ever miss the fun and excitement of having a career of your own, especially such a happy one as you had for five years?"

I was remembering what Joan Bennett, our "actress-wife," had said on this subject. Remember Joan's words: "I think a girl who has known the excitement of a career could never really settle down to merely being a housewife, no matter how much she loved her home and children. At least, I could not." And most actresses share this view.

But there was not the slightest hesitancy before June replied: "I don't miss it, not for a minute. Not for one little minute! Life has never been more exciting and happy for me than it is now. It would be the deepest ingratitude to ask for more than I've found with 'Stu' and my two children.

"You see," she went on, as though she were contemplating the idea I suggested for the first time since her marriage, "I had a career for five years, and as you say, it was a gay and happy one. But the point is, I never had careeritis!" There is a difference.

"It is strange, too, because my mother, who used to be an actress, often says that the very smell of greasepaint makes her hungry for the footlights again. I suppose that part of being an actress was left out of my make-up.

"The other day I went out on one of 'Stu's' sets and sat around waiting to take him to the races. They had only one or two scenes left to do. And yet all the time I was there I found myself thinking: 'I'm glad it is some other girl in front of that camera—and not I!"" The famous Collyer dimples came on display for the first time when she added, "I suppose I just haven't the love of the game in my blood—that's the right phrase, isn't it?"

"Of course, if I had married someone not in pictures, or gone to some other town to live, I know I would have missed Hollywood and my (Continued on page 73)
Intimate close-ups from Europe's Hollywood. News about studio and social doings of stars abroad

By Hettie Grimstead

Gary Cooper, above, with his mother, his brother Arthur, and his father, George Cooper, right, spent his boyhood in England. His father, recent visitor there, told some interesting things about his famous son. Left, reading down: Kay Francis bought perfumes, books, jewelry, but no clothes; June Knight and Michael Barlett, working together in a British film; Robert Douglas, English stage star, makes his screen bow soon.

MAYBE you've never heard of Houghton Regis but mention the name to Gary Cooper and he will smile and say, "Why, that's my family village in England where grandfather kept the flour-mill and where I went to school myself for several years!"

It's a quaint old-fashioned spot with little thatched cottages set in peaceful gardens and a village green with a duck-pond and a rustic bench that's a favorite seat of the older inhabitants, most of whom remember the Coopers. They had a cheerful welcome for sixty-eight year old Father Cooper when he visited Houghton Regis the other day during his vacation tour—he hadn't seen the old home since he left for Montana in 1884. Gary was sent back when he was nine years old, shy and gawky and considerably over-grown, to attend the local grammar school. He hated history and mathematics, was bottom of his class in arithmetic, but top in drawing; and didn't show the least signs he was going to become an actor because he was very slow at memorizing Shakespeare and—shades of "Longfellow Deeds"!—he shuffled his feet the whole time on the celebrated afternoon when he had to rise and recite some excerpts from "Evangeline" before the assembled school.

"Yes, Gary was always unassuming," Father Cooper remarked to me, a little weather-beaten gray-haired man beaming paternal pride. "But he's a good boy and I think he will go on improving as an actor. I don't care for him in these society dramas—he ought to make more Westerns because he's better in them. More at home, you know. After all he was brought up on the range so it's only natural he knows how Western men behave and think."

So although Father admitted that Gary "wasn't bad" in "Mr. Deeds," he approved his son's character. (Continued on page 94)
Torrid New Team!

When Robert Taylor meets his new co-star, Jean Harlow, the screen fairly sizzles!

Hollywood’s latest combination of movie lovers happens in a forthcoming film in which the dark and romantically handsome Taylor encounters the blonde and bewitching Harlow. Here, at left and above, you see the first camera record of their costly cinema attachment. Center, Bob being boyish for Henrietta Crosman, his movie mother. It’s all in the interests of Metro’s “Personal Property,” a new version of “Man in Possession.”
Like Him Romantic, or Modern?

Help solve Errol Flynn's problem. Shall he concentrate on costume pictures, or do you prefer him in current dramas?

It isn't every young Hollywood actor who faces such an exciting, and puzzling future! Flynn made his first screen success in "Captain Blood," then he thrilled us in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Two modern films, "Green Light" and "Another Dawn," gave him a change of scene. But now he is the doughty hero, Miles Hendon, in the picturization of Mark Twain's classic, "The Prince and the Pauper," as you see him directly above in a dramatic scene with Claude Rains and Billy Mauch, one of the Mauch Twins, left, in the title roles. Maybe the answer will be—variety!
Mistress of Moods

Jean Arthur, variable as an April day, dazzles in drama or captivates in comedy with equal ease.

Gently melancholy, as above, or smartly sophisticated, as at the right, versatile Jean enjoys the jump from her Calamity Jane role with Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman" to the very twentieth-century part she plays in "History is Made at Night."

Can it be that Jean's zest for her new picture can be accounted for by the fact she has two leading men? Right, Charles Boyer, hero, gives her a great big hug. Above, Colin Clive, menace, displays rather masterful technique. But we probably don't have to tell you which man wins.
It's a nice coincidence that "Lamour" rhymes with "Amour" because Dorothy, above, is just the sort of charmer who calls forth poetry from college men and columnists. She's a comparative newcomer, is Dorothy Lamour, but she's been lucky from the start, with the lead in "Jungle Princess" as her very first contribution to screen culture; and now, as shown above, she's the pleasant menace of Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low," competing for Fred MacMurray's attentions. Helen Burgess, right, is another newcomer who scored in her first screen rôle, in "The Plainsman." And we predict good breaks for little Mary Gwynne, far right.
Rochelle Hudson's latest, and we think loveliest picture, at left. Just think, Rochelle can act, too! And Eleanor Powell, pictured at right, can dance! Below, Virginia Field is thinking over her personal triumph in "Lloyds of London" and looking pretty at one and the same time.

Why, Jeeves! What will Bertie Wooster say? Arthur Treacher, screen's perfect "gentleman's gentleman," bends the knee to comely Helen Flint—but all for "Step Lively, Jeeves." Janet Gaynor, at left, is such a good actress we sometimes forget she is also one of the most alluring lasses Hollywood has ever discovered. As for Alice Faye, far left, what can we say? Suppose we stick to statistics: Alice is costumed thus for a gay number in "On the Avenue," in which she is surrounded by Dick Powell and those mad, bad Rita Brothers.
After losing her battle with Warner Bros.—and just what was all that about, anyway!—Bette Davis decided to be a good girl and rush a new picture out to a more or less palpitant public. Our candid shots above, from left to right, give you glimpses of the once-striking, now subdued star as she enacts a scene for "Marked Woman" with Lola Lane and Mayo Methot; studying dialogue on the set with Miss Methot—note Bette’s hair-net; playing a scene with Humphrey Bogart; knitting a sweater.

Return of the Rebel

Bette Davis comes back to work—and likes it!
Publicity Love? or can it be real?

Anita Louise and George Brent, rumored romancing, are co-starring in a new picture. What a coincidence!

Old meanies-about-Hollywood are murmuring that the alleged attraction of Miss Louise for Mr. Brent, or vice versa, or both, is excellent publicity for their mutual movie, "The Go-Getter." Well, angelic Anita, above, makes it all seem quite plausible; and consider our pictures below: left and right, George seems to be enjoying his job of making screen love to the little lady; while below center, he holds her hand even when he doesn't have to, sitting on the sidelines between scenes.
Nothing very glamorous, we're sorry, about rehearsals, especially for musical numbers. Consider Joan Blondell, above, practicing a routine with two chorus girls. Joan's feet, for comfort, encased in old bedroom slippers; her hair slicked back and her nose unpowdered. Top right, now in make-up she goes over her lines for the next scene with Fernand Gravet, her co-star in "The King and the Chorus Girl." Right, about to shoot a scene at last. Left, a very candid close-up in the song and dance number.

Oh, So They Do Work Sometimes!

You read of their salaries and swimming-pools. You see them pictured at play. Just for a change, we're showing you how screen stars spend most of their days—working!
Now here's a little inside slant on the tiresome and tedious business of making motion pictures. Blinding, hot lights; long waits; fumbled lines and gruelling hours—but somehow it's still fun. Or is it? Anyway, glance at the row of pictures above and you'll catch Ian Hunter and Frieda Inescort mumbling over their dialogue; Director Archie Mayo coaching Hunter and Marcia Ralston, recent "discovery," for a scene; and Mayo again giving directions to Miss Inescort in an intimate close-up. Left, here's an idea of the relative importance of the actors in a studio; outnumbered by cameramen and technical crew, doing as they're told. Right, Olivia de Havilland and Director Mayo wish they could "Call It A Day." It's their picture, but they're tired of it.

Sorry, Ruby Keeler, we've been so long getting around to you, as you cavort about these pages, rehearsing your latest dance number. But frankly, you sort of spoil our theme! We said glamor and hard work didn't mix, and now you make us out a Munchausen by managing to look graceful even while slaving. It must be you love your work.
Paradoxical Paradise

Oh, California provides Paradise enow, and all that; but pity the poor movie girls whose place in the sun is briefly for the benefit of the cameramen.

The beaches around and about Cinema City; or the pet playground, Palm Springs; or private swimming-pools of the screen great, give us beautiful backgrounds for gorgeous girls in grand new sun clothes! See Judith Barrett, top, wearing a new straw hat which is really a sunshade that slips over her gay bandana. Consider Judy again, at right, wearing a playsuit and bandana of Chinese print, and—wait, here’s the new beach coat of “aqua silk,” which protects the skin from the sun’s rays yet is transparently smart. Polly Rowles, left approves the “aqua silk” idea of her sunshade. Above, Wendy Barrie introduces plus-fours for girls at Palm Springs. Far left, Wendy, wearing culottes and sweater this time, and Polly Rowles in a new tennis suit, make a charming picture.
The most potent current indication that Hollywood is ever-changing is the new production of the silent classic which made Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell famous. That little French whirlwind, Simone Simon, and that humorously realistic lad, James Stewart, are teamed in the less sentimental version

Tempest in "Seventh Heaven"

Not at all saccharine, this new teaming of talent: Simone, the frank and fearless baby siren, is a more daring Diane than Janet Gaynor ever dreamed of; while Jimmy, appealingly awkward, brusquely tender, creates a totally new Chico. Top left, the co-stars on the set; center and above, character portraits. Left, the best of the many love scenes.
All is not emoting in the studio. There are many minutes spent discussing the next scene with one of the technical crew, as Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are doing at the left, on the "Parnell" set. Below, candid close-up of Clark divesting himself of collar and vest to relax before resuming wardrobe and place under the lights. Lower left, catching William Powell in an unguarded moment between "takes" of "Last of Mrs. Cheyney" while the make-up man repairs a too-bright spot on Bob Montgomery's make-up. Then Joan Crawford, snapped as she confers with Camera-man Folsey about a future close-up, reveals herself as efficient as any other working girl with an eye to detail.

Snapped
Without Warning!
It must be a good story! Robert Montgomery, right below, is a deft raconteur but Frank Morgan probably adds a topper, as the two troupers wait to be called to do a scene together. You'll note a far different mood expressed by the resigned but still lovely Myrna Loy, pictured pensively at lower left as she patiently sits while cameras, lights, and microphones are adjusted before she can step in for a scene. Those two fine actresses, Edna May Oliver and Billie Burke, are shown below listening to their director's instructions. Right, Joan disciplines a refractory lock of hair at her cameraman's request, while Bob Montgomery and Jessie Ralph wait.

How the stars really look in those informal moments around the set when they're unconscious of the camera's all-seeing eye.
Character

What do you remember about Miriam Hopkins!—not her good looks so much as her never-failing assurance of a sturdy performance. Menjou, below, has weathered the storms of stiff competition because he insists upon achieving characterizations. The men at left, reading up, offer in their widely differing ways resounding proof that—character counts! Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, Randolph Scott.
Counts!

Beauty, youth, and brilliance allegedly rule Hollywood; but in the last analysis talented trouping accounts for successful motion pictures.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Buck Jones in "Left Handed Law"

Buck Jones, perhaps the outstanding Western star in films today, does all his stunts and stuff in his latest opus. Hard-ridin', square-shootin', Buck personifies to picture-going boys of all ages the true spirit of the breezy American West at its best. Below, our Still of the Month. Upper left, Buck and Silver, his horse. Above, the Western star who is also his own director and producer.
COVERED WITH GLORY:
Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth"
Jessie Matthews in "Head Over Heels In Love"
Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem"

THE NEXT-BEST PERFORMANCES:
Margaret Lindsay in "The Green Light"
Paul Muni in "The Good Earth"
Flora Robson in "Fire Over England"

HONORABLE MENTION TO:
Walter Connolly, Tilly Losch, Keye Luke of "The Good Earth"
Romney Brent of "Head Over Heels In Love"
Barry Fitzgerald of "The Plough and the Stars"

THE GREEN LIGHT—Warner

THIS PICTURE is one of the more interesting of the screen month because it is a conscientious filming of the book by Lloyd Douglas, and because it marks Errol Flynn’s first stellar departure from costume roles. Flynn acquits himself creditably as a young doctor whose high sense of honor and devotion to science are greater than his personal pride, ambition, or love—but don’t let this get you down; he wins the beautiful heroine, Anita Louise, in spite of—or can it be because of—all these fine principles. Frankly, "The Green Light" must go down on my list as one of those "worthy" photoplays which deserves every commendation but which, unfortunately, has almost exactly the opposite of its intended good effect on this observer. I know it is supposed to present a spiritual lesson; it harps on self-sacrifice; and it is undoubtedly. It’s just that it failed to impress our own critic. And, as far as entertainment goes, for your own careworn, dignified, decorative wardrobe. See how the heroine of Del Rio achieves the illusion of aaceful height by her admirably arranged gowns and hats—a hint to all "little girls" who yearn to be classically poised, dramatically effective!
Print and plain, newest fashion note for Spring, are charmingly combined in this frock worn at left by Dolores Del Rio. The plain black frock has short sleeves, a high neck, and circular skirt. Atop this is a short print jacket on a black ground which boasts short sleeves, a roll collar, and a long tie belt. Dolores' large black bea hat has a narrow crown band trim of emerald green, and her shoes and bag are of black patent leather—an old fashion faithful we're very glad to see returned to favor.

More Glamor by Del Rio

Del Rio doles on clever detail and gay accents—accordingly she has created for her such delightful hats as she wears at right, designed expressly for her by Sally Victor. Tiny white birds perch on the front of her off-the-shoulder boa. Her bracelet of rubies and diamonds is an exquisite example of the modern jeweler's art. And how these Hollywood beauties love to snuggle in twin-silver fox!
Madcaps, Curls, Coiffures!

Of course these new hats and hair styles come from Hollywood.

Doris Nolan from the Broadway stage, above, has won Hollywood recognition in a very few pictures; but she has "gone Hollywood" only so far as her coiffure is concerned, having adopted, and adapted the popular cinema style of forehead curls and fluffy side and back coiffure arrangement with the sleek and molded crown. Sally Eilers, one of the screen's own darlings, achieves that certain distinction with the rolled-up coiffure, which shows her lovely brow to best advantage. Betty Furness, left, known as the pretty 'Med-hatter of Hollywood,' wears one of her weirdest madcaps, a dinner hat of black stiffened tulle with turquoise blue glycerinised quilts.

Mary Carlin, above right, selects a Spring beret of black faille with fru-fru of varicolored ribbons to top her first new prints. Mary again, above center, likes this two-tone grey grosgrain turban, with "pushed-in" crown filled with flat bows of the light and dark grey ribbon. Betty Furness, left, agrees with the revised vogue for Paisley prints, and flaunts this madcap to prove it.
Arlen Obliges

Our interviewer wanted Dick to act like a star—and he did. Here's a verbal Silly Symphony that's as revealing as it is amusing

By S. R. Mook

"The whole trouble with you writers," the Editor informed me sternly, "is you don't show players as they really are. You swallow all that hooey that they and the publicity departments ladle out to you."

"But——" I began.

"But nothing," said the Editor. "But definitely, nothing! Go out and interview someone you know well. Pretend you don't know him at all. Just talk to him as you would someone you were meeting for the first time. Stand on your dignity. Listen to what he tells you and see the difference between what he says for publication and what you really know about him. Take Dick Arlen, for instance——"

"Sure," I agreed enthusiastically, "I'll take him."

So presently I found myself dialing the Arlen mansion—where I dine on an average of three or four times a week. "Is Mr. Arlen in?" I inquired when Barbara, the nurse, answered.

"Who's calling?" she asked.

"Mr. Mook," I answered loftily.

"Mookie?" she repeated in a vaguely astonished tone.

"Yes," I snapped, "is Mr. Arlen in?"

"I'll see," she replied.

A moment later Mrs. Arlen, (Joby in less formal moments), was on the wire. "How are you, dear?" she began.

"Listen, Jo—Mrs. Arlen, I mean," I began, "This is Mr. Mook. I have to interview Dick as though I were an utter and complete stranger. And when I come out there, no mention is to be made of the fact I got swacked out there last night and I don't want Rosie reminding me again that the toothbrush I keep out there is worn out."

"Are you crazy?" Mrs. Arlen demanded.

"No, I'm not!" I retorted indignantly. "I'm just tired of being pushed around by a lot of actors and when I interview them here-after I'm going to be treated with the same respect they show strangers."

"Dick's not here," said Mrs. Arlen shortly. "I'll tell him when he comes home. He can (Continued on page 90)
Once A Villain

Menace takes a holiday, and Basil Rathbone, so good at being bad that nobody wants him to be otherwise, proves a "heavy" can be a hero

By Kenneth Thomas

Second only to his desire for screen rôles that test his acting skill, is Basil's fondness for checked materials for his smartly cut clothes. You see that in his screen costume, above, for "Love From a Stranger," and at right, in a new portrait, as well as when you go to interview him.

THIS is the Menace Man's hour. And the cry of Hollywood's charm boys is: "Give me characters I can get my teeth into." Meaning characters with a little iron in them and not so much sugar coating. Indeed, why shouldn't they? The "villain" who used to receive only kisses from the gallery in the "legit," now gets mash notes from the feminine fans and fat pay checks from the producer every week.

The devilish fellow in the piece can be devilish attractive to the ladies out front—and definitely is one to be noted by the Hollywood powers that turn out for the previews.

Even the actor who has done a procession of menace rôles is entirely content to keep away from out-and-out hero assignments. Within certain limits, you understand. Take Basil Rathbone for example.

Basil has made people hate him so thoroughly they like him tremendously on the screen. He wouldn't be a goody-goody if Hollywood paid him for it.

He is one of Hollywood's foremost examples of the new idea in Menace Men—the selection of a thoroughly schooled and finished actor, capable of playing the most difficult part, to give vitality and life to the modern screen "heavy."

Considering his importance and his achievements in the pictures, you don't read much about Rathbone in the news and feature columns of papers and magazines. But that isn't because he plays villain rôles. There's another reason. He's too convincing to make good copy.

Listening to Basil talk gives you the same reaction experienced by that fabled Britisher who, picking up a geometry text book, read it through, returned it to the table beside him with a laconic: "Why, of course!" You don't argue with geometry—or Basil Rathbone when he talks about acting.

If he ever decides to hire himself a gallery of yes-men, they'll earn their money the easy way, giving him the affirmative nod automatically—from conviction. Just as we did that day he talked about acting in the living room of a Manhattan hotel suite he and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were to vacate within the hour to entrain for their home in Hollywood.

Tall, he's over six feet; dapper, slight, Rathbone has the finely trained actor's sense of timing and inflection to accent the ideas he expresses so fluently. He has the easy, cordial suavity associated with his English background. Straight black hair, and dark, almost swarthy complexion, coupled with a nervous energy which finds outlet in quick motions and frequent gestures with the hands, suggest more the characteristics of the Latin than the Anglo Saxon.

"It does get monotonous," he said, "when you play the same sort of part all the time. There is no more interest for the actor in that (Continued on page 64)
The life and talk of the movie metropolis in brief

By Weston East

GARBO has finally capitulated! The studio has at last convinced her she should move into the gorgeous new dressing-room prepared for her many months ago but which she refused to occupy, preferring to retain the small quarters she'd been given when she first went to work at the studio. And the funny part of it is, she's discovered she really likes it there. Incidentally, she even went so far as to have tea on the set the other day with Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, Bob Taylor and George cukor. We just wonder what the world is coming to!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE entertained young Dolores Gonzales, daughter of the chief of police of Mexico, the other day. As everyone knows, Shirley is a lovely hostess. But the day proved a bit difficult, just the same. Trouble was that Dolores couldn't speak English and Shirley isn't up on her Spanish. So the two had to contend with playing with toys and riding around the grounds of Shirley's new home on Shirley's three ponies. Just as Dolores was leaving, however, Shirley remembered a Spanish word. "Adios," she said, in her most polite manner. And at that time, Dolores remembered something too. "Hello," she murmured, in return. It was the one English word she could recall!

SOCIETY Marches On—Hollywood! Latest Park Avenue debutante to wave an airy bye-bye to the social whirl in which she has been very prominent since her debut last year, is dark-haired, violet-eyed Jerry Bergh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bergh. At a bit of hi-jinney in celebration of her au revoir to New York, Jerry, full name Geraldine, said she wants to play "slavery" parts, of all things. Anyway she wants a screen career so much, she has postponed wedding plans to work in films under a contract to Grand National.

YOU can discount all the rumors that are flying around about Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone disagreeing. There's absolutely no truth in it. They're married for keeps, they tell us.

GRACE MOORE will have none of this social-vacation-at-Palm Springs stuff. When she has time to take a breathing spell, she wants to get away from the Hollywood atmosphere, so she's located a little hide-away in Arizona where she spends all her free time. And no one knows the exact location.

IT'S all a mistake about B. P. Schulberg and Sylvia Sidney. Truth of the matter is they never see one another any more and further, Sylvia is very much interested in someone else. So it looks very much as though all the Schulberg-Sidney alliance talk is just a myth.

WHEN you see Gary Cooper in those storm sequences of "Souls at Sea" you don't need to worry about Gary taking a chill. That damp, drippy effect was accomplished by dipping the lanky star in oil instead of water, just so he wouldn't catch the flu. And the funny part about it is, the oil looks more like water through the camera's eye than water itself does.

ALLAN LANE, young Fox player, has been haunting Ginger Rogers around the town but very steadily. If you want to make something of that!
Celebrities you seldom see at the night clubs. Above, Frank J. Ross, his wife Jean Arthur; Pat Paterson, and her husband, Charles Boyer, at the "Troc."

JACK OAKIE has his own names for all his pictures. He refers to "Champagne Waltz" as "Chimpanzee Waltz" and "I Dream Too Much" as "I Drum Too Much." So what are you going to do with a guy like that?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had her first ice-skating lesson the other afternoon. And the gal was so good she succeeded in making a complete turn the very first thing! It's all for art—and her next picture—but Claudette is really taking to the sport in a big way.

INTERESTING to think that in "The Great Ziegfeld" Myrna Loy played the role of the real Billie Burke and now, in "Parnell," Billie is playing Myrna Loy's sister. It's a small world, I always say!

Back home in Hollywood, Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn, after mutual "I do's" at Tia Juana, Mexico, are new members of filmdom's Bride and Groom Club.

ALICE FAYE, upon being questioned as to what she'd learned during the year 1936, replied, with a twinkle in her eye: "I learned that being in love is news!" Incidentally, Alice has just bought herself one of the beautiful new combination radio-victrola arrangements. And the very first record she bought was Tony Martin's recording of When Did You Leave Heaven?

YOU never can tell, but it certainly looks like a romance between George Brent and Anita Louise. They met for the first time on the set of "Go-Getter." And ever since their meeting, they've been holding hands on the set, lunching together, and we even saw them out at Santa Anita at the races the other afternoon. So what do you make of that?

(Continued on page 98)
In the Mood for Perfume

Whether they're deep and glamorous or light and gay, perfumes are getting a large share of attention out Hollywood-way!

By Elin Neil

There's witchery in that perfume Marian Marsh, above, is spraying into her hair! Three tiny bottles of gardenia perfume adorn Cecilia Parker's dressing-table. Cecilia places gardenia among her favorite fragrances, as she likes its smart sophistication, plus daintiness.

When Spring comes in with all its splendor, everybody wants to be in time! We steal the fragrance from the flowers and leaves and woodland moss to make them a part of ourselves. Or we look for a deep, mysterious perfume that hints at the coming-to-life of Nature and our own spirits.

Hollywood's in the mood for perfume, like the rest of us. Marian Marsh expresses her urge for enchanting fragrance by spraying a subtle scent into her glorious hair. And Cecilia Parker finds inspiration in the delicate yet sophisticated scent of gardenias.

Don't for a minute underestimate the power perfume has to affect the emotions of other people and form their opinion of you. It can very easily be the first thing that attracts a young man's fancy so he wants to know you better. Or it may be so dominating that it blots out the girl who wears it, so nothing but the memory of the perfume remains.

Again, it may be "just another perfume," mildly pleasant but no more interesting than shoelaces. Know how to choose and use perfume, and you'll have a handmaiden to beauty that's always ready to do your bidding!

To make the most of perfume, you need more than one fragrance. Hollywood stars, who know their perfumes, keep several on hand so they have a variety from which perfumes that you know suit your type.

If your perfume budget permits only two, have a mild, soft fragrance for day-time and a heavier, more alluring one for evening gaiety. When you go dancing or to a party or the theatre, you are expected to be a charming woman, all thoughts of business or household routine aside. Your perfume may be enticing because it fits in with the atmosphere of romance and abandon to the pleasures of the moment.

The really glamorous perfumes, the kind that go with full evening dress and shaded lights, are the Orientals or semi-Orientals. The first are a blend of Oriental herbs and woods with a good deal of musk and civet. They are deep and haunting and indefinable. The semi-Orientals combine some flower essences with the Far Eastern scents.

These same perfumes that are definitely seductive and "fair play" for festive evenings are entirely out of place in a business office. Men who may like to be enthralled by a mysterious perfume at the end of the day don't like that disturbing influence during working hours.

If you're a business woman, use a mild perfume during the day. Just a hint of soft fragrance will add to the femininity which is always an asset when one works with men. But a heavier scent might antagonize. A pure flower fragrance like jasmine or (Continued on page 68)
question: "Now you're free, what are you doing with your freedom?"

First, because it is news, hear what this is going on for in the Hollywood situation next autumn. For when the brown hills of Hollywood and Culver City glow down at a hum of activity as studios launch those 1937-38 sets, the sex appeal of the film realm's most potent box office attractions, the male star whose pay per picture has recently been about $50,000, the industry will be rehearsing his part, not for a film, but a stage play to be brought to Broadway under the aegis of one of the biggest 1937-38 producers. This one, a star out in Beverly Hills the luxurious Fredric March home—one of the most elaborate of the colony—will be shuttered.

The industry's making pictures, and producers will be busy trying to sign him for more films. The Hollywood demand for him is such that he hadn't completed his first picture for David Selznick, the all-color "A Star Is Born," than Selznick started negotiations for March. He was refusing because I didn't believe, "Let Me Live," a story of a public enemy turned loose, after a long prison sentence, into a world that seems topsy-turvy to him. The story is signed away, and will be his second release in 1937.

Perhaps more than any other factor, his desire to return to the stage is at the base of the decision Fredric March made when he set his new course. Maybe you don't believe this—maybe even he doesn't. But there's the conclusion, the only sum that seems reasonably proved by his own words:

"I got through college, received a commissioned officer's rank in the artillery, made good progress during a brief career in banking—all, it seemed to me, on my personality, or what have you? Anyway I was not satisfied. What I know about any of these things won me the promotions that came. When I decided to go on the stage, I made up my mind that here was something I could learn from the start up. I knew I had not the knowledge and technical equipment to qualify me to properly command a gun battery in the artillery to which I was assigned. I didn't believe I would have the equipment to merit the distinction and responsibilities I was assuming. I worked, I coached, I went to the theatre; studied as intently as any stage detective ever scrutinized the ways and traits of a dramatic suspect.

"After I had played in a few Broadway productions I was offered a very attractive contract by William A. Brady. I told him I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand me, but the truth was, I didn't believe I was ready yet to step into the ranks of established players. I wanted to go out and play, works, under the most trying conditions for a player, learn my business from the beginning. He was considerate enough to say he admired my resolve, and complimented me on my purpose."

Albeit the handsome studio offer came an offer from Hollywood. He and his bride, Florence Eldridge, were playing in stock in Illinois, and from Illinois to Hollywood came decision to play a few pictures and then return to the stage. Came fame and prosperity, a popularity he never dreamed of for himself, opportunity to reach the large audiences never known to the mightiest stage star. And for nine years pictures became his sole and only interest—though it is doubtful if Fredric March, for all the tremendous success he was enjoying in Hollywood, ever forgot for a minute that pledge to himself that he must attain the top as a stage actor or fail the very purpose he made a part and parcel of his entry into the acting profession.

There were, of course, complimentary circumstances to strengthen his resolve to be free in the fullest sense now that he had worked out his obligations under previous Hollywood contracts. And resolve was needed to take the step. For one thing, risk to his future on the screen he could not nor could any other star—take lightly. He loves picture work; can no more be happy without doing it than he can without returning to the stage for a brief period at least. And Fredric March doesn't believe he is putting his picture work in peril by his present step.

"A screen actor," he says, "can wear his welcome so thin, playing in too many pictures and in parts that do not convince him, that his life as a popular figure is shortened more quickly than by too infrequent appearance in films.

"Why, I had the creeps thinking what the anti-March fans must have felt when three pictures I did last year were given almost simultaneous release. All three, 'Anthony Adverse,' 'Road to Glory' and 'Mary of Scotland' played about the same time in New York. I could imagine how they slumped down in their chairs and sighed 'What, Fredric March again?'

"Another thing is the similarity of parts likely to come your way when you are under contract. I had a veritable rash of costume pictures. I heard all that talk about 'that was gaining such wide currency in Hollywood and elsewhere. And I was more alarmed by it than anybody—I mean alarmed in the sense that maybe it was true, all too true. As a matter of fact it is an easy thing for an actor when he gets all dressed up in a fancy costume to develop flourish in his gestures and all the swagger that goes with 'hamming.' I was so doubtful of myself that I coached for my part in 'Les Miserables' to get the expert's view of my work and my execution of that part.

"For another thing, I am convinced that in order to do the best work it is necessary to get away from Hollywood now and then. You go stale there. I remember a prominent teacher of mine years ago saying 'The actor's workshop is the world.' And I believe she was absolutely right."

"Is it leisure, the easier private-life that tempts him in his new freedom?"

"I am going to do all the picture work I can possibly get, under my conditions, with respect to story, part, director, and so forth," was a statement that denied this question before we had time to ask it.

But, we wanted to know, didn't this course he was taking involve a lot more personal responsibility, the assumption of control, the necessity of his own decision as to parts he would accept or refuse, the financial side of things which are set for the actor who signs to make a certain number of films for one or more producers?

"It's a terrible responsibility," was the answer. "I have my family responsibilities, a wife, two children, to consider. I can't pass the responsibility of decision, be it proven ultimately right or wrong, to producers in matters affecting the parts I play, or the story or technical values of the productions. That's up to me to worry about now—and it means lots of work. But I feel that if I do what I ought to be capable of, it will be good for me."

"When I went to Hollywood it was with a hazy sort of notion of doing some pictures, getting maybe the $500, per week I was earning on the stage, or perhaps a little more, and let it go at that. But Mrs. March insisted I shouldn't be satisfied with anything like that. She said I could make myself worth more, and with this prodding and encouragement I did much more than I'd have accomplished if left to my own ideas. Well, we never know what we can do till we try. Now I am trying something I think is for the best."

Back of his ambitions regarding his acting, Fredric March is more the home

Off to new screen triumph! Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, left, say bye-bye to Florence Eldridge, Fredric March, and Gloria Swanson, as they leave New York for Hollywood.
type of man than the roving, gypsy-spirited fellow who so frequently is attracted to and becomes a great success in the theatre. Eager to provide well, and discharge the duties of his family responsibilities to the fullest of his talents. His wife, Florence Eldridge, and he were married before he went to Hollywood and attained his screen success. Through all the changing conditions that have come into his life, they have remained strongly bound to their home, and in Hollywood lived the home-life the actor of the speaking stage never really knows. Their two children are the very apple of his eye. This interview cut across what must be a daily ritual in the March home—the dinner and preparing-for-bed activities of his daughter Penny, (O'penelope), and his son Tony, who was named after the character that was Freddie's first important screen success, and perhaps remains his favorite role, in "The Royal Family."

He was an interested as well as interesting talker on the subject of this interview until that moment. Then an eagerness to be with the children and their many playmates through the living room where we sat, to the dining room on the other side of a glass partition, curtailed from ceiling to floor, betrayed itself through the clever disguise put on by a skilled actor and cordial host. And, dinner for the children finished, when these three came through the room again on their way upstairs where the children soon were to be tucked in for the night, my cue to terminate the visit unconsciously fell from my interviewee's lips when he told the children he would like to come up and hear them say their bedtime prayers. He has the utmost respect for his wife's ability as an actress, for all his own well-won and more spectacular applause as an actor. Thus he is definitely set against doing play in picture-stardom would be of lesser importance than the part he will interpret. He is not interested in doing a play without her as his co-star, "Florence", he said, "when I was a nobody in the theatre. I used to see her on the stage and admire her work, and then that same recognition than was accorded her in New York—though what more I don't know, for the was a star."

So another man-and-wife starring combination will come to the stage. The play? They are still searching for that, and they have the help of the producer who will stage it, and who will search Europe as well as America for the proper vehicle.

So it's back to the stage for Frederic March and his wife. And it's more travelling for them too. But maybe the latter will be curtailed, because he is not going to pass up any good picture parts that come his way. And when those producers want a star they can be very convincing talkers. If they start harping on the line about how much more the world-old kiddeled he couldn't be so darn choosy about this story or that role, Frederick's a gone, for sure, and he'll be doing three, or perhaps four, pictures a year—which is about all a star can do, contracts or no.

If he strikes a play that runs on and on, there's likely to be enforced absence from Hollywood. Prolonged absences from the screen mean those things they call "come-backs." "Suppose the play is one that makes a success that neither you nor the producer will want to curtail it in what may be judged just the middle of the run," we asked.

"Oh, gosh, that's another of the things that I have taken upon my own shoulders," And that's about as far as he seemed able to go on the problem.

Well, we left him there, about the bridge when he gets to it. When you are as free as Frederic March you have to get used to crossing bridges, when, as, if, and how they loom before you. And besides, he can take care of himself—anybody can who has so intelligently and advantageously launched his own career as Frederic March has up to now.

Once A Villain

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than there would be for the artisan, a cabinet-maker let's say, to make only tables, when all the while he has the desire as well as the knowledge necessary to design and construct chairs, and desks, cabinets, and all the other articles of furniture turned out by his craft.

"It's had enough playing unconvincing villains, but the conventional 'hero' type of character is even worse as a steady diet. As a matter of fact the actor's professional life is far happier if he does parts that lean more to the 'heavy' (how I do hate that term), than those cast in the mold of eternal goodness. If you want to check on that, just consider the roles Bill Powell plays so superbly. They're men who are human enough to stray from convention's narrow path, and are vicariously satisfying to the spirit of adventure that's in the very best of us. But the characters that lean over backward to be mean, they are another thing. They're not real, nor are their tendencies forgivable. Nobody condones the cruelty of a child-whisper like Murdock in 'Copperfield.' Such people are offensive."

Does Rathbone yearn for characters that will go direct to the hearts and the tender affections, particularly of women—whose active regard and loyalty every actor in films admires? His part on the screen? Not at all. He has that without the build-up of a series of "sympathetic" characters as they went through the living room where the children were to be tucked in for the night, my cue to terminate the visit unconsciously fell from my interviewee's lips when he told the children he would like to come up and hear them say their bedtime prayers. His wife's ability as an actress, for all his own well-won and more spectacular applause as an actor. Thus he is definitely set against doing play in picture-stardom would be of lesser importance than the part he will interpret. He is not interested in doing a play without her as his co-star, "Florence," he said, "when I was a nobody in the theatre. I used to see her on the stage and admire her work, and then that same recognition than was accorded her in New York—though what more I don't know, for the was a star."

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"It happens that I love acting. I would want to go on acting even if I had no need for the material rewards of income from my efforts. Since my twelfth year on this earth I have felt the same way about that."

My father, a mining engineer in South Africa, where I was born, had an entirely different career mapped for me. But the theatre was the only thing that interested me. I wrote plays when I was twelve years old—plays that, thank heaven, I and the few kindled spirits with whom I found theatrical interest treats never even tried to act out!

Now, after all these years of working in the theatre I feel the hope of that possible, opportunity to do the things I am capable of as well as the best monetary returns that can be made from my profession. That's human nature. And it's also natural to be concerned about the future if I wear people out, make me tired of me by doing a series of slab-sided "villains."

You can't cry "conceited" at Basil Rath-
bone for regarding himself as trained and qualified by years of experience and accomplishements in his profession to essay a more varied type of acting than has been permitted him these past couple of years in Hollywood. Gilbert Miller, stage producer who is not given to praising lightly, has said he considers Rathbone one of the most completely equipped actors he has ever seen on a stage.

From his beginnings in the theatre, Basil Rathbone, starting in Shakespearean roles in London, developed with distinction on a wide variety of dramatic characters. His Jago won acclaim in England; his performances in Shakespeare and 'The Betties' of 'The Happy Place' with Katharine Cornell were roundly applauded here in America. "He Who Gets Slapped," "Peter Ibbetson," 'Command to Love,' and a number of other important plays found him winning the plaudits of critics and public.

Since his return to Hollywood in "David Copperfield"—he had played in pictures before, with Norma Shearer in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney' as the most important of several earlier films—Rathbone has been playing mostly the same sort of thing since his memorable portrayal of Murdstone in "David Copperfield." And we, the screen-goers, have as much trouble remembering him if we are thinking but such memorable characters as the Dickens villain as do the producers who cast the pictures we see. "Tale of Two Cities," "Anna Karenina," "Captain Blood," and all found Rathbone as more or less rubber-stamp villains of the deeply-dyed sort. A rather thankless part in "Garden of Allah," and a better one, "Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet" about complete the list of more important things Basil Rathbone has played since his return to the screen.

But in all these he proved too convincing a Menace to be forgotten. Last fall he packed his baggage and his candid camera and with his wife set off for London, mainly to make a picture at a British studio, but also to travel and vacation a bit. Perhaps this would offer some change in the kind of parts he might play. But lo, and behold, the villain that Hollywood discovered in Basil Rathbone went ahead of him to the land of his acting naivety. And there waiting for him was a nice villain part, opposite Ann Harding in a picture about a woman who marries a seemingly attractive man who turns out to be a pathological case subject to fits of mania to murder—particularly women. The name of course, is "Love from a Stranger," adapted to the screen from a very successful London stage play.

There's an amusing side to the manner in which Hollywood turned Basil into the screen's most velvety villain. Hollywood itself doesn't seem to know just how it discovered the bad in him—because Basil asked.

"David Selznick," he relates, "sent for me after I had closed a tour with Katharine Cornell in Los Angeles. We had played 'Wimpole Street' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' Selznick made me a flattering offer to do Murdstone in 'Copperfield.' Later I asked him: 'Is he the name, what did you see in me in those plays with Kit Cornell to pick me for this part?' And to that he replied that I know precisely, but felt sure I would play Murdstone exactly as he wanted it in the picture."

Which is just another illustration of how shrewdly these top men in Hollywood guage their names, what do you see in me in those plays with Kit Cornell to pick me for this part? And to that he replied that I know precisely, but felt sure I would play Murdstone exactly as he wanted it in the picture."

Spring Fever and Beauty!

OVELY as a day in Spring is the way every woman likes to picture herself this time of year. You buy new dresses, smart suits and crisp blouses to make you look charming and fresh. But don't forget the girl inside the new clothes! For the kind of beauty that captivates, begin at the beginning—the skin on your body. One of the very best aids to body beauty we know is the Linit bath. Pour a generous amount of Linit into the tub while the water's running. Then swish it around. It transforms ordinary water into a creamy liquid that gives you a grand feeling of luxurious languishing. After you've bathed with your favorite soap and dried yourself, feel your skin. It will be soft and velvety.

The line, soft transparent film Linit leaves takes away shine so you won't need a dusting powder. Besides making your skin look and feel like a million dollars, Limit is healing to irritation and wonderfully soothing to chapped or windburned areas.

When you look your most ravishing in your new Spring clothes, you'll want the color of under-arm perspiration to ruin the effect. Where this sin against daintiness is concerned, we're all vulnerable. It takes very little effort to apply a safe and sure deodorant, and it's certainly worth it to know you're above reproach. We're enthusiastic about Hush cream deodorant because it does the job beside being kind to the most sensitive skin. There's a Hush liquid deodorant, too, for you who prefer that form, and a very efficient deodorant powder. And if you want to carry your daintiness insurance right along with you, you'll like the little purse-size stick.

Take Linit baths for skin beauty from tip to toe.

PEACHES and cream complexes are coming back in style! Elizabeth Arden, who is always one of the first beauty authorities to recognize a trend before it's just brought out English Complexion Make-up to give that natural-looking, luminous effect for which English women are famous. Brunettes may continue to use deep suntan shades, but we're willing to wager a great many blondes will "go English" with a result that threatens to be utterly devastating! The make-up starts with a foundation lotion called Ocre Lille de France. Then comes Royale rouge, Rachel Illusion or Esmeralda rouge powder (sometimes both), eye shadow in Gris Brum (brown), or Blue Corneille in Black Cosmetique on your eyelashes, and Royale lip-stick. The sum total is a skin that is both dainty and smartly sophisticated at the same time.

We don't like to admit we've been wrong, but it's our plain duty. We didn't think it was possible for a dry rouge to last right through a strenuous day, like cream blushes, but we've proved to our complete satisfaction that Po-Go rouge does! It's imported from France, still it's not expensive, and you can get it in leading department and variety stores. The secret of its "staying power" is that it's moulded by hand. It comes out perfectly smooth and soft, and it spreads over your skin so evenly it seems to be a part of it. It comes in five lovely shades and there are three shades of harmonizing lipstick.

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stopped to light his newest pipe, Mr. Crosby. Mr. Crosby, Sr., came in with a bunch of checks to be signed. A secretary brought in a stack of mail. Larry Crosby handed him a telegram that had just arrived. Silently, Bing used care of the matter in hand.

"Another thing I like about Bob," he resumed, "is his sense of humor. He always has some funny crack to make, no matter what happens. We went down to the San Diego Fair together. Must have been in there about four hours, looking over the exhibits, the animals and all. When we came out, I discovered I'd left the motor in my car running. Bob looked at the car a minute and didn't say anything. Just as we drove off, he turned to me.

"That was the smartest trick you ever pulled, Bing," he drawled. 'You'd never have gotten the car out of this mud with a cold motor!"

"Bob's a tremendously resourceful fellow, too," Bing went on. "No one could get him on a stage and cross him up. He takes his time, but when he does come out, he's pretty good. Did you ever hear about the night down at the Biltmore Hotel when he was unexpectedly asked to speak at a press party?

"Well, we were all invited to attend this thing and it was a pretty big affair. Bob told me of one of the people would call on him so he hadn't prepared any material for the occasion. The party got going pretty good. A lot of people got up and sang and did various other acts. Suddenly, they called on Bob.

"I'm awfully sorry, fellows," Bob began, in that slow way of his, "I just didn't prepare to do anything this evening. In fact, I'm just a little bit hurt at the whole idea. I didn't think I'd have to do an act to keep in good with you fellows. I thought you all just liked me for what I am. But as long as you feel the way you do, okay. You just don't need to mention me in any of your papers any more."

"There was a long silence. Then he went on.

"However," he began, fishing in his pocket, "if you ever did feel like mentioning me in your papers, I thought you might like to have this.

"And with that he unfolded the huge paper he'd pulled out. It was a life-size poster of himself. Then he reached in another pocket and pulled out a long biography, his Army record and half a dozen other papers—all about himself. He brought down the house. The next act had to be held up until they quieted down."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Crosby, Dixie Lee to you.

"Where are we?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, yeah, I was just going to say there's another thing I like about Bob. Generally, when people have sudden success like he's had, it kind of goes to their heads. But usually it's some person who isn't big enough to handle success. You see, Bob has been in the show business for a long time. He's been a master man, a carnival man, a pitch man. He's been in vaudeville. Why, he even had a jazz band in France back in 1917. He's seen people go up and down. As a result, Bob is big and broad enough to understand that any break he may get is only temporary and that the only way to make it permanent is to keep his balance."

Just at this point, the telephone rang again.

"Sure can't go to dinner with you, old man," I couldn't help but overhear. "I'm on a diet. Got to keep in condition for my next picture. Why don't you come out to the house for dinner instead? Then you can eat right along with the rest of the folks."

This is just an everyday occurrence at the Crosby home. There's seldom an evening when the Crosby's dine alone. Their friends are welcome any time they care to drop by—and especially at dinner time when Bing has completed his round of golf, tended to the unending routine of business and keeping up with his picture and radio work.

"Bob hasn't any patience or time for phonies, either," Bing continued, after that had been settled. "Bill" apparently was coming for dinner. "You see, Bob is downright-to-earth kind of a guy. He hasn't any time to spare for panhandlers or party crashers. He can spot a 'Johnny-come-lately' a mile away. His experience has been so varied, he's come in contact with all sorts of people and he knows the right kind when he sees them."

Suddenly Bing began to chuckle. "Did you ever hear about the big rib we pulled on Bob when we were making 'Rhythm on the Range'? Well, we found out one day that Bob subscribed to the Van Buren Press-Argus—his home-town paper. So one morning, we all got copies and sat around the set reading when he walked in. He got quite a kick out of it."

"While I was reading the paper, I noticed there was a big argument going on in the editorial column. It was about Bob. Seems the citizens of the town were a little upset because Bob was always poking fun at them over the radio. Bob had written them a letter, explaining that he didn't mean anything harmful by what he said and that none of the people mentioned were actual characters. The letter had been reproduced in the paper.

"There was also another letter reproduced in the paper. It was signed by a committee of the town. It was also along the same line that the editorial itself. They felt Bob didn't like his own people, etc. I suddenly had a bright idea. I wrote down the names of the three girls for future reference.

"Then I got one of the girls in the studio to write a letter to Bob, signing the names of the committee. The letter was to inform him that they were all three coming to Hollywood, and if he wanted to prove that all the things he'd said were not meant seriously, they would expect him to entertain them when they arrived.

"A few days later, we got some stationery from a small hotel in Los Angeles and had the secretary write another letter, saying the girls had arrived and when would they see him? The letter was delivered to Bob one morning, but he didn't say anything. He stuck the letter in his pocket. We were all watching him and we noticed he seemed a bit uneasy. He kept looking the letter out and reading it every now and then.

"Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer. He showed the letter to Norman Taurog, the director, and me. We thought he ought to do it. I told him to forget it, that they probably wanted to get in pieces. He wanted to borrow some money or something. Then Taurog piped up. He took the other side of the argument. We got into a terrific discussion. Taurog insisted he must see the girls and I telling him not to.

"The next day, we had the secretary call him on the phone. She gave the name of one of the girls and pretended to be real sure Bob told us he had dismissed the whole matter. But we found out that he'd made a decision. He got through work about two o'clock that afternoon and he was hanging around the front of the studio. He waited until six o'clock, and of course no letter showed up.

"He's never said a word about the girls since. I don't know if he found out it was all a rib, or not. But as I said before, he's pretty shrewd. He probably found out about it and wouldn't give us the satisfaction of letting us know he'd been taken in."

This is all quite typical of "the Crosby." He'll go to almost any lengths to pull a gag on his friends. And he can take it, too. I recall one time when he wore a very loud overcoat to the studio one morning. Every-one on the set made fun of it. Crosby didn't mind. He liked it, and that was that. Finally, someone hid it. Bing didn't say a word, but let the studio manager know when it showed up mysteriously the next day, he pretended nothing had happened. And privately, he was enjoying the whole affair.

"The things I like best about Bob," he went on, "is his absolute honesty. He's just not capable of putting on any sham."

And I went away, smiling to myself, because those were exact words. Bob had used in speaking of Bing. I guess they must really be a couple of nice guys. At least, each one thinks the other is—which is something.
program, but he had the Mills Brothers coming out from New York and he couldn’t do anything until they were through. I could have done it, though. But then I heard he was going to see the Woodbury people right after that. They turned me down. They said they had a big name Thompson advertising company, had told me I thought I could get on the Rudy Vallee hour if I ever went to New York. That had been sticking in my craw for some time.

“So we drew the money out of the bank and drove to New York. But after I got there, I got cold feet. I was afraid to call Gordon Thompson, like Cal had told me, for fear he’d turn me down. Every morning, I’d make up my mind to call him. I had his telephone number written in my little book, and I’d look at it every day and then find some excuse to put it off. First, I’d tell myself it was too early to call—that he’d just come into his office and was opening his mail. Then it would be noon and I’d decide to wait until he got back from lunch. Finally, it would be too late to call at all and I’d decide to wait until the next day. This went on for two weeks.

Then one day I started to call a friend of mine, had his telephone number written right on the same page with Gordon Thompson’s number. Suddenly a girl answered the phone and said it was the Thompson office. I was scared to death. Then I made up my mind it was just fate and I might as well go through with it. So I asked for Gordon Thompson. They told me he was busy, I told them I knew that, but he wasn’t too busy to talk to me. I commenced to get my courage back by this time and told them I knew he wouldn’t put me off like that if he knew I had driven three thousand miles just to see him. So pretty soon Thompson came on the phone. He was kind of out of breath.

‘I want to get on the Rudy Vallee program,’ I told him.

‘How long are you going to be in town?” he wanted to know.

‘Until I get on the Vallee program,’ I told him. ‘I came here to get on the program and I’m not going to leave until I do.’

‘Well, I guess he thought I was just funny or something, because he finally told me to go over to the broadcasting station for an audition the next morning.

‘When I got there the next day, a lot of men were sitting around waiting for me, looking kind of bored. One of them asked me where my script was.

‘“I don’t use a script,” I told him.

‘“Don’t use a script!” he said, looking pretty mad. ‘How can you have an audition if you don’t know what to say?’

‘“I just talk,” I told him. ‘And I want to get on the Rudy Vallee program.’

‘Finally to me to go ahead. So I started talking about how the folks down home were sure going to be disappointed when they heard I was going on the Rudy Vallee program. I wasn’t too worried about my not making the grade on an amateur program like I’d planned, but that I was just trying out on the Vallee program because the competition wasn’t so keen,

“Well, by the time I got through, those fellows seemed to think what I was saying was pretty funny and they said I could go on the Vallee program. So then I went over and got myself an agent. I told them I figured I didn’t need them to get a job because I had already got it myself, but I wanted to have someone go over and talk about money. I told them I didn’t really care about the money and so I wouldn’t know how to make a deal for myself and that was why I was hiring them.

“So they went over to see the Thompson people and they told them I didn’t care about money but I wanted $250 a week. Then they came outside where I was waiting and told me Thompson would only give me $200.

‘‘T’ll tell you what you do,’ I told my agents. ‘You go back in there and tell the Thompson people I don’t really care about the money. I just want to get the job and get it done. I don’t want to try to make a deal for myself. If you do that, I’ll have you the minute I get the job.”

“Romance, not the kind acted for the movie cameras, but a real life twosome, are Binnie Barnes and John King, pictured above at a popular Hollywood night club.

“Then it was right after that I had an offer from Paramount to act in ‘Rhythm on the Range,’ I never found out that Bing had anything to do with that, either, but I’ve always had my suspicions that he did. He’s like that about other people. He’s always figuring out some way to give the other fellow a break. He doesn’t know what the meaning of the word ‘Jealousy’ is. Why, Bing would turn his back to the camera or even get out of camera range, if he figured he could give somebody a chance by doing it.

“That’s why I was so doggoned mad at an article that came out in one of the papers one time saying we didn’t get along. Fact was, I was having dinner out at the house with Crosby when someone brought in the paper. They’d asked me out for a fried chicken dinner. They know I like fried chicken. And they fixed up a lot of biscuits and things they knew I liked to go with it. When we saw this piece in the paper, I was pretty mad. But then Bing started to laugh, it struck him so funny. There we were, sitting at the dinner table in his house, while they were printing stuff about how we couldn’t get along.

“Of course, I got all the sympathy. Anybody in my spot would. Crosby, everybody figures, is a big shot. So he doesn’t want to give a newcomer a break. It made me good and sore! So you know what we did? We wrapped up a couple of pieces of the cake we had for dinner and sent them to the guy that wrote the article. On one of them we wrote ‘from Bing Crosby’ and on the other ‘from Bob Burns.’ Maybe it was kind of silly, but I felt I just had to let him know he was wrong.”

“And then Bing went on to tell me a swell story, which I promised him I wouldn’t tell about heckling Everett. Everett, as everyone knows, is Bing’s older brother and manager. It was Everett, I think, those many years ago, who took Bing seriously in hand and started worrying about his career. As a matter of fact, it was time someone started worrying about his career because it was evident at that time that Bing wasn’t going to do. He didn’t even care if he had a career.

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So when Bing brought his new bride, Dixie Lee, out to the house to live, Everett started thinking. He saw that this young brother of his was going to amount to something but someone else would have to figure out the whys and wherefores. And then Everett became so wrapped up in Bing’s career, he couldn’t think of anything else. Every little thing in connection with Bing’s studio and radio work is a constant source of worry to Everett. And for the past few years, there’s been a new game in the fun-loving Crosby family. It’s called “heckling Everett.” It’s gotten to the point where they have wake nights thinking of new schemes to annoy Everett.

And when Bob told me of his first meeting with Mrs. Crosby, the mother of the clan, I commenced to really see why he’d made a hit with the Crosbys. It was because they’d discovered he was not only a heckler, but a heckler from way back.

On this particular occasion, Bob had dropped in at the office of Bing Crosby, Inc., to see Bing. There was no sign of Bing but he was presented to Mama Crosby, who had dropped by to pick up Papa Crosby and take him home to dinner. Just at that moment, Everett came in.

“Have you met Everett?” Mrs. Crosby asked, proudly. “He’s one of my boys, too.”

Everett looked like a pre-occupied manner, muttering something about having met him before, Bing, with a peculiar light in his eyes, pretended it was a first meeting.

“Well, well, so that is Everett,” Bing said to Mrs. Crosby, in a rather sad manner, making sure Everett had not gone beyond earshot. “All I’ve got to say is that you must be mighty happy to have a boy like Bing in the family!”

Whereupon Everett realized he’d gotten more than he bargained for in agreeing to help Bing put Bob Burns over. Bob had caught on to this heckling game all too soon.

“The Bing and I have a lot of fun together,” Bob resumed. “We’re going down to his ranch next Friday to do some shooting. He’s a swell guy to be with. Do a lot of target shooting. Then Bing has a lot of horses down there we have to look over to see they’re in shape for the races, at Santa Anita. Play a lot of golf, too. You really got to play golf to be a friend of Bing’s. Almost got in wrong the last time I played with him, though. We used to play together all the time, but the other morning we decided to split up and play against one another. It was just a lucky break, but our tournament won. And the funny part of it was that it wasn’t much fun to beat Crosby. He’s a lot better than I am, you know, and it didn’t seem right fair.

“So now I’ve decided to go back to our old team work.”

“You know, another thing I like about Bing is he’s so darned honest. He doesn’t know that it is not his responsibility to invite him to dinner, for instance, and he didn’t show up, he’d never think of making up some big story about how he had to do something more important or whatever. He’d just say he was awful sorry, he just forgot. And you can’t help like and respect that kind of a guy, believe me.

“He hasn’t changed any,” people say about Bing. Why, Bing doesn’t know what they’re talking about. If you warned him right down, he’d tell you he didn’t see any reason why he should change and what do you mean by ‘change,’ anyway? The very essence of importance or being big-headed has never occurred to him. He’d never be able to figure out why he should be. As far as he’s concerned, he’s still not a big shot. He’s just an ordinary guy who’s had a lucky break.

“And now I’m awful sorry but I gotta go and meet a producer,” this big, bulky, bright-eyed young individual said suddenly looking at his watch. “He wants to talk to me about my next picture. Thanks a lot; I’ll drop you off. Sure am glad to have met you.”

And I might have replied that the pleasure was all mine. In his own words, “you can help me get to be a better actor and I’ve got enough of that earnest and sincere”—like that old Arkansas hill-billy, Bob Burns, for instance.

In the Mood for Perfume

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Five-foot glamor shelf—the books are in another room of the Hollywood home of Ann Sothern, one of the screen’s most striking lovelies, who knows her perfumes and beauty aids. A soft scent that is as lasting as that of a concentrated perfume. This method of applying scent avoids over-perfuming, which is an unforgivable sin.

Have seen a man get up and move from his seat on a train because he couldn’t stand the perfume of the woman in front of him. He might have liked it at a dance, but it was too heavy and over-powering on his way to work.

Over-perfuming is usually caused by applying too much to some one spot. You should diffuse your perfume, so it seems a part of you. Perfume gives off its best fragrance if it is applied directly to your skin. Toilet water or eau de Cologne can be splashed or sprayed over wide areas. When you use a concentrated perfume, the best spots to apply it are on your neck, inside the elbows and under your arms, on your hair and eyebrows. Perfume on hair and eyebrows holds its fragrance longer than on the skin.

If you put perfume on your clothes, do it at least an hour before you go out so it will have plenty of time to spread its fragrance. Artificial flowers are good spots for perfume. If you have any kind of loose, flowing drapery on your dress like wide sleeves or a flimsy scarf, a touch of perfume will make them look more elegant. When you’re wearing gloves, put a drop of perfume inside the cuff of each one to keep your hands delicately scented.

Don’t mix your perfumes. Never apply a new fragrance as long as any hint of a different one remains. When you apply perfume directly to your skin, the next bath or shower will take away the old odor so you’re ready for the new. But if you’ve perfumed your hair, you must be more careful. When you’re looking forward to a glamorous evening, it’s a good idea not to put any perfume on your hair during the day. Save it for the “big moment” perfume you will be wearing.

When you select your beauty aids, see that they don’t have a fragrance that spoils the effect of the perfume you have chosen and applied so carefully. Rouge, lipstick, face powder, foundation cream, and dusting powder hold their fragrance. Be sure the ones you use are not too strong, perfume can be too strong.

Here’s a word of advice to you who like to spray your perfume on with an atomizer. Whenever you put new perfume into it, remove all traces of the old. The way to do it is to spray alcohol through it several times, then swish alcohol around inside the bottle, let it reach the bottom, besides removing odor and cleaning your atomizer, this will take off any brown stains the perfume may have left.
The Secret Heart of Garbo

Continued from page 19

closed Miss Crews, "laughs at all the stuff and says it's silly and ridiculous, making her absurd and unreal. She herself is the most thoroughly real person I have ever known. Everything she says and does is directly connected with what is known about her. Beyond any lack of consideration for others, she is kindness itself. A more generally likable person could not be found."

This mistaken idea of her is, curiously enough, no doubt due to her being truly to herself. She is so hopelessly honest that she refuses to consider those who are without the same kindred spirit."

"Garbo when was famous?"

"Oh, no! Garbo never was famous, he was famous. She said she was glad of that when I told her of others, among them M. Modjeska, Margaret Anglin, Nance O'Neil, and Ethel Barrymore. Garbo didn't want her to suggest, even unconsciously, the slightest imitation. Here, again, her honesty was speaking. "If I fail," she told me, "the failure will be mine alone.""

I don't think she had the least idea of the great triumph she was to achieve. Her one hope was that she would be physically able to get through the picture. All along the part made such demands on her that she was in fear of breaking down, not only for two weeks as she did, but completely. That beautiful scene in which she ran with Robert Taylor all the way through the fields back to the cottage was a terrible strain on her, though she betrayed no sign of it on the screen."

At mention of Garbo's surprising thinness, which made her Camille look convincingly ill, Miss Crews agreed: "What made Garbo the most interesting, appealing and realistic Camille I had ever seen, quite aside from her incomparable performance, was the knowledge that there was a really ill woman playing one who was hopelessly ill. For this reason she looked, the part as no other actress has looked it. No wonder, since she weighed less than a hundred pounds! When you consider she is a tall, large-boned woman you realize how gravely ill Garbo must weigh so little. This made her an interesting study to me all through the picture and her Camille a real person. My one regret," she told me, "is that I cannot reach the heights I want to—I haven't the physical strength."

"As to whether that lost strength would ever be regained, Miss Crews informed me: "That is what Garbo is asking herself. In her desperation she has changed doctors, calling in a Pasadena specialist. Everything now seems to depend upon what he may be able to do for her. On this hangs no less than her career. She does not want to go back to Sweden and retire. That report, she assured me, has no truth in it. Far from longing to shut herself up in a castle or any place over there, she wants to continue her work in Hollywood. Her whole heart is in it. 'I love every bit of it,' she declared, 'and I am so unhappy to be sick. I am fighting now to be well, fighting as hard as I ever did for my life.'"

It was amazing to hear with what frankness the hitherto reticent star had talked of herself."

"She herself was amazed," admitted her confidante. "But I think her playing Camille had a great deal to do with the change in her. She seemed to want to bring herself closer to people in that way. To me it seemed to me that she was terribly lonely. Always leaving at five, she said: 'I don't know why I go. When I came home pathetically she would ask me of a morning: 'What did you do last night?' When I told her of passing the evening with a few friends at home she would say: 'Really! That must have been nice. I envy you, it seemed so strange for her, the great Garbo who could have anyone she wanted, to be lonely; why she didn't have people about her. 'How can I ask them to come and see me now after keeping them away for so many years?' she said. They wouldn't understand her, she said. They would be only natural for them to suppose I had followed my mode of living merely by choice. I could not allow this because I loved my privacy so much. The fault, of course, is all mine. I should like to overcome it, but now it is too late.'"

At long last Garbo stood revealed, not as a studied pose, but as a simple human being with a simple human failing."

"My first realization of it," said Miss Crews, "was when I noted her readiness, even eagerness, to make friends with everyone in the picture. But one story that got into print told of her treating a little girl unluckily. The exactly opposite was true, for when that child fumbled a scene Garbo went through it seven times and helped the younger with all the patience and kindness in the world. She was terribly hurt at reading the story. But her lively sense of humor was most in evidence. It amused her to see the horror she excited. The prop man had offered to make a harmless imitation of one. She had still more fun when the scene with the pigeons was repeated. In collecting them again she noticed one was missing. Garbo whispered something to him. 'Please, Miss Crews,' he begged, 'give me back my pigeon.' When I told her she didn't have it, Garbo said, 'I believe that I raise my voluminous skirts, apparently knowing what was under them. Sure enough! The lost pigeon was found nesting in my petticoats.'"

Another incident served to disprove the imperious Garbo tradition."

"Her greatest ambition in Camille," Miss Crews revealed, "was to realize the death scene which she made such a magnificent piece of acting. One day when I was wondering how she managed it without knowing that scene was being played. Instantly Garbo pulled the sheet up over her face. Then, drawing it down half-way, she said: 'Don't you feel it called: 'Darling, come on! I didn't recognize you without your make-up. When I get through with this we'll talk.' Our last words were always 'Darling.'"

"It is the picture showing Camille and Prudence as they rolled along in their carriage. Garbo was supposed to be thinking of the last scene but her last picture. When I spoke of how happy I'd been with her, she choked up with the words: 'Yes, we have been very happy together. Don't say any more—I'm going to cry.'"
DANGER BELOW!

Continued from page 31

Slim began and then his rush of words were cut off by the quick cry from above. Feetsafe and feeling the danger signal.

The next day had happened, the lineman clutching frantically at the falling wrench and Stumpy missing it by less than a foot and gripping a little weakly at it lying buried deep in sand and the cactus it had uprooted.

"Tom!" Pop's voice was all hardness now, as he gripped the man in the tower.

"Next time you get the dropper I'll have to send you down the road!"

Already Slim had seen all he wanted to see, had come to know all he wanted to know. This and this alone was to be his life.

I could climb one of those towers," he said slowly.

"So could a monkey," Pop laughed shortly. "But what good would he be when he got up there?" He stopped a moment as he saw the abashed look come over the boy's face. "Climbing a tower's only the first part of being a lineman. Slim, a boy's less kidder if you do fail to climb it that counts. There'll be three million people depending on this tower for electricity. It's got to feed power to trains and trolleys and factories. It's got to carry light to streets and homes and hospitals. And it's got to be built so it will stand up. That's what line work is, and it takes linemen to do it."

"But that's just what I want to do." The boy insisted stubbornly. "Ever since I've been here I've been itching your gang it seems like I'm just obliged to get to be a lineman. Won't you give me a chance?"

"Sorry, son," Pop put in quickly. "This gang's full. But there was something almost like regret in his voice.

"It won't be if that coyote bothers me again," Slim said slowly.

SLIM

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

THE CAST

Red Blyde ............... Pat O'Brien
Slim ............ Henry Fonda
Tom ............... John Qualen
Joe ............... J. Farrell McDonald
Stumpy ............... Stuart Erwin
Hop ............... John Llewy
Le Brun ............. James Robbins
Ed ................ Dick Purcell
Al .................. Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Roy ................... Henry Oreno
Griff ............... Dick Wessel
Wilco ................ Joseph Sawyer
Gambler ............ Alfonso Price

Nove and screen play by Wn. Wister
Haines. Director, Ray Enright.

He mounted his pony and was off, but in less than an hour there he was back again, his eyes straining against the sun as he looked up. And so it was that he was the one who saw Tom lose hold of the insulators and the dangling chain of porcelain discs plunging to the ground before any of them heard the quick cry.

"Headlights!"

There was no kindness in Pop's face or voice when he faced Tom after that first apprehension was over.

"You can get your money tonight, Tom. You're through."

Hard words, but Pop had to say them. That was what being a boss meant. Hurtling on the reins of all the others. And a grunt might have been killed by that falling insulator. Ed was there."

Ed, you take Tom's place tomorrow."

The steel was still in his voice as he went on: "The rest of you grunts pick up that mess and put it on the truck so we can go home. It's quitting time."

"Mister," Slim pushed forward, "you need a man now, and I'm the man you need! I ain't never wanted to do nothing else as bad as being a lineman. You gotta let me go to work for you. I'll work for nothing until you see I can do it."

"No man can do it, boy," Pop said firmly, "if a man's fit to hire he's fit to pay, but I ain't sure you could cut it."

"I'm sure, Pop. There was Red grinning in that abashed way men have when they are stirred. "Give me this boy for a gruit and I'll teach him how to cut it."

It wasn't what Slim wanted, being a gruit on that earth while men worked on that shining tower over him. But it was the beginning. And it brought about something that was almost like a friend to Slim. And he learned that he liked to be alone nights when work was over but that didn't keep him from being a wanted man by those who had the easy gift of companionship.

He saw what Red was keeping from Pop, that Ranstead his co-worker on the tower was regularly getting a going in town and Red shouldered his work to keep the man's job.

There was that day, too, when two men came to the camp and seeing that Slim was young and new to the game took him aside to tell him how he could double his salary by gambling in town. It was Red who stopped that. His laugh gone now, his muscles tensed as he spoke.

"If I catch you coming out here looking for people's money, I'll have you put to a permanent wave in your spine."

But that didn't keep Red from going to town himself on Saturday night. After all, what did a lineman make good for any if not to risk it in a poker game and feel a different kind of excitement from the ordinary.

Slim had gone to town with the rest of them and he was at the post office getting a money order to send to his aunt when Ranstead came in.

"You busy, Slim?" And then at the boy's negative, "Pop and Red and I need some help. It's a crooked game, and there's five of them and they've got guns of drink in town. So don't start nothin' till I get there."

Slim didn't have to be asked twice.

"What you doing here, Slim?" Pop asked as he came from the pool room into the small one where the game was going on.

"Looking for a poker game," Slim grinned. "I run into Ranstead on the street and he told me I'd flush my bird here."

"Red looked at him with slow deliberation."

"Pull up a chair and sit down, Slim," he said tersely. "You'll do fine."

The door was open, the game was about that kid, Red thought, seeing him take up his hand as if he knew what it was all about, seeing him take the cigar Pop offered him and seeing the muscles tighten about his mouth and nothing else to show his inner excitement when the door opened again and Ranstead came.

"Well, boys. I borrowed some more money and this time I got an idea my luck's about to change."

"I've been waiting for. Slim reached over and pulled out the pair of aces from the gambler's sleeve and the fight was on. Quick, vicious, and con- cluding with the lightning of pliers and wrenches before the others had a chance to draw their guns.

"They're still alive," Red said as he bent, eyesrivelled on the floor. "I guess the devil doesn't want'em!"

There wasn't enough Red could do for a fellow like this. Slim. He'd helped along, to be taught from books and diagrams all the things a lineman should know. To be taught on the tower, too. For night after night they climbed it, these two, with Red going over the work that had been
done, standing over him as he showed the kid how everything was done.

Slim had been drinking heavier since the excitement of the fight and Red was doing most of his work now. But there came a day when even Red couldn't help him. That and the news that the sh o ut "Headache's below" didn't mean danger narrowly averted but a dead man lying on the ground.

A moment before Ranstead had been alive, had been laughing up there on the tower. Slim couldn't help that shudder as they carried him away.

"Come out of it, Slim," Red's arm went around his shoulder. "We all gotta go some day. It might as well be in a belt as in bed."

So that was how Slim got what he wanted. Red's friendship was the important thing, though, even more important than working on the tower. Slim found that out the day the men came from company headquarters to investigate Ranstead's death and the rumors of his drinking. It would mean Pop's job if Red didn't take the responsibility of being the one who had known about it. So Red took it. And Slim took it along with him.

They went to Chicago, the two of them, and Red's eyes lighted in a new way, the way they did when he put work away from him and gave attention to only living again. That was Red, for you. Working hard at his job and playing hard when it was finished.

It was at a hospital they stopped first, and when the girl Cally came into the waiting room Slim knew why they had come to Chicago and why this was the first place they had stopped.

For they looked at each other, Cally and Slim, and it was different from the way people usually looked at each other for all that they were so casual. And her nurse's uniform making Cally look different than he had ever seen her, and yet stronger, too, and her smile coming so swiftly.

"Red—so you have come back!" Her eyes were happy and sad all at once. "How long this time, Red?"

"Same old story. Till the bank roll's spent."

"Same old story," She looked taller somehow, squaring her shoulders like that. "Same old Red."

"I didn't expect me to change, did you?" Red asked a little uneasily.

"No." The word came so slowly with her eyes somehow giving it emphasis. "I've got a lot of confidence in it."

Red turned away from that look in her eyes.

"Well, this reunion needs some celebrating," he laughed. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Whatever you like, Red," Cally's laugh came in answer to his. "I'll be out duty at six."

"Good. Slim and I'll go to a hotel and change our clothes and then we'll pick you up at your apartment and take Slim for lunch and show him how the other half lives."

"Listen," Slim put in diffidently, "If you two'd rather just be together I ain't fixin' to get in your way. I can find plenty to do alone."

"Alone?" It was Red's old laugh coming through. In a way like this eats lonely country boys alive. No. Slim, you've learned a lot about line work, but there's one part of it I still got to show you. How to step up the game when you're the lightning."

That was how it began with Slim adorning this girl because she meant so much to Red and with Cally liking Slim because he was the kind she never knew she wanted.

Neither of them knew at first when it began to change, when Slim began adoring her because she was Cally and because her eyes were brave and her smile tender, or when Cally first began to sense the strength that lay behind the boy's slimmness and began looking for the glow that came in his eyes when they looked at her.

But afterwards they knew it was that day Red left them together at the table he while went on from the supper room of the hotel to that inner room where he were doing his investigation and all the other gambling devices that always stirred him to fever heat.

"Don't reck a reckon we ought to stop it?" Slim said quietly.

"You can't stop him," Cally said softly. And then quickly she turned the talk away, so that it was another Red they talked, the Red Cally had met when they had brought him to his hospital after an accident on the tower and of the man she had grown to know during his long convalescence.

Then it was of Slim they talked and somehow it was as if she had always known the shy ranch kid he told her about and of the aunt and uncle who had brought him up and of the sage country and the pony he had grown to love. They talked about the tower too, for the tower was part of Slim now, and Cally's eyes that had been laughing before were grave now as she listened.

"Yes, it's fun for you now," Bitterness underscored her words. "But you're getting into it deeper and deeper. It's getting a hold on you. Soon it'll get you as it got Red. And you won't be able to quit even if you want to."

"But I don't want to," Slim said slowly. "And Red don't either."

"No, and he never will now," Cally's hand pressed tightly together. "But you, Slim, you're young enough to get out or get ahead. Go back to that ranch or go into maintenance line work where you'll have a future or do anything, while you still can."

But even as she spoke she saw her words couldn't reach him, any more than they had reached Red. It was the next day Red bought the bracelet for Cally in the expensive jewelry store on Michigan Avenue and he laughed when the clerk brought the engagement ring tray out, too.

"Did you think I was going to get married too?" He smiled at Slim.
and there he is again and then all in a minute he’s gone. And this time you’re going too. Oh Slim, will you write to me? I never know from one minute to the next where he is or how he is or even if he is, and now I won’t know about you either.”

“Well, I don’t write so good, but if you’d like me to—” he began and then he saw how different her eyes looked, softer and more tender and deeper even than they had been in that moment when she first saw Red again.

They heard Red coming then and somehow they were apart again and so he sensed nothing as he looked at them.

It was different going back to work with a new gang even with Red there working on the lines with him. Funny to climb up to the tower without Pop shouting instructions and Stumpy grinning up at them from the ground.

From the beginning Slim didn’t like Wilcox, the other lineman, even before he began to show his jealousy of Red. Foolish for a man to get worked up because Red was so good at that work of his. As if he couldn’t help being the best lineman from one end of the country to the other. But when Red was promoted to the job Wilcox had wanted there was no mistaking the man’s hatred.

So Slim wasn’t too surprised the day he saw Wilcox flinch when he came upon him working on the safety reinforcements of the ladder Red was using.

“I’ll rig them safety lines, Wilcox,” he said. “You ain’t going to rig no ladder Red works on. I wouldn’t trust one of your knees to hold a necktie.”

Of course he knew he would have to watch himself after that. Slim was no fool when it came to stringing up a man and his hatred. But he hadn’t expected the attack so soon. For with a junge Wilcox drew out his knife and was at him and Slim had just time enough to swing his pliers with a smashing blow at the man’s head as the knive struck him.

It was a small place, the Cactus Thorn Hospital, nothing like the big hospital in Chicago where Cally worked, and yet sometimes in the beginning when he was describing Slim thought it was Cally taking care of him. And it hurt to come back to consciousness again and find that the nurse wasn’t Cally at all but a huge, motherly woman who chucked at him like a friendly hen.

But one day the day to his room opened, and this time it was Cally. He knew she was real, for before when he had only dreamed her she had always been laughing and in her nurse’s uniform. But this time she was wearing her hat and she was crying a little as she came over to him.

He didn’t know then that Cally had given up her job in the hospital and the promotion that was coming to her to be with him. He only knew that she was there and that she was staying as long as he needed her, and somehow that was enough to know.

She was sitting beside Slim’s bed when Red came in, and even then the man didn’t see it was different from all the other times he had seen her.

After that there was a month of being together for Slim and Cally for there didn’t seem to be anything this girl couldn’t do once she set her mind to it. And she badgered the doctor into letting her be Slim’s nurse and afterwards even the doctor said the boy wouldn’t have recovered so quickly but for her.

It was when he was packing to leave the hospital and she was helping him that Slim was able to thank her.

“You didn’t have to do that for me,” she flushed. “I wanted to take care of you and get you all well again.” She waited as the eagerness came into his eyes and was gone again and then she saw him drop out his lineman’s shoes. “Oh, Slim! You’re not going back to the camp!” she cried. “You mustn’t! You can’t! I couldn’t stand it if you went back to that horrible work, ever. You can find another job—”

“I ain’t looking for another job, Cally,” Slim said slowly. “I’m a lineman. If I wasn’t a lineman there’d be nothing left of me.”

“There’d be me!” The words came in quite of pride, in spite of herself. “Slim, I didn’t come out here to nurse you. I came because I had to, because I love you and I wanted you to love me. And you do, Slim, you know you do!”

She was in his arms then, his mouth holdings hers hard.

“I think I knew it in Chicago,” he said slowly. “I tried to fight against it cause I didn’t know how you felt and there was Red. And there still is Red. He loves you, too, Cally.”

“Not Slim,” she met his eyes gravely. “He thought he did, but he never really loved anything but gambling and wandering around and line work. I did love him once, Slim, but I learned—”

“Stoped a week back knock came at the door and the foreman of the construction gang came in. At first she was frightened, then her eyes glowed as she saw him offer Slim a job.

“Oh Slim, tell him you will!” she begged. “Tell him now. Don’t you see what it means? It was almost as if she had not spoken at all.

“What’s Red going to do?” Slim asked.

“Will go!” he said. “I got a go from Pop Traver about a construction job back East and I guess he’s going to it. But I’m glad you’re going to stay with us, Slim. I’ve got to rope to the offer of a woman.”

Slim took a quick step after him as the door closed but then Cally was there flinging her arms around him and her happiness held him.

“The first thing we gotta do is see Red and tell him the truth,” Slim said then.

“There isn’t you being a little lady there,” Red’s voice came bitter and hard from the doorway.

“No, there ain’t, Red.” Slim looked at him straight and hard. “We won’t have to double-cross you but we fell in love and we’re fixing to get married.”

“Married?” Red’s voice went suddenly flat, but the black scowl was gone now.

“That’s different.” He found he could almost smile again as he closed the door. “Good luck to you, Red.”

Cally looked at the closed door for a moment.

“I know how you feel, Slim. But it’s the only way. He’ll get over it, he’s got his work and his wandering around and gambling, and we—we’ve got each other,” she nodded, her eyes lighting from that look in Red’s eyes. “How soon can you get your stuff together?” he demanded. “We gotta get married and catch the next train back to New York. We can’t build much of a future on broken promises. And I told Pop I’d come back.”

“Not Slim,” her voice came harshly. “I could stand you being a little lady any more. If you go back to it we’re not going to be married.”

Towards she was sorry for her words and the tears that had driven her from the room. But then it was too late, for Slim was gone, and even as she looked about the deserted room she heard the train whistle as it left the station.

It wasn’t easy, forgetting Cally. Even up on the tower with Red and things being the way they used to between Slim and Pop down on the ground shouting orders and Stumpy grinning, she had a way of coming into his thoughts unexpected. But in the end, and even months later the memory hurt.

Then came that night of wind and rain and thunder and the city suddenly cut off from lights and the emergency call that sent them out in the storm. One of the linemen quit a few hours after it but the rest of them stayed.

It was then Cally came. She had gone to the boarding house and the landlady had told her where they were working, and so she had come as she had wanted to so badly in all the long, lonesome months away from him.

She stood on the ground looking up at Slim and seeing him there unafraid she smiled and flung her hands upwards. Then suddenly she steel herself as she heard the explosive crack of a breaking wire line and saw it sweep Slim off the tower.

For a moment he hung there dangling limply in his belt and then Red made a final lunge for him, but I’ll caught himself on the insulators.

Slim saw him on the burning wires and pulled himself toward the tower. But Red was gone before he could reach him.
friends and the fascination this town will always hold for me. But I really haven't left Hollywood, for the old ship is still as much a part of my life as ever—through Stu. We have the same friends, we go to the same places, we enjoy the same things I did when I had my own career."

It was cold outside in spite of the Chamber of Commerce. The fire crackled cheerfully, shedding light on the tea cups, the thin sandwiches on a tray, and June's softly waved head resting in utter contentment against the back of a comfortable chair.

She reminisced: "At the time I married Stu I had made four pictures in a row. I was very tired and thin and in a run-down condition. We had arranged so that we could take a moon trip. We were gone almost seven months, and at the end of that time we knew Bud (that's Stuart, Jr.'s nickname—why I don't know) was coming. We were happy and very eager to return to the screen for a year after that.

"I sometimes think it was particularly easy for me to give up my work," she continued, "I was never any big renunciation scene, or making up my mind one way or another about it. Even now I wouldn't freely state that I would never come back. I hate closing doors—taking definite stands about anything important."

"The truth is that June Collyer merely deferred her happiness and very nearly into being Mrs. Stuart Erwin. I suppose if Stu had put down his foot and said, 'No more career, young woman, you are a wife and mother now!' I would have always been contrary handkerking harboring in my soul for the forbidden fruit. But Stu wanted me to do exactly as I pleased about it. He didn't mind if I wanted to dabble in something new and then a couple of years ago we went on a personal appearance tour together and I never had such a good time."

"The only thing Stu has always urged me to do is to be careful of my health, and to make sure I was strong enough before even thinking of a career on either stage or screen.

June almost died at the time of the birth of her second baby. For four months she remained in bed, and her life hung on a slender thread. When she was brought home to slow recuperation, it was certainly no time to be thinking of returning to the very hard work of the Hollywood studios. That was one important reason for her almost complete retirement.

"But if you really want the truth," she laughed, "I adore my home. I love being with my children, I enjoy everything about the management of a house, I want to be entirely free to spend every moment I can with Stu—and that's the real reason I'm back of everything! I'm not trying to say that domesticity would or could solve the happiness problems of every girl who has had a career before the camera. I can only say that it has in my case."

She smiled: "I can't imagine two growing and busily children leaving much time for restlessness in anyone's life. But per-

haps that is because I spend so much time with them. We have a nurse and a very good one, but because I enjoy them so much I've made it more or less of a habit to take complete charge of the children during the morning hours.

"Of all the hours of the day I think mornings belong to children. We are pretty early risers as a family, and it is seldom indeed that I'm not in the nursery in time to dress the children and play games while the nurse is preparing their breakfast.

"If Stu is working, the children go with me in the car either marketing, or on short shopping expeditions in Hollywood. If the weather is nice we take walks, or work in the garden—though Judy isn't much help, there. She digs up as much as Bud and I plant."

"At one o'clock I may have a luncheon date, or another, and more serious shopping tour, fittings and all that sort of thing which would tire the children. I never play cards in the afternoon—because I don't play bridge in the first place, and in the second place I like to be home by four o'clock. I like to arrange the flowers for the table, see how the plans for dinner are coming along, and to have one hour at least to read to the children before their bedtime. Also," June laughed, "I've listened to more bedtime radio programs than any other woman in the world, and I know it!"

"Stu usually comes home before six o'clock and the hour between six and seven we always spend out here, alone, because we seldom have guests when Stu is working."

Down to the sea in ships and very chic bathing suit, goes svelte Evelyn Knapp, between studio engagements. Evelyn and her husband own and sail their own ship, thank you.

The old fear was hurting Cally again but when he turned and smiled she put her hand on his.

"All right, Slim, go ahead," she smiled steadily. "I'll be waiting for you. I'll be waiting for you always, now."

There was only time for that quick kiss and then he was climbing the tower again, higher and higher until she could no longer see his smile or the long, lean grace of him, could only see the darker shadow he made against the sky as distance widened between them.

Something of his own valor stirred in her then and she wasn't afraid any longer. She smiled again and the hurt that had lain on her heart lifted, and suddenly she knew that she was done with fear forever; that never as long as she lived would she be afraid of anything again.

Five Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 33
June said: "It isn’t quite as bad as that. We Erwins do enjoy parties whether we give them or one of our friends. That’s one thing I particularly love about Stu. He’s not one of those men to complain at struggling into his dress clothes if he knows there’s a party about. He really has a gift for enjoying everything—which, I believe me, is a marvellous trait in a husband!"

"Naturally, the parties we give here at home are small, intimate affairs. You see, we are a pretty crowded household what with the two children, the nurse, the butler...and a seldom plan a party here at home that this room can’t accommodate.

"Our favorite gathering of the clan is always been guests on our. In the summer-time, of course, we use the patio and the porches, cocktails are served here, and then about ten o’clock buffet supper is brought from the main house and served on card tables. The menus depend on the weather. In the summer we have cold sliced turkey, green salads and so on. In the winter, baked ham and Boston beans, salads, and the usual run of buffet food. I came to the conclusion a long time ago that guests are much happier with simple good food than with all the trick, disguised dishes in the books! Men, particularly, like real food even at parties. Erwin taught me that! And it’s a practice at this house.

"You see," she went on, "ours is not an elaborate household, and that is probably why the management of our house has never been any part of a task. There are no cut and dried rules about anything. Yet, surprisingly enough, we have fallen into very convenient habits of our own accord, which means that we have none of that usual movie difficulty of meals at odd hours and all that sort of thing.

"About the tarts: I remember we used to have currant tarts that were quite nice. They made them like the cheese cakes you have here, but they added currants for color. Then we used to have fruit or jam tarts, especially raspberry tarts with a froth of whipped cream on top.

"For a tea like this, we’d serve water-cress sandwiches. The bread would be as thin as paper, and the cress chopped up inside. Usually had a currant cake, too, but people didn’t eat a great deal—just a sandwich or a slice of cake.

"Imagine—and nobody cared how fat you were then!" sighed Phyllis. "Do you know, Anne only weighs 100 1/2 right this minute, and you never see her gain an ounce! She can eat ice cream, rich pastries, candy and everything and nothing happens.

"The girls looked at each other and giggled again.

"We have a gag now," said Anne, when she could speak, "that whatever happens to one of us, always happens to the other. If I go out all dolled up in a new dress and get something down the front, the very next day, Phyl gets something on her new dress! I went to Palm Springs last weekend and got a fever blister—you can’t see it. When I came home, if Phyl didn’t have one, too!"

"I tell you a nice thing to serve at teas," put in Mrs. Shirley, "you can have them fast or for a hot bite before bed-time, too, if you have hearty appetites. Brioche is the name. I’ll look up the recipe."

BROIOHE CAKES

1 cake Fleischmann’s yeast
1 cup scalded milk
1/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup flour
Mix, let rise, add 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/3 cup molten butter, 2 eggs, 1/3 cups flour and grated rind and juice of 1/2 lemon. Beat well, let double its bulk, beat up, roll 1/2 inch thick, and roll lightly with butter, roll over to make three layers, cut in strips 3/4 inch wide, bring ends together to form a circle let rise to twice its size and bake in a quick oven (425°). Ice with confectioner’s icing and sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds.

"People have those for early breakfasts when they’re going out to ski," commented Anne. "Phyl and I don’t ski. We stand around, I think it fun and I have any a little, but we can think of easier ways to break our necks than that. We don’t even go horseback riding. We play tennis and swim and let it go at that.

"I know what men like, if they come in a tea or after a meal. Phyllis.

"Biscuits! Any old kind. There’s something called Crispets that are awfully good.

CRISPETS
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco
1/4 cup milk
Grated cheese (Kraft) or Fruit
Sift baking powder, flour and salt together. Rub the Crisco in with the fingers and mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll out quite thin. Cut in four-inch squares, on each square place grated cheese and slice of an apple, or any fresh fruit. Wet the edges and fold over in a triangle, pressing the edges together tightly. Drop in deep hot Crisco and fry slowly until brown on both sides.

"You can put sausage—little lumpy ones in those instead of fruit," said Anne. "You might die of indigestion, but they’re good.

The doorbell rang and both girls darted to the window and see ordinary good-looking youth stood outside.

"We would have company when we’re busy," they sighed. "Mother, tell him to come back!"

Before the youth was dispatched, the telephone bell was ringing. No sooner had the patient mother put off that caller than he came again.

"There will be a mob here in half an hour," she said, returning, but she said it calmly. She’s used to it with two pretty girls in the house.

"We have the nicest crowd!" Anne beamed. "There’s Paula Stone, and Pat Ellis and Tom Brown and Owen Johnson, and Jimmy Ellison and Denny Moore and the Durkin girls—"

"We haven’t seen Grace and Bill Henry since they were married—observed Phyllis, "they must be going domestic."

"All the kids play Tripoly now," said Anne. "It’s grand fun. We play for a cent, and at the end of a week you can lose as much as sixteen cents if you’re not lucky! We’re crazy about it."

"We’re crazy, all right," said Phyllis, and they giggled together.

74
Don't let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't have to be plain! Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just underneath!

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your outer skin will be clear...fine textured...flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl." Do this twice daily...Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want. Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN: "I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CD, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name________ City____ State_____________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
NEW “7-POWER” YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS. — IN A FEW WEEKS!

Thousands of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of naturally attractive flesh with these new “7-POWER” Ironized Yeast tablets. Also they’ve gained naturally clear skin, new pep, new friends—an almost universal result. Scientists recently discovered that many are thin and rundown only because they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Without these, you may lack appetite, and not get the most good out of what you do.

New: One of the redoubled known sources of Vitamin B is cultured yeast. The finest imported cultured yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making 7-POWER stronger and more potent, and is combined with 3 kinds of iron, whole yeast and other ingredients to pleasant flavor.

If too, too need these elements to add in building you up, get these new “7-POWER” Ironized Yeast tablets for your breakfast today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite, and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential.

Then watch those browsent on reviving the theatre. To be perfectly truthful, Franchot Tone expressed lowbrow leanings whenever anyone threatened him. Dignity, he was a buoyant Bohemian. He was also a lady of personal achievements. For more than two decades he stood tall with his avant-garde in Greenwich Village itself. Indisputably he was drawn to the merry good fellowship of the artistic crowd—actors and actresses, authors and musicians and painters, the beasts, the bad ones, and the indifferent all attracted him. In those days he sought friendships with all sorts and ages. There was a new, hopeful quality, and he took and enjoyed with a splendid gaiety, wherever he could find it.

Of course, he wouldn’t settle anywhere but in the most cosmopolitan of Greenwich Village itself. Instinctively he was drawn to the merry good fellowship of the artistic crowd—actors and actresses, authors and musicians and painters, the beasts, the bad ones, and the indifferent all attracted him. In those days he sought friendships with all sorts and ages.

For five glorious years the man you now know as a movie hero was an unlettered citizen of this intoxicating, uninhibited world of his choice. But even then he’d stay off with his contribution to an outstanding play or, on being invited to a party. The colorful cafes where the tourists went were too far from him. Franchot set the rendezvous at a tavern like The Black Cat or The Pirate’s Den. There was sure to be plenty of lively talk and laughter, with Franchot generally inspiring it by some sudden witicism or preposterous gag.

It was back then, I recall, when he danced with a stunned street cleaner beneath the L on 6th Avenue. Franchot and pals were wandering their route during one of their four a.m. thrilling arguements. "I’ll bet you can’t get a street cleaner to dance with you!" That taunt was something a Tone felt strongly inclined to disprove. No consequence. He strode towards the first white-wing they sighted. "My friends and I have been debating the relative merits of the street cleaner. Now you seem to be a person who’d receive the majesty of the Viennese waltz. You do, don’t you?" A dubious yess was evoked. "Then," remarked Franchot as casually as possible, "I believe you’ll help me prove my point. You’ll allow me?" And before the astonished street cleaner could muster a retort, any kind, he was being waltzed around, in and out of the elevated’s structure, by this mad gentleman in white tie and tails.

So long as I’ve said this much, I might as well disclose what Franchot did with the sum he earned by winning this bet. It’s never been mentioned in print, but here’s the story. He bought himself a park bench, ordering it the identical size of the Central Park settees, and with new paint and John’s. The evening it was delivered he and his confirers in this particular adventrue trotted it into the park and relaxed on it until very late that night. They were a bit stunned when they calmly picked up the bench and began to walk away with it. Naturally, this caused quite a commotion. Franchot persisted in his belief that it was their own property and refused to let the wagon—no less!—be summed. In night court Franchot produced the bill, and they were all committed. So the devils taxed their teaser right back to the park and were picked up by another irrevocable hand of the law. The third time they took a taxi let a Black Cat. Mariah the poor judge was fit to be tied. "Enough is enough!" he shouted, forgetting his dignity. Never once to be a post, Franchot politely shouldered his bench and re-tired well satisfied with the night’s romp. The crowd that had gathered at the rumor of these goings-on gave him a rousing cheer whenever he approached them.

I recall that it was when his fifth year in the Village rolled around that Franchot scored his most decided success on Broadway and resolved to take a reality a couple of blocks from the attic haven. He went to Macy’s basement and bought the unoccupied end of a huge desk, and he hired a Japanese boy to be the janion of all work. But still he didn’t go grand on his gian. It remained open house any hour, literally. Franchot said he was piled out of bed to large somewhere or to listening to the latest news of his sophisticated neighbor. And while he was ex- lected as the most amusing young actor in New York’s most exhilarating group, he didn’t toil at the reputation. Nothing puns him more severely than a pretender to poise and position; nothing can stop him from taking the wind out of such absurd people’s sails. That is, nothing could until he met Miss Hepburn.

He was content enough there, steadily climbing in the theatre, chasing fun, and chasing girls with bath, love, Romance intrigue him and there were times when, like all young men, he felt this particular girl was his everlasting passion. He needed a new outlet in this extemoreous life. His acting became so noticeably fine, though, that Hollywood scouts besieged him with proposals for tests.

In Hollywood Franchot stumbled upon immediate fame and upon the big love of his life—[name]. Yet what you don’t know is how being the movie boy has revolutionized his habits. Immediately he recognized that he was in for a different schedule. He realized that he’d have to curb his spontiancy, his craving for informal recklessness. In addition to his gaiety, he possesses a keen intelligence, which

Franchot strikes Hollywood as an extraordinarily self-contained star. It can’t get him to be spectacular and it supposes that he is a pretty sedate sort of fellow, the boy’s simply no fool. He’s been playing dumb to the gallery that’s perpetually pretending to be dumb. He hasn’t changed fundamentally; he still relishes fun. But if he’s been seriously misjudged it’s because he’s been so darned on guard. He understands that he has been so judged, that folk gossip when you lead the most conventional existence in Hollywood and it’s silly to give them extra reasons to chatter when they’re bound to misinterpret.

This is why Franchot goes out seldom, why he is called “poor copy” by the press. He doesn’t have many friends in Hollywood, either; which is too bad. He is very good to the local trick of promoting friendships for profit and he doesn’t want to be seen in the public eye, he’s not for himself alone, not for what he might be able to do for someone. And since it’s so hard to distinguish the genuine from the shrewdly ambitious, in Hollywood, he has crawled within a shell.

"This mold I’ve had to pour myself in is quite a trial for me," he confided when he was at RKO co-starring with Katharine Hepburn in "Quality Street." Hepburn had ordered all writers kept off the sets, but Franchot, for luck, and Franchot was Mariah the poor judge was fit to be tied. "Enough is enough!" he shouted, forgetting his dignity. Never once to be a post, Franchot politely shouldered his bench and re-

The Truth About Tone

Continued from page 22

7 REASONS WHY THEY BUILD UP
2. Heart. appented—irked, as promoted where more were needed.
3. Aid in getting of food where Vitami
4. Nerves depleted by stress—vitamins, Vitamin B, strengthened by this
5. Skin eruptions due to Vitamin B. dependable.
6. Growth, development,
7. New energy, pep and tone, those who need Vitamin B and iron.

Free offer! To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, use it and send on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, New Facts About Your Body. Remember, results with the first package of money refunded.

Affiliated Iron Co., Inc., Dept. 206, Atlanta, Ga.
Metro, before I'd even stepped onto the train, a leading columnist announced me as a society playboy whose chief objective was backing shows! Well, I had more surprise in store for me when I arrived here to be nearly тип as a straightened platform, elevated stage—a sound, designed theatre—testing another actress. And the technique of the footlights. That's a sample of the incredible situations I've been in since I've been here. Joan doesn't require any special coaching from me or anyone else to be able to act on the stage. She is an actress. And she couldn't do much emoting in that theatre of ours, despite the the touching tale that was printed of her horrible stage-fright when she made her debut the other evening—before our customary gathering of intellectuals. They're another joke, incidentally. We have interesting friends, but none of us claim to be intellectuals! To get this matter of the theatre straightened out once and for all—when the swimming pool was put in Joan designed a bath-house for one side and a small, matching theatre for the other. Just a theatre where movies could be run. The widely touted stage is nothing more than a raised platform, elevated so that our sound machine will go underneath it!"

In "Personal Appearance," the play from which Mae West's last picture was adapted, there was a sarcastic crack which nightly had metropolitan audiences in stitches. The movie-struck girl had been playing the press agent stuck in the sticks with questions. She wound up with, "What is the truth about Franchot Tone?" The flip retort was, "Only he and his maker know!" It meant anything you cared to think and everyone out front, like hundreds of Little Audreyfs, impudently just laughed and laughed. This sally was axed when the plot was altered for the screen. I'm sorry, because it might have made Hollywood itself wonder enough to investigate Mr. Tone. The unadulterated truth about him is that it's all Fun to Franchot. Life, love, and work—he regards all three with a profound gaiety. The essential thing about him—and it's been so overlooked—is his ruling sense of humor. It seasons every action when you penetrate his movie-actor front. Learn of it and you chuckle with a man who is far more fascinating than the handsome hero Hollywood ballyhooes.

Hollywood hasn't robbed him of his aspirations; he yearns more than ever to create memorable characters for appreciative audiences. But how it has stumped upon his zest for pranks, how it has turned him into a recluse!

"Fun has to be spur-of-the-moment," he explains, "Here if I determined to enliven my spare hours by stirring up some healthy

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**Down to His Last Friend**

**My Master's So Down-Hearted, and Nobody Comes Here Anymore!**

**Guess I'll Chew up This Magazine!**

**Hers, You Rascal! Stop That!**

**What's This?**

**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth, See Your Dentist**

**Most Bad Breath Comes from Decaying Food Deposits in Hidden Crevices Between Improperly Cleaned Teeth! I Advise Colgate Dental Cream**

**Its Special Penetrating Foam Removes These Odor-Breeding Deposits!**

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**Two Weeks Later—Thanks to Colgate's**

**I Wonder What Happened This House is Just Overflowing with People These Days!**

**...and No Toothpaste Ever Made My Teeth as Bright and Clean as Colgate's!**

**Non-No Bad Breath Behind His Sparkling Smile!**

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**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, duff, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

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**Screenland**

77
TANGEE FOR
Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade
...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blusher...Paris bans &"paintless" Tangee isn't paint! Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

even her manicure looked a week old. She said, "Let's sit in that little room off the bar. There are only a few tables in there—it's quiet and away from things."

Further proof that she hadn't changed: "being seen" by those other celebrities who cannot laugh at the thought of her for fun. Girls usually become actresses with one of two things in mind. Either they yearn for the favors of fame; the money, the adulation, the power and the glamour; or they turn to acting simply because they love the work. It only takes you five minutes to find out; Frances Farmer belongs to the latter group. All her life she has been a serious workaday girl, and that she has arrived somewhere today she owes entirely to her own integrity of spirit—not to beauty, or pull, or any insane restless over-trotting ambition. And the fact that she has reached her success makes no difference at all in her behavior.

College was her first objective in life and she had almost as much trouble achieving it as she did, later, in getting into pictures. The Hollywood nerve was very much money in the Farmer treasury, and there were three children to be educated—an older brother and sister first, and then Frances. It is a family myth in the family that all the children should major in journalism. Mrs. Farmer was a well-known dietitian and had written several books on the subject. Mr. Farmer was a lawyer, and had contributed numerous articles to magazines. Both the older children had shown inclinations to write and Frances was a bookworm. Also, Frances, in high school, had written a prize-winning essay. So the choice seemed logical.

That essay actually was something we didn't mention very often around the house," Frances explained, "I had gained quite a bit of notoriety from it, but not the kind that they were interested in. It was called 'God Dies.' It was a personal narrative of my reactions to the pictures of God which had been painted to me since I was a kid. How I had at first thought of Him as a venerable old man, with long white whiskers—sort of a sainthood Santa Claus—and how, as the years went on, I had found that fable, and had begun to think God was too. It was a very simple thing, really, the disillusionment of a child whose prayers were not answered. A rather usual subject for a school essay, I'll admit. But the teacher, a wild redhead Scottie woman, encouraged this sort of personal thing, rather than the usual cut and dried essay subjects. And after I had written it she entered it in a contest conducted by the Scholastic Magazine. I didn't know about it until I received the hundred dollars and—well, until the letters began pouring in. Not only to me, but to my teacher. They were all from religious fanatics, and rabid. How could a young girl be encouraged in such atheism? They attacked not only my lack of reverence, but insisted that my sponsor was a threat to the religious morals of the high school. There was really an awful fuss—editorials in the newspapers—and finally the teacher was dismissed. It was a great eye-opener to me. Until that time I had never dreamed that there were so many narrow-minded people in the world. It did something to me. It was a child's protest, I knew. In my own mind it sort of set me apart from others. I was pretty revolutionary, I thought, and my school mates looked at me in a strange way, too. And as for the family—well, I was a 'queer un' from them on. Not to be entrusted with too much freedom."

"I remember the summer before I went to college I was looking for a job, to help pay my tuition. I auditioned for the manager of the 'Blue Boar' restaurants. They were looking for a troupe of singers to travel from one restaurant to another and I was accepted. I was pretty excited about it. Until Mother heard about it and said it all sounded wicked to her. A cabaret singer! I explained that the restaurants weren't so really wild—they only served beer—they were very nice continental beer gardens, really. But singing wicked
songs to men customers—it was unlady-like! But we weren't to sing wicked songs! I tried to explain. Ballads were the only things we'd sing, and what could be wrong with ballads? But I couldn't break her down.

"That first year, at the University, in line with my journalistic course, I worked on the school paper. If I'd been a success at it, I might be a newspaper woman today, instead of an actress. But they assigned me to the infirmary beat, and that was pretty dull, and I was always late with my copy, or it never turned up at all, and finally I was fired. So then, occasionally, I began writing dramatic reviews. We had a marvelous little theatre right there on the campus, and suddenly I found myself becoming more interested in that work than in writing, so I changed my course and switched over to drama. Often I had to rehearse late at night, and finally I persuaded the family that I should take a place by myself near the campus. It was my first break away from domesticity, and I loved it. I could read and study as late as I liked. I could pile the dishes in the sink if I wanted to, and I didn't have to sit down to meals that were full of dietetics-talk. That was the thing that always jarred me a bit at home. Mother and Edith, my sister, were always discussing the proper way to bake biscuits, the calories in this and that, the vitamin value of eggs! It was something for which I could never find much sympathy.

"The next summer I went to Mount Rainier to work as a waitress. I had imagined that I would have plenty of time to study, but there were few free moments. Work, work, work, from six in the morning until ten at night, and with only an hour or two off during the day. It was quite a grind, being on your feet all the time, and at night I had to take part in the 'entertainment' for the tourists. I sang 'Pale Moon,' as part of the Indian Program. I sang it every night for three months. And for the waiting on table and singing I received $25 a month. But it was an important summer for me, in one respect. Toward the end of the season, an English professor came to stay at the hotel for a while. He was an older man, very distinguished and interesting-looking, and the first time he came in, he sat at one of my tables. He gave me his order, I passed it on to the chef. Then I noticed that he was reading a book which I had just finished. I couldn't resist saying something about it. Well, I stood there, so engrossed in his brilliant comments, that I quite forgot the order. It got cold standing on the shelf, and the chef nearly fired me. But the professor said it didn't matter at all—he'd eat it cold; and of course, from that moment on, we were friends. He loaned me some of his books, a lot of them plays, and every meal after that became a lesson really. The summer wasn't wasted after all."

That last statement is amazingly indicative of her character, her viewpoint. When Frances Farmer suddenly decided that she wanted to be an actress, she did not waste time stewing about the fact that she had not been born into a theatrical family, or a theatrical town. Seattle certainly held few professional opportunities. She must eventually get to New York, the mecca of all stage-inclined young actresses; but the box or when of it never prematurely troubled her. She wasted no time dreaming of the break that would come along.

And she was never too proud to do any kind of work to help her through her drama course at college. When she returned to Seattle that fall, she was still shy some money, so she took an ushering job in the Paramount Theatre, planning to re-enter the University at the beginning of the sec-

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end half of the year. In the meantime she kept in touch with the dramatic coach, and learned that there was a possible part for her coming up, in “Alien Corn.” She began studying the part. If you were a patron of the Paramount Theatre in those days, you might have run into her often at the top of the balcony stairs. She stood there in a pair of ill-fitting blue velveteen pajamas and blue satin shoes. Usually she had one hand stretched out, but it was less of an ushering gesture than an acting one. And sometimes, if she didn’t hear you on the thickly carpeted stairs, she’d be declaiming quite loudly—for, yes, Frances Farmer, usherette, was rehearsing what she hoped would be her part in a play.

It all happened to her, quite as it does to the Cinderella heroines in Faith Baldwin novels. But the wand was waved strangely enough, not by a person, but by a magazine—a rather radical magazine which, during Frances’ last year in College, coincidentally enough, ran a subscription contest in Seattle. And it was quite by chance that Frances happened to get mixed up in it. By this time she was quite well known on the campus. She had made a hit in “Alien Corn” and several other plays, and she was a leader in the dramatic group. Because of her popularity the magazine was very anxious to get her into the contest, and a friend finally managed to persuade her. Frances accepted without even knowing what the prize was. For several weeks she did nothing about getting subscriptions; then when she heard that the first prize was a trip to Russia she was suddenly inspired to action. Not that she wanted to go to Russia particularly. But this would mean going to New York first, and coming back to New York, and if a side trip to Russia was thrown in, what of it?

“I worked like a demon! I jammed subscriptions down all my friends’ throats. Yes, and I won the contest, but I never dreamed what a boomerang it would be! Poor Mother—when she heard about it, she was sick. Here I was, a girl from a good American family, apparently the mainstay of the radical movement in Seattle! She was not only shocked; she said she was embarrassed, and told the reporters so. You see, the papers had gotten hold of it, in the hope of digging up a red scare on the campus. I was interviewed, my professors were interviewed, my family—everybody! Mother begged me to give up the trip. But I couldn’t, I finally showed her that. The only way to preserve any dignity now, was to go. Not that I cared about the dignity part, but she did. I was on my way to Russia.

“Well, it was as though I were going to the end of the world. They wept and wailed as though I was being sent off, a sacrifice to some heathen god. Yet it wasn’t a very illustrious going; I was sent by bus! Still it was exciting to me, going any way; I had never been off the west coast! I had only a hundred dollars extra. My hotels and transportation were all paid.
for, of course, but I knew I would need that when I got back to New York, after the trip. So I didn’t even rent myself a pillow for the bus. Oh, I hung on to that money! I had to, and I did, cheerfully, because it was all I had on which to start my career.

"I was only in New York a day or so— I had to sail on the boat they picked for me. I was gone a month. The trip is a story in itself—Leningrad, May Day in Moscow, and then I went to Berlin and Parls, and London. Oh, it was a wonderful experience, every minute of it, but the most important thing happened on the boat, coming back. It didn’t seem very important at the time, but as it turned out, it was. I met a doctor who said he had a theatrical friend in New York who might help me to become an actress. I dreamed of someone who would help me get into pictures. If I had realized that, I probably would have said, ‘Oh, but I’m not interested in pictures— I don’t think I’m right for them—I want to go on the stage first. Maybe later.’ But the friend showed up several days after we docked and took me off to meet ‘somebody’ and that somebody turned out to be Oscar Serlin, then testing director of Paramount. He interviewed me and said he thought he would give me a test in a month or so. In the meantime he gave me several scripts to study. I didn’t go back for quite a while, I stalled Broadway instead. It was midsummer and there was very little casting. There wasn’t even anybody in the casting offices except the office boys. It was very discouraging, and my small amount of money was getting very low. There was nothing to do but to go back to Paramount. Finally I had my test and finally they accepted me. It was just an ordinary stock contract, with very little money, and I was miserable the day they sent for me to come to Hollywood. I had heard how stock actresses got hidden away; how they sometimes didn’t even get picked for a part; how months could go by without being allowed to do anything, and then how suddenly and with what a thud their option could be dropped. But if I had waited until I had made my name on the stage—

Still, there was a lucky start guiding me. Miss Lawton, the studio coach, was encouraging and helped me get parts. Then I met Leif Erikson; we fell in love and were married. No, marrying had never been part of my plan—but then you see, I hadn’t met Leif yet, either. So that really turned the trick. Now I wanted to stay out here, with him, and make a success of it. Then came ‘Come and Get It,’ and I got the part I’ll never know, but I did and it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me."

It was a plum that Frances picked in "Come and Get It," but it wasn’t an accidental plum by any means. Director Howard Hawks (his directorial reins were later taken over by G. W. Pabst) saw in her a girl who was essentially intelligent, and hard-working. He saw that she was the sort of person who could accomplish any task she really put herself to. True, she had no reputation to help him sell his picture. She was an unknown, without theatrical inheritance or experience. But he saw in her a sincerity and a humility which he knew would allow her to take direction. He looked at dozens of girls who tossed their heads gaily, who wore temperament and glamor on the tips of their noses, and a bold confidence in their eyes, born of back-stage rearing. But it was Frances in her workaday clothes, with her workaday ways, who won!
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Hollywood Holiday

Continued from page 21

reconcile herself to another woman's girl-child. Her step-mother was 2 years younger than her own mother had been. And she was a grown girl. . . It was much simpler to go away.

Marsha had wanted to go, anyhow. She had gone to Chicago first. And had found herself unprepared to make any sort of a living. So her father had advanced the money for a course in shorthand.

She was all right after that. As far as making a living was concerned. She wasn't a beauty—but she was a nice-looking girl, with frank brown eyes and light brown hair that curled only after you did things to it, but kept the curl a long time. She was slender—a little too slender most of the time due more to the wrong kind of food than to any conscious diet. She wasn't very tall—but not so short that you noticed that, either. A nice-looking girl, with a fresh skin, who carried her head well. She might have disappeared in a crowd—but if you once picked her out you didn't lose sight of her very easily again.

In Chicago she'd had a love affair or two. Nothing serious. Not more serious, anyhow, than a couple of nights of wondering if her heart was broken—and then discovering, as if by sudden magic, that life was worth while. Then had come an affair she hadn't liked so well. She'd worked for a married man—and he'd been annoying. And when she gave up working for him he was still annoying. And there'd been no reason to stay in Chicago, anyhow, when she'd always wished she were in New York. Why, everything you read about happened in New York.

So she'd saved up—and gone to New York. New York had been wonderful. For a while, anyhow.

She had had a little room on Eighth Street. A room that was breathless in the summer time and never quite warm enough in winter. But when she'd looked around she hadn't seen anything she liked better that she could afford.

At first New York had been lonely—the horribly embracing loneliness that only a big city can produce. Then she had made friends. Greenwich Village friends, first. An artist who lived in her building. A writer who knew people she knew at home. Two girls a little too gay who thought they were Bohemian because they lived in the Village and liked artistic people. An actress who played small parts because she flattered the right people and always managed remarks that got a laugh. Young men who worked in shops, day times, and had dreams of careers at night.

These people had been fun. She—and most of them—had drifted to up-town parties. To cafes. To bars. Even to parties in the suburbs. It had been pleasant enough. But didn't lead anywhere. Not that Marsha knew where she wanted it to lead.

She had fallen in love. New York a little more seriously than she had in Chicago. First, with a solemn, black-haired boy who was always on the verge of a mood. It took all of her energy to make him cheerful. And when he was cheerful all he wanted to do was to make love. And Marsha didn't want to be made love to by the black-haired boy. She was "driving herself." She didn't know what for, even when the black-haired boy—and others, before and after, asked her. It had something to do with being real in love, and a home, and happiness that went on and on—but you can't imagine love that goes on and on. . .
that to men who wanted a lot of love one night—and none at all forever afterwards. There had been other men after that—a lazy blond fellow who spent hours after hours in talking—what he was going to do with his life seemed terribly important to him. To Marsha's surprise she found out that now he really was doing some of the things he had talked about—though she knew that, now, too, he probably wouldn't even remember that he had talked with her about them. Another blond, then, who hadn't talked a great deal but drank more and always had to be looked out for, late at night, and Marsha hadn't been enough of the mother type—for him. Two rather indefinite fellows, then, without money, without distinction. And a married man who had the usual line—"You don't know what you're missing when you hold yourself away from life. You can't really be alive until you've known to know love—but not from him, and not his kind of love.

And, lauded through her night time experiences—during all of which she had been such a good girl—and felt just a little smug about her goodness—there had been jobs. Half a dozen of them. Jobs in big companies where the salary had been small. Jobs in small concerns where the bosses had or hadn't been fresh, and in the end it hadn't mattered a great deal.

And then had come a hard New York winter, and Marsha had got a sudden new ambition, She wanted to go to Hollywood. And work in the movies.

She didn't want to be an actress. She knew there were too many girls—who wanted that. She wanted, instead, to be a writer.

She felt, now, that she had always wanted to be a writer—a writer for the movies—though, actually, she'd never thought much about it before. Writing for books and magazines was beyond her, she felt. She couldn't actually express herself well enough for the printed word, and she never even aimed as high as playwriting. But there was something about the movies—she felt she could visualize those. With a little help—a little encouragement. She'd never had the help or the encouragement. But it was a nice dream. It always had been.

So she had come to Hollywood. And, after a couple of jobs, had actually landed in the movies. Not as a writer. But as a stenographer, taking down the usual letters, the usual details. Then had come the job with Super—and now she was a script girl.

Every day, while a picture was being made, she sat there, and took down what went on. Everything. What everyone in the cast wore. What everyone in the cast did. Every bit of detail. Every bit of action. She followed the script. Changed it if one word was changed. Months later, for a retake, she might have to produce her notes and reconstruct the scene. What the star wore. Was it white gloves or brown? What knee did she kneel on? How many tea cups were on the tray? It was the sort of job that leads to folks writing letters to the company if you weren't accurate. Sid Skolsky's column carried a hundred errors because a script girl didn't do all of her job.

Marsha did her job as well as she could. And loved it. And had a good time on the job. And away from it. She had met Elea-nor on the lot. They liked each other and roomed together for companionship and economy. They liked the same young men—but not well enough to interfere with each other. Indefinite young men, mostly, with indefinite jobs—all hoping so hard to make good. Marsha liked them, too, but not too well. Though sometimes she wished

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she did. She was still “saving herself.” And the year in Chicago and the year in New York and the year here in Hollywood meant that she was twenty-three going on twenty-four—girl all alone, and, in a way, making good, Sr. Best-supporting and s.Keith, and respectable. And in Hollywood. And thinking the business was a constant holiday. And what was it getting her 15

They wondered, now, as she drove over the green-brown hills to the studio. She always got a kick out of that. Nice country, around Hollywood. Contrasts, City, outlying. Hills a few minutes drive. Drive another way, and the shore and the blue Pacific, looking always so much more friendly than it ever was.

She parked her car on the parking lot, hurried to her office. She was exactly on time.

“Go to Stage Eight,” Mrs. Lenons, who had charge of the script girls, told her. “You’re to work on ‘All Over Town.’” Keith Knowles’ picture; that was something. He wouldn’t speak to her—Eleanor had been right about that. But Keith Knowles was an important star. He’d been loaned by Superb Pictures for this one with Miss Martin. Beatrice, the Super Star, would play opposite him. It would be a good cast.

She took her note book, hurried over to Stage Eight.

Stage Eight had been transformed into an English Village. Actually, inside the huge, barn-like structure, apparently six different sets had been erected. To be sure, they had neither sides, backs nor substance, but, outwardly, they were substantial, real, and very attractive.

Everyone was there. The few extras that were needed had arrived early and were already made up and sitting in rather dull and stoic silence. Frank Martin and Lucile Hendricks, among the players, who were always cast opposite each other, true to their kittenish and juvenile roles were already playing a bit on the side—but, as their real audience was missing, none of the camera men or mechanics or carpenters or actors paid a bit of attention to them.

Beatrice Brown came in, looking very elegant, indeed. She sat down a bit apart from the others, nodded coolly and immediately began to read. She was reading the book that she could do for hours. She’d never known what it meant if she had read through it—but as she never even pretended to get past the first twenty-five pages. It was the smart book of the day.

The director, a tall, slender man in grey tweeds, came in. Marsha had heard of the picturesque director in riding habit but he had been before her day. The present director was crisp, skillful, business-like. His assistant, a little fellow with a comical face, was with him. The assistant director was the one man on the lot who still made dates with girls and promised them favors. Assistant directors were, as a rule, still pretty busy in their spare time.

Then Keith Knowles came in. The others crowded around in the welcome that was fine such a prominent visitor. Keith wore a grey lounge suit, as was called for in the script. His color, a bit pallid from too much Hollywood night life, was heightened by country aegis and color which made him seem to be a slightly sunburned Indian. This ended suddenly at the ears and the neck-line but to Marsha’s constant and jealous eye was awful as a banana peeling—just as commonplace, just as banal. Only the banana peeling was missing—and the apple core was there. Only the apple core was there. Marsha stepped where she left the set. A stupid thing to do—especially for a girl
Camera shots made of him, so Ginger explained what she intended to do.

"All right," he sighed, "but tell Bill to get somewhere I can't see him while he shoots!"

The dancing strip—twenty-four pictures in all—was shot from behind scenery, under flats, over the tops of lights, anywhere so that the picture taker was out of view.

When Ginger wasn't in a scene, she loved to climb up on a ladder and shoot down at her co-star. Sometimes he knew it, sometimes he didn't. The shots are excellent.

"As I mentioned before, sets are always well-lighted," said the star, "so it isn't hard to get clear stuff on them. When you shoot outdoors, you have a different problem. People used to think you couldn't snap a picture outside unless your victim faced the sun, and of course the victim squinted. Now we know that isn't necessary.

"For good outdoor stuff, let your subject face away from the sun, or at least not try to look into the direct rays. With the improved film available today, excellent pictures may be taken in the shade, but here is the point to watch: green trees and grass don't reflect much light, and since it's the amount of light reaching your subject that determines the tone of the picture, it will be necessary to lengthen the exposure, or open the lens wider."

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"If you can't get results with this system, talk things over with the camera dealer. He'll show you where you are wrong."

"Most miniature cameras are capable of good portrait work, but that's where the fun begins!" Ginger laughed and ran her slim fingers over a reel of film. "I haven't tried much of that sort of thing, but what I've done has shown me how much there is to learn. Each individual face must be studied and the lighting properly arranged. The fact that portrait work is difficult is what makes it so intriguing, and I expect to keep my friends looking at the birdie until I get something worth showing!"

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Arlen Obliges
Continued from page 58

'phone you—if he thinks it's safe to see you.'

At seven that night the 'phone rang. It was Rosie, the Arlen cook. "Mr. Arlen will see you at 1:00 tomorrow," she informed me.

"Wh-wh-what??" I roared.

Rosie repeated her message.

"Oh," I sputtered. "Mr. Arlen will see me, will he? The great, the kind, the descending Mr. Arlen will deign to grant me an interview, will he? Well, that's fine. That's very kind of him."

"I don't know what you're talkin' 'bout," Rosie responded. "But I hear him tell Mrs. Arlen if you go to act nuts he will, too.

"Tell him just to act natural—he'll do all right," I squeaked.

Next day, promptly at 1:00 o'clock, I presented myself at the Arlen gate. It was locked. It always is, since the kidnapers are so obvious. Their intimate friends squeeze through a little side entrance. I don't know what strangers who don't know about the side entrance do. I boilled. "If I were really a stranger," I soliloquized, "they wouldn't dare treat me like this. They'd probably have been at the gate waiting."

Beyond the seven-foot hedge that surrounds the place I could hear Sam, the houseboy, watering the lawn.

"Sam!" I replied, "open this con-founded gate."

"Mr. Mook," came Sam's voice placatingly, "you garden gate haven't been opened in almost three years. The hinges is rusted shut. You come round on the side and I'll let you in through the kitchen."

"A fine beginning," I raged. "Go in the back way and get into the house through the kitchen!" But there was nothing else to do.

Rosie greeted me effusively as I entered.

"You gonna be here for dinner, honey?"

she asked.

I brightened visibly at the mention of dinner. "Yes," I began. "Will you make some cornbread?"

And then my enthusiasm took a nosedive. If I were a stranger I could hardly accept the cook's invitation to dinner. I would have to take a chance on being asked by the master of the house himself.

"No," I said stolically. "I don't think so. And listen, Rosie," I went on sternly. "I'm out here today on business. You must pretend you don't know that you've never seen me before. Do you understand?"

"Naw, suh," said Rosie promptly. "How Ah'm gonna pretend I never see you before when you was out here to dinner last night and come in mah kitchen before you went to bed and et up all that chicken I had left over for lunch today?"

"I," I began—

"An' another thing," Rosie continued indignantly, "when I was washin' your room today I knocked your toothbrush down and all the bristles fell out. You better get a new one."

There seemed no point in arguing with Rosie. It was plain I'd never be able to make her understand. I passed through the house. It was 1:15 by then but no one was about. Only the yard Sam had returned to his watering.

"Sam," I began, "tell Mr. Arlen I'm here, will you?"

"Mr. Arlen still sleep," Sam informed me laconically.

"Wake him up," I ordered.

"Cain't," Sam protested. "He say yawl keep' him up last night and he didn't get no sleep an' for nobody not to disturb him today."

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VELVATONE STUDIOS
2X328
Detroit, Mich.

The Best
GRAY HAIR
Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe:
To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any bay rum will do but you can mix it yourself at very little cost.
Apply to the hair once a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hairs, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not swell the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.
"If things weren't so formal and business-like," I told myself wrathfully, "I'd go in there and yank him out of bed. But a stranger can't very well go into another stranger's bedroom and pour cold water on him."

"Wake him up," I repeated sternly to Sam. "He made an appointment for 1:00 and by jimmy he's going to keep it. Tell him I told you to wake him."

Sam reluctantly laid down the hose and went into the house. A few minutes later he was back. "Mr. Arlen be out after awhile," he told me. "He say for you to make up your mind what you want to ask him cause he got a date at the club at 2:00 o'clock for a golf game."

"After a while, huh?" I fumed. "Tell him I'm sorry. I couldn't wait. Tell him when the story comes out if he doesn't like it it's his own fault." I started for the front gate.

"Them hinges is still rusted on that gate," Sam called. As I hesitated he grinned. "Mr. Arlen say if you got to actin' up of me to ask you if you want a drink."

"Well," I hesitated. "I suppose since I've waited this long I might as well wait a little longer."

"Yassuh," Sam stepped behind the bar and a moment later shoved a glass of brownish-looking stuff towards me. It was in a glass about half the size of the regular Arlen highball glasses.

"What's this?" I asked apprehensively.

"Ginger ale." Sam answered.

"You know I don't drink the stuff." I screamed. "I want a highball!"

"Mr. Mook," Sam replied earnestly, "you know ever since that woman wrote Mr. Arlen was a souse just because he offered her a highball, he don't love me to give no strangers drinks till he's talked to 'em himself." He went back to his hose.

A half hour later Mr. Arlen came rushing out of the house, grimacing like a Cheshire cat, his hand extended. "Awfully sorry I'm late, old man," he began, pumping my hand vigorously. "There were a bunch of soaks out here last night and I didn't get to sleep until four. Couldn't get rid of them. We finally had to put one of them to bed in the guest room." He eyed me meaningly.

"It's a lie," I began hotly, "you—"

"Pardon me?" said Mr. Arlen coolly.

I remembered I was supposed never to have been out there before. "I suppose that's one of the penalties of being a star," I replied darkly, thinking I would have to swallow all the lies and insults he would tell me about myself and pretend not to know who he was talking about. "People always busing in on you, etc."

"No," he answered, "we're pretty lucky. Most of the people who come out here are really friends. We don't stand on formality."

That, at least, was true. I recalled how the night before he had got sleepy about midnight and gone off to bed leaving Joby and me to entertain ourselves as best we could. This four o'clock business was all a former of his imagination—but I couldn't very well tell him so.

"Would you like to take a dip?" he inquired politely. "We practically live in the pool in summer."

"Yes!" I shouted vindictively.

Despite the fact he is one of the best swimmers I've ever seen, Mr. Arlen loathes swimming. He doesn't go into the pool six times in a season.

He scowled at me and jerked his head toward a tree where a pair of my trunks were hanging. "I think those will fit you," he said. "A friend of mine left them out here. I don't believe he'd mind your using them."

"Seen Blank lately?" I asked maliciously as we were getting into our trunks.

---

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS ... PEPs UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.

You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed.

You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it... by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying... as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat... exclusive with Dentyne... to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.
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THERE'S ROMANCE

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better"...these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxurious in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smudging and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonders-work tools: WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW★
THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS★

Betty Burgess
Special Pictures

Of curls that care for with the bright touch of beauty, your favorites of the screen dress their hair with "the curlers used by the stars." Millions of women follow this Hollywood beauty hint...and so more Hollywood Curlers are used in homes everywhere than all other curlers put together. Try this star magic on your hair...tonight! Be sure to ask for them by name.

3 FOR 10¢ AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES, NOTION COUNTERS

Hollywood Rapid Dry CURLER

“Blank” is a comedian whom Dick despises. They used to be pretty good friends—but no more.

“Saw him over at the club just the other day,” Dick smiled genially, “Nice chap.”

I stared at Mr. Arlen-open-mouthed and wondered if all actors are like that when they’re being interviewed. I had thought he would tell me they weren’t friendly any longer and I was going to have some fun asking him about it. None of the “Newsmen” has ever asked people for no other reason than that some friend of his will tell him how the third party double-crossed him, (double-crossed the farm but being new vitality I don’t take chances. Get the Doctor’s guaranteed prescription called Crystals. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America. Los Angeles, Calif., 10¢ for actual photographs sent in a pink wrapper.)

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WOMEN’S SERVICE LEAGUE
swiftly over the surface of the pool, circled and came back.

Dick began to talk. All the driven actors feed interviewed who didn’t know them, fell glibly from his lips. I listened in amused silence.

The sun began to sink more rapidly. The shadows lengthened more quickly. The colors of the flowers seemed less brilliant. It was as though nature, playing a stupendous symphony, had suddenly muted her instruments. No sound came to us from the street. We might have been miles out in the country—or up on a mountain top. Only the sound of Dick’s voice droning on and on.

“Say!” he broke off suddenly, “haven’t you had enough of this foolishness? I’m tired of being an actor.”

“God knows I’m tired of being an interviewer,” I gasped thirstily. And then really fainted.

Dick mixed the drinks!

“Heavens! Is That Me?”

Continued from page 29

the New York Paramount Theater. But Claudette did, and it was with tremendous relief that Eddie read her wire. “Dear Ed—Have just this minute seen our opus. We’re not so bad, baby, not so bad! Yours, Claudette.”

Joan Bennett’s reaction to seeing herself for the first time on the screen was one of defeat and frustration. Joan had a great name to live up to. Her sisters, Constance and Barbara, were both famous, as was her illustrious father, Richard Bennett. Joan had just done a little stage work, yet that little had somewhat pleased her. But after that first disillusionment in the Ronald Colman picture, “Bulldog Drummond,” it took lots of pleading before she would go on. “I look like a little simpleton—a wishy-washy little creature without an ounce of brains!” she cried to all and sundry. But family and friends finally gave her confidence to go on to carve a real niche for herself in Hollywood’s Hall of Fame.

Fredric March has never gotten over the shock of seeing himself on the screen. He is unique as much as he really hates to see himself in every new picture. His wife, Florence Eldridge, who played Queen Elizabeth in “Mary of Scotland,” is the same way.

“When I saw myself in that for the first time I really cried out, ‘Gosh, Heavens, can that be me?’ Elizabeth wasn’t at all as I intended her,” she went on to say. “I made her a petulant queen, who had frightful manners and snapped at her courtiers all the time. I intended a figure of greater drive and power, who was ruthlessly strong and showed it. That was the way I felt when I played her and the way I thought she would show on the screen, but—alas!”

“You’re Elizabeth fine,” nobly spoke up Fredric. “It was a mighty nice piece of acting. The trouble with you, honey, is that you haven’t seen yourself on the screen in enough pictures. If you look at yourself often enough, you get used to the shock.

“Now take me. We-ell, come to think of it, I was never more nervous and jumpy in my life than when I sat and watched the preview of ‘Anthony Adverse.’ I saw Louis Hayward and Anita Louise do a perfectly beautiful job, saw that great duel, admired Claude Rains and Gale Sondergaard, thought little Billy Mauch was swell and then—waited for myself as Anthony!”

CREATE A NEW “YOU”

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the wrong shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a right shade of face powder. It won’t subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatten you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new “you” that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven’t found this right shade long ago is probably because you’ve been choosing according to your “type”—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. This is all wrong! You aren’t a type. You’re yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alert—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.
London

Continued from page 34

ization in "The Plainsman" with much greater enthusiasm. "Now that Wild Bill Hickok was a grand guy! Just Gary's size, too. I hope he'll do several more films on the same sort of lines.

It was raining hard the other Sunday afternoon, pouring down relentlessly on the huge crowd outside London's famous marriage bureau the Castax Hall as they waited to greet Ann Harding on her wedding day. When the bride's car arrived she gave a startled gasp.

"Oh, I never thought anybody would bother to wait around in weather like this. Oh, the angels! Isn't it sweet and kind of them!"

Glowing with the radiance of her newfound happiness, Ann threw her admirers smiles and kisses, signed her autograph books while Clive Brook held an umbrella over her and finally pulled her bouquet of roses to bits and gave the flowers into eager hands "just for good luck." Then she passed inside to her waiting groom, tall dark musician Werner Jaussen whom she first met in New York last spring. He's thirty-six, three years older than Ann, and gave her a wedding gift of a sapphire bracelet and ear-rings to match.

The ceremony took place in the oak-paneled Tuder Room, the finely wrought dressing with Ann's black satin dress and hat and glorious silver fox cape adorned with a cluster of mauve orchids. Eight years older Janssen met her former marriage with Harry Bannister, sat in the front row of chairs, her long golden hair falling over a lemon velvet truck. While Ann was signing the register, somebody jokingly called out "Speech!" and up jumped little Jane to announce quite calmly and happily: "Mummy is married now and we all thank you very much."

It was a gay occasion altogether and Ann's contentment obvious and profound. After the wedding-breakfast, with a pinch of cake in the shape of a lucky horseshoe, the bride and groom left for the country, Ann in the most attractive traveling outfit of brown tweed coat with white buttons and brown felt collegiate-style beret worn with a scarf and elbow gloves in bright green velveteen.

Kay Francis and I sat sipping sherry and discussing her latest films. She wore a plain blue sports suit, a shapeless little hat, and the yellow big brown coat in which she arrived in London on her former visit over a year ago, "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman" Still maybe she is—in Hollywood and likes to make her holiday a complete one in every way when she crosses the Atlantic.

"I don't know how much I spend on tell you I was sitting on the edge of my seat looking like a demented man! It's a fact, you never do get over that fear and shock of seeing what the camera has done to you. At least, it's so in my case."

Nearly everything has an exception and Jack Oakie is ours. He wasn't at all shocked at seeing himself on the screen for the first time. In fact, he thought he was very good! It was a comic role he was doing and he was greatly amused by his own acting.

"So much so," explained Jack, "that I just sat there and laughed at myself until the tears rolled down my cheek! Don't worry any more, old boy," I told myself, 'for if you can convince yourself that you're that funny, you certainly ought to be convincing to others!'"
Ann Harding and Werner Janssen, famous musician, seen after their wedding in London.

clothes," she said, "and I don’t care! No, I didn’t like ‘The White Angel’ even though all the critics have said it was my best picture for years. Florence was such a depressing part to play, surrounded with pain and suffering. We shot the time, I mean, many of the shots turned out so harrowing they had to be cut.”

Kay approved “Give Me Your Heart” much more and talked about the new musical that is to be her first contribution of 1937. It seems the story runs from 1910 to 1940 so she is looking forward to a variety of period frocks—she did admit that—and also to singing three live songs. She has been taking a special course of voice production lessons in London as well as doing a lot of theatre-going, studio visiting and shopping. (Perfume, books, an amusing red bag with a watch set in the centre, but No Clothes!)

She told me there was one picture she had been yearning to make for years, the famous historical romance of Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta. “Those gorgeous old Mexican backgrounds would be so fine and they have never been touched yet. I go up to the office periodically to suggest such a film but the producers just won’t listen to me. Maybe I can’t argue very convincingly!”

Then she wrinkled her expressive forehead and set down her slender glass.

“You know, I don’t think this sherry is going to suit me. Could I have a fruit cocktail instead?”

Well, even though Kay didn’t like the pale brown Spanish wine we enjoy before dinner, lots of our other stellar visitors have acquired the taste. At an informal party I saw sherry being poured for Douglas Montgomery, Romney Brent, Neil Hamilton, Phillips Holmes and Marlene Dietrich herself—no doubt she knows how careful long arched fingertips can look curled round the crystal stem of an antique glass. Marlene nodded quite frankly when Joseph von Sternberg’s name was mentioned. “Yes, I have signed a contract to make three films under his direction, either here or in California as best suits our convenience at the time. Yes, I am very pleased about it.”

Marlene created the sensation of the evening at the recent first-night of Sir James Barrie’s new stage play “The Boy David” in which Elizabeth Bergner appears as the little shepherd lad of Biblical days. Marlene swept into the theatre clad in shimmering silver, billows of it swirling out all round her long trained gown and

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Alka-Seltzer/Down it goes! EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!

THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR
THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, DEAR

HEADACHE

SOUR STOMACH

BOY! YOU SURE KEEP Colds AWAY WITH ALKALI-MOST EVERY DAY

WRAPPING her auburn hair so that it seemed to be surrounded by a glistening cloud. Escort was, as usual, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., wearing his inevitable pink carnation. He had come straight from the Iselworth studios where his own producing company, Criterion Films, are making "For Ever and Ever." Douglas plays the burglar hero and pretty Valerie Hobson is his leading lady.

Producer Herbert Wilcox is grooming a next star for the screen. You don't know him yet but you're certainly going to! Three Hollywood representatives specially attended the local trade showing of his first film, and only a couple of days after, and they all offered him long-term Californian contracts afterwards.

So meet Robert Douglas, typically English, who was played in New York and Chicago as well as London, fair-haired and blue-eyed, broad-shouldered and essentially virile, with a frank engaging expression and a clear crisp voice. You can see him first in "London Melody" with Anna Neagle and Tullo Carminati, and presently as the Fighting Navy, portraying the gallant captain who defeats Noah Beery's villainy and then wins the heroine from Richard Cromwell.

Talking of the wear he wears the gray green shirts in Hollywood too?— reminds me that he was one of the guests at Lupe Velez's cocktail party when the dash- ing little blonde in vivid scarlet seemed to have collected every good-looking film actor in town. Even Brian Aherne was at the party. The reason for his brief London visit being to see his father here. Well, that's what he told me, but I happen to know he managed to see a lot of Miss Merle Oberon as well. (Their old friendship of four years ago seems to have suddenly been renewed when they made "Beloved Enemy" together last fall. They lunch, dine, dance and dined levra-tete and Merle took him for a drive in her new sports car and she sent her several boxes of dark red roses—apparently he knew what were her favorite flowers!)

One way and another, I've been learning quite a lot of early days of the stars lately, what they were before they began to even twinkle and how they started to shine their dazzling lights upon the screen. Happened John to give a cock-tail party to celebrate the last scene of the Gaumont-British jungle thriller, "King Solomon's Mines," his fifth film. By odd coincidence he had completed ten years of picture-acting to the very day so naturally he was in a reminiscent mood.

It seems John was the same outside a studio because he had gone broke as a chemical engineer in Germany and a friend said he could probably earn a few much-needed marks at the UFA studios in Berlin. He did get a job there in a film called "Madame Does Not Like Children." The star was Alexander Korda's wife, the langerous dark-eyed Maria Korda—though John didn't presume to address her because he was merely an extra. Also in the crowd scenes were Camilla Horn and a plump young woman known as Marlene Dietrich, who was very fond of sausage and giggled a lot.

When I called at Capitol-Grafton to watch the dressing Michael Bartlett making love to dainty June Knight in "The Lilac Domino," I found this how-I-began business interesting. As for June poured over the office, she showed me some of the colorful imaginative pastel drawings she does in her leisure moments, and then informed me that she went on the screen by accident.

Though she was born next door to a studio in Hollywood, she was quite happy as a seventeen-year-old stage player and WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go!

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels while burning your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel dull. No other treatment is so certain as Calomel—brand name for Mercure. It is the only gentle and sure way to get a clean, healthy, normal liver. A process of years is reduced into an easy, painless, at-home cure with Calomel.

For twenty years Calomel has given the real secret of health and beauty. It makes your skin clearer, gives it an even complexion, and removes the trouble of acne. It brings out the color in your hair, and weakens the growth of gray.

Get Rid of PIMPLES.

Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skins, etc.

Wanted at once for Great News about Sensational Home Treatment for clearing skin of untold Pimplcs. Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin and Unwanted Villainy.

FREE to those who ask FREE.

OVER 100,000 the secret of the Century. From the inventor, manufacturer and the distributors. FREE.

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MISS WILMA W. SALVIN,

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OFFICE SWEEPER.

PREFE by 6:00 PM.

WANTED. I am a lady secretary and I am very interested in writing. I have been writing for some years now and would like to have more experience in this field. I have a good command of the English language and I am very accurate in my work. I am looking for a position as an office sweeper and I am available immediately. I am a hard worker and I am very punctual. I am very comfortable working in an office environment.

If you are interested in hiring me, please contact me at your earliest convenience. I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
FREE!

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From 16 to 60...

New Booklet Tells You What to do for Wrinkles, Pimples, Enlarged Pores and

HOW TO REGAIN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

LOOK OUT... those wrinkles, that crepy neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is over as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders? It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results, they call it a "Face Lifting without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads." Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE. a booklet telling all about this new treatment. Calmas Products, Dept. 19-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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Callouses on the soles; pains, cramps at the ball of the foot; tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like pains in the legs—call them what you will—are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give immediate relief by removing the cause—muscular, ligamentous strain. Molded to your own foot, they fit so perfectly that you can walk and stand without hobbling, can even play tennis and so forth.
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COME FROM HERE

TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

If you have a cough (due to a cold) remember this common sense fact—a cough medicine should do its work where the cough is lodged...right in the throat. That's why Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers! 35c and 60c.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

Anastole Litvak and Miriam Hopkins, center, met aboard ship returning from Europe. Now they're a director-star combination, as well as a romantic threesome. Left, in uniform, is Louis Heyward, appearing in the film with Miriam and Paul Muni.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

TYRONE POWER was visited recently by his sister, Ann Tyler, who since her marriage has lived in Honolulu. Wishing to make her first evening in Hollywood as pleasant as possible Tyrone suggested a movie or a play or maybe a night club. Ann, however, had different ideas. There was just one thing she wanted to do and that was to ice-skate. So Tyrone, instead of having a little diversion, accompanied her to the local rink where he's been practically every day during the past months, skating attendance on Sonja Henie! His only comment was: "You, too!"

CHARLES BOVER came home the other night to find his entire living room occupied by a huge Great Dane, in addition to their other two dogs. Pat Patterson, his wife, can't resist dogs. She'd spent the entire afternoon shopping around at the local kennels just so she could surprise Charles with a new hound. Charles took one look at the new purchase and remarked: "Where do we live?" And the old meanie made Pat take the animal back and exchange him for a smaller variety.

I HEARD a funny one about Director Van Dyke the other day. It develops that he has a very bad memory for names, so a long time ago he gave up trying and simply addresses everyone as "kid." Well, the other evening he decided to give a party and wished to invite Jimmy Stewart. But Jimmy's name, along with that of practically everyone else he knows, eluded him persistently. He called the casting office on the phone. "What's the name of that big lanky fellow who works in all my pictures?" he wanted to know. The name was procured and Van Dyke happily called him on the phone. And they've known one another for practically three years!

THERE most amusing child story we've heard recently concerns Normie, Joan Blondell's two-year-old son. It seems that Joan had taken the baby to Palm Springs for a somewhat lengthy vacation and had decided that Normie should attend Sunday School during their stay. Normie was quite agreeable but rather shy when he found himself surrounded by a group of strange children and stayed pretty much in the background. Then the Sunday School teacher announced they would sing a hymn. Now Normie knows what a hymn is just as well as anybody, because mother Joan has taught him quite a number at home. But not a peep was heard out of the child. Suddenly, when the class was half way through the second hymn, he burst forth. But the song he was singing, in his childish tremolo, was not a hymn. It was "Thanks A Million"—one of steppapa Dick Powell's favorite songs! Needless to say, he broke up the meeting.

MAYBE you've already heard, but it's news to me, that Virginia Bruce is being photographed in "Class Prophecy" without one grain of make-up. Seems they took tests and tests of her before the pictures went into production, and found that her skin photographied much better without the usual greasepaint.

DID you know that Patricia Ziegfeld, daughter of the famous Flo, is working in the Research Department at Universal? And what's more, when they were selecting a group of girls to play in "Top of the Town," Patricia chose sixty out of the two hundred they used in the picture. Studio executives claim she not only picked out the most beautiful girls, but had her father's knack of sensing unusual personalities.

ONSLOW STEVENS feels that he will always owe whatever success he has to Marion Davies. It seems that Onslow has been busily trying to gain recognition in Hollywood for many many months without getting to first base until Marion Davies spied him in a Community Playhouse drama and asked for him to be cast in "Peg O' My Heart." From that time to this, Onslow's luck has improved right up to the present moment when he is appearing in "Stage Door" on the New York stage with Margaret Sullivan. He'll soon come to Hollywood to play the same role with Katharine Hepburn in the screen version.

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Mrs. Rufus Saine Spalding

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house
Midnight snacks at Hollywood’s “Troc’
Bridge and Polo at Midwick
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito
Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important “opening nights”
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband’s estate in Kauai, Hawaii

The beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband’s sloop “Hiraulu,” is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases, “Camels are so mild,” she says, “they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!” Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood’s Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: “Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here.”

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel’s costlier tobaccos:

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- Mrs. Alexander Block, Los Angeles
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
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- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman HH, Baltimore
- Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

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