PAGING MISS GLORY!
ENTER CONTEST TO FIND
HOLLYWOOD’S COMPOSITE GIRL!

Beginning A New Hollywood Serial by Vicki Baum
Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer, member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia, noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her toothpaste.

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. “It gives my mouth a new-born feeling,” said Mrs. Glaenzer in her lovely New York apartment, “and gives me a sense of well-being.”

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a toothpaste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
TOOTH PASTE

Mrs. Glaenzer's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.

Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenzer's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.

Rivaling Mrs. Glaenzer's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.
Try Double Mint Gum for beauty of mouth and lips!

KEEP YOUTHFUL! ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM EVERY DAY
PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!

Prizes very well worth winning, in our new contest to find Hollywood's Composite Girl. We're " Paging Miss Glory"! Turn to Pages 18-19 for complete details. You will enjoy this contest for the entertainment it will give you, your family and friends; but the real thrill will be competing for the prizes!

First Prize, beautiful new Auburn 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan.
Second Prize, Atwater Kent 8-Tube A.C. World-Wave Console Radio.
Other Prizes include: small R.C.A. Victor Radios, Rubenstein Compacts, hostess sets, electric toasters, and last but not least, subscriptions to SCREENLAND.

JUNE, 1935

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LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!
Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honey-moon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.}

Jean Harlow
William Powell
in
RECKLESS
with a screenful of beauties
and a great cast including
Franchot Tone
May Robson
Ted Healy
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT
Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Salutes and Snubs

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

THE DICKENS TO PAY!
I've heard a great deal about what people will do to see a good movie. Well, we have rules here, among them: "No movies on Sunday." I broke it to see "David Copperfield," got caught at it and now I'm campsed for two weeks. The funny part of it is that it was worth it!
Ruth Jones
DeLand Hall, Stetson University, DeLand, Fla.

OTHER SOCIAL PROBLEMS
Why can't Hollywood produce movies that "make you think?" Such films as "M" are needed to arouse interest in important social problems. Anyone seeing "M" must realize the difficulty of differentiating the sane and the insane criminal. Is Hollywood too superficial to deal with basic problems?

(Continued on page 84)
Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man

Joins the G-MEN

and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!
The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set— and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the stand-out for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Sally Eilers is our hostess for Sunday night supper

By Betty Boone

SALLY EILERS was giving a Sunday night supper. She was wearing a cocktail gown—long black skirt and pale pink top—and the place was a-blossom with white flowers. Sally's Hollywood home is a *deluxe* apartment in the Colonial House, which has the spacious rooms and great sun-filled windows that belong to such a name. The walls and Venetian blinds are white and the carpets are that favored soft, dull blue. The living-room is like a flower garden with its furniture in green, yellow, rose, burgundy and patterned chintz. The grandfather's clock and open fire-place add to the Colonial atmosphere.

"I love planning parties almost as much as I love to cook!" confided Sally, as we inspected the glassed-in sun-room, set with four white tables ready for the coming guests.

"I always do the marketing for my parties and I try to cook at least one of the dishes I offer. I know it sounds like a gag when a girl in the movies says she likes to cook! But it happens to be true in my case. I've cooked since I was seven, when my father gave me a tiny electric range to use myself because I was always in the way in the kitchen. I believe I began with fudge, from some easy recipe, but now I invent my own.

"Some of us have organized a cooking club—Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Mrs. Pandro Berman and myself—and we meet each Thursday night at one or other of our homes, and we girls get the dinner. It's maids' night out on Thursday. It was my idea and we all love it. Do you know, my husband (Harry Joe Brown) had been married to me for two weeks before he knew his wife could cook? And was he thrilled?"

She laughed and looked as pleased and proud as any successful cook.

"Tonight I'm serving cold turkey and a mixed grill consisting of bacon, little pig (Continued on page 93)"
HE BLUE OF HER EYES — THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes... carefree charmer... whose beauty blazed in conquest... while the world about her flamed! The private life of history's most glamorous adventuress... told against a background of raging conflict... tender romance!... A picture as deep as the human heart... as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen... its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life... and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam HOPKINS
in
BECKY SHARP
with
FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION
Don't let Cosmetic Skin spoil your good looks!

So much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually spoiling her own looks.

When stale make-up is not properly removed, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes — enlarged pores— blackheads, perhaps— warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap — the soap especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, active lather sinks deep down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

Elissa Landi  Paramount Star

ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP
An Open Letter to Ginger Rogers

DEAR GINGER:

Say it isn't so!

I refuse to believe it until you tell me yourself. That you aim to go dramatic and tense in a big way. That you're fed up with being a "mere" song and dance girl and want to join the ranks of the suffering sisters. Why don't you look Hepburn over—she works on the same RKO lot with you—look her over carefully; then run right in to your mirror and look at yourself. See what I mean? Why, emoting seriously might make you go all angular. You, with the most remarkable curves since Sister Crawford went artistic.

Wake up! Don't you know that every other girl in pictures except possibly Shirley Temple is watching and envying you this minute? Envying you because you're the screen's premier song and dance star? Ever since Fred Astaire stepped you to glory in "The Gay Divorcée" you have been the pet and pride of our younger sets from Tuskaloosa to Timbuctoo. You've set the style for smartness and spirit. And with "Roberta" you have really hit your graceful stride as the Gay Gal of the movies. And now, I hear rumblings that you're out for bigger and better things. ARE there better things than those divine dances you've been sharing with Mr. Astaire? I don't think so. Here you want to go on to the higher drama, leaving all the Ginger 'way behind you. You want to grow up, you say? Gosh, girl, don't you know that all the Hayeses and the Chattertons who sobbed their way to acting heights would probably give their last whimper to be in your pretty shoes today?

Yet you want to grow up! That's why, I suppose, you posed for this picture—as you'd like to be if they let you. Wait a while. Wait until you can't keep up with Astaire's more intricate steps; until you can't quite muster the moral courage to wear Mr. Newman's crazy creations. Then's the time for you to "graduate" from Ginger to Madame Rogers. And then's the time you'll yearn for the good old days when you were the dancing doll of the screen, the beautiful but dizzy darling of frivolous film-plays that made all kinds and conditions of people ridiculously happy. So be yourself. Better to be light on the feet than in the head.

Delight Evans
"I'm GOOD and sick of tellin' the story of my life," grumbled Bill Fields. He paused for a moment in his moody pacing of the room. "How about tellin' it backward this time?" he suggested. "How about givin' me a new life altogether?—I was born rich, handsome, and at the age of 21—there's a sensation for you if you want it. How about you tellin' me the story of your life, for a change?" He flopped into a chair and eyed me blandly.

But he wasn't fooling me this time. I was through with being intimidated by Mr. Claude William Dukensfield of the Philadelphia Dukensfields. Once and for all I'd gone through my trial by fire. I'd chased him in vain over half of Hollywood. I'd pleaded to no avail with the keeper of his telephone. I'd camped at his dressing-room door till the shades of night fell spectrally over the Paramount lot. I'd engaged in a brief encounter with Rod—erstwhile Lincoln salesman, now a wall of rock between Fields and sundry outside nuisances—and retired in defeat. In a word, I'd found the screen's most
For the first time the famous comedian tells you his authentic personal history. The most dramatic, and at the same time touchingly human life story that we have ever given you!

Roaring with pain and wrath, the father made straight for his eldest hopeful, whose terror proclaimed his guilt; next moment the shovel was doing cudgel duty about the boy's thin shoulders.

Why this particular beating should have moved him to rebellion Fields can’t explain. It was no more severe nor unjust than many of its predecessors. Perhaps the ground had been laid by those that had gone before. Perhaps he'd reached an age where the indignity of corporal punishment was more than he could bear. Perhaps it was the flowering of that fighting instinct which later events proved him to possess in full measure. Whatever it was, he saw red. Through a mist of fury and unshed tears, his eyes lighted on a box in a corner of the room. Whether he'd ever heard of honoring "thy father and thy mother" is beside the point. Honor, like love, can't be commanded into (Continued on page 78)
Constant Kay!

What, the elegant Miss Francis debunked?
But in a very nice way!

By S. R. Mook

Remember Kay of the sleek boyish bob, when she first came to Hollywood, left? She has changed her coiffure; but she still lives in the same unpretentious home, and she still likes to laugh, says Dick Mook.

One evening six years ago the candles flickered on the dinner table at the Fredric Marches' home. About the table were seated Fred and Florence, Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawkes, scenarists Harlan Thompson and Marion Spitzer, Kay Francis and myself.

Everything was very enjoyable and very, very proper and refined until we repaired to the living room to play intelligence games. Kay's answers to the questions, while not exactly the sort that Emily Post would describe as suitable for parlor conversation, threw us all into gales of laughter and from that point on the party was a riot. Nor did Kay content herself with merely having raised (or lowered) the party from a plane of rarified culture where I, at least, was floundering hopelessly beyond my depth. Her anecdotes of her days in various stock companies kept us convulsed.

Previous to that evening I had only seen Kay on the screen in the siren roles with which she was identified in those days. "Sophisticate" and "Best-Dressed Woman on the Screen" were a couple of the appellations hung on her at that time. When Freddie March had told me Kay was to be my dinner partner I had been thrilled to the marrow—naturally—and scared into a cocked hat. I would, I knew, be the perfect dolt in the presence of the glamorous Kay.

Nothing like that happened. Kay has a happy faculty for making a person feel that her appearance is simply an accident and that she's really one of the gang. Her charm is as patent as something tangible and yet it never obtrudes itself on your consciousness. It is not until you've left her that you realize just how charming she is.

I remember as I left her that night—or rather, as she left me, for I'd only just arrived in town and hadn't a car so Kay had driven me home—I thought, "Oh, gee, what a girl!"

She lived in a rather large house at the time, with a fish pond, a cat, a parrot, a dog or two, a turtle, I think, and some frogs. She drove her own automobile. In her manner she was as plain and unassuming as an old shoe.

I saw Kay a few times after that and every meeting only served to heighten and color my first impressions of her. Then I didn't see her any more for a couple of years. It was just about the time she had been signed by Warner Brothers. She had (Continued on page 64)
"Rosebud!"

Otherwise Joan Blondell, next to Garbo Hollywood's most contradictory celebrity, here "exposed" by her best friend

By Elizabeth Wilson

South Seas with the dusky maidens to Joan Blondell and a fan writer in Hollywood getting terribly chummy, but I always say truth is stranger than fiction and great oaks from little acorns grow. Up to the time Joe went to the South Seas I had only met Joan once, quite, quite casually—and she and I would probably still be.

If Josef von Sternberg had never gone to the South Seas, Joan Blondell and I probably never would have become the best of friends. It was Joe, the little man with the big ego, who gave me Joan, and I have never thanked him but every time I pass him I plant an imaginary kiss right above those drooping mustachios.

Three years ago, come Santa Claus, Joe von Sternberg sailed for the South Seas in a huff, Marlene Dietrich went into a tantrum, Claudette Colbert ran out on me—and Joan Blondell and I started liking each other tremendously. Now it may seem a far cry to you from Joe down in the bowing very formally to each other with a careless "How do you do?"

If Joe, bless his soul, hadn't worked himself into an awful pet and gone to the South Seas. But he did. And suddenly I found myself up to my eyebrows in Blondells and involved in a cataclysm of exciting events that led right to the altar in Phoenix, Arizona. Imagine my surprise when I became a maid-of-honor. There was a lot of talk. Well, anyway, this is how it all happened, and you'll find it slightly more confusing than a family tree in a Hugh Walpole novel; but pay strict attention because some day you, too, may want to become Joan Blondell's best friend.

There was a picture called "Song of Songs" which Paramount said was colossal (and time and box-office proved that Paramount was right; it was a colossal flop); but Joe von Sternberg didn't want to direct it so he sailed to the South Seas, and (Continued on page 76)
If you could create Hollywood's most perfect screen star, what would she look like? If you could choose the most perfect hair, eyes, mouth, nose, arnis, hands, hips, legs, and feet—which nine Hollywood beauties would you select to supply each of these features? Screenland wants to know your idea of "Miss Glory," Hollywood's Most Perfect Girl. The picture above shows you an outline of "Miss Glory" surrounded by nine famous women stars. You need not limit your selection to these stars; if you have other ideas, say so. Ask yourself: would Hollywood's Compo Girl have Mae West's hips, or Harlow's? Would she have Garbo's eyes, or Crawford's? And so on. Read rules.


3 THIRD PRIZES: (small) Atwater-Kent Radios.
15 FOURTH PRIZES: Electric Toasters.
50 FIFTH PRIZES: Helena Rubenstein Compacts.
100 SIXTH PRIZES: Hostess Sets.
100 SEVENTH PRIZES: Subscriptions to Screenland Magazine.

SEE PAGE 83 for Complete Rules of Contest

SCREENLAND seeks Hollywood's Composite Girl! Marion Davies, starring in "Page Miss Glory," her first motion picture for Warner Brothers, co-operates with us in offering wonderful prizes and a brain-teasing competition idea—see opposite page. Marion, in selecting "Page Miss Glory" for her new picture, was amused and entertained by the clever idea of fashioning Hollywood's Most Perfect Girl, selecting the best features of famous feminine film stars to make "The Perfect Star." Hence our contest. You will want to read the fictionized version of Marion's film, "Page Miss Glory," beginning in this issue on the following page, to absorb the atmosphere of the story. Then you will wish to study the large picture on the page opposite. There are no restrictions to your imagination; you may name the hair, eyes, mouth, nose, arms, hands, hips, legs, and feet of any star that you believe best qualifies for distinctive features. Your family and friends may have totally different selections, which makes it all the more fun! First step of contest is given here, in this issue. Be sure to read carefully all the rules, to be found on Page 83. Fill out the coupon on this page. Retain this coupon as the July issue passes. The July issue, on sale...
The human and amusing story of an average girl who became a celebrity—through no fault of her own!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Marion Davies as "Dawn Glory," the chambermaid who became a celebrity.

They pour into New York by the thousands, girls like Loretta. Girls as young, as eager, and as lovely. And they bring their dreams with them, dreams that look softly from their eyes and ache in their throats and throb in their voices when they speak. Dreams that are sometimes so fragile they shatter into tiny pieces and hearts break with them. Dreams that once in a thousand times are strong enough to endure and soar to reality.

Loretta was always hovering around 1762 because she had discovered that Click Wiley and Ed Olsen, who shared the suite, were desperately hard up; and ever since the afternoon she had...
Miss Glory!

Adapted from the Warner Brothers picture. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.
From the stage play by Philip Dunning and Joseph Schrank.
Screen play by Robert Lord and Delmar Daves.

stolen the dinner of the spoiled Pekinese down the hall
and given it to them she had more or less taken
them under her wing.

"Why don't you take them over and support them?"
Betty had asked once in exasperation.

There was no doubt that Loretta's maternal instinct
had already toyed with the idea and discarded it. For
her blue eyes widened; and pity, the kind of pity known
only to the great mother-heart, played about her lips.

"I couldn't—unless I got my pay raised," and her
voice ended in a groan as she saw Mr. Yates, the manager,
making his ominous way towards the room. She had been
a chambermaid long enough to know
what that meant.

Click was struggling with his tie
when the door-buzzer sounded
and he bounded towards it. Maybe
it was luck beckoning to him again.
The wanton jade had summoned
him so often just as unexpectedly
and left him again with as little
ceremony. His eyes lit up expectantly
as he opened the door with a flourish,
and only the trained eyes of a
hotel manager would have seen the
flickering panic that wavered in
them for that split second before
he got himself in hand again.

"I'm glad you stopped in, Mr.

PATSY KELLY
as "Betty," the heroine's pal.

DICK POWELL
as "Bingo Nelson," stunt avi-
etor, "Dawn's" dream man.

No one could faze Click once he had started any-
thing.

"Mr. Olsen," he turned impatiently to Ed. "Please
make the necessary arrangements to move to the Ritz
—on Tuesday. The bill will be taken care of before we
leave. That will be all?"

THERE was a polite note of dismissal in his voice but
the old light of battle was in his eyes as the door
closed behind the nemesis of all adventurers.

"Nobody knows how depressed I feel," Ed muttered.

"That's silly," Click grinned. "Anything can happen
by Tuesday. Why, many a guy has become a million-
aire in three days in this town." He wheeled around as
the buzzer sounded again. "That may be the buzz of
opportunity now. Keep coming, Destiny!"
But it was only Loretta with a pile of fresh towels
over her arm.

"If there's anything we need (Continued on page 74)"
WINNER takes Nothing succeeds like success—thus "Academy Award" Colbert presents two prize leading men in Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea

By Dell Hogarth

MORE than any other actor in Hollywood today Charles Boyer is the talk of the town. His magnificent work in "Thunder in the East," (European film formerly titled "The Battle"), had the village gasping. Here, the critics cried, is a flawless artist who has mastered screen technique. Then it was discovered, while the producers were still burning up the cables to Europe, that this young Frenchman already had been signed for the stellar role in Walter Wanger's production of "Private Worlds." Charles Boyer, everyone asked, who was he?

Then Hollywood remembered. He had made a picture here once before: "Caravan," a rather mediocre film in which he portrayed a moon-struck gypsy. Hostesses recalled their personal disappointment. "This Barrymore of the Parisian stage hadsteadfastly remained a recluse from the colony's social whirl. Various young ladies recalled their disillusionment. Instead of dashing forward at every flutter of a handkerchief to bend tender lips over an outstretched hand this dark-eyed Frenchman, who enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest lover on the Parisian stage, showed no interest at all in casual flirtations. Young men-about-town recalled their happy surprise. Instead of keeping all feminine hearts in a state of suspense this Gallic menace met, wooed and married the English actress Pat Patterson all within the space of three days. Producers recalled their mild alarm. It was whispered that Boyer was temperamental. Beyond that, laboriously unearthed from Hollywood's short memory, there was little known. The man, himself, was still a mystery.

It was my privilege to meet Charles Boyer when he arrived in Hollywood for the first time, talk with him and his wife just before he sailed back for France, and visit with him again upon his return to make "Private Worlds." Perhaps I can clear up some of the fog.

When Boyer was making "Caravan" at Fox the news leaked out that he was temperamental. The news was soon verified. Before the camera he gave of his best, but once the clank stopped turning, the arguments started. He quarreled with the director, protested to the producer, and gave everyone to understand that he was highly disappointed. He begged to be let out of his long-term contract. When the picture was over he bought himself out. That first venture in American films cost him a lot of money.

If we understand this thoroughly we will know a great deal about this soft-spoken Latin who stands trimly erect to his five foot nine, and looks at the world out of serious brown eyes. He has the easy carriage of an athlete, the face of an artist. But there is nothing "arty" about him. He looks at you directly. (Continued on page 71)
JOEL MCCREA IS JUST AS DETERMINED TO "HIT THE TOP" OF HIS PROFESSION AS HE ACTS IN THIS DRAMATIC SCENE WITH COLBERT IN "PRIVATE WORLDS."

OUR OWN MCCREA IS NOW HEADED FOR NEW ACTING HEIGHTS, WHILE BOYER'S GALIC CHARM AND SKILL MAKE HIM THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

BY BEN MADDIX

BEING a social riot with Beverly's best is a grand idea—for a time! So is being super-agreeable. But a Greek physique and a flock of winning ways can take an ambitious fellow only so far, even in S. A.-conscious Hollywood. Page Joel McCrea. This is just one of several important facts he can pass on relative to the fine arts of cinema climbing.

You aren't up on your McCrea if you still think of him as a de luxe beach boy. In the past year he has done far more than settle down as a husband and papa, too. He has declared his independence. Blak heroes are out. So is the society stuff. And to heck with hiding honest opinions!

He has been appearing less often because he has been turning down roles with a vengeance. At twenty-nine, thanks to years under long-term contract during which he saved more than half of his earnings, he doesn't have to be coaxed into any old story. He can afford to wait for the right ones.

"I believe the amateurishness has worn off me and I'm ready to show what I can do with a genuine characterization," McCrea asserts. "Not that I learn to go arty. I know my limitations better than anyone else!"

"I'm not capable of tackling any kind of part. Metro offered me a lead with Joan Crawford, which Franchot Tone later played. I rejected it; I can't do the suave, sophisticated sort of acting. I hope I'll develop more along Gary Cooper's line."

The Hollywood Athletic Club is Joel's favorite hang-out, and it was there I ran into him. Very tall, handsome, and strikingly bronzed, he threw one leg over the arm of his chair as he talked.

"For more than a year now I've been free-lancing, and on purpose. I realize I haven't the makings of a Barrymore. John could be convincing as a decrepit old man or as an innocent young girl! Still, I don't want to jog along and always be just 'competent.' I'm ambitious to hit the very top."

"When you're under contract you have absolutely no say as to your parts. Generally you get into a rut and there's no progress. A number of my epics were so bad few people saw 'em, so I don't think folks are tired of me yet. I figure that to date I've been acquiring the experience that's necessary. I've a 'name' of sorts, but I'm nowhere near the nuisance stage!"

Such keen self-analysis isn't surprising from Joel McCrea, for he is a thoroughly bright young man. Son of a well-to-do Los Angeles family, he attended Pomona College. His chums were children of the film great. Joel saw to that. But it was as the escort of various beautiful feminine stars that he actually attracted the earnest attention of the movie (Continued on page 73)
News! The screen's most distinctively glamorous star forsakes costume roles for smart modernity in "Break of Hearts"
Close-up of the "new" Katherine Hepburn! You'll note that the cuffs and revers of her smart lounging suit are of velvet, diagonally quilted.

Dull gold metallic woolen, a dramatic fabric, was chosen by Bernard Newman when he designed Katharine Hepburn's lounging ensemble, above, which Hepburn wears with all her celebrated nonchalance. Cowl scarf; girdle carelessly knotted—looks as though we're encountering "Hepburn Touches" in the new clothes!

Bernard Newman surpassed his "Roberta" models in his new designs for Katharine's "Break of Hearts" clothes. Just look at the luscious evening coat, above—soft French blue satin simply dripping with silver fox! The coat is cut in the new "negligee" style, casually clasped with arrow-point clips.

News, introduced by Hepburn, designed by Newman: the tailored Grecian silhouette! Left, the new gown in action; in the oval on the page opposite, a close-up. The fabric is the softest of silver lamés, finely pleated in accordion style. Over a sleeveless tunic goes the knee-length coat. See the scarf, cut in jabot style.
Glamor Girl

Beginning the New Novel of Hollywood Life

By Vicki Baum

Author of "Grand Hotel"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADDISON BURBANK

"FIRST, she's got to be young," said Stewart, ace director with the Monarch Film Studios, and blew a wisp of cigarette smoke through his nostrils.

"Good and young," interpolated Driscoll. Driscoll was merely the man who had written the script, and was therefore interfering in matters that were none of his business.

"Second," added Stewart, pursuing his monologue thoughtfully, "she's got to cost us exactly nothing."

"Or at any rate, not much—" Driscoll put in hastily.

"After all, you'll have to spend something on the part."

"Third," concluded Stewart, rising slowly to his feet, "she's got to be able to do a little acting."

The men had been sitting on the staircase outside the studio stage, whither they had repaired for a whiff of fresh air and five minutes' relief from the glaring lights of the set.

"Acting!" echoed Driscoll. "I'll say she's got to do a little acting. Or she'll wreck the whole final sequence for us." Having delivered which opinion, he stuck the remnants of his cigarette into his mouth, and smoked it furiously down to the edge of its gilded tip.

Morrison, the casting director—an apple in one hand and the forefinger of the other thrust between the tattered pages of his script—stared into space. "When they don't cost anything," he observed at length, "they can act. And when they can act, they cost plenty—not to mention the fact that by that time they're worn-out hacks." A final mouthful of apple took its visible course down his gullet, permanently enflamed by the heat and dust and clamor in which he lived and breathed and had his being.

Stewart flung him a sardonic glance. "O.K.," he growled, adjusting his belt. "Let's go—It'll have to be Delara again, that's all. They've sunk half a million into the production already. They'll just have to kiss another hundred grand goodbye."

"Delara!" shouted Driscoll. It was a healthy shout, yet no one was startled, since shouting here was the rule and not the exception. "Say—" he went on, "—that isn't even funny." Despite his attempt at derision, a note of apprehension had crept into his voice. "Delara as a fifteen-year-old innocent—! You're not serious, Bill! Listen—" he began pleading desperately. "Do you know what the story's all about? Have you got the faintest conception of the meaning of that scene? You've got to be able to see that girl's innocence—taste it, smell it. That scene under the apple-tree's got to be steeped in an aroma of youth, of virginity—"

"Yeah!" replied Stewart, cocking his right eyebrow. For a moment he pursed his lips as though he were about to spit, but thought better of it and, turning, mounted the steps that led to the stage.

"Delara's thirty," Morrison called after him.

"Forty!" yelled Driscoll.

Stewart halted in his tracks. "Seventy-five," he rejoined imperturbably. "And when she's a hundred, she'll still be an actress. There's no one like Delara for scenes under apple-trees," he gibed. "No one so blonde, so—"

Abruptly his voice turned savage. "Say listen—know what I'd like to do with your scene and your apple-tree and the whole blasted business? I'll give you three guesses.—Come on! Let's go!"

Having wiped his hands on his handkerchief, Morrison started lumbering up the steps but paused midway. For Stewart still stood on the landing above him, his face worn and haggard-looking.

"I'm fed up," he was saying softly. "I'd like to throw the whole damn mess into the ash-can. I—Listen! Don't you suppose I'd like to see something new and fresh and natural—something human, for a change? You're supposed to be a scout of sorts, aren't you, Morrison? Well,
Morrison, watching the heavy door swing slowly back into position, felt the other's words sink like barbed darts into his consciousness.

Morrison sat in the half-gloom behind the set, where a café scene was being shot. The battered script in its blue-paper binder lay open on his knees, and he was concentrating with an intensity so fakir-like on his own thoughts that he looked all but idiotic. He was an old man and a wise one, this Morrison with his gray comedian's head and his false teeth. He knew the movie game as few others knew it—he'd been part of it from the days of its infancy. He'd acted in pictures—with moderate success; and directed them—with no success whatever. He'd made money and lost money. He'd discovered stars—that they couldn't deny, at any rate—he had a nose for talent that was famous in the business—he'd discovered stars and watched them glimmer and die.

And now he was sitting here in the semi-darkness, ransacking his memory for a face he had seen somewhere, sometime in the past—

A jazz band was blaring on the café set behind him, and above its din rose Stewart's voice, amplified and carried to the farthest reaches of the stage by the telephone. Morrison sat there as though he were blind and deaf, but his mind was painfully alive—occupied partly with distress over Stewart's plight, but mostly consumed by a burning eagerness to "find something."

"I spotted Maya Gay in that Tia Juana joint," he was thinking. "I plugged Leslie Stephens when no one else'd give her a tumbie, and look at her now. I gave Delara her first job twenty years ago—"  The shadow of a reminiscent smile crossed his face. "Standing there like a wobbly little calf with her spindleshanks," He sighed. "Find something—Sure—just like that—find something—find something—"

He raised the script to his spectacled eyes, and for the fortieth time reread the scene under the Apple-tree—the scene in which the hero of the story, who had killed a man, was purged and redeemed through the sight of a girl—half child, half angel—with a watering-pot in her
TEN minutes later he was in the wardrobe department.

"Listen, Muhlmann," he said to the forewoman, who was hanging Salvation Army bonnets on hooks, "is that Harrison kid here?"

"Harrison? Harrison?" She frowned. "What Harrison kid?"

"The little one—you know—the skinny kid who worked in 'Streets of Life.' Sort of reddish hair—"

"Lord, what a memory!" sighed Muhlmann. "That's Betty Harrison. Yes, she's probably in the commissary right now."

"O.K., Thanks, Muhlmann," and he strode out, down the stairs, across to the commissary and over to the table where a dozen Salvation Army lasses, in the gold-brown make-up peculiar to the studios, were seated at lunch.


"Not right now," answered Betty, rising politely. "She had five days' work in January with Superfilms—"

"Never mind—get her here—but make it snappy. I want her here in half an hour. Ring her up—"

"Oh, I—I can't—" stammered Betty, all but paralyzed with shock and excitement. "We have no—there isn't any—"

"Sure you can," he interrupted, impatient now of all denial or delay. "Go ahead and phone. Beat it—"

"What do you want her for, Mr. Morrison?" she found strength to babble.

"That'll come later. Want to have a look at her first. Half an hour then—in my office. So long, kids." He slapped a hand at the tableful of round-eyed extras, and was gone.

Drowning in a sea of wonder and fear, hope and conjecture, Betty made her way to the phone booth. But before she'd reached it, she had managed to fight her way to the surface and was swimming clear.

NOT that this business of phoning was a simple matter. First of all, the Harrisons had no phone. The butcher across the street had one, but a five-minute call to Alhambra would cost ten cents; and even if the butcher could be persuaded to send for Stella, the whole process would certainly take longer than five minutes. Betty sacrificed the dessert she'd already been snacking her lips over on the altar of her sister's chance. Her ice-gray eyes raced up and down the columns of the phone book till they found the butcher's name. The butcher's wife, after no more than the normal amount of grumbling, departed on her errand, while Betty stood waiting in the phone booth which vibrated to the tread of feet across the commissary floor. Her own feet were tapping wildly with impatience before she heard Stella's breathless "hello" in the mouthpiece of the butcher's phone.

"Stella—listen!" Her voice was strangled with excitement. "You're to come right out to the studio. Now, this minute—"

"What's the matter?" inquired Stella tranquilly, remote as she was out there in Alhambra from the feverish tempo of the Monarch Film Studios. "Where's the fire?"

"Morrison wants to see you. Something doing—"

"Who's Morrison?" asked Stella.

Betty's nerves snapped. "Get going, will you? If you take the car at the corner, you can—no—listen—take a taxi and hurry—"

"What do you mean, taxi?" cried Stella indignantly. "Who's going to pay for it?"

"Tell mother to lay it out. Good Lord, don't be like that! If they want you here at the studio, they'll pay for the taxi. They want to see you here—don't you get the point?—they want to see you. Hurry—hurry—you should be on your way right now—"

"All right," said Stella. (Continued on page 91)
Marlene Looks Ahead!

Will the Delicious Dietrich reach new dramatic fame or merely mourn von Sternberg’s loss?

By Leonard Hall

MARLENE DIETRICH stands at the fateful crossroads of her film career today and raises those glorious eyes aloft to two sign-boards, One says, “To new heights in better pictures.”

The other reads, simply, “This way out!”

The issue is now squarely up to Unser Marlene. Will she be a good sport and a hard worker? Or will she be a moping cry-baby? For the long-famous team of von Sternberg and Dietrich has been rudely torn apart. Hollywood’s most famous artist-director firm has gone out of business. From now on, Von goes his way, and Marlene goes Paramount’s.

Her producers have tossed a fresh deck on the green table, and called for a new deal all round. No longer will the hypnotic maestro with the handle-bar moustachios wave his magic wand over the symphonic Marlene. She has signed a new contract and will make her next film with another stick-waver. Von packs up his genius and seeks new fields to conquer.

Thus ends one of the most remarkable associations Hollywood has ever seen—and the artistic life of one of the most fascinating and baffling figures of the day reaches another thumping climax! What will this gorgeous critter do now? Will she start afresh, willingly and hopefully, with another boss? Or will she sit about mourning the loss of her discoverer, teacher and guide—thus going, very quietly but quickly, to heck in a barouche? Don’t we wish we knew? And doesn’t Mr. Paramount?

The old team had to go. Its (Continued on page 80)
Fred MacMurray

On to fame! Meet Hollywood's most promising young newcomers

He is tall and rugged and dependable looking. He might easily pass for one of those bashful young giants who carry ice in the summer, and an inflated pigskin in the fall. He looks like a pleasant sort of guy; and on closer acquaintance you will find he is all of that.

He is Fred MacMurray—the young actor who made love to Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," his first big picture. He liked that job so well, he decided to stay in pictures. Pictures liked him so well, they decided to keep him. No room for argument on either side.

Now that he is here, and here to stay, let me tell you something about him. Born in Kankakee, Illinois, not so very many years ago, he attended school in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Yep, we both grinned at that bit of personal history. Fred is such a good-natured chap you laugh with him, not at him.

He played full-back on the high-school football team although it seems to me he might have made a better end with his six feet three inches of length, and 200 odd pounds of bone and muscle. Later he made the freshman football team at Carroll College, also in Wisconsin.

During his school days he fought shy of theatricals because he was so self-conscious he blushed and stammered every time he had to face an audience. He learned to play the saxophone and earned his tuition by working with small orchestras about the town.

After his freshman year in college, he said goodbye to the halls of learning and set out for Chicago to work in an orchestra. A year or so later he made his first trip to the West Coast and, in his own words, "jobbed around with a lot of bands," finally winding up in the orchestra pit at Warner Brothers' Hollywood theatre.

Probably all the Warner executives saw him at one time or another tooting away on his saxophone, but none of them picked him as likely star material. Which was Warners' loss, and Paramount's gain.

During this period in Fred's career he made good use of an exceptionally fine baritone voice, singing for phonograph recordings with nationally famous orchestras. He also became interested in motion pictures and remembers when he stood outside the gate at Paramount while the new sound stages were being erected, wondering if he couldn't slip in with the workmen and sort of "look around the lot."

Finally he sought extra work, and with the aid of a rented dress suit he found quite a few jobs at $12 per day. "Had a lot of fun," MacMurray laughs, "and the money came in handy too. Playing in an orchestra is no way to get rich quick."

Fred made the jump from the orchestra pit to the stage when he took a job with (Continued on page 88)
FOURTEEN years in motion pictures—and now STARDOM at seventeen! That’s the supercondensed screen-life story of Anne Shirley, the little girl once known as Dawn O’Day, now famous for tangling her slim fingers in the heart-strings of a nation with her performance in “Anne of Green Gables.”

Anne Shirley is not merely cute; she’s pretty, and nice, and sweet, and the kind of a girl you would like for a sister; but she’s just a youngster of seventeen and doesn’t pretend to be anything else.

“I don’t see any difference,” Anne admitted when asked if her new status as a star had made any change in her life. “I’m the same girl. I have the same friends, do about the same things, go to the same places.

“You know,” and she smiled—she did not giggle, “I haven’t even a car. But maybe I’ll get a small one in about four weeks. I kinda wanted a coupe—but I guess I’ll get a sedan.”

Anne, or Dawn O’Day as she was known before “Anne of Green Gables,” entered the film world at the ripe old age of three, playing with William Farnum in a picture directed by Herbert Brenon in New York.

She’s been in pictures ever since, without the usual time out for the all-legs all-arms stage through which most children pass.

Hollywood’s newest young star has never had to worry about looking older or younger than her age. As a child she played child parts; and as she grew up, so did her roles. Anne maintains, despite many published stories to the contrary, that she has never had a hard time in Hollywood, where she and her mother came to live more than twelve years ago.

“It was mother who had the hard time,” she declares, “When things were bad and parts were few and far between, mother must have kept the facts to herself, for I can’t remember anything about them. I know now,” Anne continued, “that mother often deprived herself of something she wanted in order to make life happier for me—but, honestly, we got along pretty well.”

Although little Miss Shirley can rattle off the names of pictures in which she appeared during her childhood days, she confessed that she couldn’t actually remember working in all of them. She does recall, however, when she played Janet Gaynor as a little girl in the film “Four Devils.” She also played “little girl roles” for Frances Dee, Fay Wray, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Dororak, Jean Arthur and Madge Bellamy. That is, in screen-plays, she portrayed childhood sequences of these stars.

“I told Joel McCrea that I had played his wife, Frances Dee, as a little girl,” laughed (Continued on page 89)
YOU'LL thrill to this! The most distinguished singing picture of the new season, "Naughty Marietta" has a vigor and vitality too often missing in our musical movies. Reason: first, W. S. Van Dyke's forthright direction; second, Nelson Eddy's arresting voice and presence; third, the color of the locale, picturesque Louisiana in the 18th century. Of course, to me, it's Nelson Eddy's picture. Jeanette MacDonald is charming, both vocally and optically; she endows her rôle of the runaway French princess with gaiety and sparkle; but she is, after all, "Merry Widow" MacDonald—again; while Mr. Eddy is very new, very handsome—and different. You've never seen a movie hero like him before! He has a really splendid voice, but he appeals first of all as a manly figure, romantic but believable. As a dashing soldier of the Southland he rescues the fair princess-in-disguise from pirates—it's that sort of a swashbuckling story—falls in love with her without learning her identity, pursues her, protects her, and finally—"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" Victor Herbert's music lives again, beautifully sung. Don't miss this!

TITLED "The Dictator" in its native England, this handsomely mounted and beautifully acted picture will please the more conservative screen audiences who may be led up with musicals, murders, and air epics. Written and directed in the leisurely manner, it is nevertheless a satisfying screen play if you like your history in romantic guise. I do! Particularly when the very lovely Madeleine Carroll—how nice to see her again—and the courtly Clive Brook play the principal rôles of the unhappy Queen Charlotte Mathilda of Denmark and Dr. Struensee, the peasant's son who becomes a power at court. Their romance, doomed to flower in shadowy court corridors, amid an atmosphere of brazen intrigue, is destined for disaster; but it is none the less appealing; and the charm and character of Miss Carroll and Mr. Brook lend a warm human interest to the historical personages they play. The care and good taste almost invariably distinguishing British pictures are in evidence here. The acting is superlative, with excellent performances by Helen Hayes, Emlyn Williams, Nicholas Hannen, and all the others.

YOU'LL want to see Ruby and Al acting together for the first time, and here is your great chance! The Jolsons have a field day in this big new, fast-moving, and magnificently staged musical comedy-drama; and if you like one or both of them, you'll have the time of your life. There is a disarming quality to "Go Into Your Dance" which will probably win you, because both stars are so happy to be in the same picture at last; and their scenes together, particularly, betray their wholehearted enthusiasm for each other, for their co-starring film, and for the world at large! It's rather sweet, at that! Al sings, and how he sings. Ruby dances—really dances; tap, rumba; whatever you want. Miss Keeler, indeed, comes into her own; she has never been so utterly charming, nor exhibited her terpsichorean talents so definitely. Al does an excellent job of acting as a Broadway star who "comes back" with lil Ruby's aid. Yes—there's a "Mammy" song! Good numbers, not too long. Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan score. But it's the jovial Jolson and his lovely wife who put over this picture.
Finest Picture of the Month: "Private Worlds."

Best Cast of the Month: Claudette Colbert, superb; Charles Boyer, fascinating; Joel McCrea, surprising; Helen Vinson and Joan Bennett, excellent—in "Private Worlds."

Personal Triumph: Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta."

Best Musicals: "Go Into Your Dance" and "Gold-diggers of 1935," with the Al Jolsons scoring in the first; and Hugh Herbert, Adolphe Menjou, and Alice Brady in the second.

NOW, here's a picture! Not only the finest of this month, but one of the most intelligent films ever made. Hats off to Walter Wanger for his daring in producing Phyllis Bottome's novel of real people in a world of shadows. Light shines in dark places in this courageous presentation of a delicate subject: life in a mental hospital, told from the point of view not only of the patient but of the doctors. Chiby, "Private Worlds" presents the personal problem of a fine young woman doctor, exquisitely portrayed by Claudette Colbert, in her fight to find herself and fulfill her destiny as a woman without sacrificing her career. Every woman will be touched by her struggle; by her sympathy for her patients; by her understanding of the domestic problem of her colleague, so splendidly played by Joel McCrea, and his wife, Joan Bennett; and by her final capitulation to the new, and foreign, superintendent, the darkly fascinating, deeply intelligent Charles Boyer. Director Gregory LaCava has handled every scene and situation with rare sensitiveness and restraint. Claudette really wins her Award in "Private Worlds."

West Point of the Air—M-G-M

THE billing may read: "Starring Wallace Beery"; but in spite of Wally's usual robust performance, the real star of this air picture is—the cameraman. This unsung hero deserves most of the credit for those scenes which make "West Point of the Air" a worthy evening's entertainment. The aviation stunts are distinctly thrilling, bringing up all over again that old remark, "How can they ever do it? And what will they find to do next?" I don't know, to both questions. Surely, though, this is the air epic to end air epics, with its stunning shots of planes in action, although the "rescue" in which Robert Young, as Wally's son, saves his father from a burning plane, is reminiscent of the old serial days, and not half as exciting. The trouble is with the story: good old Wally, as a veteran flying instructor, is ambitious to make his weakening son an air ace; sweet Maureen O'Sullivan helps; family, friends, and the audience are engaged in the struggle to "save" the son who, frankly, isn't worth it. Not Robert Young's fault; it's the role. But small boys will love the stunt stuff—and their pal Wally. He's grand.

Gold-Diggers of 1935—Warners

THE maddest and the merriest of all the wild musical melodramas that Warner Brothers have been turning out since, it seems, Shirley Temple was a mere babe in arms. This new "Gold-Diggers" is grand fun. Faithful to the formula of preceding films in the series—but don't rush to conclusions. Perhaps you do think you know all there is, and there just isn't any more to those elaborate numbers which crowd the screen with girls and glitter. But that's not all you get in this show-piece—not by several performances from such terrific troopers as Hugh Herbert, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell, and others. The comedy ripples along, with not too many interruptions, to its hilarious conclusion before the "big" scenic numbers take the screen. The plot—oh, yes, there's a plot, all right—shows a group of males as the gold-diggers this time, with Hugh Herbert leading the revels. Dick Powell as an impeccable hotel clerk; and Menjou as a fiery stage director desirous of annexing Miss Brady's millions. Hit numbers: "Broadway Lullaby" and the piano spectacle.
Preview flashes from Shirley's greatest picture... *OUR LITTLE GIRL*

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Grand-dad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man... (Irvin S. Cobb to you)... who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley TEMPLE in *
*OUR LITTLE GIRL*

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

 FOX
As a special favor, Janet graciously consented to show us her favorite clothes from her personal wardrobe, designed for her by Rene Hubert. On this page you see her garden-party dress, of candy-striped flesh-pink silk voile, topped by a blue taffeta jacket. Janet's hat, of natural-color leghorn, boasts a straw-lace-edged brim and a garland of bright flowers.

NOW turn the page!

Living Fashions exclusively posed for SCREENLAND by Janet Gaynor and photographed by Otto Dyar, Fox Films
SCREENLAND'S LIVING FASHIONS

Through the Fashion Day

with Janet—MORNING!

Come out into the sunshine with the Gaynor girl! As she looks over her potential peach crop on her miniature estate Janet is wearing a "cover-all" frock for her tennis shorts and blouse. Made of white waffle pique, the tennis ensemble was designed and created for Janet's personal wear by Rene Hubert. The neck scarf is of red and white wash silk.
Janet Gaynor's "Living Fashions" day progresses! Top, she stands a moment at her own rustic gate before leaving for a lunch date, so that you can make notes on her very simple but very charming suit. The skirt is lightweight navy blue wool, perfectly plain. The blouse is white waffle piqué with peasant sleeves and a clever closing design: little suede straps and buckles in red, green, and yellow. Now wait a minute, Janet! Go back and put on your matching cape. Thanks! Just one minute more while we note your hat, of navy blue wool, your shoes, also navy, and your handbag and gloves of white doeskin.

The leisure hour! Janet is ready to greet a friend or two for afternoon tea. She hates to feel "dressed up," so she asked Rene Hubert to design a wearable afternoon frock with this result: red and white striped wash silk enlivened by a red suede belt. See the interesting use of the striped fabric?
Janet Gaynor is one screen star who refuses to "work at it" and scorns the spectacular after studio hours, so when she goes dinner-dancing she wears this simple ensemble, suitable for Every-Girl. The dress, in plaid effects in russet, brown and beige, is fashioned high in front with crossed-suspender straps in the back. The skirt is very full, the extra fullness supplied by the godets. See the saucy Eton jacket!

Something new in a negligée: the "Prehistoric," designed on straight lines with bright red sash, to be worn over Janet's white satin pajamas. The trick fabric, ivory white, is fashioned of a long silky nap on a silk crepe background.

The end of a perfect evening—Janet in her boudoir wearing her pet white satin pajamas featuring a whimsical touch by M. Hubert: words and music across the front of the blouse, music embroidered in black silk; words in red; and the tune is: "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" Who's the phone call from, Janet?
Real Living in Hollywood!

Joe's Trophy Room is his pride and joy. Above, he shows you the kilo bar, used in Hawaii's popular game. Left, discovered: a grin wider than Joe E. Brown's! The Chinese mask is a trophy of the Browns' world tour.

The smiling comic is one of Hollywood's real home men. Above, a view of Joe E. Brown and two of his sons showing you over his Beverly Hills home. Below, the family: Joe E., Mary Elizabeth, Mike, Joe E., Jr., Mrs. Brown, Kathryn Frances, and Don.

Joe E. Brown and his Family at Home

A spot to delight the hearts of small boys of all ages: Joe in a corner of his Trophy Room, with glass cases for his valuable autographed sports trophies collected during a lifetime.
THE real Gary, as he looks on vacation, not location! Soon to start work on a new picture, when his expression will probably change from carefree to conscientious, even though his leading lady will be none other than Claudette Colbert!

Eugene Robert Richee
AND right here is the real Carole, not the languorous lady you've been seeing on the screen. Some day some smart producer is going to wake up and cast Carole in a rousing good picture in which she can be her own gay self; and then—!
ATHLETICALLY engaged above are: Alice Faye, rope-skipping; Will Rogers, polo; Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, dancing; Betty Furness and Elizabeth Allan, sunning; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler love the action of stage dancing.
In full stride: Betty Furness. Tennis: Wendy Barrie plays, Frankie Thomas learns from Bill Tilden; George Brent swims; Elizabeth Allan jogs along; Rita Cansino and Gary Leon swing into a waltz; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler dance on.
Off Duty!

Not acting here! Your favorites greet you as they really are

Off-duty, Warner Baxter is as debonair as his screen self, but he likes the out-door life and lives it.

Living his own life, Dick Powell, good-humored, but a chap who seems inclined to look well before he does any leaping.

Recognize the lady at the right as Mary Boland? Yes—but you seldom see Mary as serious as that on the picture screens.

Fred Astaire believes that dancing makes you happy, and this off-duty shot seems eloquent evidence that he's quite right.

Dick Barthelmess, whose calm and poise in real-life is a characteristic missing from his recent screen roles.
On Duty!

In character! Note how slight changes affect personality

Baxter as the dashing Latin he creates for "Under the Pampas Moon," is quite different from the real Baxter in the other pose.

Fred Astaire at the left is playing his part as a band leader, so you note the change from his off-duty self.

Dick Powell as a romantic figure in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," above, with Olivia de Haviland.

Left, Mary Boland becomes flirty and excitable—doing her duty in portraying a character for a screen play.

Richard Barthelmess the actor, at right, as the hunted character of "Four Hours to Kill,"—life, but not Dick's life.
Living Rhythm!
Jean Harlow
Dances!
Jean steps out in “Reckless,” her co-starring film with William Powell. Center, shooting a scene of Harlow and her partner, Carl Randall, doing “La Tromboso,” new dance creation we show you here.
Hollywood beauties at their breeziest, basking in their new swim suits

Irene Ware does a Diana, both in "Night Life of the Gods" and arrayed for the beach. This is one of the suits with a trick—the cord permitting Irene to drop her shoulder straps for sun-bathing with perfect poise.

Sally Eilers, center, selects her favorite halter-neck swim suit to pose in for you. Sally likes the sun, and sun-tan is highly becoming to Sally; and this is how she gets it.

'Ware Irene in this suit—excuse it, please! What we mean to say is, here's Irene again, and welcome, wearing her pet swimming suit—and probably ours, and yours, too.

Irene Ware is shown, first, in the "Bra-tuck." Sally Eilers is wearing the "Halter-neck" model. Irene Ware is shown also in the "Neck-lace" suit. All models are from Jantzen Knitting Mills.
Just Kids!

Virginia Weidler, right, steals scenes from John Beal in "Laddie," but John gave her this doll just to show there were no hard feelings.

We all know how Freddie Bartholomew stole "David Copperfield." Now the great little British actor is trying to steal cowboy Buck Jones' stuff!

Cora Sue Collins rivalled Garbo for honors in "Queen Christina." See her pet love birds!

That's all—but they steal every picture they play in, just the same!

Nova Pillbeam, grand little English actress, scores in "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Frankie Thomas, Jr., left, will steal "A Dog of Flanders" right away from the pup!
SCREENLAND presents
Shirley Temple in
The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month

THE sweetest star of them all captures our page this month in a scene from "Our Little Girl," her latest film. Left, with Joel McCrea, Shirley's new "leading man." Right, little Miss Temple
TEMPERAMENT is just a smoke-screen or device designed by an individual to disguise inability to cover up an inferiority complex.

It is really moved and the temperamental person is easily detected if the handler recognizes just what temperamental this is.

That was the concise reply made by King Vidor when this writer asked him to define "temperament," and to tell how he has been so successful in directing players noted for their temperamental outbursts, except when working for [firm]. Vidor smiled when he noticed a somewhat doubtful look in my eye.

"Have you ever seen an actor display temperament when everything was going smoothly and his work was receiving the praise of director, producer, and all those connected with the picture?" asked Vidor when I suggested that as an exception. "I don't believe you have," he continued. "Neither have I." And try as I would, no case of temperament under smooth-sailing conditions would come to my mind.

"I have given this matter of temperament a lot of thought," continued Vidor. "When I first came into the film business I was a bit awed by some of the outbursts. Then I began to analyze those players. It suddenly dawned on me that they were trying to hide something; trying to evade something. Actually, they were, in practically all cases, trying to create a furore to make other people overlook the fact that they were unable to say certain lines or do certain things which the director was asking them to do. It was just an attempt to make the director forget they were incapable of carrying out those things which as players should be able to do. In other words, they couldn't do what they were supposed to do, but as they suffered an inferiority complex, they did not want anyone else to know their failing.

"I am not attempting to (Continued on page 94)
The screen career of Wallace Beery was born so long ago that many of you who will read this story were not then living. Beery's screen biography began in 1913, to be exact, which makes that career just twenty-three years old today.

And what a career it has been! It is "Mister" today, but it started out "Missus;" Beery's first screen work was in the guise of a Swedish maid, in comedies made by the old Essanay Company of Chicago—if you can remember that far back. Incidentally, let it here be told that some of those very old comedies were recently shown at a State Fair in the mid-West, and Beery received several fan letters addressed to "that funny Swedish maid." Such is fame!

For almost two years, Wally daily donned bundles of petticoats and skirts, padded himself to husky feminine proportions, and performed feats in front of those old-time cameras that caused the work-crew to howl with laughter. You see, it was Beery's job to be as bunglesome as possible, and he hardly needed rehearsals.

"I wasn't just an actor—or should I say actress?—in those days," Beery recounts now. "I co-directed, helped operate the camera, aided the electricians, assisted in dressing sets, and participated in everything else that was done. Louella Parsons, now the noted Hollywood columnist, wrote the stories for my Swedish-girl comedies. They called those comedies a series. Series, heck—we turned 'em out one or two a week!"

In 1914, Beery became a director. He was no piker; he directed Francis X. Bushman, who was the Clark Gable of his day, if not more so. In 1915, Wally went to California with "Broncho Billy" Anderson. His job was studio manager, but he couldn't make a success of the financial end of the business, so he resigned.
Tracing the colorful career of the most natural actor of them all—"Wally"

By James M. Fidler

He went to Japan with the first picture company to attempt such a then unheard-of location trip. The venture flopped, and Wally returned to California, this time to begin anew the acting career he had deserted in Chicago. He became a Keystone cop!

Soon he advanced to the position of featured actor, and his salary reached the amazing total of $125 a week. In those days, that was about the same amount of money as what we endearingly describe as "the war debt" today. It was about this time that Beery met Gloria Swanson, and fell in love with her—as who hasn’t! He got her a job as a Sennett bathing beauty, and in 1916 they were married.

Relation of the marriage incident may seem to have no place in Beery’s cinematic life story—but it has. Because, when he and Gloria were divorced, Beery was so despondent that for months he lost all interest in his work, even in life itself. During this "blue funk" period, he lost his movie job, and for nearly two years he fumbled around Hollywood. He tried to rejuvenate his interest by directing comedies at Universal. This was in the days when there were no casting offices. Extras hung around outside the studios—men and women—and when they were needed, an assistant would step to the gate and whistle, and the extras would come a-running.

Mickey Neilan was the director who changed Beery’s life from good to bad; that is, Mickey took this down-and-out comedian and gave him a new screen job—as a villain. It was in a picture titled "The Unpardonable Sin." Beery’s unpardonable sin was that he mugged so much, he stole the picture. So he became a successful villain.

In rapid succession he played heavies in "Behind the Door," "The Devil’s Cargo" (Continued on page 68)
The Long Arm of Coincidence

Truth that's stranger than fiction about many Hollywood stars! We dare you to read this story without asking yourself: "Would I be a star if that had happened to me?"

By Winifred Aydelotte

"If it hadn't happened that I was an especially bad little girl on one certain night that Frank Borzage had dinner at the Plaza in Dublin, Ireland, I wouldn't be on the screen today!"

Maureen O'Sullivan looked at me and grinned ingratiatingly.

"How's that for a coincidence? I'll bet I have the best coincidence of anybody in Hollywood! It was this way. I'd been out every night for a week, and mother said I couldn't leave the house that evening. Well, somebody had asked me to have dinner and to dance at the Plaza and I just couldn't let that pass. So I said, dutifully, 'Yes, mother,' and went up to bed. But there was a balcony and a convenient vine. Anyway, I had a grand time. But if I hadn't been especially naughty on that certain night, Mr. Borzage never would have seen me or sent his card to our table asking if he could speak to me; I would never have met John McCormack and played in his picture; I would never have come to Hollywood, and I would never, never have had the thrill of playing in "David Copperfield."

The long arm of coincidence!

It encircles the waist of the world, and it has a stranglehold on Hollywood. There is scarcely a player on the screen today whose emotional or artistic career has not been vitally affected by a coincidence.

"Just because it happened that—"

An empire has tottered on those words; fortunes have been made and lost; homes built or broken—

Well, anyway, inspired by Maureen's story, I went coincidence hunting. It's great sport. Try it sometime on your typewriter. Look what I bagged!

Just because it happened that Sam Wood had a daughter in the same school at Pomona that Joel McCrea was attending, Joel today is a film star. It also happened that little Miss Wood was chosen for the leading role in the graduating play, with Joel appearing opposite her. So, of course, Mr. Wood went to see his daughter act, his eyes glazed with parental pride. But he came away instead with a deep impression of McCrea's histrionic ability, and arranged for him to be tested for films.

Slipping stealthily over to Paramount, I surprised another coincidence. Remember Mae West's famous first line? The first thing she ever said on the screen was in answer to the cheek girl's exclamation, "Goodness! Where did you get those diamonds?" And Miss West's line was "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie."

Well, just because it happened that the script called for Mae to wear a heavy beaded gown: that the director wanted her to come in on a trot and break into a
good fast canter toward George Raft; that the gown was so heavy she couldn't even get up a momentum; and that Mae West happens to be able to write lines like nobody's business, the immortal remark was born.

"I'm going to walk," she told the director. "Nobody can romp around in orchids, ermine and diamonds. I want to come in slowly, throw my wrap off and say something to cover up the snail's pace Raft-ward. How about my saying—?"

And that is how it came to pass that America went around for so long, slurring, "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie."

One of the most famous of the Hollywood coincidences is the one resulting in the marriage of Mrs. Christine Lee and Ricardo Cortez. I got in on the wing with one shot.

Earle Kenton, a director at Paramount, planned a small party one night. He telephoned Mrs. Lee and asked her to come and bring a man.

"Oh Earle," said Mrs. Lee, "I don't believe I can come. I'm just worn out—frightfully tired—and, besides, there isn't a soul I feel like bringing."

"All right, suit yourself," said Mr. Kenton. "We won't plan on you, but if you should change your mind, just come along alone."

Then he telephoned Ricardo Cortez and asked him to come and bring a girl.

"Oh Kenton," said Cortez, "I just don't feel up to going out tonight. I'm exhausted—worked all day. And, besides, there isn't a soul I feel like bringing."

"All right," said Mr. Kenton, a trifle discouraged, and repeated the rest of the little speech he had made to Mrs. Lee.

Later that evening, when he had given up all hope of either one of them coming, the director was delighted to hear Mrs. Lee announced. She was alone. And then, close upon her heels, came Ricardo—also alone. And they met, fell in love, and were married. Just because!

"We can't get over it," says Cortez. "Neither of us wanted to go to that party. We both felt miserable. And both of us must have changed our minds at about the same instant. And if it hadn't just happened that—oh, migoosh!"

The next coincidence I creep up on was—Just because Miriam Hopkins, a dancer, fell downstairs and fractured her ankle the very day her ballet troupe was leaving for a South American tour, she is now Miriam Hopkins, a film star.

More than anything in the world, she wanted to be a dancer. And she was—until she took a header down a long flight of unsympathetic stairs just a couple of hours before she was to get on the boat. She spent the subsequent few weeks in the hospital, thinking. What was the next best thing to dancing? Musicals! So, after she left her white iron bed, she got herself a part in "Little Jesse James," whence she graduated to comedy. She ankled her way into the movies just because a carpenter once built a certain flight of tricky stairs!

Marlene Dietrich is also the result of a coincidence. And I had to do a little skirmishing for this one. George Bancroft, Joseph Von Sternberg and a couple of little pieces of pasteboard form the coincidence.

It just so happened that Bancroft, visiting in Berlin, bought tickets to a music hall, and then, when the time came for going that evening, couldn't drag himself away from the house. He had seen the show before, anyway. So he telephoned to Von Sternberg, with whom he had been pulling around Berlin, and said, "I just don't feel like going to a show tonight. Can you use my tickets? There's a woman at this particular music hall, by the way, who'll sing you into the aisle."

And it happened that Von Sternberg had nothing better to do that night, and so he took the tickets. And coincidence wrote a very brilliant chapter in Hollywood history.

Once upon a time, Allen Jenkins and James Cagney were chorus boys in a musical show in New York, "Pitter Patter."

Just twelve years later to the day, Jenkins was walking (Continued on page 96)
Help yourself to a Hollywood Figure with James Davies' advice

No, I don't mean that you should watch Mae West or imitate her mode of locomotion. Mae has made her walk a trademark. It's unique and it's amusing when she uses it, but if anyone else did it, it would be ridiculous.

If you are tall, you might watch Carole Lombard, or Gail Patrick, or Kay Francis. Carole isn't as tall as the others, but she gives the impression of height because she has length of limb and is so slender. Each of these girls takes a fairly long step, but if you will observe them carefully, you will notice that none of them takes (Continued on page 84)

If you walk well, you look younger. You also look slimmer and very much smarter, no matter how much you can afford to spend for clothes. So this month let's talk about walking!

Every screen test that means anything to a film producer includes a shot of the person tested as she goes from here to there. How she "gets over the ground" often means whether or not she signs on the dotted line. Watch yourself next time you pass a long mirror or shop-window and see if you'd "get by."

The correct way to walk is to hold your head up, your eyes following a line about two inches above your eye level; hold your shoulders back easily, not stiffly; hands at sides, open, with thumb in line with your thigh. As your left foot advances, your right hand should swing forward—not too far; as your right foot advances, your left hand should swing forward. You walk, heel and toe, heel and toe.

A woman's step is normally about twelve inches long; a man's about eighteen inches.

To walk well, you must neither hurry too much nor dawdle along as if you hoped you won't get there. Haste causes nervous tension and dawdling usually means slumping.

Since what we are after is a Hollywood Figure, it would be a good thing for you to observe how Hollywood's players convey themselves over the ground. Watch them every time you see them in a long shot.
Radio Parade

Catching up with much-traveled
Maestro Bernie and some other
personages of air-way fame

By Tom Kennedy

W H A T  w i t h  B e n  B e r n i e  s h u t t l i n g
from coast to
cost, doing films in Hol-
lywood and stage appear-
ances in New York and
'way stations, it's no cinch
catching up with the Old
Maestro in person these
days.

Even so, the chase itself
is about as breath-taking
as a ride on an escalator
compared to the doings
when you meet up with
the Maestro in or near a
broadcasting studio. In the
game of showmanship,
Bernie always seems to be
leading with aces—and
that's exactly what he was
up to when we caught him
at rehearsal for that show
in which the Maestro
presented Ethel Barrymore,
Queen, and The Top, of
the Royal Family of the
theatre, as his guest star.

E t h e l  B a r r y m o r e ,
known far and wide as
the First Lady of the
theatre, and the critics' severest critic, was coming
to the microphone to spoof
Shakespeare, bait Bernie, and play "Rhythm in the Rain"
on the piano, to the beat of the Maestro's baton and the
accompaniment of All The Lads!

And if you think that Miss Barrymore didn't enjoy
doing that show as much as anybody in it, you'll have to
guess again. Moreover, right there and there The Barry-
more bustled wide open an old and honored legend that
she can be only the imperious lady when she participates
in anybody's show. Visibly wincing from the distress of
a painfully injured ankle, Miss Barrymore was the
gamest, most patient and eager worker in the band—and
she was just a member of the band so far as the "Rhythm
in the Rain" number was concerned.

As to the Maestro himself, the always unctuous and
slily gay guy is doing all right—he thanks you. Bernie

"Stolen Harmony," in which Bernie shares honors with
such screen celebrities as George Raft and Grace
Bradley, Roscoe Karns and others. His first picture
was not such a successful venture, but the picture peo-
ple will get the Bernie personality over on the screen
eventually—maybe with "Stolen Harmony"—because
there's plenty of public demand for the Maestro. That's
proved by the fact that theatres now gladly pay seven
times as much for Bernie's personal appearances as they
did before he reached the millions via radio.

Peg La Centra, pint-sized package of giddyp with
the big contralto "blues" voice, plays lunches in making
important decisions . . . thinks maybe she should have
changed her name, "because (Continued on page 87)
MAYBE you'll just sleep in the sun.
Or maybe you'll throw out your arms to the wind and let it blow through your slacks in shivers up your spine.
You say you'd rather fling your hat into the lake and turn handsprings? An excellent idea. Go ahead.
For beauty has come out in the open. It's lovely to do as you please!
Jean Parker has set this new out-of-doors fashion of which the one rule is naturalness. She's a real girl, Jean is, half pixie, half pagan, altogether lovely. And now that Summer is sailing down the wind toward us, its decks piled high with sky-blue mornings and sea-green afternoons, keep your eyes on Jean. She loves to ride and hike and swim, to do all those things you love to do. She does them all, beautifully, and so will you if you listen to these words of wisdom!
Get ready! Your summer wardrobe and your summer face. Don't wait until the night before. You know what a disappointment that summer dress is when you wake up some morning to find that the hot weather is here and that you, totally unprepared, must rush out and shop.
The same is true about your skin. You should have your summer face all bright and glowing, with winter all thawed out of it by the first of June.
Now it isn't as important as you think it is, maybe, but you will have to decide first about tan. Of course you may make up your mind not to tan, and then some fine day, let the sun fool you. A brownie in spite of herself, is what many a summer gal turned out to be.
But in case you're the deliberate type who makes up her mind and then does things, take this into consideration. Flower prints, particularly gay ones, make a tanned skin look like a lovely dream. And flower prints are so much in the fashion picture that I understand the flowers are holding protest meetings in the fields, complaining that the fashion designers haven't stolen their stuff.
Daisies, leaves, primroses, violets, even chrysanthemums, believe it or not, are flashing their colors from the summer fabrics. If this idea makes your heart beat faster and you decide to print your way through the sea-
son, then you'll want a tan to go along.

Then provide yourself from the very first ray of sunshine, with the necessary oils and lotions to achieve the right tan as promptly as possible. Summer is only three months long and if you are not careful, you are going to be just ready for it when the school bell rings and we all have to come trooping back indoors. If you are to be a pink and white girl, instead of the sunburn oils and lotions, put your hands on the protective creams and prepare to work hard to preserve the pristine loveliness of your skin. But whatever you decide, you must first have your skin like satin so that the tan you do acquire, dark or light, will slip on soft and smooth as a shadow.

If you start right now, you have a month in which to get ready. So begin tonight. Do this regularly as clockwork. First, smooth in a good rich cleansing cream. Let it stay on for five or six minutes before you remove it. Then take unto yourself a complexion brush, the softest, gentlest one you can find, and with a mild lather of your favorite facial soap, rotate it over your entire face and throat. Get into the crevices, mind you.

This brush is a grand idea. For three reasons: it works off the invisible cuticle that is making your skin look dull. It dislodges blackheads and does away with impurities that lodge under the skin. And it stimulates. Be gentle, though, and rinse your face with warm water immediately after. Then with cold—but not too cold. And never use ice on your face. Leave that to the specialists who know exactly how—and where.

After this a good rich nourishing cream. If you read yourself to sleep at night, put it on just before you pop into bed, and take it off just before you drop off to sleep. You need not keep it on all night. Your skin will absorb all it needs in half an hour.

Twice a week, between the cleansing and the use of the nourishing cream, give your skin a stimulating treatment. Any one of several stimulating creams, occasionally they are called masks, will do the trick for you. Spread the stimulating cream on after you have removed the cleansing cream. Take it off after ten minutes and smooth in the nourishing cream. You will find your skin glowing and more alive. Your color will be better next day. So much better that you will feel a great temptation to use the treatment every day. Resist it! For twice a week will be enough.

Your back and shoulders are going to see a lot of sunshine this summer. You'd better begin pampering them early in the game so that they will pamper you later when their turn comes. Rub in the nourishing cream regularly every night. Get them smooth and soft. It is going to be as important to have them tan evenly and beautifully as to have your face tan that way. And don't forget your elbows. Soften them too.

By the first of June you'll have your summer skin in condition. Then tie up your hair. Smile. Stretch. Go out in the open and have fun!

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Hands and arms are lovely, too. Why hide those shoulders, Jean?

Picture of a pixie in a rock garden. Imagine a tan against that gay print, and bright red nails!
Brief and breezy news notes about screen celebrities

By Weston East

CECIL B. DeMILLE is noted for his reserve, when it comes to passing out words of praise. He rarely waxes enthusiastic. If a scene pleases him to the extreme, he calmly says, “I’m afraid I like that.” And what searching phrases he concocts if a scene doesn’t please him! At any rate, his “I’m afraid I like that” led to a funny remark by an extra who had fallen under DeMille’s lashing tongue. This extra happened to pass C. B., as the latter’s car moved away from the studio with noisy bumps. The extra looked at the rear of the car, and said to DeMille, “I’m afraid you’ve got a flat tire—I hope!”

And here’s a Hollywood home! Claudette’s beautiful Colonial mansion La Colbert

THE studios have hit upon a new method of discovering screen talent. This plan is the staging of amateur theatricals in specially-built “little theatres” within the studio walls. In at least two instances, talent departments have been formed. Members of these departments interview prospects. If the prospects look promising, they are invited to participate, (without pay), in studio shows. These shows are rehearsed carefully, and are finally seen by high executives of the company. As yet, no newcomers have been thus found, but the plan promises results.

THERE’S a cute little story about Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy going the rounds. Shirley is supposed to have asked Baby LeRoy his age.

“Two, going on three,” retorted Master LeRoy, “and what have I got to show for it?”

IF IT keeps up, Bing Crosby will have to get himself the title of “Colonel, ah,” and move to Kentucky. I mean, he’s gone horse-racing daily. He not only owns several fast steeds, but he is sending them to other cities for racing meets, and he is following them when picture work doesn’t keep him in Hollywood.

At the close of the racing season in Los Angeles, Bing shipped his stable to Northern California. He followed them, and when it was necessary for him to be in Hollywood, he commuted by plane for days. Now the Crooner vows that he’ll send at least one of his horses East for some of the big racing meets.

WHEN Francis Lederer stepped out of the cast of “Break of Hearts,” in which he was to have been co-starred with Katharine Hepburn, he didn’t part on such friendly terms with Katy, according to an inside report.

It seems that one of Lederer’s parting remarks was enough to burn his bridges behind him. That remark is supposed to have been, “Miss Hepburn, if you continue on the screen for several years, you may be an actress.”

Important “firsts.” William Powell and Ginger Rogers, teamed for the first time with Ginger in her first mystery romance, in “Star of Midnight.”
HOLLYWOOD!

Dream castle nearing reality. Sketch of the is building for her very own home.

The breaking up of the team of Laurel (Stan) and Hardy (Oliver) caused such a huge bale of protesting letters, that studio officials are seeking to bring about a re-union of the popular pair.

Stories were circulated that the team split because of a personal disagreement, but both Stan and Oliver hastened to the fore with denials: they say they are the best of friends. The trouble that caused their break-up, both aver, was strictly a matter between Laurel and the studio.

As this is written, Mrs. Wallace Beery, wife of the star, is about to go to Honolulu. For the past year, Mrs. Beery has been desperately ill; once or twice physicians thought she could not live. Her trip to Honolulu is the first time in more than a year that she has been allowed to leave Hollywood.

Romances and Rue-Mance Dept.: After many threats this way and that, the Anita Louise-Tom Brown engagement has at last come to an end. This time it looks permanent, although you can never tell what these Hollywood youngsters will do next.

Take Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor, for example. They were like two love birds, and then something happened; she gave him back his ring, and he took it, and they are barely speaking.

Divorces and separations have hit Hollywood in a turmoil for weeks. Jean Harlow got her decree. Alice White and Cy Bartlett decided to melt bonds.

On the contrary, of course, they are saying that Edna Best's contemplated return to Hollywood may mean that she and Herbert Marshall will patch their differences. They are also saying the Leslie Howards will not divorce, and that Merle Oberon, who was named as a Howard interest, just isn't.

Maurice Chevalier continues to pelt the young lovelies with flowers. Ann Sothern has been receiving his roses—and who wouldn't like to send roses to Ann? Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone continue to drift along, with Joan clinging to her opinion that romances last longer than marriages in Hollywood, so why spoil things by marrying. Jean Harlow says she and Bill Powell aren't going to be married at all, at all. There's nobody else, either, she avers.

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, will likely alter-ate her life soon with Henry Willson, the agent-writer fella. And Rosita Moreno's marriage to Mel Shiner, movie exec, has been expected daily for weeks. Francis Lederer continues to smile at mention of Mary Anita Loos, niece of the writer Anita Loos. Grace Bradley and Nick Foran hold hands at the night clubs, and June Knight has been finding solace for her late divorce in the nice words of Tommy Lee, Hollywood money man.

Jack LaRue and Connie Simpson have ended their long romance, but it's a spot that may be cured with time. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are going out together again. They do that ever so often, and Dan Cupid says you must be only moderately surprised if something comes of it some day.

What a gay wedding that must have been down in Houston, Texas, when Clark Gable's step-daughter was married! Clark himself attended, and he walked down the aisle to give the bride away. Remember, in "Forsaking All Others" Gable was supposed to give the bride away?

Clark also made the bride and groom a wedding present in the form of a lengthy honeymoon trip. In addition, he gave the bride a diamond bracelet and a fur coat.
BEHIND THE SCENES DEPT.

The report going around Hollywood that Anne Shirley was joining the "high hatters," thanks to too much fame coming too quickly, is somewhat off-color. True, Anne has had trouble keeping her young head clear, but if she has changed, it has been because she is trying too hard to remain a good fellow, and she has bent backwards in the attempt.

Everybody expected Jean Harlow to go to Reno for her divorce. She didn't; she purposely was divorced in California. The reason: California law gives an interlocutory decree, that does not become final for a year. Meanwhile, the persons in process of divorce cannot legally marry until the final decree is granted. Jean doesn't want to marry for at least a year, and with her present divorce, she can't.

Reason for the continued stories about Steffi Duna still being in love with Francis Lederer has at last come to light. The rumors were always "Duna and Lederer," but now it comes out that Steffi's great interest is not Francis, but is Charles Lederer.

A law-suit for $125,000 against Jack Oakie for alleged slander was called off when the comedian apologized. . . . Photographs of Fred Astaire dancing are snapped with the same type of high-speed camera that is used to catch shots of automobile races. . . . With an audience of several hundred fans held back by ropes and police, Shirley Temple joined Hollywood's "Hall of Fame" when she left her footprint in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. . . . For his new picture, Will Rogers had to wear pajamas; he was so embarrassed that he wore them over his regular clothes, and he jerked them off between scenes.

WHEN soup was served the other day to Gloria Swanson's two and a half year old daughter, Michel Bridget, the baby refused to eat it. Asked why, she said, "It hasn't any vitamins." Well, that sounded like big talk for such a little girl, so Mama Gloria pursued the subject. She found, after much research, that what little Michel Bridget referred to were letters. She had been eating alphabet soup, and when she got another kind, she didn't like it.

AN Amazing drive is now afoot to bring about the screen return of Charles Ray, who was a few years ago one of the best known stars. Women's clubs, parents and teachers associations, business men's organizations, and the general public throughout the country are being petitioned to demand Ray's return. The argument advanced is that his pictures were always clean, and that the screen has a place for such a star.

Round-robin letters are now being circulated everywhere. If you have not received one to sign, you may soon. It is the expectation of the Charles Ray Club to obtain half a million signatures. The club, it is said, is working altruistically.

SO IT is now discovered why masculine screen stars have such large wardrobes! Adolph Menjou let the secret out of the bag. It seems, according to "Doll," that a well-dressed leading man must not wear the same suit in two pictures. Most of the time, such procedure might pass unnoticed, but with the current theatre-habit of running double bills, two pictures with the same actor are often shown on one bill. "Ninety-nine persons in the audience might not notice that an actor wore the same suit in two pictures," Menjou says, "but the one hundredth person would spot the suit, and soon everybody would know. Then pop! would go a reputation for being well-dressed."

JoAN CRAWFORD is ten years old this month! Now isn't that an absurd statement to make? But it is true, no matter how absurd it may seem. Ten years ago this month, there was no Joan Crawford. There was a Lucile LeSeuer, but movie officials decided no girl could overcome the handicap of that name, so they changed it. That's how Joan Crawford was born.

Just to prove how important it is to Miss Crawford herself, she has a birthday party every year for the new name. She invites friends to dinner, and there is a cake with candles, and everything.

Margot Grahame, English actress who went to Hollywood as just a wife accompanying her husband, Francis Lister, whom you saw in "Clive of India" with Ronald Colman, and landed in front of a camera as leading lady for Victor McLaglen in "The Informer," must have something that impresses casting directors as ideal for heroines to the he-men stars. At any rate her next picture is to be a western with Richard Dix.

Between the two pictures for which Margot was signed—snap, just like that—the English charmer paid a visit to New York, and convinced a lot of people that if "Becky Sharp" in Technicolor doesn't put color pictures over, why, Margot will—what, with that luminous composite of very blonde hair, blue eyes, and glowing complexion, all ready and waiting as a challenge to the pigment of chromatic film.

Margot also revealed that she has become a Hollywood enthusiast, and after doing one picture there has found that she really likes pictures—though, she felt the opposite about films all during her work in nearly forty features made in England. As soon as she can do so, Margot plans to return to England to bring her mother and father to Hollywood, and then the Francis Listers will make their home in the cinema capital.

Of course, they're saying that Virginia Bruce and "Pinkie" Tomlin, the song writer and actor, are not in love. But Virginia went to the preview of Tomlin's first picture with him. He didn't like himself at all, and he went into a blue funk. So Virginia sat up with Pinkie until four o'clock in the morning, consoling him.

Katharine Hepburn can be one of the nicest of persons, when she isn't too busy being eccentric. When Claudette Colbert won the Academy Award for the finest acting performance of last year, she had to board a train for New York immediately following the award banquet. On the train, she was agreeably surprised by a telegram from Katharine Hepburn, last year's award winner, congratulating her. For which, a Screenland close-up with an extra fine sound track to Miss Hepburn.
This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

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Constant Kay

Continued from page 16

only recently married Kenneth McKenna, a successful New York actor and director, she was going to be a star and I was afraid she was going to be grand.

Our next meeting occurred at the home of George Cukor, the director. There were a number of prominent people there, all of them possessed of a flashing, devastating wit. A certain actress, who is none too popular in the movie colony, came up for discussion. One of the women present did not, apparently, care for the other actress and when she finished with her there was little left to be said. At least, so I thought. Then Kay took up the cudgels and for every charge brought against the absent actress, Kay had an excuse or an explanation ready.

When the lady who was doing the panning refused to be converted, Kay said, quite simply, "Well, dear, we happen to feel differently about her. I like her—you don't. Let's talk about something else."

Not a point did Kay yield, not an iota did she waver. "If you don't think it takes real fortitude to stand up for a person when everyone else in the room is against her, you don't know Hollywood." And she didn't see Kay to take a pass for nearly three years. We met a day or two before she left for Europe, when I went out to get a story. I was suffering from a bad attack of athlete's foot. When greetings had been exchanged I said, "I know you must have a million things to do and I'll get through with this as soon as I can."

"No," said Kay firmly. "Before we start with the interview, I want to know what's the matter with your foot."

"It's nothing," I assured her. "It would take up too much time to tell you. Do you—"

"Never mind the time," she interrupted me. "I want to hear about it."

A pretty girl of her time was wasted while I went into a detailed account of how I had caught it, the inconvenience to which I had been put and the different medicines I had tried, with Kay commiserating and chuckling her tongue in sympathy.

A few minutes later she looked at her watch. "Good heavens! I didn't know it was this late. I've got to fly. You were right. I've wasted your time and you've got nothing for your story. She sat down for another fifteen minutes and gave me enough material for half a dozen stories.

The night before she left to embark on her first European trip, when she must have been in a perfect dither of excitement and last minute details, she took time out to write me a note: "Dear Dick: I'm worried about your foot. Please take care of it—and yourself."

If you knew Hollywood as I do you'll realize how few people there are out here who would have given it another thought.

When Kay returned three or four months later I was away, and when I returned she was laid up with make-up poisoning so I didn't see her again until the other day. She has had a few months hard-making in Kay! She seemed more like the girl I first met six years ago than she has at any time since then. I made some comments about her to this effect and added, "Once I thought Hollywood would change you."

"Poor old Hollywood," she laughed. "It gets blamed for everything. Hollywood has only made two changes in me, as far as I can tell. One thing it has done is to turn me in a rousing good gossip. When I first came out here, when people would put anyone on the pan I'd always try to find something nice to say about them. Now I just pitch right in and fry them along with the rest of the bunch. Unless," she added, "it's someone I like. Then you never happen to be a friend of mine and then I'm just as rabid as I've always been.

The other change it has made has been in my own position. I used to be pretty even-tempered. Now little things annoy me and I fly off the handle and scream and say things I don't mean and that I'm sorry for. I'm more moderate—relatively, that's nerves. This business does it to you. You work in the terrific heat of these lights all day and then go home and get emotionally exhausted, I think the lights must dry up your skin and that must be what makes us all so nervous. Outside of those two things I don't think I've changed much."

"Don't you think you're more cynical?" I queried.

"If I am," she answered promptly, "it isn't any fault of Hollywood's. I think everyone becomes a little more cynical as they grow older. I'm more cynical than I was when you first knew me—but I'm six years older. But," laughing, "even in my infancy I don't think I what you could call a cynic."

"And on the other hand," she burst out, "Hollywood has given me something no other place on earth could give me and that is four of the finest, most charming friends any woman ever had. I could have lived in lots of places and if I'd been lucky, found one close friend but I don't know anywhere else I could have lived and found four friends like Jessica Barthelmess, Bea Stewart (Mrs. Donald Ogden Stew- art), Frances Goldwyn and Dorothy Frasso.

"Do you know, Dick," she went on sudenly, "I think the reason Hollywood changes people—it does—is because they take everything out here so seriously. The only thing I take seriously is my work and the only reason I take that seriously is because I want to make a lot of money. And as soon as I've got that money I'm getting out of here.

"People say you get tired of loafing, I don't believe it! I could be the grandest loafer ever created. The places I want to go—the things I want to do and see—would take years! Imagine having the time and money to do everything you want and nothing to worry or harass you!"

"You feel that way now," I protested, "because you rushed through one picture as soon as you got back and now you've

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THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE Quiet, but with a strange persistence

“I took this little house I’m in now because it was cheaper. I’m going to lay up enough money to enable me to do the things I want if it kills me!”

“Yeah, but how about the dives?” I persisted.

“I love them,” Kay assured me, “While I was abroad about half the time I was very social. I visited the Countess Frasso who knows everybody in Europe and when I was with her and her friends I was as proper as proper. But the other half of the time I was in and about dives that would have made those in Covington pale.”

“You've no idea the fun I got out of places like Rapallo, Brioni, and Stress in Italy; and Senlis and Armonville in France. I did them as a seventy-five dollar-a-month school teacher on a trip abroad would have done them—and I had the time of my life! People recognize you over there but they don’t annoy you. You don’t have to put on an act for them. You can be yourself at all times. Do you know I only went into Paris two nights—and those times it was to keep dinner engagements?”

“Ready, Miss Francis,” called the director.

And Kay, in the form-fitting black gown she wears in a sequence in “The Goose and the Gander,” stepped out on the dance floor with George Brent.

I drove home wondering not how anyone could change as much in six years as Kay but how our world could live for six years in Hollywood and remain as unchanged. That girl couldn’t go grand if she wanted to!

A Hoosier Fan. Your state has produced many well-known actors, actresses, painters, writers of fiction and poets—not to mention Presidents and Vice-Presidents. Several screen stars claim Indiana as their birthplace. Among them are Louise Dresser, Ann Christy, Louise Frizzell, Carole Lombard, Irene Purcell, Ross Churchill, Charlie Murray, Richard Bennett, father of the three Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance, and Joan; Tom Geraghty, story writer for pictures, and Charles Butterworth, South Bend, Indiana’s boy who has made good in cinemaland.

Margaret A. I’m a very good explainer and can take care of almost anything that needs an answer, if I may say so. Phillips Holmes can be interested in any of the likable and good-lookable girls of the screen if he wants to—he is not married to Frances Dee. She has a perfectly good husband—none other than Joel McCrea. There is a third member of the McCrea-Dee family, it’s a boy.

Doris B. I haven’t heard that Bing Crosby contemplates leaving the screen—if he does, you’d just up and die, wouldn’t you? If all mortals love him and smile as you do, he’d better keep signing on the dotted line forever. Bing’s films up to date are: “Too Much Harmony,” “Bing’s Hollywood,” and “Marion Davies: We’re Not Dressing” with Carole Lombard, George Burns, and Gracie Allen; “She Loves Me Not” with Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle; “Here Is My Heart” with Kitty Carlisle; and his new offering “Mississippi.”

Ray W. Still loyal to the old guard, aren’t you? Not that Joseph Striker is old or one of the guards, but the days of silent pictures seem ages ago and Joseph was one of the silent players. A few of his releases are “Annie Laurie,” “Cradle Snatchers,” “Harp in Frock,” “Wise Wife,” “House of Secrets,” “The Wrecker” and “Paradise.” I haven’t a record of any very recent film in which he appears. One of Earl Fox’s later pictures was “Bedside” with Warren William and Jean Muir. Lee Tracy, April 14, 1898. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. I don’t remember “Otto” in “The Mystery of the Wax Museum” but Lionel Atwill played Ivan Igor.

William S. of Rio de Janeiro. Como estás? Sorry I cannot give you very personal information about Laurette Taylor but all I have is yours. She is Mrs. J. Hartley Manners, in private life, and starred in his plays; she created the role of Peg in “Peg of My Heart,” and played it for years on the stage in the United States and England. Her screen career consists of the silent version of “Peg of My Heart,” “One Night in Rome.” Of course you know Marion Davies starred in the talkie “Peg o’ My Heart.”

Dorothy P. As far as I know Joan Crawford’s first marriage was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan’s natural ability as an actress and her outstanding picture personality are of greatest concern to us, after all.

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the color appeal of each type of blonde, brune-
ette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your
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The face powder imparts a satin-smooth lovel-
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the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

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Wallace Beery's Cinematic History

continued from page 53

Wallace is the probable inventor of the “hot seat,” a chair with an electrical appliance which gives a seated person a distinct shock. Richard Arlen looms in film history as the first victim of a “hot seat.” It was Beery who first designed and perfected the “hot seat.”

The next picture, “Fireman Save My Child”—(a silly title; the firemen really should have tried to save the picture), Arlen visited the set, sat down in the unlucky chair, and received the fullest shock of the electric battery. He jumped, from a sitting position, a full three feet in the air and landed hard. Arlen missed that for days, and advised Arlen to go to the Olympic games as the “sitting jump” contender.

In 1924, Arlen and Beery played in their only picture together. The production was “Jeggars of Life,” and one of the scenes found Beery and Arlen running alongside a freight car on a treadmill, then hopping onto the freight car. The stunt car provided the car with illusion of motion. Beery and Arlen jumped into the car right, but once inside they began to fight for room. Their stunt car managed to back up. That would throw the face more to the camera, and would exhibit a little more of the back of Arlen’s neck and head. They are still a hot item, and Beery would threaten to put an iron bar across the freight-car door to keep his two actors within camera range.

It was during the filming of this picture that Mary Brian fell victim to one of Beery’s practical jokes. Mary visited his set one day, dressed “fit to kill” and en route to an afternoon tea. Wally persuaded her to sit down, and before she realized what was happening, he handcuffed her to the chair. She sat, seething, handcuffed to the chair, for the entire afternoon. The social tea was held without Mary’s presence.

The failure of the later Beery-Hattan comedy mixture of virtue and vice spelled doom to Wally’s contract, and almost the same for his career. After he was released, he fell into another “personal depression,” during which time he couldn’t get work for love or money.

That period ended when he was placed under contract by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. This happy event took place in the year 1929. Even then he had signed a contract, he was not yet to go to work; for six months he never turned a working finger. Most of that period was spent in the mountains, fishing, hunting, and camping. It was about this time that he became interested in aviation. Today he is one of the country’s most successful aviators.

“The Big House” finally ended his long idle spell. Of this picture, which proved another turning point in his screen-life, Beery commented, “I think the villain—a character that I really understand. Brutal and uncoch as Bob looked and acted, he was a human being, a thoughful mixture of virtue and vice.”

It was during the filming of this picture that Wally and Robert Montgomery met and became good friends. Fans who saw that production will recall that Bob’s role was a thankless one; he portrayed the
character of a craven prisoner, who cringed and crawled in the face of even slight danger. Other stars said to Montgomery that he was crazy to play such a part, because, they warned, he would establish himself in the minds of the public as a despicable coward, and he could never outlive it on the screen. Montgomery heard so much of this that he became greatly worried.

“Don’t let anybody fill your head with such rot, kid,” Beery told the much younger Bob. “You give ’em a good show, and they’ll like you. I’ve played mean guys and good guys on the screen, and I still get by.” This encouragement gave Montgomery new faith. That Beery was correct is proven by Bob’s popularity today.

“Min and Bill” was the next big step in Beery’s screen-life. In this picture he met Marie Dressler for the first time. He worshipped her from the beginning. He never lost his tremendous respect and admiration for Marie right up to the time of her death. During her illness, no one was more worried or solicitous than Wally.

During this production, and also during another picture they made together, Beery watched out for Miss Dressler’s interests zealously. She was willing to work twenty hours a day, but Beery, knowing her health was not too good, would not permit it. He would himself insist upon quitting at five o’clock, when as a matter of fact he really wanted to quit so Marie would not have to work over-time.

(Actor’s note: Since forming that habit of quitting at five, Beery has, liked it, and he still insists that his work-days end promptly on that hour.)

“The Champ” was next. This was the picture that brought Beery one of the greatest achievements of his career—the award for the finest acting performance of the year, bestowed upon him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Jackie Cooper co-starred with Beery in “The Champ.” Wally, playing the role of a broken-down prize-fighter, decided he should teach young Jackie how to box. So he got down on his knees, and he and Cooper “put on the gloves.” Wally emerged from that “mock battle” with a very red nose, a slightly blue eye, and considerable embarrassment. How was he to

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*A Holiday from comedy! Hugh Herbert and his wife arriving in New York on a vacation.*
Several of the scenes, and not Cooper's, that was left behind on the cutting-room floor.

"The Hell Divers" was next, and then M-G-M's colossal flop, "Grand Hotel." When Beery was first cast in this picture, he read the script one time, and definitely refused to play the part of the cruel, autocratic manufacturer. Beery did not pull a Garbo and "thunk he go home"; he pulled a Beery and went home. He remained there, ignoring telephone calls and telegrams from the studio legal department. After several hectic days, he received a wire from Irving Thalberg—a friendly message that did not threaten broken contracts or law suits. He feeling was instantly forgotten; Wally returned to the studio and played the part. The big fellow is a sentimentalist; easy to lead but impossible to drive.

"Flesh" and "Dinner at Eight" followed in rapid succession, neither marked by unusual happenings, but both marked by Wally's consistently good work. Then came "Tugboat Annie," his second picture with Marie Dressler. Despite his high regard for Marie, and his positive belief that the picture would be a success, Beery had one fear: he was afraid the studio would try to team him too often with Miss Dressler, and that the team would eventually fail. He has never forgotten the late that befell the Beery-Dressler team.

It was also during this picture that he made his historic crack about studio procedures.

"In the old days," Beery said to a studio executive, "when the script called for champagne, we had champagne. When it called for beer, we had beer. Now, no matter what the script says, we get cold tea." After that, Beery got beer.

"Viva Villa" followed "Tugboat Annie." The picture is regarded by Wally as his best characterization. Even so, he claims that his Mexican accent was terrible. "I was still playing 'Grand Hotel,' and using a Dutch accent," he explains. The only difference, according to Wally, was that in "Viva Villa" he wore a broad-brimmed sombrero!

During the week-end while this picture's interior scenes were being filmed in Hollywood, Beery decided to fly to his mountain ranch, which is on an island in Silver Lake. When time came to return, the wind was blowing almost a hurricane. The landing field at Beery's ranch is some 7000 feet above sea level, and even in the best kind of weather it is difficult to get a plane off the ground, due to lack of "air lift" on the wings.

Beery and his stand-in, (who had accompanied him on the trip), finally got the wheels off the ground. Now the landing field is in a tiny pocket in the mountains, and the plane couldn't gain altitude fast enough to climb the surrounding hills. So they flew round and round in that tiny depression, the wings practically brushing the mountain sides.

Once they hit a down draft that dropped the plane two hundred feet or more, and Beery, still clinging to the stick, was lifted right out of his seat. His head hit the top of the cabin, and raised a knot that remained for days. Luckily, it didn't knock him unconscious, or the plane might have dived right into the lake.

Beery doesn't know yet how he escaped from that predicament, but the stand-in vows he never saw such maneuvering. The story got around when they returned to the studio, whereupon M-G-M officials ordered Beery to quit airplaning. He answered with the sign that literally means "nuts to you." After some argument, they succeeded in persuading him to give up flying during picture production. Now that airplaning is safer, he ignores even that order.

His flying proclivities came into good use during the filming of "Treasure Island," his next picture. It was filmed on location in Malibu, and at one time Wally's wife was near the point of death. Beery chartered a seaplane for duration of the long location period, and every night he flew to the mainland, where he picked up his fast car at the dock and sped to the hospital. Speed cops on the road knew the circumstances, and Wally was not stopped once. Each morning he was at the hospital to see Mrs. Beery, then reversed the traveling schedule back to work.

This brings us up to the present in this circus of huts and tents. His most recent pictures are "The Mighty Barnum" and "West Point of the Air." The former is another of the most colorful of his career, and certainly a picture that afforded Wally much fun-in-the-making.

An amusing incident that occurred during production of "The Mighty Barnum" concerned little Carrie, Wally and Marie's daughter. She visited the set, and promptly became attached to the midgets who were working with Wally, particularly George and Olive Brasso, the brother and sister "little people." She thought they were children, and she could not understand why George was allowed to smoke cigars, when she wasn't permitted to touch them. Beery gave Carol Ann a birthday party, and she insisted that the midgets be invited.

A close shave with a horrible death occurred during the filming of "Barnum." The script directed Wally to stand near a burning stairway and yell at the rioting crowd. He paused too long, and the seat of his trousers caught on fire. With blazing trousers and smoking, he rushed from the set, found a water hydrant, and managed to extinguish the fire by backing up under the hydrant. He had his first real scare since his discovery of the burning trousers, and might have burst into flames with disastrous consequences.

Wally was also scheduled to do a new high during the filming of "West Point of the Air." This picture was filmed at Randolph Field, near San Antonio, Texas, where the government maintains a training school for embryonic airmen. It may be found the latest wrinkles in aviation, the latest ships, the newest safety and speed records.

Wally spent most of the time in the air. The director, instead of seeking the star in his dressing-room, searched the skies for his plane. Any time the ship was on the ground, they were sure Wally was nearby. If the plane was gone, they knew the scene must be delayed.

While he was in San Antonio, Beery made friends, and he promised that he would return for the première of the picture in that city. When you read this story, that will probably have occurred, but at this writing, he is making all engagements, business or personal, with the proviso that they must not interfere with a flying trip to San Antonio for the première. That is one engagement he intends to keep.

We arrive at the conclusion of Wallace Beery's cinematic biography to date. There isn't another record in Hollywood to compare with his. Twenty-three years a screen actor, and twenty-two years, (with the exception of lay-off periods), a star. More important, still a star; one of the most popular. What other actor or actress can point to such a magnificent record?

What other star has appeared in as many successful motion pictures? Due to the great number of them, all have not been named in this cinematic biography, but the fact is, Wallace Beery has appeared in at least a score of pictures that are included among the hundred bigger productions of screen history.

That is screen history in itself, but Wally is not yet done. He may be with us another twenty-three years. In fact, that looks like a good bet.
Winner Takes All
Charles Boyer
Continued from page 22

speaks quietly without gestures—even his accent is not of the cute French variety—and dresses in drab, inconspicuous clothes. The first impression is one of a business man. But, as I mentioned, his face, after a moment's scrutiny, will be recognized as that of an artist. Dreamy eyes, sensitive nostrils, a mouth which is at the same time firmly indicative of resolve independent. All this, no doubt, has been given the producers a tip. Here was a seasoned young actor of Paris, London and Berlin, who never had time to be inincere. Art was too long, life too short. He meant what he said. And no nonsense, either.

The producers saw him in two dramatic productions in Paris and begged him to put his name on the dotted line. They planned to make "Casanova." Wanted him for the lead. They enthusiastically sketched a rosy future. Look at the money, they argued, and come. Boyer didn't want very much to come to Hollywood. He was secure on the continent. He didn't want to be forced to spend several years in one place. He liked to change his environment too much. He knew that his nature required a variety of stimulation which he obtained only by a change of place. The producers met that argument. They would give him a seven years' contract which allowed him six months in Hollywood, six months in Europe. Boyer hesitated. Even with the fancy salary they were willing to pay, under such an arrangement he would still lose money. With the rate of exchange between francs and dollars at fifteen to one and an income tax to take care of in both France and America, he was better off to stay where he was. But he didn't hesitate for long. He signed.

"It gave me the change I wanted"—to let Boyer speak for himself—and it was an opportunity to widen my audience, which I have been always anxious to do in order to increase my value as an actor. But the principal reason I came to Hollywood was to learn. Hollywood has the best directors and the best technicians. By far, the best, I knew I could learn more in America than I did from all the pictures I made in England, Germany and France.

It might be interesting to record right here what his first impressions were of Hollywood. "Hollywood," he says, without a trace of bitterness, "is just like a big studio. It has the best actors in the world. But people talk shop all the time. You can't get away from your business. It stifles one. In New York or Paris you leave the stage and studio and associate with all different kinds of people. I need that contact with life. After all, an actor has only two requisites: know the technique, and understand life. An actor cannot understand life by associating constantly with members of his own profession. Hollywood is so fantastic at first with its wealth of talent, then it smothered you, like a rich man is smothered by his luxury."

What Charles Boyer learned from making his first picture in America he has never said. The truth is, he was probably not in the mood to learn anything. The script on "Casanova" simply wouldn't work out. So, because Fox was carrying him along at rather heavy sugar, they rushed him into the gypsy role in "Caravan." Over his protest. On this point Boyer minces no words. "Imagine such a thing! These gentlemen had seen me only in dra-
“lips that charm are lips with lustre”

**Helena Rubinstein creates . . . new allure for your lips!**

Touch your lips with the bright magic of Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick . . . and see them gain allure. The world-famous art of this great beauty specialist brings your lips vital glamour — the warm, breathing appeal of youth!

Her new discovery — a rare biological ingredient — protects and promotes your natural lip moisture. It ends the harsh, dry artificial look. Your lips gain dewy enchantment — lustre!

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Pastelized face cream and beauty grains special combination set . . . 1.00

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Pastelized Face Cream will cleanse, freshen, soften and protect. Smoothes away lines quickly. Actually transforms your skin. It is Helena Rubinstein's miracle cream . . . Beauty Grains — a stimulating complexion wash used with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Nothing in the world like it! To remove blackheads and whiteheads — refine pores — speed skin renewal — soften texture — normalize oil glands. Ask for “First Steps To Beauty,” 1.00 complete.

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Is there Romance in Your Arms?

June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings... with you in his arms... as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear...

- So close, so intimate... surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm... take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

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Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 15c (change or coins). 15c to Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

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according to formula. For a man who has safely run the gamut of the women of the world, such as Boyer, there is one type of girl who may capture his heart. That type is exceedingly rare. A girl who has buffeted through life all by herself and emerged with the ideals of her girlhood intact. That virtue, combined with beauty, and a bubbling personality cannot fail to appeal. And so Pat became Mrs. Charles Boyer.

One more word about the man himself. His hobbies are—none! All of his energy is absorbed in his work. But for mild relaxation he plays a bad game of golf, fairish tennis, and reads voraciously. He and his wife spend long hours at home playing billiards. He usually wins. He likes billiards. And he loves dogs (He has a Boston bull).

He detests flattery. He doesn't like to be recognized on the street. His chief ambition is to be able to lead a double life; his professional life on the screen or stage, his private life among his friends.

I might add, in closing, that his is tremendously likable. He is serious only about his work. He likes friends.

Joel McCrea
Continued from page 23

producers as a potential motion picture actor,

"I wish you could make it clear that I was never a social climber," he emphasized to me. "If that had been my aim I wouldn't have bothered to go into pictures at all!" Which, come to ponder it, is an obvious fact.

The seal of social approval was put on Joel when Marion Davies began inviting him to all her parties. There he apparently intrigued lovely headliners who were between husbands or steady boyfriends. Shortly he was being seen about town with Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill; and that automatically was a break.

"Sure, going places with top-notchers was a definite help," he admitted. "Producers must have thought that if I were of interest to them I must have something. But the most valuable result of those contacts was the self-confidence I slowly acquired."

"You know, you have to possess a sane assurance to succeed. After a while I dared to express myself, to put my best foot forward, too. I concluded that I must have something to them, something I liked."

Not many Hollywood stars dare to be as frank as Joel, and that's only one of the reasons he is interesting in person.

"I really don't know why I was so fortunate," he went on, seriously. "Unless it was because I was so sincere. I wasn't social climbing. Maybe my not drinking helped! Abstaining is like wearing your hair long; folks think there's something wrong with you." He paused, then muttered, "And while they're guessing they aren't forgetting to invite you up again any time!"

His purpose in chumming with the famous was, therefore, an innocent one. Joel simply fathomed that many rose blushed unseen! As he became busier he went to fewer parties. He has retained the friendship of everyone who has come into his life, but time and new interests have caused him to care little for Hollywood society.

Chiefly, I judge, because he has married Frances Dee and the simple routine applies to them. They have their separate careers, their baby, their home in Brentwood and their big ranch. Instead of letting all this complicate their existence, they find everything fits into the new pattern...
Page Miss Glory

Continued from page 21

more than anything else it’s lovely!" He looked confidently at her as she disappeared into the bathroom. She was a sweet kid and all that, but it was annoying the way she kept hanging around.

For instance, said Gladys, Ed’s future ball-and-chain, even though her coming meant the old unending argument about jobs and things, for the evening paper was tucked under her arm and Click’s day always began with the final edition of the newspaper.

"Every time I come in here I catch that chime, "Why don’t you get married yourself? Is there any idea for an idea any minute now, and then we’ll make money and you can get married."

"Don’t worry about us!" Gladys turned on. "Why don’t you get married yourself? Maybe you won’t be hanging around then making a first rate loafer out of Eddie."

Click flicked the ash from his cigarette. "I never met a dame yet who could get by with me."

Gladys laughed shortly as she tossed a copy of Screenland into his lap.

"Why don’t you give Garbo a break? I hear she’s lonely."

"Well,” Click looked the cover over critically. "I like her mouth, but I don’t care much about her hair or chin. I like Jean Harlow’s hair better, and Marlene Dietrich’s ankles would suit me and Kay Francis’ nose and—"

"Garbo, Harlow, Dietrich, Francis!" Gladys shrugged. "You’d have a tough time getting a date with Minnie Mouse."

Click ignored the insult and sought refuge behind the paper. Suddenly he stiffened and came to quick attention.

"Listen to this!” he shouted. "A full page ad. The Nemo Yeast Company offers a cash prize of $200 for a photograph of America’s most beautiful girl to be used as a model for a coast to coast poster campaign."

He got to his feet and waved the paper triumphantly. "Send in your photograph now! He shouted.

"Do you think you’re beautiful enough?"

Gladys asked patiently.

"Listen!" Click disregarded her as effectively as if she were a fifty-dollar-a-week job. "There’s no one most beautiful girl in America. There’s the most beautiful eyes, the most beautiful lips, nose, and hair—but they’re on different people. Get it? All these yeast people want is a photograph of a girl to see Garbo and be compared with the most beautiful eyes, hair, and everything else on one and the same person."

"Oooooh!" The old admiration came back to Ed’s eyes. "I get you—a composite photograph!"

It was amazing how things went once Click had the idea and Ed was there to do the actual labor. In a few hours the photograph was finished, and even Gladys had to admit the composite girl was a hoot.

"You know, this idea is just nutty enough to be good," she admitted reluctantly.

"Good!" Click stared at her. "It's the dawn of a new glory for American womanhood."

He paused, impressed by his own eloquence. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Dawn Glory—that’s what we’ll call her. What a name! What a girl!"

The three days before the winning photograph would be announced seemed interminable. Click found it impossible to turn that fertile brain of his to other uses even though the papers were full of the
Theodore Turner, the Quads, and Loretta

April 1933

Turner Quadruplets who had been born in a blizzard in Alaska. That might have turned into a possibility for some stunt or other with all of them catching cold and hovering on the brink of pneumonia and the announcement of the Medical Centre that they had rushed a serum to completion to save the babies.

But Click had Miss Glory on his mind and dismissed it with the laconic, "If they can get hold of the dare-devil Bingo Nelson he'll fly it through the blizzard for 'em upside down and come back with tropical fever!"

Loretta couldn't understand what had got into the gentlemen in 1762. They hardly let her into the rooms at all these days even to make up the beds, and when they talked finance it sounded like telephone numbers. She was waiting anxiously outside their door Tuesday evening after having been almost forcibly ejected when her heart suddenly stood still.

It couldn't be—and yet another glance told her it was—it really was Bingo Nelson! The miracle that happens once in a thousand times had happened to her. There he was, the same smile she had languished before so often; his eyes, somehow she had always known they would be blue; and his hair as curly as the permanent wave she had seen advertised for only three dollars; and the teeth she told herself were as aristiq as any toothpaste ad. And he was coming towards her, and was actually stopping, was talking to her!

"Sister, where's room 1762?"

It passed for what might have been a symphony concert had Loretta ever heard one.

"A-a-aren't you Mr. Bingo Nelson?" she stammered. "Th-the man who flew the lion from Africa to F-Florida?"

"Guilty, Judge." Bingo bowed with the nonchalance that had fluttered a thousand hearts.

"Will you autograph my apron, Mister?" she held it up expectantly; and then as he laughed and pulled out his pen she was almost afraid of the wild beating in her heart.

"Sure!" Bingo laughed. "I'll sign anything. That's been my undoing all these years.

It was all she could do not to reach out and touch his hair, not to run after him and make him stay a little longer.

Click held up a warning hand as the door opened. The three of them, he and Ed and Gladys, were clustered around the radio waiting for the announcement that was due any minute. But the Nemo Yeast Company must have had a perverted sense of humor or something and kept them on tenterhooks, as its usual program of songs and announcements went blithely on.

"Bingo!" Click leapt to his feet. Even if Miss Glory was going to make embryo millionaires of them all in a few minutes there wasn't any reason he couldn't pick up a few dollars on another scheme and the quadruplets weren't such everyday affairs they could be altogether ignored by his scheming brain. "If I tell you where you can get a job will you lend me a hundred bucks?"

"I've got a job," Bingo grinned. "I'm going to fly the Turner Quadruplets some syrup or something. Say," he demanded as Click, losing interest in him with the collapsing of his scheme, turned back to the others. "Why are you all listening so hard to the radio?"

"We're waiting for it to give milk," Click sighed wearily.

"Tell it I'll take an old-fashioned with-out too much ice," Bingo announced cheerfully. He stopped suddenly as he saw some prints of the composite photograph of Miss Glory on the table. "Who's the eyelid? Boy! She's there! I need a little of that warmth for the trip I'm making tonight. She's marvelous! I'd marry a girl like that."

"No foolin!'" Ed grinned.

"I mean it!" Bingo was working himself up into a fine enthusiasm. "You boys think I'm crazy—but I'm in love with her already. Who is she?"

"Her name's Dawn Glory." Click was urging him towards the door. "She's crazy about you, too. Here, take her photograph; we've got millions of 'em. Now get onta here, Bingo. Fly your egg-crate up to the quadruplets. If you don't hurry there may be a couple more by this time."

"She's crazy about me?" Bingo repeated ecstatically. "Boy! Nothing'll stop me now. I'll melt my way through that blizzard coming back!"

The door had hardly closed behind him when the buzzer sounded again, and Mr. Yates made his disapproving way towards them. Click held up his hand again in a quick gesture as the radio began blaring.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the winning photograph will be announced now! But first, we want to say—"

There was nothing they could do but listen—listen to the usual advertisements, the usual condolences to the unfortunates who had lost. To listen, and wait, and wait, and listen.

And with Mr. Yates menacing them from his position in front of the door Click found himself doing something he hadn't done in years. He actually found himself praying!

(To Be Continued)
New!
AN EMOLLIENT
MASCARA
that gives lashes new glamour
If you don't agree on these three
superiorities, your money back
without question. 

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement
in cake mascara, my new emollient
Winx. I bring women everywhere the
finest lash beautifier my experience can
produce—one with a new, soothing
effect that solves old-time problems.
It has three virtues, this new emollient
Winx:

1. It has a greater spreading capacity,
   hence it hasn't the artificial look of
   an ordinary make-up.
2. Its soothing, emollient oils keep
   lashes soft and silky with no danger
   of brittleness.
3. It cannot smart or sting or cause dis-
   comfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-
   proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership
in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with
Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a
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your lids with Winx
Eye Shadow. The re-
sult will delight you,
giving your face new
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Buy any or all of my
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Make a trial. If you
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To Keep Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
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Name
Street
City
State
If you also want a generous trial package of
Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether
you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

“Rosebud”
Continued from page 17

Marlene Dietrich didn't want to start in it
unless von Sternberg directed it; so she
came temperamental and walked off the
Paramount lot. So Paramount brought
suit against Miss Dietrich and phoned Claudette Colbert, who was shopping her
trunk out in Brentwood, to get ready to do
the picture at once. So Claudette called me
and said, "I can't go to New York with you
Saturday, I'm going to do another picture";
and I said, "You can't do that to me," but Miss Colbert said she could. So
I was sitting in Joan Blondell's living-
room when this conversation took place.
the second time I had ever met Joan, and
I was fit to be tied because there is nothing
so boring as four days on a train by
yourself. I was in the mood for sympathy.
So Joan, swell gal that she is, took pity on
me, and before she even knew what she
was doing herself, invited me to go to New York on Saturday with George
and herself, though of course we'd all have
to stop over in Phoenix to attend her
wedding to George. Gee, was I thrilled! I'd
always wanted to go to Arizona on one of
those movie expeditions, and with two such
grand people as Joan and George—well,
that's why I go around today kissing Joe
von Sternberg, figuratively speaking.

As it happens, we took one look
at the figures in the Paramount suit,
swollen, and hastily decided to do the
picture with Mamoulian; Claudette returned
to her trunk-packing and sent me a wire:
and I had to leave a perfectly good
wedding feast in Phoenix and catch the
Chief in Pasadena that night. And that
might have been the end of that, but it
wasn't. You can't toss aside a maid-of-
honour like an old shoe; and you may be
sure I constantly reminded Joan of that,
and she was very nice about it. And
sides, when I came back from New York


bared his teeth to Joanna's step-ins while she talked to her. Joanna began mumbling her lines like an amateur, and the harder she tried the more she would blow up, and Joan would keep having to dress and undress until beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Finally Joan sick and nervous and horribly embarrassed, began to cry. "I hate to do this to you, Barbara," she mourned. "Ah, forget it, kid," said Stanwyck. "I don't mind undressing. I need to reduce anyway. Say, you're sick. Come over to my dressing-room and smoke a cigarette. These dopes can wait till we get ready." And the star walked off the set, followed by a grateful Joanie.

That night when Joanna came out of the gate of the Warner Studio there sat Barbara in her big car waiting for her. "Get in," she said. "I'm taking you to my doctor." "B-b-b-but," stammered Joanna, thinking of her bank account which was practically nothing. "Listen, Belle," continued Barbara, "this doctor's bill is on me. You haven't any money. I've got too much. You can pay me back five dollars a month, or you needn't bother to pay me back at all. So shut up." The doctor discovered that Joanna was out from hard work and financial worry, was on the verge of a breakdown, and right after, the completion of the picture she was hurried off to a hospital. Stanwyck came to see her every day and brought some kind of a crazy present to make her laugh. Joanna borrowed money from Warner Brothers to pay her bills—but Barbara did her best to pay them.

Last winter when Joanna was in the Cedars of Lebanon after the birth of young Nor- man Smith, the nurses there told her of numerous poor patients that Barbara had quietly helped, not only with money, but with visits and gifts. According to Joanna, (who is the soul of generosity herself), Barbara Stanwyck is the most generous person in Hollywood, though she gets the least publicity about it. Barbara wants it that way. Yes, if you want to get Joanna all choked up and have tears glisten in her eyes just start, her talking about Barbara Stanwyck.

And what of that happy marriage that has been cooed over and gossiped about by every fan writer in Hollywood? Sure, Joan and George are happily married, but that sweetness and light business is a lot of hooey. They have their battles too, my dear, even as you and I, and with Joanna behind the machine guns things do hum right smart. Joanna has a most jealous disposition, only when it concerns George, however, and she can work herself into a perfect fury of jealousy over nothing at all. Her battle technique is to throw George on the defensive at once and start the bombing. Only the other night I was treated to a lovely little scrap. George was informed while we were at dinner that a Mrs. Smith wanted him on the phone. Joanna froze, the conversation froze, even the pudding froze while we all listened to George.

"Yes, this is Mr. Barnes," said George, who is the most polite and gentle person in the world. "No, I'm sorry but I'm not that Mr. Barnes..." "No, I'm not a property boy..." "I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong Mr. Barnes..." "Why, it's quite all right. No bother at all. Goodbye.

"She had the wrong Barnes," said George genially, returning to his coffee. "She wanted you, I know she did," stormed Joanna, going into battle with flags flying. "But darling, I don't even know who she was," insisted George. "Yes, you did" screamed Joanna. "But anyway, even if she didn't know her, you had no right to be so nice to her!"

That's Joanna for you. She doesn't make sense. She can no more help being jealous of George than birds can help flying. You

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50c.


HAS "lipstick-parching"
ROBBED YOUR LIPS OF LOVE?

When a man kisses, he wants to kiss soft and smooth lips—not crinkly and rough lips!

Yet so many lipsticks don't consider the feel of your lips...they take that delicate rosy skin—the most sensitive skin of your face—and dry and parch it until the texture of your lips is more like crepe paper than a caress!

Away with "Lipstick Parching!" Banish lipsticks that take the young moisture from your lips! Here is a NEW kind of lipstick which Coty has discovered. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, exciting color...but without any parching penalties.

It is called Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. It is truly indelible...yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It gives them the warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom." Make the "Over-night" Experiment! If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel...how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick? You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50c—in five ardent indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50c.
Take a movie star's beauty advice

When you get a DUART Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a SEALED individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then— you know they are genuine Duart and have NEVER BEEN USED. You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Send FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

W. C. Fields' Real Life Story

Continued from page 15

existence. He was an under-nourished, nerve-ruined child, too long on the defensive. Stumbling away from his father, he seized the box, mounted a chair, brought it crashing down on his unsuspecting parent's head, then jumped and fled into outer darkness.

For a boy of eleven to run away from home is no uncommon feat. But for that same boy to spend the next four years of his life in his own home town, a waif and vagabond, sleeping and eating where he could, unsought, unmissed, preferring the miseries of cold and starvation to the misery of return, is probably without precedent in the annals of fugitive childhood.

Fields tells the tale without self-pity, characteristically dwelling on its morealonair aspects. "Any kid who wants to be a hero to the neighborhood gang," he points out, "all he has to do is stop sleeping in a bed. None of those boys were pretty-willies. Lots of 'em were bigger and older than I was and could've pushed my face in without half trying. But there always came a time at night—late maybe, still it came—when the biggest and toughest of 'em had run home to mama. I didn't. They wouldn't believe it at first. They'd follow me to whatever hole I picked. 'All, g'wan, they'd sneer. 'You'll scare the minute we're gone.' Well, maybe they didn't say scare, though the Lord alone knows how they managed without it. 'All right,' I'd tell 'em, 'stick around and see.' But they couldn't stick around—the corners of his blue eyes crinkled with remembered satisfaction. 'I'd curl up and pretend to go to sleep, and pretty soon they'd sink away, mutterin'. One morning about 5:30—I could never sleep after 3—I saw one smart alock comin' down the alley, hopin' and prayin' he'd find me gone. I closed my eyes again—all but a crack—and I'm telling you, the biggest kick I ever got was the look on that guy's face when he stood while we were making 'The Sheik.' "Oh, gosh," said Joan quite seriously, "I hope people won't date my son by the Kansas City Princess."

Joan likes chop suey, mashed potatoes, movies, plays, Early American furniture, Garbo, etchings, New York night clubs, pay day, antique shops, auctions, Fifth Avenue buses, dancing, and camping trips (which she has given up since the advent of Norman). She dislikes, she hates, Spanish horses, movie stars who take themselves seriously, sand under her nails, doormats, scraping noises, formal parties, women who fawn on George, all people who say the baby looks like her instead of George, reckless driving, false accents and birds—if a bird flies over her head she runs screaming into the house and practically has hysterics. She is hard on her stockings and her ambition is to do a Cecil B. DeMille super colossal production and act all over the place.

There is only one Joan Blondell. Again I thank Joe von Sternberg for going to the South Seas. Life would have been very drab without Joanie.
there gamin down at me—the kid that
didn't have to go home at night.

Ask him what his sensations were when
the fellows left him in his vacant cellar or
hallway, and he'll shrug his shoulders. Use
your imagination, and you'll realize that,
whatever fun the situation may have held,
its undercurrents can bluck and deso-
late. A child of eleven, however hard-
boiled and self-reliant, is still unprepared
to face the struggle for existence. Throw
him on his own resources in a so-called
civilized community, in the so-called tem-
perate zone, under the necessity of provid-
ing himself with food and clothing and
shelter, and if he's a child of such calibre,
he'll manage—as young Dukenfield
proved—to keep his head above water. But
—adventure or no adventure, prestige or
no prestige—he won't enjoy it.

At first his friends brought him what
provender they could. But as with all
nine-day or nine-week wonders, his glamor
waned, and he had to begin foraging for
himself. The saloons were his best bet.
With a nickel won by hook or crook at a
poker game, he'd saunter in and order a
ginger ale. Sauntering out past the free-
lunch counter, he'd stuff his pockets with
whatever lay handiest. Sometimes the bar-
tenders were busy or soft-hearted—in which
case he'd retire to privacy with his haul
and feed his famished young body in peace.
Sometimes he'd be nabbed and kicked off
the premises—in which case he'd endure
his hunger philosophically, till he could find
or make the chance of coaxing another
nickel his way.

So he lived for three years, always in
dread of the pursuit that never materialized,
changing his abode at will, dirty and freez-
ing under his rags through the winter
months, but never once dreaming of ex-
changing his parlor freedom for the doubt-
ful shelter of his parents' roof. Scoff as he
may at his family tree, someone somewhere
along the line had endowed him with a
grit and strength of purpose that were no
mean legacy.

Then came the revelation. Like most
revelations it burst upon him from a seem-
ingly tranquil sky. He was looking for-
ward to no more than a pleasant treat, ar-
ranged by two philanthropic friends who
were taking him to a show—a rare event
in his life, to be sure, but less than world-
shattering. He watched the stage with a
boyish curiosity, the juggling act of
the Five Byrne Brothers was announced.
As they began tossing their balls and canes
and other paraphernalia into the air, Bill
leashed forward, enthralled. He forgot who
and why he was. He trusted and imagination
were caught up in that spectacle of
unbelievable twists and parabolas, of un-
canny timing and flowing movement and
apparently effortless defiance of all the laws
of gravity and equilibrium. His whole be-
ing surged in excitement. "I can do that."
I didn't say it or think it. It was less
an action than an emotional reaction, and
engulfed him and left him stunned for the
moment with its vision of glorious possi-
bilities. When the curtain fell, his hands
and forehead were damp with perspiration.

"Nice work," remarked one of his hosts.
"Yeah," said Bill.

From that time on, he labored toward a
single end. He was going to be a juggler. He'd discovered the job he'd been born to
do and, fired by enthusiasm, steadied by de-
determination, he set about the task of teach-
ing himself to do it. He started practicing
with empty bottles, but they rolled literallly on his
hands. He lurked about the fringes of
tennis courts, waiting for a ball to be
bounced out of bounds so he could grab it
and run. He graduated to sticks and stones
and whatever he could find in the neigh-
borhood refuse heaps—tin cans that cut
his hands, heavy boards that mashed his legs

WOMEN... rejoice! Your old
haunting fear of "accidents"
can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories
—a new type of sanitary napkin
has recently been perfected. A
napkin that combines three safety
features to give

Complete protection from
embarrassing "accidents!"

You can actually see and feel
one of the three new features. Get
a box of the new "Certain-Safe"
Modess. (You won't be risking a
penny... see Money Back Guar-
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itself. Even before you wear the
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you dependable protection against
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If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from
habit...here's a challenge! We'll refund your money
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We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE
EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST

Movie Star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

"Give me the natural lips...rosy but not painted," says Edmund Lowe in his autobiography. This is why he chose Tangee for his latest film, "The Best Man Wins." And he's not the only one. Millions of men and women around the world have discovered the beauty of Tangee, the lip color that gives you the natural look you want in your lips.

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips Tangee changes to the blushed rose shade your lips should naturally have...soft, kissable, womanly. And since Tangee isn't a "paint" lipstick it will not coat your lips with a smear of greasy paint. Try Tangee. It's 39c in one size, $1.10 in the larger. Or send 10c and the coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.


ded to catch but missed. To his day he bares his legs the scar of his early coping again. I'll never forget it. I'll never feel as rotten about anything again. I lost plenty in the Hiramack bank crash, and what I think about squirrel-farming. But they're angels of mercy to me, compared with the gorilla that nicked me for eighteen smacks.

He didn't have to worry about money long, however. Europe and Australasia were clamoring for jugglers, and Fields was booked for a tour that took him round the world. It was on that tour that he started the course of study which he still pursues. Having educated his fingers to an ear this living, he began educating his mind for the fuller enjoyment of life. Having fed his starved stomach, now free to feed his equally starved brain. He went down to a book-shop, and asked the clerk to pick him out a trunkful of the classics. Locked in his cabin, he spent his days with Marlowe and Bacon, with Shakespeare and Emerson, lapping them up with the accumulated thirst of years and the feeling of "where have you been all my life long?"

From that day to this, he's never stopped reading. Having begun with the masters and loved them, he's never felt the need to descend to sordid popularities. He has his store of story and thesaurus on his table at home and another set in his dressing-room, because when he's in one place he can't wait until he's in the other to look up an un familiar word. He got started a little late on his education, but he'll keep it going as long as he's going himself.

Before starting for Australia, he visited the home he'd left eight years before, and found it unchanged. He felt no sentimental yearnings to fall on his parents' necks. He made what provision he could for their comfort and spent in peace for new pastures in the old world.

(Marlene Looks Ahead Continued from page 29)

that von Sternberg, before he turned ego driven Master, directed "Underworld," one of the finest movies that ever blew up in our. The picture was considered a masterpiece and it didn't do as well as it should. I found a Dietrich nowhere known, but had always hoped for. It wasn't the Marlene who once told a SCREENLAND reporter, "It is a perfect people. I am always embarrassed and ill at ease."

It was not one of the finest baby doll doing a second-hand Garbo. Nor was it a definite Dietrich in pants, tailored for publicity and getting horse-laughs from the peanut gallery where we film fans sit and watch for sincerity.

No, indeedy, it was Dietrich. I saw the other day was a new one, and a pip. A beauteous and bewitching woman-Dietrich-gracious, friendly and poised. An A number-1 vision in a long black velvet ten-gown, high-necked and long sleeved, with a bunch of purple violets at her waist and an honest smile on that superb face.

I sat and talked with the New Deal Dietrich. Around us gathered and gobbled a hundred and fifty charter members of
the New York Motion Picture Free-Loaders Association, guests at a mighty cocktail party and sandwich-grab tossed in her honor. Three years ago you couldn’t have dragged Dietrich to one of these rackets—with a span of tractors—yet here she was, big as life and twice as beautiful, taking it like a major, meeting the mob one by one, with a smile and a word for everybody. After the dizzy ducking of the past, it was a fair treat to see this queenly cutie take her hair down and go regular! As an old-time on-looker, I take it as a good omen for the future.

I dared to sit right down beside her on a golden chair—as close as I am to you this minute!—and ask her how she felt about the Great Break-Up.

Au Revoir Marcel! Chevalier sails for a vacation in Paris.

“I am very unhappy about it,” she said, and she looked unhappy. “But it was von Sternberg’s wish, and that is the way it will be.”

“Have you any idea what director Paramount has in mind for you?”

“Not the slightest,” she said, “and no story has been chosen for my next picture. As soon as I get back to Hollywood these things will be settled.” She said it with more resignation than good cheer.

She had arrived in New York in a blaze of Page One publicity. She stifled idle talk of a Garbo-Dietrich feud by remarking that she had never even met Miss Garbo. And when one brush Broadway cameraman suggested that she raise her skirts and display several inches of the beautiful legs that helped make her famous, Marlene caught our fancy by saying “I see no reason for it. They are very well known!” And she has tramped nobly, no matter how unhappy she may be.

Dietrich says that the Fatal Parting with von Sternberg was his wish. At this I lower one eye-lid. Her company may have had some notion about it, too. There is no doubt that she mourns his loss.

The Princess Paley, who went to Hollywood to appear in the French version of “Folies Bergere,” is a warm friend of the German girl, says that Marlene not only feels deep gratitude to the director, and reverences him as an artist, but is really fond of him, too. The Paley also offers an interesting but ominous sidelight on the strange partnership that is no more.

Every Jantzen has figure control knitted-in

- The marvelous elasticity of a Jantzen is achieved through an exclusive knitting process—Jantzen-Stitch. That is why a Jantzen always fits perfectly—and permanently! That is why a Jantzen is so completely comfortable, gently but firmly holding the body in the natural position of youth. An amazing degree of natural line figure-control is literally knitted-in.

The Brä-Mio (illustrated) is a new Jantzen creation that reflects the latest Continental trend—a one-piece skirtless halter-neck suit with smartly tailored brassiere lines. The fabric is the luxurious new Jantzen Kava-Knit. $4.95 . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Anne Darling featured in Universal Pictures wears the new Jantzen Brä-Mio.

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Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1935 models.

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She says that Dietrich, unlike the worrisome Garbo who frets herself ill over unfavorable criticism of her films, never bats an eye at critical attacks on her pictures. The reason: Von Sternberg, figures Marlene, has, and always has, made sure the picture is the way he wanted it. Therefore, if fans and critics denounced the film, the critics and fans were asses. In effect, von Sternberg could do no wrong! I ask you—could blind faith and self-delusion go further?

For the stark and brutal truth is, of course, that in the past year or two Von Sternberg has not directed "motion pictures" at all. He has, on the other hand, erected lavish, unashamed spectacles to frame the beauty of his star. Giving up the making of pictures that move, he has created a series of fabulous tableaux. Oddly enough, not even Dietrich has been permitted to act, but merely portrayed as the supporting mummies, God help them, they have been fleeting flashes or lifeless faces on the cutting-room floor.

And more and more the Dietrich has come to lean on her faith in his complete and infallible genius. If you do not recall, or know, the whole story of this unique and amazing union of director and star, buy this book or, really, read screen history—you're missing a fascinating romantic chapter of the story of the films.

Von Sternberg, a movie wonder-why with some fine silent films to his credit, is in Germany to make a picture for Paramount. It's 1929—the talksies are new. He has a fine story called "The Blue Angel." The great Emil Jannings is to play a respectable, middle-aged school teacher suddenly hypnotized and ruined by a beauteous hussy in a cheap music hall. It is to be a tour de force for Emil.

But Von needs the girl. He goes to a theatre. He sees a lovely face—ears a rich, throaty voice. The name is Marlene Dietrich. He meets her, tests her, hires her. The amazing partnership has begun.

Perhaps you remember how she struck you. Americans among us were a gorgeous underdog. The glorious Dietrich legs were unveiled. Gosh, I still shiver as I hear her singing her famous little song, "Falling in Hill Again," at the bewitched Jannings!

Paramount, enchanted, snapped a contract on her—she came to our shores, a new gift of beauty and promise from the old world. Her first American picture, "Morocco," was a beauty. It was in that film that a long-legged cowboy, Gary Cooper had his name, first displayed symptoms of becoming an actor. In fact, the depth and beauty of the Dietrich whipped the fainty kid into a trooper. That began it. Five long and desperate years ago, from that day to this Joseph von Sternberg has directed Marlene Dietrich in every picture she has made, save one. And that one, "Song of Songs," a Mametian effort, was not a hit. The very eye of fair prices on a double bill.

That famous association, begun at the old UFA plant in Germany so long ago, exists, as a fact, to this day. The story of their fortune yesterday. It began in glory; it ended in defeat and disaster.

Drawing to its close, the association of Dietrich and von Sternberg, pressed too far, came within a faint grasp of plunging two colorful people into artistic ruin—depriving us of two sizable and authentic talents our films can spare.

Von Sternberg, delusions of grandeur upon him, left off directing movies and became a genius, robed in lapdoodle and folder. Nothing mattered but the star; story and support were almost ignored. Dietrich, dazed, followed him blindly, completely sold on his ability to guide her artistic life. Ill-advised publicity plagued her career. The two were hedged straight for professional destruction—and extinction.

"The Scarlet Empress"—a glittering, empty mass—reached the limit. "The Devil is a Woman" passed it. The inevitable end had come. And, I repeat, with gestures, a great thing for both!

What now? It's really very simple. Joe, get bold of yourself and hang on. Go sit on a hill and brood for a while. Forget this genius rubbish. Get yourself a job and direct yourself some movies. Remember while you've been fooling around with over-sized sets and midget stories, a whole raft of fine directors have been making some elegant pictures. If you sit around as a misunderstood creator, you're stark goofy. The parade will pass you by, and you won't even see the elephants.

And it will be your own adumbrated fault, Joe.

As for you, Marlene—sit tight and do your stuff. Paramount won't hire a chump to direct you. They'll hire the best man they can find. If you lie about mourning the Los Leader, and making a lot of silly comparisons, your goose will be cooked, and you won't get a bite of it! A lot of pretty gals come along every year to knock over the fans—and you've got to hold your friends, win back lost ones, and attract new ones. Remember, there are thousands of youngsters who haven't the faintest idea just how wonderful you can be when you try. They've never really seen you in there punching!

Best of all, liebchen, I think you're game—and you'll need your gameness. You proved you could take it at that clamorous party, with the Free-Loaders screaming in your ears. Show us you can take it at the studio. So glück auf, kid!
PAGE

MISS GLORY!

More about SCREENLAND-
Marion Davies Contest.
Read the Rules!

Continued from page 19

On Pages 18 and 19 you have read about our new contest. Before entering, however, be sure to read the rules given below. It is important to study the large picture on Page 18; it is imperative to scrutinize carefully all the details. Then you will realize what an easy, simple, enjoyable contest this really is, and at the same time how entertaining it can be to you and your family and friends.

Marion Davies, star of the motion picture, "Page Miss Glory," which is just going into actual production as we go to press, wishes you fun and progress in this contest. Our actionization of "Page Miss Glory," which begins on Page 20 of this issue and which will be continued in the next issue, will afford you interest and amusement.

The judges of the Marion Davies-Screenland Composite Girl Contest will be:

Mr. Mervyn LeRoy, famous director of many Warner Bros. successes, now directing Miss Davies in "Page Miss Glory."

Mr. Charles Sheldon, noted artist, whose beautiful portrait of Marion Davies graces the cover of this issue.

Miss Delight Evans, Editor of Screenland Magazine.

Rules of the Contest:

1. The coupon—see Page 19—properly filled out, must accompany each entry. Enter in each space, opposite the feature indicated, the name of the Hollywood star you select to supply the features required to create Hollywood's Composite Girl, "Miss Glory," whose beauty would combine the most beautiful features of the loveliest feminine stars. Write your name and address plainly in the space provided. Mail to: Marion Davies Contest, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

2. There are no restrictions as to which stars you may select to supply the features you choose to make up the Composite Girl. Only one star, of course, may be named for any one feature.

3. Prizes will be awarded for the selection which in the opinion of the judges would make the most beautiful Composite Girl.

4. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. The July issue of Screenland, on sale May 25, 1935, will contain complete details of the second step. Contest will run in three issues in all: June, July, and August, 1935. Contest will close at midnight, July 24, 1935.

6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Screenland Magazine or their families; or Warner Brothers Pictures, or their families.

Now go to it! Look at that list of tempting prizes on Page 19.

First Prize, beautiful, brand new Auburn 1935 Convertible Sedan, with approximate retail value of $1800.00, including extra wheels and deluxe equipment. Many other wonderful prizes.
Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 6

WE SAY HURRAH FOR AUNTIE!

My maiden aunt, who used to nag me about movies, was persuaded by her pastor and his wife to see “The Little Minister.” Since, I’ve seen her take some of her library books and place between them my copy of Screenland. Three cheers for whom: Movies, Screenland, or Auntie? May M. Stoddard, 220 E. Penn Ave., Robesonia, Pa.

A PLEA FOR GARBO!

I have always been a Garbo fan, but I was very disappointed in “The Painted Veil.” The direction was devoid of originality, the photography was flat, and Miss Garbo ruined one of her best scenes. For heaven’s sake give this great star a good picture!

Bette Olsen, 6246 34th N. E., Seattle, Wash.

TRIBUTE TO A TROOPER

Salutes to Edna May Oliver! She stands out in any aggregation of talent—makes a good picture top notch, a poor one passable; is individual, but never monotomous;

Walking to Health

Continued from page 56

what we’ll call a stride when she walks. When Carole, for instance, steps forward with her left foot, her right hand comes forward and her head is held well up.

Look at yourself. When you walk, do you bend forward? The tall girl who strides is inclined to do this so as to cover more ground with her step—at least I suppose that is the general idea. As a rule, she also brings forward the hand that corresponds with the striding foot—right hand and right foot. That’s all wrong. I hope you don’t do it.

This forward bend is accompanied usually with a forward thrust of the head. Americans are always in a hurry and they seem to think that if they push out their heads they’ll get there quicker. This fault, exaggerated, makes them look, too often, like so many geese going after food.

If you watch that chin, you’ll never see it double or triple on you. Hold it up in that “Every inch a queen” fashion.

High heels will cause the body to pitch forward and give you that tense look when you try to bend. Try wearing reasonably low heels when you walk, if you would look well.

Oh, but I’m always in such a rush that I have to hurry,” girls tell me, when I try to criticise their walk.

Haste makes for lack of grace in the average person. I know the girl who goes to work in a store, office, etc. Try wearing reasonably low heels when you walk, if you would look well.

“My only, I’d look dreadful if I took a twelve inch step,” they tell me. Maybe they would, but a nine or ten inch step would make them more attractive.

Sincerely,

Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins and Janet Gaynor are all small girls, yet each one walks well, no mincing about them.

Not so long ago, children were taught to toe out when they walked. You still see the effects of this poor teaching in the fussy walker. If you toe out—or even if you toe inyon can overcome the fault by walking on a line. Follow the line in the middle of the sidewalk, or a floor-board in a room, or a pattern in a carpet; and don’t give up until you are sure your feet are straight and that you have perfect balance.

Perfect balance is really the secret of good walking. Here’s an exercise we used to do in the army to gain balance.

Get a 2 x 4, (a piece of wood with those measurements, you know), and set it up

THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast

That’s Easy to Eat

If you take laxatives to keep “regular,” you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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about twelve inches from the floor. Stand facing it, take a pace forward with the right, then step up with the left onto the 2 x 4, turn, balancing with your arms, and stand on toes on the board, then turn again, lowering arms and step down with left foot. Don’t lower your heels during this exercise. As you gain control of your muscles, you can raise the 2 x 4 until it is 24 inches from the floor.

Talking of short steps, do you remember that Chinese walk of Una O’Connor’s in “The Barrets of Wimpole Street”? They got a laugh every time, because you couldn’t see her feet; she seemed to be steaming ahead like a boat. A Chinese walks along with tiny, quick steps that don’t leave the floor. It’s amusing, but it isn’t graceful nor becoming to an Occidental.

If you are fat as well as small, you may be inclined to waddle. Short steps throw you into a side sway, which is very ugly. Try taking longer steps and walking with a hip-swing. You will look pounds lighter.

I’ve given you in an earlier issue a good exercise for acquiring thatfree hip-swing, but here it is again: Stand beside a chair, foot-board of a bed or other support, rest the right hand on it, stand on left leg and swing right leg forward and backward. Then let go of the support and continue swinging the leg, maintaining your balance as you do so. If you have difficulty in swinging the left arm forward with the right leg, try doing so when you do this exercise.

Nestle Shields You Against the Re-used Pad Practice

- What a terrible price to pay for a permanent Hair turned dull, faded and lifeless. Vitality gone. Infected with hair and scalp disorders. Yet that’s what happens where the same pads are used from one head after another—where the unhealthy conditions of another woman’s hair are transferred and steamed into your own?

It’s not a nice thing to think about or talk about. But Nestle, having originated the permanent wave, feels that the time has come when every woman should know the truth. For none of these dangers and risks can happen to you if you have a genuine Nestle Wave, given by a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop using only fresh Nestle materials.

It’s EASY to Protect Yourself! Simply go to a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop displaying the Certificate shown below. Make sure that you see the Nestle name on the felt pads and waving lotions. Then you will have a permanent wave of fascinating beauty—and the process will be completely beneficial and invigorating to your hair.

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LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.
The secret of beautiful body skin

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You can have a lovely, 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. Gone is all harshness from the bath. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water clings your pores as though it were of otherwise be drained. 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 Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-5, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

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James Davies Answers Your Questions

Miss R. A. Y., Long Island, N. Y.: Your correct weight should be around 120 lbs. Your hips and thighs are too large and should be reduced. I'd advise that you concentrate on exercise rather than on diet. The "upside-down sit-ups" given in the January issue of Screenland would be good for you. Here is an exercise excellent for overweight hips. Lie on your back, grasping your hands above your head as you stand erect, holding arms as high as you can. Bend your body forward and down, swinging your clasped hands down and between the feet. Rise and repeat the entire exercise routine.

Here are some more good all-around exercises that will enable you to make muscles and reduce fat. Stand erect, arms at sides, toes out. Slowly bend the knees, raising arms out in front to balance the body. Slowly return to original position. Hold this position while you count 1-2-3 slowly, then raise and return to starting position. Repeat.

C. (This is good for ankles also). Stand erect, arms at sides, toes out. Slowly bend the knees, raising arms out in front to balance the body. Slowly return to original position. Hold this position while you count 1-2-3 slowly, then raise and return to starting position. Repeat.

D. Stand on your left foot and swing right leg obliquely forward. Now bend the right leg sharply; bring the right foot across the left leg in front. Straighten the right leg with care; then bend the knee as before, but this time bring the right foot up behind the left leg. Repeat.

E. Sit in a chair or on a bench, raise the right knee and rotate lower leg from knee. Repeat.

F. The Russian dance movement, I have given you before. Arms folded, you squat down, resting on left heel, right foot extended; then rise on toes and reverse movement, using right and left leg alternately. Do this first slowly, then quicker, until you are going as fast as you can go.

S. You lean backward when they walk, making their abdomens unattractively prominent. You notice this fault also in older women, who amble to market or to shop with their body, raising heel out away from the ground before them. When they step to look over vegetables, they rest the bag or basket on their hip as they stand and we grin when we see them. They are no fatter than your young girls who walk along pushing out your tummies.

Pull that tummy in! If you have this fault, try for a day to remember it every time you get up, every time you take a step. Drag it in. Think: "I won't follow my stomach!" Come in!

Here's a good exercise to help gain control of posture muscles: Clasp your hands above your head as you stand erect, holding arms as high as you can. Bend your body forward and down, swinging your clasped hands down and between the feet. Rise

T. D. of Newark: Have you given me your correct height? 4'8" seems very tiny to a girl of 17. Correct posture will make your bust look trimmer. Do not massage a heavy bust, but use cold showers after exercise, also ice-packs briefly applied. Develop bust-muscles which support bust by arm exercises. Try swinging a rod held in both hands forward, upward and back over the head.

Mrs. B. W., Pittsfield, Ill.: If you feel badly run down with your loss of weight, by all means see your doctor. Expect an article soon on weight-building. You might do the hip-roll.

Margaret E. J. C., West Virginia: You are more than 18 but still 17. If you are serious about reducing fat, cutting down on sweets and taking plenty of fruit and fruit juices. Go in seriously for exercise routine morning and evening. Try a different routine each week and make yourself do it twice a day, and always include a few hip and abdomen exercises.
Radio Parade
Continued from page 57

my own sounds so theatrical! ... refuses to take herself seriously ... is in deadly earnest about making a career as an actress ... never took a singing lesson in her life ... has impersonated many leading screen actresses in the former "45 Minutes in Hollywood" series, but steadfastly refuses to make screen tests, "because I have a hunch it would be better for me to wait" ... has been in radio for five years, and has been stage-struck since as long as she can remember.

Peg, who was christened Marguerita but had that abbreviated by her school chums, was chosen for those Saturday night programs by the highest-priced jury that ever sat on the destiny of an aspirant to radio fame—a jury consisting as it really did of Lawrence Tibbets, Paul Whiteman, Gladys Swarthout, Jessica Dragonette and Frank Black.

These gods and goddesses of NBC decided, after listening to recordings of the Radio City Party series, which brought to the microphone all of the younger NBC artists, that Peg La Centra and Paul Lawrence, baritone, were the two Stars of Tomorrow to play regularly on the new Radio City Party programs.

Stopping by to congratulate the gal, whose blonde hair and greenish-blue eyes would make most people never guess that her ancestry is one hundred per cent Italian, "and very proud of it," she adds, your correspondent expected that the La Centra might blush a bit. Peg, though, who fizzes all the time, gushes never.

"I didn't even know there was any contest about it," she said, "until it was too late to back out. I didn't want to be in any contest. However, it turned out nicely enough. It took me three years to convince NBC that I could do what I want to do in radio and now that I'm under contract and my interests are being so well taken care of by NBC I'm not getting too excited about what I should do outside of the work I'm actually engaged for."

In other words little Miss La Centra is letting the business angles go and is concentrating on the phases of her work in which she is most interested—the actual microphone acting and singing called for by the show itself. Thus she again plays a

In the dramatic mood, we find Peg La Centra, above, one of radio's "Stars of Tomorrow."
lunch, and wisely it appears at this time.
Being a featured member of the current Radio City series, news that Peg La Centra has featured spots on three programs every week. The other two are the Friday evening "Circus" shows starring Joe Cook, and on Sunday afternoon concerts with Ray Hetherington and Harry Reser. Meantime she is auditioning some dramatic sketches which may reach the airwaves any day now.

Despite all success in radio, Peg La Centra probably would chuck it all if the right opportunity to act on the stage came along. Playing stock, and understudying a part in "Murphy in the Air" and at the same time taking her place in the chorus line, couldn't dampen her enthusiasm for the theatre. If anything this actual contract with the stage has increased her desire to be an actress.

The California Collegians, a comedy band, and toured east to New York. A few months later, he joined the show, "Three's a Crowd," and during the run on Broadway and to the road, he filled just about every part in the show.

"One night I'd play the butcher," he recalled, "and the next show I'd be the husband, the lover, or the comedy sailor. That was in addition to doing my job with the orchestra. I got a lot of experience in a mighty short time with that troupe."

After "Three's a Crowd" he returned to California to work in vaudeville, later going east for more vaudeville and night club work. He finally snagged a good role in "Roberta" and his success in this New York stage hit brought him a contract with Paramount.

He went immediately to Hollywood, but after landing in the film capital he spent the first six months trying out the local golf courses and collecting his pay check every Wednesday afternoon. He did not turn a working finger. Incidentally, he does not happen to be a world-beater on the golf course—his admitted best score to date is an 85—but he is still trying.

Finally Paramount loaned his young newcomer to KOX where he played a small part in the May Robson picture, "Grand Old Girl." Back on his own lot again he got the biggest break of his short career, the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily."

Can you imagine this youngster, too bashful to take part in school plays and still self-conscious despite several years of orchestra work, playing opposite the Academy Award winner in his first big picture?

Fred admits that he was pretty shaky for the first few days. A "friend" kindly informed him the studio officials weren't satisfied with his work and that didn't help things, but Miss Colbert took him off to one side and personally trainer a particularly trying day and gave him a real heart-to-heart talk that bucked him up.

MacMurray will not say just what Claudette's words of advice were, but they must have helped. There was no more talk about taking him out of the part and, if you have seen "The Gilded Lily," you must realize how much of advising.

When the picture was completed, the powers that be were so impressed they lost no time in notifying their brand-new leading man that he was still on the payroll, and likely to remain there for some time to come.

In fact, Fred is signed to one of those seven-year contracts and unless all signs fail, he will spend all seven of them under the Paramount banner. He likes the idea of living here so well he has settled down in a little home on the outskirts of Hollywood with his mother, his grandmother, an aunt and an uncle. I would say he is pretty well established.

After "The Gilded Lily" MacMurray played the part of a state trooper in "Car 99." Right now he's looking again but it won't be for long. They say he is down for a good role in a federal-agent picture Paramount is planning and, for my part, I hope they keep him busy. The screen can use a few youngsters of the Fred MacMurray type.

It's a long jump from playing a saxophone in an orchestra pit to playing the leading role opposite an internationally famous star in a feature production, but MacMurray made it gracefully enough. Fred claims screen work is tougher than a stage job, but he likes it just the same. Right now he is ready and eager for another role, not afraid to admit his newness and perfectly willing to learn. Let's hope he keeps that attitude—it strikes an interviewer like a breath of cool air from the ocean after a day on the desert.
Anne Shirley
Continued from page 31

the youthful star, "but I'm sure he doesn't believe me. It doesn't sound reasonable, does it? Because I'm almost as big as Miss Dee now. I was lucky," she pointed out, "for up until I was about fourteen, I looked like a little girl of ten or eleven. Then, just all of a sudden, I grew up until I looked about fifteen or sixteen. I've never played real grown-up roles and don't care to. I'm perfectly willing to play just what I am, a girl of sixteen or seventeen.

"Being a star—if I am one—doesn't change anything. My friends like me for what I am. Not because I'm Dawn O'Day or Anne Shirley. I still spend a lot of time reading, or visiting at the homes of friends, or talking with Mary Blackford. You know, she's been in the hospital for months. I like to spend as much time as I can with her for it must be awfully lonesome in that room, all alone.

Mary Blackford is the young actress who played with Will Rogers in "Ah, Wilderness'" on the Hollywood stage, and was just getting a real start in pictures when an automobile crash halted her career. She has been confined to her hospital bed for months.

"It's true," the little Shirley girl resumed, "that I make very little money, but I can't object seriously. When I signed a long-term contract with RKO I was just Dawn O'Day, out of work, and mighty glad to get a contract of any kind.

"Of course I'd like to have more money. Enough to make sure mother will want for nothing as long as she lives, and enough so that I could have a good time without worrying about contracts and motion pictures.

"You know, I've been in pictures for fourteen years. That's a long time. By the time I'm twenty, I'll have worked seventeen years before the camera. Long enough, don't you think?"

"No," in answer to my immediate questions, "I'm not planning to quit at twenty. I won't have enough money by then; but when I do start earning a large salary, I'm going to save most of it and buy an annuity—annuities—how do you say it?—an annuity.

"Despite her work in pictures, Anne has never fallen behind in her schooling. For years she attended public schools in Hollywood, including the Le Conte Junior High School. After she got her contract, she went to a school for professional children in Hollywood because it was easier to arrange her school hours so they did not conflict with her film work.

Now, of course, as a full-fledged star still of school age, RKO provides a private tutor on the set during the making of each picture. She's in her last year of high school, which is fair enough for her age.

Anne is a puzzling little girl, as full of contradictions as a paragraph is of seeds. One minute she's talking like a young business woman of 25 or so, and the next you'd swear your kid cousin was home from boarding school.

A lot of time spent in studios, far from spoiling her, has given Anne Shirley poise and self-confidence; but has left her the courage, the enthusiasm and the dreams of youth.

"Marriage?" she repeated my final question as we left the office in the publicity department at the studio where this interview was staged, "I'm not even thinking about it. To me, and Anne turned suddenly serious, "marriage will mean the end of my screen work. I don't think I could ever be a good wife and a good actress at the same time."

The few pennies you pay for Lifebuoy bring you that priceless thing—protection. Protection against unforgivable "B. O." (bad odor). Protection for your skin. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." And Lifebuoy deep-cleanses, gently washes away pore-clogging impurities that dull the skin. Watch your complexion become clearer, fresher!

A joy to use Lifebuoy's so refreshing you'll want to bathe with it every day. You get so much lather, even in hardest water. You feel so gloriously clean and fresh. And what a satisfaction to know that there's no fear of "B. O." now. Pores have been purified, deodorized! Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap protects. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Millions say "It agrees with my skin"
**Screenland**

**Constipated Since Her Marriage**

**Femi-nities**

**Beauty of the Month for June!**

A SMOOTH soft skin is the envy of the ages, all ages, from little girls up to the very big girls, indeed. If you haven't that liquid of complexion, you can do something about securing it. If you have, then you must do something about keeping it.

One of the best things in either case is to make the immediate acquaintance of Harriet Hubbard Aver's Skin and Tissue Cream. This is one of the things your skin will be grateful to you for. And it will more than likely respond in a way to make you and your family proud.

It comes in two fragrances, so that you may be as choosy as you please. If it isn't your special passion, the balsam of pine is pretty nearly certain to be. And the other way around. If or if you have been using the one and want to give your nose a change, try the other. You'll like it.

Somebody told me the other day they would do anything to use Harriet Hubbard Aver's preparations but hesitated because such fine things must be costly. Wrong again! You'd be surprised to know how very inexpensive this distinguished line of aristocratic beauty preparations really is.

**Wake up your skin with Eunice Skelly's "Brown Magic" Mask.**

Lease it on for fifteen minutes. In that time it has cleared and brightened your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth of the things you used to remember gayly at eighty, and the big outdoors, the rough feel of woolens, and crisp morning air.

Did you ever spill a sweet, chaffy perfume on your tweed suit and rue the day? I did once and it taught me that there ought to be a perfume for sports clothes, for out-door living, for "green days in forests and blue days at sea."

There is! Lenthalric, with its pearly luster, its genius, sensed this need and met it with "Tweed." What is more it looks the part in its smart and sturdy grace.

Nonspi is out in a new shaker bottle that can do everything except run errands for you. Now that you can employ your deodorant more easily than you powder your nose.

You unscrew the green cap and disclose a smooth, rounded surface in which are three tiny holes. Shake a little of the moisture out, and with this nice cool, round surface touch the arm-pits, spreading the liquid evenly. No need to touch it with the fingers. No need to work half of it on a piece of cotton. Nothing to go to pieces on you. Just a safe, sanitary, convenient way of maintaining summer daintiness at all times.

If you want to apply Nonspi in a hurry, let it dry for from ten to fifteen minutes, then rinse the arm-pits out with cold water and dry them. This will give you protection for twenty-four hours.

About this time of the year your skin gets bored. It goes to sleep on you. It gets sluggish and looks pale and sleepy. Wake it up!

That is what Eunice Skelly's "Brown Magic" Mask does. It is an absolute lock for lazy skins that sleep along in the shade of neglect. It will make you over into a smart woman. The new woman you ought to be. When you see the splendidly healthy color and gay vitality in a skin after using it, you are going to wonder how you ever got along without it.

**FINDS RELIEF AT LAST-IN SAFE**

**ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD**

It dated from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are geared to your system so quickly effective in clearing up colds, bilesness, headache.

And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25¢ at any drug store.

**FREE 1935 Calendar - Thermometer, beautifully de- signed freedom and good. Also sample TUMS and NR, send for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS Co., Dept. 119-B-E, St. Louis, Mo.**

**Nature's Remedy GET A 25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

**LIKE MAGIC**

**WRINKLES GO! $1.00**

6 "BROWN MAGIC" Treatments

From Eunice Skelly's famous Saloon of Eternal Youth in N. Y., have been obtained six marvelously quick and easy magic wrinkle treatments that have been found effective every time.

"BROWN MAGIC" Wrinkle treatments are easily applied, do not require "cover-up" and can be used on the lips and mouth. After each treatment, friends have noticed your nose improved significantly. Send $1.00 for 6 complete treatments. Easy layaway plan. Write for free booklet. Eunice Skelly, Suite W, 56th St. & 7th Ave., N. Y.

**Genuine $8.03 Diamonds**

A beautiful, latest design, Filigree, storing advertising set with a large sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed. The case is a sparkling diamond in every piece, in a beautiful case. Each piece individually boxed.
and smooth in a few finger-tips of your softening cream.

Funny thing about "Brown Magic" mask—it does such a splendid job that the women who use it want to keep the secret all to themselves! They don't even tell their best friends about it. I don't exactly blame them. But it makes my work heavier. Don't say ever I didn't tell you.

DOES your hair know its place and stay there? Not if I know hair! It gets out of place now and then and that carelessly sophisticated air we all want to emulate is lost on the winds.

However, Sta-Rite has made a new hairpin to end all hairpins! It is the most silent, unobtrusive hairpin you ever laid your eyes on. Now you see it and now you don't until you wonder really whether there is a hairpin in the hair or not. Only that knowing the wandering tendencies of hair, when you see it staying so firmly and beautifully in place you just know that something besides mother nature must be at work.

Really—these new pins are wonders. It is a simple trick, too, when you understand it. They are dull finish pins which blend right into the shadow of your hair and play possum, pretending not to be there at all. Because of that dull, slightly rough finish, too, they stay in place. Stay right in place! Which accounts for their descriptive and very accurate name, Blend-Rite.

Glamor Girl
Continued from page 28

apparently having got the point. "I'm coming."

"And Stella—listen," cried Betty into the phone. "Wear my fox scarf—and my new chiffon stockings—I've only had them on once—they're in the bottom drawer of the dresser."

But Stella had hung up. She was already crossing the street to Harrison's Notion Shop whence, after a short sharp struggle with her mother over the taxi fare, she emerged triumphant, sans fox or chiffon stockings. Five minutes later she was speeding on her way to her business appointment with Mr. Morrison.

STELLA HARRISON had just turned sixteen. She was a slender child, fair-haired and delicate-skinned, with the same ice-gray eyes as her red-headed sister—the only difference being that her large, sensitive black pupils had a trick of dilating and contracting, which sometimes created the illusion of depth in her glance.

The taxi halted with a jerk and Stella stepped out, her hands rigid—partly with nervousness, partly with having been chased so tight about the taxi money. Over the old voile dress in which she had hurried off she wore a coat she had bought at a sale the year before—six-seventy-five—to whose lapel she had pinned a limp artificial flower discarded by Betty.

Betty was waiting for her on the sidewalk. "You're a sight," she commented briefly, while her sister's trembling fingers counted two dollars and thirty cents—a veritable fortune—into the chauffeur's hand. Then she led through the front office, past a haughty information clerk whom she appeared with a pass for Stella and herself, and along a dark hall lined by many doors to the office of Mr. Morrison.

"Here you are," said Morrison, and stared at Stella for the space of perhaps three minutes. She met his gaze as long as she could, then dropped her eyes to her

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston announce the marriage of their daughter Doris

And there almost was no wedding to announce

NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum! You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
**Blondes why be blind?**

**DON'T** shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, tined and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky without using any special rinses. Used by millions of blondes.

To get a generous trial package of Blondex just send your name and address with $0.10 to cover cost of mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 106, 27 West 23rd St., New York or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store.

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**Rhapsody in summery beauty! Evelyn Venable finds a perfect setting for her accented charm in a gaily-colored print frock.**

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**Blondes why be blind?**

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**MERCOLIZED WAX**

*Keeps Skin Young*

Absorb bluish and discolorations using Mercolized Wax as directed. Irresistable particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety soft—ten years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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**ACHING FEET**

**QUICKLY RELIEVED AND RESTED**

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed or feverish—use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm for immediate relief. Healing, penetrating, soothing, it relieves, soothes aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odor and quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it! 375¢ and 75¢—at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. For free booklet on Foot Care, write today to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. SC, 261 W. Schiller St., Chicago III.

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**Dr. Scholl's**

*FOOT BALM*

**ALVIEE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE***

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*For Be Continued*
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

sausages, lamb chops, liver, pork tenderloin, and sweetbreads. These will be served from my largest silver tray—some sweet angel gave me a set of silver trays when we were married and I adore using them! The silver bread tray will have rye bread, pan pernickel, crumpets, and rolls. Another will have cheeses: camembert, gorgonzola, stilton and roquefort. There will be covered dishes of hot enchiladas, potatoes au gratin, string beans and beets.

"The hors d'oeuvres will be my chopped chicken livers, caviar, cheese, corn crisps, and my favorite hot one, mushrooms stuffed with sausage meat."

Sometimes I serve little rounds of toast with chutney and American cheese on them, baked until the cheese melts, but that's not on the menu tonight.

"The green salad is my own special recipe and I always fix it myself," continued Sally, permitting me to peer into the kitchen where the deed had recently been done. "I use a big wooden bowl and have romaine lettuce lining the bowl; then inside, chopped chicory, endive, green peppers and lettuce and diced tomatoes, with this very special dressing:

- ½ cup chili sauce
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup cider vinegar
- ½ cup imported olive oil
- Pepper, salt, cayenne pepper
- 1 small grated onion

I put in two cloves of garlic whole and pull them out after I've shaken the whole thing up in a mason jar."

Another of Sally's salads is a jellied salmon and cucumber, which is made like this:

Soak ⅔ tablespoon gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water and stir into this two cans of flaked salmon. Make the following boiled dressing and stir into the above, then pour into loaf tin to set:

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ cupful milk
- 2 egg yolks
- ¼ cup vinegar
- Dash of paprika

White and red wines are served with Sally's Sunday night suppers. Her dessert that night was peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce and a Mocha cake.

This is Sally's recipe for Mocha cake:

Beat ½ cup butter to a cream, beat into it 1 cup sugar; when smooth add ½ cup strong black coffee and 2 cups flour sifted with 2½ level tablespoons baking powder; beat 3 minutes, add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and stiffly beaten whites 4 eggs. Pour into 2 buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven.

MOCHA FROSTING:

Beat ½ cup sweet unsalted butter to cream, add 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract; beat well, add 4 tablespoons cold, strong black coffee and work until smooth.

"I always serve two kinds of meat at my suppers," said Sally. "Chicken and ham, or roast beef and turkey, or some such combination. One of my favorite suppers is my Southern one of fried chicken and baked ham, with hot biscuits or corn bread.
“When we have regular dinners, I find
my men guests respond best to roast beef
tenderloin, Yorkshire pudding, and all the
women guests like my chopped chicken
livers with special sauce. That’s my very
own special secret!”

The dining-room of the apartment
opens from the living-room and contains
its white walls and dull blue carpet. Here
the table was set for the buffet supper, face
cloth, silver candlebra, and covered
dishes.

“See, this is the silver set Harry
was given for our birthday!” cried Sally,
leading me to the buffet at the side. “I
use the champagne cups for flowers—don’t you
adore peach blossoms set in silver? I’m
simply mad about silver! Especially old
silver—we found this George II ingre-
gian silver coffee pot my agent found for
me in England—isn’t it precious? And
the cremer and sugar he found—they don’t
match exactly because they’re not quite so
old, but see the inscription!”

“To Ellen Sheehan, from her sincere
sisters M. and E. T. ” read the tiny
cards on the bottom of the sugar bowl.

“Makes you wonder what has happened
to Ellen and her sincere friends,” mused
Sally, putting them away again.

She inspected the good things in the
covered dishes and we sampled our way
to the wedding cake.

“I suppose most Californians know about
enchiladas,” said Sally, “but perhaps some
of the girls in other states don’t. This
is the way you make it:

“Make a dozen very thin pancakes with
white corneal, 6 inches across. Now
make the Mexican sauce, Chili Colorado,
which is used in a number of Mexican
dishes. Remove the seeds and strings from
1/2 pound of dry chili peppers and wash
well in plenty of water; cover with cold
water and boil ten minutes; drain and rub
through a colander, and take the time
between to turn the super mildly.

2 cups hot water, pour through the pep-
per until the pulp is the consistency of
cream. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening in
a pan and fry in it a clove of garlic; when

Stars’ Temperament? Smoke Screen?”

Says King Vidor

Continued from page 51

belligerent actors and actresses when I say
that most of them suffer from an inferiority
complex, but they do. The strutting and
about the blows that are coming his way.

up courage and make other people believe
that in reality he is the rough fellow he is
trying to portray. Some people call such a
role a bluff and I call it a bluff to

While I remember some years ago making a
picture with a very well-known female star.

We were out on location. It was a ter-
fically hot day. The make-up melted off
the players’ faces and again. The
star took a look at her face in a mirror
and said, “I don’t look as good as I
thought it should. So she took time out
for repairs. Then back to work. The
heat kept on and at last the star couldn’t
seem to do her work as I wanted it. We
shot the same scene over and over,
and she was worse each time. Suddenly
she went into a tirade about the story. It
was terrible. The writer was crazy. I was

 workplace

ettle actor in a role who in
is afraid of physical combat
and hardship playing the role of a rough, tough
fellow who goes about slaapping everybody
down. Don’t you imagine that actor must
be shaking inside? I know he is! Every
time he smacks the other man he
takes delight in doing it, but is worrying
about the blows that are coming his way.

So, frequently that actor will start to storm
and bluster about the story or the lines or
the direction—anything, in order to bolster
It strikes new life, health and beauty into your hair!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, the "Live" comb, which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair. Its shining metal teeth pass through your hair like living fingers. They are "alive" with a gentle electric current that invigorates your hair as an April shower freshens a field of grass. Electrical science releases the newest wonder worker, based on the logical principle: stimulated circulation!

Dandruff and abnormal falling hair checked in a few days! Lifeless, dull hair gains new life, becomes wonderfully lustrous! Straight and thin hair becomes thick, glistening, soft and wavy! A valuable aid in growing baldness!

Thousands of testimonial letters attest to these seemingly extravagant claims and European specialists explain the phenomenon—how the electricity, passing from the battery through the double row of curved teeth, reach the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them. More than a million Evans "Dermetrico" Combs now in use by men and women throughout Europe—thousands already in America! The electric current is generated by a battery in the handle. No shocks—no sparks—no need to "plug in." You cannot feel the current, but when you put the tester lamp against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—pays battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only a few dollars a month you get a hair treatment which would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the new health and beauty of your hair.

EVANS DERMETRICO COMB

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonial letters, all of which are in our files and true to inspection.

"...I notice a great improvement in my hair. New hair is coming in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look."
Signed, Mrs. R. G.

FIRST DAY
"...I...am 49 years old. Already at about 50 my hair started to turn gray, especially at the temples, and during the last year it has become quite gray..."

LATER
"...but in spite of the fact that I...have been using your comb, I insist that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. The time given by you to cover the head of hair already 5...days the effect of the comb is obvious to everybody." Signed, C. M. L.

FIRST DAY
"...For years my hair was thin and straggling..."

LATER
"...But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful..."
Signed, M. L.

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

Pat. Pendine.
Haveleg appeal! New discovery!

The first and only leg-curl cream on the market. The secret cream formula, massaged and exercised discovered and patented by Margie Whittington, excites leg cells world renowned for their fatty deposits. Her leg tabs for Ziegfeld Girls, Twelve Dollars and more by artists and models contest the most famous and popular legs in the world.

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Margie Whittington, Inc., 22 E. 42nd St., Dept. 246, New York, N.Y.

Send Margie Whittington leg-curl cream with order and money back guarantee. Use coupon.

Name
Address (Canada & Foreign 52 with order)

What does your future hold?

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the weak areas—and stop the growth of unhealthy conditions. We destroy and absolutely ensure to improve any normal head, neck, or shoulder. No wonder we are the world's largest. Test us for 60 days for the price of 30 days. Try us even if you are very old. We have been cured. Write today.

Perfect voice institute, studio A-131
64 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Voice

Noisy? Worried? Unhappy?

What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of voice trouble make you nervous, dull, or unable to speak well? Try our perfect voice. A voice expert will explain the cause of your voice trouble and prescribe the proper treatment. The results are quick and lasting. The American Academy of식 말을 학습하는 것은 실제 상황에 적합하다는 것을 만족시켜줍니다. 또한, 사용자가 이러한 발음법을 자연스럽게 갖추면, 실제 상황에서의 대화를 훨씬 더 잘 할 수 있습니다.

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How to make Straight Hair Naturally Curly!

Babies, children, adults! No laces, lotions, salves or curling. No trouble, no bother, no continuous worry! Helps you get those curls that are so much admired. This patent new method of training will turn your hair naturally curly any day. And do it today for this system of easy, easily understood home treatment. Think of it! Curly hair for a lifetime only. Money back if not satisfied. PATTISON, 411 Hollywood Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

TAP DANCING BY MAIL


KISSELLA ACADEMY, 2352 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Long Arm of Coincidence

Continued from page 55

to the front office at Warner Brothers studio, and Capney was leaving it. They met—both film stars, now, and on the same lot—and they took up their old friendship where they had left off. And it does seem strangely coincidental that two such tough-looking mugs should both have been chorus boys in the same company.

Clark Gable, just a poor young man working in a strange town, happened to decide one evening to dine in a restaurant where he was not in the habit of frequenting, and, as he found himself the only one not using a reserved table, made the best of things, he sat down with two men who turned out to be actors appearing in a stock company. Gable at the time was studying to be a doctor. But the three men began to talk over their dinner, and the actors asked him

Woman Saved From Asthma Torture

After suffering terribly from asthma for eleven years, Mrs. Sara E. Koontz, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., suddenly discovered a way to get some relief and comfort.

"I had asthma for eleven years and spent hundreds of dollars. I got so thin I could hardly walk. I couldn't do any work. Last October I heard about Nacor and it is the best medicine I have ever tried. I cannot praise Nacor enough for what it has done for me. I have not had asthma since I have taken Nacor."—Feb. 5, 1934.

No need to suffer tortures of asthma or bronchial cough with proper treatment and comfort can be your asthma. Mrs. Koontz has helped thousands. Write for letters and booklets of helpful information. Sent FREE. Nacor Medicine Co., 332 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

EREAT?

If you are suffering from asthmatic coughs, bronchial coughs, or bronchitis, you should not delay writing for this free valuable booklet. Lene"Aid is a scientifically developed medicine that promises the relief and comfort that you have been seeking. Address:

Robert Holmes, 176 N. Pennsylvania St., Chicago, Ill.

YOU MAY BE ELIGIBLE

Would you like to receive letters from foreign language students, English-speaking collectors and interesting people throughout the world? The Perigrine Club welcomes new members. Write for full details. If you join the club, you will be eligible for annual membership in the United States Women's National Club. The club is a cultural and social organization with headquarters in the Southwest. The club is open to women living in the United States and to women attending college. Please fill out the attached form and mail it to:

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Otras

Gray Faded Hair

Women, men with grey, withered, or faded hair. Shampoo and comb with \"Shampo-Polor,\" 10c a bottle of the absolute French discovery, \"Shampo-Polor,\" takes some days leaving the hair just as it is. For Sale in every drug store. Look for the special brand and you see it in the display window. Free booklet, Mrs. L. P. Waller, Dept. 38, 234 St., St. Louis, Mo.

Help Wanted

MEN & WOMEN

$500-$1,000 A MONTH

For institutions. Hospitals, Etc. No Experience Necessary. No previous experience necessary. Good commission. 10% on all business. Address:

S. R. S. B. 14 West 45th St., New York.
if he would like to see a performance that night from the wings. The visit was fatal. An incipient screen star was stricken with stage fever, and the medical profession lost a darid good doctor, just because Gable happened to dine in a strange restaurant.

I had good hunting at Universal. Three coincidences fell right into my lap. Boris Karloff, one of seven brothers, couldn’t stand the musty smell of old books, (he was in civil service), and so he got himself a job as day laborer at $2.50 a day. Last morning he was walking along the street and he happened to glance down and see a theatrical paper lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up and read an ad that intrigued him. However, the job was one hundred miles away, and he had just four dollars in his pocket. But something told him to go to the railway station anyway and there—whom did he see but a brother of his whom he hadn’t laid eyes on for ten years! The brother loaned him $50 to get to the job.

A coincidence like that is very cheering. And so is the one that started Paul Lukas to Hollywood. Lukas taught school, lived in a garret, “starved,” and occasionally broke the monotony by playing bits in the National Theatre in Budapest.

One night an impresario asked him to go to Vienna and join his company. Lukas hesitated. The impresario insisted. Finally, after days of deliberation, Lukas went, and on the opening night Adolph Zukor and Walter Wanger made their one and only visit to this show, (this was in 1925), and Lukas was signed to go to Hollywood.

Because it happened that Irene Dunne’s father died when the family finances had hit a new low, she is a film star now instead of a concert singer. Her father was a builder and operator of steam boats on the Ohio River, and it is her coincidence that she had made her biggest hit in “Show Boat.”

I bagged one reverse coincidence: If Pat O’Brien were not married today, it would be because three years ago he was unlucky enough to send a letter, designed to end a lovers’ quarrel, on an airplane that crashed and burned. In his letter he asked the girl to forgive him and to write if she wanted to see him again. For six, long, weary, unhappy months Pat waited in vain for her answer, until finally his letter, with the envelope burned almost completely away, came back to him, marked “Burned in plane crash.” The address of Mrs. Pat-to-be was obliterated, but his return address had only been signed. He made a record sprint for a telephone. The girl had been waiting six months for him to call, just because that certain plane crashed.

When your tongue is coated... rinse your mouth with

**PEPSODENT ANTI-SEPTIC**

Scientific findings show that where a “coated tongue” condition exists, bad breath is present in 75% of the cases. Make the tongue test tonight. Look in your mirror. If your tongue is coated, take no chances. Gargle and rinse your mouth well with Pepsodent Antiseptic.

This famous mouth antiseptic offers you a fresh, pure breath at 3/4 the usual cost. That’s because Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times as powerful as other leading brands. It makes your money go 3 times as far... keeps breath sweet and wholesome 1 to 2 hours longer.
Gene Stratton-Porter’s novel about a heart-winning rural family, and as fine an example as you’d want of the sentimental style of screen pastime. John Beal is the young farmer who loves the daughter of the snobbish Englishman who buys an adjoining farm. It all comes out happily. Gloria Stuart is the girl, but the whole show is stolen by Virginia Weidler as Little Sister. You’ll love every bit of it.

Results here are so unfortunate that you become a second-guesser and are sure the story never should have been filmed in the first place. It’s particularly unfortunate as the film brings Kay Francis back after a too-long vacation only to disappoint the many admirers of a fine actress and pleasing personality. It’s about a girl who marries a man to reform him. George Brent is the hero, and Warren William his pal.

Visual glitter of richly atmospheric scenes at the French Riviera is about all you should expect from this, though it has Tulio Carnaccini and Lilian Harvey as the romantic pair who meet as strangers in Monte Carlo. One glorious love-at-first sight, evening, and they are parted—and there the story goes too. It’s not bad, mind you, only the good beginning makes the weak ending seem very stuffy and flat.

Hugh Herbert literally walks off with the honors in this light and fluffy comedy. He kept a preview audience laughing from start to finish. Joan Blondell plays the daughter of Grant Mitchell, toothpaste king, who won’t give her a job, so she takes Herbert, inventor of a “cocktail-flavored” toothpaste, to a rival company and cleans up. Joan, William Gargan, Glenda Farrell are fine. It’s lots of fun.

A rare and distinguished picture, offering such perfect direction and acting that this story of a Polish immigrant girl who falls in love with an American novelist, already married, becomes tremendously vital and real. It is the best thing Anna Sten has had to date, and her superlative performance is matched by Gary Cooper, Helen Vinson, and Ralph Bellamy in the other important roles. Cinema at its best!

A latest gem with a spectacular climax and a swift pace, once the story gets started, is this British film concerning a kidnapping by an international anarchist—a role played by Peter Lorre for the full value of its velvet-gloved horror. Leslie Banks is splendid as the father, Edna Best satisfactory as the mother, and Nova Pilbeam very good as the child victim. A little confusing at times, but gripping.

Another Damon Runyon story with the usual freak twists to keep the entertainment ball rolling. Patricia Ellis is the girl whose father tricks her into marrying the man of his choice. George Barbier as the father and Larry Crabe as the swain are aided by four crooks, William Frawley, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer and Andy Devine. The ending, with Crabe pulling a hero stunt in the football game is swell.

Some of the neatest comedy of the year, supplied by Edward Everett Horton as the pathetic clerk who hasn’t nerve enough to ask for a raise. When a smart salesmen tricks him into buying a lot which brings him a fortune, Horton proceeds to get even with everyone who had trampled him in the past. Horton scores a knockout performance and is supported by Karen Morley, Allan Dinehart, and others.

Fascinating murder mystery based on the unfinished novel by Charles Dickens, and as notable for the capital acting by Claude Rains, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, David Manners, and others in a notably fine cast, as for the brooding atmosphere which pervades the macabre story of a choir-singer torn between love and jealousy for his niece and the latter’s fiancé. The ending is highly dramatic.

Hugh Herbert is a trickster in a story with the usual Runyon twists. Patricia Ellis is the girl whose father tricks her into marrying the man of his choice. George Barbier is the father and Larry Crabbe as the swain are aided by four crooks, William Frawley, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer and Andy Devine. The ending, with Crabby pulling a hero stunt in the football game is swell.

Murder mystery that fails to keep you mystified at any notable degree. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Patricks Ellis and Allen Jenkins struggle hard but the story odds are against them. Two murders are committed, and the road to solution is long and at times dreary. The story falters and the dialogue is worn thin by the time the mystery is cleared up, unfortunately for a fine and sincere cast.
This vivid young Paramount star adores fluffy sweaters—wears them off the set whenever possible. Helen's hard work is earning her the "breaks" in pictures. Her latest is Paramount's new production, "Four Hours to Kill."

"Lux is the swellest trouper I know," says Helen Mack. "When I was 13, I started on the road. Keeping my costumes looking fresh and new for one-night stands might have been a problem. But I'd learned to depend on Lux—used it for silks, woolens, stockings, lingerie—every last thing that was washable.

"So that was easy! And I'm still keen about Lux. It's a big economy, and keeps things grand-looking for ages. I like it especially for sweaters. They stay soft as a kitten's ear and keep the same smart fit they have when new."

WHY DON'T YOU try Helen Mack's way to Lux sweaters? First trace an outline of your sweater. Squeeze rich, cool Lux suds well through. Never rub. Rinse in cool water, then roll in a towel to press out moisture. Shape to pattern and pin with rustproof pins. Dry away from heat.

Lux won't shrink woolens as ordinary soaps with harmful alkali are apt to do. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to roughen and mat the fibres. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"Costumes represent a big investment to be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, Paramount wardrobe director. "That's why we specify that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials, keeps them new longer, and saves money!"
"Camels certainly make a difference—"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

In Newport, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most feted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

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

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
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MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, New York

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Winston-Salem, N. C.
Why we love SHIRLEY TEMPLE—her leading men tell
Today is your Wonderful Day

A Canter with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty... luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila... to the matinee with Jud... then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince... What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say... it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain... How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman... the popular man... realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy... just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

P.S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.
"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!
For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.
Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?
Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-75
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name______________________________
Street____________________________
City__________ State____________
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE ORIGINAL STORIES for MOTION PICTURES?

Who doesn't? Almost everyone has a story to tell. And almost everyone would like to tell it in saleable form so that it could be sold to the movies. The question is, can it be done? Is it a waste of time to write down your ideas which you believe would make good motion picture material? Or is some producer out in Hollywood sitting behind a big mahogany desk just waiting for you to send in your idea so that he can buy it for his next big production?

SCREENLAND has been asked repeatedly for advice and suggestions as to the possibility of selling original stories to the movie companies. Now we have the answer for you! Straight from the shoulder, out of her own practical experience as an author of best-selling novels and popular screen stories, Beth Brown has written a sympathetic, human-interest feature which we advise you to read if you want the truth.

Miss Brown's article will appear in the August issue, on sale June 25th. Read it, by all means.

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Printed in the U. S. A.
"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN CRAWFORD • ROBERT MONTGOMERY

NO MORE LADIES

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES • FRANCHOT TONE • EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Salutes and Snubs

You write 'em! We print 'em!
Producers and stars read 'em!

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

PRETTY NICE OF LORETTA!
Who says Loretta Young isn't nice? While filming "Call of the Wild" up here she gave every evidence of being charming. Retiring early one evening, Loretta got up around ten o'clock, (at night), when she heard that a girl had been waiting since six o'clock for her autograph! P.S. I got the autograph!

M. F. Donner,
6220-37 N.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

HERE'S PRAISE INDEED
As a Screenland reader living in the Thrums countryside, I congratulate Hollywood on its superb picturization of "The Little Minister." Hepburn and Beal were grand. Characterization, setting, and costumes—excellent. I question if British producers could have done the job half as well.

David Donald Jolly,
27 Queen St.,
Forfar, Angus,
Scotland.

BIZARRED BY BLONDES
Something should be done about this business of casting too many blondes in one film. "The Captain Hates the Sea" was a swell picture, but although I am a movie fan, those three blondes in the film kept me constantly confused. Why not give the brunettes a break?

Gene Ayden,
Boone, N. C.

WAIT'LL HE DOES WIN—WOW!
Can't something be done for Jack Holt? I've followed him in picture after picture and never yet have I seen him win the girl. If this continues Jack is going to develop an inferiority complex.

M. Seitter,
6454 Lafin St.,
Chicago, Ill.

SIMILE SALUTES
Add similes. As charming as Leslie Howard. As dashing as John Barrymore. As nonchalant as William Powell. As well-turned-out as Adolphe Menjou. As homespun as Will Rogers. As handsome as Clark Gable.

Miss D. M. Moore,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

DOUBLE-FEATURE DISCORD
Why doesn't the "front office" of the movie industry put a stop to these tiresome, double-feature billings? Right now there are such disgusting program-mixtures. For instance, the exquisite "Barretts of Wimpole Street" shown with a rough and bloody western, "Two-Gun Pete." The effect was positively revolting.

Mrs. Paul Weber,
Ursal, Ill.

DO YOU AGREE?
Perhaps the tragic ending of "The Wedding Night" was logical, but it left me with a feeling of frustration. Despite arguments favoring the unhappy ending, I believe movie audiences prefer the happy one. Life is tragic enough for most of us; that's why we go to the movies.

Mrs. W. M. Jackson,
810 West 7th St.,
Columbia, Tenn.

THE MOVIE-MADE TOWN
It used to be a dead old town until they built a theatre this winter. Now what a difference! The new theatre, one of the finest in the county, draws people—and with them life and amusement—from all the surrounding towns.

Chester L. Weaver,
228 Front St.,
Lititz, Penna.
They
HAVE ALL GONE

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.
These stars are now with GB... because
GB Productions have individuality, glamour, and a tone all their own.

GEORGE ARLISS
ROBERT DONAT
JESSIE MATTHEWS
MADELEINE CARROLL
Boris Karloff
Jack Hulbert
Fay Wray
Nova Pilbeam
Claude Rains
MadcE Evans*
Peter Lorre
Richard Dix
Maureen O'Sullivan
Walter Huston
Lupe Velez
Conrad Veidt
C. Aubrey Smith
Helen Vinson
Cicely Courtneidge
BARRY MACKAY
TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!

THIRTY-NINE STEPS
THE CLAIRVOYANT
THE TUNNEL
THE KING OF THE DAMNED
THE MORALS OF MARCUS RHODES
KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE
PASSING ON THE 3RD FLOOR BACK
MODERN MASQUERADE
SECRET AGENT
DR. NIKOLA
KING SOLOMON'S MINES

*Tops 'Em All

*By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Inside the Stars' Homes

And Outside, Too! This Time a Ranch Picnic with Frances Dee McCrea Your Charming Hostess

FRANCES DEE and husband Joel McCrea—or Joel McCrea and wife Frances Dee, as you prefer—have a three thousand acre ranch about forty miles from Hollywood. It's not a play place, but a real ranch with horses, cattle, chickens, alfalfa, clover, and everything that belongs there. A foreman is in charge and—acid test—it showed a nice profit last year.

The house is early American, nestled into a green hillside. From its long low veranda there is a view of other hills with sunny valleys between; on a clear day, there is even a glimpse of the ocean. Golden poppies and blue lupines make a colorful pattern below the grass plot. A summer-house and swimming-pool, (not a gleaming-tiled Hollywood affair, but a swimmin' hole”), are set still lower beyond a group of tiny citrus trees.

"We'll have the picnic in the summer-house," decreed Frances, "Isn't it fun to eat outdoors? I come of a long line of picknickers and it's my favorite recreation. I grew up in Chicago and everyone picnics there. Sort of a habit. We used to snatch up whatever food happened to be in the house, mix up lemonade, and dash off. But on special occasions, naturally, there were special dishes. We'll go into that later. Right now, we'll take our own picnic down and eat it, shall we? Everybody help!"

Our hostess was appropriately—and most becomingly—dressed in blue flannel slacks and shirt. Joel, arriving at that moment mounted on his favorite horse, wore overalls with chaps and riding boots—and handsome he looked, too.

He was so full of good news he couldn't wait to dismount, but shouted: "Hey, 176 has a calf, sweetheart!" when he got in earshot.

Frances thrilled. We all stopped, with our arms full of appetizing food, to hear about 176-A, as the calf was laughingly named. It seems that all Joel's cattle are numbered instead of branded.

Augmented by Joel and the two dogs, Stubby and...
Shane, the picnic party descended to the summer house, the hot corn pudding in my charge. This is the dish for which Della, the McCrues' maid, is especially famous, and it's an addition to any picnic. Here's the recipe:

**Corn Pudding**
1 pint corn off cob or canned
2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
A dash of pepper
1 rounded teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
Mix corn, sugar, pepper, salt. Add melted butter. Break eggs into milk, whip slightly, then mix with corn. Bake in a slow oven.

"In California, you must have at least one hot dish," said Frances, as we spread out chicken, ham, biscuits, honey, salad, cottage cheese, and pie on the summer-house table. "Della's corn pudding is a grand one, and can be carried in a thermos food container. We like it better than baked beans or spaghetti. But back east our main idea was to get cool when we went on a picnic, so hot dishes were out.

"We used to go in for cold drinks, but we never heard of the marvelous ones I've discovered lately. We're serving coffee today because there's a cool breeze, and milk because Joel's so proud of our ranch product, but let me tell you two perfectly grand drinks I've tasted: Canton Cup and Iced Coffee with Orange."

**Canton Cup**
Place in a bowl two oranges sliced, the juice of two lemons, four cups of tea infusion, six sprays of mint, half a cup of sliced cucumber, and four tablespoons sugar. Mix and stand in refrigerator for an hour. When ready to serve, strain into a glass pitcher. Place down the inside of pitcher, six sprays of mint, some whole strawberries and one long piece of cucumber rind. Then fill pitcher with ice cubes and ginger ale.

**Iced Coffee with Orange**
Place in a pan, one cup water and thinly cut rind of two oranges. Bring to a boil and let simmer for ten minutes. Remove from fire and add half cup sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved; when cold strain out peel and add four cups of clear, strong black coffee. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add half cup of coffee cream and the strained juice of two oranges. Serve in tall glasses and top each glass with a spoonful of whipped cream.

"What fun picnics are!" sighed Frances, a chicken wing in one hand, a biscuit in the other. "I always enjoy them, even when we have mishaps. I remember one day, when I was in Chicago, we packed a lunch and went to the Indiana sand dunes, a pet spot. We had set out the food and were just going to eat when along came a sand storm. We grabbed the stuff and fled to the cars and huddled down in them. The sandwiches were full of dust, even the lemonade was gritty!"

"Have on olive!" urged Joel, passing them. "No, they didn't grow on the place, but we have some olive trees—come out next year and see what they can do!" Young olive trees shade the summer house and pool.

"Californians always take olives to a picnic," mused Frances, "but back east pickles seem to rate higher. New and different pickles was a slogan. Do you know about quince pickles? Or masturium? Della will give you the recipes."

Della did, and here they are:

**Nasturtium Pickle**
It takes one year from the time the pickles are put up until they are ready for use.

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Don't let their "CLOSE-UP" view be disappointing! Your shampoo should be a special beauty-treatment for your type of hair.

For Hair inclined to be oily
Guard against flabby oil glands and the embarrassment of stringy, oil-covered hair which will not hold a wave. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent... made especially for oily hair.

Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo is absolutely safe. Use it as frequently as necessary to cultivate the shining fluffiness which is the birthright of your type of hair.

For Hair inclined to be dry
Avoid harsh shampoos which increase dryness and leave your hair dull... fly-away... the kind that "frizzes" rather than "waves"! Use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" and contains soothing, softening glycerine to help your hair become silky and manageable.

Both Packer Shampoos are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

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PACKER'S

**PINE TAR**
for OILY hair

**OLIVE OIL**
for DRY hair
LET'S come right out with it: Fredric March is the finest young actor on any screen. In "Les Misérables" he competes in artistry with such seasoned thespians as the impressive Sir Cedric Hardwicke and the eccentric Charles Laughton—and it is March who triumphs. We have been generous in our praise of imported talent, and rightly; but we should not forget that in Fredric March we have the most sincere, the most versatile of all younger cinema actors.

Forward, March! We Honor Fredric the Great for his Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables"

IN the heroic rôle of Jean Valjean in the praiseworthy Zanuck-United Artists picturization of Victor Hugo's great book, "our Mr. March" surpasses even his own past memorable performances—yes, even his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As the tortured convict he is harrowingly real; as the fugitive he flames with feeling; and he achieves his perfect performance not by mere make-up or mannerism, but by his bright inner fire—he is indeed an artist!
**Ask Me!**

By Miss Vee Dee

*A Hoosier Fan.* Your state has produced many well-known actors, actresses, painters, writers of fiction and poets—not to mention Presidents and Vice-Presidents. Several screen stars claim Indiana as their birthplace. Among them are Louise Dresser, Ann Christy, Louise Fazenda, Carole Lombard, Irene Purcell, Ross Churchill, Charlie Murray, Richard Bennett, father of the three Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance, and Joan; Tom Geraghty, story writer for pictures, and Charles Butterworth, South Bend, Indiana's boy who has made good in cinemaland.

Margaret A. I'm a very good explainer and can take care of almost anything that needs an answer, if I may say so. Phillips Holmes can be interested in any of the likable and good-look-able girls of the screen if he wants to—he is not married to Frances Dee. She has a perfectly good husband—none other than Joel McCrea. There is a third member of the McCrea-Dee family, it's a boy.

*Curious Fan.* Many of our screen stars make a picture or two or three, then do a play on Broadway—it's all in a day or night's work. Our one-time blonde favorite, Blanche Sweet, is appearing in a Broadway play as I write this. "The Petrified Forest," written by Robert Sherwood and starring Leslie Howard. Humphrey Bogart, who has been in several films, is also in the cast.

*Nell L.* Stand by for your lesson in arithmetic, Nell, and figure out just how old or young Jean Parker is. She was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, on August 11, 1915, and that's the truth, so help Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her first film, "Divorce in the Family," was made in 1923. Myrna Loy is all-American, born in Helena, Montana, in 1906. Margo has another name but doesn't use it in pictures or on the stage. Her latest release is "Rumba" with Carole Lombard and George Raft.

*Mrs. A. B.* You're right. Marguerite Snow was James Cruze's first wife and they had a daughter named Julie. We're all in love with Freddie Bartholomew, so you are no exception. His portrayal of young *Mister Copperfield* is one of the finest bits of child acting ever caught by the camera.

*Dorothy P.* As far as I know Joan Crawford's first marriage was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan's natural ability as an actress and her outstanding picture personality are of greatest concern to us, after all. Occasionally a former stage star walks away with a picture, as you have witnessed in the case of Frank Morgan.

*Violet S.* I don't believe Leon Janney has made any new picture contracts. He appeared in a stage play, "Every Saturday," featuring Queenie Smith, but Queenie has since taken herself and her talents to Hollywood, a film contract in her pocket and her first screen role, in "Mississippi," is now behind her. Leon meantime has remained in New York, chiefly engaged in being a master of ceremonies at a swank night club, and also pursuing his desire to further himself as a stage actor. His latest contract is with the Theatre Guild.
“No one,” says Miss Russell, “is in a better position to judge products, especially those affecting health and beauty, than models. Manufacturers are constantly asking us to try various creams, powders, soaps and tooth pastes. It doesn’t take long to find out which have merit. They prove themselves quickly. These we use. The others we reject. For, after all, when one’s good looks and livelihood are concerned, one cannot afford to take chances. That is especially true in the case of tooth paste. A model with poor teeth is a model without work.

“Of all the dentifrices, I like Listerine Tooth Paste best. I began using it when I first went into modeling four years ago. It’s really marvelous how thoroughly and quickly it cleans. It seems to impart to teeth a brilliancy and lustre that photographers like to see reproduced in their work. “And it is reassuring to know that it is safe to use. The ingredients are so fine and so pure that they are not a menace to enamel—the thing all models guard against.”

Your Teeth Can Look Better

More than two million women and at least one million men have found that this tooth paste accomplishes remarkable results in keeping teeth healthy and beautiful. Such results are due to ultra-modern polishing agents—thorough but oh so gentle in action—that Listerine Tooth Paste contains.

Why not get a tube and try it for a week or two. See how much better your teeth look and feel. At all druggists in two sizes: Regular 25¢ and Double Size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE FILM-COMBATING, STAIN-ATTACKING TOOTH PASTE
Dear Pixie:

Come right down out of that tree-top, Peter Pan! You look little and impish and appealing up there, shaking your straight golden locks; in fact, I don't know anyone who can look cuter doing that sort of thing, except possibly Freddie Bartholomew. But I'm not to be taken in; I know you come down to earth occasionally, because I caught you eating salami. And maybe I didn't tell myself I was watching a priceless performance! The great Bergner, sensation of two continents, in a salami close-up! Only Joseph M. Schenck, the benign big boss of the United Artists company that releases your pictures, could have directed you in such a scene and got away with it. Mr. Schenck has a sense of humor and so have you. Your nibbling scenes in "Escape Me Never" have audiences drooling in sympathy. And here I was watching a close-up of the enigmatic, elusive Elisabeth tackling the salami and going straight on through the liver-wurst, and getting hungrier myself by the minute, but afraid I would miss a Bergner gesture if I gave in. But it was worth it. How I enjoyed your performance—a composite of "Catherine the Great," and Gemma in "Escape Me Never," and "Ariane," with a dash of Peter Pan just for luck and for dear old Sir James M. Barrie. I think I also caught a glimpse of the genuine Bergner beneath all the art, and I like that Bergner, if she's the one I think, even better than the other girls.

I said: "You're not really shy at all," and you gave me a wise look out of those amazing, liquid brown eyes that can hold so much wonder and woe, and you said: "It is embarrassing, being on exhibition"—because all the people who'd been trying to catch up with you since you landed in America and had failed until Mr. Schenck grabbed you and gave you a plate of food and called in the press—suddenly seemed to appear at once, to stare at you who had never before been stared at in person. And you, the brilliant Bergner selected by George Bernard Shaw to film his "St. Joan" instead of Hepburn or Joan Crawford who wanted to film it; who inspired Sir James M. Barrie to get to work again after his long silence to write a new play just for you—you sat there in a little-girl's frock of blue and white, with the afternoon sun streaming full upon you and your hint of freckles and your child's hands innocent of manicure; and you giggled disarmingly, and munched contentedly; and you were so friendly and so natural and so gay that I wish half the actresses in Hollywood could have been there to take a lesson in real Acting—and in good manners.

Speaking of Hollywood: "I do not belong there," you said. "I am foreign. But I am curious about Hollywood, and I shall go there one day—but quietly, secretly and quietly. It cannot be done? Ah, but I think it can! It is always possible to go quietly and attract no attention—if one really wishes to."

Think that over, Hollywood.

Delight Evans
EDITOR'S NOTE: A little honesty in the beginning concerning the feelings of the average actor about playing with a child star can't help but color these tributes from The Men In Shirley's Life (so far), with real significance. For, verily, the average adult performer had rather grow crow's feet, lose his hair, and pay income tax than to play in support of a child or an animal. It isn't entirely professional jealousy, either; though no matter how much sex-appeal he turns on, the little two-foot, or four-foot is a cinch to walk off with all the honors.

But if the ordinary run of picture-making is a hard grind and a gruelling effort, making a movie with a child is nothing short of a prelude to a nervous breakdown. Invariably, just as the actors work themselves up to the correct emotional pitch, someone discovers little Tootsie-Wootsie has gone to sleep and the Society For The Prevention of Waking Sleeping Children will not permit her, him, or it to be aroused. Or else, right in the middle of a difficult scene the Infant Prodigy has to go home because the State Laws won't permit minors to work more than four hours, seventeen minutes, and no split seconds before the camera daily.

But Shirley Temple is no average child star, as the actors who have appeared in her pictures are so willing to testify. Read why they regard her "a real trouper."
WE LOVE SHIRLEY
Her Leading Men Tell

Lionel Barrymore—The "Little Colonel's"
Big Colonel

I LOVE Shirley because that glorious, shining simplicity of hers on the screen is no camera trick of a precocious little girl, but a true reflection of the child as she really is. After working with Shirley for six weeks I came to the conclusion that hers is not a temporary talent to fade and die after she has passed her baby days. My grandmother, the first Mrs. John Drew, was a great actress at six years of age. I have several engravings of her taken at that stage of her career. At the age of eighty she was the outstanding Mrs. Malaprop of all time. Like this great soul, I believe little Shirley's artless art will survive and carry her forward as long as simplicity and loveliness continue to charm the hearts of the world.

"Away from the camera she is just a baby. She makes a game of acting; but still, I have watched her closely and can see that at times she is severely bored with it all, the constant repetition and retaking of scenes. Here is a case in which the director, scenario writer, and dialogists are making no mere brain-tank of this child. She may reflect their suggestions, but she reasons everything out with a rare intelligence in her own manner.

"Once during the making of 'The Little Colonel' the writers had put a long and involved speech in Shirley's mouth. Little truer that she is, she had no difficulty in memorizing the rather stilted lines—yet I could see she was not happy in speaking them. 'What's the matter Shirley?' I asked, pulling her close. We were great ones to whisper about things during rehearsals, Shirley and I. She cupped her hand against my ear and whispered the speech as she would like to say it in the utterly natural manner of a child. I told the director—and Shirley's (Continued on page 77)
Don't Fear Passing Years!

Says Claudette Colbert

As told to Maude Cheatham

"Time holds no terrors for me. I'm not in the least daunted by the passing years."

It was Claudette Colbert speaking!

I was so amazed that I almost toppled off my chair. Such an attitude in any woman is unusual, to say the least. Yet here was a screen star, young, beautiful, successful, who approached the feminine bugaboo with utmost serenity. To most actresses it spells Tragedy; the end of all things precious.

Noting my speechless surprise, Claudette, with a laugh, went on: "We can't buck the forces of the universe. And who wants to? The thrill of human existence is its continual change. What a terrible thing it would be if we had to go right on singing the same song in the same way, year after year! It is monotony, not age, that kills."

Claudette was curled up like a kitten in the corner of a big divan in her white and blue dressing-room at the Paramount studio. As I watched her it suddenly came to me that her delicious sense of humor and her abounding enthusiasm, which make her one of the most vital personalities on the screen today, were also the very qualities that formed a shield against the frightening aspects of the passing years.

"Women give too much importance to birthdays," she went on. "Of course, I'll change with the years and my ambitions, my viewpoints will change, too. But you see, I hope to live every year to its fullest and to be eager to meet that other self as I round each corner.

"I'm not the same girl I was five years ago. I don't regret that. Why, I've lived and learned and achieved so much during these years!"

"I don't want to stand still. Each year brings its special gift and believe me, I'm (Continued on page 82)
Problems of an Actor's Private Life!

By B. F. Wilson

Leslie Howard speaks frankly about home, children, salary, and success in life.

Leslie Howard, shown above and right, below, with his daughter at his home in England; exclusive family pictures never before published.

Leslie Howard came into the room. He had just been for a long stroll in Central Park. He wore the traditional Englishman's idea of a proper walking costume, consisting of a sweater under the coat of his suit; no top-coat, of course; no hat, and heavy brown suede oxfords. With his pipe clenched between his teeth, he must have aroused no little curiosity as he walked down Fifth Avenue. Pedestrians probably took him for "another one of those health nuts."

Certainly as one saw him then, one would never have connected him with the theatre. Here is no handsome matinée idol, I thought as I watched him move about the room. No swash-buckling romantic figure to speed up the feminine pulse. You would never suspect him of being in the same category with Clark Gable, with his lure of good looks. Or Ronald Colman and his fascination of sophisticated charm. Or Maurice Chevalier with his obvious sex appeal. Or any of the other famous screen idols. I saw before me just an ordinary young man with an intelligent face.

And yet, over on Broadway his name was bringing joy to the box-office not only of the theatre in which he was scoring the biggest hit of the current season in a play called "The Petrified Forest," but also to the largest motion picture palace in the world, where his latest screen vehicle, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was drawing unmitigated praise from all who saw it.

He sat down in an arm-chair and proceeded to polish his horn-rimmed glasses. They make him look like a student. The dark color of the rims accent the blueness of his eyes, and the blondness of his closely-cropped, curly hair. Always slight of... (Continued on page 68)
Who's eligible for membership in the Irresponsibles Club? Some of your pet picture stars! Read about their gay goings-on—just good, clean fun having a sane conversation with anyone for more than four minutes. There is a ten dollar fine for anyone getting on a train with all his luggage, and a twenty dollar additional fine for anyone caught not annoying the porter. One day each month members must spend with a sane person, sympathizing with him. (This is the only “charity” the club goes in for.) Every applicant must be quite mad, but with a sense of humor, and every applicant must have a check made out to the club for ten thousand dollars initiation fee—but the check definitely must bounce.

Well, when the Hollywood Reporter heard of the new club it immediately submitted an exclusive list of eligibles, and the town screamed in the throes of a bloodless revolution. Everyone was mad because he wasn't considered mad. People who for years had sort of been hiding their irresponsibilities in the bottom of the clothes closet with the family skeletons and "Lady Chatterly's Lover" suddenly dragged them forth, shook out the moths, and put them on parade. Several stars whose names weren't on the list decided to sue the Reporter for defamation of character and not eat at the Vendome for a week. A Bennett, no less, raised loud complaints and offered to prove to the editors that she was just as

I T ALL happened when Bill Fields, who sports the only double begonia beak in Hollywood, and Greg LaCava, who directs with beer and banter, (his latest being “Private Worlds”), got on a train one week-end to get away from it all in Santa Barbara. When Mr. LaCava tapped on Mr. Fields' compartment the next morning he found a very, very wrinkled Mr. Fields sitting on the side of his berth and morosely drinking very black coffee. Mr. Fields was quite sad about it all; he couldn't change his shirt because he had forgotten his luggage; in fact, he couldn't even get off in Santa Barbara because quite inadvertently he had gotten on the Chief bound for Chicago. Mr. LaCava sat right down in the wash basin, which is a neat trick, and had fits and convulsions.

And that, you dear wretches, is how Hollywood became irresponsible-conscious. Bill and Greg, having nothing to do until the train reached Albuquerque, decided to organize the Fits and Convulsions Club with the oddest rules and by-laws. Such as, there are four vice-presidents, but nobody knows who the president is. There is a fine of twenty dollars for any member caught

Bill Powell and Jean Harlow.

International

Charles and Elsa Laughton, right.

Acme

Carole Lombard, Jessica and Dick Barthelson, Robert Riskin.

CUT-UPS!

The Mad,
Merry Set!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Charter Member of the Irresponsibles

I discussed the Biblical Cleopatra and Mr. Whosis seemed rather impressed. It wasn't until several days later that it came to me that Cleopatra isn't in the Bible. I was thinking all the time of a couple of other girls, Sheba and Salome.

So as a distinctly upper-class nut I now take the privilege of naming my own favorite mad, merry Irresponsibles. When it comes to insanity-with-humor they don't make them any madder than the Bob Montgomerys and the Chester Morisses. Recently when the Al G. Barnes Circus was in town Bob and Betty and Chester and Sue went to the opening performance and cracked peanuts, which were staler than their jokes, and had a swell time.

After the performance Bob said, "Let's stare for a change," so they took in all the freak side-shows and finally wound up "back-stage" with the manager and the troupe. "Gee," said Chet "I'd certainly like to be in a circus. You guys have much more fun than we do."

So the genial manager took the hint and invited the four of them to come down at seven the following night and rehearse for the evening's (Continued on page 95)
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The Mad,
insane as anybody else. Such goings-on! The whole town reeked with irresponsibility. A sane person was treated like a leper. If you weren’t quite mad you just didn’t belong; indeed, you couldn’t be one of the Right People on the Left Bank.

Well, just as you suspected, your Auntie Bess was on the original list of eligibles for Fits and Convulsions, neatly sandwiched in between Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess, lucky girl. Two things, well, many things, I have done in Hollywood made me definitely eligible. There was the night I took Claudette Colbert down to the RKO Hill Street theatre to a preview. There was a crowd of newspaper folk around and it took me several minutes to get the preview tickets, but I got them and blithely started into the theatre when I bumped right smack into Claudette. “Hello, Claudette,” I said quite surprised, “I didn’t know you were coming tonight!”

And there was the very formal and dull dinner party during the recent censorship crisis when I had to sit next to a big shot censor from the East, who confidentially informed me with the fish that he thought something would have to be done about DeMille’s “Cleopatra.” “But you can’t do anything about ‘Cleopatra,’” I said quite aggrieved, “it’s in the Bible.” And for hours

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H. G. WELLS, world-renowned author of some of this century's most famous books, declares:

That he intends to devote himself in future only to motion pictures.

That he will write no more books.

That he doesn't believe either of his novels which have already been filmed received proper treatment, although he has great hopes for his book now in production in the British studios.

That no movie version of a famous book can be truthful and faithful unless the author himself is present to supervise production.

That while England is not likely to produce better films than America, Elstree will nevertheless give Hollywood a good battle.

That the movies, if properly handled, can become the greatest instrument of cultural education the world has ever known.

Such were the statements made by the elusive Mr. Wells in his cabin aboard the S.S. Bremen, just before it steamed out into New York Harbor, to carry its famous passenger back to Europe after his month's visit to this country.

"No, I am not going to write any more books," said the moustached Mr. Wells in his thin, high-pitched, slightly British-accented tones. "I intend to concern myself in future only with moving pictures.

"Not many of my books have been filmed," he went on, in gruff, friendly fashion, "but I am not the least bit satisfied with what has been done with those two which have been produced in pictures. If you want to know, I think 'The Island of Dr. Moreau' as a film was terrible—terrible! You can print that, if you want to," he added courageously.

"My story of the mad scientist who tried to convert wild animals into creatures that walk and talk like human beings—my story was handled miserably. With all respect to Charles Laughton, who is a splendid actor, and to the others concerned in the making of this moving picture, which I believe you Americans re-titled 'The Island of Lost Souls,' I must say that it was handled with a complete lack of imagination.

"The translation from the book to the film was so free that it might almost have been another story. The characters were not true. The horror element, for which
Famed Author, for the First Time,
Tells You What He Thinks About
Pictures, Particularly Those
Filmed from His Own Books

By
Pearl Katzman

I have never particularly aimed, pre-
vailed throughout. No subtlety was used
in the creation of the dreadful atmos-
phere. The whole thing was so ridicu-
ously obvious that I must repeat—it was
miserable.

"The Invisible Man" was better—
technically. It was more exactly as I
conceived it. The casting, the acting,
the mood, the supervision—very good."

Wells was pleased with the excellent
trick photography employed to present a picture of
apparently empty clothes walking and moving. Claude
Rains' voice, dominating the production, carried a sin-
ister note which helped the tone of the film considerably.
The minor characters too, Wells thought, were nicely
cast. Una O'Connor and Forrester Harvey offered
good characterizations of innkeepers in a true English
countryside.

"Yes," the author admitted, "The Invisible Man" was
better—but even that was not what it should have
been.

"And no film can be produced correctly unless the
author of the book is present to supervise production.
Until this is permitted, producers will never learn how
to make a faithful reproduction of a novel."

Wells' reason for holding this opinion is that the au-
thor is the individual who conceived the story and the
characters. He has a definite, clear picture in his mind
of exactly how each character looks, acts, speaks. But
the words he has used in presenting these mind pictures
often produce another photograph in the reader's mind.
Thus to every reader is presented a picture which is
modified by his own understanding of the description,
and qualified by his own experiences. So it is impossible
to get a true picture of the characters as they were meant
to be, except through the author himself. He alone has
the right to select their living prototypes, since he is
their creator.

"In England, they are beginning to permit us authors
to supervise production of our own works. You will
notice that the pictures being produced over there are
infinitely better than they used to be. Shaw has super-
vised some of the film treatments of his volumes. I
similarly have been permitted to supervise production
of the film, 'One Hundred Years From Now', which is
based on my novel, 'The Shape of Things to Come.'"

This film, directed by Korda for London Films, is
being produced with the greatest secrecy. It is to be re-
leased here through United Artists, some time next fall.

"No," Wells answered my next question, "I would
not rather have my books filmed in England.
It doesn't matter to me where they are
filmed, if they receive proper treatment. They
will never be handled properly, however, unless
I am present on the set to supervise back-
grounds and characterizations.

"Do I think English films will ever surpass
American films? Well—no-o-o. No. But we'll
run you a pace—we'll run you a pretty pace."
He looked up with a smile. "Do you know that
phrase—run you a pace?"

"You mean, they'll give us a battle?" I asked.

"Yes—run you a pace. But I do not believe
English films will ever surpass those produced
in California. Hollywood is beautiful, colorful.
Hollywood has sunshine. Hollywood has hun-
dreds of your vivid, charming American girls.
If you permit English films to surpass yours, it
will be no one's fault but your own."

As to the cultural value of motion pictures,
Wells believes that the (Continued on page 70)
Glamor Girl

A new novel in which the author of "Grand Hotel" captures the tense drama that pulses behind Hollywood's studio walls

By Vicki Baum

The Story So Far

Stella Harrison, just turned sixteen, slender, fair-haired and with eyes of an ice-gray color, arrives breathless and bewildered at the Monarch Film Studios, answering a summons by phone from her sister Betty, an extra player, to come quickly. Somewhere, at some time in the past, Stella had been seen by Morrison, the casting director, who orders Betty to have her sister come to his office right away. Morrison has been commanded to find, and find quickly, a girl that is young, fresh, lovely, the very picture of innocence, to play the leading role in a new Monarch production to be directed by the company's ace director, Stewart. Morrison and Driscoll, author of the forthcoming production, eye Stella critically, and still await word from Stewart that the director will see the girl Morrison says is made to order to play the new part. Now read on:

PART II

D RISCOLL was circling about Stella again—legs, back, head, forehead, eyes.

"Sort of a dollish nose," he frowned critically.

Morrison fixed him with a cold stare. "You would find something to bleat about, you four-eyed ram."

"The point is," Mecklenburg murmured, "can she act?"

"Did you ever," inquired the casting director with elaborate politeness, "know anyone who could act, to begin with?" His gaze wandered back to the girl. "She's got eyes, anyway."

"She's got eyes all right," the others agreed, after which they all stood and stared at Stella again—Stella who was wondering vaguely what they'd expected her to have instead of eyes—Stella who had begun to sweat so that the bridge of her nose was beaded like a slumbering infant's with delicate drops of pearly moisture—Stella who had locked her trembling fingers together and was doing her best to look like Greta Garbo.

"Listen, darling—" Morrison spoke coaxingly, encouragingly, as to a timid young colt. "We're going to take you down to see Mr. Stewart, and we want you to make a hit with him. Try to get a little expression into your face—little feeling, know what I mean? Try to imagine—let's see—can you imagine, for instance, that you're standing under a blossoming apple-tree?—it's spring, you see? and here's an apple-tree with all the pretty white flowers on it, and you're here under it. Go ahead, try it!"

He sprang back three steps, narrowed his eyes to gain distance and perspective—and Stella tried it. She tried her level best. The blossoming apple-trees in her life had been few and far between. One spring a neighbor had taken them out toward Bakersfield to see the flowers, but her most vivid memories of that occasion had to do with a row, because her father, (who had been alive then), was drunk. And Aunt Caroline had an apple-tree in her backyard—but such a tiny one—no higher than her breast—inauditorily her eyes dropped to her breast and she sighed. The eyes of the three men fol-
loved hers—to the faint, shallow rise and fall of the young bosom.

"Well," decided Morrison finally, not altogether encouraged by his protegee's attempts at expression, "all that'll come later."

Stewart had promised to take a look at the girl at 2:30. It was 4:20, however, before he finally got around to it. Meantime Stella did what all movie people do—she waited. Morrison sat her down in a corner of the stage where for a while she watched wide-eyed, as long periods of feverish, apparently aimless activity were followed by brief intervals of tense silence when no one, it seemed, save the brilliantly lighted actors on the set dared do more than breathe. Betty had left her to go to another stage where the Salvation Army scene was being shot. With a whispered: "Do your darndest kid—it's your big chance," she had pressed a painted kiss on the cheek of the astonished Stella—who was wholly unaccustomed to such demonstrations—and run off. Stella sat and waited—heard orders yelled, an orchestra playing, trills practised, arguments shouted back and forth—and waited; saw scaffoldings, dazzling arc-lights, little bungalow dressing-rooms, the legs of workers—and waited. At first her heart pounded madly, then she began feeling a little faint. "If I could only have a drink," she kept moaning to herself, afraid to ask, afraid to move, afraid to go to the commissary. Besides, she had no money for such extravagances as Coca Cola. Finally, in the midst of the clamor and shouting, as she was figuring just what she'd do if she could make a hundred dollars at one shot, she drowsed off.

"This is the kid," said Morrison to Stewart at 4:20. "Feels right at home, doesn't she?" Stewart observed. "Wake up, sister."

Raising her gold-fringed lids, Stella saw first a pair of long, long canvas trousers, then a sweater above it, and above that Mr. Stewart's face—a face that looked tired but neither friendly nor hostile.

"Well?" asked Morrison, hope and suspense struggling for the upper hand in his voice.

Stewart described a half circle about Stella. "Hmm," he said. Stella was still cowering in her corner. Somehow belatedly she remarked that this was her big chance and stood up, running her tongue rapidly over her pink lips to moisten them—a trick (Continued on page 79)
Will Rogers’ Cinematic Life Story  

"Off-the-record" revelations about the public and private life of America’s homespun hero  

By James M. Fidler  

THE stork ushered into the screen world, during the year 1919, a husky infant named Will Rogers. He was born with a wad of gum in his mouth, plus the proverbial silver spoon. Rumor has it that he also carried a polo mallet, perched like a pencil behind his ear.

Will literally arrived to the accompaniment of a whistling chorus, because in his second picture, (his first was hardly important enough to merit considerable attention), he characterized a whistling, good-natured hobo. This picture was “Jubilo”; the first was “Almost a Husband.” The movies were silent in those days, so theatre orchestras everywhere employed whistlers to create the sound while the screen character portrayed by Rogers went through the action of whistling. This was the birth of theme music in theatres; the song “Jubilo” was the theme employed by orchestras that accompanied the picture.

Rogers was initially brought to Hollywood for “Almost a Husband” by that picker of many stars, Samuel Goldwyn. (The producer was then president of the Goldwyn Film Corporation; later he sold his interests, and subsequent mergers brought about the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization.) Will came straight from Broadway, where for five years he had been a sensation in the Ziegfeld Follies. Mrs. Rex Beach, wife of the noted author, was responsible for Goldwyn’s action; it was she who first described in Will possible screen talents.

"Jubilo" did not quite catch on with the public, after "Almost a Husband" had proven a flop. Somehow, Will’s humor didn’t register in title form; all the dry, piercing wit that had established him as a favorite of the New York stage was lost in silent pictures. But his contract with Goldwyn forced him, at times against his better judgment, to remain in Hollywood, and during the next year he made “Doubling for Romeo” and “The Strange Boarder.”

He had a queer hobby in those days. He kept goats and horses in the vacant lot back of the studio! Lunch
hours and between scenes, he would mingle with his
dumb friends. Now goats are noted for one thing—
odor. Many a lovely young actress and fastidious actor
sniffed audibly when Rogers returned from his meander-
ings among those back-lot pals.
He liked "Doubling for Romeo" the best of all his
earlier films. He says of it:
"Doubling for Romeo" was about a cow-hand who
went to sleep and dreamed he was the Shakespearean
hero. I liked my work a lot, but the company had a sales
convention at the studio, and though I thought the picture
was funny, nobody laughed. I was nearly heart-broken.
I felt I was a flop, and I was ready to quit."
He didn't quit. Although Goldwyn failed to exercise
his option on Rogers, Hal Roach decided that Will would
be a natural in two-reel comedies, so he offered a con-
tract that the comedian accepted. This was in 1922, and
for the next several months Will was engaged in making
people laugh via short comedies.
"We had a terrible time persuading Rogers to do any-
thing that bordered on slapstick," Roach says. "He be-
lieved he wasn't the type for heavy burlesque, and we
had to battle with him to introduce 'gags.'"
"The funniest situation we ever had with him was the
time he played the role of a cowboy on a dude ranch.
Supposedly, the ranch was owned by a society woman
who wanted her cow-hands to dress for afternoon tea.
Rogers drew a pair of golf knickers for his costume,
and he arrived at the studio wearing these knickers and a
pair of suspenders to hold them up. A scene was being
made showing Will with a cup of tea in one hand and a
plate of cake in the other, when the suspenders broke!
What a time he had for the next few minutes, trying to
keep those pants up! The cameras kept grinding, and
the result was an uproariously funny sequence that made
the picture."
During this period of Rogers' cinematic life, he intro-
duced Hal Roach to polo. Rogers lived in Beverly Hills,
and he had a small practice field beside his home. There
Will and his friends would gather on Sundays, to ride,
rope, and knock polo balls around. People from every
walk of life—United States Senators to out-of-work
Oklahoma cowboys—were always welcome, and they in-
variably mixed as man to man. "Rogers saw to that. He
had, (and has), no use for snobs.
People have said that Will (Continued on page 91)
Mister!

First domestic close-up of Hollywood’s happiest "young marrieds," Lew and Ginger Rogers Ayres, by the writer who knows them best.

SEEMS funny to call Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres "Mister and Missus." Now, don’t misunderstand me! They are very much Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres, all right; but they have refused to grow up otherwise.

Of course, they have taken a new home in Beverly Hills. It is larger and more elaborate than the hillside house Lew occupied prior to his marriage. Naturally, they did not remain in that house, because that is where Lola Lane and Lew spent their honeymoon and subsequent few months of wedding life.

In Ginger, Lew has found the perfect complement to his own design for living. Lola Lane was entirely too social for Ayres, who likes to stay at home amidst a small circle of friends. He doesn’t enjoy meandering around after dark. Lola does, and that difference was often a stormy area in the matrimonial sea upon which they had embarked.

Ginger and Lew like the same things. Informal parties at home. Comfortable clothes. A paucity of night life. They enjoy bowling, tennis, ping-pong, week-ends in the mountains, games of all kinds. Several nights every week, they go to bowling alleys, ping-pong courts or such informal places.

They are inordinately fond of music, and they welcome every opportunity to attend the Hollywood Bowl symphonies, the Los Angeles operas, musical concerts, and such occasions of fine music. This mutual enjoyment extends into their home; they don’t suffer the Mr. and Mrs. Average Family’s quibbles over what radio program to tune in—if there is fine music on the air, they both want to hear it.

They live modestly. They employ only two servants, a colored couple. Ginger and Lew drive their own cars, two modestly priced coupes. The wear and tear on their clothes is unimportant, because as a rule Ginger dons sport or house pajamas, while Lew lounges at his best in flannel trousers, open-neck shirt, and, if the weather is chilly, sweater. Of course, on those occasions when they do “step out social,” they dress correctly. There are no two young people in Hollywood who can wear clothes with more nonchalance and proper poise and carriage than Ginger and Lew.

They are both money-wise; they realize that dollars do not grow on trees. A portion of every dollar they earn goes "into the sock." Safe and sane investments get these dollars. Ginger and Lew are content to achieve financial independence moderately fast; getting rich quick does not interest or fool them.

Household or business expenditures that entail more than ordinary sums of money are discussed seriously between them. Of course, they don’t call a consultation every time they want to make personal expenditures, because they earn separately and neither questions the other’s method of spending his or her own salary. Only on their community invest-
ments or like expenses do they confer.

They live for fun; not for artificial excitement. Most of their weeks follow the same general pattern. I mean, they don't live a very varied life. This week they may bowl on Monday, for instance, and next week they may bowl on Wednesday, and the week following they may not bowl until Friday, but it is a safe wager that they will bowl at least one time during every week. So, with other habits. Now that this has been explained, let me guide you through a typical Rogers-Ayres week:

Monday: If Sunday was a very active day, Monday night will likely be quiet. There may be a friend or two for dinner, strictly informal. Or perhaps

![Ginger Rogers](image)

Lela Rogers, Lew's mama-in-law, (and such a nice one!), will adorn their board. Nothing more exciting than music succeeds dinner. Lew has a library of fine phonograph recordings by the world's most famous symphonic orchestras, and the chances are, if you call on a Monday, you will hear Stokowski render a brilliant suite.

Tuesday: Ah, the Ayreses rested on Monday; tonight they are ready to go places! Since one night of this "sample week" is to be devoted to bowling, why not Tuesday? Their favorite alley is in Beverly Hills, not far from their home. Once I accused them of choosing their particular house because of the proximity of that bowling alley.

Ginger is a good bowler; if she had more time to practice, she might be an expert. Occasionally she beats Lew. When that happens, he turns all shades of red, tries a little too hard, and consequently fails to bowl his best. You see, Lew is of the old school that believes it is actually indecent for a woman to defeat a man at any sport.

They rarely bowl alone. Gary and Sandra Shaw Cooper, Janet Gaynor, Bruce and Adrienne Ames Cabot, Andy Devine, Johnny Weissmuller and sometimes the excitable Lupe Velez, have all become bowling fans, perhaps due to Lew's enthusiasm. Movie fans, in search of autographs are overlooking real opportunity when they fail to visit that bowling alley on Wilshire boulevard in Beverly Hills —Lew or Johnny or Gary will likely kill me for this revelation.

Wednesday: One night each week is devoted to a general "drop-in" party. Nobody dresses for the occasion. Ginger and Lew simply say to a few friends, "Come around to the house tonight." Those friends bring along an acquaintance or so. Sports pajamas and old clothes are the order of dress. If the gang comes for dinner, food is served buffet. Usually, the group includes Phylis Frazer, (Ginger's cousin), Ben Alexander, Andy Devine, (one of Lew's intimates for years), Gary Hollywood, Russell Gleason, and a few others not so closely identified with the movies. Kid games are the order of the evening. Marathon tiddledy-winks, for example, (Continued on page 74)
Marion Davies
“Page Miss Glory” Contest!

Prizes for your ideas! Create the world’s most alluring girl by blending the loveliest features of Hollywood’s entrancing stars in one adorable composite beauty!

RULES OF THIS CONTEST

1. Fill out coupon (either the one printed on opposite page, or the coupon published in connection with the first step of the contest in SCREENLAND for June, 1935, the previous issue). After you have selected the nine stars you nominate to supply the features requisite to create the Most Beautiful Composite Girl, and entered their names in the spaces allotted on the coupon, write an essay detailing your reasons for the selections made; essay not to exceed 200 words as outlined on opposite page. Retain both the coupon and your essay. The August issue of SCREENLAND, on sale June 25, 1935, will contain the third and final step. Then mail your entry covering the complete contest. Judges of the contest are: Mr. Mervyn LeRoy, famous Warner Bros. director; Mr. Charles Sheldon, noted artist; Miss Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND.

2. This contest will close at midnight, July 24, 1935.

3. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Mail entries to: Marion Davies Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRIZES


3 THIRD PRIZES: (small) Atwater-Kent Radios.

15 FOURTH PRIZES: Electric Toasters.

50 FIFTH PRIZES: Helena Rubinstein Compacts.

100 SIXTH PRIZES: Hostess Sets.

100 SEVENTH PRIZES: Subscriptions to SCREENLAND Magazine.

Pictured, above, is the first prize in our Marion Davies Contest: Auburn New 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan. Approximate retail value $1800.00. Includes extra wheels and de luxe equipment.
Second step of a great contest! Enter now! Join in the fun!

HERE is the most fascinating challenge to your ideas of feminine beauty and your knowledge of screen stars. Prizes of extraordinary value await the practical application of your very own conception of how the world's most beautiful Composite Girl can be created by blending in one adorable creature the loveliest features of nine of Hollywood's most alluring screen stars. You simply name the stars whose individual features you consider the most beautiful, entering each name, opposite the feature indicated, on the blank below. Thus you suggest the elements which would produce the Composite Girl; selecting, let us say as an example, Jean Harlow, or Kay Francis, to supply the hair; Garbo or Hepburn, for the eyes; Dietrich or Del Rio, for the legs; and so on.

At the right is a photograph which may serve to spur your imagination. But, remember, there are no restrictions as to which nine stars you select to supply the required features. You are absolutely free to pick any nine stars whose features you believe would blend to make the most beautiful Composite Girl, made up of the hair, eyes, nose, mouth, arms, hands, hips, legs and feet that are the most beautiful you have seen on the screen.

That is the first step. The second step is equally simple. Simply write not more than 200 words, setting forth your reasons for the selections you have made.

As an aid to your best creative efforts in making your selections, we suggest you read the interesting fictionization of "Page Miss Glory," currently appearing in SCREENLAND, since the plot of this romantic screen-play revolves about a Composite Girl, and serves as Marion Davies' first starring vehicle under her new Warner Bros. contract. In addition to its interest as absorbing fiction soon to be seen in action on the screen, "Page Miss Glory" may give you background and stimulate ideas which will enable you to make the most of your ability to create the Most Beautiful Composite Girl. Then watch for the next issue, containing the third and final contest step and the conclusion of the story of "Page Miss Glory."

Above, some beauties you might select to make the Composite Girl—but you needn't restrict yourself to these particular stars for your composite.

My selections to make up Hollywood's Composite Girl are as follows:

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What happens when an every-day girl suddenly finds herself famous? Read this story of unexpected romance that is always waiting just around the corner for all of us.

Loretta, the chambermaid (Marion Davies), actually meets the object of her affections, Bingo Nelson, the famous aviator (Dick Powell).

Click Wiley (Pat O'Brien), hears the radio announcement of the winner of the beauty contest and learns that she is his candidate, "Dawn Glory."

Resume of Preceding Chapter:
Loretta, (played by Marion Davies), a small-town girl who came to New York in search of a job, finds herself involved in unexpected happenings when she finds employment as a chambermaid in one of Manhattan's great hotels. Click Wiley, (Pat O'Brien), a smart promoter, and his pal, (Frank McHugh), enter a composite photograph, blending the loveliest features of famous screen stars, in a contest to find the Most Beautiful Girl. Loretta's dream hero, Bingo Nelson, (Dick Powell), the famous aviator, a friend of Click's, drops in, sees the photograph of the composite girl, whom Wiley has christened "Dawn Glory," and promptly falls in love with her, while Loretta worships him from afar. Bingo, about to take off on another hazardous flight, takes a photograph of "Dawn Glory" with him for inspiration. Meanwhile Click awaits the radio announcement which will tell him if his creation, "Dawn Glory," wins the contest.

PART II

The suspense of a soldier rooted in a muddy trench anticipating the zero hour was as nothing to the travail Click went through waiting for the radio to disclose his fate.

"Remember, there's no better aid to beauty than the regular habit of taking Nemo Yeast . . ."

The clipped British accent of the announcer that had come to him in some mysterious manner by way of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., droned on as casually as though three people's lives were not hanging in the balance. Another moment would tell if all of them, Click and Ed and Gladys, would be deposited unceremoniously in front of the Park-Regis Hotel with their luggage held as hostage—or if they would be in the money again.

"And now the winner of the beauty contest and the twenty-five hundred dollar prize . . ."

A second that somehow embraced an eternity and Click dropping from the top of the Empire State Building and soaring
Click coached Loretta and she repeated the words: "This is Dawn Glory speaking. I'm the happiest girl in the world today!"

Loretta went around in a dream, her thoughts in the clouds with Bingo. And then she read that he was safe; and that he gave "Dawn Glory" credit as his inspiration. The beautiful dream was over!

To Bingo, "Dawn Glory" was real, as real as moonlight and stars and Spring—in short, he loved her!

up again and Ed's mouth contorted in a sick grin and Gladys swallowing her gum in her excitement. And then the casual voice of the announcer again.

"... Goes to Miss Dawn Glory in care of her guardian, Mr. Daniel Wiley!"

The glamorous girl of the composite photograph had turned into Lady Luck. Dawn Glory, the girl who had never been born, had sent them all skyrocketing into a fortune!

But to Bingo, Dawn Glory was real, as real as moonlight and stars and Spring. The first time he looked at her pictured loveliness it was as if he had heard her voice and her laugh. By the time he reached the airport it was as if he had held her in his arms and known the flower smoothness of her cheek; as if he had felt her heart beat against his own.

"Who's the gal, Bingo?" asked one of the reporters covering the take-off of the plane that was flying the life-giving serum to the Alaskan Quadruplets.

"Dawn Glory. My sugar." Bingo took another ecstatic look at the photograph stuck on his windshield. "She'll be waiting for me when I come back. And listen, you guys, she reads the papers. Put in that I love her, will you?"

"Yeah!" One of the newspapermen laughed sardonically. "We'll end your obituary that way. You really think you're coming back from this flight? You're committing suicide!"

"If you had her to come back to would a blizzard stop you?" Bingo demanded as he threw a kiss towards the picture. "She's my good-luck charm. S'long, boys." He smiled impudently as he slammed the door. "Next stop, Alaska!"

Loretta had that quick glimpse of (Continued on page 87)
STRANGE goings-on in Hollywood these days, mates!

The eyes of American movie stars are turned East, not West, for the first time. Beverly Hillbillies are buying new luggage, tuning up their broad-A's, getting used to toasted scones, and practising that crook of the little finger which denotes real class over the tea-pot.

For a great mass movement of native movie actors on London is under way. The tide flows back again. Where once we used to receive a daily shipload of monocled mummers from Blightly, now we are transporting a huge herd of our best and fairest film folk to perfidious Albion, F.O.B. the Brown Derby.

This terrific trek, this horrendous hegira can be laid at the door of one Mr. Michael Balcon, Mickey to his pals and a walking ticket-office to our film actors. Mr. Balcon, an English film spy in the pay of Gaumont-British Pictures, has been thrusting through Hollywood like a naked sword, cutting off stars right and left.

The boy from Britain is a fast talker, and his foun-
tain pen is always full of ink. Before they could scream feebly for help, he had signed up Boris "Boo!" Karloff, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Dix, with other precincts still to report; and one by one they are being ferried across the Atlantic to labor in the movie studios of Gaumont-British—situated in Shepherd's Bush, twenty minutes from London.

I essay that within six months' time our American stars will be in London, and the lads and lassies from Britain will be in Hollywood—thus setting up that perfect artistic state of Hams Across the Sea. At any rate, this is what Balcon has done, and the reason for his fiendish body-snatching is not obscure. Gaumont-British, releasing sixteen films in the States this season, discovered that British movie names do not draw tuppence ha'penny at our box-offices. Inasmuch as they hope to peddle another sixteen to our peasantry next year, it behooves them to stud their movies with names we know and like. Hence the dispatch of Michael Balcon to Hollywood—check-book, pen, and gift o' gab.

So tearful ta-tas are being said in Hollywood. Papa is leaving Mama, Mama is being torn from the tots by the ruthless hand of this Balcon. They face a long, cruel journey (first class), across the tossing Atlantic, and a long term of penal servitude in the film foundries of The Motherland.

True, this tragedy of shattered homes has its sunnier side. Some of our actors are going to get their sticky hands on a mass of these nice British Pounds Sterling, about which we hear such nice things. Inasmuch as for many years our British cousins have been coming over here and grudgingly accepting huge wads of our mere dollars, it is quite jolly to think of some benighted Yanks poking their paddies into the British jam-pot!

But what of our friends, these dear actors who are going on that long, dangerous trip into the Unknown, alone—save for mothers, maids, and valets?

The other day, eluding the vigilant body-guards of Gaumont-British, I obtained, at great personal risk, an interview with one of the very (Continued on page 66)
He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter... ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars... if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breathtaking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.
WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?

We're Showing You Here! First, The Gay New Garbo!

Greta is a girl again! In her new picture, "Anna Karenina," she plays at croquet and coquetry and charms us as of old. Close-ups show her with Freddie Bartholomew, who plays her son; and with Fredric March, her leading man.
Crawford and Company!

See Joan and Bob filming a dancing love scene, aided by director, cameramen, extras. Then new close-ups with the stars.
Generous Joan shares her glory with Bob Montgomery, Edna Mae Oliver, Franchot Tone and Charlie Ruggles
Presenting the New Hepburn!

Cyclonic Kate, the pride of Hartford and the terror of Hollywood, has a grand new leading man, Charles Boyer; and a brand new personality!

The inspiring new hero of screenland's most hectic heroine: left, Charles Boyer, the fine French actor who plays opposite Hepburn in "Break of Hearts," below.

Alex Kahle
Cake and candy for the members of the cast! Katharine was in high good humor while making this new picture, as the picture at right proves.

Comedy scenes such as you see below brighten the poignant drama of "Break of Hearts," in which Charles Boyer and Hepburn appear as honeymooners.

When two such potent personalities and powerful troupers as Hepburn and Boyer combine their talents in a single picture, watch out! "Break of Hearts" presents a more human Hepburn and a more menacing Boyer.
LOOKS as if he likes it! Well, it's only the name of his picture, which co-stars Kay Francis, left, and gives George a cherished chance to break out of the drawing-room and into the open.
Warner Baxter in the Most Beautiful Still of the Month

"Under the Pampas Moon" provides Baxter with a colorful part as picturesque as his memorable "Cisco Kid." His leadwoman is the piquant French actress, Ketti Gallian, shown at the right.
Del Rio DANCES!

Of all the Raft of "Valentino boys," it looks to us as if Don Carlos, shown here with Del Rio, is the most promising candidate for Latin glory.

Don Carlos, elevated from the chorus to the coveted job of Dolores' dancing partner, shown below with the star and director Busby Berkeley.
"In Caliente" she's at her loveliest, and—attention, girls!—Dolores discovers another "new Valentino"

All Photographs Made Exclusively on the "Caliente" Set for Screenland by Bert Longworth, Warner Bros.

The Mexican beauty is the latest star to burst forth into song and dance. "In Caliente" is a colorful musical show with chorus numbers and all.

Below, Dolores in a scene with the singer, Phil Regan, the ex-Brooklyn policeman whose picture career is furthered in his new role.
Love Time in Picture Town!


Hollywood's cutest perennial co-ed: Arline Judge, the heroine of "College Scandal."

Exclusive photographs Eugene Robert Richee Hol A. McAlpin, Paramount

Wendy will win him over! Next scene will show Johnny Downs cheered up.

Arlene and Eddie Nugent demonstrate the value of the higher education.
Pity poor Paul Lukas! To earn his meager salary he must make love all day to Madge Evans. It's a hard life these movie actors lead! The scene below is from "The Age of Indiscretion."

Ah, me! What exquisite boredom is suffered by Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall, as they enact the love scene, above, for "The Flame Within." Strange — these scenes look so much like the real thing on the screen, too.

They Call This Work, in Hollywood!

Well, this is more like it! John Boles and Dixie Lee really seem to be enjoying their work in "Redheads on Parade." Mrs. Bing Crosby becomes a redhead just for this Fox picture. Mr. Boles flatly refused to dye for his art.
Nautical

But Oh, So Nice

Only Carole Lombard could wear this perfectly crazy hat, but isn’t it fun? Count on Carole for the very latest—see, below, her white linen beach coat. A long coat for the beach is high summer style.

William Walling, Jr.

Smart and salty! Patricia Ellis, above, sounds the nautical note with the small sailor collar and rope-trimmed belt of her white and navy frock. See the chain trimming on the circular jabot.

Margaret Lindsay, right, achieves crisp chic in her white sports dress. High fashion notes: the brown wooden buttons right down the front; the patch pockets; the brown and white dotted scarf.

Scotty Welbourne
Jean Parker, left, simply shimmers in her smart new swim suit of black cellophane, with its demure round neck in front, and a low sun-tan back.

Study in chartreuse! Mary Carlisle, right, wears a new heavy rib suit in chartreuse with deep green trimming. The multi-strand straps and the braided belt are of fashion interest.

Down to the Sea in Cellophane!

Look to Hollywood Belles—and a Beau—for the Latest Beach Fashions

Sun Fun!

The bathing suits worn by Miss Jean Parker, Miss Mary Carlisle, and Johnny Weissmuller, M-G-M stars, are by B.V.D.

Johnny Weissmuller selected this suit he is wearing here, of navy blue and white.
Cagney Cleans Up!

Both in his new characterization and at the box office! For in his latest film, "G-Men," the ex-Public Enemy becomes the Public Defender, and audiences who came to cringe remain to cheer. On the side of right, Jim still packs the meanest wallop in pictures!
He-Man of Song!

Nelson Eddy tells what happens when a concert artist goes in the movies

By Tom Kennedy

"I'M NOT good copy! You know, very normal life and all that sort of thing; and that's not the stuff of which headlines are made. Why, I never even fell off a horse!"

Nelson Eddy, a six-footer with a massive, finely formed head set squarely on a pair of husky shoulders, and a voice that's very deep-toned and richly authoritative, was telling us. This brand new star of the screen is one of the most powerfully built actors you ever met, and, tradition of the recital platforms being what a long line of heavily-girthed tenors and baritones have made it, certainly a chap you'd associate with conquests on the football gridiron rather than the concert stage.

Eddy's strapping physique is the first thing that strikes you about his appearance. The second is his very blond coloring—hair that is straw-colored and shot through with strands that are almost lacking in color; very fair complexion; eyes that are of blue and of a light cast but, in contrast to the mane of blond hair, and white skin, they seem rather dark.

Having plenty of what it takes to stand up under hard work is quite an asset for a chap who has been filling one of the busiest concert engagements ever attempted; railroad zig-zag fashion across the East, Middle West and South, since completing his first important picture engagement in "Naughty Marietta."

He didn't seem tired; just relaxing as he sprawled on a green divan and talked about screen acting, concert, opera and radio singing.

"I suddenly find myself being considered an actor," he was saying, "Well, I didn't know I was an actor. I have had lots of experience on the stage doing opera and light opera like Gilbert and Sullivan parts, but that calls for 'broad' treatment, exaggeration of expression and gesture. I was first signed for pictures because of my singing, and nobody in Hollywood looked upon me as a potential actor, which didn't surprise me in the least.

"As a matter of fact, until I made 'Naughty Marietta' very few out there looked upon me as anything, singer or actor. However, when I get back to Hollywood I'm starting from the present, and forgetting the sometimes heart-breaking neglect and lack of any recognition whatsoever. But I improved my time—I studied Russian and added an operatic rôle to my repertoire. Moreover, I guess 'Naughty Marietta' was worth waiting for."

The remarkable thing is that practically the only people who did give Eddy a tumble in Hollywood were those who had to express their respect in terms of cash. That is to say Eddy's champions for two years during which he was practically idle, save for singing a song or so—he did his first for "Dancing Lady"—were the M-G-M chiefs who originally signed him and took up his options as they came along.

(Continued on page 97)
W. C. FIELDS'

Fields in Growth and Bloom! Continuing the Actual Adventures of the Famous Comedian, Whose Real Life Has Been More Fascinating, and Amusing Than Any Fiction

By Ida Zeitlin

LISTENING to Bill Fields talk of his European adventures—just listening to Bill Fields talk, for that matter—is a treat to the ear and spirits. Language—fruity, luscious language, much of it too picturesque for reproduction—rolls effortlessly from his tongue. Hilarious asides pop unexpectedly from his solemn facade. Whether the story ends well or badly for him makes little difference. If anything, he tells the latter with a keener zest. Walking up and down in front of you, his blue eyes now mild, now kindling, he's likely to make you the villain of the piece, turning to glare or even to point an accusing finger at you as his voice mounts to a sonorous climax, then drops into low with some casual absurdity.

"I got acclaim in Europe," he says, "and I got kicked in the pants. I rode the crest and I rode the rails. All right, I didn't ride the rails, but it sounds pretty snappy, doesn't it—?" his tone was aggrieved, "and besides, it gives you the general idea. Tops today, bottoms tomorrow—" he gestured carefully, as one who explains a major problem to a child not altogether bright.

"For instance, I was playin' the Winter Garden in Berlin. I'd played this same Winter Garden before and made a smash hit. This time I didn't get a tumble. My act was as good or better. They just didn't like me. Maybe it was because I followed a horse act. Maybe they figured the horse could've done my tricks better.

"I went from there to Copenhagen—and that reminds me. You know, in the old days all we artists—the word's artist—" he warned me, looking over my shoulder, "be sure you get it down right—all we artists used to hire claquers—a bunch of kids, generally, to start the applause in case the audience went coy on us. Well, one day I went back to pay this claque..."
off, and one of the varmints pipes up: 'Could I have an autographed photo instead of the money?' So I gave him a photo and a pat on the head for interest and told him he'd go far. Not long ago at a Hollywood party, a fellow gets up and starts doi'n' a trick of mine that I hadn't done in years. 'Where d'you learn that?' I asked him. 'In Copenhagen,' he grins, 'when you gave me a photo for clappin' so nice and loud.' It was Carl Brisson. I told him,” said Fields complacently, “that's he'd go far.

“Well, anyway, there I was in Copenhagen. I had a date to go from there to Vienna. It was a whale of a distance, and I asked the agent if he could get the date changed. Not only could he get it changed—wait, I'm not tellin' this right. 'Listen,' he says, 'the Vienna manager caught your act in Berlin, and he didn't like it. Says he'd rather have the horse. Wants to know what you'll take to break your contract.' Hands in his pockets, Fields paused and looked at me as though I'd stolen the last penny from his little tin cup. 'Ever have an experience like that?' he demanded. 'It's an internal earthquake, it's the end of the world, its hell. Here you think you're king of the roost and babies cry for you, and all of a sudden you're a frost. I told 'em I'd take five hundred for the contract, and for two weeks I suffered as I never suffered before.

"But that's not all of it. In Copenhagen I made the biggest hit maybe I'd ever made in my life. Then I looked around for another date and couldn't get one. I wrote letters and I sent cables and for all the good it did me, I could've given my money to a Home for Wayward Crocodiles. I was through. I was dead. I was finished in the whole world. Why? She asks me why! I haven't figured that one out yet, sister.

"So I went to London. I figured maybe if somebody saw me around, it'd give 'em an idea. And I figured right. One day on the street I bump into a manager. 'What're you doin'?' he says. 'Goin' to America,' I told him. 'Got a big contract.' I didn't have a contract and I wasn't goin' anywhere but straight to pot with nerve strain. 'I could use you here,' says this guy. So I put on the high hat. 'I wrote you and I wired you from Copenhagen,' I said. 'Now I'm goin' to America.' "Couldn't you cancel it?" 'Sure I could, but you know they don't pay chicken-feed over there. Raise the ante and give me a 20-week guarantee, and I'll cancel it.' 'I'll give you thirteen,' he says. 'Twenty,' I told him. 'So he gave me twenty and I packed 'em in. And that's the story of this whole cockeyed game in a nutshell.

"But for all my success in London, I couldn't get over bein' cancelled in Vienna. Nuts to Vienna, I kept tellin' myself, but it did me no good, knowin' Vienna'd said nuts to me first. One night the (Continued on page 82)
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Les Misérables—United Artists

Here is the most important motion picture to be seen on the screens today. Darryl Zanuck deserves all our applause for producing Victor Hugo's masterpiece in a magnificent manner. "Les Misérables" is not a picture to be caught as a time-killer; it is a full evening's entertainment, an honest, dignified, impressive effort to bring three generations of theatre-goers into the screen palaces, and to hold them there. Thanks to the painstaking direction and the spirited cast, it succeeds. The saga of Jean Valjean has been translated in terms of robust action, stirring pictures, splendid characterizations. The relentless pursuit of Jean by Javert, from the galleys through the sewers of Paris, to the very end, is conscientiously recorded. The "first phase" of Jean's life interested me most, because of all the actors, next to Frederic March as Jean, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the Bishop was most impressive—a superb performance. Charles Laughton caricatures Javert, making him more eccentric than formidable. Rochelle Hudson is the rather colorless Cosette.

The Scoundrel—Paramount

The most controversial picture of the month! Marking Noel Coward's screen debut, the latest inspiration of wonder-boys Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur is an important contribution to the cinema. (We call it the "cinema" when names like Mr. Coward are involved). "The Scoundrel" is different, I promise you; its flavor is distinctly cosmopolitan, with not a single smack of Hollywood; subtle; sophisticated—yet somehow refreshing, with a definite spiritual quality not hitherto associated with Messrs. Coward, Hecht, or MacArthur. (Could Helen Hayes have been hanging around, I wonder?). As a conscienceless publisher whose motto seems to be "Read 'em and ruin 'em—and run," Mr. Coward gives a stunning performance, unique for its remarkable blend of satire and haunting charm. He breaks hearts right and wrong, but nevertheless manages to capture your sympathy and keep you concerned as to his fate. And such a fate! The story is too good to keep but too tricky to tell. See it. Julie Haydon as a young poetess "published" by Coward is exquisite. She'll go far.

Star of Midnight—RKO-Radio

This is fun! Light, clever, and with that "Thin Man" appeal. Yes—William Powell, none other, again up to his fascinating philandering and smooth sleuthing; and this time with a charming new screen sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, latest of our movie beauties to turn interesting. In fact, this is quite definitely as much Miss Rogers' picture as it is Bill's; and I think from now on the Misses Loy and Harlow will have to look to their laurels if they want to keep Mr. Powell safe on the home lot. "Star of Midnight" presents our William as a shrewd and successful lawyer who becomes involved in a nice, juicy murder mystery because the columnist-corpse chooses the lawyer's apartment to be murdered in. Very thought of him, and our ex-Philip Vance doesn't disappoint. He solves the mystery, but not before he has us all, including Miss Rogers, pretty jumpy with suspense. The dialogue sparkles; the plot is never permitted to intrude too much. And Mr. Powell reminds us that he is, bar none, the most consistently charming man on the screen. Yet he never seems to be working at it—that's art!
MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE: "LES MISERABLES"

MOST UNUSUAL: "THE SCOUNDREL"

MOST EXCITING: "G-MEN"

MOST IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCES:
Fredric March, Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Les Miserables"

MOST CHARMING PERFORMANCE:
Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel"

MOST DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE:
James Cagney in "G-Men"

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH:
Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel"

SWAN-SONG of the Dietrich-von Sternberg star-director team, this picture is a great argument-starter. I'll begin it by saying that for sheer studied beauty it has never been equalled, or even approached, that if the plot had been only half as potent as the photography, "The Devil is a Woman" would go up on the screen scoreboard as the triumph of Dietrich's career instead of, as will probably happen, going down in screen history as the most costly series of still-life portraits ever camera-painted. Then I'll duck. It may be that some of you will be so bored by the mere eye-appeal of this trite tale of the wanton woman whose charms bring men grovelling to her feet, you won't care whether Dietrich is at her most devastating or not; you won't be interested even in Caesar Romero, the new Latin glimpsed all too briefly as Lionel Atwill's rival for Marlene's lush favor. And I can't say I blame you too much. Nevertheless, it seems to me this is worth seeing if only to witness the latest work of Josef von Sternberg, Hollywood's greatest cameraman and the most enchanting close-ups of Marlene.

"RECKLESS" has everything, they tell me. It certainly has—everything except Ken Maynard's horse and Baby LeRoy. But I wish they had given us more scenes of Jean Harlow and Bill Powell like the one in which Jean falls asleep in the hammock while Powell is proposing—more of this, and less of everything. The gorgeous Harlow and the debonair William will win you on their own appeal regardless of the story which makes Bill, a promoter who promotes everything but platinum blondes, take six reels and three musical numbers to awaken to the fact that there's only one girl in the world for him, and she isn't a brunette. Harlow is similarly blind, wading through marriage to a worthless scion of wealth, played by Franchot Tone, and trouble, trouble, and then more trouble before she, too, makes the Great Discovery. A yacht and a tot, a suicide and a Spanish revue interfere with the real fun of watching Powell at his most prankish and Jean at her most piquant. May Robson will amuse you as Jean's grandmammy, and newcomer, Rosalind Russell, shows great charm and promise.

JAMES CAGNEY'S best performance since "The Public Enemy" in the most thrilling melodrama since "Scarface." Strong words? Well, this is a strong picture! "G-Men" sets a terrific pace and maintains it from first reel to last. All the thrills of the most exciting gangster films ever made, but this time with the gangsters on the spot and the Department of Justice men the heroes. Cagney plays a struggling young lawyer who joins the Department mainly to avenge a pal's murder. He discovers how G-Men are trained and toughened; he stands up and takes it; and when he goes forth to get his gangster he makes good. Not, however, before we have witnessed some of the most chillingly thrilling scenes ever recorded: like a candid camera account of notorious high spots in America's crime history, the brutally realistic "G-Men" will appall you even as it holds you spellbound. Cagney is the convincing Cagney of old, forsaking his recent mannerisms and delivering a superb performance. Ann Dvorak is excellent, up to her "Scarface" form.
Clever Footwork!

Hollywood blazes with beauty! Then let Hollywood stars be your beauty guides!

By Josephine Felts

The other day a particularly beautiful girl, named Jean Harlow, walked across the lot of one of the big studios in Hollywood. She was so poised and graceful, with such a gorgeous figure that all eyes turned in her direction.

One of the directors on the lot followed her appraisingly with his eyes. “Clever footwork!” he said quietly.

For this man who has had a great deal to do with the selection of beautiful girls for the screen, knows this deep beauty secret: that the first step toward that free and graceful look that is always young and charming, toward all-round attractiveness of every kind, is to have feet so well shod and well-cared-for that they just never let you down.

Lovely feet today are just as much a part of a beauty ensemble as are “the hands they love to hold.” What is more, they are getting their share of attention. It is an old truism, that feet that hurt put lines in your face. But it is even truer that feet that don’t hurt, feet that are beautiful, strong and capable, are the very basis of beauty.

At two very special times, feet are in the spotlight: in the evening and in summer playtime. In the evening when you sally forth all dressed up in your most fron fron evening gown, you may be either trailing clouds of drapery, if you have gone in for the newest Hindu evening clothes, or you may be picturesque and rustling if taffeta’s your fabric. But no matter what else you wear, you will be pretty sure to have the toelless evening sandal which shows to such good advantage the shining polish you wear on your toes. By the way, have you laid eyes on the new toelless and heelless sandal? I do hope the designers won’t push us too far. We’ll be barefoot next, and liking it!

In summer playtime brilliant toe-nails are going to be the rage. And are we going to have fun at it? Now you may not enthuse over brilliant finger-nails. The man in your life may object. Most men in one’s life do object, so I’ve found to my sorrow, to brilliant polishes on their lady’s hands. But when it comes to toe-nails, you may go right ahead and express yourself. You’ll win only approval. Many a demure little miss is going to surprise everybody by developing a (Continued on page 72)
**Good at Figures!**

Keep fit the gay Mary Boland way! Smart at diet as at dialogue, as smooth in silhouette as in comedy performance, Miss Boland illustrates James Davies' rules for the successful Modern Woman

"**K**EEP Young and Beautiful" is more than a title to a popular song. It's an excellent direction for all women.

Why should a woman slump into homeliness and old age? Youth and beauty can be hers for as long or as short a period as she decides. The catch in it is that she must take time and trouble to preserve what is hers.

I don't mean that any woman can remain a cute little ingénue forever, but she can grow into a pretty adult without becoming a coy and ridiculous person pretending to be a decade younger than she is. She can remain slim and clear-eyed, with muscles and smooth skin.

Perhaps you have just gone on your busy way, never bothering about your figure or a daily routine of exercise, because you "always stayed the same weight, no matter what you ate." Then one day, you happened to look in a shop window, or in a full-length mirror in a hotel, and wondered for an instant who that awful-looking woman was. And it was yourself! Too plump, too stoop-shouldered, double-chinned, thick-waisted. It was a shock, wasn't it?

If you are more than thirty—even, in some cases, not yet thirty—and haven't taken stock of yourself lately, please do it now! Look at yourself critically, weigh yourself, and consult a chart of correct weight. Then, if you're not satisfied with the result promise yourself to do something about it.

We'll say that the scales show excess poundage. Don't try to follow a strenuous reducing diet and go in for violent physical exercises in a desperate endeavor to undo ten years in ten days. Go after the over-weight, but go after it scientifically, carefully. Try the non-fattening menus given with this article for a week, and arrange similar menus of your own for the other weeks in a month. Then make yourself follow a simple routine of exercise night and morning. Dieting alone can't be depended upon to reduce fat from spots where it is most annoying and most noticeable, as in the abdomen, hips, buttocks, upper arms and neck.

In following the diet given here, I'd suggest that you make your salad dressings with mineral oil. Also, if you are a woman who has always had tea or coffee with your meals, you may believe you can't possibly do without a hot drink of some kind, especially for breakfast. In that case, begin by cutting down on the number of cups and the strength of the coffee taken; gradually reduce both; then use one of the coffee substitutes until you can manage without it.

In one of the earlier articles, I mentioned in passing that stretching exercises modeled on those performed by the family cat are wonderful (Continued on page 84)
Lesson in young loveliness with added attraction of Glamor—by Rochelle Hudson, sweetest and smoothest of the screen's baby siren. Rochelle goes quaintly gay with white piqué bonnet and accessories. Her gloves, her handbag—even the flower on her lapel proclaim the high style of piqué.

The gayest gloves ever designed in Hollywood! Miss Hudson wears Rene Hubert's new gauntlet of multi-colored jersey in pastel shades, with jade green predominating.

The Rochelle Hudson you see in the Will Rogers films, right. She can be as demure as this—and as smart as she looks in our other portraits. No wonder she is called Hollywood's cleverest young actress!
Here's to youth with a dash of sophistication, as personified by Hollywood's most exquisite ingénue, and enhanced by Rene Hubert creations.

Only a Frenchman could have created the costume shown at the left! Only a girl as young and glamorous as Rochelle could wear it! The hat is fashioned from natural-colored Italian straw, with chin-band of hand-made straw lace. The gloves are black velvet with cuffs of the lace straw.

Feather finery! Rene Hubert designed for Miss Hudson the tiny hat and matching muff which she is wearing at the left. The feathers are a natural shade, brightened by jade green coque feathers. Note the clip and bracelet.

Beauty in black-and-white! Rochelle's hat takes its theme from those worn by French nuns. The frock of perfectly plain black wool is enlivened with the white piqué jabot.

Rochelle, left, takes excellent care of her young-girl's skin, so that when she reaches the star stage she will never have to worry about her complexion. It will always have that fresh, dewy look.
Here's Hollywood!

Come on along on a news and gossip hunt to the homes and haunts of Screen Town

**KATHARINE HEPBURN** has a habit of working in comfortable, flat-heeled sandals when her feet don't show. Or else she goes entirely shoeless. At any rate, her latest director fell into a habit of saying, at the end of a scene, "Okay, Kate. You may take your shoes off now!"

ON HER return from London, England, Fay Wray described a marked difference between American fans and English fans. In America, she said, fans rush the stars, demanding autographs and nipping buttons, handkerchiefs, and other objects for souvenirs.

"In England, I had a constant escort of boys on bicycles," Fay told friends. "They simply followed our taxi to the studio, theatre, restaurant, or wherever I was going. When we arrived, they merely stood about and smiled until we went inside, and then they went on their way."

**JACK OAKIE** and Clark Gable had themselves a lot of fun while they were on location in Washington for "Call of the Wild." In particularly mellow mood one evening, they decided to buy up all the perfume and toilet water in town.

Oakie finished up with about forty bottles of the stuff. He brought all of it back to Hollywood with him. Gradually, by reason of having several girl friends, Jack is unloading by giving them bottles of perfume. What he calls "smell liquid."

**CANT IT BE LOVE? DEPT.**

THAT little madcap gnashing his teeth over in the corner, is Dan Cupid, angry because the marriage of Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, long supposed to be a happy one, is reported "on the rocks." They were married more than six years ago, and have two lovely children. Dolores retired from the screen right after the wedding, and they seemed to be a refutation of the belief that marriage cannot succeed in Hollywood.

After several false starts, Rosita Moreno and Melville Shafter, studio executive, eloped to Arizona and were married. Mary Astor's husband got his divorce from her within a few days after their separation. He got custody of the child, and she did not enter a counter suit.

Anita Louise and Tom Brown, after a few weeks' separation, made up their minds that other ends and losses may be all right, but not for them. So they've resumed where they left off; another lovers' quarrel that has ended happily. However, their argument did cause them to postpone their secretly contemplated marriage.

Among the "very-regulars," seen at all the places about town at least a few times, are Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond. It is love with Gene, apparently, but Janet maintains indifference; she likes him, just as she likes Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullivan's former husband who is now paying homage to the Gaynor.

Francis Lederer is sparking Mary Anita Loos frenziedly. Arthur Lake is dividing his sweet words between Betty Furness and society-gal Gloria Hatrick. Frances Drake is being seen places with Henry Wilcoxon. Cary Grant is often with that tall socialite with the big bankroll, Janet McLeod.

YOU'VE never know Jackie Cooper. Husky for his age, he is growing to young manhood. Although he is only about thirteen, Jackie is wearing long trousers. Master—or is it now Mister?

—Cooper sprang up like a mushroom, almost over-night. His parents plan to send him away to college, when his screen days as a boy star terminate.

What a combination for rhythm and melody! Irving Berlin, master of song-hits, tinkles a tune he wrote for "Top Hat" while Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire got the swing of it. Note how Ginger dons a topper with dash and eclat.
HE cutest sight in the studios today is Carol Ann Beery, at work in a picture with her father, Wallace Beery. She is the busiest little body in the world. She has her own specially-made make-up kit, and Wally had made for her a tiny dressing-table, an exact miniature of his own, replete with mirrors and baby electric light globes.

MOVIE stars becoming mothers is such a common event nowadays that they rate little more than newspaper mention. A movie star becoming a sister is something else again. In fact, Joan Marsh is about the only screen actress of importance who is to welcome a baby sister. Her father, cameraman Charles Rosher, married a girl about his daughter's age, and the stork is coming soon.

SUMMER has come to Hollywood. You can always tell. Back East, the first robin means spring; out West, when Greta Garbo moves to the beach, that is the inevitable sign. Garbo has given up her city house, and once again she is basking in the sunshine of the beach beside the Pacific. We'll let you know when autumn comes. That'll be when Garbo moves back to Hollywood!

WHY folks go nuts in Hollywood! Because of his performance in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," director Henry Hathaway selected Gary Cooper for the title role in "Peter Ibbetson." "They're both sad parts," was Hathaway's serious explanation.

THOSE three girls who were determined to get Gene Raymond's autograph during his recent personal appearance tour, solved their problem cleverly. They bribed a waitress who was delivering Gene's luncheon to his theatre dressing-room. They took turns wearing the waitress' clothes, and each girl delivered a course. Also, each girl secured an autograph.

FUNNY about Buck Jones. He started in pictures as a double. He enacted dangerous riding stunts for nearly every famous Western star in the movies, and he never got so much as a scratch. But in the first picture of his new series, Buck looked over his shoulder at a gang of pursuing brigands—(character actors; not supervisors)—and walked right off a twenty-five-foot cliff. He sustained cuts, bruises, and a few sprains.

FOX executives raised a fuss because all of the still pictures of Shirley Temple in her new picture showed her with Joel McCrea; there were none with other members of the cast. The execs demanded a reason. In reply, Mr. Winfield Sheehan found on his desk this note: "Temple does not chafe to pose with anyone but Mack Kray. Yours respekted, (Signed) Shirley Temple." (Well, it makes a good story, anyway!)

Named for fame by their studio bosses! Left to right, Gertrude Michael, Gail Patrick, Wendy Barrie, Ann Sheridan, Katherine DeMille and Grace Bradley, young actresses whom Paramount votes its "best bets" for future stardom.
ALL this talk about Hollywood people selling everything because the industry's moving to the East Coast must be hooey,” cracked Jack Oakie. “Look at Garbo. She's smart. And she just bought a new set of tires for her 1928 Rolls.”

A LOVELY newcomer to Hollywood is June Travis, nee Grabiner, whose father is vice-president of the Chicago White Sox, and wealthy. There's a cute story about how she signed a contract. Seems she was swimming at Palm Springs, when a strange man said to her, “How'd you like to go in the movies?” She laughed and waved him aside. “I've heard that story before, mister,” she snapped. But she hadn't; at least, she hadn't heard it quite the same way. The “strange man” happened to be Hal Wallis, a chief executive of Warner Brothers Studio.

PROVING that you can carry a good thing too far, Joan Crawford's studio had to request that she desist in her effort to acquire Hollywood's tannest suntan. Joan's skin was turning so dark that cameramen were having trouble photographing her. Now she has gone on a “sun diet”—one hour of sun a day instead of two and three, as formerly.

(Continued on page 71)

Is Madge Evans about to marry? She has hired a boxing instructor, and takes three lessons weekly... Ben Bernie went on an amateur radio hour; imitated himself—and the listening audience voted him third prize!... James Gleason still has an uncashed three-dollar check; his pay for the first week he ever worked... Ann Harding has been given permanent custody of her child, Jane; ex-husband Harry Bannister has faded from the picture... That angry shout from Hollywood was Ann Sothern; Paul Kelly's dog dug for a bone right in the center of her new garden... Since the removal of his tonsils, Jack Oakie's voice is two tones deeper.

When May Robson was tendered a great part on the occasion of her seventieth birthday, by executives of M-G-M studios, she insisted that Cora Sue Collins be a guest of honor. Cora Sue was seven years old the same day Miss Robson was seventy. May and little Miss Collins each had cakes—May, a large one with three score and ten candles; Cora Sue, a small one with lucky seven candles. In addition, the two “girls” exchanged presents.

Proving that the Farmer is wise! A scene from "The Farmer Takes a Wife," with Janet Gaynor and her new leading man, Henry Fonda, making his screen début.
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**YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW** your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

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ON THE eastern, or what has been laughingly—
(this will kill you)—called the “wrong” end of
New York’s Queensborough Bridge, lies a
sprawling community whose chief distinction,
in those bygone days when Rudolph Valentino ruled as
king of the screen, was that some of the film’s most
famous stars and directors created many of their celluloid epics right in the heart of Astoria, Long Island.

Of course the Paramount studio still stands there.
And occasionally there are sporadic glares of glamor as
when, for example, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur
brought Noel Coward a-motoring over the bridge to act
up in one of their unsupervised productions.

For the most part, however, the old plant lives only
as a monument to a past glory, and one in no way com-
parable with that from which the loyal citizenry glean
even greater pride as townsfolk of the place where Ethel
Merman was born and raised.

With America becoming, to its own joy, Merman-con-
scious, thanks to radio and a promised film, the Astoria
citizens ain’t seen nothin’ yet if they think their town has
received a lot of free publicity because Ethel Merman
has made good.

Broadway has had Ethel Merman tagged as one of the
theatre’s brightest numbers for some time. But that
doesn’t mean what it did once upon a time, when the
stage could put the spotlight of fame on its darlings and
the final deed of national celebrity was forthwith signed,
sealed, and delivered.

But all is not lost! There are still “angles” of show
business which stem entirely from what used to be
known as the Main Stem. And nothing more clearly
proves the point than the present eminence of Ethel
Merman as a star still on the climb of its ascent in the
galaxy of the glorified.

Miss Merman’s present status as a radio star heading
a program that is spotted on the Sunday night hour made
a peak of the week’s radio schedule by Eddie Cantor, and
under contract to play with Cantor in his next Goldwyn
film production, is wholly the outcome of her triumphs
on Broadway.

Thus far the Ethel Merman star seems to have
hovered almost entirely around the Times Square area,
its orbit traveling a narrow course traced by certain def-
inite institutions of show business.

Take the Alvin Theatre in 52nd Street, for example. That
theatre now houses the musical smash hit of the
current stage season, “Anything Goes,” in which Miss
Merman co-stars with William Gaxton and Victor
Moore. Back in 1930 the writer had occasion to stop in at the Alvin stage door. During the transaction of
some brief and probably very inconsequential business,
since it was negotiated entirely in a conversation which
took place on the stairway leading to the dressing-rooms,
the principals of the “Girl Crazy” company filed past on
their way to don make-up for the night’s performance.
Ginger Rogers turned left from that landing—her dress-
ing-room was on the stage floor, one of those assigned to
the stars. Ethel Merman continued climbing on up the
stairs—her dressing-room was on the upper floor.

The other day, calling again at the Alvin—this time
to see a star of the current show—we found Miss Mer-
man occupying a star’s dressing-room, and more excited
about it than you’d expect after (Continued on page 72)
to keep lips young and lovely
enjoy Double Mint gum — every day!
first victims of the new English snatch racket—a brilliant, lovely girl soon to be tossed aboard a ship and hustled into British bondage.

The name was Vinson—Helen Vinson; for, reader, it was indeed she. Yes—that tall, beautiful girl with the honey-colored hair and the fine, frank eyes. Cursed, up to now, with so many villainous roles, when her heart is overflowing with the sunshine of her native Saith!

"It is only recently that our film companies, realizing her worth and warmth, have begun to cast her in leading roles—the "woman" instead of the "other woman." And now, at the very hour of triumph, to be sold down the Thames, like a Cockney Uncle Thomas. It was too much, and I said so. She smiled—euphratically.

I led the lovely Helen into a quiet corner of the Persian Room of New York's famed old Plaza Hotel. Naught shattered the utter stillness of the place save the ear-splitting cackles of a hundred ladies and the blare of a dance band playing "Zing! I went the strings of my heart!"

Lowering my voice to a roar (the waiter looked like an accused English film spy of Greek birth), I ordered a flood of tea and a few old crumpets. Then, and only then, did I dare ask the beauteous Vinson about her British slavery.

"Really, it's not so bad," she said, without trying to fight back any tears. "It is, I think, quite nice. Gaumont-British pays my passage back and forth. And the salary, I may say, is pleasant—very pleasant."

"But the British income tax!" I hissed. "I hear it is horrible!"

"Oh—that" and she actually seemed to laugh merrily. How brave, I thought, "The company compiles the British tax, which is 25 percent, and thoughtfully adds it to my salary check. I think I can bear the burden, you see?"

Oh yes! I saw, well enough! This sweet, innocent American child had been hoodwinked into looking forward to her trip abroad! I took another tack.

"What sort of picture are you being driven to make?" I asked.

"Now that's said the Vinson, "is the very nicest part of all! It is a story of Devil's Island [danced novel, I thought], and I am to play opposite that great actor, Conrad Veidt. A fine dramatic part, Mr. Balcon assures me. And guess—we are going on location to Algiers—Morocco! I've never been there! Won't it be wonderful?"

"It will, indeed," I said. I knew, of course, that the British were planning to sell her to some wealthy sheik, the lucky dog.

"And then there's the King's Jubilee," the innocent child prattled on. "I'll be in London right plump in the middle of that! All the excitement!"

I sat back in my seat and contemplated Miss Vinson, her check rosy with the spurious thrill and the hot tea. How glad I am, I thought, that she is going to represent us at the Court of St. James. The prettiest girl I have seen in months, and the most affable.

And the band played "Lovely To Look At." How true—how true.

"You are not telling me, I hope, that you are actually going to accept money for this pleasure jaunt," I said. "It seems to me to embody all the jolly good fun of a Sunday-School picnic, without the ensuing stomach-ache."

She dropped her eyes. I picked them up, dusted them off, and handed them back to her with a low bow.

"Please don't think me sordid," she said. "Truly, I am not commercial. But I really am going to take the money so kindly offered me by Mr. Balcon. I cannot, I fear, live by Art alone."

"You've been working extra hard lately," I said.

"Six pictures in seven months," said Helen. "When I went to M-G-M to make my latest, 'Age of Indiscretion,' I rounded out my list of studios. I've now worked on every major lot in Hollywood."

And now, I thought, she goes to jolly old Shepherd's Bush to play in "King of the Damned," with Mr. Veidt and that other Hollywood loon-out, Mr. Noah Beery, the famous bass-singer.

She's come far, this Beaumont, Texas, girl whose real name is Ruffs. But not as far as she is coming. Vinson is one of those foredoomed Thespians. She's never wanted to be anything except an actress, and as soon as she could fly away to Broadway she did, and went the usual hobo-pleasure rounds. I remember her well in her early stage days, and she had a lot on the ball even then. An unsuccessful show called "The Fatal Alibi" got her a Warner contract. A fellow named Laughton—Charles Laughton, I think—was in the same play.

Warners typed her as the icy "other woman"—this beauteous, warm-hearted youngster who should be the "woman," or none. Once freed from the contractual bonds, however, her success as a free-lance has brought her more and finer roles.

She was delightful in that loved and hated picture, "The Captain Hates the Sea." She froze again as the snippy spouse in "Broadway Bill," but then came the fine role in "The Wrecking Night." Probably the best thing she has yet done. Incidentally, this Gary Cooper is one of her favorite Hollywood people. He's genuine, regular, and plenty fun. He's her type, but don't fret, Mrs. C.

Helen was a fine-looking specimen of good-looking, well-treated girl, as she sat there beside me in the Persian Room, so-called, of course, because there is nothing Persian about it, not even the help.

"I hear they still have tin-bath-tubs on wheels in England," I said.

"Perhaps England isn't as primitive as we Americans think," she answered. "After all, they must have learned something about modern plumbing from our Hollywood film-makers."

"You may be right," I said. "I expect to be in England about June 1, myself. We'll know more then."

You may want to see me at merry old Shepherd's Bush," said Vinson. "I'll probably be so glad to see an American face—even yours—that I'll throw my arms around you and kiss you."

"It's a definite date," I said, bucked no end. "I'll leave the wife in London to discuss millinery with Her Majesty, bless her bonnets."

At last I deposited La Vinson at the rich Fifth Avenue hotel she now calls home—though she is looking at Connecticut farm property with an eye to becoming one of the county gentry, and ridin' with the Westport Hounds.

"Don't forget your dashing old Yankee friends!" I said.

"See you at Shepherd's Bush in June," she answered.

A handsome vanguard for our Hollywood slave colony, I thought. Smart, no end, this Balcon. So the March on London is under way! For every Merle Oberon or Binnie Barnes, we swap the British a Helen Vinson or Midge Evans. If they ship us a Cedric Hardwicke for movie villany, we send them a Karloff guaranteed to scare the dear little British tots right out of Nanney's aunts.

And Helen leads the parade. May I be there June 1 to claim that hearty Texas hug—but it would be just my luck if some nosey American tourist wandered on the set first, and beat me to it!
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Problems of an Actor's Private Life

Continued from page 17

figure, his recent ill-health had lightened his weight until now he was thin to the point of emaciation. "The chief problem for an actor who is married and has children, is a home," he said. "Take my own case. My work calls for me to live in three places: England, Hollywood, and New York. For the last ten years I have shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic so many times, I've lost count."

His expression grew quite serious as he got up and began to walk around the room. He always thinks better on his feet. His thoughts and ideas seem to flow more easily, he says.

"Now I have very strong views about children. To my mind, they fulfill a human need that no other substitute can provide. There is something so definite, so final about having children. They are a tie to life that exists for all time—not just a day or a month. It's putting the root of yourself into the earth, and knowing that you will go on forever. Do you see what I mean?" he demanded earnestly.

The most stupid listener could have seen that he wasn't talking for effect. The coldness of the printed word can no more convey the warmth, and sincerity of his speech than a rose can bloom on an iceberg!

"For years, my own children have provided me with a definite interest that is more important than any other factor in my life. I have a boy sixteen who is in school in England. I am very keen about the fact that he wants to be a writer. He has turned out a lot of stuff—poetry, essays, and stories. Some of them quite good, too. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he did write eventually, and uncommonly well!"

"Leslie, the girl, is ten. She's my favorite, and the most wonderful companion any one could possibly want. She'll probably go on the stage when she grows up—there are certain definite signs of a theatrical tendency already."

The grin on his face was the fond, foolish one of any proud father. "I spend all my time with her when I am at home," he continued. "She's a fine little athlete. Jumps, rides, swims, dives, plays a good game of tennis, and is now learning to play polo."

"You see, up until two years ago when I bought the place in Surrey, she had been living an awful life for a child. Boats, hotels, or apartments taken on a temporary basis. When I first came over here to play on the stage, we took a house down at Great Neck, Long Island, and put the children in school there. Then I had to go back to London to work, and of course, the whole family went with me. The boy's education didn't suffer so much, for he was old enough to send away to school; but the girl's bringing-up became my chief worry. From London to Hollywood is a long trek for a child; and so about two years ago I decided that I'd have to do something about this situation, and we looked around for a suitable place which we could make a permanent home for the children.

"I found an Elizabethan cottage about an hour's ride from London down in Surrey. There's thirty acres of ground around it, and I don't think I've ever had so much fun in all my life as I got out of fixing the place over. We put in modern bath-rooms—it was an old farm-house before, and of course it had no modern conveniences—and knocked some of the small rooms together to make larger ones, and we started new gardens, and cleared up the grounds, and built some new stables. We have a few horses, and Leslie and I use them every day, rain or shine."

As he talked, growing quite lyrical in the description of his home, the enthusiasm of his voice broke through British reserve, and a new Leslie Howard appeared. One lost complete sight of the great artist, the player who has been applauded on both sides of the Atlantic, and one saw instead the family man. The undercurrent of his words was triumph—triumph in the achievement of a long-expected ambition. That of acquiring a home! Through the colorful pattern of his words you could sense the great longing for a real home that had consumed him all his life. You could feel the vision of Leslie Howard as a young bank clerk, coming up to London from the country to make a living. The same vision floating before the eyes of the lonely soldier he was, fighting throughout the war; and after it was over, finding himself, like so many ex-service men without a job.

When he came out of the army, he was already married, and had met his wife on his first leave of absence from the front. The problem of earning a living at that time was causing great anxiety to more than one war-time couple; and for a while, things were pretty bad for Leslie and his young bride.

He had always liked the theatre. He knew one or two of the players, and somehow through these contacts he managed to get a job with an unimportant road company touring the provinces. He covered most of the English countryside in the next few years, playing usually small roles in the old-time favorites like "Charlie's Aunt" and "Dead Heart." (Can you imagine anything more delightfully incongruous than that super-exquisite "Scarlet Pimpernel" playing "Charlie's Aunt"?)

His success in London, where he finally managed to reside there, is theatrical history. But he feels that his finest triumphs have been achieved right here in New York.

"No other city has ever been as wonderful to me as this place," he said. "Right from the very beginning, when I came over here in 1921, the people here seemed to take me right to their hearts. I can never repay my indebtedness to this city; and yet—I have to give it up—to stop working here!"

It seemed incredible to me to hear an actor making such a statement when at that very moment his success was outstanding in the city he thus renounced.

"I mean it, you know," he said. "I've had to make up my mind to cut it out. A man can only do so much, and no more. I've nearly killed myself trying to live and work in three different centers! I've been playing steadily for eighteen years. There comes a time in any man's life—if he has any sense—when he wakes up to the fact that life is slipping away. And he begins to want other things than success. I want to learn something about the fine art of living. To enjoy my home. Sunshine, Sports. Relaxation with friends. I want to have a little fun. I've never really played—perhaps I've begun too late—I don't know just how to play now. Just how to have fun. But I do want to find time to do some of the interesting things in the world—not just hack, day in and day out—year after year.

"His voice lost the almost fiercely earnest tone behind the words he had just spoken, as he thought of a new angle.

"I admire the true dilettante," he said. "He knows how to get the most out of life. He probably knows the real essence of living. Take Korda, the director-producer, for example. He is the real exquisitist, the super-civilized human being. The reason that the characterization of 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' turned out as well as it did, is solely because Korda is Sir Percy in actuality. 'I don't feel a bit like working today,' he would say right in the middle of shooting an important scene. 'It's such a divine day! All of you go home. I'm going to the country!' And the fact is, it was costing him several thousand dollars made no difference. Work is far less important to him than catching the supreme enjoyment of a mood or a moment."

I wish you could have seen the bit of acting accompanying the above reference to Korda. 'Sir Percy in the flesh stood before me; and the airy wave of his hand—the use of the hallowed old pipe in place of the lorgnette—the lazy, languid yawn behind the gauzy fingers—all these were miniature masterpieces of acting.'

"Do you know what John Barrymore said after he had played 'Hamlet' one hundred times?" continued Howard. "He said 'Nuts! I can make all the money I want if I go out to Hollywood, and at the same
"Sh! Mommy's cross again!"

As a woman, I sympathize deeply with those wives who do not fully understand correct marriage hygiene. For I know how terrifying are their periodic fears. I have seen how those fears warp a woman's whole outlook, undermine and wreck her own happiness and that of her husband and children.

"But as a doctor, I have less sympathy for her. For effective marriage hygiene is so simple. I refer, of course, to the use of "Lysol"... approved by leading hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

"Lysol", used as directed, is non-injurious... so reliable in fact, that it is used extensively as an antiseptic in childbirth, where sensitive tissues must not suffer the slightest damage.

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"Yet these benefits are as nothing compared to the fact that the use of "Lysol" gives them poise and peace of mind and greater happiness for themselves and their families."

(Signed) DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN

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writes

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time live exactly the kind of life I've always wanted to live. This business of being the greatest actor on the stage is all very fine, but what does it get me? Work, work, and more work! That's all!—and that is exactly the reason that John gave up playing on the stage and went to the movies. Now he has a yacht! And that's how I feel about it," said Leslie sincerely.

"I have no personal ambition any more. That sort of thing is part of one's youth. But I'm past the stage where I'm willing to slave with all my strength just for the sake of the big thrill of an opening night. That's what it really amounts to! When that first night is over, and the excitement and tense anticipation of finding out just how good you are in the part have gone, the rest becomes slavery. You go on and on, doing the same thing night after night, forever and ever if the play's a hit, until the monotony of its gets unbearable.

"I shall keep on working, of course," continued Mr. Howard, solemnly impervious to the fact that he had uttered any unusual sentiment. "My contract calls for one picture a year to be made in Hollywood. I like that arrangement. Because I like Hollywood. Living there in the sunshine. I shall take about four months out of every year for my work on the coast. Then back to England where I shall make at least one, or perhaps two pictures a year for Korda. Also, I can do a stage play in London without having to give up my home life.

"New York distracts me to the point of desperation. I hate living in hotels. You have to make such an extraordinary effort to have any fun in New York unless you have a home here. Otherwise it's devastating! Night clubs, cafes, hotels—that's all one can do for amusement. It bores me to death! I want to live in a place where I can do other things besides sitting in a smoky, noisy room, drinking uncertain liquor, I want to be with my children—to have my own things around me; my books, my personal belongings, a chair that I am particularly fond of, an etching that belongs to me, that I like to look at. A horse to jump on if I feel like riding. The fresh country air, the sun, am a sun-worshiper by nature, and if I have to do without it for any length of time it makes me feel all withered and shrivelled up!"

"You know," he said, a trifle sadly, "I've just waked up to another important fact which has made me change my ideas about working so hard. And that is, that the day for building up big fortunes is gone—finished... I've gone on slaving away, year in and year out, with one idea in mind. When I've saved up enough of all this money that's pouring in, I can stop, and enjoy life for the rest of my days, besides leaving a goodly bit for the kids' future. Now with the government taking away two-thirds of everything I earn, I feel that it's perfectly silly to keep on as I did before. I have to pay two governments. Naturally, being an English citizen, and property owner over there, they have an income tax from everything I make. They also feel that they are entitled to a tax on what I earn in America. The United States quite rightly feels entitled to taxing my salary coming from American dollars. By the time the two countries are through with my annual income, I've very little left towards founding a fortune! So there you are!

"So I shall keep on working, of course," he added, "just as long as I can. And even if I grow into an Arliss, or someone like that. But I shall also try to learn how to play a little. To get a little real fun out of life.

He smiled the most impish, saturnine grin one could hope to see. The twinkle in his eyes was positively sardonic. "It's a pity that having a little fun is such a complicated business," he said; and I'm still trying to guess the answer!"

H. G. Wells talks About the Movies

Continued from page 21

possibilities are unlimited. Opera has already been presented, through the motion picture, to thousands upon thousands of persons who never before heard even a simple aria. Authentic backgrounds for historical romances offer castor oil drowned in chocolate ice cream soda. Newspapers present a living history of the passing years.

"Which of your books would you most like to see filmed?" I queried.

"All of them," he replied, suddenly becoming energetic. "Now, you've had enough—"

"'Tono-Bungay'?" I interrupted hastily. "'All of them,' he repeated, courteously turning me around by the shoulder and putting me out of his cabin. "Now, you've gotten something—and you remember every word I said."

I turned to say goodbye. Wells lifted his fingers to his lips to blow me a friendly kiss.

While I was in Mr. Wells' cabin, a young boy knocked at the door and asked for the author's autograph. "Please, Mr. Wells."

"You don't need it," said H. G. very sensibly.

"Ah, please, Mr. Wells, I've been waiting three hours," pleased the boy.

"Well, you're a very patient young man," was the author's comment, as he began to look through the pile of packages on his table. On his bed, which was already turned down, lay his neatly folded yellow pajamas. In their direction, Wells cast an eager glance.

"Please, Mr. Wells," begged the boy again."

"Ah!" exclaimed H. G. in surprise. "The patient young man! What do you want me to photograph for?" he demanded as he took the boy's pen and slowly scrawled his name across a white page. "Collecting autographs!" he snorted. "Useless occupation. Why don't you adopt some more sensible avocation? There, one for your friend too? Oh, very well!" And he signed a second sheet, while the youngster exultantly thanked him.

During the entire four weeks of Wells' visit to America, I had attempted to obtain an interview with him. When it became apparent that he was returning to Europe without granting interviews, I looked up his cabin number on the Bremen, went down to the ship on the appointed night, and waited for the author in his cabin.

"What do you want?" he asked when he saw me.

"I want to do a story on you," I told him in matter-of-fact tones, standing my ground very well I thought.

"I have nothing to say," commented Wells.

"What do you think of American motion pictures?" I persisted, feeling very Lee Tracy-reporterish.

Wells looked at me and smiled.

"If I answer your questions," he demanded, "will you go right out to the pier and go straight home? Will you?"

I promised. On that promise, I was able to obtain this exclusive interview with him.
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 62

IT IS whispered around town by the Big Bird that he's about to pay a visit to the home of Gary Cooper, said visit to occur next autumn. Cooper is the only member of that popular foursome that spends so much time together, (Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, and Andy Devine are the other three), who isn't a father. It seems that Doc Stork is about to remedy the situation.

And is Guy Kibbee the happy chappy? It was an eight-pound baby boy, the second for the Kibbee household. The first was a girl, Shirley Anne, now aged four.

PAT O'BRIEN is amused and slightly annoyed by a number of letters that have come to him from irate professors of English, all of whom object to his dropping of "g's," and mistakes in grammar on the screen. He doesn't know why he should be singled out for reprimand for a common error, but the fact remains that he has been. He knows better; he is a graduate of Marquette University, where he majored in English and Composition. His screen roles make him talk that way, he says.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY took his nearly-three-year-old daughter on a movie set for the first time. The tot gazed long and hard at Joan Crawford, not quite able to understand the heavy make-up. At last she grasped Bob's hand and whispered, "Why's 'at lady wearin' the false funny-face?" When she saw Bob dab powder on his nose, (make-up, of course), she was openly quite ashamed of him.

EVERYTHING wasn't exactly peaches and cream between Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern during the filming of their picture together, despite the fact that not long ago they were engaged in a luke-warm romance. A columnist printed that Raymond sent Ann a dozen orchids. He demanded a retraction, saying he never sent her orchids, and he never intended to send any. Well, that wasn't exactly flattering, and Miss Sothern no like.

ELISSA LANDI has never had much trouble getting her books printed, but she'll have even less in the future. Elissa has installed a complete printing press in the basement of her house. It is primarily a hobby, but Elissa also intends to print her own volumes of verse, and she may publish and circulate a small newspaper, its purpose to be purely for fun for Miss Landi's circle of friends.

AUDIENCES at the Shanghai Theatre, in the Chinese city of that name, actually booed "Frankenstein" off the screen—and for the funniest reason. It seems it is a Chinese superstition that dragons and monsters must not be harmed—and the people of Shanghai resented the screen efforts to do away with the monster in the picture.

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints — the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm sud s of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say — "We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is pure — that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you — and good luck for your pocket-book! You get 1/5 more flakes for your money when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!
Clever Footwork
Continued from page 56

Gaily colored personality at the tips of her toes!
So if your feet are about to step out in the open, look them over carefully to see how well they are going to pass inspection. Have a good pedicure at once. Watch closely while it is being given you to learn the routine to follow.
Cut your nails frequently and regularly. Remember that on toes, the nails should not be shaped as they are on fingers. It is a distinct mistake to cut down into the sides with the idea of ovalizing them. The correct cut is almost straight across. This lets them grow properly.

At least once a week dip the flat end of an orange-stick into a cuticle or other softening oil and pass it around the cuticle. Sounds funny, I know. But it is worth doing. And push back the skin from the toenail as you would in giving yourself a manicure.
Massage a softening cream two or three times a week into your feet. Should you feel a callous coming, take particular care to soften it with cream and then tape it up so that it will not develop trouble later.
If you are the thrifty kind of a girl, or one of those who cannot abide too many jars and bottles in her dressing-room, take to heart the fact that one of the splendid hand creams or lotions you use each day of your life. One brand of the off-white color, will do well by you if massaged into your feet. Or if you like and are willing to take the pains, olive oil, warmed, is grand. You had better put in a pair of those special booties Hollywood is keen about after using the oil. These are tied on after the oil has been worked in. Dancers love them.

Dancers, of course, take the best care of their feet. They have to. But a few leaves from their book will be helpful to those of us who only walk. One particular favorite of mine is one who for hours a day practicing routines, soaks her feet in tepid salt water at the end of each day. Her legs are then briskly rubbed with ice covered with cloth to break the chill.

Never put ice directly on the skin of any part of your body. Always wrap it in a towel. It is easy to use this way, gives you full benefit of the ice but does not feel uncomfortable.

Why use ice? Because it slims your legs and keeps them shiny. It makes the good which exercise does, stay by you. It tightens and firms the leg muscles and keeps them from enlarging with use.
For polish in your toe-nails, apply it much as usual. With this exception: put the polish right down to the end of the nail, covering it entirely. Do not let any of the white show. Remove the polish once a week at least, just as you would if it were on your finger-nails. This prevents discoloration.

In choosing the color, there are several points to guide you. One way is to match your finger-nail polish. This has the advantage of the ensemble idea, and keeps only one bottle of polish in use at a time. It may cramp your style a little if you want to let yourself go and splurge as to the color of your toes, yet remain conservative as to fingers. If you are doing your toenails as a part of those little parlor or out of doors, and are going in for tan in a big way, select one of the tawny polishes, those with the yellow or gold tones in their reds. There are several new ones made with that tint which is in with the shiny gold surfaces. It is fun to experiment with them, anyway, and to listen to the gals of admiration from your friends.

Ethel Merman Leads Our Radio Parade
Continued from page 64

the tremendous success she has scored in the show, including the tribute of being credited with giving one of the finest first-night performances of this or any other season. But the truth is that in the finest sense of its connotations, Ethel Merman is just a small-town girl—tremendously interested in the theatre, and tremendously respectful of stars who were stars when, only a relatively short time ago, she was just a minor member of the professional fraternity.

Excitability, however, is not a Merman characteristic. But, on the other hand, meeting her, as is the case with all people with the gift of being absolutely natural in the expression of cordiality, is an exciting experience.

There’s a bounce and buoyancy, a robust liveliness about this girl with the pronouncedly almond-shaped dark eyes and a girlish trait of throwing back her head with a sort of eager anticipation and attention as she listens to your conversation. Miss Merman is of medium height, about five feet six inches, has brownish-black hair, is slight, but more the athletic than the simous type, and radiates enthusiasm and the alertness you associate with vigorous good health.

"I felt I might be uncomfortable, a sort of outsider, you know, coming in here as co-star with Billy Gaxton and Victor Moore, who had formed the famous team of Wintergreen and Throttlebottom in Of Thee I Sing and 'Let 'Em Eat Cake,'" she said. "But they have made me feel that the same association is going right on, with me added to it—and more than welcome!"

The Ethel Merman who got her first important stage break singing a song that might have been written for her—but wasn’t because George Gershwin didn’t have her particularly in mind when he wrote “I Got Rhythm” for “Girl Crazy”—is now an actress as well as a singer, or at least a singer who works with the dignity of his tronic interpretation into the rendition of a song.

That song still clings to her sentimentally as well as professionally. "I must put it first in my affections for all the songs I’ve ever done, because it gave me my first real break," she says. As a descriptive tag it is equally pertinent, for you feel that the title "I Got Rhythm" exactly describes Ethel Merman style of putting over a song.

She has traveled a long way from the days when she first was noticed on Broad-
way as a night-club singer, and even the singer of "I Got Rhythm," and that classic from "Take A Chance," "Endie Was a Lady," which Ethel Merman made famous. For now she is an actress, whereas only a few seasons back she was an exceptionally good "torch singer," specializing in those long, hot means.

Ethel Merman's first professional efforts were displayed in a restaurant only a few blocks north of the Alvin theatre—a début which led to more important engagements in night clubs, like the one in which she appeared with Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the song, comedy, and dance trio which dissolved when "Schnozzle" Durante was picked for stardom in pictures.

Under the circumstances it is little wonder that Ethel Merman was a homesick gal all the time she was in Hollywood, doing the two features so far to her credit—"We're Not Dressing," from which great tanks of film in which she appeared were left on the cutting-room floor when the picture was released; and "Kid Millions," in which she played with Eddie Cantor, largely because the cuttings from "We're Not Dressing" were given the once-over by Sam Goldwyn, who decided upon this evidence, that Merman "had something."

"But, maybe," she admitted, "I would like Hollywood if I had had the chance really to see it. All I did there was work. Immediately the work was completed I had to jump a train to get back here for a stage engagement."

But speaking of living anywhere but in New York causes Miss Merman to insert other "hats," such as "All my friends are here, and I like the theatre so much."

She proves her enthusiasm for the town by remaining strictly within its confines all the time she is here. She lives with her mother and father in an apartment overlooking Central Park. Sundays she has a bus man's holiday for herself, playing golf—she lives here, that activity must suffer some curtailment now that Miss Merman is doing a Sunday radio show. She is so much of the town which offers such little opportunity for diversions except to the theatres and clubs, that she wouldn't know what to do with a hobby even if she had one.

Merman's radio engagement is for the summer, perhaps for the duration of Cantor's absence from the microphone to make his picture. She will go to the coast to appear in the picture, and along with her will go Al Goodman, whose orchestra accompanies her, and probably Ted Freedley, producer of "Anything Goes" is preparing a show in which Cantor will star on Broadway next season—according to report a show which will be bankrolled by Sam Goldwyn. Quite likely Ethel Merman will be in that production with Cantor also.

Like all stars who get up there in the news, legend is beginning to form around Ethel Merman, and currently there is a disposition to harp on the "little girl from Astoria, who rebelled at shelling over a typewriter in Long Island City," stuff. Another quaint fiction bandied about quite a bit is that she never took a singing lesson—which, in truth, she never did—"because she was too poor to pay the tuition for voice culture." As a matter of fact the Zimmerman family, while not what you'd call plutocrats, had an exchequer equal to financing singing lessons had the daughter of the house, Ethel, had the desire to take singing lessons.

"I never took lessons in singing," she says, "because I never wanted to take them. I enjoyed singing the way I felt like singing. It seems to me I am doing all right without the lessons."

And to that the only answer seems to be: "Lady, your logic is perfect!"

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Extra what?...EXTRA GOOD FOR YOUR THROAT

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated KOOLS. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.
when the players race their chips from room to room, upstairs and down again, tumbling over each other and in general having a hilarious evening and behaving like a crowd of ten-year-olds. Sometimes they stop and stare at each other, and then they roar with laughter. After all, it is come to see world's famous screen stars trying to flip tiddly-wink chips into a bathtub! They play General Crazy too. It's the silliest game imaginable, and therefore a peck of fun. General Crazy is similar to a children's game called Follow the Leader. A leader is chosen, and everybody emulates all that he does. If the leader goes into the kitchen and shakes salt into his hair, the others must follow suit. That is not difficult for the men, but for the girls who are not bobbed, salt in their long hair is not so convenient.

One time Lew went into the kitchen and blew three pinches of black pepper into the air. Eleven were playing that night, and before anyone had spotted the leader, the air was so full of pepper that snots were thicker than mustaches at an "Imitate Charlie Chaplin" contest. On another occasion they had chosen the leader, and I blush to tell you where the rascal Mr. Devine washed his hands! These parties break up early. They are marked by little or no drinking, and the clock or the Triscudo. They may attend a motion picture afterward, especially if they can catch a preview. If there is no preview, they visit some obscure restaurant where it is not necessary to "dress up" all. Then, they may indulge a second evening of bowling for the week or they may go to a pitch-and-pott golf course near their home, or they may visit the racetrack, where rows of tables are nightly surrounded by groups of perspiring pin-pongists, or ping-pongers, or ping-pongers, or whatever the players are called.

Lew and Ginger are two of the best ping-pong players in Hollywood. I will stake my money on either of them against any man among the beauties being champion of all Hollywood ping-pong players. I not only say that Ginger and Lew are far and away the best, but my purse is in my hand, and I am already betting.

FRIDAY NIGHT: Fight night, if they're in the mood. Or during the summer months, Hollywood Bowl night, for which they're always in the mood. They reserve a season box for the Bowl symphonies. Their box has four seats, and they generally take two guests. Gary and Sandra Shaw Cooper, the musician, so this foursome is not uncommon on Bowl nights.

SATURDAY, and the week-end: They like to go away on week-end trips. Sometimes they take a few friends, and go to Palm Knot, a tiny town near Big Bear Lake in the Sierras. There they rent cabins, and there they play for a day or two, forgetful of Hollywood and the film studios. They always like week-ends in the mountains when there is snow.

Their longest trip together was spent at Furnace Creek Inn in Death Valley, California. They remained there four days. Each evening they would return to the Inn, loaded down with samples of rock and soil and sand for reproduces which they brought back to Hollywood, and for days Lew pored over them and consulted mineralogical books. He has recently developed a new interest in various types of rock formed.

Their Furnace Creek Inn vacation was ended by the way when the studio called him back to Hollywood. They hurried back together, but it was the old, old story of Hollywood—on their return, they found Lew wouldn't be needed for days.

Often, when they get an afternoon off from work, they motor to Lew's ranch in the foothills of San Fernando Valley, about an hour's drive from Hollywood. Lew owns 510 acres, located in a natural bowl that may be entered only through a narrow inlet that measures about two hundred feet across. Lew employs a caretaker on the ranch, and this man raises cows and chickens, and cultivates a few acres of land. There is one small house on the property now, but they made plans to erect an unpretentious week-end cottage soon.

Recently they visited the ranch in company with Mrs. Rogers and a family friend. They took along two chickens, a sack of potatoes, a skillet, and a grill. At the ranch, they set up their grill and proceeded to cook up a hot picnic lunch of chicken and baked potatoes, just like all picnickers would do.

Ginger is an excellent cook, and she likes to prepare dinners and lunches. Of course, the maid falls heir to the job.
of cleaning up. One of Geri’s favorite dishes, and a real favorite with their house guests, she makes as follows:

One cake of Philadelphia cream cheese.
One small grated onion, juice and all.
Salt, pepper, and a dash of paprika.
Thin with cream or mayonnaise to a consistency that will keep it on a potato chip that has been dipped into the mixture. Serve with potato chips.

Lew has two current fads, home-made motion pictures and music. He is a student of music. Remember, he played in an orchestra before he entered motion pictures? He has composed several numbers, but is too uncertain of his own talent to test them publicly. However, he is about to “give in”; he has composed a complete symphony called “Autumnal Equinox,” which many possibly be presented at Hollywood Bowl this coming season.

Ginger joins him in the home-made movies fad. They have gone into home production seriously, and now have three two-reel or longer pictures to their credit. They use a 16 mm. camera, and project the finished pictures on a real screen set up in their living room.

Their most recently completed “epic” is “Little Red Riding Hood,” two reels well worth seeing. All their pictures to date have been without sound, but now Ginger and Lew are dicking with a chap who may provide sound equipment.

The exterior shots for their latest picture were made at Big Bear lake. Interiors were made in their own backyard. There, the swimming-pool was drained and dried, and transformed into a stage. Lew uses real studio lights, (small ones), and has a regular camera crew and lighting staff among his friends. The casts are all-star, and have included Ginger and Lew, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Lindsay, Arthur and Florence Lake, Andy Devine, and other “names.”

Ginger and Lew rarely go out alone; that is, one without the other. Ginger attended a picture show with her mother one night, because Lew was working with a machine on a story for their motion picture camera. It was Ginger’s first time out without Lew since their marriage, and she could hardly wait to get home to him. Invariably, if Lew works late, Ginger goes to Fox studio to have dinner with him. If Ginger is the late-worker, Lew dines with her at R-K-O. When they both work late—well, you never saw two glummer, more long-faced diners.

And there you have a cross section view of the daily life of one of Hollywood’s gayest, most fun-loving, young married couples, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres.

SUMMER’S HERE! LOOK OUT FOR

“Lipstick-parching”

IT STEALS ROMANCE FROM YOUR LIPS

Baking sun and drying winds make it hard enough to keep one’s lure in summer.

It’s no time to risk Lipstick Parching, too! The delicate, fine skin of your lips needs special care, now. Even more than facial skin, because your lips are so much more sensitive.

Yet some lipsticks take that sensitive skin and dry and parch it. They turn kissable softness to crepe paper harshness!

How Coty Avoids Parching

Coty has really ended Lipstick Parching...by producing a new kind of lipstick.

Yes, it’s indelible...and the colors are thrilling and ardent, but it never dries or parches! Even rough lips grow luscious and smooth under its caressing touch.

The secret? Coty’s “Sub-Deb” Lipstick contains “Essence of Theobrom,” a special ingredient that softens and smooths.

Make the “Over-night” Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty “Sub-Deb” Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "Thanks to the Swim Suits of B.V.D."

- Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette.
- From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B.V.D. • The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.
way was the way we shot the scene!

"She loves to run away between scenes and play, the little rascal! She loves to climb things. Sometimes we had the misfortune of finding one day. One day the director got a duck horn from the prop department and told Shirley that whenever she blew it she was to return to the set immediately. That was going to be their private signal, and she didn’t have to return until he did blow the horn. Several people had teased her by making her come back on the set before we actually needed her. It was a great system—until someone misplaced that horn! We sent scouts all over that sound stage trying to find Shirley, calling her to come back; but she’d been told it wasn’t official until the horn blew! We tried whistles, bells, everything that would make a noise—but no Shirley. I think she’d been hiding yet if we hadn’t found that duck horn—at last!

Lyle Talbot—the "heavy" of "Our Little Girl":

"I’m here to tell you there’s nobody like her to work with in Hollywood—man, woman, or child. And frankly, I’ve never worked with Child Wonders before and in spite of all the encouraging things I’d heard about Shirley, I was distinctly in the frame of mind to be shown. I was!

"The first day I worked on the picture I was late on the set and to cap everything I didn’t know my lines very well. As usual, Shirley had hers down pat, and I began to be ashamed that I was keeping the little girl so long before the camera as I continued to mumble my cues. Finally, when the director walked away, I turned to Shirley and said: "I’m sorry about all this—but if you’d run through the scene with me just once more I think. I’ll remember my lines."

"She looked up at me, her little face as serious as an owl’s: ‘I’ll be glad to, Mr. Talbot,’ she said, ‘I don’t know my lines very well, either!’

"Such overwhelming tact from a six-year-old was more than I could bear. I just grabbed her and hugged her and she hugged right back!

"I play the ‘heavy’ who is trying to steal Shirley’s mother (Rosemary Ames), from her father (Joel McCrea), in the picture; and finally we came to the big scene where little Shirley stamps her foot and screams at me: ‘I hate you, Mr. Brent, I hate you, hate you!’

"It was wonderful the way she threw herself into it. There was something heartbreaking in the emotion she displayed—half rage, half childish dismay. She made the scene so real with her little eyes flashing, her baby’s voice breaking with rage, that the entire truse was impressed, and very quiet, when the scene was finished.

"I remember I went over and sat down and began to study lines for the next scene—when suddenly little Shirley was standing beside me. She put her little hand in mine. ‘Listen,’ she said, with the tears still streaming down her face, ‘I hope you don’t think I really hate you, Mr. Talbot. I like you. Those are just lines I have to speak!’

"I was crazy to laugh but she was so little and serious—and so worried that my feelings were hurt. ‘Sure, Shirley,’ I told her, ‘I understand—we’re just actors playing our parts.’ But she kept holding onto my hand just to prove to the company we were really friends.

How can you help adoring a child like that?’

Joel McCrea—Hero-Father of "Our Little Girl":

"I hate for this to get back to Jimmy Dunn, who believes he has the inside track to Shirley’s heart—but Shirley has promised to me and I have accepted! All’s fair in love and war, especially where Shirley’s concerned; and so when she told me she was going to marry me when she grew up, what could I do but consent? It’s too bad about Jimmy and Frances Dee McCrea—but they’ll just have to work it out somehow.

"Love her? I’m just crazy about that little kid. But I tried hard not to tip my hand. I couldn’t afford to put my heart down for Shirley to tramp on—so I treated her rough. I call her ‘Butch’—and she loves it!

"The first time I called her that, she said: ‘Joel, why do you call me Butch?’ I told her, ‘Because you’re such a wild and desperate-looking character. ‘Like the desperate characters in ‘Little Miss Marker!’ I wanted to know, but I was afraid to ask as I knew that was the general idea. ‘But I don’t look like those desperate characters,’ she insisted. ‘I don’t look like those, Joel!’ Oh, yes, you do, Shirley. ‘You don’t know how desperate you really look. Mirrors don’t always tell the truth!’

Every time she’d pass a mirror after that I’d catch her tossing a doleful glance to see if she could surprise herself with a desperate expression!

"I wouldn’t want this to get to Winchell—but Shirley and I frequently sneak out for tea together between scenes. Well, tea for me and a big glass of milk for my girl friend. I’m different from Jimmy Dunn that way. He loads Shirley with gifts—even a little wrist watch and that sort of thing. But I never bought her anything but a glass of milk—and then I told her she ought to be ashamed to not pay her own way in this day and age of feminine independence. One day she asked me: ‘Are you poor, Joel? Haven’t you any money?’

"No, I told her, ‘I’m strapped. It’s got me down to my last cent blowing you to milk!’ And, believe it or not, the next time we tead she brought her little purse along with enough money to pay for her milk and my tea! I ask you!

"Just before the picture was completed a boon befell Shirley—and me—and our troubles are nothing compared to the anguish of the school children and good citizens of Tillamook, Oregon, presented Butch with a call—Tilly Temple, to be exact. Because it is so difficult to make a little girl of a young cow, Tilly has been turned over to the milk people who will raise her until she is old enough to support Shirley and me in the nice, rich milk we are accustomed to. As Butch has pointed out, it will make our future so economical—not having a lot of milk to pay for!’

"Do you wonder I’m waiting for my little sweetheart to grow up?"

Gary Cooper—with Shirley in "Now And Forever":

"Like most actors I’m not exactly crazy about making a picture with a child—that is, I wasn’t until I met and worked with Shirley. But I found that she wasn’t the average precocious trick child-actress than gilt is like gold. It’s almost unbelievable that she could have remained so unspoiled, because it isn’t only child actresses who manage to get spoiled in this day and age, you know—some of the neighbor’s children can be as precocious as any little artificially mannered child who ever stepped before a camera.

"I think a large share of the credit for Shirley’s sweetness should go to her sensibly raised parents and her mother, who is the normal house-life the child leads when she is not ‘play acting’ in the studios. That’s the way Shirley seems to look on her work—like playing a game.

"I don’t know how much of us had the more fun playing between scenes of ‘Now And Forever’—Shirley or I. There was a malicious rumor around that I never did let Shirley have a quick glance in the paint-book I set I bought her. It isn’t true. Shirley would be the first to tell you I let her color two of them! And if it didn’t do the rest it was only because I was showing her how it was done. That’s my story, and maybe I’m stuck with it."
helena rubinstein says
your lips must wear a lustre

C O L O R  t h a t  g l i a c e s ... L i p s  i n c r e d i b l y  s o f t —
magnetically smooth youthful lustrous! Again the great cosmetic genius, Helena Rubinstein, scores a remarkable achievement. In her newest lipsticks she gives you the crowning secret of lip allure—living color-lustre . . . . Unique ingredients banish dry, crinkly lips forever!

The latest daytime shade is subtle, natural "Terra Cotta." For various costumes, famous Red Raspberry, Red Geranium, Red Poppy, Red Coral or "Evening." All in smart new jewel-like cases. Golden Automatic is perfection. 1.00. Water Lily Grande, the suggested lipstick ever, 1.25. And, "Deb." 50. Use these marvelous lipsticks to rouge your cheeks, too! Clinging mist-like powder, 1.00, 1.50.

Glamour For Your Eyes

New Persian Mascara will not run or smudge. Large automatic case, for your purse, 1.00 . . . Eyelash Grower and Darkener—glosses lashes, brows. Conservative day make-up also. 1.00.

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helena rubinstein
8 East 57th St., New York

"Anyway, she liked it best when I'd sketch little things for her like birds and cats. One day I drew a funny picture with big ears and gaping mouth and wrote under it: This is Shirley Temple. As 'n art critic she's perfect. Looked at it very carefully, didn't know I'd draw Mickey Mouses that kind of look like him, Mr. Cooper?"

"Shirley is not permitted to work more than six hours a day and she gets plenty. Tell her anything once and she never forgets it. Her mother reads a line to Shirley for the first time, and the little girl remembers it. A dance director at the studio tells the story of how Shirley was a dance routine which was later discarded. So he taught her another one—but in the meantime they decided to go back to the original dance, which was more in keeping with the role. The director had entirely forgotten it—but every Shirley remembered every step and did it perfectly!"

James Dunn—"Stand Up and Cheer."
"Baby Take a Bow," and "Bright Eyes."

“I suppose it sounds funny to say a little kid like Shirley marked a milestone in my life, but it’s the truth. I had to slip and slip pretty badly, it seemed to me, after staring at the top with ‘Bad Girl.’ But I thought I must be nearing the end of the professional trail of juveniles when they started casting me opposite Shirley. Supporting a kid was just a little worse than I thought I deserved! All my friends told me I was foolish to let the studio put me in ‘Baby Take a Bow’—that no one would notice I was even on the screen. So you see I started work with the baby under a severe mental handicap. Of course, we had been together before in ‘Stand Up and Cheer’ but that was a big musical with glory enough for all. On the other hand ‘Baby Take a Bow’ was definitely a starring picture for Shirley—and I was merely in support of her!”

I’ll never forget the first day of the picture. I suppose I must have looked pretty gluey, and Shirley, who had become a real pal during the making of ‘Stand Up and Cheer,’ must have sensed something was wrong. Anyway, she came over and whispered around the make-up we had dragged me tight and said: "Oh, Jimmy, aren’t you so happy we’re working together again—haven’t you missed me like I’ve missed you?"

"Let me tell you that right then and there all that grumpiness of mine vanished into thin air, and it never has or never will come back if I have to play stooge to Shirley all the rest of her starring career! I tell you I love that little kid and all those stories about how she’s been an influence in my life—switching me off the playboy stage and making me a club man!"

“Another funny thing about it, I think Shirley has been lucky for me—I mean in my work. Maybe it’s just a coincidence, but everything’s been breaking my night for me during the last several months, including the fact that the studio’s been able to buy some fine stories in which they’re going to cast me. My appearance in Shirley’s ‘Little Miss Marker’ made me more of a fan mail, and, oh, I don’t know—just knowing the kid has made me happier some way. I’m not awfully good at expressing myself—so sound silly if I say it!

“I love Shirley in every one of her moods: when she’s a little tired and wants to curl up in your lap; when her little dimples dance when you give her a present; when she’s just a slightly dirty-faced little girl playing around with her stand-in between scenes and we have to wait while she gets cleaned up before we can go on. But I think I love her best when she’s conceded. Yes, like every normal kid in the world Shirley gets herself in jams—and it’s a wow to see her get out of them! I think the story about Shirley and the baby specialist is just about the best. She had been a great to-do at the studio for days in anticipation of the visit of this noted child specialist who had made a trip to the Coast for the express purpose of seeing Shirley and finding out what made her tick. Everyone was in a slight uproar bending backward in plans to prove to the noted medical that Shirley was just a normal little girl leading a normal life.

“The day the doctor arrived was a big one. Of course, we stopped work for a couple of hours while he was escorted by Shirley, Mrs. Temple and several studio officials through Shirley’s bungalow, playroom, etc. Shirley was a little surprised at the idea of entertaining a ‘grown-up’—what child wouldn’t have been? But I think she was thoroughly impressed with the idea of making a good showing before the gentleman.

As it drew near lunch-time someone began to tell the good doctor about Shirley’s diet, explaining: ‘We are very careful with the child’s food. She eats vegetables mostly; a little meat—and no rich sweets at all!’

“The doctor was just about to say, ‘Of course’—when his eyes lighted on an enormous glass jar of hard candies on a shelf. Shirley saw immediately where he was looking and not realizing there was a big difference between ‘rich sweets’ and simple candies she thought they were caught red-handed.

“Oh, that candy, doctor,” she said, blowing out her little cheeks just like she does on the screen when she is excited, ‘that isn’t for everyday use. We just keep that here in case of emergencies!’

“Well, it shlayed the Doc and everyone else, and after that he and Shirley got along famously.

Joe had left him told him he considered Shirley the most amazing child he’d ever encountered, and called her a little genius. Well, I suppose she is; but the important part to me and everyone else who comes in contact with her is that she’s just a darn sweet, lovable little girl—and that’s a bigger compliment, if you ask me!”
Glamor Girl
Continued from page 23

she had unconsciously acquired from Betty.
“Come over here,” Stewart ordered curtly, placing her directly beneath an arc-light.
“Look at me—not over there—straight at me.” Stella blinked under the soft blonde hair that fell over her forehead.
“Looks well under the lights,” remarked Driscoll in the background.

Stewart wrinkled thoughtfully. “The type’s not bad,” he said over his shoulder to Morrison. “Not much fire, though—”
“Give us a chance,” growled the other. “All she needs is a little kindling—”

“Just a kindling fool,” Stewart scoffed, but his voice was friendly.

Retreating a couple of steps, Morrison placed his hands under his eyes in the expert’s gesture, and for the dozenth time surveyed the girl. Then, struck by some sudden thought, he lumbered over to the adjoining stage and stuck his head through the door of a prison cell, at which the workmen were still tinkering. “Robin,” he called.
“Come out here a minute, will you?”

Stella didn’t know much. But one thing she did know—she knew who Robin was. She knew Robin, indeed, as intimately as we know people whom we see every day of our lives. She—and all her little movie-going sisters with her—knew how Robin looked when he came down a stair-case, how he shook hands, how he walked, strode, ran, how he entered a car, drew his gloves on, removed his overcoat—how he danced, made love, smiled, kissed—yes, better than anything else he did, this sixteen-year-old could have told you how he kissed—how he closed his eyes, how his face took on a somber, suffering look. Indeed, if she could have analyzed her emotions, understood her child’s heart, young, Stella Harrison would have realized that she’d fallen a little in love with this seductive projection of a photographed man on a screen.

So when it happened that this glorious Robin actually entered from the prison cell on the stage, emerged as a living creature of flesh and blood—dressed though he was in the shabby garments of a fugitive, made up though he was to look hollow-eyed and gaunt—when he actually approached Stella from out of the shadows, his eyes fixed on her and on her alone, she awoke for the second time that day. And the time she awoke more completely than ever before—with a terror so thrillingly sweet at the pit of her stomach that her quivering legs could scarcely hold her. Resting her weight on her delicate left hip, she raised her eyes as though drawn by some hypnotic power and looked at Robin.

Morrison could no longer control his excitement. “Well?” he burst out. “Go find something, Bill—what?”

Stewart, intent on the girl for the last thirty seconds, drinking in her childishness, her shableness, her innocence, her young gancherie, seemed not to hear. At length he looked up.

“Yes—?” he said half questioningly.

“Yes—maybe—it’s a chance. You can have a test made tomorrow, Morrison.”

It was 4:30. Stella’s wild chase began.

Do you know what a screen test means? Do you realize the significance of this opportunity—this amazing, this unique, this fabulous opportunity that was being handed Stella Harrison of Alhambra? No film career—however sensational, however spectacular, but has started in the same way—with a screen test; with that first dazzled looking under the arc-lights; with those first awkward gestures in front of a camera. If the test turned out well, Stella would
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Now—for a limited time only—Department and Drug Stores offer you FREE this booklet and the generous gift-size box—with each purchase of a 50c box of SOFT-TONE Mello-glo. You may choose two different shades or both boxes may be of the same shade. So—don't delay. Take advantage of this special offer at your favorite Department or Drug Store.

If your dealer is out of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, ask him to order it for you, or you may use this coupon to order direct from us.

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I am interested in the special offer of a free gift box and free make-up book, together with one 50c box of SOFT-TONE Mello-glo.

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Check shade desired in 50c box:

- Ivory
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(This offer not good in Canada.)

James Cagney visits with Dolores Del Rio on the "Galiente" set.

be given a small part the next day—a bigger part two months hence—in three years from now she would be a star.

In the wardrobe department, at any rate, they knew what a screen test meant. Muhlmann knew. Betty knew. Pat Armstrong knew. Even Stella, half asleep though she'd been for most of her life—even Stella knew—Stella who had been so thoroughly awakened by the sight of the living Robin Marlowe. She took an almost active part in the agitated council that was now going forward in the wardrobe room.

The discussion was led, the decisions made and the final program drawn up by General Betty. Before noon of the following day—the hour for which the screen test had been scheduled—Stella must be supplied with a proper wardrobe. "Fixed up," said Muhlmann. "Outfitted," said Betty. "Dressed," said Stella.

The essential items of this wardrobe were listed as follows. First, since legs were all-important, a pair of really good silk stockings. These presented no problem, for there were Betty's chiffon hose, worn only once, reposing comfortably in the bureau drawer with a drawer of woolen hose, new bandeau and step-ins, because—you could never tell—they might want to take some shots in lingerie. These would have to be bought. A month's income of a makeup man in the wholesale business who might be willing to sell them the things at cost price. She'd never dealt with him herself, but Juanita Romero had told her about him.

Then, an evening gown—a real evening gown, cut low, backless if possible, because backless gowns, Muhlmann informed them wisely, lend that certain touch. To buy such a gown was naturally out of the question, but Muhlmann had heard of a woman—now where does she live—Lillian Way?—or maybe her name is Lillian, and she lives some place and she is a dressmaker. I don't know, but anyway, I'll find out. And the gowns she rents—something gorgeous—she buys from the stars—day clothes and evening clothes and other things. Because this Madame Lucille—that's it, Madame Lucille—this Madame Lucille knows all the biggest stars—and they have the clothes on the other place. She told them they sell—because God forbid somebody should see them twice in the same dress—but for less than ten dollars you won't get nothing," continued Pat.

Then, an evening wrap—an evening wrap of brocade with a real fox collar. Neither Betty nor Stella nor any of their counselors could conceive of a screen test that didn't include a wrap. Because this Madame Lucille—that's it, Madame Lucille—this Madame Lucille knows all the biggest stars—and they have the clothes on the other place. They told them they sell—because God forbid somebody should see them twice in the same dress—but for less than ten dollars you won't get nothing," continued Pat.

To burst into a storm of weeping—the wild convulsive sobbing of a child with big bright tears running down her cheeks and over her chin and into her neck. Unable to endure the sight or sound any longer, her angry and bewildered mother rampaged in her worn bag, flung a crumpled bill at the girl and set her mouth hard over the resentful torrent of words that still trembled on her tongue. Betty meantime was seated on the top step of a chair-case, waiting for the return of the struggling young dentist from whom she proposed to borrow ten dollars. Pat Armstrong had located Marie and found her willing to do what she could, but her sister had driven down to Palm Beach with her boy friend, and heaven alone knew what time she'd be back. Muhlmann had unearthed the address of Madame Lucille and phoned it to the butcher, from whom Stella, tear stained and quivering, picked it up on her way to the shoe store.

The three girls had arranged to meet at
good shoes—were very expensive indeed. By that time it was five o'clock. Stella, sitting silent but alert in the midst of the council, was seized by a sudden, uncontrollable spasm of trembling. A chill ran through her body, while her hands and face burned, and it was all she could do to keep her teeth from clicking against each other. Betty shot her a glance. "Feeling sick, kid?" she asked, but Stella only shook her head.

"Ochs, the child's nervous!" cried Muhlmann. "Leave her alone. I would be nervous too!" her laughter boomed, "if they would put me tomorrow in a scene with Mr. Robin Marlowe!"

On the Alhambra street-car the girls sat silent, each in her own thoughts. At Alvarado Street Betty got out, having informed her sister that she would meet her at 7:30 with the money for the evening gown. Left behind, small, panicky, and forlorn, Stella sat huddled in her seat, figuring and figuring while the nervous tremors continued to shake her young body.

Shoes that looked like anything at all would cost ten dollars. Ten dollars seemed to her a terrible price for shoes, but orders were orders. Five dollars more, because the ferrie. That made fifteen dollars which Stella would have to wrest somehow from her short-sighted mother. There was no time to be lost, either, or the shop would be closed. Pat Armstrong, meantime, had departed in search of the unknown Marie, and Muhlmann had promised to go straight to the studio to a woman she knew on Wilton Place who had the address of the Salon Lucille.

At 6:30 the outlook was black. Mrs. Harrison was making a terrific scene in the notion shop, and refusing point-blank to hand out any money. Stella burst into a storm of weeping—the wild convulsive sobbing of a child with big bright tears running down her cheeks and over her chin and into her neck. Unable to endure the sight or sound any longer, her angry and bewildered mother rampaged in her worn bag, flung a crumpled bill at the girl and set her mouth hard over the resentful torrent of words that still trembled on her tongue. Betty meantime was seated on the top step of a chair-case, waiting for the return of the struggling young dentist from whom she proposed to borrow ten dollars. Pat Armstrong had located Marie and found her willing to do what she could, but her sister had driven down to Palm Beach with her boy friend, and heaven alone knew what time she'd be back. Muhlmann had unearthed the address of Madame Lucille and phoned it to the butcher, from whom Stella, tear stained and quivering, picked it up on her way to the shoe store.

The three girls had arranged to meet at
Fifth and Hill at 7:30, and all three arrived, harried-looking but prompt. (Pat Armstrong’s devotion to the cause, by the way, was bound up with the fact that Betty had once come to her aid in an affair that she never referred to except as “that jam I got myself into.” Betty alone had stood by her in “that jam,” and Pat’s code would have sent her cheerfully through fire and water to repay her debt.)

Their faces looked pinched and wan in the glaring light reflected by street lamps and advertising displays, by restaurant signs and theatre marquees. A steady stream of people jostled and elbowed them.

“Got the money?” was Stella’s first question.

“Only five,” replied Betty briefly. “We’ll have to manage with that.”

Stella shot her a glance and refrained from asking for details. “I have the shoes,” she said, indicating a box under her arm. “Put no money for underwear.” Betty’s full, crimson-painted lips set a trifle more grimly, and Stella hurried on. “The shoes are nice though—patent leather with buckles and heels that high.”

“Why didn’t you put them on?” inquired Betty severely.

“Too keep them new.”

“New? You’ve got to get your feet used to them, or you’ll be walking like a giraffe at the studio tomorrow.”

She can change ’em in here,” Pat steered her into the street-car terminal. Betty opened the box, nodded approvingly at her sister’s purchase and wrapped up the old shoes while Stella donned the new, a little tight, but decidedly smart-looking.

They walked to the Salon Lucille to save the bus-fare. It was almost 8:30 before they found the dark, rather shabby little street and the two-family house with 356 in dingy brass figures on the door-step.

The upper floor was dark, but a dim light shone through the curtained windows of the lower.

Betty rang the bell. After what seemed an endless wait, the peep-door was opened and a woman’s white face peered out. Did Madame Lucille live there? No, Madame Lucille didn’t. Madame Lucille had lived there, but they’d got good and sick of having all the extras in Hollywood traipsing back and forth, and they’d given her the gate. Where had she moved to? The lady didn’t know. What was more, she didn’t care, and to prove her point, slammed the door in Betty’s face.

“That settles it,” thought Stella dully. She was faint with hunger and felt as though someone was sticking needles through her feet. But she’d reckoned without her sister.

“Nuts to Lucille!” decided Betty. “We’ll go home and fix up my nile-green to fit you, and that’ll give us five bucks for lin- gerie.”

But first, the evening wrap. Pat gave Betty the mannequin’s name and phone number—Irene Gillespie, Granite 4649—and all three crowded into the phone booth, while Betty dialedled. No, Miss Gillespie hadn’t come in yet. No, I couldn’t say. She’ll probably go straight to the Bowl. The Bowl? The Biltmore Bowl, came the rather testy explanation, where she works. What time was she due there? Not till eleven. Thank you very much.

“Well,” sighed Betty, “that means we have to go home and come back again.” Because of the uncertainty of their mother’s mood, Pat’s offer to go home with them was declined with thanks. If I don’t get something to eat pretty soon, thought Stella, I’ll faint. If I have to work on that nile-green dress tonight, it’ll be the end of me.

But the kitchen table at home was laid with bread and cheese and ham, and a pot of coffee stood ready on the stove. Mrs. Harrison, in bed, pretended to be asleep. She didn’t understand the children, and the children didn’t understand her. The less talk between them, the better.

Having snatched some food, the girls tiptoed into their bedroom and brought out the nile-green. The nile-green was Betty’s pride and joy, and the scarlet-and-heroinism in the act as she draped the dress about Stella’s thin body and slashed ruthlessly into the material with a huge sharp scissors from the florist shop, justifying her sacrifice was faintly tinged with calculation, if she thought: Suppose the test turns out well, suppose Stella gets to be a star, I’ll be something, too—it was none the less admirable, for all that.

There was a mirror in the bedroom which had belonged to her grandmother—a small, three-ply mirror on an elaborately carved little stand with two diminutive drawers for comb and brush. Stella, weary to the point of exhaustion, felt something like nausea as she saw herself slipping by in the triple glass—first, her face with its smooth blonde hair, then her shoulders, then a bit of her back, the lean flat line of her stomach, and the puff over each hip, which seemed to her to add the final touch of elegance.

“You arms are too skinny,” grumbled Betty, lifting the dress from her sister’s chest and roughly and severely altering clothes quickly), she finished soon after. The line of her month extended to the limit of its capacity, while tears of fatigue ran from the corners of her eyes.

But their hardest task still lay ahead of them. . . . (To Be Continued)

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"Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets"

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*NOTARY PUBLIC*

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not sitting around moaning that the first woman with pregnancy. How do I know, perhaps life will be just beginning when the wrinkles come!" and Claudette's deep-throated laugh, with its contagious lilt, filled the room.

"Few countries worship youth as does America," she continued, warning to her subject. "In France, for instance, a woman isn't considered even interesting until she is thirty. Peaches-and-cream-complexions aren't the ultimate of beauty over there. A woman's charm mellowed with experience. She learns to know life, to become tolerant and understanding; and only then is she capable of enjoying the deeper pleasures.

"Youth and beauty are so precious to most women, especially actresses, that they are reluctant to be honest with themselves. They listen to false praises, look into the mirror and kid themselves that they look as young and pretty as ever, and go on demanding romantic roles. That is utter nonsense! No woman can play the lovely heroine very long."

Because life wasn't any too easy for her as a young child, Claudette says she early learned to look ahead and to plan. Now that she has won success and fame, that early training still holds good. She looks ahead, and never becomes so absorbed in the applause of the moment as to lose her perspective of the future.

Luckily for her, she started right out playing leading roles on the stage and never was the ingenue. Since coming to the screen she has wisely insisted upon not being typed. With her versatility she has portrayed dutiful and careless wives and upstanding daughters. She was the wicked Poppea in "The Sign of the Cross," the wilful runaway heiress in "It Happened One Night," the intriguing Cleopatra, a worldly woman singer in "The Gilded Lily," and a successful business woman in "Imitation of Life." "My idea," said Claudette thoughtfully, "is to meet the future with eyes wide open, and then there is nothing to fear. Right now, I am steering into comedy whenever I can. I love it; and, too, a woman can continue on both stage and screen a long, long time, and comedy. Look at Mrs. Fiske. She made the change from drama to comedy most successfully and remained a favorite to the very last. There's no way of proving. She is the screen in old lady parts but through her remarkable comedy gift she now plays a variety of characterizations in which humor is the keynote, and she can go on indefinitely.

"There is no use for an actress to blind herself to the fact that romantic roles are soon taboo. Then come heavy mother parts that serve merely as background for the drama and bring little satisfaction."

"I've known from the very first that my time on the screen would be limited. Then what? That's what I wanted to know. So I took stock of myself and am making plans. I know exactly what I shall do. I'll direct.

"Oh, dear no, not pictures. But stage plays. Few women have been successful directing pictures and then only after years of preparation in the scenario and cutting departments. Anyway, too much money is involved in a film. No studio would ever trust an actress to direct one. We aren't supposed to have brains!" and again, the Colbert throaty laugh.

"The stage offers great opportunities. I know I could learn so much, how I would love it! Imagine a dozen characters to work with instead of one; imagine the huge canvas on which to create the action, the emotion of a great story. It would bring a bigger thrill, a deeper satisfaction than acting any role, no matter how well that role were played.

"Then, I would like to take underdeveloped talent and guide it to full power; that would be a joyous experience. Even now, whenever there are young players on the set, I fairly ache to take them in hand and help them to say their lines, to show them how to express thought through a gesture. I've learned through such hard work that I would like others to share the benefit of my efforts.

"Enthusiasm is the dynamo of all human action," Claudette went on, after a moment's pause. Lacking this vital touch a woman's life is uninteresting and very drab. But in these days of opportunity there is a place for everyone's talents. Absorbed in some ambition, some definite aim, no woman has time to worry, over trifles, over annoyances or allow suggestions of age, with its trail of unwelcome thoughts, to take possession of her."

"I keep fit by taking excellent care of myself. I never neglect my regular sleep; and as I am always trying to gain in weight, I have no fear of the 'middle age spread.' I play tennis and golf and intend remaining young and active for many, many years."

Claudette says she has a pet theory that keeping busy means keeping happy, and keeping happy means keeping young. She insists she could never be idle and she could never be happy away from the theatrical profession; but there are other phases to the theatre besides acting. For instance, she spent three years in an art school before ever thinking of going on the stage. She frequently assists in designing her costumes, and she also has a distinct flair for decorating. These creative branches belong to the theatre, and she is fully equipped to handle them and win new honors.

"Time could never be cruel to me," said Claudette, "because it will never hang igny on my hands. There are so many things in which I am intensely interested. For one thing, I like to garden—almost as much, as to act. Perhaps later I can row around in out-of-the-way places that have always stirred my imagination."

"Then, as I said, I can always paint, design, read, and study music. So why, I ask you, should I fear the passing of the years?"

W. C. Fields' Real Life Story

Continued from page 53

agent comes to my dressing-room. 'Who do you think out front?' he says. The manager of that Vienna theatre. Wants to give you a contract. 'A contract!' you yell. 'Why, the—' (all right, never mind—"put in a few dots and dashes.) 'Why, I wouldn't play for that dirty so-and-so,' I told him, 'for all the money in the world. He almost stopped my heart, the dots and dashes. 'Don't be a dummy,' says the agent. 'What's the difference as long as you get your money? Talk to him, anyway.' So the manager walks in. Fields, he says, 'I was a fool to judge your act by the Winter Garden in Berlin.' So what? I ask him. 'So what do I have to pay for the mistake?' he says. 'Two months' guarantee,' I told him, 'and an increase over the last contract.' He'd already paid me five hundred bucks, but I got my price—and for two months in Vienna." Fields concluded placidly, "I was the most awful flop a man ever hired.

He had other noteworthy experiences outside the theatre—experiences not altogether amusing, though his narrative style tends to make them sound so. He was once visiting the Welsh coal-mines and fell into conversation with a young man who said he was the company doctor. "Look pretty young to be a doctor," Fields observed. Well, I'm not really a doctor yet," the other confessed. "But I can set a broken bone."

A few days later Fields came down with the flu, and asked the hotel to send him a
physician. In walked the company doctor. From his bed of pain, the comedian gave him a long look. "Have a drink," he said. The doctor had a drink. "Well," remarked the patient, "I'm not really a doctor yet either, so I'll cure myself if it's all the same to you. So long."

On another occasion he was sitting in a Berlin beer-garden with a group of friends, when two Prussian officers, uniformed, monocled "and sniffing the air like a couple of caneels, sat themselves down at the next table. They didn't like the way I laughed or something," Fields explains it, "and started tellin' the world what they thought of Americans. I stood it as long as I could, then I let 'em have it. Hit 'em? Sure—it seemed to be enjoying some jest of his own—"you can call it that if you like. Next thing I knew I was out under the linden. And next day I left Berlin in a hurry. Figured I could tackle a broken contract better than the German army in peace time. The theatre sued me all right. So I hired a firm called Limburger to defend me. But they smelled up the case so—" he said, fixing me with a bland eye, "that I lost it."

Until the outbreak of war he was continuously on the go—Europe, America, Australia, South Africa, the Orient—hardly a corner of the globe that didn't at one time or another see and applaud the most dexterous juggler of his day. In 1914 he set sail from Australia for India. On the first night out the ship suddenly went black. Officers passed from deck to deck, calming panicky passengers. Something had gone wrong, they said, with the lighting system. Nothing to worry about. Next day the lighting system worked like a charm, but that night it had gone screwy again. On the third day land was sighted.

"What's it all about?" Fields inquired of an officer. "Last time I went to Ceylon it took ten days. Have they moved it nearer?" "Off our course," smiled the officer and refused to say another word. But they soon discovered that they were back in Australia, having been exposed for forty-eight hours to the danger of death by explosion. For it was no defective lighting system that had darkened their ship, but news that the German cruiser "Emden," camouflaged and efficient, had been scouring the seas in their general neighborhood.

In Australia Fields found a cable from Charles Dillingham, offering him a 20-week contract for Dillingham's new show, "Watch Your Step." It was opening in Syracuse, New York—and to get there in time Fields had to travel uninterrupted for thirty-nine days and nights. He made it by a hair, and felt that his efforts had been well repaid, for never had his act been more uproariously greeted. By the time he'd finished reading the papers next morning, he was feeling pretty sorry for Dillingham and pretty well pleased with himself. For the critics agreed that, while the show was a washout, Bill Fields' billiard table act stood out from the general mess like a sore thumb. Trying to look modest, he appeared at the theatre. Dillingham approached "to congratulate me," says Fields, "—so I thought. But I thought wrong. 'Bill,' he says, 'I don't see any place in this show for your billiard table. And without your billiard table you're no use to me.' I gave him one look and saw he meant it. 'Hey, wait a minute, Charlie,' I said, 'I traveled 39 days and nights to fill this spot. I'm goin' to get my twenty weeks' guarantee.' "Sure you are, Bill," he says. 'Go back to New York, if you like, and draw your salary. Or stay right with the show and we'll have a high time together.' "Well, I came as near blueberrin' then as I ever did. There never was a whiter guy than Charlie Dillingham. He had to do what he thought was right by the show. It wasn't his fault. But it wasn't mine either. Yet there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. There never is. So now you know why I'm nervous—or crazy and nuts, as some of my good friends call it—why I never feel safe in this blankety-blank business I juggled myself into."

He was struck by another such bolt from the blue when Ziegfeld closed his production of "The Comic Supplement," though it was drawing crowds. By that time Fields was no longer a juggler pure and simple. He'd written and was appearing in five scenes featuring that particular brand of humor which has since made him famous in another field. But Ziggie didn't like comedy, Ziggie was boss and, though the critics raved, Ziggie closed the show.

Meantime, however, business at the "Follies" was dropping and a few days later Ziggie phoned, "Gene thinks your stuff's good," he said—(Gene Buck was his talent scout). "I don't. The public doesn't want comedy. They want girls. But take less money and I'll put you into the Follies."

"No," thundered Fields. Business continued to drop, Gene continued to nag Ziegfeld, and Fields and his five acts were injected into the aliasing "Follies." And despite the fact that the public didn't want comedy, receipts mounted from eighteen thousand to forty-two thousand a week, and for fifty weeks never dropped below the latter figure.

But was Ziegfeld convinced? Well, he
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A SEALED package of DUART permanent waving pads is opened especially for you when you ask for a Duart wave. Then you are sure your hair will be waved with the same genuine materials used to create the soft, naturally beautiful coiffures worn by the Hollywood Stars.

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[] Titan Reddish [] Trian Blonde
[] Brown [] Reddish [] Black

[] White or Medium Brown [] Gray Brown
[] Medium Blonde [] Ash Blonde
[] Black Golden [] Light Golden

for rebuilding any body. Watch your cat and try to imitate his movements. He will be so happy, he will imitate your movements and relax. Every muscle of his body responds. Try it!

Some other stretching exercises:
Lie on the floor and stretch the arms above the head as far as you can reach, at the same time pointing the toes down as far as they will go; hold it; then relax. Raise arms over head slowly, re-

Non-Fattening Diet
(Recommended by James Davies)

FRIDAY
Breakfast: Fresh pineapple juice, 1 poached egg on slice whole wheat toast.
Lunch: Steamed vegetable plate, apricot mousse, ice tea.
Dinner: Iced clambroth, salmon steak with lemon sauce, baked potato on half shell, stewed tomatoes with green peppers and chopped onions, peach short cake (without cream).

SATURDAY
Breakfast: Sliced prunes, 1 poached egg.
Lunch: Vegetable salad with French dressing, egg crisp, sliced apples and cheese, glass buttermilk.
Dinner: Potassium broth, filet mignon (rare), creamed celery, green peas, orange sherbert.

SUNDAY
Breakfast: Glass prune grape juice, soft boiled egg, 2 rashers bacon, corn muffins.
Lunch: Jellied asparagus, filet of salmon, cold artichoke with lemon sauce, compote stewed fruit.
Dinner: Hors-d'oeuvres, cold fried chicken, chef's salad, mashed sweet potatoes baked in orange shells, ice cream.
Ann Dvorak
in Warner Bros. "G Men"
★ To lend enchantment to
the warm color tones of
brunette beauty, Ann Dvorak
chooses Max Factor's Olive
Powder, Carmine Rouge and
Carmine Lipstick.

Jean Muir in Warner Bros.
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"
★ To accent appealing charm
delicate colorings, Jean
Muir chooses Max Factor's
Rachelle Powder, Blondeen
Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

Mary Astor
in Warner Bros. "Dinky"
★ To harmonize naturally
with the distinctive colorings
of the auburn type, Mary
Astor chooses Max Factor's
Olive Powder, Blondeen
Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

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Three Brunette Warner Bros. Stars
Reveal
Hollywood's
New
MAKE-UP

Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty
as Famous Screen Stars Do

The magic of color... beauty's secret of attraction
has been captured by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up
genius, in a new kind of make-up. It is color harmony
make-up...original, new color tones in face powder, rouge
and lipstick, having a matchless lifelike quality that
actually seems to work a miracle in creating lovely beauty.
Wouldn't you like to share this secret with Hollywood's
stars? You can!...for whether you are blonde, bruneete,
brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony
for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty,
the fascinating charm of your own type.
The very first time you make up you will see an
amazing difference. You will marvel at the satino-smooth
loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin...at the
entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks...
at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your
lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony
of color....and you will find that it will remain perfect
for hours and hours.

New beauty can be yours today...for the luxury of
Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the
screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max
Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge,
fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one
dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Mary Astor
in Warner Bros. "Dinky"
It isn’t. These two people may be two in a thousand. The rest of us can’t hope to swim channels and run miles unless we are sure our mechanism will stand it.

Too much sleep is sometimes responsible for the figure on the scale. A healthy woman from 21 to 45 years of age needs no more than eight hours of sleep. So don’t go in for naps unless you are undergoing some strain.

Most Hollywood stars have swimming pools. Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Elissa Landi are devotees of the early morning swim. They’ll never be overweight.

Swimming is an excellent way to reduce, as it is to build up the body. If you can’t go in for the real thing, try the swimming exercise routine. Lie face down across a piano bench or ottoman. Place palms of hands together, elbows bent. Shoot hands out in swimming movement, bring them to sides and back in circular movement, at the same time bend the knees, feet together, and kick feet out, as you would do if you were in the water. If you find it difficult to do the feet and arm movement together, try them separately.

Those who worry over wide hips may vary the usual hip-rolling exercise with this one: Lie on the back, keeping heels on floor, rise to a sitting position, with arms crossed on chest. If it’s hard to rise, begin by flinging arms out to give you an impetus. When you can do the exercise easily, increase the pull by clasping the hands at the back of the neck before coming to a sitting position. The sitting position should always be erect.

Hands are an index to any woman’s age. You’ve heard that one before. But it’s really simple to keep the hands young. Stimulate the circulation, don’t let them get dry and rough. Use a hand-brush for your skin and dry hands. If you find the skin too dry, use an oil-base soap and oil-base cream at night. Massage your hands, using a cream, put them together, stretch them and shake them, relax them and feel the youth return.

Youthful movement depends a good deal on the suppleness of the knees. Keep your knee muscles responsive.

Stand with both feet turned slightly outward, one foot a bit advanced. Rise on balls of feet, then slowly flex knees deeply, rise again, lower heels. Repeat half a dozen times.

Stand erect, hands on hips. Take a long step forward with right foot. Bend both knees so left knee touches floor. Rise quickly and step forward on the left foot, flexing knees as before. This time the right knee touches the floor. Take a dozen long steps in this fashion.

Mary Boland, whose health rules
James Davies reveals, with her co-star, Charles Ruggles.

James Davies Answers Your Questions

AT YOUR SERVICE

James Davies stands ready to help you with expert advice regarding exercises, diets and sane, healthful ways to gain or reduce weight. If you wish his advice on figure development, write him. Of course, it is not possible for him to answer your letter by mail, but all representative questions will be answered in this magazine, so please don’t send envelopes for return reply with your letter. Address: James Davies at SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.

D. M. R., Dubuque, Iowa, and L. C., Galena, Ill.: The only exercise I know of that will increase height is swinging from a gymnastic bar. This stretches the spine. Almost any gym has an exercise bar, and your local Y.W.C.A. can tell you where to get one if you wish to install it at home.

All of you who queried about diet and exercise: It is wise to combine diet with exercise, unless your doctor forbids exercise, or unless you are under-weight, when you will need a building-up diet to combine with your exercises.

Joan J., Jackson, Miss., and Roslyn S., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Yes, your hips are far too wide. You can afford to lose quite a bit there. Try hip-reducing exercises in this and next month’s issue. Here is a good one: Sit cross-legged on floor, grasp toes with hands firmly; swing feet back over head, still holding toes, and rock back and forth; then touch feet to floor over head. Try it until you can do it!

Dorothy C., Goldsboro, N. C.: You are under-weight. Do your daily routine less strenuously and go in for body-building foods. Drink 8 ounces at night before going to bed.

Mrs. L. C. W., of Atlanta: and all who write about reducing fatty thighs: The quickest way to rid yourselves of these fatty bulges is to put yourselves into the hands of a good masseur. If you can’t afford this, try the cupping massage to soften the quadriceps muscle. Here is a good exercise for this trouble: Lie on your back on the floor. Raise both legs at right angles with body, feet together. Open legs in V shape; close and open 10 to 15 times.

Mack, Miami, Florida: For that muddy complexion, drink at least 8 glasses of water a day, eat plenty of fresh vegetables, salads, and fruit. As you are under-weight, drink milk and have broiled steaks often. Follow exercises in this issue.

Mable K., Omaha, Neb.: Do NOT discard your glasses; there may be more becoming frames on the market, though I see nothing wrong with the ones you’re wearing. Exercises for eyes work when the muscles are affected, but not for near-sightedness. Men don’t object to girls who wear glasses; that’s a silly idea! Don’t let the idea of glasses hold you back.
Page Miss Glory
Continued from page 31

him as she rushed on the field. It had seemed impossible at first to get there in time, but here she was and there was his plane skimming over the ground and beginning to sour. There was the breathless, unspoken wish. If only she could be with him winging her way through the sky, so close to the stars and the moon she could almost reach out and touch them with her hand! It would be beautiful even to die with a man like Bingo.

All the next day she went around in a daze, her thoughts in the clouds with Bingo. And then the breathless announcement from the radio: "Flash! Bingo Nelson made it! The Quadruplets are saved. Stand by, everybody, while we transfer you to the flying field at Nome where Bingo Nelson has just landed."

There was a sudden rush of tears to Loretta's eyes. Bingo was safe, his voice coming to her as though he were in the room beside her.

"Hello, everybody! I never could have done it without Dawn Glory's picture before me all the way. If she is listening in now, I'm asking her to be my wife!"

The quick, almost unbearable joy was going to be of great value. She had been such a beautiful dream, she carried in her heart, but it was over now; and she sighed as she gathered an armful of fresh towels from the linen-room and went into Click's suite.

Bingo's words breathed life into Dawn Glory, made flesh and blood of a photograph that had never existed. Almost as soon as he had signed off, reporters were besieging Click, demanding an interview with the girl who had captured the heart of the nation's latest idol.

"Miss Glory is in bed, completely worn out," Click was thinking fast and talking almost as fast as he was thinking. "A case of over-exposure. I can't discuss her private life with you but maybe tomorrow I'll have another statement."

He slammed the door on the protests of the press and motioned weakly towards the bottle of Scotch on the table. But before Ed could pour him a drink the telephone rang.

"It's the National Radio Network!" He covered the mouth piece and turned to Ed.

"They want to broadcast Dawn's answer to Bingo in the nation and they'll hook in our telephone connection to the broadcast! This is too big to slip by!" He looked frantically around the room and then his eyes snapped as he saw Loretta coming out of the bedroom.

"Hoy, come here, you!" he shouted, "and say what I tell you to say over the phone."

"Click, no! She'll gum it all up!" Ed warned desperately, but Click had already grabbed Loretta and brought her to the phone.

"Dawn Glory's here, beside me," he turned to the telephone again. "She's ready to speak. Say when!"

There was a moment of waiting as the connection was tuned in to the broadcast. Then the warning from the announcer. "Ready with Miss Glory? You're on the air."

"Say, 'this is Dawn Glory speaking. I'm the happiest girl in the whole world today.'" Click coached her and then as she repeated the words in a dazed, poll-parrot way he went on, "Tell my hero Bingo Nelson I'm waiting for him with open arms."

With his name on her lips her voice changed, became suddenly alive again and warm. When she repeated after Click, "And here's a kiss for him and the whole United States," it was a girl in love speaking, a girl whose ecstatic voice brought a

It is the magic of Jantzen-Stitch that gives you an amazing degree of natural-line figure control in a Jantzen. Because of this advanced and exclusive knitting process your Jantzen fits perfectly, permanently. Permitting complete freedom, it firmly but gently holds the body in the natural position of youth. It molds the body in lines of grace and beauty. Figure control is literally knitted-in!

THE HALTER NECK [illustrated]—a new Jantzen of outstanding popularity. It is a very practical swimming suit with attractive back line permitting the maximum in exposure for sun bathing. The colors are new, rich and alluring. $4.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $7.95. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Sally Eilers, Star of the Universal picture, "Women Are Like That," wears the new Jantzen Halter Neck.
SCREENLAND

BRIGHT

EYE IDEAS

by

Jane Heath

EYE THE SUN!

Lucky the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid... of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it's not so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friends can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick?) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is more flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH $1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!

Water Witchery

And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only $1!

Sun Shine

Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLENE into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them... while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! $1 in nearby stores!

KURLASH

June Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-2, The Kurlash Company, Escher, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 5.

SLATTERY was beginning to believe the fantastic story in spite of himself.

"But Click congratulated himself on the success of his story too quickly. Just as Slattery was opening the door to go, Bingo rushed past him into the room.

"Where's she?" he shouted. "Where's Dawn?"

Slattery's eyes hardened and he stepped back into the room.

"Look here, Bingo," Click protested. "You can't break in on me like this. I'm busy."

But Bingo hadn't defied blizzards and death in his race back from Nome to be put off as easily as this.

"Lay off me," he eyed Click belligerently. "Since when can't a guy give his girl her engagement ring? Look," he pulled it from his pocket with a famous grin. "I just got it! It's all engraved and everything."

"Come on, Bingo," Ed took his arm. "Can't you see Click's busy?"

"Wait a minute." Slattery put in sharply. "This Dawn Glory is your sweetie—eh, Mr. Nelson?"

"My sweetie?" Bingo shouted. "I'm going to marry her!"

"Thanks," Slattery's mouth clamped over the word. His eyes were blazing as he turned to Click again. "Chisler! I'm giving you exactly half an hour to produce the girl—or else!"

Click saw it would be impossible to convince Slattery now, and he was seeing a fortune slipping through his fingers when the two left.

"We'll have to beat it," he said wearily. "The game's up."

Gladys started fearfully as the buzzer rang but it was only a messenger with another box from a dress manufacturer. "Look!" she laughed bitterly as she opened the box. "Another Dawn Glory dress! Hey," she called as Loretta opened the door gaily and came in with an armful of fresh linen, "take this in the bedroom with you."

Loretta sighed rapturously as she closed the door behind her. She had never seen anything so lovely before and she couldn't resist the temptation to hold it in front of her and see how she would look in it. It brought out the blue in her eyes and made them look like the cornflowers in the meadow back home. Only her cheeks and lips looked pale against the deep blue of the
What's the matter with Me and Men?

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.
Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

“HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What’s the matter with me? Why don’t men take me out? I’m not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!”

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can’t blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It’s too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There’s really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you’re safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — after dressing, as well as before. It’s harmless to clothing. It’s soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have this reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.

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dress, which accented her trim figure.

She took her vanity case from her apron pocket and stencilled a deep geranium over her lips and dabbed her cheeks with rouge. And then, trembling at her own temerity, she slipped out of her uniform and into the glamorous dress.

Funny, with her eyes shining like that and her hair curled in the new Dawn Glory had plucked to the Dawn Glory pencil line, she looked like Dawn Glory herself. She smiled, and somehow the resemblance became even more striking.

Glady’s started as she opened the bedroom door. For a moment she thought she had gone crazy, really crazy, and little wonder, too, with Slatery followed by almost every other newspaper man in the city breaking into the suite and demanding his pound of flesh in the person of Miss Glory. Then she saw it was only Loretta.

“Listen,” she whispered frantically. “You’re Dawn Glory, understand? You can act like her, can’t you? Act as if you’re the most beautiful girl in the world? Now when I tell you, come out.”

She opened the door and laughed as she heard Click trying to brazen his way out of the situation.

“Well, if Garbo can get away without being interviewed, why can’t Dawn Glory?” Click was saying. “She’s a bigger name than Garbo right now.”

“That’s all right, Click.” Gladys could hardly speak in her excitement. “Maybe the time has come to draw aside the veil of mystery. It might be better, after all, to let them see Dawn Glory. Now, boys, go easy on our little girl, please. She brightens easily.”

She stepped aside—and Loretta walked slowly out of the bedroom, with her hand on her hip and undulating a little as she walked, like the mannequins she had seen in newsreel fashion shows. Slowly she drifted past the admiring reporters, past Click’s incredulous stare, and posed for a moment in front of the window. The sun pouring in changed her hair to molten gold, and her smile was like the opening of all heaven.

Only that morning she had been Loretta, the drab chambermaid, making beds and dusting and emptying ash trays. Afternoon had come—and with it, magic. Suddenly, here she was, Dawn Glory, the most beautiful girl in the world!

(To Be Continued.)
Temper Mid-summer Madness with Beauty Care!

MAX FACTOR has a remedy for those dance-time plagues that are so likely to follow a lazy day on the beach. His liquid Make-up Blender will tone down the ugly sunburn red that makes you want to weep when you get into your dance frock. Make-up Blender comes in the popular powder tones. It's a great little matchmaker to bring the color of your neck, arms, shoulders, back and hands into harmony with your facial make-up. Try it when you've lost yourself in too much sunburn and you'll probably be so entranced with the soft, smooth surface it gives your skin that you'll keep on using it the year around. Lots of women do! Oh, and if you can think of it ahead of time, Make-up Blender is an excellent protection against tan, sunburn, and freckles. You'll like Max Factor's waterproof make-up for strenuous Summer days, too.

YANKY Clover may sound 'way down East to you, but it's really from the Chinese, and is one of the most subtle perfumes that ever waited its way down Sunset Boulevard. Yanky is a Chinese flower with a rare fragrance that seems to combine all the sophisticated wisdom of the Oriental ancients with the freshness of a new-mown clover. It's an old, old scent but Richard Hudnut has found a brand new use for it—one of those delightfully Summer ensembles of dusting powder, Eau de Cologne and talcum to


classic, body rub-down, skin fragrance and facial astringent. Incidentally, Lilac shades are high fashion for clothes.

THERE'S nothing quite like midsummer sun to spotlight your hair. How about that permanent? Is it the "joy forever" you hoped it would be or is it just one of those things you wish you hadn't done? Maybe you're among the ever-increasing horde who've resolved never to have another permanent after the last flop. Well, here's a tip on taking the risk out of permanents. When you get a Duart wave, the pads used on your hair come in a sealed-in-cellophane package. The lotion is in an individual bottle. Believe us, clean pads and fresh lotion are mighty important if you want to be ultra sure your permanent is going to be a big success! Much as we dislike putting the horrible thought in your head, women sometimes do inherit scalp disorders from used pads. Duart started in Hollywood, where the stars have gone for it in a big way. They, of all people, can't afford to take chances!

ENTER Lilac of France skin perfume from the House of Pinaud! Just what is a skin perfume, and why? It's a light scent which can be spread lavishly over wide areas of skin and which takes on a different fragrance with each individual; actually becomes a part of you. Our natural skin scents are widely varying, you know. If you must be shown, just spread a little Lilac of France on your hand—then some on a friend's. See what a difference there is in the aroma! Lilac of France can be used as a bath essence, body rub-down, skin fragrance and facial astringent. Incidentally, Lilac shades are high fashion for clothes.
Will Rogers
Continued from page 25

is cagey with his money; that he guards it too closely. During his Roach comedy days, he often let his checks accumulate for weeks. This used to worry C. H. Roach, Hal's father who was treasurer of the company. Mr. Roach would remonstrate with Will, but the latter would only grin slyly and say, "I just can't remember to get that pay check."

One night when Roach accompanied Rogers home from the studio, he was introduced to an old family friend—Jim Minnick, a horse dealer from New Mexico. Will had a habit of removing his glasses and fingering them, when he wasn't reading, (he still does it). This dirty the lens, and Mrs. Rogers spends much of her time cleaning the glasses. That night, when Rogers absent-mindedly removed his spectacles, his wife complained, "Oh Will, now you've got your glasses dirty again, and I'll have to wash them."

Minnick looked at her and commented, "Why don't you just wash his thumbs, Betty?" Will still laughs about that remark. When he is too persistent about removing the glasses, his wife reminds him of Minnick's crack, and back on the nose go the specs.

Rogers' silent pictures were not profitable. Roach soon agreed with Sam Goldwyn that Will's humor had to be heard, rather than seen. At the end of his first contract option, Will himself decided to quit the screen. He gave a stag dinner in a log cabin in the garden of his home, to which he invited Roach, Mack Sennett, William S. Hart, and other prominent men of the day. At the conclusion of the dinner, Will announced that the guests had to furnish their own entertainment.

"I'm tired of making speeches," he said. "I want every guest to get up and give a truthful account of why he joined the company and started in pictures." Some weird stories followed.

Before he could carry out his plan to leave Hollywood, Will agreed to make one more feature picture. That was "A Texas Steer," and Rogers played the role of a Texas farmer who was elected to Congress.

"I was picked for the part," said Rogers, "because all the rest of the actors in Hollywood had morality clauses in their contracts, and were afraid to act like Congressmen."

During the filming of "A Texas Steer," a constant parade of government officials—Senators, Congressmen, and lesser dignitaries—visited the studio sets. Will's piercing satires had touched them through his writings; no doubt they were curious to know if they were to be kidded in the picture. A funny incident occurred one day when a chap in top-hat and cutaway arrived. Rogers glanced at him and drewled, "How're you, Senator?" But the man was no Senator, he was an extra with a company at work on an adjoining stage. Later Rogers said to him, "I'm sorry I called you 'Senator.' You ain't sore, are you?"

"A Texas Steer" was Will's only return to Hollywood for a long time. In 1923, he left the film colony. The next few years found him back on Broadway, or traveling about the world. His only motion picture experiences during this period were a series of comic scenes, titled "Strolling Through Europe with Will Rogers. They were classics of humor, and are still being exhibited in theaters.

In 1929, Rogers returned to Hollywood. Talking pictures were then in full operat-
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Robert Bolt, director for Roger's new film, "The Beach Quattert." Says, "Sung to Order."

Writing Rogers' realistic biography is a matter of quoting smart gags, where in past cases of other stars, it has consisted of the relating experiences of the production. So let us proceed to Will's next picture, "Ambassador Bill." One of his prize witticisms of all time was uttered by Rogers, when a studio official said to him, "Lone Midvani, (the often wed Georgian Prince), would like to meet you." Will answered, "I'll meet him, but I'll tell you right now—I won't marry him in rapid succession."

"Down to Earth" and "Too Busy to Work" were made without joy or mishap. Next in line was "State Fair," the Fox all-star picture which had in its cast Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Louise Dresser, Norman Foster and others. When Will and the cast met on the set the first day, he looked around meditatively, and murmured, "Looks like my easy days are over. I gotta learn to act if I'm goin' to hold up my end with all you people."

He recalled these words later when a picture biographer saw the film. "Finally got a fella in the cast that can't out-act me," Rogers said. Incidentally, Will was the lone member of the cast who could stand the gigantic hog. He and the porker became good pals. Will accomplished this by feeding the hog daily, and thus "getting in good" with the brute, he explained, "They don't bite the hand that feeds them."

Doctor Bull," Mr. Sketch" and "David Harum" followed in rapid succession. Then came "Handy Andy," during which the star appeared clad in a leopard skin—nothing else. Now Will is no youth, and everyone was surprised at his bare legs. He explained that with, "Ioughta have good legs. Look how long I was in the Follies."

Rogers turns out more pictures than most of the important stars. Rated tops among the box-office attractions, he is the surprise of Hollywood in that he never complains about how often he works. During the filming of "The County Chairman," Will was engaged on the set when an assistant director notified him of the arrival of a man with a bust of Rogers. "Does the statue look like me," asked the star, "Well, it hasn't got wrinkles," the assistant admitted. "The man wanted to see you before he put in the wrinkles." Rogers bowed his gum thoughtfully, then said: "If he's over twenty, send him home. He'd never live long enough to put in all the wrinkles."

Margaret Sullivan, back from her honeymoon abroad. A welcome home to you, Margaret!
Rogers had the time of his life, during the filming of "Judge Priest," promoting the romance between Anita Louise and Tom Brown, who played young lovers in the picture, and arc real-life flames. Will often called them to one side and gave them bits of wise advice. The sage sayings he uttered about marriage would make a good book. Of course, he is in a position to advise, because his own marriage is one of the longest-lived and happiest in Holly-
wood.

There was a chap in this picture who was a real live wire, in the art of tobacco-spitting. His screen scenes were trivial compared to some of his real feats, such as splitting through a fence knot-hole from twenty feet away, and Will tried to compete with this man, but gave up in disgust. "Spit from my chewing gum," he complained, "don't hold together like your tobacco juice."

"Life Begins at Forty" is the next step in his screen biography. The director of this picture had heard that Rogers was a great quit—promptly—at five o'clock actor, but he learned that this rumor is no more than a rumor. The company usually quit at that hour, but Will often worked later when there were big scenes to be completed, or when there were large sets around, and those hours seemed to mean considerable added expense. Other times, he would wait around the set an hour or so, even if his own scenes had been completed.

During the making of "Life Begins at Forty," a famous Hindu who has not spoken for more than a decade visited the set. The man was a non-talker, and she was cast for the role at Will's own request. She is the wife of his former employer, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, and is one of his best friends.

The cast also included another of Rogers' old friends, Andrew Tombes, with whom Will staged his famous barefoot act for the "Follies Girls." This act ran three minutes in front of the curtain, while scenery was being changed behind. Will thought it up himself; he and Tombes range out together inviting an "O.K. to Buffalo," dressed in tails and top-hats but wearing no shoes. The sketch was a hit, and people howled throughout. The two men sang, too, but the laughter during their act was so loud that any body who ever heard the words of their song.

Will is usually preoccupied on the sets. He is either reading newspapers in search of Sunday or writing a Sunday newspaper column, or conferring with directors or the managers of his various enter-
prises. Because of this, he has little time for jokes and stunts, common to many other stars.

He has the happy faculty of being able to sleep anywhere or any time. He can sit in a chair and go sound asleep. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, he will wake up, full of pep and ready to go.

Thus ends the screen cinematic biography to date of motion pictures' most respected star, and Hollywood's least interviewed man. He is important by reason of his accom-
plishments, but inconspicuous by reason of his own reserve and modesty. There is no show-off about Rogers. He has been known to walk five miles across country to see old friends, when he could have a cabacade of cars if he so wished.

He is a Democrat, politically and in truth.

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Address...
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

use. To make, pick young green nasturtium seeds, wash well with cold water to which has been added half a cup of salt to each four cups of water used. Let stand overnight in a cool place, then wash and drain thoroughly. Pack in clean bottles and pour over a cold spiced vinegar made by adding to four cups of vinegar four tablespoons taragon vinegar, four tablespoons horseradish, two tablespoons of cloves and twelve peppercorns. Let stand twelve months and use in place of capers.

Quince Pickles

Eight pounds quinces, eight cups of sugar, two cups vinegar, one-half ounce cloves, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-quarter ounce allspice, two blades mace. Boil the quinces in two cups of water for just enough water to cover them. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices for eight minutes. Drain the quinces, put them into the simmering syrup and boil for eight minutes.

Divide into jars and seal when cool. After the informal meal, Joel stretched out on the grass next to the summer house and Frances brought a cushion and sat close beside him.

“We all need a siesta after eating,” asserted Frances. “Relax! It’s wonderful. This mustard tea has relaxed me.” Joel had washed along at fifty miles an hour, my poor silly brain speeding ahead of me, worrying about what it had to do next. Now, that’s all over. The combination of tea and mustard has taught me to relax. Eat slowly, enjoy your food, rest afterward and then work. Also don’t try to do everything at once. I feel like a new person.”

Joel and Frances can’t help talking about their ranch. The tree problem, for example. Joel is directly responsible for a dozen trees they are trying to get planted on a hillside next to the water tank. “I went shopping for trees last week,” observed Frances, “and I saw the most beautiful old elm that I could have had for a dollar. I might have had a fur coat at any rate—but it was so big the state highway department wouldn’t let me bring it over to the ranch.”

The tree is another absorbing topic with the young McCrea. And no wonder! The living-room walls are of whitewashed brick and knotty pine with a driftwood fireplace mantel and shelves, a lion-skin before it, and the furniture consists of family heirlooms with the exception of an old-fashioned organ.

“We searched everywhere for that organ,” remembered Frances, running her fingers over the yellow keys, “but we couldn’t find one. We’d given up when Mother discovered it in a little Sunday School in Santa Monica. It’s a relic of old California days. I had it reconditioned and renovated. It’s such fun fixing up a house. But very difficult getting things that belong together. A room in the house, use a lot of home spun draperies and so on, and plenty of rag rugs, hooked rugs, old oil lamps wired for electricity. You must see that sampler in Joel’s room. His grandmother worked it herself.”

“God Bless Our Home,” says the sampler, hanging over Joel’s beautiful rosewood bed, another of Joel’s gifts.

I think He does, for Frances and Joel are very sweet to one another; they seem to have something other couples haven’t—sightlines, intangibles and precious, besides that very tangible and beloved young Joel Dee, who appeared briefly in a blue sunbonnet and sun suit.
The Mad, Merry Set
Continued from page 19

performance. Did they have fun? Bob and Chet were given outfits that consisted of long twirling mustaches and fierce eye-
brows and told to lead the elephants, while Betty and Sue rode up on top dressed up like Fatima, the Sultan’s Fan-
tastic. They then lead the big parade around the tent and who
she should be seated in a prominent box but Mr. Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M, none other than their “boss.” At the performance Mr. Mayer
left mounted at the gate and Reckless is awful. And personally I couldn’t hand
David Copperfield’s a thing. Who makes those lousy pictures?

... and there was the time that Chester and Sue were asked by Somebody Important to entertain guests from the Middle West, a
little task that every movie star has wished
him from time to time. They ar-
rive in Hollywood with the idea that all
stars are idiots and imbeciles so Chet and
Sue decided to live up to their advance
publicity. They invited the Montogmerys, and when the guests were shown into the exquisite Morris dressing-room they were
greeted by Chet and Bob wearing nothing more than leaden shorts, tuxedo jackets, mustaches and derricks.

Bob and Chet are always playing jokes on each other, the most recent one involving
a horse. Bob bought a beautiful filly, but
with the idea that the horse was possessed of an insane desire to sit
down in public places and just relax. So
Bob, with a beautiful gesture of friendship and loyalty, bought Chet the horse as a
nag for Chet’s birthday; and with Sue and Betty and a gang of friends parked along Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills
with a horse, they sent Chet to the
famous bridle path. All dolled up
like an English riding to hounds, Chet
appeared, and fired with ambition by an
audience determined to treat them all to a
horse-race, But the filly had other ideas;
she decided to sit down right in the
middle of the bridle path, and just as a
sight-seeing bus crammed with movie fans
...
Remove FAT from any part
Be adorably slim!

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, compact features, instead of under-coming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with our famous Slimmer Method—and produced just where it was needed—safely, quickly, surely, myself, reduced off 21 inches, and my weight 26 lbs. in 28 days. J. A. H., 57 years of age (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimmers have wrought for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off the bust, and 3 off the waist.
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The production of "Naughty Marietta" was set late in 1933, or a whole year before it actually went before the cameras—due to one delay after another. Finally the studio heads prevailed upon W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke to direct it.

"Van Dyke, you know, has had lots of success with inexperienced actors," young Mr. Eddy, still on the subject of his proficient belief that he is not an actor, was saying. "What he did to me, I still don't know. There were no 'pap talks,' none of those speeches like 'young man, we're all with you, etc." Van Dyke treated me just as he did the other experienced actors, his attitude implying that I could act the scenes as he instructed.

Eddy laughed heartily as he recalled that, following the "Naughty Marietta" preview, when Van Dyke asked him how he liked seeing himself in his first picture, the actor, seeking to say he thought it fine but did not know how to carry his newly-conferred honors, replied, "Great, but I don't know how to act." Whereupon Van Dyke cut in with a laugh and said, "You're telling me!"

If proof of a sense of humor is ability to enjoy a laugh on yourself, Eddy must qualify as the possessor of a sense of humor. He has said that you won't find a more particularly hard-working actor in Hollywood, perhaps because he has put in a day's work in a studio where there are two sets, one in the stage and one in the dressing room. One day, "I was almost groggy, hadn't had a thing to eat for hours, though the other members of the company had. I couldn't get the words of a song straight, and suddenly decided to let it go until I had had something to eat. I started to walk off when Van Dyke called, 'Come back here,' I told him I wasn't going to do any more till I'd had a rest and something to eat. 'Come back and finish this scene,' Van Dyke ordered. Then I decided I might as well find out who was more important there, Eddy or Van Dyke. I decided Van Dyke was, and finished the scene."

By this time Eddy seemed to be craving action; he was pacing about the room, talking about his hopes for what will be given to do in his future films.

"I'd like smash-buckling roles. You can be a little 'harmy' in them without any harm to the performance. Also, I know, from meeting so many theater men during this concert tour, that both they and the public they serve love romance. It need not be especially 'important' or 'significant' drama, but romantic as to story."

The new star says he likes the variety of work he is doing now. "Radio, concert, pictures, the work is all doing nicely. I get so many fan letters telling me that the writers saw me in the picture and heard me on the radio, and a surprisingly large number mention having seen me in concert. Incidentally, the fan mail has grown so greatly that I'm having a time keeping up with it. I used to think I was a big shot when I got fifty letters a week. Now a week's mail brings in more than a thousand." As to getting back to Hollywood, Eddy said he'd be glad to be there and have a rest. "Out there," he added, "you don't have to go to parties unless you feel like it." He has never figured prominently in the lists of those present at the parties and gay spots, and perhaps the explanation of the absence of reports linking him romantically with the fair ladies is that he claims he takes a girl out because he likes her company, not merely to flash her for the sake of getting my name in the papers.

Nelson Eddy is so much news as of the immediate present that there doesn't seem a reason for talking about his past. However, so many have been inquiring "where has Nelson Eddy been all this time," since seeing him in "Naughty Marietta," that you may want a few facts about his career.

Well, he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, is a descendant of President Martin Van Buren; and Caroline Kendrick, a well-known singer of her day, was his grandaunt. Eddy started singing as a boy in the church choirs of Providence. His family removed to Philadelphia when he was about fourteen and in the Quaker City he made his start toward a career as a newspaperman. His interest in singing continued, but he wasn't so sure about it until the late David Bispham heard him sing and told him he could make a career as a singer. Then Eddy's interest, under Bispham's coaching, became so great that an advertising agency for which he was working told him he'd better tend to one thing or the other.

That same agency, incidentally, now makes out handsome checks to Nelson Eddy in every newspaper in the U.S. and abroad. Eddy has been appearing with Marietta," he's been linking up with Thelma Todd and others, and has been being heard in the theaters. Eddy's first stage appearance was in a society musical show, and in due course he was singing Gilbert and Sullivan, and later operatic roles, with the Philadelphia opera company. Now he can command thirty-two operatic roles, and sings in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian as well as English. He has been abroad, studied briefly in Dresden and Paris. Eddy went to Los Angeles in March 1933, a not especially well-known concert singer at the time. He received an ovation, and M-G-M signed him, too.

If you are one of those simile adders, you might "Add: as blue as Nelson Eddy's shirts." Every time this writer sees him, Eddy is wearing a bluer shirt than the one he had before, and the only way you can find him wearing anything but a blue shirt is to see him in pictures, or at a concert, like his recent New York recital, when he was a fashion plate in formal afternoon garb.

When I met him for this interview the shirt was of a blue that would have paled those Joseph Urban back-drops; the collar encircled by a tie with dots and squares of various shades of blue on a white ground, blue socks, and, believe it or not, the handkerchief even bluer than his shirt, peeping from the pocket of his double-breasted blue suit. Come on, movie color!

Mildred Harris, first wife of Charlie Chaplin, returns to the screen in "Black Sheep."
Colorful, tuneful, romantic, and very amusing—in other words a good show based on Booth Tarkington's story about a young Southernner who refuses to fight a duel and then gets the fictitious reputation of being a "killer" when he becomes a show-boat singer. Bird Almea plays the lead role effectively and has some fine tunes to sing: W. C. Fields is his laughable best as captain of the boat, and Joan Bennett is lovely.

This new horror epic starts where that other thriller, "Frankenstein," left off. You must not miss it if you like chills and shivers with your entertainment. Boris Karloff is superb as the monster, while Elsa Lanchester as the mate created to be his bride, offers a splendid performance. Una O'Connor, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson and O. P. Heggie turn in fine jobs in support. A sure thriller, lavishly staged and photographed.

Something of a musical treat, as it gives personable Jan Kiepura some splendid chances to render operatic arias as well as lighter music. It's worth your while hearing this star sing. The story is somewhat routine, but it manages to be fairly pleasant comedy about an opera troupe's difficulties getting an engagement in Monte Carlo. Attractive Marta Eggerth, whom you saw in "Unfinished Symphony," is the heroine.

A new treatment of the Ethel Arden idea, with Guy Kibbee as the disappearing husband and Aline MacMahon the waiting wife. Even the fine work of fine trouper as principals and supporting players succeeds in doing little with the attempted pathos when Kibbee returns to find his wife preparing to marry again, and taking a job as a cook in his wife's household in order to hold the family together. It misses fire.

Magnificently staged melodrama that is also exciting historical romance, with George Arliss in the best role he has had since "House of Rothschild." The intrigues and pageantry of the court of Louis XIII have been turned into a really stimulating show. Edward Arnold, Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Douglas Dumbrille and other fine players make up a notably good cast. If you like historical films, see this!

You're going to like this very appealing picturization of a famous novel dealing with post-Civil war days and the romance of a Yankee school-master and an orphan girl "bundled out" to an Indiana family. Norman Foster has the name part and Charlotte Henry is the girl. Both are excellent, but Fred Kohler, Jr., is the star of the show. This boy has an arresting personality and real ability. Good entertainment for all.

Occasionally bright, but never brisk comedy with music, good dancing, and attractive settings. It's the up-to-date version of the familiar story of the chap who must spend millions to get more millions, with Jack Buchanan, Lily Damita, Nancy O'Neil and other capable English players maintaining rather well the spirit of good humor. If you have not had enough musical comedy to suit you, try this one, it's fair.
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Lux Toilet Soap!

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STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

LIKE SO MANY
GIRLS I USE ROUGE
AND POWDER, BUT
THANKS TO LUX
TOILET SOAP I'LL
NEVER HAVE
COSMETIC SKIN
CLEAN WHITE CIGARETTE PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS...

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She Knew Clark Gable “When”
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What Chance Has Your Original Screen Story?
See Beth Brown’s Answer
How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely

There are no sterner judges of toothpaste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, and it must produce results. That is why so many of them use Listerine Toothpaste, year in, year out.

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Undoubtedly the toothpaste you are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Toothpaste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums...how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tar...tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the brilliant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth"... As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall... Which man shall she choose?... That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.
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Cover Portrait of Jean Harlow by Charles Sheldon

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The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo—another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

WILLIAM POWELL

in

Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN

VIRGINIA BRUCE

REGINALD OWEN

MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production

Produced by Bernard H. Hyman

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Come to Sunday Breakfast at Ann Dvorak’s! We promise you a gay good time

By
Betty Boone

Hollywood hostess presides at her breakfast table, set informally in the patio in true California style. “Have a cup of coffee on me!” smiles Ann.

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton—“Mr. and Mrs. is the name”—have a thirty-seven acre walnut ranch in the San Fernando Valley, not fifteen minutes’ drive from Warner Brothers Studios. Shut away from boulevards and sight-seeing-bus travelers, with rows of spreading trees seeming to reach to the horizon any way you look, the Fentons’ Andalusian farmhouse seems an oasis entirely cut off from Hollywood. Perhaps that’s one reason the favored few who are invited to Ann’s famous Sunday breakfasts never say no.

Every guest does as he pleases here. They come in from whatever they have been doing—working all night, horseback riding, hiking, going to church, or just sleeping—and make themselves at home. There’s a blue-tiled swimming pool, stretching from the clover lawn Leslie put in himself to the aisles of walnut trees in the grove. Those who feel like it join their hosts in a morning swim before gathering in the patio for breakfast. Those who aren’t in the mood for swimming, rest or read or talk, or even take a turn at gardening.

“We’re so informal that breakfasts are about the only sort of entertaining that appeals to us,” observed Ann. “Sometimes we serve it at 9:30, sometimes at 11:30, and if we are feeling very grand, it may be a high-noon affair. How would you like a menu from one of each of these breakfasts? Of course, it isn’t always the same, but a sample menu might be interesting. The first is only appropriate for the first meal of the day, but the other two could be used for light luncheons if you like.”

The 9:30 breakfast menu:
- Tomato juice and sherry
- Griddle cakes cooked at the table
- Little pig sausages (kept hot in an iron kettle over the fireplace)
- Coffee
- Fresh pineapple (served last)

The 11:30 breakfast menu:
- Baked ham with pineapple crust
- Curried eggs

ANN DVORAK in a corner of the patio of her Andalusian farm-house in the San Fernando Valley. Note the lovely wall niche.

Exclusive photographs by Scotty Welbourne made especially for the Screenland Service Section.
Asparagus with drawn butter
Hot biscuits
Coffee
Fresh fruit if desired.

"I'm no cook," said Ann with charming—and characteristic frankness—but my cook tells me this is how to fix the baked ham. It's simply marvelous!

"The ham should be baked very slowly in an open pan, in a very low oven, allowing 25 minutes to the pound—add a little water. Bake the ham with the rind on, removing it about an hour and a half before it is done. Then cover it with the following pineapple crust: One cup brown sugar, combined with one cup of well-drained crushed pineapple and one-half cup white bread crumbs. Score the part of the ham and pat the crust completely over the top. If not sufficiently brown when the ham is done, place under a slow broiler for a few minutes.

"A delicious sauce to serve with this dish is made by beating a cup of cream stiff and then adding three tablespoons of horseradish."

Curried Eggs
6 hard cooked eggs
6 slices of toast
Onion
1 cup stock
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons cornstarch
1/2 " butter
1/2 " curry powder
Salt and pepper.

Remove shell from eggs and cut in quarters lengthwise, arrange on toast. Rub bottom of pan with slice of onion. Mix cornstarch and curry powder. Make a sauce of stock, milk, cornstarch and curry powder, butter and seasoning and pour over eggs and toast.

High noon menu:
Crab-avocado Croustades
Asparagus with drawn butter
Sautéed fruits (peaches, pears, bananas, pineapple)
Hot biscuits
Coffee
Sherbet.

"I don't know whether the rest of the country is as wild about avocados as we are," Ann remarked, "but the crab-avocado croustades are a favored dish around here. My cook tells me that this recipe serves eight."

Crab-Avocado Croustades
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup flaked crabmeat
1 medium sized avocado

Heat milk, rub butter, flour and salt together, add hot milk and stir until smooth. Return to fire and boil briskly for 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add flaked crabmeat.

Cut avocados into large cubes, save a few strips for tops. Add the cubes just before removing the creamed crab from fire. Serve in croustades, made as follows:

Cut squares of bread about three inches square and two deep. Hollow out centers and toast top and bottom. Brush sides and top with melted butter

The day I was at the Fentons Ann served lamb chops with the little pig sausages, as well as creamed potatoes. The fruit was fresh-picked strawberries, served with stems on, set on a circle around small individual plates with little heaps of powdered sugar in the center.

"That is a special dish of our Chinese couple in the kitchen," Ann told me. "The other night they decided to surprise us (Continued on page 72)
To Bergner, who in “Escape Me Never” gives new meaning to screen art

She is something new: a screen star who refuses to be “typed.” There is no “typical Bergner rôle.” This Elisabeth can play any rôle. She gives us Gaynor’s girlishness, and Garbo’s mystery. She can be a Hepburn hoyden, or a complex Crawford; she never bores us because we never know just what part she will be playing next. And yet by the alchemy of her curious art she weaves all her moods and emotions into a harmonious whole, creating a character never to be forgotten. As Gemma Jones, wistful waif or amorous imp or whatever you want to call her heroine of “Escape Me Never,” screen version of her famous play, Elisabeth Bergner bears out all the predictions that she will conquer American audiences as she has already won England and the continent. Art is international. Elisabeth’s personal appeal is universal. So everybody’s happy!

From comedy to tragedy, and all within the range of Bergner’s art: left, a touching close-up from the film.

Bergner the gamin—one of the many phases of her acting genius. She combines the piquancy and charm of a child with the emotional maturity of a woman.
An Open Letter to Myrna Loy

DEAR MYRNA:

Let's get this straight. Just who are you, anyway? Do you know? Does anybody?

Friendly, freckled Western Gal? Aloof exotique? Sophisticated siren? The 3-in-1 Woman, that's you. Well, I wish you'd make up your mind which personality you're going to favor. It would make life so much simpler for all of us.

I'll tell you why I'm asking. On your first visit to New York, which had been practically holding its breath to witness you since "The Thin Man," you appeared, first, to press and public as a charming, modest, unaffected and very real person — so real, in fact, that the very first press photographs exhibited you with wrinkled stockings. Now, every girl who saw those pictures of you with wrinkled stockings immediately thought: "I like that woman," because you showed such a refreshing lack of pose and pretense, such a disarming "Take me as I am or not at all and it doesn't much matter to me anyway" attitude. No visiting screen star ever made such a hit as you, Myrna, with the press boys and girls and everybody.

And then what? Well, take a look at the other picture on this page. What happened between shots? The breezy, unspoiled, grinning and wrinkled-socks girl turned into a haughty cinema queen at the drop of a night-club topper. You elevated that delicious already-retroussé nose of yours as you haven't done since your Nubi-the-slave-girl screen days. You scared me right out of my Nice Myrna mood into a nasty reaction of "Oh, so you're just another movie actress." I hope I'm wrong; that newscameras can lie, that lights can be too bright, that you aren't really as bored as you look, and that it takes more than a Manhattan fling to make a blasé woman of the world out of one of the nicest girls in Hollywood. Here's to more wrinkles in the socks and less in the forehead.

Delight Evans
She Knew

Hollywood's favorite he-man hero talks freely and frankly about old times as a struggling stock actor

By Grace Simpson

PALACE THEATRE
HOUSTON, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 6, 1927
"THE ENEMY"
A Drama by Charles P. Smith

THE PERSONS
(In the order in which they speak)

Carl Behrend ............. GENE LENTZ
Papa Arnold .......... HENRY MILLARD
Barnaby............... ANNA LAVIN
Bruce Gaden .......... CLARK GABLE
August Behrend ......... WILMER HUSTER
Jan ..................... TREVOR BORENTE
Dr. Arndt .......... JOHN ELIOTT
Mme. Wrenchman .......... MARSHALL GREENWOOD
Kurt .................... REBECCA KINARD
Fred Wrenchman .......... STANLEY SMITH

The popular and successful Clark Gable of today, below, gets a drive out of discussing old times with old friends. Above, a stock company program showing Gable's name in the cast, which also included "Beckie Kinard."

E WERE seated there, the three of us—a young friend of mine, Betty Collier, who formerly acted on the stage in Texas; Big Boy Gable himself, and ye humble scribe—in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, about to indulge in the popular and quite necessary art of eating. Clark had just flaunted Fate with a total disregard of calories, by ordering a thick steak of no mean proportions, with French fries and all sorts of tempting fixings, topped with a raspberry ice.

"So this is the little Betty who used to dress up and portray boy roles and, later, ingenue parts?" mused Clark.

"'Tis none other but," laughed that young lady, "but—it's 'Big' Betty now!"

"Well, yes, you have changed quite a bit since I last saw you," admitted Clark. "Let's see, you were about fourteen then, weren't you? And you had been with that company many months before I blew into town and joined your merry little band as a second lead, eh? I bet your very first impression of me wasn't so hot, either—confess now, that you never even dreamed I'd ever get to first base as a movie actor!" he chuckled.

Betty promptly "confessed." "It's true—that first impression of mine wasn't so awfully favorable, Clark," she agreed. "Still, after I knew you better, I thought to myself more than once that someday you'd enjoy, well, at least, some measure of success."

"I guess, for a short time, I felt 'broke' as well as looked that way," he grumbled. "I know I was broke when I landed in Houston, Texas, to begin an engagement with the Palace Theatre Stock Company—broke, and with just one suit and one overcoat to my name! However, before leaving Hollywood and the extra roles I was playing to fill that stage engagement, I had gone to a tailor and had several cheap suits made up with the stipulation that they
Clark Gable "When"!

be sent me C. O. D. right after my first week's work down in Houston came to an end. So for the one week I had to get along with that one suit—and then, when I received my week's pay, the suit order came through, causing me, by the way, to be very much broke once again.

"Remember how we'd learn our lines, Clark?" spoke up Betty.

"Sure I do," was his answer. "We'd always sit in one corner of the stage and say 'em aloud—again and again—while scenery and what-not was being pushed back and forth all around us. You were very quick to grasp things, and with kid-like good-fellowship you'd come over and sit down beside me and listen to me recite my part—and, if I recall correctly, you seemed to get lots of fun out of just listening to me!"

"Well, you were kind of—er—that is—just a wee bit slow in learning your lines," explained Betty in some confusion.

"Just a wee bit slow my eyebrow!" laughed Gable. "I was just plain dumb! "Don't be afraid to tell me so—I can take it! I'd spend more time over my reading lines and memorizing them than anyone else in the cast! I'm even that way today. I can't, to save my life, sit down and read over my part once and then know it like a long-lost brother. No, I have to read those lines over slowly, carefully, one sentence at a time, and memorize as best I can. Of course, it's pains-taking work—just as in (Continued on page 70)
Telling What's Ahead

If you happen to be a prophet without honor in your own country, you might try Hollywood!

Now take Mahlon Norvell. At the age of twenty-five this amazing young man is a popular local seer. And to prove that star-gazing is a remunerative trade, he lives in a mansion and drives a Rolls-Royce!

He is the only man in the world who has interviewed Constance Bennett while she was still in bed. And certainly the only man in the world who ever had an appointment with Greta Garbo—and broke it!

Stars who high-hat producers and electricians, court Norvell's favor and listen treulously to his advice and warnings.

Norvell was born in New York, and educated in the public schools. There was nothing at all about his childhood to foreshadow his occult future. He yearned to be a movie actor, and to write a novel, but was otherwise a perfectly matter-of-fact young man.

"It wasn't until late adolescence that I began to take an interest in astrology," he says. "Then it was only something of a hobby. The stage was my goal. I began to hang around the stage doors and theatrical agencies. In order to make myself known to and tolerated by the players, I read their charts. Actors are by nature superstitious. Their careers depend so much upon chance, and their futures are always problematical. Of course, I always gave them sincere readings. I interpret the stars exactly as I have been taught to do, and I never embellish the messages I see in them. Things I predicted had a way of coming true, and I soon gained a reputation as a soothsayer, and many of the biggest names in the theatre sought me out. I could have made a good living at it; but as I said, acting was what I wished..."
By Rupert Hillyer

For Hollywood Stars

to do, so for considerable time astrology was merely an interesting study for me.

"When I found that I was getting nowhere on the stage, I came to Hollywood. That

was five years ago. I was lucky enough to get on as extra, and to while away the tedious

waits on the set I gave the players readings." That was how it all started.

One night someone asked Norvell to attend a party at Pickfair. The Fairbankses were

receiving. Joan Crawford was newly married to Douglas, Junior. The usual important

people were there: Lady Mountbatten, Countess di Frasso, and others. The Junior Fair-

bankses were all aglow with the grande passion, and refused to be separated even for the

time it took Norvell to give them readings. He told them that their marriage would only last

about four years, which disheartening news they naturally refused to believe, being in the

"forever and forever" stage. Finally Mary dissuaded him from reading further because

talk of separation depressed her. There was already a breach in her romance with Douglas,

Senior, and she was trying desperately to overcome it.

Although Norvell's chief rival in Hollywood predicted that the Fairbanks marriage would

not end until death, Norvell predicted the actual termination of it. "Mary was unhappy dur-

ing the reading, but she seemed resigned to the inevitable," Norvell says.

He predicts that Mary will never rewed, that she will seek solace in religion and work.

"She should never attempt reconciliation with Fairbanks, because their stars are at war."

Doug will probably marry again. His is a romantic destiny.

"Joan Crawford will marry again—but not Franchot Tone. That would be a mismating,

according to the stars, and Joan has domestic happiness due in her chart. So she will very

likely make a happier choice.

(Continued on page 79)
Evolution of a Platinum Blonde

How Jean Harlow has met success and sorrow since "Hell's Angels"

By Elizabeth Wilson

The first time I interviewed Jean Harlow, five years ago come autumn, it was definitely a favor to her. The last time I interviewed Jean Harlow, just a couple of weeks ago, it was definitely a favor to me. The first time was in New York City when Jean was making personal appearances with "Hell's Angels," which was playing at the Criterion on Broadway; and the blasé Press up to its eyebrows in Tony's gin and top-notch celebrities considered her just another little Hollywood upstart, a flash in the pan, a fluke, a here-today-and-gone-tomorrow. Her New York press agent, a swell gal named Tess, insisted that I must meet Jean Harlow; and after the proper amount of demurring I consented, bribed of course by a luncheon at the Algonquin.

But my, my, how different the last interview was! I received the assignment to do a Harlow story only a few days before the deadline and at the Metro studio discovered to my horror that Jean was finishing up "China Seas" on a closed set, no visitors allowed, and under the strict supervision of a doctor and a trained nurse. Furthermore, that the picture would be completed Thursday night and that Miss Harlow's doctor had ordered her to remain in bed for a week of complete rest, and the publicity department was not to disturb her. When you (Continued on page 63)
Beau Brummell No. 1

James Cagney, tough guy, exposed as "Jimmy the Dude"

By Muriel Babcock

JIMMY CAGNEY is really a dude at heart! While he is stretching out one arm to shove a grapefruit in a lady's eye, or sock a gent, he is pushing out the other for a fitting from his tailor.

If you accused him of being one of the best-dressed men of Hollywood, he would have catfits. Down in his heart, this funny pug-nosed, mickey-faced little Irishman knows he is a dude, but he wouldn't admit it for the world. But I hereby nominate him as Beau Brummell No. 1 of Hollywood.

Stop and think! Not only is he a picture of sartorial elegance every time he goes out—to the Mayfair, to the Trocadero, to the Philharmonic to hear a concert, to a gay Hollywood party; but someway or another he manages to get dressed up in at least one scene in every picture he makes.

His suits, shirts, ties, socks, shoes are the last word in conservative good taste, and how he can wear them! I saw him one night looking magnificent in a tail coat at the Mayfair ball, and two afternoons later the picture of the well-dressed conservative young business man at the Stravinsky concert. He had on a dark blue serge suit, perfectly tailored and making his shoulders look even broader than ever. There was the time at the Screen Actors' circus frolic that he (Continued on page 76)
What Chance Has Your

The studio will buy your play.

Have you a "Merrily We Roll Along?" Then keep your cab waiting downstairs while Metro counts out $85,000.

Have you a "Page Miss Glory" made to measure for Marion Davies? Take a chair, they urge you at Warner Brothers. The cashier will only be a minute writing out your check for $72,500.

Have you a "Farmer Takes a Wife" for little Janet Gaynor? Fox will not only pay you $65,000, but let you keep the sterling silver fountain pen with which you signed the contract, Mr. Playwright. Yes, the studio will buy your play.

The studio will buy your book.

Have you written a book as good as "Good Earth," as fine, deep and moving? Is it a big, bad, best seller like "Anthony Adverse?" Maybe your tome has the chuckling, brittle quality of "The Thin Man?"

No, you won't need to take it down to Bertram Bloch, editor of Metro; or to Jake Wilk, at Warners; or to Tom Costaine at Fox on Fifty-fifth Street; or to

The studio will buy your play—

If it's another "Farmer Takes a Wife" for Janet Gaynor, shown below with Henry Fonda in the picturization of the stage play.

Want to write for the movies? First read this exclusive article, which tells you the real truth

By Beth Brown

"It Happened One Night" was originally a short story. Hollywood wants more like it.

Jake Wilk, astute story head for Warner Brothers, who bought "Page Miss Glory."

Tom Costaine, left, picks 'em for Fox Films.

Betty Roberts, western story editor for RKO.

Oh, for another "Anne of Green Gables" to star Shirley in! Above, Anne with Tom Brown in the film.
Original Screen Story?

Russell Holman, twelfth floor of the Paramount Building, New York City.

Ye editors will send for your book. What's more, they'll send for you. They'll ship you west by fast plane and drop you via parachute behind a shiny new desk at Writer's Row. Tiffany Thayer is there, swinging his shingle at Paramount. Vicki Baum is on the Metro lot. Bruce Manning is busy at Columbia. You read their books. "One Woman." "Grand Hotel." "Party Wire." Yep, they sold 'em for the cinema.

The studio will buy your song.


Have you another "Blue Moon?" "June in January?" "Believe Me, Beloved?"

Take it down to Tin Pan Alley. Take along an armoured truck. You'll need it to bring back that heavy do re mi.

But there's a catch. Your song must be sung. Your short story must be published. Your book must be printed. Your play must be produced.

You've an original manuscript?

Sorry! The studio does not buy originals—from unknowns. It returns unopened, unsolicited manuscripts. And if you're thinking of going to Hollywood to break into the writing racket, take along your sense of humor and a two-way ticket, there and back. (Continued on page 61)

Russell Holman, right, eastern production manager of Paramount; and Bogart Rogers, extreme right, western story head of the same company.

Bertram Bloch, eastern story head for mighty Metro, left, below. Sam Marx, below, western story head of M-G-M.

If another "Moro-cco" could be found to co-star Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, everybody would be happy!
Robert Edmond Jones, guiding genius in Hollywood’s latest artistic advance, believes that color will revolutionize the screen. “Becky Sharp” is his color creation.

Be among the first to salute the colors! Soon you’ll see your favorite stars in all the glory of their natural beauty, giving you priceless pointers on clothes and make-up.

By Helen Harrison

“THE pictures have the blues!” is the joyous news which makes “Becky Sharp” the movie shot heard round the world! “Becky Sharp,” let us hasten to assure you, is no moanin’ low St. Louis woman, but a heroine right out of Thackeray’s “Vanity Fair”—and a colorful creature indeed if Robert Edmond (Emperor) Jones has anything to say about it, and who, but he, has?

It was Miriam Hopkins, Becky herself, who bestowed the royal title. Others have called him the Christopher Columbus of Color; but Jones, who prefers to think of himself simply as “a colorist,” is unquestionably Hollywood’s leader of the Rainbow Division.

At any rate he is convinced that color has landed in Hollywood. That the situation is well in the hands of Jones also seems pretty firmly established. “Reds and yellows,” he admitted, “were always relatively simple. Blue, the third primary color, was the stumbling block. It did not reproduce authentically on film. Now we have it!”

That, of course, was only one of the things which have made color films, up to the moment, not only a very costly innovation, but an unsuccessful one, except for Mr. Jones’ experimental short, “La Cucaracha.” Today, films in relation to color are precisely where they were, in relation to sound, back in 1927. What “The Jazz Singer” was to the talkies “Becky Sharp” is bound to be to the color films of tomorrow.

What, then, is this going to mean to you and you and you and me? And the stars of Hollywood in their relation to us?

“A great, great deal!” said Mr. Jones, seriously. “No longer are fashions going to be color-blind, nor are our backgrounds. Everything is going to assume a new importance—the stars, their coloring, their gowns, their
settings; and this is going to affect every woman, not only in America, but in the world."

It's something like being in on the first telephone call Bell made, or watching Thomas Edison project his earliest motion picture, isn't it?

"With color-glamor, women will look younger, more beautiful. There will be color rules for morning, noon, and night. Women are going to see the screen stars as they see themselves, and this is going to make for many changes and many improvements in clothes and coiffures."

"In this great unchartered sea, with our course directed straight for the aurora borealis, just what rules should Mrs. and Miss America follow?" I asked, as I knew you would wish.

"Let me quote Brillat-Savarin, the old French critic who wrote 'The Physiology of Taste,' " he answered, "who said:

'\textit{Eyes for the street;}  
Hair for the house; and  
Skin for evening.}'

"That is excellent advice and should be appropriated by women who want to be correctly garbed. Follow it and you will have discovered the secret of true fitness."

"I am usually accused of talking in headlines," he went on, in engrossed animation. "Sometimes the headlines are merely misquotations." He smiled. "For instance, there was a furore about one which went like this: 'JONES SAYS PLATINUM BLONDES MUST GO!'"

"Imagine my saying anything like that! As a matter of fact, I feel certain Miss Harlow will be more splendidly platinum—more completely chromiumized than ever—for she is far too intelligent a woman not to realize the responsibility of keeping up her highly important end of the spectrum.

"Of course in Hollywood—and I want to say that I am much impressed with the place, with the people's minds there, the process and (Continued on page 67)"
OF ALL the great and glittering herd of movie actors that munches on Hollywood's green pastures, the happiest and luckiest is the little group known as "second-guess stars."

You know them, for they wear that luminous look of good luck upon their faces. They count beards, redheads, and white horses. They walk under ladders by choice, and always sit down thirteen at table. Nothing can touch them now!

For they are the boys and girls who, crushed to earth like Truth, rose again. Once kicked into a snowstorm by heedless producers, they popped out of the drifts frozen but undaunted, and fought their way again to a choice spot by the studio fire.

Many such gallant and fortunate souls roost among the pink palazzos of Beverly Hills. They wear old scars with pride, as living denials of the old prize-ring crack that "they never come back." The high sign of their lodge is a quick wink as they pass on the Boulevard.

One of the BIG second-guesses of the moment is the case of Monsieur Charles Boyer, whose charm is now causing a million women to forget to turn off the gas under the potatoes.

It is hard to believe, in the light of his present fame, that this fascinating Gaul played Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red-Headed Woman." This bit he volunteered to do out of sheer ennui from hanging around the Hollywood lots. But—and here's the laugh that might have been the tip-off to anybody but a producer when he wants to overlook a bit—Boyer had a proviso that he'd be snipped out of "Red-Headed Woman" prints shipped to France, where he had a reputation as a ranking stage star.

Hollywood had Boyer for two pictures prior to "Red-Headed Woman." These were "The Magnificent Lie" and "The Man from Yesterday," and if you remember seeing those but not observing Boyer it's because you sneezed during the show and missed the lad altogether.

Smart Walter Wanger second-guessed Boyer back to Hollywood and the heights, and himself to fortune by putting the Monsieur in "Private Worlds" with Colbert. Now, in "Break of Hearts," the new Hepburn film, Boyer is just great, and comes within a low, throaty whisper of stealing the show from the Hartford Flash—a trick that made Katie herself famous. Wanger has Boyer for a long term, and Hollywood cusses into its phoney beards.

Today the Royal Order of Second-Guesses is welcoming a new member—a vital and intense young blonde named Julie Haydon. Bette Davis and Clark Gable extend the right hand of fellowship to the recruit. Grace Moore and Ann Sothern are teaching her the password, and the grip of the lodge is being administered by Nelson Eddy and Myrna Loy. She has joined the glowing ranks of those upon whom it wasn't raining rain, but violets.

If you saw "The Scoundrel," you saw and probably loved Miss Julie. It was this amazing brew of brilliance and balderdash recently ground out by Hecht and MacArthur to star that sinister sophisticate, Noel Coward, which gave myopic Hollywood its second guess on Haydon.

If you missed that movie about an epigrammatical tom-cat, you will see the girl in a Paramount picture.
Did you know that Charles Boyer once played Jean Harlow’s chauffeur? This and other startling facts are told in our inside story of famous second shots

By Leonard Hall

one of these days. It was that outfit which “discovered” her in “The Scoundrel,” snapped a contract on her dainty wrists, and marched her off to the west-coast chain gang.

What a droll raucet, this cinema! Today Julie Haydon is a piping hot picture potato. Day before yesterday she was just another eager young actress with nothing to do but read “Variety” and wait for a play.

Hecht and MacArthur, combing the Broadway alleys for a fresh young blossom to be plucked by the ominous Noel, found Julie Haydon, tested her, and handed her the part. When the critics saw the film they tossed their old felt hats in air and went overboard with a loud splash for “the new star flaming across the cinema sky” and all that chi-chi. Paramount whipped out its fountain pen and pointed to the dotted line.

And today, in Hollywood, little Julie sits on her repainted throne and snickers softly up her leg-o’-mutton sleeve!

Naturally, a certain dank and delightful cynicism dominates these second-guess stars, and why not? They have been through the movie mills before, and have been ground exceeding small. They know, none better, the prevailing smallness, blindness, heedlessness and general astigmatism of the films.

So even while they are joyous at being discovered all over again, and in having vice-presidents dusting off their chairs in the front office, they no doubt feel a sizzling sense of ironic humor. And as the press agents let off their damp squibs hailing the new genius, the second-guess probably goes into the bathroom, locks the door and enjoys a loud guffaw.

Little Julie is getting another fast ride on the merrigo-round of the movies. Maybe this time she’ll grab the brass ring!

The whole thing is gloriously and completely mad. The boys and girls come to Hollywood ablaze with hope and glory. Sometimes they are hailed as the greatest genius unhung—and often they are. One or two parts—maybe more. Then bad parts or dour direction, or they get lost in the studio boneyard, or a supervisor doesn’t like the architecture of their noses—suddenly they are so many knot-holes in the studio fence. Thoroughly among the outs, they are lucky to rate a quick nod from the property boy who once fawned on them.

All of a sudden, for no discoverable reason, a director with a good memory needs someone in a hurry. A producer with vision sees something the other fellow missed—and again they are among the ins, blazing merrily away on the big time once more.

So it has been with little Julie Haydon, who now has her dainty feet under Mrs. Paramount’s kitchen table. Twenty-five this last June 10, the girl has been around AND around.

Watching her at the old Paramount plant on Long Island where “The Scoundrel” was ground out, I noted that the girl, for all her breathless young beauty, was a serious, single-purposed artist. The typical second-guess type. They never say uncle. Drop ’em down a well and they strike oil.

(Continued on page 62)
The Inside Career Story of William Powell

The tiny screen-babe that was to be the brilliant career of William Powell was born late in 1922. The picture that ushered Powell into the film world was “Sherlock Holmes,” which starred John Barrymore.

At the time, Powell was fairly successful on the New York stage. He had already attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith, who made tests of the actor. However, nothing came of the venture.

“During this test, a dour young actor stood back of the camera,” says Powell. “I thought that was a breach of etiquette, for one actor to sit in on another’s test, (since then, I have learned that the practice is common in the studios), so I formed an immediate dislike for him. That young man was Richard Barthelmess. Because of my evident distaste for him, he also disliked me.”

When Powell saw the test of himself, he threw up his hands and walked out of the projection room. “I look like a baked Idaho potato,” he told director Griffith, “or like one of those turnips that bear the caption: ‘It grew in the shape of a man!’” Nevertheless, when he was called for a rôle in “Sherlock Holmes” he responded promptly. He was ill at ease for the first few hours, because his first scenes were with John Barrymore, who was then the one big thing of Broadway, merely “loaning” his services to the screen. But Barrymore’s first line of dialogue—(these were silent picture days, of course; dialogue reached the screen by way of titles; still, actors were supposed to speak the proper lines)—was to have been, “My good young man, how would you like to work for me?” Powell was to have given an appropriate answer.

But Barrymore was in playful mood, so he spoke his line: “Young man, how would you like to go jump in the lake?” Powell responded without hesitation, “Next Saturday, I will; I never bathe during the week.” Barrymore let out a guffaw, and after that the two men were on cordial terms, which made work easier for Powell.

For his first picture, Powell was paid two hundred dollars a week. He worked five and one-half weeks; total salary, $1100.00. He receives nearly twice that sum for each working day of his present career.

“When Knighthood Was in Flower,” starring Marion Davies, was his next picture. He was called for this film when the already-contracted villain of the piece, José Ruben, got a splinter of steel in his eye. They called
Bill, not only because he could play the heavy rôle, but because they hoped he might fit the uniform that had been made for Ruben. But José was a man of small stature; Powell was six feet tall. However, a rush order brought another uniform, and Bill got the part.

Director John Robertson, about to produce "The Bright Shawl," saw Powell on the screen and decided he was the man for the villain's rôle in his new picture. Without telling Bill the name of the star, he invited Powell to come to his office. When he arrived there, he met—Barthelmess. So Powell said to Robertson, "I don't think I can play the rôle. I could never get along with your star." And in the same breath, Barthelmess said to the director, "Of all actors in New York, you had to pick that guy!" But Robertson was adamant; furthermore, he was important enough to get what he wanted. So within a few days, Powell, Barthelmess, and the remainder of the (Continued on page 80)
How do Mrs. Gable, Mrs. Cortez, and other cinema consorts spend their time while their husbands are toiling? This refreshing story tells you

"RHEA GABLE just phoned to say she'd be a little late. She's shopping for sweaters for Clark. Don't wait lunch—but she'll be in for bridge."

"Did you get that baby sacque pattern from Joan Bennett for me? You promised!"

"You should have seen Chris Cortez's face when she signed Leila Hyams off with a No Trump and Leila went on to bid three!"

"Sally Eilers and Arline Judge almost wore the same dress today! I told you, you simply can't trust the Style Shoppe. Imagine selling the same dress to friends!"

No, friends and subscribers, this is not an intimate peek-in on the Ladies Sewing Circle in Walla Walla, Washington; or even on the Merry Monday Meeting of the girls at the Pink Parrot Tea Room in Peoria. The scene is hotcha Hollywood—the hour, Noon; the day, Tuesday; and whether you or Mr. Ripley believe it or not, the meeting of the Hollywood Sewing Circle is in full pre-lunch force!

Hollywood has always been more or less a clubby little town. There's the Clover Club for cocktails and the King's Club for more of the same; there's the Actor's Guild for starting arguments and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science for deciding them; there's the Polo Club for Spencer Tracy and Big Boy Williams and the Racquet Club for Bob Montgomery and Ralph Bellamy; and last but not least, there's the Mayfair for exclusiveness and your newest rags. Clubs This and Clubs That are nothing new in Hollywood. But I never thought I'd live to see the day when Hollywood sported an-honest-to-Hays Sewing Club where the girls get together every Tuesday and whip up hook-rugs or baby sacques between bridge hands. It's doubtful if I'd ever heard of it if Sally Eilers hadn't called me last Saturday and invited me to her apartment for luncheon the following Tuesday.

"Bridge?" I asked.

"Well, it's our Club meeting," said Sally. "You can play bridge if you like. Most of the girls sew."

"What girls?" I inquired—maybe not too gram-

matically, expressing a curiosity I hope was pardonable.

"Why, the girls of the Sewing Circle, of course!"

Here, indeed, was something new under the Hollywood sun, and it was the best of all reasons why I was so promptly on hand at Sally's smart apartment at the Colonial House to note the arrival of the various members. With the exception of Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, who are on tour with Bebe's and Ben Lyon's and Skeets' successful stage show, and one or two other unavoidably kept away, the following Needle Artists turned out full force:

The popular Mrs. Clark Gable looking stunning in a maroon suit trimmed in white; Mrs. Ricardo, (Christine), Cortez; pretty Leila Hyams, (Mrs. Phil Berg), in tennis slacks for the purpose of keeping an after-luncheon tennis date with the beautiful, dusky Carmen Pantages Considine, also arrayed in tennis shorts; Charlie Butterworth's peppy little wife, (Ethel), with a

Sewing Circle for...
Hollywood Wives

By Dorothy Manners

out why there are so few "regrets" from active club members.

First, there are the highly competitive luncheons which would fill any new cook book with delightful dishes of tempting but non-fattening food. Dieting in one form or another is the general practice among the gals and woe to the hostess who would dare to break out with that old Sewing Club standby, chicken a la king. Sally served crown of lamb with shoe-string potatoes and a carrot ring preceded by tomato-and-clam juice cocktails and followed by a chilled fruit bowl of fresh pineapple, strawberries, fresh figs, diced oranges and cherries in their natural juices.

But the delightful menus, the gay Hollywood shop talk, the fun of seeing all your closest friends at one sitting and swapping bridge rules and baby patterns, is not the entire reason for such perfect attendance. Members who are absent without any good cause, or who fail to notify the hostess that she will not be able to attend, contribute a five dollar bill or check to the "Charity Kitty" in charge of the energetic Ann Lehr, who contributes cash where it will do the most good: baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas, rents paid, movie-struck girls staked to return tickets home, some other girl with a chance staked to cash and clothes contributed from the personal wardrobe of the club members. There is noth-

book of the newest bridge rules in her hand; the wives of three prominent directors arriving at once: Mrs. William K. Howard, whose husband directed such films as "Evelyn Prentice" and "Vanessa—Her Love Story;" Mrs. Frank Capra, wife of the Academy Award winner for "It Happened One Night;" Mrs. Raoul Walsh; Mrs. George Archainbald. Little Arline Judge, (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), arrived with her popular mother, Marjorie, and the latest snapshots of the Ruggles pride and joy in her large white bag. Later, such popular ladies as Mrs. Pandro Berman, Mrs. Beth Newman, Mrs. Edward Morris, Mrs. Bert Kalmar, Mrs. Betty Williams, Mrs. Milton Bren, Mrs. Alexander Pantages, Mrs. Milton Cohen and her lovely daughter-in-law, Betty, Mrs. Abraham Lehr and the lovely Mrs. George, (Lo滿), Heart.

Twenty-eight in all, counting Sally who looked charming in a little red-and-white sports dress. I later found organized about the club charities. They merely find out a worthy cause, or several of them—and then proceed to do something about it without interference.

After a grand afternoon of clicking crochet needles, bridge, shop-talk of what's new in Hollywood pictures, divorces and romances delved in with the same fervor similar subjects are taken up in Cedar Center, the session began to break up with hilarious promises of "see you next week at Arline's"—and Sally and I sat down to a résumé of how it had all started in the first place.

"Though we've gone into the charitable angle pretty heavily since our membership went over twenty Hollywood wives, it wasn't the real reason back of the Sewing Circle," Sally explained as her needles continued to click away on a new sweater for Harry Joe Brown, Jr. "S'matter of fact," she continued, "we didn't have any reason for starting the club except for the purpose of getting together with close (Continued on page 83)
VICKI BAUM has dared to be frank and courageous in this realistic story of Hollywood, which refuses to sacrifice truth to sentimentality.

The Story So Far:

Stella Harrison was just the kid sister of Betty, an experienced Hollywood extra, until a hurry call came from the studio for a very young, fresh, and innocent new girl to play the lead in a big picture. The casting director believes Stella was "made to order" for the part. But she must run the gauntlet of the ace director of the studio, and the scenario writer. Before they have made their verdict Stella's great moment comes when she meets, in the flesh, the famous actor of whom she has dreamed. Finally, Stella learns that she is to have a screen test, the opportunity for which thousands of movie aspirants have longed. But first she must face the problem confronting every girl in similar circumstances: how to look, what to wear? She and sister Betty must make every moment count, to acquire a wardrobe so that Stella may face the camera with assurance. Now go on with the story:

PART III

It was a little past eleven when the two girls dragged themselves to their weary feet. It was ten minutes of twelve when they reached the Biltmore Bowl. For five minutes they stood outside the brilliantly lighted entrance, trying to muster enough courage to go in. Betty regarded her sister somberly. She seemed to be growing skinnier and more insignificant-looking under her very eyes. Finally she drew a long breath.

"They can't do more than throw us out," she murmured grimly, and her freshly painted lips came together in a hard line. Thrusting her arm through Stella's, she steered her to the door.

Stella's eyes wandered in a daze from the thick rugs under her feet to the soft brilliance of the shaded lights overhead. She felt as though she were moving in a kind of dream. She'd felt that way ever since they'd walked out of the notion shop together into the strange stillness of the night. The sound of a saxophone, playing tricks with a popular air, blared out into the lobby. A young man in a dinner coat, his forehead beaded with perspiration, leaned against the door, smoking a cigarette. He cast one appraising glance over the girls, and looked away.

Betty forced her feet in the direction of the hat-check girl. "I'd like to see Miss Irene Gillespie," she said, trying to sound worldly. "She's a friend of mine." The girl's face danced in front of her, and she felt as though she were clambering up the steepest stretch of a very steep mountain. A waiter strode past, bending an inquisitorial glance on Betty's imitation-fox collar.

The hat-check girl murmured a few suspicious questions but finally dispatched a boy, who'd been lounging nearby, through the glass door, behind which beautifully gown women and men in faultless evening clothes were dancing and drinking and doing all the things people did in the films.

Stella stared wonderingly through the door. In the wild chase of the last few hours she'd completely lost sight of the ultimate purpose of that chase. Suddenly it surged back on a wave of (Continued on page 59)
Behind The Masks of Hollywood

Revealing the moods, manners, and mummery of many-sided movieland

THE MASK OF YOUTH
Maureen O'Sullivan personifies Young Hollywood, with its ideals, dreams, and daring.

THE MASK OF ART
Ann Harding is Artistic Hollywood, of serious achievements and splendid ambitions.
The "Boy David" becomes the boy Freddie, when Master Bartholomew is just himself, and he likes to strip for action as you see him there at the left.

Craving even more action than he gets in dramatic assignments in pictures, Spencer Tracy is a polo enthusiast. Here is Spencer with his favorite mount, Slip-Along.

And Spencer Tracy the family man is a part this fine actor likes to play when not working in films. Above, with his daughter, Pat, and Susie, the Tracys' pet Irish setter.

Air-minded Wallie Beery just can't keep away from his plane when he's not wearing the mask of a screen part, so you usually find him at the airport on days off.
Men and boys, actors are people and take up their own life when they drop the make-up

Nelson Eddy is just naturally an outdoor chap who likes to rough it for a change from music studies, concert singing, and acting the hero in the tuneful pictures.

Ooop! Caught you, Gary. And we always thought handsome actors liked to get all dressed up and go to parties! But Mr. Cooper always was different, anyway.

Frank Shields, tennis star, turns actor and likes it! See him, left, with Jean Parker. It's hosses, hosses, hosses, for Kent Taylor when he gets a day off from studio activities.
GIRLS
Most Likely to Succeed!

The latest beauty from Britain, above: Margot Grahame, slated for sensational things since she scored in "The Informer." She'll play Milady in "The Three Musketeers."

Valerie Hobson, another English importation to be given a big chance in Hollywood. Her pictures include "Werewolf of London" and "The Bride of Frankenstein."

Maurice Chevalier discovered Countess de Maigret, left. Does she remind you of Garbo? M-G-M thinks so.

Wini Shaw, "discovered" in "Sweet Adeline," is now called Winifred Shaw because it sounds more important and she must live up to her new role in "Front Page Woman."

Luise Rainer is the European actress for whom a great future is predicted. She is shown at left, above, with Virginia Bruce in a scene from her first American picture, "Masquerade," for Metro.
One year from today, they may be stars. Then you'll remember SCREENLAND picked them!

Grace Ford, right, has an interesting story. She's a dancing teacher who came to Hollywood seeking jobs for four of her pupils. P.S. She got the job and her pupils didn't!

Frances Grant, right, made her début with Will Rogers in "Doubting Thomas."

Olivia de Haviland, left, is a Max Reinhardt candidate for cinema honors. You'll be seeing her in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" soon.

We think Betty Grable has twice as good a chance to succeed as any girl on these pages, so we're showing you two pictures of her: below, with Whitey, only cat in the world with a film contract; and right, just after finishing her Wheeler and Woolsey picture.
Is it Art, or is it Dixie Lee's inspiration that makes John Boles so unusually romantic in his new picture?

Dear John:
I know you're a good guy and all that, but remember your scenes with Dixie in "Red Heads on Parade" are strictly business; or you'll be dancing with tears in your eyes!

Bing

The lady in this case of make-believe romantic melodrama, lovely Dixie Lee Crosby, once more a star at the studio that gave her her first chance, Fox.

Dixie and John go into their dance to demonstrate how romance blooms when set to the measure of waltz-time. Wait until Bing sees these sweet pictures!
RIVALS!

Bing Crosby croons alone while John Boles makes movie love to Dixie Lee. That's Hollywood.

Dear Bing:

Don't you worry! The day we played our big love scene, the Crosby twins visited the set, and Dixie was looking over my shoulder all the time. My wife was there, too.

John

The Crosby who's the crooning hero of "Big Broadcast of 1935," right, earns the money for the Bing, below, who's a big race-horse owner! The other man is Albert Johnson, former jockey who is now trainer of Bing's thoroughbreds. Johnson came from Bing's home-town, and a Crosby never forgets.
Beauty on a Pedestal

CLAIRE TREVOR, one of our gorgeously screen ladies, dons satin and fur to show us regal charm at its alluring best.
NATURE provides a brilliant background for attractive Gertrude Michael when she goes adventuring in the great outdoors.
SOMETHING OLD!

Greet these good old friends, whose hearts are as young as their art is mellow.

Sixty and proud of it! Sir Guy Standing, that magnificent actor, can look back on a life rich with achievement; but he prefers to look forward to his next rôle.

O. P. Heggie, extreme left, is busier than any juvenile, rushing from one fat rôle to another. Now he is appearing in "Ginger," with the child star, Jane Withers.

Hobart Bosworth, one of the screen's pioneers, shown above in "The Crusades."

"Something old" is recreated on the screen in "Diamond Jim Brady," bringing back the fabulous days of Diamond Jim and Lillian Russell. (Played by Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes).

George Barbier, the theatre's original "Hunchback of Notre Dame," has given us many fine film performances. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Barbier, probably the longest-wed couple in Hollywood.
SOMETHING NEW!

The newest, and the freshest, and the most amusing thing in all Hollywood is Jane Withers. You saw her first as the bad little girl in "Bright Eyes" with good little Shirley Temple. Now Jane is a star in her own right, in "Ginger." She's up to her young tricks, as shown at the right.


Something new in singing sirens: Marla Egerth from Europe, left, will now warble for Universal. She starred with Jan Kiepura in "My Heart is Calling."

Decidedly different: Rosalind Russell, right, brings a novel sort of patrician charm to the screen. She will be in "China Seas."

The distinguished Helen Cahagan, one of the theatre's leading actresses, strikes a new note as the film's subtle heroine of "She."
SOMETHING BORROWED!

Loretta Young is Twentieth Century's pet girl star; nevertheless, when Cecil B. DeMille wanted her for "The Crusades," she left the home lot for the Paramount Studio.

Merle Oberon, below, is an Alexander Korda discovery; but Hollywood has borrowed her indefinitely; and Merle will emote for Samuel Goldwyn in "The Dark Angel" before England sees her again.

In demand: Madge Evans. Latest company to borrow her from Metro is Paramount, for whom she appears with Fred MacMurray, below, in "Men Without Names."

Confusing, the way your stars skip from lot to lot—for a consideration? Well, we'll try to straighten it out for you here.

Richard Dix has that "borrowed" look, but he'll do a good job for Gaumont-British just the same. RKO-Radio is lending his talents.

Mix-up in movie teams is a good idea. It makes for freshness in our films. Fox borrowed Jean Muir from Warners to play opposite John Boles in "Orchids to You." Below, a scene showing the new team.
Come on, Color! We've got those Hollywood Blues!

SOMETHING BLUE!

Baby blue for a blonde baby! Joan Blondell, left, as she looks in "Broadway Gondolier," her new picture with Dick Powell. Pity the color won't show—but wait!

Frances Drake, right, wears a hat of blue spun-glass, but seriously! Navy ribbon and glycerined navy veil make it saucier.

Irene Dunne wears this charming blue taffeta costume in the big new screen version of "Show Boat." Get busy, Robert Edmond Jones. We want Color!

Remember what fun it was to hear the actors talk? Now the new treat will be to see their real coloring. What a picture Jean Parker would make in her blue and white outfit at the right.

Rhapsody in blue and silver at the bar! Ida Lupino looks like this in "Paris in Spring," making it practically a "Must see" picture.
Bathing in Beauty

Gorgeous girls in gay swim suits provide Hollywood's prettiest summer picture

The scene above gives you an idea of what lucky native sons and fortunate visitors find to admire in sunny California! Dorothy Dare and Maxine Doyle supply the silhouettes, aided by old Sol.

Patricia Ellis, at left and at right, shows you one of the smartest swimming suits of this or any other season. It's called "El Serape," but with any other name would look as sweet—on Patricia. Note the conveniently convertible scarf.

"The Aristocrat" is the name of Dorothy Dare's suit, above; and we think that describes her pretty exactly—an ornament to Malibu or any other beach-playground of the movie glamorous.

Here's Dorothy again, this time in a very new, very modern version of what the well-dressed mermaid is wearing, whether she's a real water baby or a decoration. Just think—Dorothy can sing, too!
Great Scott!

Randy, your old pal of the horse operas, is now the eminent dramatic actor. But that smile stays just the same.

Well, if he hasn't traded his hoss for a husky! Randy—excuse us, Randolph Scott has a big rôle in "She" but manages to retain the engaging human qualities that made him a hit in "Roberta."

Threesome from the film based on Rider Haggard's famous novel: below, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, and Nigel Bruce, in Merian C. Cooper's RKO picture.

The title rôle of "She" is played by Helen Gahagan from the stage, shown at right in a scene with Scott.

Ernest A. Bachrach
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Joe E. Brown and Olivia de Haviland in “Alibi Ike”
Find Miss Glory!
Win a Prize

Get busy! Send in your entry.
Read rules on page 75.

Get busy, all you screen-goers! Here is the final step in a contest that will not only make you famous as the discoverer of the screen’s super charmer, but offers grand, big prizes as the reward. The opportunity to become the owner of a brand new 1935 deluxe Auburn automobile, is yours, right now! All you have to do is to select, from all the screen stars in Hollywood, the physical features which will combine to make the most beautiful Composite Girl.

As detailed in its two previous issues, June and July 1935, Screenland told you how you must, as the first step, fill out the coupon printed below (or one of the two coupons printed in the two previous issues) indicating the names of the stars you nominate to supply the features making up the Composite Girl, who is to be known as Dawn Glory, heroine of “Page Miss Glory,” Marion Davies’ new starring feature picture produced at Warner Bros. studio. The second step is to write not more than 200 words, telling why you think the stars you select have the most beautiful features and should be represented in the Composite Girl.

If you missed the June and July issues and wish copies containing the first two steps of the contest, write to Screenland, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, enclosing fifteen cents (15¢) in stamps or coin for each issue, and they will be mailed to you.

The final step is to write a descriptive title for Dawn Glory. Just think up a title which you think describes the Composite Girl. You know of course that Mary Pickford is called “America’s Sweetheart;” Will Rogers, “The Cowboy Philosopher;” Shirley Temple has been called “The Baby Duse;” Greta Garbo, “The Swedish Sphinx,” etc. Well, how would you describe Dawn Glory?

As an aid to your creative efforts, study the photographic reproduction, upper left on this page. Also read the fictionalization of “Page Miss Glory” currently appearing in Screenland, as the story revolves around a composite girl.

A Coupon Must Accompany All Entries

My selections to make up Hollywood’s Composite Girl are as follows:

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<th>HAIR</th>
<th>EYES</th>
<th>MOUTH</th>
<th>NOSE</th>
<th>ARMS</th>
<th>HANDS</th>
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<th>STREET ADDRESS</th>
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The award awaiting the winner of the contest. This sporty, speedy, powerful Auburn car is yours if you win first prize!
Resume of Preceding Chapters

Loretta, (Marion Davies), chambermaid who cares for the hotel suite occupied by promoter Click Wiley, (Pat O'Brien), and his partner, (Frank McHugh), is induced to don finery and pose as Dawn Glory, who doesn't exist, but who has become famous as the alleged original of a composite photograph of nine Hollywood stars that Click has entered in a radio contest. Even Bingo Nelson, (Dick Powell), famous aviator, believes there is a Dawn Glory, has fallen in love with her from the picture he has seen. To appease reporters, who threaten Click unless he lets them interview Dawn Glory, Loretta is brought before the news men. Read on:

For an enchanted moment Dawn Glory came to life. Lovelier even than the photograph, with her hair shimmering like a halo in the late afternoon sunshine and the blue of her eyes and the red of her mouth reflected in the bright flowers knotted at her throat.

Click stared at her in amazement. She couldn't be real, this girl, for hadn't he seen Ed manufacture her, borrowing the eyes and mouth and hair and chin of as many different girls to create one lovelier than all of them? Yet there she stood, this girl born of his imagination and Ed's craftsmanship, calmly smiling and radiantly eager and alive.

There had been that breathless silence when she came into the room, but now there was a sudden rush toward her as the newspaper men sought to interview her. For a moment she held her poise and then, bewildered, she turned from them and ran.

Somehow Ed managed to clear the room of the reporters and then Click, shaken out of his composure, demanded: "Who is she?"

"From now on you're Dawn Glory," Click, (Pat O'Brien), ordered, and suddenly Loretta realized the import of his words.

"The chambermaid," Gladys confessed. "Just a little girl who doesn't know what it's all about."

"The chambermaid!" Click exploded, as he took a decisive step and opened the bedroom door with a flourish. Even knowing who she was it seemed impossible to find any trace of drab little Loretta in the tremulous, wide-eyed girl facing him.

"Can I go now?" she stammered. "I'll get fired if anybody tells Mr. Yates about anything."

"How would you like to be Dawn Glory?" Click demanded in sudden inspiration. And then as the girl stared uncertainly at him he went on: "Dawn Glory has disappeared, see? I need someone to take her place. I'm giving you the job."

There was only one thought in Loretta's mind, the thought that had been there when she had first seen Bingo's picture smiling at her from a newspaper; the thought that someday, somehow, she could be near him. For a moment the thought of taking the place of the girl he loved overwhelmed her. To see him again, to hear him speak, not casually as he had that day in the corridor, but intimately, thrillingly, the way a man talks to the woman he loves, seemed as much of heaven as could be crowded on earth. Then came the frightening echo of that first thought: suppose he knew she...
Romance and fame blaze a path of
glamor for the girl Fate has elected
to bring from obscurity to fame

Fictionized by
Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

From the Warner Brothers picture starring Marion
Davies, with a cast including Dick Powell, Pat
O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and other players.
Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. From the stage play
by Philip Dunning and Joseph Shrank. Screen-
play by Robert Lord and Delmar Daves.

sign of recognition coming from
his formidable eyes and carried
off the newspaper interviews with
flying colors Click breathed easily
again. It was so easy, almost too
easy to fool them all. This auspi-
cious beginning was as good as hav-
ing a million dollars in a solvent
bank.

The excitement meant nothing to
Loretta. In spite of the adulation,
the daily thrill of seeing her name
on syndicated newspaper features,
the glamorous clothes flooding her
luxurious new bedroom, she was
restless and discontented. In the be-
ginning it had been fun to try on
all the different dresses, to tilt one
saucy hat after another on her
blonde head and admire herself in
the mirror. But even the smartest
clothes pall when there is no one to
show them (Continued on page 87)

Bingo’s answer when Loretta confessed she
wasn’t really Dawn Glory was to offer her
the engagement ring.

AFTER!

wasn’t really Dawn Glory? Surely
the eyes of a man in love could pen-
trate the glamor she had taken on
with the adored one’s dress.

"B-but what will Mr. Nelson
think?" she asked fearfully.

"Don’t worry about Mr. Nelson,”
Click answered impatiently. "You’ll
have everything your little heart de-

The cornflower eyes misted with an in-
credible happiness and there was a fluttering
like caged wings in her heart.

"From now on I am Dawn Glory," she re-
peated rapturously. "And then the threaten-
ing cloud again. "But Mr. Nelson won’t—"

"You are Dawn Glory, understand?"

There was no mistaking Click’s firmness,
and Loretta with a last despairing gulp
capitulated.

"Yeah," she nodded in agreement. "But
I gotta clean the other rooms on the floor
first or I’ll get fired."

There was no fierceness left in Click.

"Dear Lord give me strength," he mut-
tered.

When Loretta passed the iron test of
making the hotel manager without any

(Continued from page 85)

Bingo, (Dick Powell), tells Loretta
she was his inspiration on his latest
record-breaking flight.
PLEASE see this picture! It is not only the most important of the month, but one of the most courageous and uncompromising of all time. And don't get the idea that because it's so worthy it is also dull. You'll be held fascinated from first to last, or you're not the highly intelligent, discriminating, and appreciative motion picture-goer I think you are. (Now will you hurry right out and see it?) Here is one painstaking picturization of a notable novel that manages at the same time to be rich, robust, racy screen entertainment. It has terrific drive and realism. Liam O'Flaherty's magnificent character study of a traitor in the Irish rebellion has been adapted, directed, photographed and acted in masterly fashion. Victor McLaglen gives the performance of his life as Gyppo, who "didn't mean to do it" but nevertheless turned informer on his best friend and following this weaves an incredible and fantastic pattern of drama and deception, climaxing in high tragedy. John Ford's fine direction, the photography, and the supporting cast, including Margaret Grahame, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, deserve high praise.

HEPBURN in striking modern dress and Boyer at his romantic best are the good reasons for seeing this cinema exhibit. The spirited star and her impressive new screen lover will hold your interest even when the story fails—which is practically from first to last, unfortunately. Together these two vibrant personalities have a fire and force missing from the manufactured Hollywood "teams." Hepburn plays a "Morning Glory" sort of rôle, this time appearing as a struggling young composer who has worshipped from afar the brilliant, sought-after symphony conductor. In a whirlwind romance she becomes his wife. The "break of hearts" occurs when she learns he is turning to other women for inspiration as once he turned to her. Disillusionment for her, disaster for him—and a convenient ending in which broken hearts are mended—the Hollywood way. This might have been a "big" picture to start an important new cycle of screenplays with symphonic backgrounds—just as "One Night of Love" pioneered for screen opera. But the music is merely casual and incidental to the plot instead of the very life of it.

SEE this for the greatest single performance of this screen month or of many months. Elisabeth Bergner has been acclaimed in London and in New York as the star of the stage play of the same name. I saw the New York production; and I am here to tell you screen-goers that you are seeing the best Bergner, but the very best, in this British-made motion picture translation. Having gone completely Bergner myself after seeing her on the screen in "Catherine the Great" and "Ariande" I was among the eager ones who rushed to see her in person on the stage. Well, I still think Bergner is one of the greatest of screen actresses, but something less than the greatest actress on the stage. So—to my mind anyway, you get the essence of Elisabeth when you see this very human, very moving, and mostly amusing picture: the Margaret Kennedy story of another little "Constant Nymph" named Genina Jones, and her love for the temperamentl composer, Sebastian. The death of the baby is the dramatic high-spot; the lighter scenes are deliciously gay and typically Bergner. Hugh Sinclair is admirable as Sebastian.
DON'T MISS

"The Informer" FOR DRAMA
"Escape Me Never" FOR HUMAN APPEAL
"Break of Hearts" FOR BOYER and HEPBURN
"In Caliente" FOR MUSICAL ROMANCE and DEL RIO
And—BY HIMSELF—BUCK, Dog Star of "Call of the Wild"!

In Caliente—Warners

THIS may be just the picture you're looking for to fill one of these summer evenings. It's a lavish and gorgeous screen show, never a strain on the mind, equally easy on the eyes. Easy? Positively soothing, for there's Dolores Del Rio, not only beautifully gowned, but bathing-suited; and if you thought Dolores lovely to look at before, you'll be searching for new superlatives now. The screen's most decorative lady is in her element in the atmosphere of a musical movie, as she was in "Flying Down to Rio;" and for once you'll agree that the star of the show is prettier than the girls in the chorus. Yes, there are some "big" production numbers; there are the dancing De Marcos; there's Pat O'Brien to supply the romantic menace—incidentally, Pat is himself here, with no necessity to be noble as in "Oil for the Lamps of China;" and last but not least, there is the inimitable Edward Everett Horton for comedy relief—and it is a relief, for "In Caliente" threatens, like most musicals, to grow tedious, with its own gorgeousness, which gains its peak in a series of scenes built around a song called "The Woman in Red."

Oil for the Lamps of China—Warner Brothers

HERE is an impressive picture. It is the rare sort of cinema that you and your family and friends will find yourself discussing in detail after you've seen it. Perhaps it's what they call a "woman's picture." Certainly, every wife will appreciate its significance, for it is the story of a woman's faith in her husband and her fight to help him keep his integrity and ideals, based on Alice Tisdale Hobart's thoughtful novel. Pretty heavy going in its first reels, the picture gradually gains and holds your serious attention, thanks chiefly to Josephine Hutchinson's exquisitely sensitive portrayal of the self-sacrificing wife. Pat O'Brien, much as I like him, seems utterly miscast as an idealistic oil man who puts his loyalty to a soulless corporation before every personal interest. It is Miss Hutchinson who keeps the picture on a high plane, and I predict she will win every woman in her audience, as she depicts the devotion that triumphs over hardships in tortured China, and that finally wins success for her husband. Interesting if you like an intelligent screen treatment of a provocative theme, directed and acted with sincerity.

Call of the Wild—Twentieth Century

NEVER thought another actor could steal a picture from Clark Gable and Jackie Oakie, did you? The impossible has just happened. The honors for troupung in "Call of the Wild" go to a handsome furry four-footed newcomer named Buck, who is just as ingratiating as Gable and just as inverteate a scene-stealer as Oakie. Buck will get most of the "Ohs" and "Ahs" formerly given to Gable; and the giggles usually reserved for Oakie. What "Call of the Wild" would be without Buck, in fact, I hate to contemplate. The Jack London story dates dismally—why didn't they dare to make it a gorgeous burlesque of all the old Yukon melodramas? As it is, Buck, the doggy hero, provides the only real fun when he carries a thousand-pound load one hundred yards and saves the day, for dear old Massa Gable. The gold-dust boys, Clark and Jack, fall in with the winsome Loretta Young, and together they thwart wolves and wily rival prospectors; but somehow it is less enthralling. Loretta is lovely as always; Messrs. Gable and Oakie strive valiantly; but Buck is best, a proud distinction for any actor.
"Sugar and spice and everything nice"—and checks and plaids and prints and everything gay—that's what 1935 Glamor Girls are made of! Bette proves it wearing her cinnamon brown and white knitted suit, left; and her summer evening gown, right, boldly printed with red, green, yellow, blue and white flowers.

Just a touch of tender perfume on eyebrows—a glamorous grace note, above.
Bette shows off her new evening vanity which has compartments for cigarettes, powder, rouge, lipstick, and coin purse. The enamel top of the metal case is set with a jewelled ornament.

Glamor is frankly frivolous this season, according to Bette. "Get gay along with me!" says the Davis girl.

Pretty little peasant-sophisticate! Full gathered skirt, blousy waist, puffed sleeves in rustling black taffeta dotted with tiny flowers.
THE first phase of Bill Fields' movie career started with a loud and cheerful bang. "Sally of the Sawdust" made almost a million and a quarter—nice money back in the days of the silents, and no chicken-feed in any language.

But the opening gun was the loudest. From that peak the line started moving—slowly, jaggedly, but inexorably—downward. What caused the decline is anybody's guess. The comedian has theories of his own, but he presents them only as theories.

"Maybe it was the stories, maybe it was the promotion, maybe it was me, maybe we were all rotten together," he offered impartially. "How do I know? I'd worked hard all my life on the stage, and I expected to work just as hard on the screen. I'd get in there at nine every morning, whether I was called or not, figurin' I ought to be doing something for the money they paid me—roll the ash-cans around, maybe, or stand on my head to keep the carpenters happy. Finally the producer comes over. 'Listen,' he says, 'will you do me a favor? Get out of here and stay out. Go play golf. Come in and get your check on pay-day, and when we want you, we'll send you a billyboo.'" Fields fixed me with a plaintive eye. "That's what he said—honest," he assured me, and the quaver in his voice was almost more than I could bear.

"Well," he continued, having audibly swallowed his emotion, "you'd think no human being could ask fairer than that—workin' fourteen weeks and gettin' paid for fifty-two. Maybe it proves I'm not a human being. Anyway, I definitely didn't like it. I smelled a rat—I had a sinister feeling it wouldn't last—sinister—s-i-n—say, do your own work, will you? What happened? What do you think happened? I got thrown out on my ear, that's what."

"Oh, not all at once. Just gradually. Did you ever get thrown out gradually on your ear? It's an experience you shouldn't miss. Like that fellow, What's his name, they stuck in the mud and hung a sizzlin' steak or something over his nose that he just couldn't reach. You keep hopin' against hope they're goin' to renew your contract or you'll get an offer from someone else. You go round smilin' at people you hate and lookin' for a word like a hungry dog for a bone. And finally you slink off and go your way, tryin' to save your feelin's by cussin' out the whole shebang, and you wouldn't work for 'em if they brought you a diamond contract embroidered in pearls—not much you wouldn't." We were interrupted at this point by a timid knock.

A youth stood outside.

"Come on in," called Fields, "and be interviewed."

"I—I'll come back later," the boy stammered. "I'm—"
And now "Bill" Fields strikes prosperity and screen fame. Here's his life story up-to-date!

By Ida Zeitlin

in a kind of a jam. I can come back and see you later."

"O.K. Half an hour." Obviously relieved, the visitor vanished.

"Kind of a jam," growled Fields benevolently. "And fifty bucks'll probably iron him out. Where were we?"


"Yeah," he agreed, "shattered. But I picked up the pieces and spent two years with Earl Carroll's 'Vanities,' then Arthur Hammerstein starred me in 'Ballyhoo.'"

That was the beginning of the great theatrical slump, with shows folding up the night after they opened. By the skin of its teeth, "Ballyhoo" managed to hang on for ten weeks, and when Hammerstein dropped it, the star took it over—working for nothing so that others could eat, striving desperately to revive what was already dead. At length even Fields was obliged to concede defeat, and motored sadly down to Florida to think things over.

In New York the situation was going from bad to worse. No sense in returning there, to watch the depressing collapse of the world he loved, the individual tragedies and heartaches he could do nothing to help. It was four years since the movies had taken him godspeed. He yearned for the sunlight of California. If he had to be "at liberty"—that polite professional term for joblessness which deceives no one—he might as well be "at liberty" there as elsewhere. Maybe, once on the spot, he could turn something up.

He ordered his few belongings shipped to California and preceded them by motor. He found a warm welcome from the sun and the balmy air, from the hill-fringed countryside with its tempting golf-courses, from his pals of another day. He found a warm welcome from everything but the movies.

"I picked up right where I'd left off," he said, "—like this—" and cocking his head, turned on one of those tinid, propitiatory grimaces that only the shrewish wives he draws in the movies can resist. "I did everything but hawk my wares from door to door. I went to one studio and told 'em I'd write, direct, and act in my own pictures for nothing—for the chance to prove I could make people laugh. 'Go play pattycakes, mister,' they told me in effect."

He finally persuaded a producing friend to let him try a two-reeler. Bent on proving he "could make people laugh," he hurled himself into the work with even more than his customary zest. His friend, the producer, walked in and watched the proceedings. "It's all wrong," he snapped after five minutes or so. "You're doing it all wrong. Take two days off to rehearse, then start your picture."

Fields tried to argue. This might be all wrong by normal standards, but his standards weren't normal. He had a plan—cockeyed, maybe—but nevertheless a plan he was sure would work. "Go play golf," he pleaded, remembering the advice once meted out to him, "and let me do this my own way." The producer was adamant. Two days' rehearsal, or the bargain was off.

Bill yielded suddenly. "All right," he agreed, "you're the boss. But do me one favor. Leave the cameras here and the grips and everything. It'll give us tone," he explained, returning his friend's suspicious glance with blinding innocence, "you know—make us feel as though we're really doin' something."

Reluctantly the friend agreed to this decidedly curious arrangement. Fields worked like a fiend and finished his picture in two days. "Come on over," he phoned the boss, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, "I've got something to show you."

They sat side by side as the two reels were run off. Fields, palpitating, stole an occasional glance at the other's poker face. He couldn't (Cont. on page 74)

An important phase of Bill's life. Left, when he was in the "Follies."

In the study of his home, where Fields writes comedy for his films.
CAROLE LOMBARD'S favorite flower is the lily, so it's said. I wonder if she knows, deep down in her heart, that she makes people who see her think of these cool white flowers on their gracefult stems? Haven't you noticed that a woman's favorite flower, like her favorite perfume, is often something that is truly expressive of her?

It's not a bit easy for Carole to look as cool and fresh as she looks on the screen, what with the strenuous work on the sets under lights that are more glaring than the hottest midsummer sun. You can safely bet your bottom dollar, Carole knows tricks of beauty care we could all use to our advantage when the temperature is hovering around 90 or above.

Look cool! Hollywood has ways of preserving crisp summer loveliness

By Elin Neil

The most important step toward looking cool in hot weather is feeling cool, which most certainly calls for a word about baths. Maybe you love the feel of a cold shower or plunge on a sweltering day. But it's an actual fact that the most cooling bath is a tepid one. Cold water is too stimulating. It will cool you off while you're in or under it, but it won't keep you cool.

Pat yourself dry instead of indulging in the brisk rubbing that feels so good on cold days. If you can possibly manage it, rest for a little while after your Summer bath and take your time about dressing. There is nothing to heat one up like rushing!

You need more baths in Summer. If you lead a pretty strenuous life, you probably like to add to your morning ablutions by a bath before dinner and even one around noon-time or before you go to bed. Some of the loveliest screen stars, including Joan Crawford, bathe as often as four times a day in hot weather without the slightest bit of harm to their skin because they use the gentle creamy beauty soaps we are blessed with these days.

If your skin shows signs of getting too dry from frequent bathing, there are grand body rubs, sort of creamy semi-liquids, that are absorbed right into the skin so your stockings and girdle will go on just as easily as if you had used nothing at all. A body rub will keep your skin from getting sandpapery from over-enthusiastic sun-bathing, too.

There's something so luxurious and soul-satisfying about being properly perfumed right after a bath! Bath salts and essences add much to one's charm and feeling of well-being. However, you devotees to the shower can get just as good an effect of complete body perfuming by using one of the delightful infusions.

Some tub bathers prefer them, too, because they are so lasting.

An infusion is a
It's fun to keep fit! Try the Lumberjack Routine that James Davies gives you here. You'll get results in health and beauty exercises because they are afraid to lose weight will please attend carefully to this article.

Listen, please! This month I'm giving you an all-round exercise called the Lumberjack Routine, designed to give you the 1935 Ideal Figure.

Have you ever seen a lumberjack? He has firm, trim muscles, broad shoulders, a very slim waist and hips and practically no abdomen. There isn't a spare pound of flesh on him, for it has all gone to beautiful supple muscle. He is in the perfection of health and could be used as a model for America's Ideal Youth.

This routine will help you to achieve a fine, firm chest, good back muscles, the slimmest of waists and lovely firm slender hips.

When I taught the routine to Ida Lupino, who poses for the illustrations for Screenland this month, she was so enthusiastic about the exercises that she demanded a chart of them for herself so that she could substitute the routine for the "lissome waist" exercise that she has been using. Ida, you see, insists that unless she watches her waistline and keeps it trim, unwanted pounds would creep up on her.

Like all English girls, Ida walks a great deal and plays more tennis than anyone else in the studio, but even so she feels she can't afford to do without her morning "daily dozen." From now on it will be:

The Lumberjack Routine

Exercise No. 1:
Stand erect, feet well apart, hands at waist level outstretched before you. Clasp one thumb in the other fist and pretend you hold a saw. Lean the body forward and start the swing from left to right, hands locked together until you feel the pull of the muscles in the left side. With each swing keep bending lower to the floor, keeping knees stiff. Swing down at length until your clasped hands strike the floor. Your abdomen muscles will feel the pull. Repeat. (Continued on page 85)

James Davies' Answers to Questions will be found on Page 86.
Screen Stars on Parade! West—East—Everywhere!

By Weston East

It is interesting to know that Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn patronize the same dress-maker. This woman's name is Billie Mallone, which doesn't sound at all like the name for a modiste. Miss Mallone is from France. Her grand-aunt is one of the few persons who ever broke the bank at Monte Carlo. A few years ago, Miss Mallone became famous as the girl who testified against American style-design thieves who were stealing gown ideas from the finer shops of Paris and Vienna. She is now in Hollywood, is very exclusive, and is perhaps the only woman in the world to make gowns for three such famous personalities as Garbo, Dietrich, and Hepburn.

Well, shades of pink elephants! Will you look at Ruth Chatterton's bath robe! Ermine, and pink! 'Sa fact, Miss Chatterton owns the only pink ermine bathrobe in existence, as far as this department knows.

Mary Pickford thinks that somewhere, there may be another Mary Pickford. She is planning to find this other girl. As yet, she's not sure whether she will have a contest, or what means she may take. The object of her search will be a girl who looks today as Mary herself looked a score of years ago.

If Miss Pickford finds such a girl, she will give her every opportunity to demonstrate her ability as an actress. If Mary finally concludes that the girl shows real talent, it is very possible that she will give this newcomer her own name of Mary Pickford and sponsor her career as a motion-picture actress.

Comedy with an undertone of tension! Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, and Franchot Tone, (there's casting for you), in a scene from "No More Ladies."

What with personal appearances and vacations in New York, Gene Raymond gets around these days.
Hollywood!

HERE'S a secret that will surprise Hollywood. There is a beautiful young lady who is breaking into the movies, and who is succeeding because she has talent and personality. So far as the studios have known, she is just another girl trying to make good.

Her screen name is Lois Loring. That isn't her real name at all. Her real name will give studio executives a real thrill, for she is Mary Lou Fisher, and she is a member of that wealthy family that manufactures automobile bodies.

WELL, East and West have met, despite Kipling. Mae West and her sister, Beverly, have opened a Chinese chow mein factory in Los Angeles. Of course, Beverly will actually operate the factory, but Mae's money is invested. Mae has purchased ten pure white delivery cars, and sends fine Chinese dinners on order to private homes.

Joe E. Brown goes wherever baseball games promise action! Joe can hurl some hot ones himself.

concerned. In taxicabs, when father and son were riding, Senior would caution the drivers time and again to "be careful." He did not permit Jackie to own his own car until just a few months ago. All of which makes it a queer twist of circumstances that in the motor accident that cost Mr. Coogan's life, Jackie escaped with painful but not serious injuries.

AT LAST, the truth about fan mail, and revealed by no less an authority than the head of the fan mail department of one of the larger studios. This man says that studio executives do not regard the volume of fan mail as important, except in the cases of romantic actors and actresses.

Paul Muni, one of the really great screen actors, gets five or ten letters every day. But Dick Powell, a matinee idol, receives about three hundred. Helen Hayes, one of the finest actresses of stage and screen, receives a smattering of fan mail. Ruby Keeler received more than two thousand letters the first two weeks of this month.

That is why studios take into consideration the type of the star before they weigh the quantity of his mail.

Tullio Carminati joins the parade of travelers and goes across the Big Pond to do an English film.

THE tragic accident that claimed the lives of Junior Durkin, Jack Coogan, Sr., and others, brought out the fact that the elder Coogan had a mental quirk that some day something would happen to his son in an automobile.

Mr. Coogan was always exactly careful about automobiles where Jackie was

Here's another one of Lindon's furious travelers! Fay Wray who has been commuting to England.

A trio to challenge great acting threesomes of all time: Garbo with Basil Rathbone and Freddie Bartholomew in a scene for "Anna Karenina."
that to interrupt the scene, (in which she was not engaged at the moment), would cost quite a few dollars.

So Kate climbed a ladder to the scaffolding and crept along the narrow rampart until she knelt at the director's feet. Then she calmly and without a word tied the shoestring. The director patted her shoulder and smiled his thanks, and the long scene kept right on to its conclusion, as Miss Hepburn carefully crept backwards on the rampart, and then down the ladder.

ADRIAN, perhaps the most famous of all gown designers, cried, "Am I asked, I'm asked!" He was joking, of course, and this is the reason: In "Broadway Melody," Sid Silvers, the comedian, does an impersonation of Eleanor Powell. So Adrian had to create a gown for Silvers! First time on record that a famous designer has been assigned to invent an evening gown for a man.

IT LOOKS like curtains for the team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Not only have they not gotten along any too well together, but Astaire now wants to star alone.

It is believed that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is responsible for Astaire's wish to fly alone. Doug, Jr., and Fred have been friends for years, and in a letter to Astaire, young Fairbanks told the dancing star that he was too definite a personality to be costarred. Doug's advice was that Fred should not allow any actress to share billing with him.

HOLLYWOOD'S most confirmed bachelor, Edward Everett Horton, is so rarely seen with a member of the other sex that one of the occasions ranks as banner-line news. Such news happened not long ago, when Horton "dined out" with Helen Broderick, the actress.

Later, he approached a columnist and asked, "Do you think people will talk?"

(Continued on page 84)
COMES the dawn of the season signalizing what has developed into an annual love-fest whereat radio and the movies get together just to show how much they admire each other.

By way of proving mutual devotion, the broadcasters bid—but high—for the film stars to come on over to the microphones, while the movie men toss coins in the general direction of the air celebrities. So far the broadcasters have had all the best of this star-swapping business. But you never know when some truant from the radio may crash through with a performance that will make a new screen star, with options all ready for the film studio to mortgage the star's future should the lightning strike. So Hollywood takes its annual whirl—hoping for the best and knowing that the worst is a good chance for the box-office trade whipped up by the presence of "radio names" in their pictures.

The current star-swapping season got under way with a bang when agents of an oil company coaxed Al Jolson back to radio as head man of one the most elaborate, and thanks to Al, one of the sprightliest shows, presently agitating the air waves.

The man who made Mammy's name ring around the world is even now himself a little surprised that he was wheedled into forgetting a former pledge to stay away from the air. But it seems Al was feeling expansive—his new picture "Go Into Your Dance" with his favorite movie star sharing honors with him, had turned out better than just good, and the bangtails at Santa Anita had been behaving pretty well for Mr. Jolson, who likes to risk a coin or two now and then at (Continued on page 73)
Salutes and Snubs

Hollywood, stand by! Listen to these suggestions and criticisms
The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

HOW ABOUT IT, HOLLYWOOD?

Actors and actresses want to avoid being typed. But would theatres be crowded if Janet Gaynor were a sizzling siren? Clark Gable crooned to the ladies? Jean Harlow became a sweet ingénue? Bing Crosby played a snare sophisticate? ZaSu Pitts changed to a vamp?

Eugene A. Karst,
547 So. Park Ave.,
Oshkosh, Wisc.

RATHER SEE SHIRLEY THAN EAT

I'd heard that folks preferred seeing Shirley Temple to eating. Now I know it! We invited friends to dinner—a good dinner, too. "Oh, so sorry, but this is the only night we can see 'The Little Colonel,' sorry!" And that was that.

Francais Harris,
2517 South 13th St.,
Lincoln, Nebr.

SAYS: DOWN WITH DOUBLE FEATURES!

I do not like the double feature program and wish it were abolished. Then, no longer would people have to miss a good picture so as to avoid seeing a boresome one. What is really needed are more single programs with selected short subjects.

Alice Pell,
615 State St.,
Hudson, N. Y.

THE ANSWER IS YES!

It is often remarked that America's school girls prefer the glamorous woman-of-the-world type of actress. My high-school friends and I heartily resent such judgment. Our favorites are the wistful younger stars, including Janet Gaynor, Jean Parker, and Ann Shirley. Do our opinions mean anything?

Grace Lyons,
4217 Dunkeld Place,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

RUN, DON'T WALK TO SEE MUNI

My biggest salute, my deepest courtesy, my broadest smile, and my most delicious home-baked apple-pie to that grand actor, Paul Muni. I've just seen "Black Fury" and Muni's performance is up to the precedent he has set in previous great films. I'd honestly and willingly run a mile to see him act.

Enid W. Young,
47 Cherry St.,
Holyoke, Mass.

YES—BUT WHAT ABOUT MICKEY?

Everyone likes to relate his pet peeve and I'm no exception! Mine is the flood of horrid cartoons that have lately swamped the screen. Once in a while I see a good one but that is far too rare. I prefer quality to quantity.

Alice Dohi,
Glasgow, Mont.

THINKS ACTING COMES FIRST

Although we like to give new players a chance, must we have a steady diet of prize-fighters, crooners, and celebrities from other fields who can't act? Once in a while we like to see a name on a theatre marquee and know that we'll see some real acting if we go there.

Edna Dixon,
206 Princess St.,
Wilmington, N. C.

IDEA FOR "PICTURE STEALERS"

Were I a Hollywood "big shot" I'd give out special Academy Awards to the picture stealers! Then I'd produce a picture composed entirely of these "stealers" and star the biggest "thief" of all.

Ruth King,
2 Hamilton Ave.,
Cranford, N. J.

MEMORY TEST

Why give "One Night of Love" all the credit for bringing operatic arias to the screen? Because "Stingaree" wasn't a hit picture due to a weak story, has everyone forgotten how beautifully Irene Dunne sang "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" in that film?

D. I. Dubois,
1219 W. 82nd St.,
Cheyenne, Wyo.

TOPS IN VILLAINY

When the villain of a picture gives a performance that jolts an audience, he's a real actor. No other person I know of so thoroughly qualifies for acting sense—for the master of "Hollywood's Public Enemy No. 1" as Barton McLane, "hoodlum" of the excellent and interesting "G-Men."

Clarence M. Fink,
1890 Euclid Ave.,
San Marino, Calif.

Have you a pet peeve? Or a pet rave, concerning things you see on the screen? Well, here's the place to record your Salutes, or your Snubs regarding all your thoughts and ideas about the pictures and the stars. Read what your fellow fans have to say here, and you'll realize there's no use grunting to yourself, or gurgling words of praise to limited audiences while such opportunity as Salutes and Snubs exists for you to put your thoughts before the whole of screenland—picturegoers, picture-makers, directors, authors and stars will listen to you when you express your thoughts in a free forum.

You'll read these letters with relish, and you'll feel your satisfaction if you send in your own letters to this department. Just try and see!
hope and exaltation—her screen test, her gold-foiled face up against a smudgy mirror.

"Just wait—" she thought, luring the thought like a bomb into the midst of that laughing, indifferent company on the other side of the mirror. She greeted both girls with casual friendliness, despite the fact that she'd already climbed a few steps of the ladder at which they were gazing with such fixed interest. She was wearing a heavily frock of poppy-red, embroidered in silver flowers, and she was a little tight—just tight enough to regard this affair of Stills's, round out by Betty for one breathless torrent of words, as the world's prize jest.

"Not this little shrimp," she kept crying, her hands relaxed loosely around the revolver. "Not this funny little mouse in the movies? Oh, I can't bear it!"

Apart from that, she was kindness itself. She was decently attired with an air of well-kept reality. For her, voice supplied additional details. Stella confined herself to an occasional nod, rather abstracted than otherwise, for she was still staring at Jacky's face, she thought, and identified both girls with a kindling loneliness. Stella's voice supplied additional details. Stella confined herself to an occasional nod, rather abstracted than otherwise, for she was still staring at Jacky's face, she thought, and identified both girls with a kindling loneliness.

Then came the second tragedy—the tragedy of Betty's chiffon stockings, that she'd worn only once—the tragedy that seemed beyond redemption. Drawing the stocking up lovingly, and finding that she'd covered a hole in the leg. Whether it had been there in the first place, or whether her own unsteady fingers were responsible, was beside the point. She'd ripped the hole—and even as she studied it, the woman with the black dressing gown slipped away. The stockings they hung from the door, and the man she thought to be her son. The stockings she thought she'd seen. She thought she'd seen her son. She thought she'd seen her son. She thought she'd seen her son. She thought she'd seen her son. She thought she'd seen her son. She thought she'd seen her son.
Meeting the Joneses in their own front doorway! Buck Jones, his daughter, left, and Mrs. Jones.
What Chance Has Your Original Screen Story?

Continued from page 17

Marilyn Knowlton’s Cosette in “Los Miserables” was her 27th role in 3 years. A proud record.

Gosh! You say. Them’s hard words. Ain’t fair to outsiders. Any editor can buy big names. The editor’s job ought to be looking for, finding and springing new talent.

All right. Suppose you take the editor’s job—just for a day. Here, have a chair. Have a smoke. In fact, you can have the whole studio and brush and competent gent. Either—if you make another find like “David Copperfield” or “Imitation of Life” or “One Night of Love.”

There’s the inside dope, Mr. Editor-for-a-day. The Big Bosses are getting up the program. Each major studio needs fifty-two pictures a year. Just now, Hollywood is calling for a Big Crop for a Big Future. But you’re desperate for an Anne Shirley on the order of “Anne of Green Gables.” It needs one Dietrich, something like “Morocco” to bring her back to the favor of her fans. It wants a Colman, Four Temples—to play up those dimples. An Arlis, with dignity and box-office plus. Yes—it needs a Gary Cooper yarn, and it needs it in a hurry.

Hurry! says the waiting star, who’s doing nothing and drawing a weekly salary for it. Hurry! says the temperamental director, tearing at his red hair. Hurry! says the Scenario Department, twiddling both its thumbs.

Where are you going to find your stories, Mr. Editor? Well, if you’re at RKO sitting in the shoes of Betty Roberts, the editor in charge on the West Coast, you return them unopened, stamped. “No, no, you unprincipled manuscripts.” Miss Roberts explains that the task of giving scripts by amateurs careful attention would require a staff out of all proportion to the gallery.

But, if you’re sitting on the judgment seat at Paramount, you have a department where trained readers do nothing but read all day and often half the night, searching for story material.

Those eagle-eyed readers are not your only vassals. You have a staff of story scouts as well.

Say, a little theatre in Charleston, West Virginia, is trying out a new play. Your story scout grabs his pigskin traveling bag, his genial, toad-hood brush and hits the rods for Charleston, West Virginia, and a seat in the front row on the aisle. Yep, he’s there to the final curtain, to the first row, to the hottest seat in the house.

Weekly word on new books and new plays comes all the way from Vienna, Budapest, London, Paris and Berlin. Yep, all the way from Bret-Litovsk, U. S. S. R.

If the story strikes the reader right, he types a short synopsis, attaches a long recommendation and celebrates by taking the afternoon off.

This being Monday, you wait for Friday—the meeting day of the Story Board. If the Story Board likes the synopsis, it goes to the production heads, then on to the film writers and the photoplay. But your job is done when you deliver those fifty-two stories. Sounds easy—but it’s not. To find the fifty and two, you read an average of 62,000 published scripts per annum.

But why must they be published, you ask? Don’t you ever make a find, in the staff sent in by ambitious outsiders?

All right. Here’s a batch of manuscripts by amateurs. There’s more when you finish these. There are car-loads more down at the railroad siding. There are big, fat sacks waiting at the post-office. There’s a mountain up in the mailing-room. But we need a ton of those for the screen.

Manuscript No. 1. Hmm. It’s written in pencil. It ought to be typed. Neatly. On one side of the paper. Double-spaced. After all, writing is a trade and has its tools. And so, Mr. Editor, you send back all pencilled scripts.

Manuscript No. 2. From South Amer-

ica. Hmm. You’re intrigued by the foreign postmark. But the script is written in Spanish. You’re not so good at Spanish, not any more. Here’s one in French. Your French is even less la la. And here’s one in Greek.

Sorry. But if you’re writing for the American cinema, you’ve got to say it in good old American lingo.

Well, here’s one served to you in King’s English, (reproduced exactly as received):

“My story is a true life drama, contains a counter plot, that deals with two rival Candy Manufacturers. One Firm is going bankrupt, while the other is Reaping a harvest of prosperity. With twenty five thousand dollars involved and a beautiful Romance to create heart interest, Would you be interested? Kindly reply to same.”

Naturally, your reply is no. It’s not a rough idea you want. You want a finished story.

And now for manuscript No. 4:

“In a small town in Iowa, Johnny Jones met Susie Lee and it was love at first sight. In those days they were married and went to Cleveland, Ohio, to live. When their baby was born, Susie fell ill and died—and Johnny Jones was left, with an infant baby on his hands. This is a true story. It happened to a friend of mine. Etc. Etc.

There’s a story in every human being, but not every story makes screen entertainment.

Manuscript No. 5:

“I get some good ideas come across my mind and I jot them down, so far I have about thirty pages, now I don’t know much about this manuscript or forming of these, but I can, if you want them just what way you say. It seems funny for a man like me, who has never been in a studio or on a stage or to any profession or acquainted with any, to write as I do to you, but there must be something to it. Please send check by return mail.”

It’s easy enough to laugh at these and thousands like these. But you don’t feel like laughing. These stories were written sincerely enough, straight from the heart, often from bitter personal experience.

However, a typewriter does not make a writer. You need to know grammar. Punctuation. Spelling. Yes, and there’s such a thing as plot construction—all of which can be taught. Then there is school—by reading books on writing technique—by writing—yes, and by re-writing.

Bertram Bloch of Metro says: “There’s no business in the world in which a man can start at the top—and writing is no exception. If you’re really serious about writing, first learn to write and then serve your apprenticeship in other fields of writing.”

Sam Marx—Loretta Mackey—Richard Halliday—all the motion picture scenario editors are equally frank.

You have an idea, have you? Why use the screen as your laboratory? Write it as a book or a play. Let the public pass its approval. Besides, it’s not too great.

What gamble? Ever hear of plagiarists suits? They’re the nightmare of the picture business. With rare exceptions, the studio wins. But it takes time and it costs money to fight those suits.

Say you receive a story in which the main character is named Mary and the locale New York. Later, you release a picture whose story bears no likeness except that the name of the main character is Mary and the locale New York. Suit is sure to follow.

Yet the author is sincere when he sues on the Mary-New York basis or when a plot similar to his is shown on the screen. Many amateurs plagiarize unconsciously. They will submit a story which they have seen on the screen, the memory of which has become subconscious, and which emerges under the guise of an original idea. Of course, unusual stories which have come simultaneously from different parts of the world. Much as the studio would like it, it cannot buy these stories because they might lead to suit by the other. A published story gives the studio the protection of copyright.

Often, people will sue for plagiarist even when the picture is made from a well-known novel and given screen credit as such. They will sue on the historical picture, which is everybody’s property, and public domain.

On the “King of Kings,” which did not deviate from the New Testament, C. B. DeMille fought fourteen suits, one of them by Miss Surratt, the former stage star. In her case, the judge decided that if there was any plagiarism involved, it was Miss Surratt who had plagiarized the New Testament.

Mr. DeMille has scarcely made a picture which did not result in lawsuit. A lovely old lady from the South had a particular “shape.” So she appeared on “The Commandments” because she sued before the picture was released. Her manuscript was identical with the finished film.

Mr. DeMille was worried. He knew she did not write the script. There was no record of ever having received her submit-
tance. Yet there was the opus, written exactly word for word. It was only at the very last moment that he noticed she had written "the old" instead of "of the."

"The old," Where had he seen those two little words, jogging cart before the horse? Oh, yes. At last he remembered.

Many months before, a movie critic on the Los Angeles Times had reviewed the picture from a script. The review had a typographical error identical with the "the old" of this sweet old lady's.

Where, oh where was that reviewer? Out of town, said the newspaper, off on a hunting trip.

The studio rushed an airplane to the happy hunting ground. The airplane found the reviewer talking over with a bear. Hunting togs and all, he was rushed off his feet, and marched dramatically into court just as the old lady was about to receive the award. It was proven that she had copied her script from his review.

The case of the lovely old dishonest old lady made the studios decide to band together and not buy originals from amateurs.

When the professional writer sees a similar idea, he does not assume it is his. He had has enough experience to know that there are only seven plots in the world—and no new story or situation ideas what-so-ever.

So, Mr. Editor-for-a-day, if someone should ask you how to break in, answer in the cryptic words of Howard J. Green, who scripted "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang": "The best way to write for motion pictures is not to write for motion pictures."

These are hard words. But the writing world is not a world for softies. It's for those of you who have a typewriter, a dictionary, a hundred yellow pencils, grit, guts, genius, something to say, and the insatiable itch to say it!

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**Second-Guess Stars**

Continued from page 21

The Haydon child looks like a young and passionate Ann Harding, if you can picture such. But don't tell her so—I'll explain why later.

From girlhood Julie Haydon was an "actress or nothing" girl—you know the type. Hepburn's one, and there are dozens in show business. They peer at you from every clump of elderberry. These fiery children don't want to act—they have to act, and they'd poison twenty-boy-friends for one good part.

RKO-Radio took first guess at Julie. Three times she went to bat on that lot. She worked in "Symphony of Six Millions" and "The Age of Innocence." In "The Conquerors" she played Ann Harding's daughter, and thousands of people told her she simply must be sisters. Hint at the resemblance today and the girl screams and climbs a trolley-pole. Sheer boredom with it all.

The first guess didn't take, and she went on trouping. Arthur Hopkins promised her a role in the new Philip Barry play, "The Bright Star"—and then postponed production until next fall. At this point Chico Hect and Grosch MacArthur caught her. There on Long Island she played the part-blossom so fondly trampled by the naughty Coward. There, among that fizz-brained crowd of geniuses and crack-pots, Julie Haydon found herself.

And there Paramount found her! Before she knew what time it was, luck's lovely lightning had struck her again. With no warning at all she was a member of the heavenly host of Hollywood's second-guess stars!

And we'll observe the dibbys of young Haydon with interest as we remember the other members of the club. We shall think of Mr. Clark Gable, Pride of Cadiz, Ohio, who was for so long Hollywood's little pet football. Whenever the wise men of the west wanted to kick the gang around, they sent for Clarkie.

He was drop-kicked from lot to lot, until someone at Metro, after a good lunch, thought it might be smart to revive the sock-in-the-jaw school of Great Movie Lover. Clark was summoned from the back lot, where he had been taking a nap to forget about eating. They plunked back his flat cars, fixed his toofies, taught him to scowl with love and to kiss like a vacuum cleaner. Gable should now be president of the Second-Guess Club.

We shall remember a little girl named Harriet Lake from Broadway musicals, who sat around the Metro lot for months, only rising to pose for publicity pictures when pretty legs were needed in the name of cinematic art. Suddenly, after a spell on Broadway, she came back to Hollywood, was grabbed by Columbia, given a new name, Anna Sothern, and a new set of golden bangs, and has hardly had a day off since. Hollywood re-discovered her.

Now this gorgeous second-guess leaps from lot to lot with the greatest of ease, and such pictures as "Eight Bells," "Folies Bergere," and "Hooray for Love," in which she toils, lap each other all over the landscape.

Bette Davis was a sad sight in Universal days—an able maiden badly turned out and cast in the silliest films that ever turned the stomach of a public. An inspired soul at Warner's rebuilt and polished her, gave her some suety parts—and now a thousand Davis fans leap from high places because she didn't get the Academy award for 1934. "Of Human Bondage" was the film. There was a second-guess, fortified with plenty horse-sense.

We need hardly pause to mention the glorious Grace Moore, the ten best tenors of Tennesse—caged out the postern gate by M-G-M, only to be shot to fame by Columbia in—what was that picture—oh yes—"One Night of Love."

Another RKO muff was Nelson Eddy, but Metro grabbed him on the second bounce, and it didn't set the girls of the world a sighing over his many charms.

At this point let me scotch, once and for all, the legend that M-G-M has grabbed the great Fred Astaire when he was buried in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady," and that his escape to the RKO stockade followed.

The truth is that he was a contract to RKO at the time, and was loaned to Metro while his first film for his own company was in the story-conference room.

Good old, snapping Leo has some bad guesses marked against his venerable whiskers, but Astaire is not one.

On the other hand, it was Leo who took charge of the destinies of Myrna Loy, after that copper-haired, freckle-nosed Montana belle had spent a young lifetime in absurd oriental cutie roles. That was one of the finest second-guesses Hollywood ever made.

And it is only just and timely company that Julie Haydon now finds herself. Once more a major film company means well by her. Again she's on the movie payroll, with her face in the hands of the giddier gods.

And it all depends on so little! The faintest breath can make or bust these second-guesses. The perfect role at the precise moment. The judgment—even the airiest whim—of a director. With the breaks, they shoot up; without them, they slip into the shadows.

Rated on her work in "The Scoundrel," gallant little Julie Haydon richly deserves her second guess. She's an artist from her heels to her hat-brim. Let's hope she remains a real one—she died in Hollywood—and rose again!
I go So her sent fad was impulsive the do? coast like number. for-do lon-

Jean knew enterprising have New York's telling chamber'. and at Union, become that's in about I
got the leave that's against over how. The break down that's evil getting something for nothing. "Oh, no," said Jean, "they could have Beatrice Lillie, or Ethel Swan-
on, or Ethel Barrymore, but they want me. And I'm awfully pleased to be wanted. And besides, it's such a little thing to do for any-

So Jean kept on doing "little things" for people like talking at benefits, laying a cornerstone in the Bronx, opening a milli-

When I received the assignment to do "The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde" it had been some time since I had interviewed Jean, though of course I had seen her casually at parties from time to time. I expected to find her greatly changed from the exuberant Harlow of the "Hell's Angels" days. There had been tragedy in her life, including infidelity, abandonment, despair, and malicious lies from people she had befriended; and I was sure that now the carefree girl I had once known must have developed into a hard, cynical woman. But to my surprise I dis-
covered that Life is still a simple matter and quite a lar to Jean, that she still thinks in terms of a more innocent era, and not of incident, and that she will be completely for-gotten at the end of her next picture so why get all worked up about things. Hardly had Jean slumped down in her chair, propped her feet up, and begun to discuss the under-

toing gallery, which accounted for the fact

that we had two poaches, a Dutch clock, a set of china, a bird cage, two rag dolls and an Armour ham to take back to the An-

the man's face? Well, I don't know what you call it, but as an interview I called it a wow, and as I washed the mustard from behind my ears and combed the poppy out of my hair I decided that a swell gal like Harlow was bound to go a long way in pictures, and that in my humble little manner I would help her all I could. In fact I became such a rabid Harlow fan that if I even suspected that anyone was about to belittle my pet I simply tore them in shreds and threw them to the lions.

But what was Jean like in those days, before the evolution of the Platinum Blonde set in? (Obmygosh, I almost forget the title of this story.) She was nineteen then with the loveliest complexion, the clearest eyes, and the most exotic hair I have ever seen, and she had a penchant for green sports dresses and grace-fitting white evening gowns that made men go mad. She was the most accommodating budding movie star ever to hit New York, and although she was too important for her to do. She played benefits no end, she appeared on anybody's radio program, she gave interviews to people who hadn't written a line since they copied "Jean," we said, "they're mak-

she has several of them, and likes to drive a car and write letters. She's usually among the last to leave a party because she always has a grand time, and if you want to make her utterly happy just let her slump down in a chair, prop her feet on another chair, and look as if she's making no one the least bit

Karen Morley and Mickey Rooney, two of the screen's best bets, in a scene from "The Healer."

chief fault then, she couldn't say "no." (Speaking of calling her number, my pet joke on Jean has always been the morning I called the Ambassador and asked to speak to Miss Harlow, and was connected with the boiler room. After that I definitely knew that Jean was hot stuff.)

She had gone to Harlow's those dear distant days of 1930 who were a simple matter. She knew she had become sensational quite by accident, she didn't think her success would last longer than the third run of Hells' Angels and every time she appeared everybody was her friend. As one writer aptly expressed it, "Jean Harlow is like a month-old puppy. She is impulsive and playful and eager to make friends with everyone." If Jean had been more discrimi-

nating with her choice of friends she would have saved herself a lot of anguish later. But it just wasn't in her nature to be cau-
tious. Jean, alas, is one of those rare idiots who sees only the good in people.

Jean's idea of a grand vacation is a fishing trip, and every chance she gets she rents a boat and takes her mother and a few friends deep-sea fishing off the coast of Mexico. She is a fast addict of the first cigarettes and she has a thing about crocuting, and the very next week she will become ecstatic over basket-weaving.

She never talks seriously to friends; the better she knows you the more insane her comments become. The girl who is meeting her for the first time will get the best story. She adores pajamas, and hates dress-up clothes, and refuses to go somewhere simply so her maid can "show off" everything for her. She never "tells people off" when they make her mad or hurt her feel-

gings; she simply closes up like a clam and spitting off her a great display of nerves. She loves Angora cats, has several of them, and likes to drive a car and write letters. She's usually among the last to leave a party because she always has a grand time, and if you want to make her utterly happy just let her slump down in a chair, prop her feet on another chair, and look as if she's making no one the least bit

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Karen Morley and Mickey Rooney, two of the screen's best bets, in a scene from "The Healer."
ple, and that same desire to cooperate with everyone.

"Have I changed?" Jane pondered a bit after I had explained to her about "The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde." "Why, of course, I have, Liz. I can eat five hot dogs with onions now instead of only three, and the last time I went to Ocean Park I brought back two hams, and I don't mean actors. Oh, don't look like that—you know I can't be serious with anyone I know. If I said anything seriously you'd rib me about it for months. Come on, now, and help me think up something snappy to say at a benefit next week."

"Benefit?" I shrieked. "Jean Harlow, I told you five years ago to give up benefits. Let somebody else be the sucker sometime. Already by actual count you have appeared at ten benefits and five free radio programs this year. Jean, you're a sap."

"Oh, no," said Jean, quite seriously, too.

"I'm flattered that they want me when they could have Joan Crawford, or Carole Lombard, or Mae West. And besides, it's such a little thing to do for anybody."

"So help me, Jean, you really haven't changed a bit," I mourned, "what in heaven am I going to do about 'The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde'?"

"Better wire Delight that nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel," was Miss Harlow's contribution to my dilemma.

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**Ask Me!**

**By Miss Vee Dee**

Betty Jane S. Do I ever meet Cary Grant at the Coconut Grove? That would be telling and I promised not to reveal any Coconut secrets. Cary doesn't give his age, but he was born on January 18 in Bristol, England. His family name is Leach; his grandfather, Percival Leach, was a successful English stage actor who spent his life-time in the theatre. Cary is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 172 pounds, and has black wavy hair and dark brown eyes. He was married on February 9, 1934, to Virginia Cherrill. Sorry—now divorced. He has a fine baritone voice, and here's hoping the producers will give us a chance to hear him lift his voice in song or words to that effect. In "Ladies Should Listen," he played opposite Francis Drake. In "Wings in the Dark" with Myrna Loy and Henry Wilcoxon, the English actor who played with Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

Helen W. B. You have such a coaxing way with your request that I cannot resist. Though I have broadcast recent information about your favorite, Lanny Ross, here goes for another blurb. He isn't in love with Mary Linn of the Showboat Hour— that's all in the script. He hasn't bought the ring yet as far as I know but they say there is a lovely lady in the offing. Lanny was born in Seattle, Washington, on January 19, 1906. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has blue-grey eyes and medium brown hair, I'm safe in saying his chief pastime is singing.

Mae M. A. L. So you admire John Boles and his singing voice in far-off Africa. John appeared in "Music in the Air" in which he sang several numbers. He co-starred with Loretta Young in "The White Parade" and appears with Dixie Lee in "Red Heads on Parade."

Kay Tce. Binnie Barnes is an English actress who created a very favorable impression in "There's Always Tomorrow" with Lois Wilson and Frank Morgan. Ronald Colman's latest release was made under the 20th Century-United Artists banner, "Clive of India." Loretta Young is his leading woman in the film. Ronnie's next picture will be "A Tale of Two Cities."

Jabez B. It would be hard to believe that all the stars' pictures sent to the fans are personally autographed but it's grand to get the pictures even without the personal signatures, don't you think? Tom Brown is getting some good roles these days. He's glad! He was born in New York City about 21 years ago. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Among his more recent pictures are: "Bach and the Arts," "Judge Priest," in both of which he appeared with Anita Louise; "Anne of Green Gables;" "Black Sheep," and his next will be "Annapolis Farewell."

Dolores P. Where are the stars of bygone days or yesteryear? Well, Thomas Meighan makes a picture now and then. His last was with Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl in "Peek's Bad Boy," released during the past year. Clara K. Young hasn't made a film for some time. Estelle Taylor's last picture was "Street Scene."

Dorothy S. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She was married to Irving Thalberg on October 6, 1927, and their son, Irving Jr., was born August 24, 1930. Norma's first screen appearance was in 1920, in a small part in "The Stealers."

Old Timers. After breaking several pairs of glasses looking for the "Broken Coin" and "The Red Circle," two serials of 15 or 20 years ago, I've found every kind of coin and circle but the above. I have a number of films in which Pearl White appeared, so if you shuffle these around a bit you may be able to find the ones you want. One of Pearl's outstanding serials was "The Peril of Pauline," then came the "Elaine" series, followed by "The Iron Claw," "The Patsy Ring," "Pearl of the Army," "Hazel Kirke," "May Blossoms," "New York Lights," "The Black Secret," "The White Wolf," "The Thief" and "Plunder."

Jean B. After hearing Nelson Eddy on the air, it was a treat to see him on the screen in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Fred Astaire. Sorry I haven't a picture of Nelson to send you but why not write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and ask for one? Nelson appeared in "Student Tour" and with Jeannette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta," adapted from the Victor Herbert operetta.
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ACROSS
1. Co-star of "One More Spring" [10]  
5. Something actors do in dinner party scenes [6]  
6. Most stars are this by nationality [7]  
7. What the hero feels toward the villain [7]  
8. Enough (poetic) [6]  
13. She plays the Russian Princess in "Roberta" [12]  
14. Relates  
15. The new British leading lady from Tasmania [7]  
16. When the movie is good you——it [13]  
17. Catalogues [7]  
18. The East [6]  
20. To boil [6]  
22. One [5]  
23. Bone [7]  
24. Part of to be [6]  
25. What an assistant director does [10]  
26. Drunkard [8]  
27. Put away for future use [7]  
30. Employs [5]  
32. To change setting, as jewelry [9]  
33. Prevailing system of government [9]  
34. Less original, like some movie stories [9]  
35. Troubles [5]  
37. Bones [4]  
38. The ex-Mrs. Harry Bannister [7]  
40. What slap-stick comedians used to throw [7]  
41. Lea, stage name of [6]  
42. Section [5]  
43. Rowdy brawl (slang) [5]  
44. Leading lady in "Clive of India" [5]  
5. The screen's "Little Colonel" [5]  
6. In direct line of decent [5]  
7. Printers' measures [5]  
8. Jane Macdonald sings this practically all year round [10]  
10. What your sweater is made from [10]  
14. The background for a navy picture [7]  
15. Take offense [7]  
17. Bean from which medicine is made (ugly) [10]  
19. Famous mimic (mostly of vaudeville) [11]  
20. Enclosures for sporting events [9]  
22. Co-star of late Marie Dressler [7]  
24. Wash lightly [6]  
25. Hepburn's role in "Little Women" [7]  
26. What all extra hope to become [7]  
27. There are this many Barrymores acting [5]  
29. High explosive (abbrev.) [6]  
31. What a star does between pictures [6]  
32. What talks brought to the screen [6]  
33. Conjunction [6]  
34. Hot-tempered person [6]  
35. External [6]  
37. Stage and screen star (Magnolia in stage "Show Boat") [6]  
38. For example (abbrev.) [5]  
40. Star of "Behold My Wife" [5]  
41. And, in a French version [5]  
42. Star, now dead, made famous in "The Big Parade" [5]  
43. To mature [5]  
44. Has been [5]  
45. Aces [5]  
46. Exclamation [5]  
47. Our favorite crooner ("Here Is My Heart") [5]  
48. The background for filming a picture (interior) [5]  
49. Krazy [5]  
50. Concerted actors have lots of this [5]  
51. Liquid measure (abbrev. or) [5]  
52. Greek letter [5]  

DOWN
1. Star in "Forsaking All Others" [5]  
2. Contratlos [5]  
3. Word unknown to a yes-man [5]  

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Creating the Color Craze

Continued from page 19

the technicians—there is what I choose to call 'multiple production.' That is, the gifts of perhaps ten unexcelled geniuses in their respective arts are at the disposal of a single star. Take Miss Shearer. Her flawless perfection is the expression of the finest hairdressers, make-up artists, masseurs, designers, authors, dialogue writers, interior designers, directors, cameramen and whatnot. She is, coupled with her intrinsic personality, a masterpiece of co-operation, as are all the other fine stars. And women may appropriate much of this valuable research for themselves.

"Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio and the other more colorful leaders of fashion for their groups will gain in glamour for, in color films—no matter in what film or who designs it—an interesting star of repose will look more beautiful, more fascinating. (One does not give a child black and white toys to play with, does one?) Women, everywhere, will learn their 'types' and discover a great deal about how to make the most of their own possibilities. Eye shadow, lip rouge, eyebrow pencilling, suntan make-up, and no make-up at all except vivid lipstick will be carefully studied and developed personally by women whose type runs parallel to a given star.

"How should a blonde dress, you ask, what colors should she effect? That I cannot tell you. Show me the blonde! A blonde might fall into the little kitten category whose personality is best expressed in pale blue; but she might also be a blonde who hides a bottle of aniseed under the sofa when you come in, along with a volume of Proust. There can be no general rules for blondes and brunettes, as such. It is type, plus color, which confirm the definition of personality as 'being individual.'

Marie Daven. Mr. Jones knows very well, will, he says, be "perfection" in the new color films with her lovely blonde pink-and-white beauty, her infallible regard for clothes and jewels. Just as the Joan Crawford-Letty Lytton dress created a vogue, and the Garbo pill-box hat reverberated to the farthest corners of the country, just so will the color schemes of Joan and Greta in future films create new ideas for women who pattern themselves on those stars whose coloring and personality they nearest approach.

What possibilities! Can’t you just see new sensational gowns, jewels, flowers in Garbo Grey and Mauve Mae (West) to say nothing of Bennett Beige, Crawford Creme of Gardenia, and Hepburn Heliotrope? Already Mr. Jones has created Becky Sharp blue, a lovely live hue to match the glory of Miss Hopkins’ very blue eyes. It is a fascinating color and, if my personality were Barriére and my eyes blue as the lovely Miriam’s, off I would be for a new frock or negligee, in this so lovely color which is not so blue as delft and not so violet as periwinkle. I’ve seen it for Mr. Jones treated me to some preview scenes from "Becky Sharp!" and—well, you must see it for yourself!

Just as costumes are going to be greatly affected by color films, so also will be the "settings" for those clothes. The dinner scene in "Becky Sharp!" showed the most beautiful detail in design, texture, and of course, color. For instance, the Chippendale furniture, the Crown Derby china, the Wedgwood glass and the last Sheffield ware, now, new importations, coupled they are going the means of the great

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Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?

Don’t let OILINESS, or wispy DRYNESS cool his ardor. Cultivate the beauty of your hair with the correct shampoo for its special type

OILY HAIR wants this shampoo

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent... tends to tighten up flabby oil glands and regulate the flow of oil to your hair.

Such a nice, quick shampoo, too! Such snowy lather... so gentle... so easy to rinse! It is very simple to wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo; often enough to keep it shining, soft and fluffy.

DRY HAIR should have this

Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is a corrective beauty treatment for dry hair. It is made especially for this purpose. In addition to olive oil, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. Dry, flyaway hair responds gratefully... gains gloss and silkiness.

Packer’s Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer’s Tar Soap—specialists in hair care for over 60 years.

PACKER'S

PINE

TAR

for OILY hair

SHAMPOOS

OLIVE OIL

for DRY hair
jority who will see the picture, by merely seeing them women, nevertheless, will begin to realize the importance of striving for perfection: and, in time, just as clothing has been individualized by manufacturers, so will settings and furniture and glassware and china, and we will all become like closer creatures, living in more gracious homes expressing impeccable taste and forming the just-right set-off for our personalities.

Brunettes very as widely as blondes, so Mr. Jones himself would be the tall, Garbo, statuesque type—a Junesque creature—and there is the little, glowing brunette with the straight, shiny bob, who could no more wear what the other does than could a blonde. Therefore, I say, dress for your aura, your soul that.

"Let me take Garbo as an example of what I mean. When Garbo appears on the screen there is an entirely different 'feel' than when any other player comes on. Immediately one says: 'Here is a personality that is expressed in intelligence.' Garbo colors, therefore, are the image of Garbo which one receives when she enacts a role. What is that? Won't you agree that it is a remoteness, a coolness, a prophecy? One paints her more in subtle colors such as one might find in obscure Oriental paintings and tapestries, for the Oriental has known for hundreds of centuries the vagueness, the aloofness, the key to infinity, if you will, which the Occidental has yet to learn. At the Chinese rooms of museums one may discover what the East always has known and what the West has yet to learn. Study them.

"How would I dress Del Rio? In vivid, striking colors, for she is a vivid, striking personality with a dusky beauty. Diego Riveras are the best able to express her charm, for he would have a palette for her. In my belief she should have a Mexican color scheme influenced by American tonality." And so, as you will see, it is wise to select your own materials in the right textures and colors to fit your personality, and, as he says, have "Aunt Minnie run them up for you, that it will be in harmony with all the things you have made that somewhere between tone and line over-ride or under-play your individuality.

"Women in clothes will begin to think, as they see a picture, of the right cut coupled with the right fabric. Let me tell a little story of a working woman with very little means. It seems she had some plaid material that was just right for her growing daughter. But it was considerably the worse for wear and she could not decide how to cut it so that the squares might fit. This consumed a great deal of her free time.

"One night her wealthy mistress offered her a ticket to hear Fritz Kreisler play. She was not much impressed, having had little experience with things cultural; but, being possessed of the ticket, she went. The music was soothing and gave her an opportunity to think in peace about just how she should cut that plaid material, which was daily becoming more of a problem because of the fact that her daughter was rapidly shooting up.

"Finally Kreisler came to the end of his selection with a brilliant feat of ascending crescendo and then it all came to her. As with the notes, she would cut the plaid on the bias!"

"By which I mean to illustrate that doing things with materials will occur to the audi- ence. You see clothes, fabrics will be translated to fit clothes; and landscapes, seascapes, and the bright plumage of birds will suggest apt color effects. Films will not be just so much 'color,' as total expression. And in Hollywood they are in a position to make the most beautiful settings in the whole world, with such lovely women to work with—though all women may learn to be 'theatrical' in the sense of wearing things appropriate to the 'roles' which they play in life itself!"

Mr. Jones wants to find a woman with two kinds of eyes—one blue and one brown. At the moment the only player who has such ambiguous oculars is said to be Colleen Moore—and perhaps, as sound made some of the present stars in double colors such as two blushing stars, color may mean big things for her. So, if you, too, are one of those fascinating creatures don't be disturbed. Take heart! For, as Robert Edmond Jones says, the new vogue consists not so much in expressing clothes in a few particular colors as enlarging and permitting expression in as many colors as possible. It is merely a pattern of color, an arrangement of colors, which makes the intriguing ensemble.

The finest thing which color might produce in Mr. Jones's opinion, would be a version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" with John Barrymore in the title role. It was Mrs. Jones, known to the theatrical world as Margaret Carrington, the singer, who taught and coached Barrymore in the script version. Among other things she was responsible for the discovery of Margot.

The evangelical Jones repudiates a state- ment widely emanating from him that he never again intends to touch the theatre. He feels both stage and screen have now much to offer him—and, with "Becky Sharp," he will prove to them that, from him, they both have much to gain.

For Beauty's Sake

Continued from page 52

real perfume, blended and aged in dilution, so you can spray or douse it all over you without being over-perfumed. It should always be applied direct to the skin. It gives you a personal fragrance that sifts through your clothes and stays with you right through to bed. Each Eau de Colognes are somewhat different, but also give you a grand feeling after the bath. A true eau de Cologne has a sweet and refreshing fragrance. At the same time, it must be the most subtilely due to the blending of citrus oils—mainly bergamot, lemon, orange, neroli and some rosemary or lavender. The lasting qualities vary with different kinds of Colognes, and one should remember this in making a selection.

Cooling drinks help you to look cool by feeling cool. The most cooling drinks are made with lemon or fresh lime. Letting cold water run on your wrists helps, too. The arteries are so close to the surface at your wrists that, by cooling the blood stream there, you get an effect that carries right through to the tips of your toes. Of course I needn't tell you, (just re-
Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!...here is a new make-up to emphasize the individual color attraction of your type.

WHAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be...each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin-texture.

Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will stand every test.

NOW the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar...featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor • Hollywood

FOR personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick, mail this coupon.

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Salutes of the season by four of the screen’s foremost! Virginia Weidler, David Holt, Baby LeRoy and Lois Kent, stage a noisy get-together.

She Knew Clark Gable “When”

Continued from page

those old stock days. I guess I am pretty dumb as far as that’s concerned!”

“Better be slower and surer, than to rush around wildly and blindly and get nowhere,” I exclaimed, coming to the rescue. Clark sniffed. 

“An orchid to you for that!” he grinned.

Soon after the two of them were reminiscing again on all cylinders.

“Remember how your wife, (first wife, Josephine), came onto the scene one day?” smiled Betty.

“I DO!” Clark promptly answered. “It was the first day of our rehearsal and you and I were sitting in the usual little corner, waiting for our cue, when onto the stage she came—”

“Came in all her splendor, “interrupted the girl. “She was all dressed in black and had a long—oh, an awfully long trailing gown—and in a very deep, extraordinarily dramatic voice and with exceedingly dramatic gestures, she delivered her lines. I had not seen this actress before— she had been newly hired and I learned afterward it had been unnecessary for her to be called in at previous rehearsals. So, I whispered in the well-tuned Gable ear—well, what did I whisper? she demanded, turning to the popular actor.

“You exact what?”

“Who in all this world of wonders is that Grande Dame?” said Clark. “And I whispered back, ‘Sah, Betty, that is my wife!’ which plainly flustered you; but you did, however, manage to ejaculate, ‘Gosh—I didn’t dream you had one of those—er—things!’

“My reply was—‘Oh, very much yes, and we had better be giving some attention to our lines and not whispering any more or we will hear from it pronto—both from the manager and the missus!” Incidentally, Josephine only stayed two weeks with our company.

“I don’t suppose you remember the time you nearly swallowed your teeth, eh, Clark?” teased Betty. “That’s a dark secret in your life or shall I tell about it?”

“Go ahead and tell,” smiled He-Man Gable with a shrug of broad shoulders.

“I’m game.”

So Betty told how Clark one day while right in the midst of his rôle, suddenly felt his “pet” bridgework loose and slipping around in his mouth! What could he do? Talk about your embarrassing moments—that was it, as far as Clark was concerned! He did just about all that he could do—he didn’t want that bridgework to hop right out onto the stage—so he clamped his jaws tightly together and proceeded to mutter his lines, as best he could, between elocuted teeth.

“After the matinees,” went on Betty, “he promptly revealed the dirty for the dentist. Now, my mother happened to be a dental nurse of some reputation and knew dentistry from A to Z, so I took him to see her. He discovered his bridge could not be repaired immediately, and yet he had to have the missing teeth quickly replaced—so my clever mother fixed him up with some temporary teeth that he could wear that night. It was successfully done and no one ever knew the difference. That bridgework of Clark’s is so perfectly done, it can hardly be detected even by a dentist today.”

“I had no time for social activities at that period of my life,” reflected Clark. “It was ten o’clock morning rehearsals, then full evening performances, followed by the evening performance, and then study until 2 or 3 o’clock in the morning. Little was the sleep that I got—only 5 or 6 hours of it. I reckon my only ‘social’ hour was spending the corner from the theatre each night after the show, when we would gather for a ‘hamburger-and-coffin’.”

“One thing I recall quite vividly,” declared Betty. “During our second season, when I became ingénue—you came back to the company, too, and with the help of the leading lady, a Miss Brooke, you began presenting me with the contents of my new make-up box. I believe you gave me the largest box of cold cream I ever saw.”

“Yes, I remember that,” recalled Clark. “You were such a pert little kid we were glad to help you out and mightily glad to see you getting ahead.”

That make-up box was my proudest possession,” she continued. “I still have it, of course.”

“Got my old one, too,” returned Clark. “Betcha you haven’t still got that little green notebook I sported?” Betty wondered with a smile.

“Nope. That went to Heaven—via junk heap! I picked it up, you know, for a song, and it was some song when it left us. It was a Willy Knox and I was really lucky to have any car to ride around in, considering my previous hard-luck experiences. In that green tub we’d have many a nice ride to your home, wouldn’t we, Betty?”

“Absolutely! I recall one evening it was raining awful hard when we left the show-house. My mother usually came after me and that night proved no exception. The three of us piled into the car and—away we traveled. I was scared stiff for fear we might skid on the wet roads; but Clark wouldn’t laugh. Oh, there’s no danger at all!” Well, we arrived home safely and quickly and I was so relieved that I blurted forth childishly: ‘Thanks, old boy, for not giving me an accident!’ Sometimes I am that way—I enjoy buying you some great big stick of peppermint candy—that kind you like so well—for all your niceness to me! That was his favorite candy of all,” she told me. “So, I ordered those red-and-white striped peppermint candies.”

“Still am!” Clark grinned. “And I’m still waiting for that great big stick of it you promised me on that wet, disagreeable night, Betty!”

“You’ll get it one of these days,” she promised with a laugh. “Even though you have got enough now to purchase for yourself a couple of peppermint candy factories if you wished!”

“Say, Clark,” she went on after a moment. “Wasn’t that funny when you thought you were going to—?”

“Funny!” he cried. “Yes, I guess it was all of that, but it didn’t seem so at the moment—it was quite a dismal time for me, that’s for sure. Clark grinned. “Let’s see,” he began, “I was to stroll out onto the stage, speak a tense line, draw a small pistol from my hip pocket, and then fling the arms over my head—FIVE- LEGGED COW FOUND IN IDAHO!”

“Some part, eh? Well, I got started okay or thought I did, anyway, until I thought of my hip pocket—I had my gun—and then and there, right directly behind me, came a report which sounded to my poor ears just like a cannon going off! I was a goner and for one brief moment wondered—yes, seriously wondered if I was so bad that the stage manager had suddenly gone crazy and was trying to murder me right before the eyes of everyone. Before I could further spoil his durned old show!”

“What had really happened was— that darned old pistol had somehow caught to the handle of my company, and the cartridge had exploded. I had actually shot myself in the seat of the pants! The audience realized what had happened before I did. I was left there, pockets bulging with laughter. As a dramatic player, I was becoming quite a remarkable comedian, though all unconsciously!”

“Well, you stayed ‘em this night, Clark, if you never did before!” laughed Betty.

“Oh, I had lots of fun in my stock days,” continued the screen’s hero. “I was there in Houston for 16 weeks, I believe it was, saving enough to tackle stage fame in New York. I played, too, in the Dakotas, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana—pre妊娠 expenses—sometimes in ten other places in opera houses. Sometimes I would get $2.65 per week—sometimes as much as $40; but I never found much of a market! When a company would suddenly go bust, I’d hop a freight and presently find myself in some other new place where there was a theatre and I could eventually find a small part.”

“I recall one time we went completely broke up in Butte, Montana. And, of course, it must have been just before Thanksgiving! We dined on hamburgers and it was just as good as any turkey we’ve ever tasted—or would. All because, possibly, I was seasoned with...
Despairing of ever feeling well again, life began for Mary Carlton the night she wrote for the “treatment of kings.”

Mary Carlton stretched out listlessly in the canvas lawn chair. She wished she hadn’t telephoned her to meet him at the club. She didn’t want to play golf. She didn’t want to see anyone, and she was tired. She wished that John would be a little more considerate of her. She knew he was running out to the club, when he knew that she wasn’t herself—hadn’t been for a long time.

Cancerous eyes, too. She hadn’t been sleeping well, lately. Perhaps she’d be able to sleep a little more. She didn’t think about the thought, then, and the breath went right out of her, and she felt herself grow numb—sickeningly numb with astonishment and hurt. For, incredible as it might seem, it was she, Mary Carlton, whom they were analyzing so cruelly.

Quite distinctly, she heard Martha Allen say, “There’s John Carlton, now, coming this way. John’s such a swell person. Really. It makes me furious when I think of the kind of life Mary’s leading him—lying about the house like a forlorn lump—forever worrying about her health—too tired to go anywhere with him or to do anything he wants to do. It’s a shame when you think of the pal she used to be.”

So that was what they thought of her. Mary could have wept with resentment and despair, it was so unjust—so heartless. How could they know what she was going through? Why shouldn’t she worry about her health? Even if she hadn’t been able to discover what was the matter, she knew that there was something the matter. Surely John understood that. But did he? What if, like their friends, he didn’t?

Suddenly, she knew how she could find out what John really thought. It would take all her strength and nerve, but she would do it. She must make up her mind to rely on close observation and compare her features as if in a sound sleep. She heard John greet Martha and the Reynolds, and, heard him ask, “Where’s Mary?”

She was lying perfectly still, breathing evenly, when they moved around the hedge and discovered her. At John’s exclamation, she opened her eyes, started, and managed a yawn. She kissed John, and noticed the relief on the faces of the others when she greeted them, quite naturally.

“Tired, dear?” asked John, “If so, we can go home, I’m not so keen about playing, anyway.”

John would never guess just how much Mary wanted to go home at that moment. But somewhere in her she found the strength to shake her head, to say, “Don’t be silly. I’ve just had a nap, I feel like playing. I feel like winning, today.”

She thought John looked at her queerly. She smiled at him and slipped her arm through his. “Come on, old slow-poke,” she urged, “let’s get our clubs.” They played three holes. Mary was aware that John was watching her intently all the time. She must appear to be having a good time, she told herself, desperately, otherwise the test would be worthless. And then John was saying casually, “Let’s call it a day, Mary dear, want to go home.”

“Sure?” she bluffed. He put his arm about her, protectively. “Sure,” he said, and Mary knew that John did understand.

But the price she paid for the knowledge was heavy. Her whole body ached, and she felt weak and ill. John had to help her into the house. She felt like an invalid. He called the children. For, it was the children, fussing about her solicitously, that clinched it.

The radio was playing, but when they offered to turn it off, she told them to leave it on. She was glad of the distraction. And, while they were still talking to her, she knew she was getting well. It was after dinner, when John had taken the children to the movies, that Mary Carlton heard the program that brought about such a miraculous change in her life. Morton Downey was singing, and at the end of one of his songs, Guy Bates, Post began to talk about the famous health resort, Carlsbad in Czechoslovakia.

At first Mary listened idly, but when Post started to tell how, for six hundred years, people had gone to Carlsbad to regain new health by drinking the curative waters of the celebrated Carlsbad well, she found herself listening with rapt attention. Nature, Post explained, had put into those waters, not one or two, but nineteen health-restoring minerals. “Your body, to work perfectly,” he said, “must eliminate its waste. When it fails to eliminate regularly and thoroughly, things begin to go wrong. The most frequent results are serious digestive disorders—hyperacidity, chronic indigestion, with their accompanying evils—sleeplessness, chronic headaches, complexion troubles, and often rheumatism, neuritis and arthritis.

“When any of these things happen to you,” Post said, “don’t make the most tragic of all mistakes: don’t rely on preparations that only mask the symptoms, but don’t help get to the bottom of it. These symptoms are constantly torturing you. If sleeplessness is destroying your peace of mind; sapping your strength; if you can no longer enjoy your food.. . it is time to take the Carlsbad Treatment, to get at the cause of it, to cure it and correct the symptom.”

She had described his trouble exactly,” thought Mary. “But how could I ever afford to go to Carlsbad? It’s out of the question,” she told herself. “It would cost hundreds of dollars.” And, then, suddenly, she realized that she knew exactly what she had been thinking and was talking nonsense. For, she was answering her very thought. For he was saying—

“Today, you no longer have to travel all the way to Carlsbad to take the world-famous treatment. For science has found a way to bring the Carlsbad waters to you. For the first time, Carlsbad has taken all of the nineteen health-restoring minerals in exactly the same proportions as they found them in the Carlsbad well. The water has been evaporated, the minerals form a salt, and added to water. With this salt, you can actually take the Carlsbad Treatment, in your own home, at the cost of a dollar a week—without expense or worry; thus securing wonderful curative benefits—at a cost of just about three cents a day.

“And, now, friends,” he ended, “I have a special message for you from Carlsbad. You may start on the Treatment life. If you’ll just write Carlsbad, Y. P. C. C., City, they will send you a supply of the health-giving minerals, without any further trouble or expense to you, the book, ‘Carlsbad Brought To You,’ which explains in detail the treatment for your ailment. So, write to Carlsbad, tonight.”

For perhaps a half-hour, Mary went over in her mind what the man had said. She had heard of Carlsbad, the famous spa, but she had never dreamed that one could take the treatment at home. It cost so little, too. Why, it would be criminal to go on being as she was. She would write the letter by the time John and the children returned.

THE story of Mary Carlton is a true story. For, by accident, a name given here is the right one. Today, Mary Carlton is a happy woman, in splendid health, after taking the Carlsbad Treatment. If you suffer from one of the many modern ills—Hyperacidity, Chronic Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Chronic Headaches, Complexion Troubles, Gout, Auto-intoxication, Liver Sickness, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis or Arthritis—do as Mary Carlton did; write to Carlsbad and start on the Treatment, free. Correct the causes of your ailment, and you’ll be well again. Get the book which explains the Carlsbad Treatment and also get your free supply of Carlsbad’s famous water for three days—by simply filling in the coupon below and sending it. It will tell you how your health and happiness are in this coupon. Send it, now.

CARLSBAD, 9 East 4th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me the “Three Day Carlsbad Treatment” and the book, ‘Carlsbad Brought To You.’ I understand that both are free.

Name, Address, S-8
No

MITAKERS

Why?

MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She’s careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nothing to blame but herself. For it’s so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

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

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

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit — it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

and they served an entire Chinese dinner, bringing their own china, chopsticks and everything. It was the most delicious meal I’ve ever eaten! I wasn’t very expert with the chopsticks, but I learned.

Ann’s small patio table was spread with a softly plaided cloth in yellow and green; the dishes were of Laguna pottery, great flat plates, with cups and saucers, that each one a different color, from green to henna, blue to yellow, so that the table looked like a crocus bed in bloom.

Ann leaned back in her rustic chair below the Madonna and child in its wall niche and looked at the rough walls of her house.

"When Leslie and I were wandering around Europe, we used to look at the houses we saw with the idea: Would we want one like that? Always we came to the conclusion that we wouldn’t until we reached the south of Spain. There we didn’t care for the city houses, but the Andalusian farmhouses appealed to us tremendously. We loved the irregularity of the roofs, when the laborers had built on here and there during the centuries the family had owned the house. The houses seemed ideal to us, but we never really expected to have one.

"Do you know," she raised her blue eyes wonderingly, "two years ago when we landed in California again, Leslie and I had just a hundred dollars between us! And now here we have this!"

She waved a hand to the house, standing in its walled gardens, the pool beyond and the lovely lawn with its attendant dressing rooms, the garages with the guest-houses, the walnut grove spreading tidy rows into the distance.

"We couldn’t get the huge adobe bricks that they have in Spain, so we had to use the smaller ones they make here. These brick give character to a wall, we think, and the shadows are so lovely."

The house is white, with a light blue trim near the ground; the window sashes are yellow, and the roof is a warm red. The roof tiles are put on irregularly, to give the correct "feel" to the house. Every beam in the house is supported by steel that locks into the walls. The house is built to last, as its earlier homes in Southern Spain have lasted. Some of the windows are of metal frame and glass in imitation of the ironwork used in Andalusian homes.

"It’s difficult to get really good ironwork here," mourns Ann, "that’s why we haven’t the gates we want yet. We have Monterey wooden gates now, but they are temporary. One of these days we’ll find iron ones, even if we have to go abroad for them!"

Our table was cut down to make room for the house.

"I had built the house around them, if there had been any here," Ann assured me. "It just happened that this was a clearing. We put it in one tree, that olive tree behind the fountain. You’ve noticed our fountain? It’s a copy on a small scale of the famous one in San Fernando Mission Gardens."

There, not the distance of a somersault from the house, is the fountain, two children holding up a huge fish between them.

"When we built the house and made the patio, we carefully walled in any trees that grew near," explained Ann. "That was to protect them so that cars couldn’t hurt their roots or they be injured in any way. We’ve planted flowers around them now. Oh, don’t you adore gardening? Leslie and I place emphasis on our place. Our idea of relaxation is to get up early and work in the garden until we’re hot and tired, then jump into the pool for a swim and eat our breakfast outdoors.

"The other day, our delightful Chinese served a different fruit course for breakfast. I must tell you about it. It’s called Log Cabin Salad.

Log Cabin Salad

Peel and cut lengthwise four bananas. Place in orange juice for half an hour in the icebox; then put bananas on individual serving plates, log cabin fashion, and fill these with whipped cream, strawberries, raspberries, also chilled in the icebox. Serve with French dressing, or whipped cream.

This time of year the young Fentons live in their house, but their farmhouse is a unique sort of place, not large—it contains five rooms only, for the guest houses are separate and built across the patio.

There is a fireplace to the right of a corner fireplace copied from a Spanish one more than five hundred years old. The furniture is all either antique or excellent reproduction. For example, a table in the living room is a beautiful Italian original, worn smooth with age, while the huge carved desk is a copy of a Borgias.pine chest. The poison chest is set next to the bureau in the which is something of something, isn’t it?
Radio Parade
Continued from page 57

the tracks—just at the time the radio people reached him from New York with their proposition.

So Al came back to Broadway to remain, reluctantly, while Ruby Keeler and the Jolson heir-by-adoption went back to Hollywood. The air show featuring Al, incidentally was scheduled to move to Hollywood before it did; but that was changed or at least postponed, when Warners threatened to bring Ruby on East to appear in the Annapolis picture opposite Dick Powell. Which goes to show you that it isn’t geography that attracts and holds Al in any one place.

It is this department’s notion that so far as the bulk of the radio shows are concerned you’re better off getting it through a loud-speaker far out of sight of the doings themselves, than by attending a studio exhibition. But that doesn’t go for Al Jolson. The old magic of his dynamic presence is there in everything Al does, and up to now, the films themselves have only rarely captured the magnetism he puts in every gesture. Why, even a Jolson rehearsal makes a good show—despite the fact that you usually find Al looking at his wrist watch and wondering if he can make the third race at Belmont.

The first two Jolson shows of his present series served to launch on the way to radio eminence a new blues singer named Benay Venuta—a name evolved from her given name of Benvenuta, which is the feminine for Benvenuto, bestowed by proud parents as a gesture to the first famous Cellini, because her mother’s family bore that proud name. Al Jolson is credited with having put Benay on his first program. Be that as it may or may not be true, he certainly gave this statuesque blonde warbler of torrid tunes a great boost in his announcements of her numbers.

And is Miss Venuta a Jolson booster now? Don’t ask—it gets to be a long story as studded with praise as a keynote speech at a political convention. Benay is the girl whom the Columbia publicity people decided to broadcast literally, with a stunt that had Miss Venuta riding the skyways from Los Angeles, where she opened the network with the first appearance of the day, to Cincinnati, where she rushed to a mike and sang a tune, then hopped to New York to sing again on the final program of the day. Just why the broadcasters, who can throw a voice from here to the ends of the earth without spending any carfare for their artists, should have broadcast Miss Venuta in the flesh is something only a publicity department can explain.

Anyway, Benay found it a thrilling experience, in anticipation, at least. You’ll be hearing much more of this new star if Columbia and Miss Venuta can help it. The girl is out to go places. She has, she says, been a victim of the itch to be in show business since she was a mere child, living in San Francisco with her family. She prevailed upon her mother to move to Los Angeles, and determined to get on the stage, Benay talked herself into a job in the chorus of Grauman’s Theatre—doing a walk-on in a night in the Grauman prologue for “The Big Parade.”

Later came radio, an engagement with a San Francisco station, and when that job blew up Benay decided to go East. Things didn’t go so well—night club engagements in the Middle West, but chiefly the discouraging word from those who marveled at her voice, that she was too large. Benay is about five feet seven inches without her French-heeled shoes on. But that was not
the main objection. So the gag did something about her poundage. Lost fifty pounds, and here she is—a tall, trim and very dashing person who can sing blues the way the radio people like them—and on the screen.

While some of the movie fledglings come East, many of the radio stars head West from New York, and you screen fans are going to have your favorites in the pictures this fall.

Jack Benny, with his troupe, including Frank Parker, Mary Livingstone, Don Bestor, etc., have been in Hollywood turning out their picture at the M-G-M studios.

There's something about pictures—could it be the money they offer these stars?—that makes the radio people go back on their word that their last film is going to be their last. Benny was pretty much discouraged about the results of his film made last summer, but there he is back in Holly-

Fred Allen only a short time ago was telling us that he was turning down the movie offers because he needed a rest this summer. Yet Fred is due for United Artists' "Sing, Governor, Sing!" along with Phil Baker, Paul Whitman and his band, Rubinoff and others of the radio realm.

Paramount's "Big Screen of 1935" will bring you radio people of high names in the halls of broadcasting, including Amos and Andy, Ethel Merman, Jessica Dragonette, Ray Noyes and his orchestra, in addition, of course, to such doubters-in-brass of both microphones and cameras as Bing Crosby, and Burns and Allen.

Nearly every company on the coast had a radio picture on the fire, but several dropped out from sheer exhaustion trying to sign up more stars than the others.

Universal so far contents itself with cap-

quite figure out how the guy was taking it. He was giving no evidence of being bowled over, to be sure, but that might be just professional wariness. The picture came to an end, the lights flashed on. Bill turned to his friend, who was eyeing him more in pained reproach than in fear. There's the custom part he moaned. "Where's the love interest? Where's the water down the back?"

To cut an unhappy story short, the picture was cut a week before we were to go to good friends to agree on anything," Fields explains it. "We're as good friends now, and thank God, we don't have to agree.

They took up his quest for work, trying to crash the movies in the most dignified possible manner and getting now. He was ninety-eight miles from Hollywood one night, dining at a Santa Barbara hotel, when he found himself enveloped in a small, delectable whirlwind named Marilyn Miller. "Bill!" she squealed. "You're just the man I've been looking for. I'm doing a picture for War-

"There was 'Her Majesty, Love.' He got the job, but it was followed by more grueling weeks of inaction, of waiting for phone calls that didn't come, of having the bulldog behind him. His guardian angel must have favored restaurants. In the Brown Derby one night Al Kaufman stopped at his table. "I even had to order enough food," says Fields, "or I looked half starved or something, because he told me to come down to Paramount, he thought he could use me." "Down there Bill Le Baron took me in

Fields in Clover
Continued from page 51
that spot because, he insists, the sun lingers longer there than in any other part of the valley. "Bill's such a big shot now,"
gibe his boon companions, "that the sun
never sets at his house."

When he's not on a picture, he spends
his mornings ambling about the grounds,
armed with golf club and pruning shears,
dividing his time between roses and prac-
tice shots and pondering a scene in his next
picture. His stenographer arrives and he
dictates the results of his pondering, then
he shoots her away to go out and play
tennis with whoever may show up. The
afternoon is devoted to golf. "Then I go
home and see how many cocktails I can
drink before dinner, and the evening," he
warned me sternly, "is my own." As a
matter of fact, I happen to know that he
spends many of his evenings with nothing
more baneful than a book. No, he doesn't
curl up with it, but he does read it—for
his own good pleasure and edification.

And that, my poppets, is the story of
how Fields became God's gift to Para-
mount and Paramount's gift to you. That's
how it happens that you can sit in a dark-
ened theatre today, waiting with gleeful
expectancy for the first glimpse of his joc-
und countenance, his casual strut, for the
first airy gesture and stentorian speech.
He has only to appear, to start the snicker-
ers going. He has only to lift a hand or
twitch a facial muscle to be greeted by
irresistible chortles and guffaws. He has
only to launch upon one of his prepos-
terous and interminable pieces of business,
and the house is rocked by such a storm
of mirth that full twenty lines of dialogue
are lost somewhere in the shuffle. He's
master of suggestion and king of the belly-
laugh. It was a grand day for Paramount
and for him when Al Kaufman stopped be-
side his table at the Brown Derby that
night and offered him a job. And it was
equally a grand day for the millions who,
shortly thereafter, took up the chant "I've
—want—Fields!" and have been chant-
it more vociferously, more fervently,
more affectionately ever since.

Find Miss Glory

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Fill out coupon on Page 43, entering
opposite the feature listed the name of the
star you would select to supply that feature
to make up the Composite Girl, and enter-
ing your name and address as provided on
the blank. Then write not more than 200
words, telling why you selected the stars
named by you; in other words, simply state
why you think the nine stars you have nom-
inated should be represented in the Com-
posite Girl. Finally, you invent, or write, a
title descriptive of Dawn Glory, the name of
the Composite Girl. (More detailed infor-
mation on this final step will be found on
Page 43.) In selecting the nine screen beauti-
ties to make up the Composite Girl, you are
not restricted to any particular stars. Use
your own imagination as to how you could
make a photograph of the most beautiful
girl the screen could produce by blending
in one picture the features of a nine of Holly-
woods most entrancing women.
2. This contest will close at midnight,
July 24, 1935.
3. In event of the duplicate prizes will be
awarded.
4. Judges are Marion LeRoy, famous
Warner Bros. director and Charles Sheldon,
noted artist; Delly, Evans, editor of SCREEN-
LAND. Judges' selections of winners will be
final.
5. Mail entries to Marion Dawson Con-
test, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New
York, N. Y.

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enough mild menthol to give the smoke
a pleasant coolness, but the fine to-
bacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork
tips save lips. And a B&W coupon in
each pack worth saving for a choice
of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer
good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated
premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLs?
It's time to—and a good time, too!

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

Probably your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! You can’t trust nature unaided! Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small, and "squinted up." But that’s easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KULARSH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds’ pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.

Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes.

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it’s waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. C.S., The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, S.

and Shadow

Hollywood’s idea—ours, too—of a good-looking young team. Above, James Blakeley and Ida Lupino.

Beau Brummell No. 1

Continued from page 15

and Stuart Erwin and Robert Montgomery were whooping it up, Stu looking more than a little disheveled, Bob with collar and tie askew. Jimmy, despite the excitement, was still an example of sartorial perfection. There wasn’t a hair out of place, not a wrinkle in his coat.

Jimmy’s love to dress up hooks up strongly with his career. If he hadn’t loved his two-toned buttoned shoes, his iron hats, and his canes; if there hadn’t been a specially tailored overcoat on which he spent his last time, Jimmy might not be where he is today. He was a "dude" when he was a young sport down New York’s West Side.

As a matter of fact in hand with Jim’s development of character as man and actor, his boisterous yearnings to be perfectly dressed at all times also has developed.

Feeling strongly that something should be done to "expose" the tough Mr. Cagney as a Beau Brummell, I have gone carefully into his dress up record, both past and present. I find that the clothes complex started with Mr. Cagney years and years ago. He yearned after a swanky beaver hat belonging to his grandpappy when he was still a striping-in-rompers bumping on his ma’s knee. Jimmy himself admitted this to me: "I used to cry for that hat. My mother discovered that the way to get it was to be busy about the house. He was a genius at making the house was to do things for me."

The next time he attracted attention as an example of sartorial elegance was when he appeared resplendent upon the street one Sunday morning attired in a checkered, three-button coat and short pants. He was only twelve years old, and the things that the kids in the block had to say about that outfit would make your ears ring and your hair stand on end. However, young Mr. Cagney continued undisturbed in these little numbers, for the simple reason that he "knocked the blocks off" a couple of the gang for kidding him. He liked those suits, and he wore ‘em, tossed on his ma’s knee. Jimmy himself admitted this to me: "I used to cry for that hat. My mother discovered that the way to get it was to be busy about the house. He was a genius at making the house was to do things for me."

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But a high-water mark in his early career of dressing up occurred when he was chosen for the leading role in a play called "The Faun," presented by the Lenon Hill Settlement club. Mr. Cagney was chosen for this important chore not because he could act—he had never before acted in his life—but because of his long red hair which he then wore pompadour fashion and which apparently fitted him for the role in the eyes of the Lenon Hill "casting director." I think it was the director’s witcher, rather than any of his pals.

They curled this hair, draped a light and airy costume about him, and told him to act like a faun. He was a sensation. He staggered and gyrated about the stage, tossing his mane of curly red hair in such a manner that he stole the show right away from the leading lady who had counted on giving him her honors. She was pretty mad. And Jimmy—well, he decided ‘way down in his heart, by gosh, he could act! Although he did nothing more about it—for a time.

And now we come to that psychological turning point which arrives in anybody’s life. Jimmy was a student at Columbia, studying architecture. His father died, and there was an imperative need for cash in the Cagney exchequer; so James went to work at Wannamaker’s, wrapping bundles.

Up to this time, his spare coins had come from jerking sodas and waiting tables at noon on and on Saturday. He had managed to buy all his clothes this way, but now a good-sized chunk of money going home every week gave him only a very slim allowance for clothes.

He got so he needed an overcoat badly, and he didn’t want to buy just any old thing. One day a friend told him about a beautiful polo coat at the “Will Call” desk which had never been called for by its owner. It was to be sold for a fraction of its original cost. Jimmy rushed over to the department, saw the coat, and knew he had to have it.

He sprinted all the way home and all the way back at his lunch hour to get $25 out of the savings bank, which was the coat’s purchase price, about a fifth of its original cost. It was a custom-made job, and young Mr. Cagney was pretty well pleased with himself.

A coat like that and wrapping bundles at Wannamaker’s?

Not long afterward, he was walking down Broadway, dressed up fit to kill, when somebody slapped him on the shoulder. It was a former Wannamaker clerk who was now a vaudeville actor. Wonder Jimmy, asked this friend gazing jealously at the coat, like to join the act for $18 a week? Mr. Cagney hesitated, but not long. He became a hopper in a cheap vaudeville act—Jimmy who, as a kid, had had to be dragged to dances. And when he came home from a road tour—well!

He was a regular symphony in brown, a picture of young dandy elegance. He had a brown suit, a brown overcoat, light brown shoes with cloth uppers, brown socks, a brown derby, and a sensational light brown tie. A newspaper pal, who knew him in those days, told me:

"He also had a funny, mincing little walk which he had acquired in the act, and when
he used to go down the street all dolled up and with this funny walk, the gang razzed the daylight out of him. We soon cured him of the walk, but not of his passion for clothes. He bought a frock coat for more formal wear, a cane, and he developed a passion for top hats.

Sometime along in here when he was appearing in the chorus of the show, "Pitter Patter," he met the girl he was to marry, Frances, (Billy), Vernon Willard. Small, with a big crop of curly ringlets, she walked right into Jimmy's heart. She was in the chorus too. They were married before anybody knew what was happening, but they, very evidently, knew what they were doing and all that was going on when they told it to a preacher, because they are still married.

She found out about his clothes complex early in their married life. They had been separated for a few weeks, Jimmy playing in Philadelphia and she somewhere in New York. Her show closed, and she hopped the first rattler for Philadelphia and went hotfooting it to his theatre prepared for an ecstatic welcome. What he said was "Where did you get that hat?" What she said is not recorded—and they had only been married a few months. But I don't believe Mr. Cagney criticized her hats again for some time to come.

Mr. Cagney's propensity for always having a sharp crease in his pants proved exceedingly embarrassing to him on the occasion he was cast for the role of the hoofer in a road company of "Broadway." He appeared for rehearsal decked out in striped trousers, a cut-away, spats, wing collar, and looking immaculate. The director threw up his hands in horror—the hoofer was supposed to be a shabby little fellow. And so Jimmy pulled off his hat, stamped it on, pressed the crease out of his suit and in general messed himself up. But he lost the role.

There was another time on Broadway when with his cue, there appeared no Jimmy on the stage. The chorus sang its number over and over again, stalling for time, but no Cagney. Finally a frantic stage manager found the missing actor on his knees in his dressing-room hunting for a lost collar button. It would never do. Jimmy tried to explain, as he was dragged protesting on the stage collar-buttonless, to go on without it!

I told you he got dressed up in at least one scene in every picture. No matter how hard-boiled the role, there's some occasion for him to wear good clothes at least once.

In "The Public Enemy," he was one of the nattiest gangsters that ever shot a machine gun. In "Smart Money" he wore spats. In "Jimmy the Gent" he wore bad clothes well, and if it hadn't been for that prison, close-crop hair-cut, you wouldn't have laughed at him as a would-be society figure. He would have looked all right.

In "Here Comes the Navy" he had a crack at tails. And did you notice how well he carried off his evening coat in "Footlight Parade"? And could you tell how much personal enjoyment he was getting out of "Lady Killer" when he was supposed to wear good things. In "Devil Dogs of the Air" his uniforms fitted perfectly. In "G-Men," a story of the Department of Justice, he is quiet, but very nicely turned out.

Which, I think, is an amazingly interesting side-light on this red-headed dynamo who is, nine out of ten times, cast as a mug.

And so the next time your bally-tailed friend preens before the mirror or your new heart breaks out in a flaming red tie and a checkered suit, don't be too harsh with him. He probably loves to dress up, like really a duty at heart!

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I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th, 10 A. M."

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APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY
83 Prospect Street · Marblehead, Mass.
Telling What’s Ahead for the Stars

Continued from page 13

"Mae West, on the other hand, is the home-maker type of woman, and I predict a marriage within two years. At present there is surrounding her fateful star some mysterious conditions, but these will clear up and she will lead a happy married life. Her star is the home star in spite of her type of acting. I predicted her career in pictures while we were on the New York stage. At that time Mae thought of it only as a pretty picture from a dream.

"Jean Harlow, whose beauty has drawn a path of tragic events, will never find peace of marriage. Her stars are marked, and though she will continue to shine forth from the screen in all her platinum loveliness for some time to come, I predict a tragic life. Her marriage to William Powell," says Norvell, "would mean disaster. But she is destined to marry someone nearer her own age, and to be happy for a while. She must take whatever joy she can from passing ecstasy."

Ann Harding will not retire from the screen for three years despite her avowals. Norvell says, "She will marry again and be very happy.

"Jimmy Cagney will retire in three years and go into another profession, probably medicine. He would make a fine doctor," Norvell says, "with his splendid and sensitive intelligence.

"Of all the younger stars, Ann Sothern is destined to go farthest. "Tom Brown and Anita Louise, Hollywood's most charming couple, will never marry, because their destinies lie apart in the stars. But they will have brilliant careers, especially the lovely Anita, who is destined to reach great heights, being born under the same sign as Ruth Chatterton."

"Of all the male players on the screen, John Beal, who recently made such a great success in 'The Little Minister' and 'Laddie,' has, according to the planets, the greatest possibility of becoming a true star. He was born under the same ruling star that created such sensational players as Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, and Bill Powell. John Beal is the type who appeals mostly to the maternal instinct in women. He is the tender, sensitive, poetic type, a dreamer who will make his dreams come true."

"Bill Suckert, destined to play opposite Helen Hayes in "Another Language," Norvell predicted that he would return to the stage, and then come back to pictures to become a greater success than ever.

Among the newer players on the screen, whose stars show progression and continued success, are Joe Morrison and Fred MacMurray, Norvell says.

Loretta Young, despite her publicity, does not yearn for the patter of baby feet. She is a careerist, and will always sacrifice love and work to reach greater stardom. But no rose-covered cottage in the suburbs for Loretta. Sorry!

"Owing to the fact that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw are living in two separate worlds—he, in the rather bohemian, unconventional atmosphere of pictures, and she in the more circumspect atmosphere of private life—they will never really come together on anything, and it will be difficult to make a success of their marriage. She will also resent his independence and terrify success, always having been her self the center of the limelight," according to Norvell.

"The responsibility of the home and the
The Inside Career Story of William Powell

Continued from page 23

troupe were on a boat bound for Cuba. 

"On board ship, I looked around for somebody interesting to play with," Powell remembers. "I suppose Barthness did think there was nobody then to suit our tastes, so we commenced walking the deck alone. I suddenly rounded a corner and bumped into a raccoon coat. I looked around and Dick. We grunted, mumbled an embarrassed word or two—and then started our walk together. Around and around that promenade we walked till we had gone around a dozen times before either of us spoke."

"Without warning, Dick blurted, 'You drink?' I answered, 'I do.' Whereupon we went into his stateroom—and we remained there for most of the trip. We found that we had many things in common to talk about. More important, our voices harmonized in song—at least to our own satisfaction. We became pals!" This friendship still exists, after thirteen years.

"Under the Red Robe" was Powell's next important cinematic step. This was the one and only silent picture in which John Charles Thomas, the noted Bartone, appeared. It stands out in Bill's memory because Powell was the victim of an automobile crash, on route to work one evening, that nearly cost the star his life. He was knocked unconscious in the accident. He was riding to work, when he saw his car was about to crash. He ducked his head, but:"

"The next thing I knew, I was aware of a terrific pain the vicinity of my face. I tried to raise my hand to investigate, and discovered that I couldn't move my hands. Bit by bit, I recovered consciousness, opened my eyes, and looked around. I was in a hospital. Doctors and nurses were working over me. I had gone through the windshield of the car. My nose was broken until it practically hung on my face. My upper lip was cut entirely off, and my teeth could be seen through the gap. My head was a mass of cuts and gashes.

"A plastic surgeon managed to sew me back together, but it'll never look the same. And does Norvell like the girls? Well, he had a luncheon date with one of the extra girls one day, and a messenger came from Greta Garbo, saying that the Great One would give him a tour of her inedible time to read her stars. It is hard to believe, I know, and many will scoff at the mention of it, but it's true—Norvell kept his appointment with the extra girl!"
During the production of "Romola," Powell staged a trick that almost made a nervous wreck out of director Henry King for days. A scene called for an actor named Charles Lane to thrust Powell under water, and hold him there. Powell tipped Lane to release him while he was under the surface, so he could swim to some nearby weeds. Lane, meanwhile, was to keep up the pretense of holding Bill below the surface.

Action began, Lane ducked Powell into the water, and the scene and trickery proceeded. The scene finished, and director King shouted for Lane to release Powell. But Lane put on a great act, ground his teeth, and apparently struggled to hold Bill below the surface. King grew more and more excited. He shouted that "Powell's been under there five minutes." Meanwhile, Bill again swam under water to Lane's feet, and the latter actor pulled him up. Whereupon Powell waded ashore as if nothing had happened. For months after that, director King told people that Powell remained under water for five minutes, which he believed was a world's record.

"Too Many Kisses" and "Dangerous Money" followed in rapid succession. These, like his other pictures, were produced in New York, or on location out of New York.

Then Powell went to Hollywood, where he made two pictures for an independent company. Hollywood amazed him, because his first two pictures there were made in eight and nine days respectively, while those he made in New York required weeks to make. "Romola" was in production for thirty-nine weeks and four days. "Aloma of the South Seas" and "The Runaway" were marked by no important episodes, but immediately following them, Powell signed his first motion picture contract with Paramount. That led to his first Western picture, "Desert Gold."

"I was supposed to ride a horse," Powell recalls, "but all I knew about horses was a little English saddle riding. I picked it up for a previous picture. We went on location to a Western town near Hollywood, and the first day of work, I was not called until noon. Meanwhile, the remainder of the company had already departed for the scene of activity. So at noon I swung my saddle horse that had been assigned to me. Luckily the horse knew the way, along a narrow mountain trail down which he half walked, half slid. But we got to our destination, and I worked all afternoon astride the horse. Imagine how I felt after a few hours of that! At sundown, we all turned homeward. Then somebody must have mentioned oats, because my horse suddenly lit out. Faster and faster he ran. My feet flew out of the stirrups, I was hanging on to my make-up case with one hand and trying to draw the reins with the other. Then a bandana which I had tied around my neck flew up and covered my eyes. What a cowboy I must have looked! I don't know how I kept my seat, but I did. By working the muscles of my face, I at last uncovered one eye. I saw a canyon that apparently ended in sheer wall, and I managed to turn the horse into this impasse. He reached the wall, and reared on his hind legs. That's where I got off."

"In our mad race, we had pushed relentlessly through cactus patches, and my legs were filled with stickers. Several cowboys of the troupe caught up with us in the little canyon, and they cruelly withdrew as many of the cactus bars as possible. But not until we returned to town, where a nurse spent an hour pulling those stickers with a pair of pincers, did I get any actual relief. That nurse must have pulled eight million cactus points out of my legs!"

Despite this experience, Bill remained a Western hero for some time, although he was occasionally permitted to enact das-tardly villains in other pictures. Several unimportant pictures led to—"Beau Geste."

"Beau Geste" reunited Ronald Colman and Powell for the first time since they had made "Romola" together. The company of actors and workers, several hundred strong, went to the Arizona desert on location. Camp was established and operated just like an army camp.

"The one difference from an army camp was that the food concession had been sold to an outsider," Powell says. "It proved to be a losing proposition, and food became worse and worse. There were other bad conditions, such as insects, flies, and malaria—but the food was worse. It got so bad that Ronnie and several other principals of the cast and I, after hard days of work—and I never worked harder in my life than on that picture—would leave camp and go thirty-two miles to Yuma, Arizona, for dinner, and then ride thirty-two miles back again. Mind you, that was no pleasant automobile drive of thirty-two miles. We had to ride three miles on horseback, climb to a plateau on foot, and then ride three miles over a rudely constructed board road before we reached the highway, which itself was none too good."

"There were some pretty strange pranks on that location, too. It seemed to be a general idea that it was funny to drop scorpions, side-winders, (small, desert..."
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S C R E E N L A N D

rattlesnake), and other poisonous pests into tents and even beds.

Several actors were "made" by "Beau Geste." It was the greatest picture of its era, and because of his fine work, Powell was regarded with more respect by his studio. Therefore, when he suddenly decided that he would like to "humanize" his villains on the screen by giving them a sense of humor, his employers agreed with his idea.

Thus it came about that Powell, cast to play a heavy in "She's a Sheik," with Bebe Daniels, turned several scenes into riotous comedy—and gave evidence that he was one of the most capable comedians on the screen. Here's how that came about:

"Having decided to make audiences laugh at my villain, as well as sneer at him, I found myself cast in the role of an Arabian sheik in "She's a Sheik,"" Powell recalls. "I scorned my brain for ideas, and abruptly one came. All my life I had wondered what sheiks wore under those baggy robes that are the habitual garb. Now it occurred to me that if I was curious, so might other people be. So I turned my rapiere duel with Bebe into a comedy. She first had to teach me how to dress the cash that all sheiks wear. She pulled it, and that caused me to spin around and around. Dizzy, after the twirling, I staggered, and half felt. And while Bebe slashed at me with her sword, silt my costume, and then caught the torn pieces on the point of her sword and lifted them over my head. And maybe I should add that all the sheik demanded of his outer glory, and clad underneath in the wearier things our mind could imagine. It was ridiculous, of course, but audiences howled. You see, people like to see a villain defeated or made ridiculous."

So successful was Bill's plan to "humanize his villains" that he practically defeated his own purpose. His villains, humanized, were such vivid picture stealers that many stars protested against them. Several stars refused to allow Powell to appear in their pictures, if he planned to continue his "humanizing" process.

More or less in self-defense, as well as because he had proved himself a capable actor, Paramount seized upon Powell and lifted him to the top. They turned him into a hero, in a series of Philo Vance detective stories. "The Canary Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case," "The Benson Murder Case," and other novels upon which Powell was established as a definite star. It also brought him enormous letters from people all over the world, asking his advice, as a detective. Powell began to read detective stories, and he learned much from real detectives employed as technical assistants on the set. He even went so far as to employ a secretary to answer his fan mail, and, when feasible, to give advice as coming from a detective.

Powell worked in the first all-talking picture, "Interference." He played the heavy, the same role that was played only the English stage by Herbert Marshall. As the stage play made Marshall, so did the screen play establish Powell immediately as a "Vocate," as the newspapers called him. Interference" was originally scheduled to be half talkie, half silent. The first half was the silent half. But when the picture had been completed, and the producers decided it should be all talkie. Meanwhile, Louise Brooks, a member of the cast, had gone to Europe. So Margaret Livingston was double-dubbed. "I am very much pleased," she said, "with three parts in the first half. When it was necessary for Miss Brooks to appear in a scene the picture editors chose that too, but always with her back to the camera. Their voices were practically the same: few spectators caught the difference."

"Street of Chance" was Powell's next important picture. It was one of two that Powell regards as his best performances, the other being "The Thin Man." Bill and some friends were vacationing at Lake Arrowhead, when he received the script for "Street of Chance" by special delivery. He read it, and then joined the other members of his party. "Here is the perfect script," he cried.

The picture turned out to be one of Powell's biggest money-makers. It also marked the beginning of "Farrells" for talking pictures. The director, John Cromwell, was from the New York stage, and he shared Powell the belief that the entire company should rehearse at least a week before a picture went into production. Since then, the practice has become common.

A series of sound pictures followed, and as sound drew more popular, so did Powell, with his distinctive voice backed by years of stage training, grow in popularity. "The Four Feathers," "Painted Heels," "Shadow of the Law," and "For the Defense" were among Bill's outstanding pictures. To name all of his pictures would prove tiresome, because year after year, Powell worked in from ten to fifteen productions. Few actors have worked as long and consistently as he.

After "For the Defense," Powell's stock skyrocketed. About this time, Warner Brothers studio made its historic raid on Paramount, taking away Powell, Ruth Chatterton, and Kay Francis. For Warner Brothers, Powell starred in several pictures, and co-starred in others. "The Road to Singapore" was his first, and that was followed by "High Pressure," "The Jewel Robbery," and a picture that he regards as one of his finest romantic vehicles, "One Way Passage," in which he co-starred with Kay Francis. This was followed by "Lawyer Man," and that marked the finish of his good Warner pictures. The others that followed, he says, were not so good. They were "Private Detective 62," "The Kennel Murder Case," "Fashion Follies of 1934," and "The Key."

The last-named picture completed his contract, and for the first time since 1923, Powell found himself a free-lance. As such, he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for two pictures, "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, and "Thin Man," with Myrna Loy. The rest is recent history. Powell has topped his previous popularity. He has one of the most

Charlie Ruggles goes to the dogs for solace in this very touching scene from "No More Ladies."
Sewing Circle for Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 25

friends. I was one of the original members, including Bebe Daniels, Pauline Gallagher, Arline Judge, Carmen Pantages Considine and Mrs. Frank Capra. At that time, Bebe and Pauline were expecting 'young hopefuls' and without realizing we were starting anything in particular we got in the habit of getting together every Tuesday for lunch, bridge, and knitting. At first, the idea was to be merely a pastime, but very soon—more than two tables of bridge—but the first thing you know we found we were all plugging for the admission of various 'good scouts.' Every hostess was allowed to invite two guests to each meeting; and from there, like Topsy, we 'just grewed!'

In a way, our Sewing Circle is just like any other Sewing Circle in any other town. You can see what went on this afternoon: shop talk, husband talk, dress talk, baby talk. But it wouldn't be a really first-class Hollywood organization if we didn't do things a little differently.

"For instance, we've held our meetings in some of the darndest places. Last summer, for instance, someone borrowed the Club of the Peeled Onions from that jaunt. Rhea Gable and Christine Cortez made the biggest 'catches'—and I hear there was quite a lot of competition between Clark and Riche to as to who'd get the expectant wife home with the largest catch of knives!

"Another time, Pauline Gallagher played hostess for the first time after she and Bebe left Westwood. Believe me, we didn't do much sewing or bridge-playing that afternoon! We spent the entire day trying on zippy little gowns, bought when a cash customer would come in the shop downstairs and say, 'I'd like to buy a suit of slacks and a pair of slacks Arline of light flannel—I'll see you then.' We were a couple of tourists whose eyes almost popped out of their heads when Bebe played sale lady and insisted on showing us the good woolen her 'walking models.' That was the cue for one of us to waltz into the shop in some smart model, parade before the ladies—and waltz right out again. Heaven knows what they thought! Probably that we had lost our minds and our contracts at the same time.

"On another occasion we held forth in the town's smartest speaking club—what would be a speaking club in the probation days. I suppose it is just a smart night club now. We're probably the only Sewing Club in the world that ever held forth in broad daylight in a smart midnight rendezvous. It was a day for taking down the newest cocktail recipes and the latest snacks in hors d'oeuvres. The chef was summoned in right after lunch and the girls proceeded to pump him for hours on the subject of new ideas for party menus.

"We're far more competitive about food in the club than we are about what we wear. Someone or anyone can show up in the latest Hattie Carnegie model and even the gals who lacks won't bat an eye. But we do turn green with envy when someone steals a march and has some delicious new dish for luncheon. The only other important thing is to keep it non-fattening. This isn't the easiest culinary idea in the world, either.

"So far I don't believe we are looked upon as an official organization. That is, we haven't been called upon to throw our weight' or 'put the stamp of our approval' upon any movement. What charity we do is strictly on our own. We just discover a worthy case and pitch in and do something about it. Sometimes I hope we stay that way, without benefit of presidents or politics. It's twice as much fun."

We sold most of our old pictures to the nearest lot, and he has been a leader in the film industry. His latest production is "Masquerade."

"The thing that I miss most nowadays is the fun that we used to have during the filming of silent pictures," Powell says. "Now the business of making movies is deadly serious. No more visiting from set to set. No more joking and kidding between scenes."

"People think actors have easy lives, but let me explain why this business of acting for motion pictures is so grueling on the nerves. Every time an actor steps in front of a camera, it is like a fast runner kneeling on the starting line for a hundred-yard dash. Runner and actor are on nervous edge. The sound of the signal sounds, and they're off. To the actor, it's like that runner's dash. He starts at top speed, and he tries to win by giving his best. He finishes the scene, and he is exultant. He has won! Then the director says, 'Let's shoot it again, and get that dialogue out a little faster.' Well, that is just like calling the runner of the hundred-yard dash back to the line, and saying, 'You'll have to run again. One of the other runners slipped in starting.' So down kneels the runner to do his best again. In front of the camera steps the actor to do his best. The signal, the race, the finish. Again exultance—until from the sound booth comes a voice, 'N. G. Sound of feet shuffling. Do it again.'"

"Well, this keeps up all day, not one time or five, but a hundred times. Yes, easily fifty times a day does an actor step before a camera, with nerves keyed up, to start a scene. Each time takes just so much toll of his nervous system. When that goes on for day after day, it leaves an actor in a condition bordering on nervous collapse.

"If an actor had a chance to rest at night, he might be able to recuperate from the nervous strain. But at night he must study his script and memorize his dialogue for next day. At best, memorizing is uphill work. It is laborious. It is with me, at any rate. Time and again, I've been on such nervous tension that for days I've been unable to hold food on my stomach. But those things the outside world seldom hears about."

Thus concludes the screen biography to date of William Powell, who was moviestrung a villain, but reformed about midcareer to become a gentleman, a humorist, and one of motion picture's cleverest character heroes.
Here's Hollywood!

WILL ROGERS has a delightful sense of modesty. It came to light in full force one recent day when he was seen loading a sack of maple sugar in the back of his car.

“What you got, Mister Rogers?” asked Stepin Fetchit. Will gracefully replied, “Just a sack of sugar. My fan in Vermont sent it to me!”

CAN IT BE LOVE DEPT: Before you can say Richard Barthsclaus, or at least before this item is in print, Mary Carroll will likely be Mrs. Paul Van Avery Smith, (he’s a wealthy business man). They’re planning a quiet marriage, and even now are said to be furnishing the home in which they’ll live after their “I do” have been said.

Claudette Colbert is being more and more often with her doctor-friend, but still denies plans to divorce Norman Foster for the present. Meanwhile, Norman has been doing all right with Sally Blane.

Betty Furness continues to be one of the most-often-runmed-in-love lassies in town. Cary Grant continues to be attracted to Arthur Lake, Sherman Rogers, and a few others are seen here and there in her company. Prince Midvian, (of the marrying Midvian), is rushing Pep Lederer, Marion Davies’ niece.

And lookie, lookie, lookie, here come Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor! Just when the ashes of the Carol Lombard are being colder than Connie Bennett’s stare, too. The Anita Louise-Tom Brown romance, too, after a brief pause, is proceeding calmly.

Ditto that Mary Carlisle-James Stewart thing, which cooled temporarily when it looked as if he might reach first base with Barbara Hutton—but he struck out instead.

Charles “Buddy” Rogers has taken up Mary Pickford’s religion (Christian Science), and it looks more serious than ever. A few fans are said to have written Buddy and Mary to protest against their marriage, (because she is the older of the two), but the majority have scoffed at what they term this “old-fashioned idea.” They have said to the pair, “If you’re in love, go ahead. It’s your life and your happiness at stake.”

VERY funny, Evelyn Venable’s reason for being a vegetarian. “I like vegetables,” she wrote to a friend, “I also like my meals first hand. I don’t need to eat the cow that first ate the vegetables. No, thanks; I eat the vegetables, and not the cow.”

SOME new friendships worthy of attention have sprung up in Hollywood. Carole Lombard and Gloria Swanson have become tennis pals. They play almost daily with Alice Marble, one of the court’s quiet wielders. Incidentally, they play on William Powell’s court.

Another unexpected friendship is that between Anna Sten and Marlene Dietrich, often reported enemies. They’re together at least a few times every week. This friendship began when they attended the Russian Easter services.

MARY BRIAN is the first screen actress, insofar as the records would indicate, who has suffered an attack of “writer’s cramp.” That affliction, you may already know, is caused by gripping a pen or pencil too long between one’s fingers. It is a common ailment among authors.

Mary suffered her attack during her personal appearance tour. She has only herself to blame, because she advertised on stage and radio that she would sign autographs for all who wanted them—and thousands did.

A mid-West physician finally put a ban on autographs, because, he told her, she might permanently paralyze the muscles of her writing hand.

BETTY FURNESSES delights in telling friends about her latest “visit to New York.” Granted a vacation, Betty boarded a plane late one afternoon. The following morning, she arrived in New York. That night she received a telephone call to rush back to Hollywood for a picture. The next morning she boarded a plane en route to the West Coast.

“The trip East was rough, so I was too ill to eat dinner in New York,” Betty says. “I didn’t eat breakfast the next day, because I don’t like to eat before I fly. So I didn’t even eat a meal in the East.”

THIS writing, Shirley Temple’s parents are in a stew. The reason: Some fans in Australia have written to tell Shirley they are sending her a kangaroo. When fans sent little Miss Temple a calf, her parents solved that problem by boarding the bovine with a dairy. But no dairy farm will undertake to raise a kangaroo, and Mrs. Temple is afraid that if she gives it to a zoo, the Australian donors will be angry. Will somebody with a kangaroo in their past kindly send the Temple family a few words of advice?
Hollywood Figure
Continued from page 53

taking your swing from right to left. This exercise is particularly good for the waist.
Exercise #2:
Kneel on right knee, left knee bent and left foot set firmly on the floor. With left hand folded on top of closed right fist, stretch arms out and up to left; pull back hands to right side and then stretch them upward as high as you can go. Do this rhythmically, as a lumberjack does his sawing. It will probably help you if you can do it to music, good four-four time. Reverse and kneel on left knee, taking your swing from upper right to lower left.
This exercise helps reduce hips and builds up shoulders and chest.
Exercise #3:
Stand erect with left foot one step forward, right foot set at right angles to left one, (toe pointed to side). Your right leg is held straight and your left knee slightly bent, as if you were about to fence. Clasp your hands together, as if you have done in previous exercises, and stretch them upward toward the left. Pull them down now with a swing toward the floor to the right, as a lumberjack pulls his saw. As you come back with the swing, your left leg will be straight and your right knee bent. Reverse and step forward with right foot, left toe pointing at right angles. This is excellent for reducing the abdomen.
Exercise #4:
Stand with feet well apart, fists together as before. This time pretend you have an axe in your hand. Do you know how to chop wood? Well, act as if you were chopping up some firewood for the camp. Bring the axe up high over the right shoulder and then hit your log low; then bring the axe up over the left shoulder and hit the log again. Then swing from farther to the right, then from farther to the left. Make your chopping a circle. You'll feel a pull in the back muscles.
This will keep the back straight and limber and take away those disfiguring humps so many girls develop at the back of the neck.
I can't take all you girls who write to me or who read these articles off to a lumber camp and set you to work. If I could I'd bet I'd turn out a fine looking band of girls at the end of six weeks! But if you'll keep faithfully at this routine, you can do a great deal for yourself. You never saw a lumberjack who hadn't a slim waist and trim hips. It's these points that seem to bother most of you, so here's first aid.
Remember to start in with only two or three swings for each exercise. Don't rush it. Make your swings slow and deliberative, as a lumberjack swings his rhythmic axe and saw.
You can't hurt yourself at this routine, so don't be afraid of that. If you can take exercise at all, you can take these, if you do them properly.
I know that a majority of you—if I can judge from your letters and the statistics gathered by health authorities—are underweight rather than overweight. That is because Americans are a nervous race and tend to overtax their strength. There are more "skinny"s than "faties" in our population. We get, but we use up, too much energy doing it. This is true of the stars just as it is true of the rest of you.
Carole Lombard, who is now nearest to the ideal average, was for a time much too thin. She went in for milk as her most easily digested food, and for massage to help her relax. Relaxing, I must repeat for the fifteenth time, is the greatest aid

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James Davies' Answers to Questions

Are to C.

You are only about 4 lbs. over-weight, and from your measurements you give me evidently all of that excess poundage lies in the hips—these should be reduced 5 or 6 inches. Do the hip-rol fattyly every day half a dozen times, (in case you have forgotten how—Lie flat on the floor, arms crossed on chest, roll three times to the left and maintain a perfect figure.

Clandette Colbert, when she was chosen for the role of "Cleopatra," was told by DeMille that she must add 25 pounds to her weight. She did. When she was done, Colbert said with a laugh, "I know, is relaxing, especially if you like to just before you rest. Clandette formed the habit of eating vanilla ice-cream once a day at least, while she was gaining weight, and still keeps it up. You need not confine yourself to vanilla ice-cream.

Any flavor will do.

The chief thing responsible for Clau-
dette's steady gain was that she trained herself to relax. You can do this, too. If you have very little time to rest, try the "speed-eagle" method. I do it flat, without a pillow, arms and feet spread out, head tipped back, eyes closed. Without moving a muscle or a nerve count up to 500.

When Miss Davies was working at Paramount Studios, she insisted on having a dressing-room on the set. Every minute she wasn't in an actual scene she went to this set drooping somewhere on her day-bed. Whenever she was extra-weary, she called for someone to massage her feet. This was done as you probably saw Clandette having it done in "Imitation of Life."

Hollywood has one advantage over other places. Here, if you tell your hostess you can't come to her party, she must leave early, "because I have to work," she instantly excuses you. There is no "just this once," or "but I've planned to have you" about it. Work is the most important thing in town. Try to train your neighborhood to understand this, too.

If you want to build up a vigorous, healthy body, you must remember that worry can do more harm than any other thing. "I can't stop worrying" is all nonsense. You can if you try. Your mind will hold only one idea at a time. Make up your mind that while you are resting the idea shall be a constructive one, a peaceful, restful one, not a destructive, terrify-
ing thought.

Take a deep breath and say to your-

self: "I can control myself!" or "I am the master of my fate" if you like that better. Deep breathing will definitely help you to control your nerves. Abdominal breathing—which expands the lower lungs—is the kind for you.

Bring your problems of over-

weight or under-weight, diet, and

exercise to James Davies. He has

helped many noted screen stars to

keep fit and lovely, and he is here to

help you, too. Don't expect an

answer by mail, because Mr. Davies

is too busy to conduct a corre-
spondence; but he will be glad to

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Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine,

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VOICES IN HIGH DEMAND

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right and three times to the left). The following is also an excellent exercise: Clasp your hands back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right. Miss MacB., Edinburgh, Scotland.
Your hip measurement is 5 inches too much. Try exercises above and in this article.
B. F. B., Dallas, Texas.
What you really need is to build yourself up all over. Try taking hot milk, or oatmeal between meals and before going to bed. Follow the "lumberjack routine" in this issue of SCREENLAND. For thin wrists and arms, try this: Close fists, tense arms, and do complete circular movement of wrists. For thin calves: Put a book on the floor, hands on hips. Place toes on book, heels on floor. Balance up and down a dozen times.
Try capping massage for reducing legs. Here is good exercise: Stand with right foot in front of left, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right leg, knee stiff, until foot is about 18 inches from floor. Give high jump upward, and at same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right. In bending bend knees and ankles so that you come down softly. Repeat with right leg.
Mrs. M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.
If you have heart trouble, by no means do any exercise unless your physician recommends it.
You are slightly under-weight and can afford to do body-building exercises. For bust-development try the rod exercise. Stand with feet well apart, holding the rod in both hands well toward the ends. Bend forward, swinging rod down. Straighten and swing rod up above head. Swing arms backward lowering rod behind you. Raise right leg, lower left, raise left, lower right. Bring rod back above head and swing down to first position. Repeat.
A. M. C., Texas.
Try above exercise for bust development. Try hip reducing exercises in this issue.

Page Miss Glory
Continued from page 45
off to and it had been more fun being Loretta, going to the movies when her day's work was over, than being Dawn Glory adored by the world and yet shut away from it.
It happened so quickly that when it was over it was almost like something she had dreamed, looking up and seeing Bingo standing there just inside the door. Involuntarily her hand flew to her heart as though she would quiet that quick beat, her eyes for all their happiness stung with sudden tears and that queer choke in her throat so she could not speak. There was no need of words. The room was full of that silent thing that lay between them, that made Bingo blush and stammer like any school boy, that brought the ready scowl to Click's face.
Bingo had never been one for poetry, but now her name on his lips became a litany; and Click, stung to action at the danger of losing his gold mine, beckoned to Gladys and she took the girl's arm and drew her into the bedroom.
Bingo came out of his dream then.
"I want to see her," he protested. "She's my sweetheart, isn't she?"
"I tell you," Click's mouth clamped down over the words. "Dawn Glory can't have a sweetheart. She's the whole nation's sweetheart."
Somehow he managed to force the boy from the suite and then, his mouth grim, he went to Loretta.
"Now, Loretta. You're Dawn Glory. No one can make a date with you. You're a goddess."
"You mean I can't have any fun?" Loretta wailed.
"You're going to have everything most girls dream about and never get." Click tried to be patient. "Silks, satins, furs, jewels—that's fun. Isn't it?"
"But what about Mr. N. Nelson?" She listened disconsolately as Click grandly threw a few cars and yachts into the grand total of her assets and then echoed forlornly, "Gosh, if I can't get to see Mr. Nelson I had more fun when I was a chambermaid!"
"But you're famous, Dawn, famous!" Click threw out his hands in exasperation. "You've got to be protected. The world's at your feet. Say, his voice became almost gentle as her ready tears fell again, "how would you like to take a little auto ride with Ed?"
"With Ed?" Loretta wailed. Then she brightened. "Well, I guess he's better than nothing," she sighed.
If anyone had ever told Gladys she would ever be jealous of the frumpy little chambermaid who had driven them all crazy.

Frances Drake shows how easy it is to be smart in this tailored summer suit of beige Doeskin.
with her solicitude she would have laughed despairingly. And yet she was jealous, horribly, sickeningly jealous. She had always taken Ed so much for granted when there was no competition, but now the minutes dragged into an eternity.

"Five o'clock! And they're not back yet." She flung an exasperated look at the impassive Click.

"Now, Gladys," Click consoled. "Suppose we had a gold mine that was making us all rich. We'd take awful good care of it, wouldn't we? You know we can't take a chance on the reporters catching her alone. She'd spill everything."

"What about Bingo and Nelson?" Gladys refused to be placated. "It's anxious for the job."

"Bingo Nelson!" Click stared at her as if he had suddenly discovered a new variety of gold. "He'd do it in a minute he got her alone. Then goodby to our meal ticket. Who ever heard of a married goddess? Two weeks after the event the minister's continual watch on the girl and Bingo was as elusive as an eld slipping in and out of the suite trying to see her."

"Nelson was here in half an hour," he told the two underworld characters he sent for. He laughed as he took Gladys' arm. It was the first relaxed moment he had known since Dawn Glory first made newspaper headlines.

Gladys tapped her foot impatiently as Click telephoned Bingo that he could see Dawn in an appointment. His thoughts were still somewhere in the park with Ed and Loretta in a car together. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Wait for me just a minute," she gasped to Click as she ran gone.

"Say, do you want a tip from me?" she demanded of the would-be kidnappers. "Take the girl instead of Nelson. I'll make it worth your while. I'll double the ante."

It would take every cent of her part of the Dawn Glory racket loot all the money she had been planning on tenuous things and cute gadgets for an apartment. But it was worth it. Every cent of it, and she was smiling when he rejoined Click in the lobby.

The drive in the park hadn't been much fun after all. For a little while Loretta had tried to make-believe Ed was Bingo, and Ed tried to make-believe Loretta was Gladys; but make-believe isn't much fun when the air is soft with spring and the cherry trees were made a bridal arm in the park.

When they came home at last Ed couldn't wait to see Gladys and the precious Miss Glory seemed safe enough with the doors of the suite locked, so with a last warning that she be good and stay where she was, Ed was gone.

Music drifted in through the open window from the roof garden above. Some- thing was easier to make-believe alone than it had been with Ed; easier somehow to imagine Bingo's voice and his smile and his eyes. And then suddenly there was something more make-believe, for there was the sound of a key turning in the lock and when she turned around Bingo was coming into the room.

"I've been waiting to see you so long," he was close to her now, bewilderingly close, and she could hardly speak for the rapture closing around her.

"So I am here in time to see you."

There was so much to say in that first moment, so much each of them had longed for, had dreamed about.

"The only time I ever felt like this was when I did 247 loops without a stop."

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Try YOUR TEETH! Try P. T. M. FORMULA, a golden compounded home treatment with many back guarantees. P. T. M. has healed Pyorrhoea, Trench Mouth, say, ten- day, bleeding gums to thousands of sufferers in principle, and has proven systematically effective for thousands of years. If you have Pyorrhoea or Trench Mouth — if your gums are sore or bleed when brushing — if your teeth are loose or sensitive — if you have P. T. M. You be the judge — nothing to lose, your health to gain. Your money back if not satisfied. Write for a complete description of P. T. M. FORMULA, 5.00. Dreamland, Los Angeles, Calif.

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**Gray Faded Hair**


**LITTLE BLUE BOOKS**

Sen. for free catalogue. E. F. L. B. CATALOGUE, KANSAS.
Bingo protested fervently as his arms went around her. "Over East St. Louis."

"I'll bet that was a funny feeling, too," Loretta sighed blissfully. "Then she felt his lips on hers and for a moment there was only that breathless silence closing around them, enveloping them in a lover's world of their own.

"Hey, Bingo!" They drew guiltily apart as Ed's voice carried through their happiness. "You ought to be ashamed standing there like this when our backs were turned."

"What're you talking about?" Bingo demanded in outraged innocence. "Click sent us up here himself.

"We're engaged to be married," Loretta flung out triumphantly.

"Look here!" Ed begged frantically. "You can't do anything like this."

But Loretta had had enough. "I can't," she stormed. "I will! I'm sick and tired of being kept a prisoner here just so someone won't find out I'm really Dawn Glory!"

She struggled as Ed clapped a silencing hand over her mouth, but somehow she managed to get away from him and fling out triumphantly, "My name is Loretta Dalrymple and I want Bingo to know it."

"I used to work here," she continued, "she turned to Bingo, her eyes entwining him to understand. "I was only a chambermaid until Click put me on being Dawn Glory. Do you mind? It doesn't make any difference, does it?"

It didn't make any difference. Nothing could make any difference with her eyes shining like that, her mouth pleading. And it was only the quick knock on the door that prevented Bingo from taking her in his arms again.

"Trunk was ordered here," the man in the oversized porter's uniform wheeled it into the room before Ed could protest. With one hand he slammed the door behind him. With the other he covered them with a large handkerchief.

"Keep your yaps shut or it will be just too bad!" he ordered. "Now, Miss Glory, get into the trunk!"

"Take off your pants," he muttered tersely to the others, and with a gun waiting for an opportunity to back out at them Bingo and Ed did what they were told.

In another hour newsboys were shouting extras at every corner, radio reporters clamoring for details of the kidnapping, and Dawn Glory's name ran high across illuminated news ribbons. Dawn's name was on everybody's lips, and the whole world was thrilled to the excitement of the kidnapping.

But it was of Loretta Bingo was thinking. Loretta—somehow it made her even dumber, knowing she wasn't the glamorous Miss Glory after all, but just a girl from a small town. He had come from a small town, too. It made this whole thing seem true for the first time.

He must find her. In the excitement he had forgotten he was still wearing the dainty fur trimmed pajamas he had found in her closet as he swung out on the free escape outside her window. Below him police cars were swinging along in the mad search, and crowds stood gaping up at the hotel.

And then almost when he had given up all hope he saw her in the empty suite a few stories below. Loretta saw him peering in at the window and turned coyly to her captor.

"I—I must have left my handkerchief in the trunk." She looked helplessly at the man as Bingo stood silent and with a gesture almost courtsy she got up.

"Allow me!" he said gallantly as he opened the lid and bent over the trunk.

It was all over in a moment, Bingo making that one cat-like spring into the room and pushing the obliging kidnapper into the trunk. They had to hurry, but first there was that sudden, shaken kiss, in which Dawn Glory was submerged once and for all into a girl in love.

The moon came shilly over the trees in the park as the Giant Nemo Yeast advertising plane soared over the Park Regis.

"Bingo Nelson speaking," blared the loud speaker. "I've got Dawn Glory and she's going to be my wife."

And then Dawn's voice. "I'm not going to be a symbol any longer! I'm just going to be a bride with a loving husband and a loving home and some loving kiddies."

Consternation reigned in Click's suite. With a whoop the reporters who had crowded on his door since Dawn Glory's birth rushed out to broadcast the news to their papers.

Close, close to the stars and the moon flew the plane, and Bingo pulled Loretta closer and it was as if he had pulled the stars and all heaven with her when he took her in his arms.

The End

Henry Armetta, who gives us so many laughs in pictures, gives acting tips to Dorothy Page, newcomer from radio, who is soon to make her film début.
Several shades below Mae West’s previous best, but not lacking in laughs created by the typical Westian wise-cracks with rough edges. Mae appears as a dance-hall girl who inherits the fortune of a rich miner and then proceeds to crash society, which leads to melodrama when her social enemies try to ‘frame’ her with Ivan Lebelef. Paul Cavanagh is the wealthy and titled Englishman Mae captivates.

A rather unpleasant subject, dealing with psychiatry, that is very well handled. A story of mental ill, it is somewhat depressing, but with Ann Harding as the psychiatrist, and Herbert Marshall and Maureen O’Sullivan in prominent roles, the picture naturally is one that will hold your interest. Miss Harding is excellent; and Maureen, as a suicidal neurotic, does brilliant work. At least it’s quite different.

Fine acting talent severely handicapped by a trite “society drama” about a Little Miss Nobody who catches a society man on the rebound and fights to hold him when his ex-flametries to win him back. Bette Davis makes the story capture and hold interest as the girl of the title. But Ian Hunter, new English star, and Colin Clive—the latter as the husband—are too heavily burdened to succeed. Pretty good.

In a top-notch cast, including Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson and Ralph Forbes, little David Jack Holt comes out best. It’s a routine, but very well done, story about a publisher whose wife deserts him and later tries to obtain custody of their little son—an effort in which she fails when the boy declares for his father, who is then free to marry his secretary. Appealing because of the players.
"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things.

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause your precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads give instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."

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**MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE**

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Beginning a Great New Novel of Hollywood Life and Love

by Thyra Samter Winslow
WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D KNOW BETTER?

Yet home again by 11 o'clock...

...and all because she forgot that final fastidious touch which makes a woman winsome.

Use LISTERINE before social engagements to check halitosis [BAD BREATH].

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
A woman smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor.
(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)
Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.
(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning
The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

Why Wait for the Trial Tube?
If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care ... 100 brushings ... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Street
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SURPRISE FEATURE!

NEXT MONTH—THE INTERVIEW THE WORLD'S BEEN WAITING FOR

This IS a surprise! Indeed, it's such a surprise, that we are terribly tempted to carry SCREENLAND's extraordinary News Beat to the very ultimate, the peak, the top in other words, of its surprising capacity to surprise you.

Thus succumbing to temptation, we're asking you not to demand that we divulge at this time the name of the subject of The Interview the World's Been Waiting For. Instead we are asking that you exercise some of the very flattering loyalty, you readers of SCREENLAND have exhibited time and time again, and accept our word for it that the next issue of your favorite magazine will bring you a word picture, a penetrating portrait, so delightfully written, and above all so thoroughly authentic, that you will feel you have enjoyed a personal tête-à-tête, a handshake, a smile, a confidential revelation of the innermost thoughts and feelings of a star whose personal side the whole world, in the absence of a story like this one, has had merely to guess at and conjecture about.

The issue containing this Surprise Feature will be on sale August 23. WATCH FOR IT!
Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.
Virginia Bruce is not only a beautiful blonde, but a beautiful hostess! Visit her Toluca Lake home with us

By Betty Boone

Virginia supervises every detail of her guests’ entertainment and refreshment. Right, below, she is giving that last-minute glance to a tempting table.

Virginia Bruce lives in Toluca Lake, around the corner from Bing Crosby, in a shining white “early American” house, with a white picket fence before it. Old-fashioned flowers make her garden gay and a walnut tree casts a spreading shade.

Virginia on the screen is pretty enough to stop traffic, but Virginia off the screen is almost too beautiful! In a peach-colored satin hostess gown with pale blue sandals she is so lovely that you wonder how her girl-friends bear it.

“I don’t go in very much for entertaining at home,” confided the blonde angel. “I’m a single girl again, and as such I’m invited to all my friends’ parties. If I were married, I’d give dinners in return; but as it is, I usually take the girls to lunch at the Vendome, or invite the current boy-friend to dinner here. So a bridge tea, very occasionally, is about my speed at present!”

“Even these aren’t very elaborate. We use Mother’s new inlaid card table, the pride of her heart. We bought it for her last birthday. She wouldn’t tell us what she wanted so we took her to our best shop and told her she had half an hour to choose something. She chose this.” Virginia exhibited the table, gaily.

“The girls who come are Dolores Del Rio, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Betty Furness, Margaret DeMille, (now Mrs. B. P. Fineman), and Dorothy Jordan, (now Mrs. Merian Cooper)—very seldom all at the same time because we are all so busy.

“Giving a bridge tea in Hollywood is different from one that you’d give anywhere else, because picture girls are nearly always on a diet or else they are afraid to eat at all for fear they’ll put on an extra pound, so providing food isn’t easy. No matter how tempting it looks, you’re pretty sure your guests will only sigh and say: ‘Oh dear, take that away, you wretch—don’t you know I weigh a ton already?’”

Virginia pirouetted across the blue broadloom carpet of her white-walled living room and turned on her new radio-phonograph.

“Look, I just got this! It will play for two hours, changing its own records, isn’t that marvelous? I have all of Bing’s records. Mother doesn’t like his singing but I do—it does something to you! But we were talking about bridge teas...

“It’s hard on Bee, my cook, to have to fix things for girls on diets, so we try to have some people who don’t belong to pictures. Bee is simply sweet. We love her to death. She’s been with me for a year, but before she came to me she was with a Southern family for twenty-five years and they felt the same way. When they lost their money and had to let her go—which was my good luck—they could hardly bear it. They call her up every day now just to hear her voice. She’s the real thing.

“Naturally, being a real old Southern cook, she loves...
to fix appetizing food. I don't know a thing about cooking but if Bee makes anything it's ten times better than the things other cooks make. She has the most marvelous recipe for chocolate brownies! We sometimes serve them for tea.”

Chocolate Brownies

2 cups sugar
2 eggs unbeaten
1 cup flour
1 cup melted butter
2 squares melted chocolate
1 cup walnuts
Vanilla

Bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes. Cut in squares like fudge.

“If you don’t have to consider diets, you can serve a special dainty, like heavenly hash or peach syllabub or wild rose mousse —don’t you adore the names? Otherwise it’s best to stick to tiny fancy sandwiches and little cakes.”

She stood against the white brick fireplace, a syphilitic figure. Above her a water-color sketch of her baby Susan looked down at her; across the room on the antiqued white piano a large framed picture of Jack Gilbert, the baby’s father, had a prominent place.

“Bee’s sweet—she won’t mind if you have her recipes.”

Bee didn’t—and here they are:

Heavenly Hash

Mix ½ cup peeled and diced oranges, 1½ cups diced bananas, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups diced marshmallows, ½ cup shredded coconuts and ½ cup chopped red cherries. Set in ice box for an hour and serve in glass dishes lined with split lady fingers.

Peach Sylabub

Mix 2 cups canned diced peaches with ½ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons grated orange rind; add stiffly beaten whites 3 eggs and beat well; fold in 3/4 cups whipped cream, fill six tall glasses with the mixture, sprinkle with grated coconuts, garnish with a whole cherry and set in icebox for an hour.

Wild Rose Mousse

Mix 2 cups pineapple juice, ¼ cup lemon juice and ½ cup sugar. Color a delicate pink. Half fill refrigerators trays with this mixture. Beat until stiff 1½ cups heavy cream, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, sweeten to taste with powdered sugar and pour over the juice and freeze. Chopped walnuts can be added if desired.

“Bee makes the prettiest checkerboard sandwiches. Get her to tell you how she makes them,” Virginia urged me, as she

(Continued on page 95)

Watch your “close-ups”! OILY, stringy hair, or DRY, lusterless wisps, are no “beau-catchers”? Use a shampoo made for YOUR OWN TYPE of hair to guard its beauty

Special shampoo for DRY HAIR

If permanents, harsh shampoos, outdoor swimming, or summer’s sun have left your hair too dry, begin now to give yourself Packer’s Olive Oil shampoo. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Packer has specialized in the care of the hair for over 60 years. Packer’s Shampoos are absolutely safe.

Individual shampoo for OILY HAIR

Do you know that over-oily hair means that the oil glands in your scalp are relaxed —flabby? They spill over ... flood your hair with oil.

Tighten them up! Wash your hair frequently with Packer’s tonic Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent —made especially for oily hair. It gives a rich, snowy lather, too, that takes up all the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Just see how your hair fluffs and gleams!

PACKER’S

OLIVE

OIL

for DRY hair

SHAMPOOS

PINE

TAR

for OILY hair
Chicago beauty says of Listerine Tooth Paste:

"I like the sheen and lustre it gives my teeth"

Models are careful about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A real beauty aid," says Miss Weary, "and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure delicate enamel."

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LARGE SIZE 25¢       DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER
Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER • 2½ oz. 25¢
DEAR MISS CARROLL:

Come back—all is forgiven. I've just seen your latest picture, "The 39 Steps," with Robert Donat, and I wish you'd take one more step, this time in the right direction of Hollywood. Not that you went home mad before—not you. You were the perfect picture of lovely blonde British poise when I said goodbye to you in New York about a year ago on your way back "home" to England. You raved about Hollywood and the climate and the studios and Marion Davies' hospitality and newspaper and magazine writers—in fact, you were so delighted with us all and so charming about it, I would have suspected you of putting on an "act" if you hadn't been such a sweetly sincere person. You added: "About time I'm leaving, too. All that fuss they make over one out there—and that holiday spirit—I need discipline!"

Like all the English you had personal framed photographs standing about even though you were on the wing between train and ship. One of your husband, the impressive Captain Philip Astley. Another of yourself, in Court costume, complete with plumes. Oh, yes, you'd been "presented." And you'd met your husband at a party to which you had been escorted by one of the British Princes. But wild horses wouldn't drag any details from you. And when my reporting instinct reared its horrible head and I asked if I might borrow that picture to use in SCREENLAND, you looked horrified, shocked, startled, and incredulous all at once. "Oh, no—I couldn't, really!"

suggestion to make. Just a side issue, of course—for you'll be welcome all by yourself. But while you're about it, why not bring Robert Donat along? Not that I care, you understand; but there are a couple of thousand girls over here who keep writing to ask me when their "Count of Monte Cristo" is coming back. And I have to tell them something to keep them quiet.

Well, we'll be seeing you!

Delight Evans

P.S. Regards to R.D.
It's Not Always Their "Dear" Public

UNTIL Gene Raymond told me about The Red-Headed Woman at The Charity Tea, I'd always looked upon a Hollywood Star's "public" in flashes of those kids who hang around the various Brown Derbies, albums in hand, waiting for their idols to come out so they could tell them how much they loved them in a couple of pictures they'd never made.

And "movie fans" have always meant to me the cheering throngs who line railroad stations, airports, or the sidewalks of theatres hours ahead of the advertised arrivals or departures of the cinema great.

I'm pretty sure it was this sort of public Pola Negri referred to when she once told me: "My public are my dear subjects!"

So, as I say, it wasn't until I caught up with Mr. Raymond over a luncheon table at the Vendome, and heard from his own lips the saga of The Red-Headed Woman, that I ever even suspected the dear public could be as flattering as it was flattering, and that it is a pretty poor crowd of "admiring" that hasn't one good heckler!

Gene was saying: "Various actors have been severely criticized for fleeing crowds, refusing to sign autographs and dodging amateur snapshot artists whenever they can. It is looked upon as ungracious and ungrateful to the 'people who made us what we are'—isn't that the popular phrase? Believe me when I say that a fleeing actor is not always an ungrateful one. He probably is just a scared one! For while the majority of people who swarm about actors are sincerely interested and flattering in their attentions, there are still those persistent few who make our contacts with the public the most terrifying and embarrassing moments of our lives!"
Some of the most embarrassing moments in movie stars’ lives have been spent among their “admirers.” Read all about it here.

By Dorothy Manners

It was then he told me about The Red-Headed Woman—a tale to tell if I ever heard one, and a record all-time low in the conduct of the dear public when it decided to be not so dear.

The occasion was a charity tea, one of those “estate open to the public—come and meet your favorite movie star” events that are frequently pulled off for worthy causes when one or more Hollywood actors happen to be vacationing away from home. In this case the spot was Florida, and in the name of good old charity Gene, and Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel, and Thomas Meighan had put in appearances to help the good cause along.

They had booths from which they busily signed autographs, kissed young babies on the cheek, answered questions about fellow Hollywood players they weren't acquainted with—the usual sort of thing was in progress.

When The Red-Head sidled up, autograph book in hand, a charmingly flattering and interested expression on her face, Gene smiled politely in response, grabbed the book and his fountain pen, and bent over to scrawl his signature. But he never got his John Hancock or even a good X on that book!

For the “lady” had grabbed hold of his blond hair and was pulling it practically from its roots with all the strength in her two hands, and she was no weakling! She pulled and she shook, and then just as suddenly and unexpectedly as she started the attack, she let go and stood smiling naively at the pain-wrecked actor.

“I’ve always wanted to know if your hair was real,” she explained politely. “Now I’m sure it is!” And with one of those I’ve-always-admired-you-so-much expressions on her face she passed down the line.

“What did I do?” repeated Gene. “I don’t know what I did or how I looked, really. I know what I wanted to do—I wanted to get out of there as fast as my feet would carry me. But I stayed on and (Continued on page 71)
WITHT some help from twenty journalists, cameramen, press-agents and your hawk-eyed reporter, Monsieur Charles Boyer, dream man of the hour, sailed for France the other day on the fabulous new ferry-boat, the "Normandie."

He was accompanied by a heap of assorted luggage, many good wishes, and his pretty little English spouse, Miss Pat Paterson.

This Boyer! Quel homme, or what a man! After wandering unhappily in and out of Hollywood for nearly five years, he suddenly set us afire in two good roles. Again he is what he was for years in his own la belle France—a popular, pursued, and even pestered figure. "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" set the maids a'twitter. Now Boyer Charm is one with Temple Cuteness and Dietrich Stems.

Oh, yes! Here in the picture, just to the left of that stout girl with the overhanging teeth, is the slender figure and sweet countenance of Miss Paterson.
Do you remember the dream-book romance that tied these two a year and a half ago? It was fast, furious, and curiously touching. They were lonely strangers in a new and nutty world. Boyer, having been a dramatic star on the Paris stage, was set to work as a fiddling gypsy in a misbegotten musical dido called “Caravan.” That’s Hollywood logic. Paterson, a shy young British blonde, was serving a timorous apprenticeship on the same lot.

They first faced each other across the dinner table of Mr. Bob Kane, an associate producer at Fox, and legend says that by the time they were pecking daintily at the avocado salad they were up to the floating ribs in LOVE. So closely were they drawn by their spiritual solitude, so frantic was the chemical action of the so-called Tender Passion that in three weeks’ time they had chugged off to Yuma, Hollywood’s sand-swept Gretna Green, and were made one by the local judge, Cupid’s busy stooge for the movie actors.

On the proscenium calendar the date was Feb. 14, 1934. To the newly-wed Slaves of Love, it was St. Valentine’s Day, and if there are any birches in Yuma, they sure sang.

Well, the starry-eyed darlings floated back to Hollywood, preceded by a wire announcing the union, and found a gala celebration in full cry. It was fomented and led by that Ex-Dream Man, M. Chevalier, who roared “Terrifique! Charles, mon-vaieux—you old son-from-a-gun!” and opened another bottle of bubbly.

The marriage was no front-pager. Both the contracting parties were obscure, from the Hollywood viewpoint. The next day the bride packed her tin dinner-bucket and went back to work on Stage 2, while the groom put on his gypsy trimmings and went out on the back lot to pretend that it was heigho, for the Romany road again.

Now, it is a peculiarity of Hollywood life that a run-of-the-mill movie mine may pointedly ignore his spouse, or even eff her about a bit, with no more than a mere sniff on the gossip pages. The moment, however, the chap becomes a Dream Man, his domestic affairs go at once under the microscope. The wide-eyed world wants to know, instanter, how a love-match stands up under the burning glass of incessant publicity and the prying of important people. In this case, how was the Moonstruck Madness of Charlie and Pat after eighteen months?

It was with this thought in mind that I attached myself, like a burr, to the Boyers the moment they arrived in New York for the jump abroad. I met them at the train at nine in the morning, and put the trusty stethoscope on them as they stepped from the rattler, with flashlight bulbs exploding in their sleepily-eyed faces, and reporters asking how the coffee was before they’d had any. I haunted the royal suite at the ritzy Ritz-Carlton, and I said bon voyage and toodle-oo as the “Normandie” was about to poke her thin, aristocratic nose across the surging sea.

I made, in short, extensive researches into the domestic life of the Boyers, for the use of future historians and this magazine at the usual rates. And I found precisely what, I may say, I expected—namely, that this sizzling romance has settled down into a marriage built on the soundest European chassis, with the dominant male furnishing the motive power and the female the Fisher body and upholstery.

That is to say, there is no vulgar pushing and shoving for the choicest place in the spotlight, as so often appears in the modern American-plan alliance. There are no velvety digs in public between the parties, as might be expected from nervous, high-strung thespians.

Ah, non, my little cabbages! Very quietly, very gallantly, with his stupendous Gallic charm at full speed ahead, M. Boyer has become the undisputed lord and master of the menage. Both these dear people are shy, as any press-agent, with a sob in his voice, will tell you. But Madame is the shyer.

I was fiendishly keen. I suggested that I should like to commune with the Boyers en masse, over a steaming dish of Lipon’s best. Monsieur, with a graceful shrug, was very sorry, but did not think Madame would honor us. “Que dommage!” (A damn shame!) I murmured. “Ah!” Monsieur murmured. “Ah!” I murmured back. But, dommage or non dommage, there was no Madame.

Papa, as is the divine right (Continued on page 91)
Shirley Invites You To Enter Her Contest!

It's easy! All you have to do to compete is to tell why you love the little wonder-girl of the movies. There are so many reasons for loving Shirley, surely you will find it simple to answer our question. In not more than 100 words, tell why you love Shirley, or like her, admire her, or find her amusing. Your letter may be only 20 words; it will be just as eligible as if it is 100 words; it may be in the form of a letter, a verse, an essay, or just a plain statement of fact. Not difficult; not involved; simply a forthright, sincere answer to the question: "Why Do You Love Shirley Temple?"

Now for the prizes! 535 prizes in all, ranging from the Grand First Prize of a Shirley Temple outfit consisting of coat, dress, hat and hair ribbons; through substantial cash prizes, beautiful Shirley Temple dolls, attractive Shirley dresses, more cash, hats, berets, etc., to 500 Shirley Temple photographs! Prizes well worth winning. Read the rules carefully, fill out the coupon, answer the question. Get your family and your friends interested. Every child will want a Shirley Temple prize. Every adult will find it profitable to enter what with the cash prizes, to say nothing of the mothers who would love to present to their little Shireys a genuine Shirley Temple gift dress or hat or doll or hair ribbons!
First prize is a complete Shirley Temple outfit of hat, coat, dress and hair ribbons. Left, Shirley shows you how she looks all dressed up!

Below, the lovely little frock which is included in the grand first prize in the Shirley-Screenland contest.

Right, another prize dress.

More prizes! Above, the dashing Shirley beret, typically Temple style. Isn't it gay?

Shirley, below, shows you another style hair ribbon, many of which are offered as prizes.

PRIZES:
SECOND PRIZE: $50.00 in Cash.
THIRD PRIZE: Shirley Temple Big Doll (22 inches tall).
FOURTH PRIZE: $25.00 in Cash.
5 FIFTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dolls (13 1/2 inches tall).
SEVENTH PRIZE: $10.00 in Cash.
4 EIGHTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dresses.
4 NINTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Hats.
5 TENTH PRIZES: Dozen Hair Ribbons each, Assorted Colors.
4 ELEVENTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Beret & Scarf Sets.
4 TWELFTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Berets.
3 THIRTEENTH PRIZES: $5.00 each.
500 FOURTEENTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Color Photographs.
535 PRIZES IN ALL!

SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in our Shirley Temple Contest:
Shirley Temple Dolls, Courtesy Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.
Shirley Temple Dresses, Courtesy Rosenau Bros.
Shirley Temple Coats, Courtesy H. & J. Block.
Shirley Temple Hats, Berets, and Beret and Scarf Sets, L. Lewis & Son.
Shirley Temple Hair Ribbons, Courtesy The Ribbon Mills Corporation.

RULES OF THE CONTEST:
1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a letter of not more than 100 words on the subject, "Why I Love (or Like) Shirley Temple."
3. This contest will close at midnight, August 22, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Shirley Temple Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Shirley Temple Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name
Street Address
City State
When I think of the difficult time my poor long-suffering colored nurse (I was the Jane Withers of my day) used to have trying to tie a bit of pink fluff on my straggly hair and a sash about my middle and coxing me to play drop the handkerchief and make pretty talk to the nice little girls—I am convinced, but definitely, that the worm turns. Especially a ringworm. Now it would take all the Nanas in Harlem, and a couple of hootnanas besides, to keep me away from parties.

Why, I love parties! I’m a perfect push-over for parties. And Miss Wilson, unlike Miss Otis, never regrets. No matter whether it’s scrambled words at the Stuart Walkers, or a little tantalizing tango at the Trocadero, or a bit of fudge-making at Zasu Pitts’—(and Zasu always drops in a few shells and says, “Oh, my!”)—I’m the type who enters into the spirit of things with the enthusiasm and joie de vivre of a Peter Pan. Just call it a party and you’ve got me. Yes, things were getting so bad there for awhile that Miss Lombard used to have her secretary phone me and say, “See here, now, we’re having a party tonight, and if you’re passing by, next best fun to going to the star parties is to read about them here!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Our very special party reporter
thank you." But I was looking for parties, not thanks.

My party career began in Hollywood one night about
four years ago when suddenly to my great amazement as
I turned into Sunset Boulevard I discovered that there
was something on my running board. It turned out to
be Tallulah Bankhead. Tallulah, it seems, was in a mood
and would not leave the Colony Club with Gregory
Ratoff, as any lady should, or should she? and had
picked my running board as a smart conveyance. There
was nothing to do about it but to take her to Sulka Vier-
tel's—who speaks only to Garbo who speaks to nobody—
and there I found Ernst Lubitsch devouring a cold snack,
Kay Francis burning a hole in the Viertel couch, and
Adrian making puns. It was my first Hollywood party
and it was all so gay and mad and utterly irresponsible
that I completely lost my pink-ribbon-pretty-talk com-
plex about parties, and the only thing today that keeps
me from being a Countess di Frasso, the party girl of
Hollywood, is about a million smackers.

Yes, I may say that in my four years of partying in
Hollywood I have snugged some pets, and inasmuch as I
feel reminiscences coming on again, I think you're in for
hearing about them, so just be polite about it and remem-
ber that pretty is as pretty does and at best I'm pretty bad.

My favorite party-thrower is Carole Lombard. Carole
never just opens up a case of something, puts on an
evening gown, and invites her friends to drop in. Carole's
parties always have a definite idea back of them, and al-
ways an unusual setting. There was the hospital party
where she met you at the door in a stiffly starched nurse's
cap and dress and ushered you into the consultation
room; and there was the Roman party where the Lomb-
ard drawing-room suddenly becoming a sunken garden
with togas and grape-juice all over the place. But my
pet party was the "party to end all parties" which Lomb-
ard threw a couple of weeks ago and which has had
Hollywood on crutches ever since. It seems that when
Carole visited New York last winter William Rhine-
lander Stewart, one of the Social Register Rhinlanders,
and A. C. Blumenthal, the nearest we have to a King
Midas, entertained Carole in the grand manner; so when
they dropped in on Hollywood this summer of course
Carole felt that she must reciprocate. Everybody else in
Hollywood, I mean the socially-minded, had dragged Bill and

Blumy to the Troc and the Clover Club and the Lido and all the ritzy
places and put on their longest false eyelashes and their real emerald
necklaces, and it was all quite stiff and elegant and slightly boring; so
when it came Carole's time to en-
tertain for the boys, she said nuts
to this chi chi, and took them down
to the House of Fun in Venice—
Venice, of course, being one of our
local California Coney Islands.

Carole rented the House of Fun
for the evening so no one could get
in but the somebodies invited—and
Ella, you should have seen those
mo'om (Continued on page 80)
Diary of a DeMille Crusader

Scene-by-scene account of the filming of "The Crusades," told in vivid detail by one of its actors. Close-ups of stars at work

I'm no longer myself—and it's no longer 1935. The year is 1190, the country is England, and Richard the Lion Heart is King. We're about to leave on Crusade to redeem Jerusalem from the powerful grip of Saladin, the Infidel.

Cecil B. DeMille is going to see to it that we get to the Holy Land, on the Paramount lot. It's his show—"The Crusades." It is not the story of some stingy and negligible reform movement. It is a stirring, brave tale in which this great director will recreate for you an era that has never been equalled for romance and spiritual ecstasy. A time when war meant a towering combat between mighty individuals. When men were strong enough in body to wear fifty pounds of chain mail and still swing a mighty four-foot sword with...
deadly results. When they possessed a spiritual strength that gave them the courage to renounce home and security in order to venture into an unknown, hostile land to fight for an ideal.

Saturday, February 2.

At seven this morning I stepped into the tights, leather jerkin, peaked hat and pointed shoes of a twelfth century peasant. Then to the sunny court yard of Windsor Castle where The Hermit (C. Aubrey Smith), mounted on a pedestal, is already rehearsing an eloquent discourse, designed to fire young and old with the crusading spirit. We, his audience of peasants, belted yeomen, women in bright gowns, crossbowmen, crowd eagerly about to hear his message. Further back are mounted knights in chain mail and surcoats of strange design. The tips of their tall lances bear fluttering pennons. We all murmur or shout approval according to the desire of director DeMille, who swings dizzily overhead on the camera boom lining up the scene about to be recorded on film.

In a squat-arched, massive doorway stands King Richard, (Henry Wilcoxon), surrounded by a group of courtiers and visiting royalty. King Philip of France, (C. Henry Gordon), is there with his sister, Princess Alice, (Katherine DeMille), and the villainous Conrad of Montferrat, (Joseph Schildkraut).

Suddenly Richard moves forward to take the Cross. Thus can he escape marriage with Princess Alice. The pledge to undertake the Crusade voids all other earthly vows.

Knowing nothing of court intrigue, we cheer our King. An excited peasant, forgetting time and place, shouts "God bless King George!" DeMille, who misses nothing, groans: "Just about eight hundred years ahead of our story—let's take it again—and please remember that you are now in the twelfth century!"

When the sun is so low as to make further shooting impossible we are dismissed with the curt instruction: "Report seven Monday morning. (Continued on page 67)
Do You Bite

Or chew pencil tops? Or grit your teeth?
Well, your favorite stars do!

His hand crept automatically—it evidently was an old, familiar gesture—to the lobe of his right ear. He pulled it gently, meditatively.

"No," he repeated, "there isn't a thing I do like that."

"Well, look!" I protested. "What are you doing now?"

"What?"

"Pulling the lobe of your ear!"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that I did that!" Then he laughed. "But I don't think it's half as bad as what you are doing."

Panic-stricken with a sudden self-consciousness, I caught myself in suspended animation, and discovered that I had been beating a tremendous tattoo with my pencil on the desk. What other nervous trick I had been indulging in, I don't know, for I dropped everything and dashed out to discover things about the stars that they don't know themselves.

Fay Wray thought for a moment before she could remember anything she does automatically. As she thought, she

Do you know why Sylvia Sidney breaks matches into tiny bits?
Do you know why Joe E. Brown drums his fingers while he talks?
Do you know what makes Jean Harlow nibble the polish off her beautifully manicured fingernails, even if she is intensely interested in a book or in people to whom she is talking?
Why Norma Shearer always has two bowls of water on the set so that she may wash her hands innumerable times all day long?
Why William Powell blinks his eyes?
Why Pat O'Brien smokes fourteen big, black cigars a day?
Why James Cagney wiggles his lower jaw back and forth when he is confronted with a strange or new situation?
Do you know why you bite pencil tops? Swing your foot? Grit your teeth? Twist your handkerchief?
Oh! So you think you haven't any nervous habits! Well, just ask your best friend to tell you—or see yourself on the screen.

It is almost an invariable law that every human being has one or more habitual motor reflexes of which he is completely unaware.

Consideration of the whole remarkable matter of why people behave in the ways they do started when Cary Grant said, "I haven't any nervous habits I can think of."

He was clicking a thumb nail against a front tooth as he spoke. I stared in fascination.

"No," he continued, "I haven't a single nervous mannerism, though lots of people I know have."
ran her hands through the rippling masses of her lovely hair, once, twice, three times. Then a smile spread across her face.

"I do that all the time!" she said, surprised at the discovery.

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just do! Of course, my hair is the kind that can stand it, but it drives the poor hairdresser wild. With one fell swoop of the hand I can demolish any wave."

Victor Jory blithely admitted that he probably has the biggest collection of nervous habits in Hollywood.

"I do everything!" he said. "Break matches, draw circles and squares, tap on the table, swing my feet, drum my fingers, clear my throat—and I'll tell you why I do it. In some way, I feel that my vocabulary is not equal to expressing an idea I am trying to put into words. So I wave my hands, walk around while I am talking, or make any gesture that occurs to me to emphasize what I am saying."

He was wearing a polo shirt, open at the neck, and as he spoke he stretched his neck as if he were trying to ease the constriction of a tight collar.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

His answer shed a new light on why people do things of which they are unconscious. It seems that he cannot tolerate tight collars. Quite frequently, for the screen, he is required to wear shirts fitting tighter than those he buys for his ordinary use. That is how the habit started. Now it has become an unconscious thing. Jory finds himself moving his neck to relieve the strain of a tight collar even when he is wearing an open-necked shirt!

May Robson sews furiously every moment she is not before the camera. "Some people smoke," she said with her inimitable twinkle. "Some chew gum. I sew. Takes the same place!"

There are a number of stars who seem to find some activity with their hands a nervous necessity. Helen Hayes knits almost constantly. Never do you see her when she is not doing something with her beautiful, expressive hands, and no one meets her without becoming conscious of them. If she is not knitting, she is drumming them on the table, or waving them emphatically with decisive little gestures to emphasize something she is saying.

Robert Montgomery's chief nervous habit (and you may observe it the next time you see him on the screen) is to shrug his shoulders. It is a slight, almost imperceptible bunching, as if he were settling his perfectly-cut coat into place. He joyously admits to the accusation that he cannot sit or stay still for more than a few minutes at a (Continued on page 70)
A Star is Made


The cars and trains and ships and planes going to Hollywood outwardly do not seem different from their replicas going to Boston or to Baltimore. Perhaps it is only imagination, ever since the Western trek of the covered wagon, that the caravans which move toward the setting sun seem to carry with them more of romance, of glamour, of youth.

Certainly the train, which from an airplane resembled a brown earth-worm inching its way toward the West, did not look as if it contained high hopes or high desire. Even a close view did not make it seem different from other trains. There were the usual assortment of passengers.

A little old lady with red eyes wore rusty black and wept a little. A harassed mother looked after two fat little boys who drank too much ice water and ate too many chocolates. A tall man read an adventure magazine instead of the thick volumes on the seat beside him. Four prosperous-looking men played cards, with time out for meals, sleep, and drink. The porter, with bottles and covered trays, made trips to always-closed drawing-rooms.

Three girls sat in one car. Each had a lower berth, new luggage, a pile of magazines. Each was pretty. Each was young. Each was alone. Each was so busy with her own thoughts that, for the first day or two, she didn’t need to talk to anyone else. Then all three began looking around.

There were no good-looking young men on the train—though it is possible all three would have distrusted stray young men. Not that they were above informal acquaintances; but they had ideas, now, that did not include a future cluttered up with doubtfully acquired boy friends.

A girl with curly, dark hair made the first move. She stopped by the seat of the girl with blonde, sleek hair.

"Come and sit with me," she said. "It might make the time pass quicker."

"Sure," said the blonde girl. And then, "that girl over there. Maybe she’d like to join us, too."

The third girl was delighted. She, too, had grown tired of mid-Western scenery.

It didn’t take them long to get acquainted. After the first few minutes of fencing they were as natural, perhaps, as they’d ever be again.

Curly Locks was named Iowa Sommers. She admitted that the first name was not the one her family had bestowed upon her.

"If I do make good," she said, "it will reflect credit on my home state. And there’s no reason why I won’t. I was in vaudeville last year and I’ve got a lot of pictures—the photographer in my home town took them free. He said I photographed beautifully." She was also

Diana heard her voice, trembling at first, grow stronger, as she imitated the peculiarly drawled words of Claudia Ray, and noted their effect on her politely attentive audience.
Beginning a colorful new serial—the human story of a girl who met with an adventure that could come true only in fabulous Hollywood

By
Thyra Samter Winslow

who is three years older—I'm sort of engaged to him.”

They nodded—and looked at her. It seemed such a waste!

She was a pretty girl. Her slender figure was delightfully rounded. Her face was an interesting oval, her cheekbones high, her eyes long. Her name they found out, was Diana Wells.

Iowa and Sunny were engrossed in their own affairs. But in spite of Diana being an outsider they took her into their confidences and when the train reached Hollywood they said, but not too warmly, “Hope we’ll see you again.”

They gave the address of the apartment building to a taxicab driver and saw Diana kiss a tall, bronzed young man and greet a nice-looking girl. They felt this was probably the last they’d see of Diana. Well, they were on their way!

Diana pushed the young man away just a little. Looked at him.

“You’re really nicer than I’ve been remembering you,” she said.

“That’s good,” said Michael Stone, “though when you see Clark Gable and Cary Grant and the other stars you won’t be able to see me at all.”

“If you must know,” said Diana, “you interest me as a million times more than any movie stars. I don’t want to hear any more about them, ever. Two girls I travelled with had memorized all of the movie magazines published in the last five years—and I’ve been listening to them. All I want is a nice visit with your mother and father and Sara and you.”

“I hope that will be enough,” said Michael.

Diana smiled at him indulgently, as he piled the luggage into his inexpensive car. (Continued on page 65)
The Baby Menaces

NOW I may go mad over Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the throses of a society sex problem, or over the Yacht Club boys singing sophisticated and naughty songs in a night club, or over Bee Lillie and her G-Girls on the radio; but believe it or not, I am just an old softie at heart, and every time I see Shirley Temple and the Dionne Quintuplets I become a maudlin sentimentalist. In fact, I'm a rabid Shirley Temple fan. You can have your Joan Crawford, and your Marlene Dietrich, and your Kay Francis, and all the Glamor Gals and heaven help you; but kindly leave me Shirley Temple. So no wonder that I was terribly upset the other day when I heard that Shirley was being put upon by kiddie menaces, kiddie picture-stealers, and kiddie cars. Mercy, I said to myself, it's time that I do something about this, so I pulled my Schiaparelli kerchief about me and flaunted out to the studios to see for myself just who is Jane Withers? and who is Sybil Jason? and who is Freddie Bartholomew?

Jane Withers, little "Miss Menace" in person, who made everybody rave about her in her first screen part in the cast supporting Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes."

Freddie Bartholomew threatens to supplant boy stars who have ruled as little kings of the screen, but meeting Freddie dispels any notion that he's "menacing" about it.

Freddie Bartholomew threatens to supplant boy stars who have ruled as little kings of the screen, but meeting Freddie dispels any notion that he's "menacing" about it.

Jackie Searle is Jane's first "man in her life." They play together in little Withers' first starring film "Ginger," and s-sh, are pretty friendly off the lot.

In fact, Jane did a first-class job of picture-stealing. Now no star, particularly one whose name has topped Garbo's on a theatre marquee, wants her picture stolen from her by an unknown; indeed stars have been known to do some pretty nasty things about that; but strange to say, little Miss Temple didn't seem to mind at all, and
Shirley Temple is big about it, so why shouldn't we also take a romp with these talented rivals who contend for her throne?

By Margaret Angus

instead of snubbing Miss Withers at the studio the next day invited her for a romp. But ah, 'tis said by the innocent by-stander that Mrs. Temple wasn't so big about it—that Mrs. Temple did not invite Mrs. Withers for a romp. On the contrary, oh, definitely on the contrary.

Anyway, with Mrs. Temple having tantrums in Fox Hill little Jane was hastily removed to the Fox Western studio and a month or so ago completed a swell, homey little picture called "Ginger." It was at Fox Western, miles and miles away from Fox Hills where Mrs. Temple holds forth, that I met Jane—and dubiously fingered the poisoned lollypop safely concealed in my bag.

Jane was wearing a powder-blue suit with a pleated skirt and had had her hair curled to meet the lady from the magazines. After the introduction she gave me a rose from her garden, told me she was nine years old, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and had been in Hollywood three years. Goodness gracious, my own home town! I closed my bag with a snap. Anybody born in Atlanta, Georgia, has a perfect right to steal pictures from Shirley Temple, or even Greta Garbo, if she wants to! That's the way I feel about Atlanta, Georgia.

Jane was born on Gordon Street in At-

lanta, and while she was still a baby she used to imitate her mother's songs, and wiggle her feet in rhythm with the radio. When she was three Jane sang "Sonny Boy" at one of those amateur theatricals and brought down the house. The next three years she did radio broadcasts over WSB in Atlanta, and appeared at all the local theatres where she would slay the audience with her impersonations and her dance routines. And of course everybody began to say to Mr. and Mrs. Withers,

"Why don't you take the child to Hollywood?"

Three years ago Mrs. Withers and Jane arrived in Hollywood with letters of introduction from everybody in Atlanta, even Bobby Jones; but Hollywood being what it is, the letters were just so much paper. With the exception of two days' work in "Handle With Care" Jane didn't even get to see the inside of a studio until about six months ago, when one of those things just happened that may never happen again. Jane and her mother were at the Fox casting office, once again, and Mr. Ryan, once again, told them there was nothing that day and just to wait as something might turn up later. "Wait!" echoed Mrs. Withers with tears in her eyes. "I've done nothing but wait for three years." It might have been the tears in her mother's eyes, or it might have been a happy inspiration, but Jane turned blithely to Mr. Ryan and asked, "May I do (Continued on page 84)
Stepping the Astaire

Explaining how nimble-footed Fred proved that a "non-romantic type" can attain top-flight popularity and screen stardom

A GROUP of boys and girls, cheated of an outing one rainy Sunday, gathered at the home of one of their number to salvage what they could of the day's losses. They started a game whose point I don't remember, but it involved the answering of a number of questions. One of the questions was: "Who's your favorite movie actor?" The answers of the girls varied. When the slips of the boys, aged seventeen and eighteen, were collected, every one bore the name of Fred Astaire.

Such unanimity made me curious. But like most boys of their age, they wiggled away from analysis. "Aw, he's a good egg," they shrugged. "He's a regular guy." "He doesn't act like a movie actor."

One, more articulate than the rest and more tolerant of prying elders, sought to satisfy me. "Everything seems to come so easy with him," he said. "Not just dancing, I mean, but walking and talking and everything he does. Even if he likes a girl, he doesn't go round heaving his chest about it and looking like a sick cat and all that kind of hooey. He acts the same as any fella'd act—like a—like a—like a human being," he brought forth triumphantly, "instead of a sap out of a book. Say—" he went on with mounting fervor, "I'll bet if he was here right now, he'd sit down and gab and kid with the rest of us, and you'd never even know he was Fred Astaire."

"'Till he started hoofing," sighed a girl.

"But you've got to admit," argued another, "that he's not the romantic type."

Which remark was greeted by a loud razzberry. "Romantic blah!" yelled the orator-in-chief above the din. "He makes me feel good. I like him.

All of which I thought summed up pretty neatly the qualities that, within a brief year, have made Astaire a name to conjure with in the movie world—the effortless
Way to Film Fame

Exclusive authorized interview

By Ida Zeitlin

Grace and simplicity that "seem to come so easy" but are actually the fruit of hours of painful toil, the humor airy as his footwork, the casual manner, the gay good will, the debonair charm blended of all these things plus that elusive ingredient we call personality—all combining to achieve the impossible—to send an actor who's "not the romantic type" shooting sky-high above most of those who are.

It's a phenomenon that's astonished no one more than the shooting star himself. Not through any sense of false modesty. Astaire, after all, didn't have to wait for the movies to tell him he was good. He's been dancing and acting for years to the plaudits of two continents, and he naturally hoped for some measure of success from his new venture. But he's as genuinely unpretentious a person in his own right as in the parts he plays. And an equally level-headed one.

"Look," he said, breaking into rapid speech. "Anyone who's been in the show business as long as I have has no excuse for losing his head. He's taken too many knocks. Success on the stage doesn't mean that you start at the bottom and go to the top and stay there. It's more often a case of up, then a set-back—sock!"—an expressive fist smote his palm—"and then, if you're lucky, a slow climb up again. If I don't have a hit, I suffer like hell. If I do, I say: 'O.K. That's fine. It's my job to have hits.' It's the same as in any other profession. When a surgeon operates successfully, does he go round rubbing his hands together and chuckling: 'Oh, boy, did I carve that bird up elegant!?' No. 'Then why should I?'

His choice of language is simple, his expressions terse and to the point; and though there's a characteristic lightness in both speech and action, it seems to be the lightness of steel, masking strength. He sits quietly for the most part, gesturing only now and then, but his very quietness smacks of decision. His incredible legs are crossed in repose, and I (Continued on page 72)
WALLACE BEERY and Clark Gable are at it again. They are treating poor, little Jean Harlow rough for benefit of camera. And does Jean mind it? Not one iota. She has proven for the steenth time she "can take it."

When the fellow who wrote axioms put down "Three's a crowd" he could not have been thinking of three people like Wally, Clark and Jean. For these three make up the most congenial "crowd" you might find any place. It is pretty hard to figure out which is fonder of "which."

When I asked them how they liked to sock and manhandle her, both Wally and Clark went to bat for Jean. They spoke as one man.

"Do we like to sock her? There isn't a girl in Hollywood we would rather sock! She's such a darned good sport about it all."

But Clark looked worried. So did Wally. The big scene in "China Seas" was about to come off. Both men have had to treat Jean rough in their pictures together. Clark was rough and tough with her in "Red Dust" and now Wally all but "whales the tar out of her" in "China Seas."

Jean noticed Clark's nervousness and understanding kidded him. They always kid back and forth when they are together for both have a grand sense of humor. And they are like a couple of kids between scenes.

"Did he tell you the bad habits he taught me in 'Hold Your Man'?" she asked me. "He showed me how to swing that wicked left I developed in the picture. I received more fan letters praising my delivery, too!" It was a cute trick. In the picture she mentioned, she was forever popping over her rival with that little left jab. And coming from a girl the size of Jean it made a hit.

"To be honest," Clark amended in an aside just before Wally and Jean went into their big scene, "I hate like sin to be rough with Jean. She is such a grand sport about it, and that makes it even worse. Lots of times she gets hurt and bruised, but never whimpers. Of course, I would rather sock her than anybody else because she understands perfectly. I always tell her, 'This is going to hurt me worse than it does you!' You know how mothers always make a fellow feel even worse when they take down the old hair-brush. We kid a lot about it, and it's no lie either."

In the rough scene staged between Wally and Jean, he all but swabs the deck with her, but Jean doesn't mind it half as much as she should. She knows it is a grand scene; and never forgets that there were many months last winter that she spent in idleness wishing they could find a part for her that she could sink her teeth into.

When the director yells "Cut!" and they are given a brief respite, Wally steps out of the scene and pinches her cheek affectionately.

"Tough goin'! Eh, kid?" he says, then solicitously, "I didn't hurt you too much, did I?"

And Jean tilts back her head saucily. "I should say not! What do you think I am—a babe in arms?" She rubs her shoulder absentmindedly, where Wally's huge hand has gripped it. Called back on the set, they go through it all again. And again.

While the camera grinds, Clark stands on the sidelines, watching the action a bit grimly. No doubt he is remembering the rough treatment he had to give Jean in "Red Dust." He had to dump her in a rain barrel when she was taking a bath, and do various other rough-tough scenes with her. This picture will long be remembered by Gable-Harlow fans. And they are legion. For Clark and Jean work in such complete harmony, that it never
rather SOCK!

That's what Wally Beery and Clark Gable say about Jean Harlow. Would you like to be in Jean's place in "China Seas"?

By Mary Sharon

fails to show in their screen performances. Astrologers would probably say this is because they were born under sympathetic stars; but, whatever the cause, they think alike, react in much the same manner to given conditions, are in entire sympathy with each other.

Down-to-earth characterizations are their forte. Clark is polished, sophisticated, and charming, off-screen. But when he steps before the camera, he has the simple, earthy soul of a truck-driver.

And Jean, born to the purple, with a background of breeding and charm, doffs her real self like a cloak when she steps on the set. By some freak of circumstance, when the camera grinds, she is a perfect little devil—although always of the "all-wool and a yard wide" kind. You approve of her and wish for a happy ending. And no matter how Clark seems to answer the call of the "other woman," who is usually cultured and correct and all that the film Jean isn't, you are always hoping that he will come back to Jean in the end. That is because you feel the sympathy that exists between them.

They have grand times together between scenes and are very good friends. Theirs is the kind of friendship that doesn't need constant association to keep it alive. They rarely meet when they (Continued on page 76)
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And... SURPRISE!... Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley... and that means tops in entertainment for the whole family!

Shirley TEMPLE in 'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

 Produced by Winfield Sheehan
 Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."
Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!
Joan

Joins the Rebels

The youngest Bennett will go back to the stage if necessary to prove her mettle as an actress

By

Tom Kennedy

The office girl, whose name wouldn't mean a thing even if we printed it in all caps LIKE THIS, foregoes her evening meal to arrive punctually at rehearsal for the show some amateur group is staging. "She's stage-struck," you say.

The stage star you've read about many times, nervously applying make-up for this opening night show, stops suddenly to wonder if movie scouts will be "out front" to see, and, she hopes, sign her for films. Is the stage star screen-struck?

The movie star takes a long-awaited vacation from the studios, hops a plane for New York to make the rounds of the Broadway shows, and between times discuss with managers available stage shows for next season. "Good heavens," you wonder, "is the movie star who has what the stage star would like to have, (a Hollywood contract), stage-struck just like the office girl?"

Well, what is the answer? Perhaps you know it right off, but one who, during the past couple of months, has heard move movie stars than you could shake a stick at declare and affirm they want "to do a play," was more than a little uncertain about it until Joan Bennett, who is as patient about answering your questions as she is beautiful to look at, came right out and told why she spent most of her recent holiday in New York reading manuscripts for plays in eager search of a good stage vehicle.

Now Joan Bennett is not one to strive for dramatization of her off-screen conversation, nor to impart glamour to that which is patently just a perfectly reasonable fact or conclusion. Nevertheless, her admission that she was reading plays and wants to do one on the stage, came as something of a surprise even to one who had heard many and many a screen persona say identically the same thing.

First of all, the Little Sister of a famous theatrical and screen family had walked out on the theatre after one show, a not very fat part in "Jarnegan" in which her father, Richard Bennett, starred in New York, to accept a movie contract that began with a lead rôle opposite Ronald Colman in his first talkie, "Bulldog Drummond."

Prior to that the youngest of the Bennett Clan had renounced her theatrical heritage and declared she never wanted to go on the stage, showing her meant business when she said that by marrying and settling down to love in a cottage. Of course, the (Continued on page 89)
Bright days ahead for Sam Goldwyn's "Dark Angel," what with Freddie March looking younger and handsomer than ever, and the exciting Oberon in her first really big American role. Glance at these close-ups.

Team Work!

That's what makes our movies go round. Hollywood talent and personality pull together, and the result is stimulating entertainment. Example No. 1: Fredric March and Merle Oberon, co-starring in "The Dark Angel".

Portraits exclusively posed for SCREENLAND by Kenneth Alexander.
"So Red The Rose"—
and so sweet the heroine! Universal loaned Margaret Sullavan to Paramount for this picture, and she surprises everybody by being a good little girl, not only giving the great performance we expect of her, but posing prettily for the photographer.

Margaret looks pleased and she should be—her new leading man none other than Rudolph Scott, most "demand" young actor of the movie moment.
Our own favorite French dressing, Claudette Colbert, is posing especially for you in her lovely white violet costume. Hurry with that new picture, Claudette. Please!
ANN HARDING and Gary Cooper, new and thrilling team, appear in “Peter Ibbetson,” the beloved du Maurier classic with its fragrant charm and romance of a bygone day.
GOLDEN girl of our times; Loretta Young, her most exquisite self in "Shanghai." Loretta has luck in leading men: Colman, Gable—and now Boyer, the new idol.
The Two Bills!

Will Rogers, known to his pals as "Bill," is now "In Old Kentucky"

The famous play, "In Old Kentucky," has been adapted as a Rogers vehicle; and if we may believe the evidence of these advance "shots," it will be a picture to please lovers of "old Kainruck." Will's humor, Bill Robinson's dancing, and a dash of young romance by Russell Hardie and Dorothy Wilson.

One of the funniest scenes in the new Rogers film shows Will as a dancing man, left, with Louise Henry. By gosh, we believe he enjoys it!

Bill Robinson, above, goes to town with Rogers and Russell Hardie as an admiring audience. Of course you remember Robinson in "The Little Colonel."
Both Box-Office!

"Mr. Micawber" goes modern in his new comedy. What, no juggling?

W. C. Fields exchanges the drolleries of Dickens for a speedy farce in which he has full opportunity to take advantage of his "Follies" training. Below, the big lollipop scene with Mary Brian. Funny, Fields always sees to it that there is a very pretty girl in every Fields fun-film.

"Everything Happens at Once" is the working title of the new Fields picture; and so far Bill has had a black eye and a dressing-down from his movie wife.

The familiar Fields gesture, right, of raising the hat with the little finger daintily extended, is sufficient to send some audiences into hysterics.
Wait a minute! That cry of "No, No!" is from Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, not from us. The McCreas ARE Hollywood's happiest couple, all right—but they insist the best way to outwit the Hollywood marriage jinx is to keep on being happy but not shout about it.
Joel McCrea, signed to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in her next picture, is going right on to the top in cinema circles. That's one reason he looks happy. The other reasons are Frances Dee, his beautiful wife who scores in “Becky Sharp,” and their son and heir, Joel, Jr.
It’s fair weather when the Crosby boys get together at the beach, though one of the twins seems to resent the camera butting-in. That’s Gary Evan at Bing’s right.

Ross Alexander, who’s so carefree on the screen, goes in for “big business” as chief stockholder and desparcher of this miniature railroad set up in his playroom at home—at the right, and below.

Two of Hollywood’s most famous playmates are Wallace Beery and his daughter, Carol Ann, seen at right, and as usual having a swell time. Carol Ann has a tiny role in “China Seas” with her daddy-watch for her.

That great and grand trouper, May Robson, never so happy as when she’s making neckties, knitting sweaters for her family and friends.
Joan Blondell's current pastime is a race-horse game which Joanie plays on the floor of the Blondell-Barnes "rumpus room." Goodness—how "wild" Hollywood parties must be!

Clowning again! Jack Oakie dispenses soda and laughs to Fred MacMurray and Wendy Barrie.

James Cagney's playroom at his Brentwood home is one of Hollywood's finest and most typically masculine. Jim's collection of weapons, both ancient and modern, is seen, in part. (P.S. He left his machine-gun at the studio.) Directly above, Jim and his favorite dog.

Fred Astaire gets a kick out of kidding his pals, and here's his neat "rib" on those towering birthday cakes so popular in Hollywood. Fred's own vest-pocket edition, left.
The Call
of the Sea!

A real seafarin' man is Warren William, and here he is aboard his schooner, Pegasus, on which he recently cruised to Mexico.
Ruby Joins the Navy!

Last year Ruby Keeler went to West Point. Now she's at Annapolis, and a pretty Missy, too, for her new film with Dick Powell.
Very Clever, These

Herbert Marshall long since built the foundation of an important career on which he continues to elaborate as one of the screen’s finest leading men.

Very young, but enormously clever is Freddie Bartholomew, who makes his next screen appearance with Garbo in “Anna Karenina.”

A recent but promising addition to the group of brilliant Britshers in Hollywood is Ian Hunter, at left, enjoying California sunshine with his terrier, at Malibu Beach.

Presenting David Niven, above, former British army officer and now in Hollywood as a Samuel Goldwyn discovery with a role in “The Dark Angel” as his first assignment under the new contract.
Englishmen

British career-builders!
Here are some of John Bull's best actors, all making good in movies

You might call Clive Brook the trail-blazer who showed the way to Hollywood for other English actors. Clive also showed American film patrons English charm and ability.

And here's the Britisher who created perhaps more stir in screen circles than any of his colleagues. Right, Charles Laughton memorizing lines for "Mutiny on the Bounty."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor in "The Girl Friend"
Beauty in Garbo's Eyes

New fashions in make-up throw the spotlight on shining eyes

By

Elin Neil

Just suppose, if you can stretch your imagination that far, that Greta Garbo was merely a pretty girl. Do you think for a minute she could play "Anna Karenina," considered by many the greatest emotional character in fiction? Beauty like Garbo's is far more than prettiness. It has character and animation and mystery that leaves you with a picture of her you can't forget.

Real beauty centers around the eyes. You don't care so much what Garbo does with her hair or her clothes. It's her glorious, unforgettable eyes that make you live the part she plays as if you were the heroine yourself.

Eyes speak the language of emotion, and it's the reflection of emotion on your own feelings that gets you. Garbo, like every great emotional actress or screen star, makes the most of her eyes. She knows what they'll do for her and she gives them plenty of opportunity.

Whatever you do to improve your own good looks, play up your eyes! There are so many things you can do to make them look larger and brighter and to bring out their loveliest color tones. Rouge sparingly. Too much rouge distracts attention from your eyes. You can add much to the allure of your eyes by shading your rouge delicately up toward your temples.

Eyes should shine. Not only that, but the area around them should shine. Never powder over your eyelids or too close under your eyes. Unless you use cream eye shadow, a little eye cream or your regular nourishing cream over your eyelids and just under the eyes give the shiny finish that is both smart and flattering.

There are the most exciting new shades of eye shadow. And what an eye shadow will do for your eyes is just one of those things you'd better find out for yourself! Blue, all the way from a thrilling midnight shade to a soft bluish gray, does wonders for the blue-eyed girls. Mostly for evening make-up, but a good deal of it is worn in the day-time, too. A gorgeous midnight blue creamy mascara comes in a little tube and can be used for lashes, eyelids, and to give a bluish (Continued on page 93)

Garbo, in her latest rôle, makes up by candle-light. You can be lovelier under the flattering lights and shadows cast by dinner table candles, if you test your own make-up by candle-light.

Let your eyes speak for you! A world of enchanting mystery is expressed through eyes made up with the subtle finesse Greta Garbo gives to hers.
No More Ladies—M-G-M

IF IT'S light, frivolous, and frothy entertainment you're looking for, here is your picture! The most superlative cast of the month works hard, fast, and furiously to amuse you. Speaking of money's worth at the movies, you have it here, with Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, and Franchot Tone as the stellar trio—don't you feel expensive?—surrounded by such additional talent as Edna Mae Oliver, at her funniest; Charles Ruggles, ditto; Gail Patrick—this is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Gail, and stunning, as distinguished from the submerged Paramount Gail; and a new comedian, to me, named Arthur Treacher who almost wins me away from Ruggles, he's that priceless. The plot, if you must have it, concerns the neat little lesson taught Bob, the philandering husband, by smart wife Joan, against the usual smart and ultra-modern M-G-M backgrounds. A fashion feast provided by la belle Crawford; a splendid performance by Mr. Montgomery—his best in a long time; and a correctly clever contribution by Mr. Tone, not to mention others of the all-star cast, make it a "Must see."

AN occasion! THE picture of the month, to be put at the top of your list. I can't promise you'll be converted to Color, but I can promise you a stimulating time. Oh, how the girls are going to argue about what color does for or against Miriam Hopkins and Frances Dee! Yes, "Becky Sharp" is a highly controversial cinema exhibit. The very first feature picture in the newly perfected Technicolor, it marks the beginning of a cycle, as surely as "The Jazz Singer" started the talkie trend—whether you like it or not. I don't want to make any rash prediction that every picture, within the year, will be all-color, but I do believe that "Becky Sharp" is a noble if pioneer woman, so watch her. The Thackeray novel is admirably adapted to the use of color, with its pomp and circumstance of the social-military scene; its gallery of glittering portraits; and, above all, its heroine, the supreme minx of fiction, scheming, bewitching Becky—played superbly, and in all truth and honesty, by Miriam Hopkins. Cedric Hardwicke takes next honors, with Miss Dee, Nigel Bruce, Alan Mowbray, and others excellent.

HERE'S the much-talked-about British picture that had to wait a whole year to be shown over here, due to its reputedly scandalous character. I warn you, if you want to quarrel with the prologue and epilogue which paint poor Nelly in sordid colors, don't blame the producers this time—take it up with our own censorial brains who saw fit to re-vamp history so that "Nell Gwyn" would point a dubious moral. Try to time your entrance to skip the distressing prologue—and I'll guarantee you some most amusing moments when the real saga of King Charles II's most vivacious gal-friend steps on its gay and giddy way. I think you'll enjoy Anna Neagle's spirited performance of the foremost hoyden of her time, as she attracts the wandering eye of the King, charms the monarch with her high good humor, and eventually wins the real regard of the man. La Neagle is particularly charming when she dances—a vision of grace. Cedric Hardwicke is an impressive Charles—just the right blend of kingly dignity and humorous daring. Jeanne de Casalis—Mrs. Colin Clive—is cleverly cast.
BIG EVENT:
“Becky Sharp”

MOST FUN:
“The 39 Steps”

BEST CAST:
“No More Ladies”

DON’T-MISS MUSICAL:
“Love Me Forever”

MOST STIRRING DRAMA:
“Sanders of the River”

Love Me Forever—Columbia

GRACE MOORE does it again! Her new musical romance is very nearly as good as “One Night of Love”—which means that it must not be missed by anyone who enjoys fine singing from the screen. This time the star seems more sure of herself, and of her medium. She springs into her latest rôle with genuine zest, and her operatic numbers surpass, to my ear, the “Butterfly” of her first successful film—perhaps because I have a sneaking fondness for “La Boheme,” and perhaps because an arresting screen newcomer, Michael Bartlett, scores a vocal sensation opposite the star. The new Moore vehicle presents her once again as a struggling song-bird, with a colorful “angel” in the form of Leo Carrillo—who is the acting hit of this show. Carrillo practically tears to pieces the vivid rôle of the gambler, Corelli, who sponsors the heroine right into a Metropolitan contract, and is precipitated into terrible drama on the eve of her opera début. There’s just about every sort of romantic and melodramatic device used to make “Love Me Forever” a knockout vehicle for Grace Moore’s gorgeous voice; and it is!

Sanders of the River—United Artists

YOU’LL get those jolly old jungle jitters when you go to see this highly effective picture. It’s a stirring, spirited melodrama of the Dark Continent, with Paul Robeson giving a magnificent performance as a tribal chieftain; Leslie Banks, that excellent actor, narrowly crowding Robeson for first honors in the rôle of Sanders, the British administrator; and Nina Mae McKinney—remember her in King Vidor’s “Hallelujah”?—contributing a memorable sketch of a dusky belle of the Congo. There’s a distinctly different value to this exciting drama, due partly to the fact that much of it was actually filmed in Africa; and the authenticity of the ceremonial dances and other native customs is impressive, especially as contrasted with the modern rescue methods of Sanders, who arrives to the rescue of Big Chief Robeson armed with machine-guns—in the good old familiar nick of time. Robeson’s great voice rising in song alone makes “Sanders of the River” worth your time; but it possesses as well a credible story told with admirable dash and decision. The picture has rhythm and imagination.

The 39 Steps—Gaumont-British

THE most ingratiating picture of the month! It’s the British “It Happened One Night,” and just as good entertainment in its own fashion. It gets off to a slow start, but once really under way, it never lets down for a minute, and you are swept along in a mélange of thrilling melodrama, delightful romance, and charming characterizations, with the added excitement of never being sure what’s going to happen next—it’s a surprise package of a picture! In every department it is by far the best modern film the British studios have sent us: book by the celebrated John Buchan, adaptation by Ian Hay, direction by the clever Alfred Hitchcock, and stellar acting by Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll—two winning personalities and admirable actors. Starting off with a smash—a nice, juicy murder of which our hero is suspected—“The 39 Steps” gathers dash and speed and suspense until it has you jittery; and you won’t be disappointed in the ending—a rare occurrence. Can’t give away the plot; but trust Mr. Donat and Miss Carroll to hold you enthralled. Especially Donat. Don’t miss this for any reason!
Hollywood stars are charmingly inconsistent! They can afford real jewels—but they take great pains to select lovely costume jewelry, even as you and I. See, above, Fay Wray’s exquisite earrings of white and green rhinestones representing diamonds and emeralds; her square-cut "emerald" and "diamond" rings, and her bracelet of "emerald" stones.

Mid-summer smartness! Fay Wray, right, brought back from Europe this natural linen and silk ensemble, perfect for wear right now. The dress is of mulberry and beige polka-dots, with scarf neck. Below, the accessories, which as Fay says can "make or break" a costume. The dipper turban is topped with mulberry carnations, with handbag and shoes of the same shade. See particularly the interesting new effect on the heel and toe of the shoes.
Fay Wray's Paris Clothes and Accessories, combined with Hollywood Beauty and Chic, give big Glamor Scoop to SCREENLAND!

Navy blue and white—smarter than ever right now! Note, left, Fay's white piqué hat and jacket topping a navy blue sheer silk frock. Her handbag and gloves are also navy blue.

S. S. and G.—(sweet, simple, and girlish, of course)—is Fay's Paris frock, right, of navy blue with its sash of dust-of-roses taffeta. The "sunflower" hat is the same lovely rose color.

Fay, wearing a "different" print of brown and pink cartwheel design, below, with high pleated neck, long full sleeves, and an unusual bandanna effect at the hips, freshens up with the aid of her new vanity bag.

Completely mad, this hat! The unique flower treatment whispers "Paris!" That's an Indian turquoise ring on Fay's hand—and coral finger-tips!
Banish Nerves, Beckon Beauty
The Hollywood Way!

James Davies shows Wendy Barrie — and you, too! — how to make the most of his healthful exercises. Remember, Hollywood's authority on weight and diet problems is here to help you. See Page 87 for James Davies' answers to readers' questions

NERVES are the great American affliction.
"I can't sit still a minute!"
"I can't let go!"
"I'm all keyed up!"
"If I have to wait, I get nervous."

These remarks are only samples of the sort of thing girls say who come to me for relaxation massage. Statistics record that where formerly we had one thin, nerve-ridden person to four normal weight or overweight individuals, now the skinnies outnumber the fatties in our population.

Nervous tension is not confined to slender people, but they are less able to stand up against it, because they have no reserve energy.

You can overcome these nerves if you will. You can learn to relax. You will do it if you'll go to your mirror when you are feeling "all keyed up" and note the harried expression of your face, the tenseness of your body, the unloveliness of the whole reflection.

Do you waste your energy fidgeting around in your chair? Biting your nails, tapping the floor with your feet, twirling your hands, rearranging your dress, playing with a pencil, tearing a paper or a match to pieces? Do the palms of your hands perspire? All these are signposts reading: "THIS WAY TO A BREAKDOWN!"

More excitable people become furious at the slightest thing and want to fight someone, or burst into tears on almost no provocation. Watch yourself if you are one of these people. The minute you feel yourself "getting ahead of yourself," force your attention elsewhere. Play a game, tennis, handball, pingpong, anything that requires concentration on something outside; take a swim, or go out into the garden and spade or dig up weeds. Work off the fury.

If your heart will not stand strenuous exercise (Continued on page 86)
EDWARD ARNOLD came breezing into his dressing-room, where I was waiting for him, with the same hearty laugh that has endeared him to screen followers.

"Sure, laughing is my creed," he admitted, giving a grand illustration of the merry art; adding, "I've found that most obstacles in life can be laughed down. Believe me, troubles can't survive if you grin at them. They just naturally fold up and fade away. If you can wake up in the morning and say, 'Life is good,' and find something to laugh at, the day will be happier."

Always a fine actor, it took Arnold's sensational portrayal in "Sadie McKee," with Joan Crawford, to focus the film world's attention on him. Now, having "arrived," applause and adulation are showered upon him as a top-notch favorite.

"Nearly thirty years of acting, yet in the Crawford picture I played my first drunk," Eddie told me. "He was such a likable fellow that I enjoyed playing him and I laughed my fool head off at every funny thing he did.

"I've had three outstanding successes, 'The Storm' and 'Beyond the Horizon,' on the stage; and 'Sadie McKee' on the screen. But there were long lulls between these triumphs.

"Pictures intrigued me several years ago but when I found I'd have to come to Hollywood to show producers I was an actor, I decided to continue on the stage.

"Then along came my role of the polite murderer with Ernest Truex in 'Whistling in the Dark,' which eventually brought us to the Los Angeles Belasco Theatre. The morning after the opening, the phones began ringing with screen offers—and I've been here ever since.

"I find little difference in stage and screen acting. Of course, a character actor has much more liberty than a romantic leading man, for we don't have to bother with camera angles or worry about the curl of our hair or which side of our face looks the best. All we have to do is to cut loose and visualize our characters into being."

Born in the Lower East Side of New York City, Arnold now boasts faultless diction and has risen to be the urbane fiddler of scenes. It was at the age of five that he caught his first glimpse of the theatre when his uncle, bass fiddler at Tony Pastor's, let the boy sit beside him in the orchestra pit during a performance. Eddie recalls it vividly because he cried and no one heard him above the noise.

At fourteen, between school hours, he was taking an active part in plays staged at the famous East Side Settlement House; and at fifteen he became a member of Ben Greer's Shakespearean troupe.

"By that time," said Arnold, (Continued on page 83)
Here's Hollywood!

NOW Shirley Temple is a candidate for the Mae West treatment! The cutest little one may be "withdrawn" from the over-enthusiastic press for awhile. After Mae's mental break in four months, Paramount decided she'd be completely killed off by too much publicity if they didn't sidetrack the writers. So far nearly a year you couldn't see the lady any time, if you had quotes on your mind.

The same crisis has been reached in Shirley's case. Everything that can be said of her has been thrice-told. The payoff almost occurred on a recent occasion when a persistent woman insisted she was going to question the Temple on makeup and beauty problems. Actually, Shirley has never worn screen paint and she's never been professionally coiffured.

NO LONGER can the Mission Auto Camp, at Daly City, on the outskirts of San Francisco, boast of the frequent presence of Bette Davis. Since "Ham" Nelson, Bette's orchestra-leading husband, has a permanent job in one of the bay city's night clubs now, Bette thinks he'll be happier with genuine home fires. So she's just been house-hunting and they've found a suitable place. Henceforth, Bette will not rough it on her between-pictures trips North.

WHAT Gary Cooper determines to master something he takes his shoes off and gets down to brass tacks. At least, that's how he became expert on the guitar. The school where he studied declares the lanky Gary bolted himself into a vacant room for an hour's tussle after each daily lesson. Someone must have peeked through the keyhole to have garnered the shoe-removing tidbit!

If DICK POWELL rates much applause for his performance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the lad himself is fated for a hearty surprise. He didn't see how reciting extravagant Shakespearian love lines could possibly be of any value to him. No, not even with the much-touted Reinhardt directing in person!

JOE MORRISON has the girl and the house. Soon he hopes to have the ring, the minister, and the honeymoon. Recently Joe visited his sweetheart, who resides in Flint, Michigan. He coyly declines to tell her name, but admits they've been in love since they attended high school together. Joe's been so faithful that he has never dated a Hollywood gal. The new Morrison mansion in the exclusive Las Feliz district is destined for his ideal, happy-ever-after nest.

Jean Muir has discovered that she, too, has her share of sex-appeal. These days she's having more fun telling to-ardent leading men that she isn't that kind of a girl. And instead of going to previews every night in plain sweaters and skirts, she is sporting ultra-feminine party gowns at the smartest dance rendezvous.

IT'S hard to believe but Gertie says it's so. Several years ago when she was living in Talladega, Alabama, the minister went away on his vacation and none other but Gertrude Michael in person took the pulpit every Sunday morning for a whole month!

MADGE EVANS was reading one of those "what the fans think of the stars' department in a magazine the other day and was quite shocked to read, "I hate Madge Evans. I think she is an awful actress. She ruins every picture for me."

I didn't go to see 'David Copperfield' simply because she was in it. Madge is one of those delightful people who never misses a chance to laugh at herself, so she was telling me about it at luncheon that day, and added, "Well, she shouldn't have deprived herself of 'David Copperfield' on account of me. Maybe I had better write and tell her that I'm only in it for three minutes."

NOTHING elegant about being Tarzan's mate! Maureen O'Sullivan says so frankly. Just when she was all set for her first real New York vacation Metro phoned the news she dreaded. The third jungle thriller was ready to start! The Tarzan fantasies take so long to film, and involve so much mugging with unpleasant smelling animals—to say nothing of the drafty costume—that they're positive nightmares to Maureen. Unfortunately for her, she's so well identified as Johnny Weissmuller's forest flame that no one else can be substituted.

Biking back to Broadway of the '20's! Here's Binnie Barnes, English charmer, giving us an authentic picture of Lilian Russell in a scene for "Diamond Jim."
OLD loves make the best friends! In Hollywood that's frequently the case, anyway. Think of Ruth Chatterton, who were often entertained by Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson. Once Ruth and Charles were a couple, they say. But the friendship of her ex-hubbies, George Brent and Ralph Forbes, is more remarkable. They recently portrayed rivals in a picture, and lunched pleasantly in the Warner cafe during the joint assignment. Heather Angel, Ralph's new wife, has just been awarded a long-term contract at Radio. "The Three Musketeers" is her first job—and who should show up in the supporting cast one day but her own Ralph? (He's still a pal of Ruth's, but Mr. Brent hasn't been as loyal since Chatterton told him to go!)

For eight years Loretta Young has worked steadily. The rest of her family even frolicked around Europe, but the star never could escape studio schedules. Her current, lengthy vacation was secretly arranged to forestall a slip-up. Loretta rented her lovely home in Bel-Air to Constance Cummings, parked her sisters in temporary quarters, and then she and her mother were off. This time Loretta will see the world!

I'm an old gag to you but it was a brand new laugh to me. Someone asked a Hollywood tailor what the well-dressed man will wear in 1936. "The clothes he bought in 1928," was the answer.

GEORGE RAFT has been reading all the soap stories about John Gilbert. George can't work up a tear. He likes being in the movies, but he wouldn't feel like a tragic figure if he had Jack's fortune. "With his money I could have a swell time just playing around. If there's any way we can switch places, I'm willing!"

L'AMOUR, TOUJOURS, L'AMOUR DEPT.

Katherine DeMille and Eric Rhodes are on fire. Cary Grant and Betty Furness are more so, and perhaps this will pique Virginia Cherrill's interest away from England where she's having fun. Trust Mae Murray to keep in the spotlight—she and Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom have been cooing like mad. Michael Barrlett has been captured by Florence Rice. . . . If Mary Astor would say yes Johnnie Ryan, socialite catch, would be glad. . . . Nina Martin has been giving Astrid Allwyn the Grand Rush of the Month. . . . Now Pinky Tomlin has got around to Alice Faye, or is it vice-versa? . . . That eager young Bill Tannen, in Metro's stock company, has his first call on Isabel Jewell's affections. . . . Since Garbo went home George Brent has been escorting Jean Muir, and is she palpitating! . . . Gertrude Michael and Isla Lupino definitely prefer directors, and big ones—Rouben Mamoulian and Lewis Milestone, respectively. . . . Fred MacMurray is admirably true to Lilian Lamont, a model at Maguin's gown shoppe. . . . Robert Taylor thinks Irene Hervey has it all over Metro's more famous women. . . . That zippy Wendy Barrie has met her match in kidding Jack Oakie. . . . Sylvia Sidney's working with her mind on New York, where Bennett Cerf, publisher, lives. . . . Mae West and Jim Timoney are apparently as devoted as when Mae first tackled Hollywood.

When Mae West appeared in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame at the Fair of the Century, a flutter to be sure. An observer reported that he heard at least ten women say, "Isn't she tiny! I expected to see a big woman." You see, Toots, the camera always makes one look larger than in real life.

 Custard pies were in season and flew through the air with the greatest of abandon when these Keystone Comedy stars reassembled to make a modern version of their fun-films. In the group are Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling, and the celebrated Keystone Kops. Their set at Warners Studio was the rendezvous for all the stars who could get time off to see the fun.
Joan Blondell looks upon Hugh Herbert with great respect these days. Joan has always liked Hugh, but she has been in so many pictures with him that she just sort of accepted him as a matter of course. But the other morning she had a novel experience. She had a seven o'clock call at the studio, and six o'clock came but no Clarence, the first time her chauffeur had over-slept in four years, and she didn't have the heart to wake George because he had a cold. So Joanie just walked down the hill to Sunset Boulevard and was waiting for the bus, (imagine a movie star waiting for a bus), when a guy in overalls and driving a broken-down Ford drove up and shouted, "Hey, Miss, want a ride?" Joan was late, and the bus was late, and the man had a kind face, so Joan jumped in beside him and asked to be dropped at the Warners' Sunset Studio.

"You work in pictures?" the man inquired with interest.

"Yeah," said Joan without much enthusiasm, naturally, at six-thirty in the morning. "I guess you extras don't have much fun," the man continued, "long hours and no pay and being kicked about by those stuck-up stars. Say, do you know Hugh Herbert? He makes me laugh—ha, ha, ha,—say, he's the funniest guy on the screen." "Don't you like Joan Blondell?" asked Joan sort of timidly. "Yeah, I guess she's all right," he replied, "but that Hugh Herbert gets my money every time. I don't miss none of his pictures. He's the funniest guy alive. Say, Babe, do you think you could get me an autographed picture of him? No, I guess you couldn't. Those big guys don't talk to extras none, I guess."

In front of the studio Joan thanked him for the lift and went to her dressing-room and promptly took a two-inch seam in her hat band.

What's Ginger Rogers' phenomenal success doing to Lew Ayers? That's this month's most exciting Hollywood question. When Lew was just a poor, struggling extra he was terribly ambitious. A year or so of the big money and he became bored with the whole business of acting. However, since his marriage the little woman's fame has increased as rapidly as his own box-office popularity has dropped. Is that fact going to pep him up again?

At last Louise Fazenda has plenty of space for all the Early California antiques she has been assiduously collecting. She went to San Francisco for a bannister which she fancied as the finishing touch for the elegant farmhouse she's having constructed as her new residence. Whether to cart her stagecoach out to the ranch is her present problem. She has a genuine 49 affair which for years was on display at the Carthay Circle Theatre. Since its close she has loaned it to the Pasadena museum.

Robert Montgomery and his wife arrive in the east to vacation at their farm—and then in Europe.

No doubt you also have commented on the difference in John Boles. The handsome singer's acting stiffness has disappeared. There's a reason! John always had the idea that Warner Baxter was the executives' favorite—so when they called him into the Front Office and informed him that every opportunity to score was to be given him he realized they did appreciate him. See what appreciation does for a fellow?

Does a clever girl admit her faults? Many a Hollywood miss has confessed right in print. To Kay Francis, just returned from another European holiday, this is a major mistake. "I put my better side forward," she maintains. "I didn't get ahead by foolishly panning myself!"

Bill Powell heard that one about "feint heart never winning fair lady," and doesn't let the character he's playing in "Escapade" take Louise Ranier's reticence too seriously in this interesting romantic scene from the new picture.

Ardent anglers! Guy Kibbee and his daughter, Shirley, anticipate a big catch. Well, here's luck!
Most men are supposed to forget wedding anniversaries after the honeymoon is over, but not John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray’s writer-husband, even though he is seven thousand miles away in London. Last month they had been married seven years. Fay returned home from the studio for dinner one night to discover that the house was a bower of white flowers from basement to attic. Each bouquet was marked, “Love from John.” They had been cabled. Love is grand, but awfully expensive!

As you probably know by now, Norma Shearer named her new baby Katherine. Of course Irving Thalberg insisted upon Norma for its name as soon as he learned it was a girl, but Norma said that one Junior in the family was enough and she intended naming her baby girl after Katherine Cornell who has long been her favorite actress. Norma is a most ardent “fan” of Kit Cornell’s and would think nothing of standing for hours at the stage door waiting for an autograph. Her great ambition is to do all the popular Cornell plays on the screen, and she liked her role of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” better than any she has ever had before. Norma will do another Cornell role, Juliet, in “Romeo and Juliet” when she returns to the screen this fall.

Bet you’ve said a million times, “If only I could sing like Bing Crosby.” Well, Bing goes around moaning and groaning, “If only I could dance like Fred Astaire.” He has been taking tap lessons for quite some time now and won’t be happy until he gets a chance to strut his stuff in a picture, so Paramount has finally said, “Okay, Bing, dance,” so in his new picture, “Two for Tonight,” we’ll see Mr. Crosby stepping.

The recent 20th Century-United Artists split has been the talk of the town. Mary Pickford’s stage tour was suddenly halted so she could be in on the important conferences. Joe Schenck, who has left U.A. and affiliated the Zanuck organization with Fox, has Elisabeth Bergner’s name on the dotted line. She’s to do “Saint Joan” as her initial effort.

Living a colorless Hollywood life hasn’t done much for Claire Trevor. Now that every effort is being made at the Fox Western Avenue studio to build her into a big star, Claire herself is co-operating by endeavoring to dramatize her off-screen personality. For a girl who has never had a whiff of notoriety, this isn’t as simple as it sounds.

Glenda Farrell is sporting the trickiest gadget of the season. It’s a portable hat! It’s a square-crowned tam, when worn; but when off, can be folded into a very neat hand-bag. The last word for you gals, and sister, count me in, who only wear hats when making an “entrance.”

(Continued on page 72)
Calling attention to important
either events and personalities

By
Tom Kennedy

IT'S EASIER to get on the air if you never had an
hour's experience, than if you can claim a list of
professional achievements from here to there. What's
more, you can become a guest star on a program
that regularly, according to surveys in the radio industry,
is listened to by more people than tune in on the vast
majority of the air stars.

That happy state for the young, and older, too, who
have ambitions to be heard performing their particular
specialty, be it singing or joke-cracking, is all due to the
enterprise of Major Edward Bowes, an old radio friend,
who just a little more than a year ago introduced his
Amateur Hour as a novelty to perk things up a bit at a
local station in which he is interested, and thereby started
a new trend in radio entertainment.

Compared to the stage amateur shows—which, by the
way, were the spring-boards for such current big names
in the theatre as Fannie Brice, Joe Cook, Fred Allen,
Phil Baker, and too many others to list here—the stage
shows of yesteryear were mere horse-and-buggy con-
traptions compared to the nation-wide audience reached
by the radio amateur on the Major Bowes shows.

As a tip to those who may apply for a hearing on the
Bowes amateur shows, we'll let you in on the secret that
is most important in obtaining such a hearing. Of course
those who want to appear on the program must write a
letter of application, telling what they can do, etc.

Now your letter must have one very important ele-
ment, or it will never get past the trained staff that reads
through the tons of letters from applicants. It must indi-
cate sincerity—and this can reveal itself just as clearly
between the lines of a letter read by a person trained to
the work, as if it were printed in red all over the missive.
If sincerity is lacking, they'll never get around to con-
sidering the other two points—which are suitability of
the claimed specialty for radio, and evidence of some
merit in performing that specialty.

To those who are sincere, and have ability, there are
many doors on which Opportunity can knock at the
Major Bowes parties. Take the recent case of the young
matron, who had had ambitions to sing, but had given
up in despair of getting an (Continued on page 90)
Kay Francis and George Brent teamed again, with much happier results than developed from their previous offering, "Living on Velvet." This is brisk and entertaining romance seasoned with melodrama. Kay is a social worker, and George a bridge builder, so there are many episodes of human interest as well as the "punchy" drama of walk-outs, etc., caused by racketeers. An incredible story, but an entertaining film.

Jane Withers, who was so good at being "bad" in "Bright Eyes," is a star in her own right here. While the story, about a child of the slums who finds her way into the parlors of the rich, calls for a display of deliberate, or conscious acting as against the natural style displayed by Shirley Temple, little Miss Withers will amaze you with her abilities. The supporting cast is good, particularly Jackie Searle. Worth seeing.

A worthy follow-up to "Laddie" in the cycle of Gene Stratton Porter tales of Nature's noblemen and gentlewomen. Neil Hamilton is the ailing war veteran who finds love and life on a bee farm; Edith Fellows is perfect as Little Scout; Betty Furness, appealing as Molly, and Emma Dunn, grand as Margaret. Somewhat slow at getting into the story, but wonderfully effective in its best moments. Go see it.

One of the best of the long series of mystery melodramas built around the character of our old friend, Charlie Chan. Baffling indeed are the strange murders which take place in Luxor, burial ground of ancient kings. But Charlie solves them for you, and holds your attention while he does it. Warner Oland in the name rôle, Pat Paterson, Frank Conroy, and Stepin Fetchit—supplying comedy—are all good.

Filled with wisecracking dialogue, well delivered, this story of a feud between reporters and a police commissioner is weak in spots but retains interest to the final fade-out. Roger Pryor offers the best performance as the reporter who clears up the mystery and keeps the publisher's daughter, Heather Angel, out of trouble. Teree, Franklin Pangborn, Russell Hop- ton and George Lewis play important parts.

This specializes in suspenseful melodramatics; and the acting of Claude Rains, as the man who can see into the future, and Fay Wray, as his wife, plus some tense situations, make it a picture that has its exciting moments. It is a somewhat unusual tale about a vaudeville mind-reader who actually comes to possess the gift of clairvoyance, which leads to charges against him, and conflict with his wife. It's good.

More about the Government men and their daring in running down criminals—this time it's "the Purple Gang," and a bad lot, too. Joseph Calleia, newcomer to films, brings a new, velvety-type of menace with him, while Jean Arthur turns in a perfectly swell performance. Chester Morris, Lionel Barrymore and others in a fine cast will win your applause. A cooking good action film, finely acted and produced.

This is a gay number with Warren William excellent as a race-track bookie who goes into the insurance racket, even insuring families fearing quintuplets. Claire Dodd is lovely as the heroine whom he secretly loves; but, in love; so sentiment and professional jealousy make for dramatic conflict. June Clyde is the heroine.
By popular request! We present Nelson Eddy, at ease at his Beverly Hills home; and, right, in a portrait made when he first went to Hollywood.

The first six letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

CRUCIAL ACTING MOMENTS!
In my opinion, most film actresses fail at one crucial moment—when they meet the hero for the first time. Instead of the look of curiosity and dawning interest, one sees a bland expression or smile which says “We've met before—at rehearsals.” I think Norma Shearer alone can handle this difficult moment perfectly.


SILLY CENSORISMS
"The Scarlet Pimpernel," as I saw it in Boston, was grand, so later I attended the local showing. And—those dumb, but dumb, censors had deleted "demned" from Leslie Howard’s numerous recitations of his poem, "that demned elusive Pimpernell. . . ." Thus upsetting synchronization of sound and action, and spoiling at least ten amusing bits!
Mrs. Selma Katz, 23 Ellsworth Ave., Brockton, Mass.

ALL THE G'S IN GARBO
According to some, Greta Garbo is: gaunt, gawky, garulous, grandiose, gaudy, gaunchy, garish, giddy, greedy, grandiloquent, grim, glum and gloomy.
Others say, she is: Grecian, grand, great, gorgeous, gay, girlish, gladsome, gracious, glamorous, genteel, genuine, guileless, gentle and good.
Gee! What a lot of G's.
Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N. J.

ASIDE TO WILL AND GEORGE
Are Will Rogers and George Arliss competing for the mantle of Dorothy Dix?

Salutes and Snubs

Calling all stars! Here's NEWS from your public!

Why the advice to sappy young lovers to "kiss and make up" that's so prominent in all their pictures? My advice to Rogers and Arliss is to let young love take its course.
George A. Abbate, 630 Mary St., Utica, N. Y.

HERE'S TO NELSON EDDY!
Here's to Nelson Eddy—the fair-haired rival of all "dark and handsome" men on the screen. Big, blond, and magnificent, with an unusual personality and glorious voice—may Eddy sing his way through a long and brilliant career in the films!
Miriam Peck, Hartford, Conn.

AND ALSO VERISIMILITUDE!
We librarians are constantly supplying movie-fan readers, (including ourselves), with data to verify the authenticity of Hollywood's historians and property men in regard to minute details in recent historical, biographical and "classical" pictures. Rarely do reliable reference sources contradict film presentations. And that, Hollywood, is ART.
Helen James, Box 209, Denton, Tex.

"COME AND GET IT," GARBO!
Why not star Greta Garbo in an adaptation of one of the best-selling novels of the day? I mean Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It." Charlotte, a role to which no one else could do justice, offers Garbo splendid opportunity to regain her popularity.
Florence Peer, School St., Woodbridge, N. J.

(Continued on page 97)
A Star is Made
Continued from page 25

Thyra Samter Winslow, famed for her graphic etchings of modern life, discovered in Hollywood the ideal subject for her brilliant talents. The result is this exciting novel, written expressly for SCREENLAND.

The author who "found" her perfect story while in Hollywood writing a film play for Claudette Colbert.

What a swell boy he was! Grand-looking. Slim, with broad shoulders; and a fine, irregular, dependable face. What a nice visit she'd have!

Diana did have a nice visit. She admired Hollywood. It was November, and when she had left her home the trees were already bare, the grass brown. Here, roses were in bloom. The pepper trees were lovely and green. Tall palm trees added a tropical touch. For the first time Diana saw oranges growing.

She saw snowcapped mountains only a short drive from Hollywood. She saw little villages that looked as Spanish as if they were thousands of miles away. She giggled over the odd advertisements, over ice-cream stands in the shape of huge bowls of ice-cream or ice-cream freezers, chili restaurants made to resemble chili bowls. She was properly impressed at the restaurant built like a brown depot, though she had often seen pictures of it.

She liked Hollywood's smooth streets, the bright, prosperous-looking shops, the attractive homes, the tall, odd built apartment houses, from the dignified Chateau Elysee, built like a French castle in a large tropical garden and patronized by all the prominent movie stars who didn't have their own homes, to the odd little bungalow courts, Mexican or Spanish or English, with tiny, individual cottages. The whole town seemed a delightful stage setting.

She liked seeing where the stars lived, on the heights outside of Hollywood or in gracious Beverly Hills. Houses that were French provincial or Mediterranean or Monterey. Big shining cars stood in the driveways. There were glistening swimming-pools lined in blue-green tile. Gay groups in sport clothes were having cooling drinks under shade-trees or gay umbrellas. Over the whole thing there was an unbelievable air of luxury and holiday spirit.

A friend of Michael's took them to visit a studio and Diana was bewildered, even while she thought it was simply wonderful. She saw old-world streets that a few feet later turned into the new East. A bit of Russian stood next to a street in old Florence. French living-rooms crowded next to Western bar-rooms. She had lunch in a table tucked away in one corner of the commissary, amid girls and men in a gal-linuity of gay costumes, all in a curious yellow make-up.

She went to restaurants and night clubs where the stars ate and drank and danced. She loved being with Michael, but she couldn't keep her eyes off the stars. It was wonderful, recognizing them. The girls even more slender than she had thought they'd be. The men, for the most part, better looking. Occasionally she got a shock when a favorite male star seemed much shorter than she had visualized him—or when a feminine star seemed a little less sweet-tempered than her habitual screen expression had led Diana to suspect.

It was wonderful—but it didn't seem to Diana very near real life. Life was Michael and Sara and Bob Remillard, Sara's young man, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone and the comfortable, understandable life with them—the same sort of life Diana led at home in a small town only a short distance from New York. Yes, life was Michael. And hearing Michael say how much he loved you. And telling Michael you loved him, too.

"When are we going to get married?" Michael asked. "We could have one of those cute little cottages you see on the hillsides. And I have my car. And in a year or two you can have a maid . . . "

"I don't know," Diana smiled. "When I came I wanted to see you at home."

"Now you've seen. Don't tell me you can't stand the picture."

"I love it," said Diana. She meant it. A little cottage with Michael—surely that was enough for any girl. Yet she hesitated.

"Don't rush me, Michael," she begged.

"We're both so young. Let's be happy for a little while the way we are. I'll decide before I leave for home."

"Fine!" said Michael, "I can't help being the impatient bridegroom. Having our own home would be better than this."

"Maybe," said Diana, "but I like this, now."

When Michael had enough money they went to the gayer places and danced shoulder to shoulder with the stars. But most of the time they went to the movies or to little cafes which the stars seemed to ignore, or visited Sara's or Michael's friends, pleasant young people, who for some astonishing reason, seemed almost unaware that the whole movie colony was at their elbow. It seemed unbelievable to Diana, who was more thrilled at the Hollywood of the screen than she dared even to let Michael know. She felt he'd laugh at her.

And then, one night something happened, so unreal, so out of the glamorous world that, to Diana, was Hollywood, that

Reproducing Creative Art for Screen Settings

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HE elaborate phantasy which Fox Films will blend with modern romance in "Dante's Inferno" represents a new method and technic in film production. The scenes visualizing Dante's poem are to be motion picture replicas of original paintings conceived and executed by Willy Pogany, celebrated mural painter and one of the outstanding creative artists of today. At right is a reproduction of one of the original canvases, which will be brought to life in as exact detail as studio craft will permit, by Harry Lachman, director of "Dante's Inferno," with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor appearing as principals in a cast of prominent players.
The car arrived promptly. Long and black. Diana snuggled against the grey broadcloth interior. The fittings were of gold. Everything was sleek perfection.
The car stopped before a huge house. A middle-aged woman led the way to a boudoir done in soft rose taffeta and silver. Diana had never seen such a lovely room. A little table held biscuits and sherry. The woman handed Diana a soft negligee. "If you'll slip into the negligee," the woman said. "And we thought you'd like a bit of sherry before you dressed."
Diana sipped the sherry and wondered if it were drugged. Why would they want to drug her? Well, why would they want her here at all? It was most mysterious. It was good sherry—and it was not drugged. "Diana in Movieland" Diana thought to herself.
A little man with a pointed mustache and sleek hair appeared. Now he had a satchel with him. He opened it, spread trays of make-up around him.
He tied a towel around Diana's hair, applied fragrant cream and then a foundation cream darker than Diana's skin. She wished she could sit on her face, but there were no mirrors in sight. She could feel eyebrows being drawn higher than her own. The man finished her face with pinnings of soft powder, arranged her hair in soft waves.
The woman brought in an exquisite gown of white chiffon trimmed with little silver stars. Diana was in Movieland, indeed's head. It fitted a little too snugly at the waist. Otherwise it was perfect.
Things moved quickly then. A vanity was thrust into her hand; an ermine coat slipped over her shoulder, for Hollywood nights are cool. Again she was in the limousine, her own things in a bundle with her. She got into it.
The car stopped, and Trauber and a young man, named Herrick, got in. Another driver and they reached a huge club house.
A big dinner was in progress. The dining-room was lit by crystal chandeliers. Guests were already seated at little tables. The dishes held a long table for the honor guests and three places were empty.
Everyone applauded when Diana and her escorts entered.
"Nod and smile," Trauber told Diana. Mechanically she smiled.
"It's a great honor to have you with us," a beautifully gown matron greeted Diana. "I—love being here," Diana answered. "Diana in Movieland," indeed's head.
In an instant she was seated between Trauber and Herrick, the honor guest of the evening.

"When they call on you, do you think you can thank them just a few words—how glad you are to be here?" Trauber asked.
"Of course. Only I don't see—"
"You'll find out. Eat your dinner. Enjoy yourself!"
The dinner was good. The men agreeable. This was exciting; this was living!

As the dinner drew to an end Diana thought to look into the vanity which lay at her place. Perhaps her face needed powdering.
She looked into the vanity. She couldn't be mistaken! The eyes, slightly turned up at the corners, the thick cheekbones, the odd exaggerated eyebrows. The face that looked back at her was not Diana Wells. It was the face of Claudia Ray, the movie star.

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Diana got to her feet.
"What's the matter?" Trauber's voice was excited but low.
"You didn't tell me," said Diana, "that I was to—impersonate someone else."
"For God's sake, don't make a scene," Trauber begged.

Herrick put his hand on her arm. "We'll explain. Please listen," he said.

Diana looked at the sea of faces. And, as she hesitated, a waiter handed her a folded paper. Written across one of the dinner menus, "WE KNOW YOU ARE NOT CLAUDIA RAY!"

Suddenly Diana laughed. She sat down. She showed the message to Herrick and Trauber.

"Now tell me what it's all about," she said.
"I was greater than you, on it, but somehow, this is a challenge."
"You're a darling," Trauber said. "The truth isn't very pretty. But you deserve knowing it. Claudia Ray's been drinking again. It's all as simple as that. She goes—well, on bats, occasionally. She went on this evening. And now she has a black eye and is mamin' low and can't be seen."
"And she had to be seen?"
"Yes. You see, this dinner—Hollywood at its most exclusive. They're none too sympathetic to the movie element. As for Claudia Ray, her honor here was important to a lot of us."
"When we found she couldn't go," Herrick said, "we were pretty desperate."
"Wasn't there any other way?"
"There was her stand-in. Who doesn't look so awfully much like her—and who isn't discreet, Trauber said. "And when we saw you in the restaurant—"
"But you didn't tell me the truth!"
"How could I—then? You would have laughed at me—or talked. I thought I'd take a chance, tell you just before the introductions."

Diana wasn't angry. She was filled with a curiously light spirit, more than the one glass of champagne at dinner could possibly have given her. She was surprising herself—improvising an actress—and getting a note saying she'd been found out!

Who wrote the note?" she asked.
"I don't know," said Trauber. "It worries me."
"I just found out," said Herrick, "and it worries me more than ever. At the left table—pass the salt to me in green. Boulder, of Splendour Films."
"I wish the evening was over," Trauber said.
It wasn't over. It was time for the speeches.

Diana thought of something. At school she'd been clever at imitations. And she had seen Claudia Ray many times on the screen. Claudia Ray with her finely drawn words, her amusing affectations. These men had fooled her. But they'd given her adventure. They depended on...
her, now. They didn't expect a great deal. Diana arose when the chairman introduced her. She smiled at Herrick and Trauber, who had fear and hope in their eyes. She smiled at the chairman and the guests. "I am so happy to be here," she said. "I heard her voice trembling at first, and grow stronger. It is a very real treat to me," her voice was steady, now, and she hoped, so hard, she was putting Claudia Ray's eyes to the test. Just that I want to like me on the screen. It is hard for us, when we act alone, without an audience, never knowing who will see—or understand. To see you here, in a way, to know you, gives me courage to go on." She sat down, very weak. Everyone applauded. "You were wonderful," said Trauber. "I can't believe it. You played a swell trick on me. I—I can't thank you enough." "Well, let's get out of here first," said Herrick. "Oh they'll crowd around, ask questions." Trauber led the way. Past the guests, out of the door. A waiter ran after them, thrust another paper into Diana's hand. She read it in the car, with Herrick and Trauber.

"YOU'VE GOT ME GUESSING. IF YOU AREN'T CLAUDIA RAY THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU AT SPLENDOUR FILMS." It was signed, E. T. BOULDER.

"You don't need to go to Splendour Films for a job," Trauber said. "What do you mean?"

"My dear, after what I've seen you do tonight, do you think I'm going to let you get away? If you can photograph half as well as I think you can, you've got a job with us. A real job. Small parts at first—but there's no place you can go."

(To Be Continued)

Diary of a DeMille Crusader

Continued from page 21

The Browns of Hollywood arrive for a visit in New York! Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, with their sons, Joe L., left, and Don, right, register smiles.

weather permitting."

Monday, February 4.
The weather does not permit! Cold rain lashes softly at the solid walls of Windsor Castle.

Tuesday, February 5.
More rain. Windsor Castle courtyard is now a lake.

Wednesday, February 6.
Still more rain!

To the studio this afternoon for a fitting as a monk, then to Stage 8 for a bald-pate wig to complete my costume.

The company had been at work all week on this set, described on the "call sheet" as "the Blacksmith's hut with practical forge." Here Heracles, (Montague Love), the master of the forge, is working on a new sword for Richard while Blondel, the minstrel, (Alan Hale), sits nearby mixing twelfth century wise-cracks with snatches of song. The action involves a friendly sparring match between Heracles and Richard in the course of which Blondel is knocked into the water trough—the closest approach to a bath tub in the story! It is slow going because every ducking for Blondel necessitates a wait while his costume and wig dry out.

During the waits between "shots" Alan Hale sits in a corner hugging his rumpled bathrobe about himself and discussing his newest invention with the technical men on the set. Before embarking on an acting career Hale was a mechanical engineer. He still devotes his spare time to mechanical research and is now experimenting with a new type of automobile brake.

The other set of the set Montague Love is busy sketching a prop-shop man whose hat is a masterpiece of dilapidation. Love is an accomplished artist. When he is not acting he is kept busy illustrating magazine stories. As Blacksmith to Richard his duties in the picture are arduous and he finds that the best way to find complete rest and relaxation between scenes is to fall back on profession number two. This time his artistic endeavors are interrupted by an errand boy carrying a television camera to the studio. His high-school dramatic class asking his idea of the best school for an actor. He hands me the telegram with a thoughtful smile. "When I was a young man, the answer to that was Shakespeare. My activities since I have been on this picture, however, have altered my views—now I'd say three years as a Boy Scout."

Saturday, February 9.
Today I work again. We are shooting the French Cathedral scene in which Philip takes the Crusader oath from the Hermit. I am clad in sandals and the rough brown robes of a Franciscan monk. The camera is set up at the rear of the cathedral. Behind it director DeMille and Vic Milner, our trophy-winning cameraman, take turns at squinting through the sights at the hundreds of kneeling knights. Philip kneels on the steps to the altar with his back to the camera. We monks and priests face him, surrounding the Hermit and lending the tacit approval of the church to his act of administering the Crusader's oath.

As the slow minutes drag by the knights groan and curse at the pain occasioned by their strained positions. They try to shift weight from one arching joint or muscle to another. The hot battery of lights glares on their hugely menacing barred hammers, turning them into "fireless cookers." DeMille pats his head from the dark recesses of the camera box: "That Hospitaler, the fourth from the front on the left, straighten your lance and shake out the pennon—right—now turn your shield a little more this way—not too much!" Again his head disappears and from inside the box comes a stifled roar: "DON'T ANYONE DARE REMOVE A HELMET!"

Philip's face becomes a mask of agony. Five enormous spotlights glare down upon his upturned face, pulling from it beads of perspiration that trickle away in little streams. The heavy ermine cape draped from his shoulders and cascading over the steps behind him chokes him; chain mail eats into his knees. Heedlessly the scene drones on.

Suddenly a knight allows a shield to fall with a deafening clatter. Another following. Then a few scattered snickers. Repeated shouts of "QUIET" are followed by a sarcastic reprimand from our director: "If any of you strong, husky men feel weak or dizzy, leave now and keep going—off the set—I want only now in this scene. If you can't take it, I'll let you go right now and the prop department will furnish you with a nice little bunch of posies to take home with you!"
The day slides gradually away, smothered under a confused babble of sound. Predominating are the yells of the electricians: "Hit the King with that eighteen—pull those three down harder on the Hermit—now light that other twenty-four—pull that one down hotter on these monks—now flood 'em all up!"

On the side-lines Harry Wilcoxon, looking strangely anachronistic in a tweed suit and his long hair, sits with Katherine De Mille. She is in costume and, if possible, looking more lovely than ever. It seems strange to see them chatting in such a friendly fashion since their roles require them to be highly disagreeable to one another when before the camera. Harry had boasted that on his first day off he was going to the harbor to overhaul his boat and look rather shamefaced when asked by DeMille if this is what he calls a "sailor's holiday." The fact is that Harry, being an artist, could not keep himself away from a set so rich in color and spectacle as this one!

Thursday, February 21.
Many things have happened in the past days. Finally the weather cleared and one
bound in the High Sierras with another company. Now that the set DeMille seems unusually cheerful. It is because he will have to do no more "shooting out of continuity"—a costly and difficult process that was made necessary by Berenice's unexpected and prolonged absence.

She is excited about her part—likes costume pictures and particularly the costumes of the period. With luck, she may even be able to show her a sketch for her next costume she is enchanted. She drags him up to DeMille to say, "C.B., I think this one is much better than the last." He smiles indistinctly as he adds, "Yes—and there have been too many moments in the past month when I wondered if I should ever have the opportunity to see you wearing it."
The cross had to be bent once again before the Kings could get down to the business at hand. Philip has angered Richard, (who was right) when he besieged Jerusalem and closed off a palaver. Richard, in turn, makes Philip squirm by bringing in Berengaria and introducing her as the Queen of England. Things are getting a little heated and a break between England and France seems imminent. It is hard to believe, incidentally, that Loretta is not really Queen Berengaria in person. She never stars and offstage in this guise. She knows the part perfectly and speaks it as if she were her own thoughts and not dialogue written for her by Harold Lamb. When I commented on this to her, she replied: "I was trying to forget that I was Loretta Young and become Berengaria. "It's rather trying for Sally and Mother, she said, "for they are getting tired of me--especially in a part such as this which is so far removed from twentieth century thoughts and emotions." If I forget, unnot possible, that I am real, then the part is mine and I am supposed to represent. In this case it is not so hard on my family since the Berengaria of this story is sancere, human, and compassionate enough to know that it might not be wise to follow my formula for it, for instance, I were assigned a role such that of Rip van Winkle's shrewish wife!"

When we are not engaged in the scene in a contest to impress the Sultan of Islam, Richard cuts the steel handle of a Saracen mace in half with a single blow of his sword. Saladin, in turn, stables the Christian Kings by throwing a silk scarf in the air and cutting it in half with his scimitar--a very difficult feat.

When, by way of becoming an inveterate punster, stands on the side-lines watching as Ian Keith as Saladin makes several unsuccessful attempts, finally Harry can contain himself no longer and calls out: "Ian--it didn't scimitar work that time!"

Then the war is really on Thursday, March 21.

The Kings are in a dither! A messenger has just arrived from England bearing the news that Richard's brother, John, has seized the throne and will marry Alice of France. Richard ignores Philip's threats and stands by Berengaria, thus renewing the love he had almost lost by giving her her sword toヴァン代トレ.

Being idle, I am told to "stand in" for the unfortunate messenger who tells Richard that he is no longer King. As "stand-in" for the messenger I am choky by Richard's "stand-in," thrown to the floor and allowed to lie there with leg doubled under me and my head and one shoulder on a step. A long argument then ensues as to whether it would be better to "shoot" from there or from there. Meanwhile, prop men, electricians, actors and even assistant directors walk over me.

Friday, March 22.

Night work on an exterior set is not what you'd call fun! There is a damp chill about a California night that finds its way to one's very bones. To offset the discomfort, however, there is a friendliness and comradeship rarely to be found on any day-time set. The company seems isolated, cut off from the outside world. One must find companionship on the set or not at all.

Tonight we are a handful of Christian soldiers before the walls of Acre. Between the bleak line of our mantlets, (heavy wooden shields on wheels used by attacking forces for protection from enemy arrows when moving up to the walls of a besieged city) and the massive, curtained walls of Acre lies a grim no-man's-land where sudden death from arrow and spear takes grotesque shape eloquently expressed in the dummies of men and horses.

We who live and who are not being used in the scene at the moment press close to the glowing salamanders for warmth. Tonight I am fortunate in that I am an English guard in red wooden tights, leather jacket and maroon cloak. Some of my unfortunate companions are Saracen archers and naked above the waist.

"Tonight Berengaria will venture into this silent no-man's land seeking death in order to free Richard from a marriage which villainous Conrad of Montferrat has convinced her stands in the way of the Crusade. She will be wounded and picked up by Saladin, who is disguised in Christian armor, and taken to Jerusalem to be cared for. Saladin also loves her.

At the moment she is in the act of walking between two mantlets when she is snatched back by an alert guard just as two steel-tipped arrows whip into the shields close to her face. Saracen arrows they were but fired by director DeMille, who is a crack shot, and another expert bowman. It is a ticklish job that calls for the most exact timing and calm nerve. DeMille has shed his heavy ulster to allow more freedom of movement. A few rehearsals and the scene is completed.

Another messenger is called and we file through the deserted streets of the lot to the restaurant when we are served fried chicken and as much hot coffee as we can drink. Saladin's arrows are "on the house" during the night work because restaurants are closed and one must eat at the studio.

Back to the set again. Berengaria now clutches the precious sword and wanders alone beneath the walls. A living dummy is needed for the spot where she must fall when hit by an arrow. I am "it."

A few minutes on the ground convince me that I have never been so cold. Several rehearsals are unsuccessful because the arrow placed in Loretta's shoulder is pulled out by her costume when she falls. Finally that difficulty is overcome. We are ready to shoot. "Don't move--try to hold your breath--you're right in the camera and the slightest movement will register." No sooner does the camera begin to roll than I want to breathe; there's a kink in my neck--I'll have to move; the ground is colder even than before. I am going to shiver my teeth are going to chatter. When I think I can stand it no longer, that welcome word, "Cut!" puts a temporary end to my shivering.

A few more "takes" and I am allowed to stagger to my feet. A cigarette, a cup of black coffee, and I am almost warm again--Saturday, April 6.

Today there are hundreds of us on the set. Knights carrying crosses and wearing no arms--many crippled and wounded--soldiers on crutches, squires, monks, monks--we are all on our way to the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

Richard has arranged a truce with Saladin. Although Saladin still rules Jerusalem, pilgrims to the Holy Place may come and go in peace. All but Richard--he may not enter the gates.

This was arranged last week when Richard came to Saladin's tent to rescue his wife. As a Saracen archer I saw what happened. He found that Berengaria had agreed to become Saladin's wife in order to save his life. Saladin has saved him from treachery at the hands of Montferrat's men and now Berengaria must keep her promise. With tears in her eyes she begged Richard to break his sword and put an end to suffering and pain. They both knew the sacrifice that meant, for Richard had vowed that the sword must stand between them as man and wife until he placed it on the Tomb of Christ. Now--he cannot enter the gates. It is a moment of tragedy for Richard, but a time of rejoicing for the motley crowd that marches with heads bloodied but un MOVED on its way to the Holy Place.

It was noble of Richard and Berengaria to renounce their love so that we pilgrims might realize our dreams of going in prayer to the Holy Place. But what will happen to them?

Next week we start on the battle scenes--what will happen to us?

Buddy Rogers, back in Hollywood after a long absence, springs a nifty on George Barbier and Barbara Kent in this scene from "Old Men Rhythm."
time. Nothing really makes a huff in his restlessness until his wife says, “Stop acting like a butterfly and light some place!” Then he settles down momentarily, but not for long.

Marion Davies has a nervous habit you’d never, never suspect. She stutters definitely when she gets excited off the screen, though she never hesitates for a moment over a syllable when she is speaking her lines before cameras.

Edward Everett Horton confesses that he has a hair-raisingly nervous time when anyone else is driving a car. The strange part of the matter is that he never has habit. Jeanette MacDonald twirls one foot around and around and around most of the time. Una Merkel crosses one knee over the other. Then she reverses them. Then she puts them in the original position. That goes on and on. Lee Tracy tosses a half dollar up and down. He got that habit as part of a characterization in a picture called “Private Jones.” Fred Keating does the same thing, and is very adept at it.

Margaret Sullavan is one person who relies on speed to relieve taut nerves. Once, so the tale goes, after she had given an interview to a magazine writer, she tore for the airport in a fast car, took a plane for Chicago, and sat for six hours in the waiting-room. Then she took the next plane back, nerves under full control.

Why does Mae West shift her weight from one foot to another? Why does Lionel Barrymore use his hands in that peculiar, blind, hazy fashion? Why does Greta Garbo pace up and down, up and down, while the cameras are being made ready? Why does one person drum with his fingers on a table while he is waiting for a taxi, while another, who may be in the same state of mind and even waiting for the same cab, twist the ring on his finger?

Do those habits reveal secret traits to the eyes of a psychiatrist? Finally, when I was drumming my fingers, swinging my feet, breaking up matches and tearing up paper at such a rate that my family and friends began to avoid me, I sought out Dr. L. van Horne Gerdine, an authority on why people do the things they do.

“You know,” he said with a grin, “scratching is a pleasant sensation!”

I stared at him in astonishment. Was the eminent doctor having his little joke?

He elaborated on his theme. Everyone has habits, he says, and not nine people out of ten realize how many unconscious mannerisms they have or what they are.

Many habits have their origin in some momentary discomfort, he says. For instance, a check, chapped by wind or irritated by shaving, is comforted by the touch of a cool hand. Long after the effect of the weather or the razor has passed, the hand may seek the cheek. The gesture is associated in the subconscious mind with pleasure or relief from discomfort, and so a habit is established.

Dr. Gerdine has noticed that many women and a good many men make a habit of raising the hands to the hair every few minutes, give it a light ineffectual pat, and repeat the act at two- or three-minute intervals, even if not so much as a single hair has been disarranged.

That gesture, he says, means that the person who employs it was, at some time in the past, not quite sure of his appearance. It might easily be acquired by a woman whose hair comes out of curl on damp days. If wet weather lasts long enough, she is apt to retain the habit in the summertime of warm weather. The same holds true of those men who smooth their shining locks even though every hair has just been put in place. The gesture probably dates back to boyhood when an arbitrary top-knot refused to stay put, and there was an apprehensive part of the subconscious mind still thinking about it. But that is only half of the story of why we have habits, says Dr. Gerdine.

“The human body is built for activity,” he says. “Restfulness is unnatural for the whole human organism. That is why you will notice that the man who earns his living by hard, physical exertion has, as a rule, far fewer habits than those people who lead sedentary lives or those people of nervous temperaments.”

Actors are highly nervous people. You are apt to see a ditch-digger going into a spontaneous tap-dance, or whittling, or walking up and down during his noon hour. He has expended his physical energies in his morning’s labors, and his nerves are not keyed up by the challenge of some-thing new which his work may bring during the afternoon.

“Is there no particular, individual meaning?” I asked the doctor, “in the tearing of bits of paper or the clicking of fingernails?”

“None, except that every person on earth is probably caught in a bundle of habits,” he said. “There is no such thing as a completely individual person. Imitation is almost a universal law, and the individuality of the average person is diluted in his un-conscious imitation. Habits may start in any one of a thousand different ways, and it is impossible to classify them exactly. One person may have picked up the habit of waving his hands from one of his parents in early youth. Another person may do the same thing through a desire to reinforce one motor activity by another.

“For example, a person becoming excited during an argument will emphasize what he has to say by vigorous gestures. If he wishes to reinforce his words even more emphatically, he frequently will stand and walk during his argument. It is the old walking habit. A person is naturally for activity, and even the smallest of gestures is a safety valve of a kind, releasing or strengthening energies.”

To end all this on an optimistic note, Dr. Gerdine also said that it is a good thing that adults do bite pencil tops and pull the lobes of their ears. Otherwise, they would be swinging on trees and standing on their heads. It is also a good thing that all the other nerve releases that belong—only to childhood.

Sir Guy Standing, as an old sea dog, encourages Midshipmen Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell in the action still above from "Annapolis Farewell."
signed autographs and tried to ignore it. I would like trying to ignore a red flag on a bull. The only thing that made it possible for me to stay was the fact that not a single person about the booth laughed! If she did if it could have been laughter it failed so far as the people about the booth were concerned. The real fans were so considerate in not adding ridicule to injury that they made it possible for me to remain in and take it.

"Gene's right—there is usually one heckler, at least, in every admiring throng. My boyfriend is evident. He was asked about any experiences he might have had in Public versus Star. "The point, of course, is to try to ignore him, her, or it. It is a dangerous game for both. I didn't care to say than to do it, but it is the only way. To answer back, or to become obviously irritated, always amuses your adorer. As it happened, the first thing you know, where there was one heckler before there will be a dozen.

"It's the darndest experience in the world to find yourself literally surrounded by your utmost adorers. Smiling your most pleasant smile on the little circle in the foreground, and pretending totally to ignore a loud, brassy voice in the background. I know how it feels to have a fan poking her guy like you ever got on the screen in the first place.

"The funniest, and at the same time, the most embarrassing experience I have ever had was while in the publicity department right here at the studio. I happened to drop into Kay Mulvey's office one day and a woman interviewer was sitting there chatting. Miss Mulvey bowed us, and the lady started in immediately on how much she always enjoyed my screen roles, etc., etc., etc.—the same old story. After about ten minutes of this egotistical blathering I bowed myself to the door but not through it. That's the catch! The lady's back was turned and she thought I had departed. As it happened I had stopped to light a cigarette.

"Imagine my surprise to hear the same voice that had just flattered me into thinking I had been a local beauty, not that snarly Kay, said, 'My dear, it must be an awful strain to have to sit and watch these hams all day long.' Kay's face was something glorious to behold—you could see she was facing the door and she could see me standing there! But before anything could be done, the lady launched into an admiration of me. It was a disliking me on the screen, and how in heaven's name did I get where I was?

"I suppose I could have been the perfect little lady and gone on my way. But I just had to poke my head around the corner again! The effect was so swell I couldn't bear to tear myself away. So I just sat down and chatted on for about twenty minutes longer—and believe me, I did all the chatting. My former admirer couldn't seem to get her mouth closed!'

Kay Francis says that the most terrifying thing in the world, next to hearing a crowd and wrinkles, is to be cornered, (trapped, really), while waiting for a taxi or for a purchase in a department store, and be regarded by the lovely ladies who proceed to "talk you over."

"You might be dead, or a statue or something stuffed," Kay laughed, hopefully, "for all the attention the ladies pay to when emotions you may be feeling.

"My last experience of this kind took place in front of a restaurant where I was waiting for a cab after lunching with friends.

"One of the women mugged her compexion and said: 'There's that tall brunette in pitchers—what's her name? This, mind you, practically in my ear and right under my nose. The other one replied: 'Kay Francis, and they say she's been married six times.' Then they both agreed that many divorces in the film colony were nothing short of 'awful!' I thought that could never would come on! On and on went the good women about the most personal things in my life. They even made up their minds whether they liked the clothes I was wearing! By the time I found refuge in that taxi I didn't know whether to laugh or cry!"

Jean Harlow is a crowd magnet everywhere she goes, and even shock-proof Agna Caliche is no exception. But on Jean's last visit there she created one of those sensations you just love to forget, thanks to a lady tourist and her salesman husband.

Jean, as usual, was having herself quite grand time at the dice table in the Casino. (Incidentally she has the little galloping ivories hypnotized if you're ever lucky enough to get at a dice table with Jean, you're liable to come out with the whereabouts for a new hat or suit if you just string along with her. But that's off the subject.) The table was jammed not only with players but with admiring fans and onlookers, equally impressed by Jean's platinum hair and her almost Uncanny luck.

A very small, timid looking little man standing next to Jean had been "riding with her" and, of course, winning just as she was. In a little while, Jean had had enough of it and was about to cash in her winnings, when the little man turned, pulled out an envelope, and handed Jean a pencil.

"I sure am grateful to you, Miss Harlow, for all this money I've won on your luck—" I wonder if you'd autograph this envelope here?"

Jean smiled and reached for the pencil—but she never got it. A very large, angry hand slapped it to the floor and a very large, irate lady wedged herself between Jean and her admirer.

"Don't be giving my husband your telephone number, you Platinum Blonde!" the woman shrieked in the tones of a fishwife. "You leave my husband alone!"

A fine scene it was, said Harlow, shaking her head. "I was never so embarrassed in my life, and the poor little man, almost fainted, he was so humiliated. Everyone in the place was doubled up with mirth, and, of course, the woman had made an awful fool of herself. But Shirley was I didn't save my feelings much—my evening was ruined!"

To this day, Mrs. George Temple has not recovered from the shocking event that sent a little Shirley "down town" to see the beautiful tree in the toy department. Of course, this was before Christmas when she had taken little Shirley "down town" to see the avalanche of women who descended on her goo-y and gurgling. The poor child was more embarrassed to be sweet though jostled and pulled and jerked as her mother tried to lead her to safety through the mob. Suddenly Mrs. Temple was called to the door and—then some. For one of the women had jerked off Shirley's hat and was clipping off her curls for souvenirs! The explanation, "They're in the 'hanging' explained Mrs. Temple, "has, of course, made it impossible for me ever to take Shirley to see the Christmas trees or the window displays at 'down town' treats children love so much. It is too bad, because this preposterous thing would probably never happen again in a million years. It is not at all indicative of the feeling I know that true fans have for my little girl. The sweet letters they write her and the thoughtful messages they send have proved that point. But still I feel I just can't take the chance of such a terrible thing again!"

Madge Evans, fortunately, is a very temperamental and amiable young woman, so when a woman came up and took her by the arm and took it, even to the extent of contracting writer's cramp autographing her. Even her patience was taxed to the limit, though when she was besieged on the beat to England. Her smile wore a little thin before the crowd finally left her.

Fred MacMurray says that if there is any body who does not deserve to be dead, it is that guy who is the biggest and loudest in a crowd, or an unflattering remark, it is in puncturing an inflated Ego!

"I don't mean outrageous things like clipping Shirley Temple, he comments. "I mean that Paramount went on to explain, "But sometimes it is pretty good for us to hear an off-note in the chorus of approval. Otherwise, who would be interested in the press agents wrote about us." He laughed as he remembered a very recent little Water- lour of his own:"

"The Gilded Lily" was released and the reviews started flooding the prints all about what a white hope of the screen Fred was, he invited a young lady to be a guest at the opening of a swanky new café in Hollywood.

As usual the street was jammed, and Fred's taxi was making very poor time through the crowd that had gathered to see the celebrities. A corner of young good looks had broken the police lines and were running from car to car, peering in, commenting enthusiastically on Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, and the dazzling loveliness of other occupants of motors in front of Fred. Finally they got to his car. They poked in their heads:

"Do you have any of them yelled to the other. "This is nobody!"

"Which was certainly a darn honest reaction!" chuckled Fred.

Fred was certainly one thing about— if the public isn't always dear, it's certainly never dull!"
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 61

EVEN Hollywood mothers have to discipline their noted off-spring occasionally. Anita Louise's mama called in Tom Brown's mater to assist her. It seems that when Mrs. Fremault arrived home at eleven one evening Anita had stepped out without leaving word as to where and as to when she'd be back. The maid, though, reported that Anita had put on her best duds and gone out with Tom. Instead of "waiting up" officially, Mrs. Fremault and Mrs. Brown tucked themselves in and never let on when Tom brought Anita home.

But the rich little parents crept out. No messages were left. As the day passed Anita and Tom began worrying and both were frantic when the parental prodigals finally popped in after midnight.

EVIDENTLY Garbo has much more respect for the European gentlemen of the press. She has been speaking to them, and gratefully. The Hollywood reporters are left holding the bag—as usual. All they have discovered is that when she comes back she'll function under another tremendous salary.

STELLAR vacations occur whenever film schedules permit. A few of the players have managed to do some extensive summer traveling, however. Robert Montgomery is doing Europe—and do you suppose he'll drop in on Greta? Mae West has gone to sea—maybe she's giving the sailing lads the eagle eye for her next epic! And Shirley Temple is enjoying a whole month's frolic at a Southern California mountain camp.

EVIDENTLY all actresses are kiddies behind the make-up. Joan Blondell's electric train splurge is the latest indication. She has spent a small fortune installing a "gorgeous" railroad in the basement of her home. It's supposedly for the baby, but can a year-old tot get the most out of all those pushbuttons? And just to make the scene more complete Joan has been personally manufacturing little figurines to park at logical spots. She uses clay for some, cloth and stuffing for others.

If a movie star sailed on anything except the Normandie these days that would be news! Kay Francis, Richard Dix and others have been passengers. Anyway, the latest member of our little Hollywood colony to make the Normandie was Edward Everett Horton, who finished his part in "The Little Big Shot" one afternoon and the next afternoon was panting breathlessly up the gangplank of the latest sea snob on his way to make a picture in England. By the way, Jack Kirkland's description of the Normandie to his Hollywood pals is about the best I've heard. Says Jack, "It's the first time an M-G-M set ever went to sea."

Quite an odd coincidence about "The Broadway Melody of 1935." Eleanor Powell, the dancing leading lady, was playing second fiddle to Anita Page, sensation of the original "Broadway Melody," only eighteen months ago. When Anita left Metro she toured the Eastern picture palaces, and Eleanor was in her act.

The vivacious Anita, meanwhile, is again creating a stir in the movie colony. Her golden blonde beauty is causing havoc in male hearts as of yore. For a year Anita forgot all about Hollywood. Now, her interest in Nacio Herb Brown chalked up as a mistake, she is resuming screen work. Twenty-three is too young to retire.

Stepping the Astaire Way to Film Fame
Continued from page 29

couldn't help stealing a glance at them now and then, marveling to see how much they looked like anyone else's legs.

"I had two good reasons for doubt. One was my face," he remarked, "which didn't matter so much on the stage, where they don't feature close-ups. The other was my dancing."

My brows went up in bewildlement. "I expected to give that up when I went to the screen, and go in for comedy," I added. He was beginning to wonder what kind of gag the world was going to serve him. "And I couldn't help feeling," he concluded, "that it might be a case of Hamlet without the ghost."

But there was too much, and I babbled for the moment. "Let it merely be simple," he shrugged. "I just didn't think they'd care for much dancing in the movies."

"We'll do about one number, maybe, in a picture," he suggested to the studio when he first signed for films. "People won't stand for more than that."

And diverting though this may sound today, it was sober seriousness then. Astaire was scheduled to enter the movies as a light comedian, with a little incidental dancing on the side—if people could be persuaded to stand for it.

The offer came at a time when change was in the air for the dancing Astaires. Fred's sister Adele, with whom his career was inseparably linked, had retired from the stage to become Lady Charles Caven- dish, thus marking him to a brilliant team or partnership. "Do me a favor," begged Mr. Astaire, "and don't call it a team. Sounds like a couple of horses."

One chapter ended, he was eager to launch the next. "I made up my mind," he said with a touch of grimness, "that I would do something alone, before anyone had a chance to start wondering what the poor chap was going to do by himself."

The stage show, "The Gay Divorcee," presented itself opportunity. It was different in type from anything he'd done with his sister, different in his own part, different in the part of the girl to be played by Claire Luce. It seemed the right vehicle for a solo flight and, hardly waiting to catch his breath, he took off.

I was in New York when the show opened. I remember the reviews—for the play: so-so; for the star: hats flung in the air. If anyone had been wondering what "the poor chap was going to do by himself," his mind was set at rest that night. The poor chap was going to do it all by himself. So was the play, for that matter. Despite the misgivings of the critics, it ran for ten months. It crossed the sea with Astaire, and together they captured London as he and Adele had captured it years before. They were destined—he and the play—to a still more dazzling partnership. It was during the New York run that Astaire was asked by an RKO scout to make a screen test.

Skeptically he agreed. Having seen the test he was no longer skeptical. He knew.
The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
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What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour—like snapshots? First aid to romance—how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much—your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.
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If you don't think two amusing chaps like Edward Everett Horton and Fred Astaire can get hard boiled, look at this scene from "Top Hat."

"I took one good look," he told me, and said goodbye to my movie career.

But he rejoined without his host. As it turned out, he was due for a closer acquaintance. Instead of the heavy silence he'd been expecting, a bid arrived. RKO wanted him for "Flying Down to Rio."

He had three months between the end of his New York and the beginning of his London engagement. He arrived in Hollywood without any ballyhoo, and made his first picture with less. "I wanted to sneak in on gumshoes," he explained. "Then if I made good, I'd know it was because the public liked what I was doing. If not, I could just sneak out again. I didn't want to be advertised, and then maybe turn out a big, noisy failure. If I was going to be a failure, I preferred being a quiet one."

Strictly speaking, "Flying Down to Rio" was not his first picture. Production on that film was held up and, while he waited, M-G-M asked him to do some numbers with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady."

"I jumped at the chance," he said, "first, because I thought it would be fun to work with Joan; and second, because I knew it would be to my advantage to get myself in front of a film before doing what was to be—for me—a more important picture at RKO. And I'd like to go on record as saying that my experience at Metro was one of the most enjoyable I ever had. I've heard it rumored too that I wasn't treated right over there, that they cut out some of my numbers and so on. Which—" he repeated quietly, but with biting emphasis, "is also not the case. The studio wanted me to do a second number, but I didn't have time. Miss Crawford went out of her way to help me. And having Clark Gable introduce me on the screen was the best break they could have given me. There were millions of fans who didn't know me from Adam till Gable said to Joan: 'There's Fred Astaire over there. Would you like to run through that number with him?' And I couldn't help hoping;" he smiled, his momentary annoyance forgotten, "that if they thought Clark Gable considered me worth a look, maybe they would too."

Apparently they did. Because even his brief appearance in "Dancing Lady" brought letters, begging for more. It was "Flying Down to Rio," however, that precipitated the deluge. Though if Fred had his way about it, you'd never have seen Astaire in that picture. "Please let me go home," he pleaded with producer Panio Berman after seeing the first day's rushes. "Please put somebody else in, and let me go home."

But Pan Berman's experience with jittery new-comers was large and understanding. "Listen," he said with reassuring serenity, "you do the dancing and I'll do the worrying—as soon as there's something to worry about."

And don't think for a moment there was anything but the most passionate sincerity in Astaire's plea. Try meeting yourself in the movies for the first time, and see what it does to you. Though you're an Adonis for looks and a Narcissus for self-admiration, I'll wager you'll squirm. "Even today," says Astaire, "I see the rushes and get sick. My feet look big and my pants look short, and I sit there wondering how I ever managed to get myself into a position that only a mother could love."

Working under pressure and working till the last minute, he had literally flown to New York to catch his first day, to get him to London in time for rehearsals with the British company of his stage show, "The Gay Divorce." He left in a fatalistic mood, discounting the enthusiasm of others, but all that lay behind him. Ahead of him was London and "The Gay Divorce." He'd had his fill at the movies, he'd done his best in the brief time given him. The rest was on the knees of the gods.

"The Gay Divorce" was a smash stage hit in London. The motion picture, "Flying Down to Rio," was a smash hit here. The picture was held three weeks at Radio City, Carioca swept the country, RKO's mailbags were stuffed with letters divided between rapture and protest. They cried: "Lord, what a dancer!" and they cried: "Why in heaven's name don't you give him more dancing to do?"

When these stories reached the ears of Astaire, he flatly refused at first to believe them. Convinced at last, he opened his eyes in amazement. "Gosh," he said to himself, "if they like that dance, what'll they say if I really do some decent dancing on the screen?"

"Because," he explained to me, "I honestly thought the Carioca dance was awful. I'd done it in such a hurry, and I felt rotten about not having done better by that very grand tune."
Since the day of their birth, “LYSOL” has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the constant dangers of infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May, 1934, had “Lysol” with her in her kit, and went to work with it at once.

“Lysol” has been used in many thousands of childbirth operations all over the world. For the danger of infection is high in childbirth, and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like “Lysol” to help protect mother and child from infection.

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City
State

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As you know, Astaire is no mere dancer of other people's steps. He has taken no lessons from anyone since he was eight, and his dances are the original product of his own brain and imagination—creative artistry as surely as is that of the painter's brush or the writer's pen. And "feeling rotten," "suffering like hell" is the penalty he—like every honest creator—must pay, who struggles and agonizes toward some idea he has that burns brightly in the recesses on this imperfect earth. The world's approval is gratifying. But what he strives for is the approval of that far more exciting inward monitor which is never satisfied.

Not that he'd use such high-sounding words about his work. But the point is the same.

"When I hear a tune," he said, "I sort of get an idea how I'd like to see it danced, and then play around with it. FITTING the dance into the story is the hardest job of all—getting in and out without giving the effect of a sore thumb, without practically saying to the audience, 'Well, here's where we'll stick in a dance and here's where we'll stop.' The next hardest thing, of course, is the idea itself. Usually there's only one right way to do a dance. You could have danced Night and Day, for example, a dozen different ways, but there's still only one right way. And even though I find what seems to me the right way, I've never yet completely satisfied myself. I see the rushes once and I think: 'Yes, it's all right.' I see them a second time and I think: 'It's a false alarm.' I can't see anything but the flaws. I've never yet done a picture without going to the studio heads and begging them to retake at least one of the dance scenes."

The answer to which request is invariably an explosive. "You're crazy. It's swell."

Until he finds that too is the answer of millions—those who needed no persuasion to sit through Fred Astaire's dancing, but recognized a master when they saw one. As a comedian, he makes them feel good—they like him. As a dancer, he makes them live through the moment he begins to dance, he's no longer simply Fred Astaire, but Fred Astaire plus a gift that sets him apart. His flair may be for comedy or romance. But if romance means the power to stir people's hearts, quicken their pulses, fire their imaginations through some form of beauty, then Fred Astaire, dancing, is one of the most romantic figures in the world.

There's No Girl We'd Rather Sock Continued from page 31

are between pictures, since they travel in different social circles. Each has his own group of friends. But when they are back together in a picture, it is like a friendly reunion.

The same holds true with Wally. Like always calls to like. Wally, Clark, and Jean are real people and they understand and enjoy each other's company. Wally is really a senior edition of Clark. A man's man in every sense of the word, but entirely lovable in his understanding. His attitude towards Jean is distinctly paternal. And he approves of her both as a girl and as an actress. Wally is slower-moving and thinking than Jean, but he shares the same likes and dislikes. He hates crowds and likes nothing better than hunting. He and Clark sometimes hunt together. Their main point of difference is in their ideas about transportation. Clark prefers a high-powered car and an open road, whereas Wally chooses the sky and a good plane.

Wally was a sort of godfather to both Clark and Jean in "The Secret Six," the first picture in which the three appeared together. This was the first important picture for M-G-M. Both Clark and Jean had marked the real beginning of their screen careers. Jean had won fame for her role in "Hell's Angels" but it was her work in this first picture with Clark and Wally that stamped her as an actress.

In the beginning, she was shy and self-conscious from the fan reaction she had received from "Hell's Angels." She was an acting antidote that she could act, as well as look seductive. A target for writers looking for sensational angles to their stories, she was casting about to find a better bearings in the whirlpool of Hollywood. Wally and Clark were good for her at this time. They helped to encourage and strengthen her belief in herself.

Clark was in the same boat at the time. Over-night, he had become a sensation in much the same way Jean had. He wasn't fooled by the adulation and attention. He had known the other side of the story before fame came to him. But he wanted to keep his chance safe; to make the most of his opportunity. He respected Wally's larger experience and knowledge and listened to his pithy advice.

It cannot be denied that Wally had a lot to do with the firm planting of Clark's feet in the way that he has gone. A way that has steered him from the mistakes and weaknesses that are common to those who win fame on the screen; and which, too

Everett Marshall, famous baritone of radio and stage, is soon to make his bow on the screen.

often, has spelled "exit," the saddest word in the Hollywood dictionary. Clark says he's too young of his good fortune and perhaps he does. No one can deny he has been lucky. He has stood the acid test of four years of fame. He has gone on, with no apparent advantage, from any way from his path. He has won and held the top spot on the screen. Married to charming Rhea Langham, he has managed to keep his marriage safe. To date, there apparently has not been a single fly in his ointment.

By comparison, Wally has been notoriously unlucky in every way. But he has taken it on the chin. He has come back again and again from the bottom, where fate has recurrently tossed him. Investments have turned out badly, in which he had his holdings have failed. His wife's life was despaired of, until recently. His plane crashed and his house burned several years ago. But Wally has stood by his guns, uncomplainingly, and has gone on again.

Jean, too, has had her share of trouble. One of the kindest, realist girls in the whole colony, her every move has been questioned and criticized. It was during the making of "Red Dust" that Paul Bern's tragic death occurred. It was then that she displayed the courage that makes her screen roles convincing. She insisted on going back to work two days after the sad occurrence. She knew that she was laying herself open to criticism by doing so, but she knew also that there were many extras being kept from needed work by the layoff, and she knew that understanding and help her to get hold of herself. She knew, moreover, that she had a staunch friend in Clark, who would help her carry on. There have been never been words about them about it, but Clark still applauds what she did then.

She is a darned good sport," he says often and feelingly. And, in his language, it is the highest compliment he can possibly give her.

When the hardest scene she has ever made was finished the one in which Wally manages her in "China Seas," Jean walked off the set without complaining. But from the look in his eyes, I know that Clark didn't approve of the punishment meted out to her.

It doesn't seem quite right that such a mite of a girl should be knocked around to provide a thrill for the screen. A thrill that goes around the world and back before it is lost.

For when Clark and Wally sock Jean, every woman in the audience gets a vicarious thrill out of that sock. For the moment, they are on the receiving end of the rough, tough hero's attention. Between-the-sexes clowns in pictures have a definite audience reading of them. That they are there. Women thrill to the atavistic power demonstrated before their eyes. Without analyzing their reactions, they are carried back a few million years to the days when they lived in their prehistoric ancestors; when the mothers of men were dragged off by hair of their heads.

As Civilization is such a new thing, when those million of undated years are considered. Beneath our veneer of culture lie all of those old racial instincts of cruelty, cunning and greed, kept deep in the heart of every woman, there is a yearning to be dominated. To be made to do things against her will.

That is why beautiful girls like Jean must stand up bravely and let big, burly men like Wally, and strong, willful heroes like Clark, maundle them for the benefit of camera.
AT HIS famous Hollywood studio, Max Factor was advising the lovely Loretta Young recently on make-up. In the outer lounge, women waited...famous screen stars, beauty editors...eager for a word with the make-up genius who has brought beauty to thousands.

"I wish all women could know," said Max Factor, as he completed his selection of make-up for Loretta Young, "that the secret of beauty lies in color harmony, and that there are three simple things any woman can do that will make her lovely. To begin with, a woman should look upon her face as an artist does a canvas. She must create a portrait so exquisite, that everyone who sees her will say, 'Isn't she beautiful!'

"First she must make her skin alluringly radiant by using powder in a color harmony shade that will accent the individual beauty of her type. After that she must add a delicate glow to her cheeks with color harmony rouge, and for the lips a third color harmony shade. It is the combined effect of these three things that can make a face beautiful."

There is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being. Leading stores everywhere have Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony shades for every type. Would you like to have the famous Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Just mail the coupon below and all of these will be sent to you.

YOU will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Invisible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.
STARS of the Entertainment World

Stars are naturally critical in their tastes. The requirement put on them is so great that they become accustomed to demand the highest standards in everything. So it is significant that in choosing their personal cars, an increasing number of stars in all professions, are buying Auburns.

THESE CELEBRITIES of the Screen, Stage and Radio own 1935 Auburns.

Buck Jones, goes "modern" when he chooses his motor car. So it's an Auburn 851 Phaeton Sedan.

Ole Olsen, comedian, picks an Auburn Straight Eight Phaeton Sedan to "Go Places." It's an open or closed car, as he prefers.

Roscoe Ates, of comedy fame, with his Super-Charged Auburn Speedster. See how proud he is that he bought "The King of the Highway."

Authoress Viña Delmar bought America's most modern and swanky automobile—the 150 H.P. Super-Charged Auburn Speedster.

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A CAR FOR EVERYONE
Put their Seal of Approval on

AUBURN

Mary Astor, Hollywood star, bought two Auburns, a 4-passenger Phaeton Sedan and 150 H.P. Super-Charged Speedster.

Tom Mix gives "Tony" the go-by to ride in his Straight Eight 150 H.P. Super-Charged Auburn Phaeton Sedan, that is merely "loafing" at "60."

Chic Johnson of Olsen and Johnson with his Straight Eight Auburn Phaeton Sedan.

This is Richard Bonelli, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone. Nothing but a Super-Charged Auburn would satisfy Mr. Bonelli's critical taste.

Gene Austin, one of the original crooners, is shown with his roomy 851 Auburn Sedan that will comfortably seat six.

Margery Wilson, known everywhere as the Charm Lady. She says "The new Auburn I have bought is a delight."

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pitcher stars take to the House of Fun, like ants to a picnic. If you know your Fun Houses, and I hope you do, you know that upon entering the game of collapsing steps, bridges that roll, and tumbling barrels—not to mention those sudden gusts of wind which quite unexpectedly block the way and everything sky-high. Practically everybody had sense enough to wear slacks to the brawl—(Dietrich wore shorts)—but a few old die-hards came in skirts and my, did the snoopers have fun.

Well, once inside we were greeted by all kinds of slides, roller coasters, revolving barrels, and the "Social Mixer," which is a contraption that whirls around and around until all on board are whirled into space, hopelessly entwined. The first time I went on it it took me several minutes to find out whether that brusied and battered-looking thing was my arm, or Dietrich's, or Cary Grant's; but a little thing like a ripped elbow didn't discourage me, I practically lived on the Social Mixer for the rest of the evening and met the most charming people standing on their heads I have met in years. In one of my social whirls I found myself have to run with Claudette Colbert, Randy Scott, Billy Haines, Marlene Dietrich, Warner Baxter, Jobby Arlen, Charlie Butterworth and Dick Barthelmess, and I'm telling, hu! Claudette's elbows are like knives when they dig into your ribs, and the Baxter hoof is something none too dainty when implanted in the check.

The stars who escaped broken vertebrae and sprained ankles on the Social Mixer got plenty of blisters on the you-know-what sliding down the horrible slides with the awful bumps in them. And poor Marlene had on shorts and didn't have her legs protected, and you just ought to see them now! That'll "lure" her to go to a party in short. I didn't venture into the revolving barrel but it was some fun watching Marlene go through, (that gal didn't miss a thing, some legs or not), as the boy who was operating the thing was having the thrill of his life. Every time Marlene would fall down, and it was every other second, in he would dash, pick her up with the most ecstatic expression on his face, and put her on her feet—and I am sure that when he is an old man he'll tell his grandchildren, "I'll never forget that night at Venice, I held Marlene Dietrich in my arms. . . ."

There were quite a few producers and directors present, including Walter Wanger, George Cukor, Wes Ruggles, Walter Lang, David Selznick, and Pan Berman, but they didn't go in much for the "enter-thing" but simply stood on the sidelines and "burned." As I heard Walter Wanger remark, and quite truthfully, too, "If I had asked Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich to come down that slide or be tossed off that whirling gadget they would have demanded fifty thousand dollar bonus and four doubles, or would have walked out of the picture. And look at them now! I looked, and there was La Colbert barely taking time to extract a splinter from her wrists before jumping on the roller coaster, and there was La Dietrich diving again into that awful barrel utterly oblivious to her blistered legs. No wonder the directors and producers were kind.

Carole was so busy being a marvelous hostess that she didn't have any fun until along about three o'clock when most of the guests had taken their bruised and battered bodies home to bed. Then Carole and Sally Eilers and Marlene did a little dance routine with high kicks that was really a joy to behold, and Lloyd Pantages and Peggy Fears did an apache number that brought out the Left Bank in us, and Louise Fazenda and Dick Arlen and I settled down to a little steady hot dog eating. It was six A.M., I guess, before the last stretcher had left with the last guest, and Fieldsy (Carole's popular sec) said, "Thank goodness, that's over!" and left for the mountains.

The Hill-Billy party which Carole threw about two months ago was also something. It was a deep, dark secret and the guests were asked to dress, which they did with earrings, trains, and everything. As soon as I saw the drawing-room doors closed I knew we were in for something, and a hasty check-up with the garage, (where the beautiful and formal Empire furniture goes when Carole has an "idea"), proved that something really was underfoot and it might be anything from sand to rose petals and it turned out later to be cornflakes.

Well, anyway, we mingled socially at the bar for about an hour, and everybody was quite elegant except a director who spilled a cocktail on Carole, and then dinner was announced, the doors thrown open, and lo, the Empire with its William Haines influence had given way to the Hill-Billies. The fireplace had been turned into an immense camp-fire with corn roasting on it and a couple of cowboys brawling steals, and over on the side was a table simply loaded down with everything from frankfurters to caviar—just in case there might be a Problem Child among the guests—and down the center of the room stretched a low table set with tin plates and tin cups and knives and forks from the five-and-ten. If you sat at all you sat on the floor and liked it. And really, I've never seen anything funnier than a bunch of dressed-up movie stars squatting around a tin plate of baked beans and drinking champagne from tin cups. Of course the Hill-Billies sang and played all the old cowboy home-from-the-range songs and when they grew weary Gordon and Revel started in with "Lookee, Lookee, Here Comes Cookie," which has haunted me ever since.

Across from me sat Jean Harlow and William Powell, and you really haven't lived until you've seen the urban Mr. Powell chewing on an ear of corn with a checkerd napkin under his chin. On one side of me was the Countess of Warwick, Adrienne Ames' and Bruce Cabot's house guest, and I must say English nobility seemed to know exactly what to do with fingers in an emergency. Chester Morris on my other side sort of complicated things by filling my plate with everything, and it took me exactly half an hour to finally excavate, (goodness gracious, there's that split infinitive following me around again!), my steak. I hear that Carole is planning to have a fishing party soon right there in her own drawing-room, so it's back to...
the garage for the Empire while Noah Beery's trout pond moves in.

And speaking of fishing, Claudette Colbert's little yachting party down into the Mexican waters for a bit of deep sea fishing will always stand out in my memory. My, my, it was such a pretty little boat, too! but of course no one bothered to tell Claudette when she rented it that it was the best roller on the Pacific, and not so bad at pitch and toss, either. The Paul Lukases and the Charlie Butternworths were in the party and we all set sail from San Diego on a foggy morning headed for the Coronado Islands where the big game fish are, (though we never would have known it if we hadn't read it somewhere), and just so her guests could have the best Claudette brought along her Italian chef. But no "Rigoletto" arias were waited up

"See you in the movies," says Lily Pons, as the operatic star entrains for Hollywood to make her film début in "Love Song."

the hatch, nothing but a loud groan, soon after the first big roll; and there was Carlos in the middle of the galley completely covered by everything in the refrigerator, a set of china, and three completely spilled boxes of corn-flakes. (Poor Carlos was laid out in his cabin with a perfect case of sea-sickness and we saw no more of him until we anchored two days later.)

Well, one look at that corn-flake soufflé, and a couple of oceanic convulsions, and we all decided that it would be better to stay flat on our backs on deck with the fish rather than be sporting about that galley. So Claudette took charge, kiddies, and she was magnificent. All the little dainties that she had had sent to the boat, such as cold chicken, broth, French pastry, etc., had landed on Carlos, so there was nothing to eat but the fundamentals of life, and no one to cook them but La Colbert, the Glamor Girl. Claudette cleaned and fried the sea bass we caught, scrambled eggs and bacon, made toast and coffee, knocked up a pudding, squeezed oranges by the dozen, and washed dishes and scrubbed floors down to the last scurrying corn-flake in the hottest galley this side of Suez. All I've got to say is that the Colbergs must come of a good line of reliable

Hot and sticky under the collar? Throat dry as dust? The perfect time to try a pack of KOLLS. They're mildly mentholated; puff and enjoy that refreshing coolness. The fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved; draw deep and enjoy that choice tobacco blend. Cork-tipped—better for lips. And each pack carries a B&W coupon. Valuable: you get some swell premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Give your throat a vacation, with KOLLS!

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Exquisite... but not Expensive

Anyway, it was a swell party even if I was a shill, or a cover-up, or a fall guy or something.

When Joan Blondell's young sister, Gloria, opened in Los Angeles in "Three Men on a Horse," Joan decided it was a grand time to have a party. Of course Gloria, who is quite young and just starting her career, only had three lines to say in the last act; but Joan practically bought out the theatre for the opening night and we dressed up in our Petticoats and tiaras and did the thing up big. There were Mary Brian and Dick Powell, and Glenda Farrell and Eddie Bellande, and Sally Blane and Norman Foster, and the Lloyd Bacons, and the Jimmy Cagneys, and a rait of others; and Gloria may be a great star some day but she'll never have such an opening night as that was. After the play Joan and George took us to the Trocadero where we toasted Miss Gloria time and again, and I never saw a more excited little girl, especially as she was being escorted that evening by George Abbott, the producer. Along about three in the morning the boys, led by Dick Powell, started a little harmony, and I think I left soon afterwards.

The Countess di Frasso's parties are supposed to be the height of something or other in Hollywood, and are quite, quite gay. The Countess bemoaned the fact not long ago that at her parties at some time during the evening a couple of guys would inevitably start fighting. So she gave a "fight" party with her back lawn fixed up to resemble a ring, and during the evening the professional boxers and wrestlers did their stuff, which sort of crammed the atmosphere.

A few weeks ago most of Hollywood received a wire which read: "I am giving a party Sunday night for my favorite brother Bertie. He has long over-stayed his visit in Hollywood stop Please come dress as your favorite movie star or as an advertisement or as someone you dislike stop In fact come in anything or anyway just as long as we manage to confuse Bertie." And if Bertie wasn't confused he certainly should have been, for everything was there. The Countess herself seemed to confuse everyone as well as Bertie. She was dressed in feathers and more feathers and when Dorothy Parker saw her she remarked to Clifton Webb, "Isn't it a pity our hostess didn't dress?" And what do you want to make of that!
"Diamond" in the Rough

Continued from page 57

"I was definitely set on being an actor and started my training with stock companies, finally landing on Broadway.

"To survive in this hazardous business one must have a real love for it in his heart. No one can teach you how to act or how to read lines. It goes deeper than mere training because it is something born in you, but it takes vast acting experience to be able to unleash your emotions and express them visually.

"I sincerely believe that acting requires more hard work than any other profession, but if you love it no sacrifice is too great. There's an excitement, an exhilaration about it that drives you on, that unifies you for any other profession. An actor is always hoping for a great part, one into which he can throw his whole being. This is not alone for fame. Rather, I'd say it is a personal pride, a desire to prove to himself that he justifies his own dreams.

"With all its hardships and its disappointments and heartbreaks, I can't think of life without it, and if I had half a million dollars today I'd go right on acting!"

Funny thing about the camera, it seems actually to go out of its way to focus upon Arnold's exuberant personality whenever he goes into action, and his successes have been so many and so varied that he is being hailed the character screen find of the year.

Besides his Brennan in "Sadie McKee," he won favor as the kindly Senator in "Jennie Gerhardt," the lovable crook in "The Million Dollar Ransom," the German musician in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," the father in "Wednesday's Child," the secretary of war in "The President Vanishes," Louis XIII in George Arliss' "Cardinal Richelieu"—and of his role in the latter, he says:

"There was nothing humorous about it. Perhaps if Louis could have laughed he would have written a different page in history. As always with an Arliss picture we were released as if it were a stage play, and it is a joy to get into the swing of a perfect continuity. What's more, I like a costume drama, especially of that picturesque period, and all in all, it was a happy experience.

Then there was 'The Glass Key,' with George Raft. And now I'm having a fling at being starred in a story built around Diamond Jim Brady. He was the original playboy of Broadway, and his life was gay, dramatic, and sensational enough for several plays. I'm surprised it hasn't been done before, but mighty glad it waited for me to depict this colorful character. It gives one a strange feeling to bring a real person to life on the screen. I've studied Brady until I feel I know the man, know his every reaction, and his emotions were many and far-flung.

"I met Diamond Jim Brady years ago, when I was appearing on the stage with Ethel Barrymore. Brady came back-stage to visit Miss Barrymore when we were playing in 'Mid Channel,' and later I met him for the second time when he again came to see Miss Barrymore at the Maxine Elliott Theatre when I was appearing with her in 'The Cherry Orchard.'"

"My recollection of Diamond Jim coincided with the character as portrayed in the scenario when I first read the script of the picture. Since I had drawn upon personal acquaintance of the man in playing this part, it was, you may be sure, more than a little gratifying to hear people at the studio remark a close resemblance between my screen portrayal and Diamond.

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my impersonations?" and Mr. Ryan, too, exhausted to object, nodded. Jane did Garbo and Zasu Pitts and landed right into "Bright Eyes," a Fox contract, and Mrs. Temple's ointment.

Despite the fact that Jane has been in "the public eye" since she was three, she is as very merit little nine-year-old girl. She has never been a movie star, and her ambition is to own a motor boat that will go a hundred miles an hour, and to live in the country where she can have a baby elephant and a kangaroo. Her favorite actor is Warner Baxter and she is thrilled that she is going to make a picture with him soon and she already think a lot about kidnapping as that is the most exciting thing she knows and she likes exciting pictures. She is a born trooper, and refuses to have a "double," play the coal-bin in "Ginger" when a double was suggested she announced quite firmly that she could take her own falls. She cooks biscuits, (a Southern gal, all right), and she sets the table for her mother, and she keeps her own room. Jackie Searle is the first "man in her life," and a Great Occasion was the day he took her to the Flint- river Country and let her ride in a horse-show, (where incidentally Jackie, a pet weakness of mine, won two cups and a blue ribbon). When one of the camera-men told her that she was much too old for her Jane retorted, "No, he's not, either!" and the only way the prop men can get a "rise" out of Jane is to tell her Jackie likes her.

Out at Warner Brothers little Sybil Jason, her sister Anita, and her uncle Harry Jacobson and I had lunch together in the Garden Room. Anita turned pink when I told her I knew if you've read your newspapers lately, is the wonder child recently imported by Warners from England. Only six years old, she can sing, dance, play the piano, Marion Davies practically handed over her chair and gasped, "And just to think at six I could barely say 'Mamma!'"

Of course the Warner press department had planned no thing to put Shirley Temple or another Shirley Temple, and proudly predicted that the minute Sybil's picture was released the Queen of Fox Hills would be dethroned. So I trotted out to Warners to see what could be done that day, and black horse, Sybil Jason, with lollipops of course. Yeah, you guessed it, I fell for Sybil, too! I admit I was rather agast when this six-year-old baby picked up the cover of Frank J. W. and enthusiastically read it thoroughly, and in perfect English ordered her luncheon—tongue and pickles. Personally I can't read a menu or even speak perfect English; but after all just because I'm a moron I shouldn't hold it against Sybil. No, indeed. Sybil is a beautiful little girl with immense blue eyes and the sweetest smile I've ever seen on any child, despite the fact that she was having a little false tooth trouble that day. I've never had a more sociable luncheon. Sybil was enraptured when I told her about Ocean Park, and they, and the other children, and her dolls, one of whom was having lunch with us and behaving very bad. Sybil and Mike Curtiz, her director, are just like that, so I'm not surprised that him and Mike was so pleased he called Sybil nothing less than a genius. She adores funny, strawberry shortcake, swimming, and I always thought that dairy milk. She likes to play "Mama and Papa" and plays both parts, and Mama is always having to grumble with Papa. She likes to read, and has just finished "David Copperfield" which she read from cover to cover in no time at all—which reminds me that at the age of six I had just stepped on my first stepping-stone to literature which had something to do with "I see a cat." Sybil is most amazing. She'll do a sophisticated impersonation of Mae West one minute, and the next she'll be crying for the little girl who she seems to talk like an adult one minute, and the next she'll be a little girl that you can't resist cuddling. I'm afraid she's what I've always called a little odd-job lady. But so help me, I'm crazy about her.

Sybil was born in Capetown, South Africa, in 1929, and at the early age of two began to startle South Africa by her local accomplishments, her ability to play the piano and sing, and to mimic celebrities. When she was three she joined her uncle, Harry Jacobson, in a Hay Gymnastics Company, played a lively little girl in a Hotel band in London, and was introduced by him to Frances Day, who went into ecstasy and arranged to have Sybil give a professional appearance at once. She was signed for English pictures, and at the preview of her first picture, "Barnacle Bill," was none other than Irving Asher, whose Warner Brothers in England, who proceeded to grab her at once in the American fashion, and before little Sybil, sister Anita, and Uncle Harry could bat their eyes through the curtain, Mrs. Day took a stop-over in New York. Sybil's first Hollywood picture will be "The Little Big Shot" with Glenda Farrell and Bob Armstrong and Edward Everett Horton, and it's due for release now.

Now I don't have to tell you what a sensation little Freddie Bartholomew was in "David Copperfield. Nor how he persuaded his father to bring him to America—(Freddie was born in London but brought up in Warminster, Wiltshire, England)—so he could take a test for David, Nor how he was nothing daunted when he ar-rived and discovered that about a thou-sand other little boys in various parts of the world were taking tests, too, but per-sonally contacted both the producer and the director until they both decided that
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If you are nervous, try hanging your head over the side of the bed and letting the blood flow into the roots of the hair. Many people fast this way so that their blood never gets a chance to circulate as freely as it should through the neck and head.

If you have been doing hard, physical work all day long, you need rest after dinner. It won’t hurt you to exercise your mental faculties but don’t go in for setting around the block; walk two or three miles, until you are so weary you can scarcely get home. Then you’ll find it easy to relax in number.

When Mary Boland feels that things are not sailing along smoothly, she goes into the garden in the sunshine and works on her floriferous combination of sun, congenial labor and fresh air do marvels for her, she claims.

Sometimes the thing that causes nerves to take a poor posture is tension. You see, your head weighs somewhere between twelve and fifteen pounds, about a tenth of your whole weight. If it rests on top of the column of your spine, as it should and remains anywhere, but if you poke it forward or let it slump over, you are putting a big strain on neck muscles and throwing out the whole balance of your body.

Avoid anything that tends to push or pull your head from its proper position on the center of your neck. Sleeping on a high pillow thrusts it forward one side, (if you sleep on your side), for hours at a time. Eye-strain pulls your head forward and you find your shoulders stooped and your chest hollow. Dropping over knitting or sewing or shell work—in the wrong ball to slide out of line, and brings on a double chin.

Remember to keep the tips of your ears in line with the shoulders, and you’ll be amazed at how much more restful your posture will be.

Try this exercise: Lie face down on the floor, arms extended, a pillow under your abdomen. Exhale through lips pursed up as it whistling and at the same time raise head and shoulders upward and back as if you were a seal. Reap raising up, use only neck and shoulder muscles, not the waist muscles.

For filling out a thin neck by building up neck muscles, try this: Lie flat on your back, with the pillow under your shoulders this time—but not under the neck. Throw your head back toward the floor, stretching it as far as you can without moving your body. Then bring it forward as far as possible; then relax thoroughly. Do this half a dozen times at first, then add one a day until you are doing six.

Taut muscles, which are the result of wasting nervous energy, keep you thin, etch lines around your mouth and eyes, restrict your breathing and make possible impossible.

If you are a victim of nerves, do relaxation exercises for at least ten minutes every day in order to establish the habit of relaxing.

It is a good idea to do these exercises to music, if possible, because that will help you relax your mind as well as your body. Don’t plan and don’t worry while you are doing these exercises, listen to the music and forget yourself. Naturally, you are tense because of some mental condition, so the mind must let go, too. Hold your hands behind your back, arms hanging loosely on sides. Bend the right knee a little, throwing your weight on that foot and stretching the left leg. Let the left leg drop toward the floor and relax. Roll the body around in a circle from the right, back, left, front and to starting position once more. During this you become aware you have perfectly limp and let the head roll on relaxed muscles. Try this again with weight on left foot. 2. Sit on the floor with left leg stretched out behind and the right leg tucked under the body. Brace your body on the floor with right hand. Slowly relax the muscles.

Banish Nerves, Beckon Beauty

Continued from page 56
of the trunk, letting the right hand slide along until you are lying extended on the floor. Go over your body mentally, relaxing each muscle. Repeat.

3: Stand erect. Slowly relax the muscles until your body crumples up on the floor. Stretch out at full length, then relax completely. Repeat.

A bad habit that you probably have if you are the nervous type is that of sitting on the edge of your chair, or on the end of a desk instead of taking a proper position with the hips well back in the chair and the head held easily. Sit before a mirror and see what perching on edges does to your looks. How do you hold your head? What does it do to your neck? Your chin? Your abdomen! One look ought to be enough!

The headache that results from a cramped position over a desk or machine often brings on nervous irritability. This can be avoided if you will now and then rise, go to an open window and take a few deep breaths, stretching the arms over the head as you do so.

If you come in at night so tense with excitement that you can’t sleep for hours, don’t lie there tossing around and keeping the family awake.

Tart a warm bath, followed by some relaxing exercises, and you’ll find yourself asleep before you know it. If you haven’t some pine bath salts to put in your bath water for this relaxing bath, take some bicarbonate of soda and Epsom salts in it and this will help relieve fatigue.

When you are ready for bed, lie down and relax, every muscle, by shaking your hands loosely and allowing them to fall limp; then treat your feet and legs the same way. Take deep, even breaths, and presently you will be asleep.

Miss Violet K., Cicero, Ill., and Miss Patricia Ann, Reading, Pa.: You both are worrying about bulgy calves. (Patricia Ann is about 10 lbs. under-weight, so perhaps her trouble lies in over-developed muscles instead of fat.) However, the following exercise will take care of both muscles and fat: Brace your knees firmly together, then relax the muscles of the lower legs and give them a good shaking until tired. Follow this by a brief rest, then slowly stretch your limbs downward, upward, and sideways.

Miss A. Jockew, The Hague, Holland: According to your measurements, your hips seem to be a bit large. Try this exercise: Clasp your hands back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right. You say that in Holland you use c.m. instead of the inch as we do over here. 254 c.m. equals 1 inch. Your hips are therefore 26 plus inches.

Mrs. E. R. C., Ft. Dodge, Iowa: Take my advice and ask your doctor at once about the unnatural swelling of your ankles. Perhaps the round shoulders are caused by poor posture—watch this. Exercise for reducing abdomen: Lie flat on the floor with hands clasped behind the head, and feet under some obstacle—a low-ranged chair will do. Then sit up without raising the feet. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Miss J. Karinsky, Washington, D. C.: Do not jump rope! It is the worst thing you can do. Posture may help you. Firm the tissues with cold water, ice, or astrigents. Cross hands in front of chest and violently throw arms out to side and back. Ten strokes are enough at first.


Miss L. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.: An expert masseur would solve your problem of excess flesh. You can learn to give yourself a massage, however. Buy a bottle of mineral oil, lubricate the palms, make a cup of the hands and gently slap hip line and thighs, always working upward. Slap softly and slowly enough to feel a slight suction with each blow. It working on hip line, start on upper thigh and work upward to waist. Suction, not the blow, does the work.

C. S. and M. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: See above for massage treatment. For bow legs, correct posture makes these less conspicuous, but exercise improves contours. However, if very bad, go to a doctor for surgical treatment.

JAMES DAVIES' ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

James Davies is at your service! Consult him for advice on how to reduce or gain weight, by means of healthful exercise and diet—the methods used by screen stars he has helped to keep fit and lovely. Mr. Davies can't undertake to answer letters by mail, but representative questions will be answered in the columns of SCREENLAND. Address your questions to: James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

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We happen to know they're responsible for some of the tidest hiplines in Hollywood!

THOUSANDS of women all over the country chose the shades and texture for the new Cashmere Bouquet face powder. The makers tested it and sent out samples for more than a year before they placed the powder in the stores. The result, in our opinion, is practically perfect! It is gossamer-fine, clinging but not cakey, and has the lovely Cashmere Bouquet fragrance that never grows old. Comes in naturelle, dark Rachel, light Rachel, beige, and peach Rachel—the shades which rated the top five in popularity. It's surprisingly inexpensive.

BE KIND to your new Fall clothes, and don't let yourself be guilty of ruining their freshness by under-arm perspiration. The way of absolute safety is to sew Kleinert dress shields into your clothes before you wear them. These come in every color, weight, and size. The silk crepe ones are dainty little guards for your finer fabrics. There's a half-shield for a sleeveless gown. Or if the thought of a bit of sweat irks you, Kleinert makes a bra-form that combines shields with a brassiere. Or there's a little "popular row" that can be pinned in place.

HAVE you found out what the new Glazo pearl finish nail polish will do for your hands? If not, you'd better. It gives off the permanents the most fascinating iridescent gleam—altogether different from the ordinary kind. It's ultra smart if you apply it over the entire nail and then take just the tiniest bit off the edge. 

This makes your nails look longer and your hands seem slimmer. Natural shade, and shell are the colors. Incidentally, prices on all Glazo polishes have come way down, and you can get a whopping big bottle of oil-base polish remover for a mere trifle.

THE quick and easy way to get your figure in shape is to wear a Perfolastic girdle. It takes off the pounds and inches just where you want to lose them, without leaving you any leg- or arm-lifts. The girdle lines and says the way a too-strenuous reducing diet will do. Hips, thighs, and "tummy" areas are where the Perfolastic reducing girdle goes to work with a vengeance! If you've carried the "rubber tire" around the diaphragm region, a detachable brassiere worn with the girdle gives a little more muscle and takes care of that. Little vacuum cups in the perforations set up a massage-like action, which does the reducing jobmate comfortably, as your skin can breathe.

CORDAY has a new lipstick that's a honey! It's called Mirro Stik because when you open it up, it's a little steel mirror pops out.—just the right size and shape to show your lips clearly while you do the make-up job. The case is a small affair, the kind you'd like to throw away. However, you'll use this as a gift for the last drop. So—CORDAY gives you a retiul to double its life. Comes in light, medium, raspberry red, and electric—(a grand new Terra Cotta shade). The case itself may be obtained in black, red or that intriguing shade of CORDAY blue.
Joan Joins the Rebels

Continued from page 34

best-made plans can slip, and Joan’s did, and her young dream of happiness—ever-after not materializing but rather dissolving with the severance of the marriage bonds in a divorce court, she had to make a living. The stage offered the way.

However, all that was in the dim past. Now a screen star, with her two best pictures immediately back of her, “Private Worlds” and “Mississippi,” a home in Hollywood with her successful writer-husband also engaged in movie work, and her two young daughters, “what,” we wanted to know, “do you want with a stage engagement? Here you’ve just been telling how much you like picture work, how you love living in Hollywood, so what’s the idea of wanting to go back to Broadway to do a play? That’s what lots of screen celebrities say, but why?”

The petite lady in the chic black frock with a large white bow at the neck—a smiling young girl she seemed, with her very blonde hair, prominent forehead, firm and smiling mouth and starry blue eyes, appeared more amused than annoyed at a torrent of “whys” that, “it’s feared, were put with more emphasis than politeness.”

“I can’t speak for others, only myself,” Joan replied quite calmly, never so much as a gesture of emphasis accompanying the words directed at the interrogator seated opposite her in the living room of the hotel suite which she made her temporary residence.

“My reason,” she continued, “is simply that I want to prove that I can play more substantial roles, and I believe I can do that by appearing in a play more quickly than by simply talking about it at the picture studios.”

Does anybody ever get the brass ring on this merry-go-round of making a career? You make a hit on the stage, get a movie contract, play in several important pictures and get a reputation for yourself on the screen, only to find that if you want to continue progress in your job, you’d better be getting back to the stage, the original spring-board, to prove you are something more than a mere type, a one-part style of actor or actress.

And mind you, this is not simply the theory advanced by one individual, who in this case happens to be the charming Joan Bennett. It is sound reason, because a screen star can catch a holding her own ticket as to the kind of part she’ll play on the stage, whose managers know the value of such picture “names” to the box-office.

Of course, the outcome of these stage ventures is not always happy. The experiences of Hepburn in “The Lake” and Hopkins in “Jesu,” though now history, remain as warning signals to deter screen players tempted to go back to the footlights. But figure it out—did either Katharine Hepburn or Miriam Hopkins suffer any injuries to their screen prestige because their plays failed? Not so you can notice it.

“I don’t consider stage acting any more a test of acting ability than working in pictures,” Joan went on. “As a matter of fact, there are things about picture acting which are greater demands upon the player’s ability to create a mood. You work up to a certain point and must stop, whereas the stage gives you the chance to go through the natural sequences in working up to a climax. It’s simply that I want to show I can do different parts and can get that opportunity on the stage, that makes

She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There’s little excuse for it these days. For there’s a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you’re dressed. It’s harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It’s so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don’t cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Another way Mum helps is on sanitary napkins. Don’t worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!
An extra dividend for you

—this stunning “powder box”

You’ll adore this smart box with its gleaming black enamel cover, embossed with a dainty silver design, that makes such a handy powder box for your dressing table, purse, or the office. Each contains a buckram powder sifter, and the ribbon is wrapped in Cellophane, keeping the inside of the box immaculate.

Carter’s Ideal Typewriter Ribbons write beautifully and give long service. They come for all machines. Ask for Carter’s Ideal Ribbons and get this lovely box for yourself!

CARTER’S Ideal Typewriter Ribbon

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustreous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply touch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb in. Shades: “Blonde to Medium Brown” and “Dark Brown to Black” cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 5¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Crooked Heels

Don’t blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the way you walk—the weight of your body is off balance. Dr. Scholl’s WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body’s weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35¢.

Dr. Scholl’s Walk-Strates

ne consider going back to the footlights. And this merely as a step to further my picture work.

It seems Joan has reached the decision that many an actress arrives at eventually. She wants to amuse you. To make you smile, chuckle, laugh, even. In other words the little blonde who has supplied substantial motive for many a screen hero’s strivings to make good for the heroine’s sake, by a personification of beauty and ingratiating sweetness, wants to play comedy roles. Smart comedy characters, the kind that though they exact far more of the actress than any other type of part, are the aim of every player who is anxious to prove her mettle as an actress.

Joan, who won resounding praise for her work in “Private Worlds,” amid such top-notch acting company as Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and others in a notably fine cast, also has made good in a big way as a leading lady for Bing Crosby, and “Mississippi” hadn’t reached the preview stage before Paramount decided to exercise an option on Joan’s services for another picture by calling her back to play opposite Bing in his latest, “Two for Tonight.”

This, Joan finds a most agreeable arrangement. “He’s about the nicest chap to work with I ever met,” she said, referring to Bing. “I’ve always been a fan of his—radio, phonograph records, pictures of Crosby have always been attractions for me. And hasn’t he made strides as a picture actor?”

Well, any actress who likes pictures as much as Joan Bennett does, and whose latest assignment is another part opposite an actor she so much enjoys working with, may be persuaded by something less than a war or other world-shaking event to give up her idea of returning to the footlights for a spell. But you can be sure our smiling little beauty has a mind of her own, and you are not advised to place any bets that this talk of Joan’s about going into a stage play is just mere talk that will never turn to action.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 62

tan Opera Association invited Helen Oelheim to put her signature on one of their new-style contracts, the spotlight was turned on one of the most accomplished and least publicized artists regularly engaged in radio.

Miss Oelheim’s warm-toned and excellently schooled contralto voice has added to the musical merit of many a broadcast during the past five years. For the last two years she has been a member of the Show Boat troupe.

You’ve read very little about Helen Oelheim, who is one of the easiest persons to talk to you could meet, largely for the reason that the publicity phase of her profession is one she has never been much interested in. Miss Oelheim is the type that does things, and well, and has little to say about them—except if you ask her; and then this rather petite lady with the charmingly natural manner, looks directly at you with her wide, pale-blue eyes, tells
you the answers with ingratiating frankness.

You probably recall—now that you're reminded—that Helen Oelheim and a chap named Nelson Eddy were the featured singers on a radio program about three years ago under the name of "The Dutch Masters' program.

And, speaking of Nelson Eddy, Helen Oelheim proved herself just another woman in the rest? You know, "He's such a grand person." Then she added, "And I think he's even nicer now than he was then before he became so famous." The notion may not be so nice, but for the sheer novelty of it, I'd like to hear some member of the fair sex mention Nelson Eddy without raving about him.

About the lady's innocence of that guile that makes good publicity: Here's an instance. After she was signed for the Met, somebody told her it would be a good idea to get herself some pet, a baby leopard preferably, but at least a dog. "I've always wanted to have a dog," she confided, "but I'll be darned if I do a thing like that—make a dog be my 'stooge' for some publicity. I like dogs too much for that!"

Born in Buffalo, of a family that liked music, though she is the only member in the profession, Helen Oelheim is a product of an American conservatory of music. Her first studies were concentrated on the piano, but she sang a little. Appearing at a church affair, singing songs to her own accompaniment, Helen impressed a woman who was studying voice. This woman took Helen to her teacher for an audition. Not long after Helen was doing another audition, to her own piano accompaniment, and thereby won a scholarship at the Eastman School in Rochester.

While a student at the school, she appeared in many of the stage presentations offered with pictures at the Eastman Theatre in Rochester. These presentations were directed by Rouben Mamoulian, who is now one of our foremost film directors, and winning new fame for his work on "Becky Sharp."

An organization formed to present opera in English took several of the Eastman students into its fold, and among them Helen Oelheim. She sang six operative roles—her favorite was, and still is, Suzuki in "Butterfly."

There were some dramatic episodes connected with Helen's audition at the Met. She had been seen by the late Herbert Witherspoon, then director, and time lapsed between the audition and word that Miss Oelheim's contract had been confirmed.

Mr. Witherspoon finally informed her by telephone that the contract had been accepted. Not more than an hour later Helen Oelheim saw editions of the evening paper announcing that Herbert Witherspoon had died suddenly in his office at the Metropolitan. When the first lists of artists signed for the Met was published, Helen Oelheim's did not appear.

It was a regular motion picture happy ending when Miss Oelheim was informed by Edward Johnson, who succeeded to the directorship after Mr. Witherspoon's death, that her contract had been confirmed.

As the head man of his own radio station—on the screen—the always amusing Jack Oakie will confide some remarkable things about radio. Indeed, while engineers still hold out promise, but no definite dates for the performance of television, Mr. Oakie will contrive some wizardry whereby you will not only hear such radio stars as Jessica Dragonette, Amos 'n Andy, Ethel Merman, to say nothing of such double-starred personages as Bing Crosby, and Burns and Allen, but you'll see them as they broadcast—and it will all be done in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."

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**Perfect Mayonnaise!**

**EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE**

- 3/4 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 3/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
- 1/4 cup salad oil or melted butter
- 1 egg yolks
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. It thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and prying to make such mayonaisse! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good! Mayonnaise?
- But notice—this recipe calls for sweetened condensed milk. Don't confide
- fuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.

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Wrinkles, Pimples, Eye-Puffs, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Acne, Pits, Freckles, Flabby Neck, Old-age Hands.

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INSTANTLY RELIEVED
Relief from painful corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes is yours the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The soothing, healing medication in them drives out the pain. The scientific design of these thin, cushioning, shock-absorbing pads ends the causes—shoe pressure and friction.

STOPS ANNOYING SHOE TROUBLES
If your shoes rub, pinch or press your toes or feet, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give instant relief. Easy to use; prevents most serious foot troubles. Separate medication in convenient form is included for safely loosening and removing corns or callouses. This complete, double-action treatment now costs only 25¢ and 35¢ a box. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Seductive Slimness
Remove that Ugly FAT
Female attractiveness demands exquisite, youthful lines of a graceful, alluring figure—smooth, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming bulk. Fatness in women has been reduced by the safe, simple, and reliable Zino-pads ever since 1916, and reduced just where the weight is undesirable, safely, quickly, soon. I myself reduced my waist by 4½ inches and my weight by 28 lbs. in 29 days.

A writer: ‘I was 17 inches because the child. Here is the inside story!’

The Slimmest Treatment
is the simplest treatment.

A woman must know for herself how much fat she has and where it is located. The Zino-pads are the answer—will reduce weight without a struggle, without ever being noticed by others, and subject only to the secret of the wearer.

The Zino-pads are worn on the skin and do not alter the color. They come in three sizes for women and children. There are only three sizes for men, as men are not so fat.

The Zino-pads come in an easily concealed case of velveteen or a small bag with a button.

A woman who is not satisfied with her shape should try the Zino-pads. They are a valuable aid to health and beauty.

CORN
SORE TOES, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

18. Edible fish
22. To caulk
23. To hasten
24. That slippery fish
25. Eel soup
26. Wing of a house
27. To boil
28. The famous Sunnybrook farm girl
29. The noise a donkey makes
30. To be under obligation to
31. Past
32. Mrs. Joel McCrea
33. Crawford's boy friend
34. Tooth of a baby
35. The ex Mrs. Doug Sr.
36. Crowing star of 'Mississippi'
37. A gulling term
38. The girl who married Nick Stuart
39. Former comic, with give-in knees
40. Nickname for Yale
41. Indefinite pronoun
42. Anumber
43. Kind of lights in front of theatre
44. Cowboy star ('Revenge Rider,' 'Square Dance,' etc.)
45. Donkey
46. Oyster
47. Vulgar upstart
48. What you don't want on your toes
49. Ingenue in 'Music in the Air'
50. Beverage
51. Fabulous bird
52. What do you hear a talking with
53. Floating ice
54. To make-believe
55. Only
56. Civil War soldier (slang)
57. What Mata Hari was
58. Something that goes with ham
59. Polo
60. Female sheep
61. Apparel
62. Co-star of "The Wedding Night"
63. Lamp of material
64. Mickey Mouse's papa
65. Health spring
66. Sleek and silky
67. To sow
68. Star who married Kenneth McKenna
69. Units of weight

ACROSS
1. Star of "Forsaking All Others"
5. Star of "Changing April"
8. Frances Dee's "Mr."
9. The platinum blonde of "Reckless"
12. Female deer
13. Unsmiling comic of silent days
17. Coleenmoore in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl"
18. Edible fish
19. To caulk
20. To hasten
21. That slippery fish
22. Eel soup
23. Wing of a house
24. To boil
25. The famous Sunnybrook farm girl
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59. Co-star of "The Wedding Night"
60. Lamp of material
61. Mickey Mouse's papa
62. Health spring
63. Sleek and silky
64. To sow
65. Star who married Kenneth McKenna
66. Units of weight

DOWN
1. Co-star of "One More Spring"
2. To make a speech
3. Baby Keeler's husband
4. Jimmy Durante's "Schnozzle"
5. To sign up
6. A yes-man's forbidden word
7. Recess
8. Mrs. Stuart Erwin
9. Rose
10. Anaesthetic
11. "Hostess" in "Ripples of Red Gap"
12. Sings with closed lips
13. To where
14. Wife
15. To depend upon
16. A Beverley
17. Kind of lights used in film studios
18. The most famous Chinese girl in movies
19. Grandfather in "The Little Colonel"
20. What a seemingly acting has too much of
21. Co-star in "After Office Hours"
22. Title role player in "The Little Minister"
23. You and
24. Printers' measure
25. Slabs of baked clay
26. Vegetable
27. Terror
28. What you do at a mystery story
29. Fortification
30. Heroine in "Gone With the Wind"
31. Bebe Daniels' husband
32. Carey's friendly enemy ('Devil Dogs of the Air')
33. Printers' measures
34. Comedian in 'Imitation of Life'
35. To observe
36. Modestly hot
37. To exist
38. To decay
39. Note of the scale
40. To put on, as make-up
41. Sharpened sides of razors or knives
42. Dancing co-star of "Roberta"
43. Heath's boss in "David Copperfield"
44. Fat
45. A type of whiskey
46. Method material
47. Newspaper to photographer in "After Office Hours"
48. Horses of a certain color
49. Co-star in "Naughty Marietta"
50. Harried
51. Insect
52. To inquire
53. To speak
54. Compliment point
55. Ma's husband
56. Toward

Solution to last month's puzzle will be found on opposite page
Beauty in Garbo’s Eyes

Continued from page 51

sleen to the eyebrows. Some blue-eyed blondes like purple eye shadow for daytime.

A light green eye shadow, as pale as a new leaf in Springtime, is irresistible when it’s applied with discretion by a red-head. There are other shades of green, too, toning down to a dark green that is very flattering to the girl blessed with coppery auburn hair.

Black and brown are still the favored shades of eye shadow for brunettes; their daylight make-up, although purple is sometimes used. In evening make-up they can go in for almost any shade, the selection depending upon the gown.

Much is being made of iridescent eye shadow for evening make-up. It gives your eyelids a shining allure that can’t help making you feel gay! One prominent beauty specialist advises applying your regular eye shadow and then touching it up with a silver or gold shade to make the eyelids shine.

There’s a whole new cult built around the selection of make-up shades to go with each costume. Make-up bars are springing up where you can go before some special event and have yourself a special make-up to go with the costume you are wearing. Here’s some of the shades they use: anemthyst mascara and eye shadow for the purple gown; emerald to go with a picture shade of green; sapphire with pink and brown; emerald mascara and smoky pearl eye shadow with white; and a final touch of star dust when you want to make your eyelids glitter.

Eye shadows may be obtained in either a compact or a cream form. The creamy one is more especially in favor now, for fashion is partial to a shiny finish. Also, the darker shades can be used for lashes and lids both.

There are all sorts of attractive containers for eye make-up that you can carry around with you. One looks like an oversized lipstick. One end of a brush, and to make a rinse, a lipstick and revealed mascara, eye shadow, and a neat little brush. There’s a mascara compact that features a sponge moistener in addition to the mascara and brush.

Breaking of mascara, or any cosmetic you use on your lashes, be sure you apply it on the upper lashes only. Coloring the short lashes on the lower lid gives that harsh made-up look.

If you don’t have long, curling lashes, (or want them), you’re simply not human!

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

JANET  LEROY
DOLORES  CINEMAS
ETMER  SNAILS
EIRE  TELLS
RALEIGH  ELIN
MERLE  ENJOY  STEELE
RAN AN 操纵
ASSIST  ST  STORED
NEED  SPRAT  RESORTS
LIELE  REGIME  TRITER
WOES  RICHARD  RIBS
ANN  KATHARINE  PIE
SEE  PAGE  SEGMENT
SETTO  YOUNG

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at one, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package. — or money refunded.

At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 209, Atlanta, Ga.
Papa Is Head Man

Continued from page 15

of every French husband, took full and complete charge of the frenzied embarkation. Mama, a dutiful and no doubt ever-loving wife, reposed sedately in one of the—yes, two, adjoining—Boyer state-rooms, and had no more to say than one of the hat-boxes. She walked, she smiled, she perched at the brewery across the Hudson, as the photographers suggested, but it was Papa who directed and started the show.

Yes—Papa is Head Man of the show. That is to say, he is the regular French husband of the old school. That is the way such things are ordered in La Patrie and who shall say it is not a suitable arrangement? Certainly not an American husband of 1935! Monsieur rules the roost—Madame the helmsman, companion and relaxation. Which is why the average Frenchman and the modern American girl usually blend like a couple of strange aires.

But a marriage like that of Charlie and Patty is no zephyr, from any angle. Now that Le Beau Boyer is a matinee-girl's delight on both sides of the sea, and fair game for bordelo-outs and outbosses in two languages, there is bound to be a certain amount of stress and strain.

Fortunately, this hysterical adulation is old stuff. A few years back he was a Pet of Paris, with mademoiselles hurling themselves into the Seine for love of him, and he knows what to do when a wild-eyed lass, with glistening nymphet, lunges forth to him. Today he merely takes up the difficult career of a Dream Man where he left off when he bogged down in the Hollywood of a few years ago.

In fact, these two face a very nice life if they can see eye to eye and can amble amiss down Life's rocky pathway hand in hand.

The Little Pat is a Fox contractee, and before starting east over the old Santa Fe trail had just finished dealing with the famous Charlie Chan in Egypt. Boyer has an inimitable French arrangement. In America he is under personal contract to Mr. Walter Wanger, who knew him and his works abroad, and is not apt, therefore, to cast about for a line of work and a line of work that might suit him. Six months of the year he spends in Hollywood. During the past few months he made “Private Worlds” and “Shanghai” for Wanger, and even went on tour to RKO, where he was literally co-starred with Hepburn in “Break of Hearts”—the first time The Friedlone has shared billing since she first flashed into films.

In fact, we now know that M. Charles practically stole the picture from The New Bernhard, thus giving her a spoonful of the bitter medicine she administered to Barrymore in “A Bill of Divorcement.” And he is an ardent admirer of Hepburn—her seriousness, her contagious enthusiasm and zeal, her exceptional gift for play-acting. He hopes, he told me, to do another with her next fall, if only RKO can exorcise or cosmetic an eyelash grower cream.

The other six months, making twelve in all, Monsieur may spend in his native land. This summer he is to do two pictures or two scenes in one play, as the case may be, thus being able to keep his admirers white-hot on both sides of the Atlantic. Sacred name of a pipe, is this not an arrangement? La Petite Paterson goes abroad for the vacation and stays in Hollywood from the Fox corrall. She will thus return to her Hollywood chores before the lord and master. But separations are not novelties among the first pair of marital bliss, they spent but four months together. The rest of the time Boyer was abroad making “The Battle” and other matters.

Boyer seems to me to be a very nice guy indeed. If there's no conceit about him, there's plenty of assurance. He gave me the idea that he knows all the answers, but he doesn't shout them. After all, he's been a top man a long time, and has been well
buttered by admirers. He's good-looking, but no beauty. His black thistle is thinning above the eyes. He's a cool bird, but his amiability and charm make you like him.

Boyer is quite startled by the lack of contact among American actors, and don't laugh. What he means is that in France a popular star is a being apart and above, and acts like a dva-major in the public eye. The crowd expects it. One of Charles' particular Hollywood wonders is Joel McCrea. He cannot get it through his head that handsome and popular young mammal like McCrea doesn't pose and preen like a peacock.

All in all, my experience of this M. Boyer is most pleasant. He doesn't take the Dream Man business too big, for he was in active practice as a Dream Man long before he heard about the gold strike in the Hollywood hills.

With three successful films "in the bag," as the French say, he is now re-fluttering the hearts of La Patrie. With the first frost he's turned to oranges, at which time we'll resume his career as a bowler-over of our own susceptible sweethearts.

I regret that I cannot report, at this time, on Miss Patsy Kelly's illuminating remarks on the Gotham skyline and American men. After all she is Madame Boyer, and one's wife is—well, one's wife, no? If and when she emerges from the golden haze which surrounds the Dream Man, I shall be glad to regale you with chummy little anecdotes on how it feels to be the spouse of an idol of Two Continents.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

helped set the card table for our pictures. She pushed one of the odd-looking chairs out of the way and remarked that it was from Jack's beach cottage, but she brought it up here. It saves Jack storage—lots of this stuff is discarded, she says.

Bee's bright black face beamed at me. She was ready to confide any sandwich secret.

For the checkerboard sandwiches, she cuts slices of white and whole wheat bread about half an inch thick. Make two butter sandwiches of two layers each, using a slice of dark bread and a slice of white. Then make a sandwich reverse the colors. Cut each sandwich into strips half an inch wide. Place together, alternating strips, one from each sandwich so that a square of dark bread is opposite a square of white bread, having buttered the strips before placing them together. Place under a weight until the butter is firm, then beginning at the end cut the strips into slices.

Sometimes Bee slices her bread the long way of the loaf, cutting off all the crusts, and makes different colored fillings, peanut butter, watercress, cream cheese, etc. Then she rolls her bread and slices it into ribbon sandwiches.

Dolores Del Rio, who is always interested in new dishes, was especially delighted with one of Bee's specials, called Schaum Torte. Here it is:

Schaum Torte
3 egg whites
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Beat egg whites until stiff, add vinegar and lemon juice. Beat in the sugar gradually and continue beating fifteen minutes.
minutes. Bake in cool oven forty minutes or until when lifted from pan the tarts do not break. Use muffin tin. Serve with fresh raspberries topped with whipped cream, or with any desired fresh or canned fruit.

"When I was a child, my favorite parties were always birthday parties," remarked Virginia. "I remember I used to meet my small guests at the door and cry: 'What did you bring me?' That's all I cared about them, selfish little wretch that I was! And now my next adventure in entertaining is to be my baby's second birthday party. I'm going to have all new patio furniture and invite her best boy friends, little Gary and little Rieder Arlen, and some other little children. Perhaps she'll behave better than I used to do. We'll see! "Bee is going to make marshmallow turtles for the babies. Susan adores them. You flatten the marshmallows and stick cloves in for feet—and I hope the guests won't choose on the cloves! On second thought, maybe turtles aren't such a bright idea.

"As I said before, I don't know a thing about entertaining. But Bee does, so it's all right."

"Virginia has been having the 'flu'" observed Mrs. Briggs, Virginia's mother, coming in to cast a maternal eye over the preparations. "She has lost eight pounds and it worries her, but she is simply delighted."

"Oh, but it's so good on the finger! All the girls would like to lose eight pounds," commented Virginia, dancing down the living-room in time with the song Bing's record was singing.

"I know," sighed her mother, "but it's too bad. They are risking their health. I hope girls outside pictures aren't so foolish, or what will become of this country?"

"Don't start worrying about the country—worry about me, and I'll worry about Susan, and Bee can worry about you," Virginia laughed.

Her mother turned to me.

"There's a dessert that won't make girls take on weight and yet is good for them," she observed. "Virginia's very fond of it. It's made honey apple."

"You cut good baking apples and fill the centers with chopped nuts, dates and raisins mixed with honey. Add 1 tablespoon of honey extra and 2 tablespoons of water for each apple and bake a long time in a slow oven. If the apple seems to need it, put in more honey and water as it bakes. "But I think some pound-producing food wouldn't hurt any girl!"
Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 64

WISCONSIN'S PROUD OF FREDDIE

Wisconsin can claim many top-notch stars as native sons and daughters, but one tops them all. Romance, comedy and tragedy are portrayed with the greatest of ease by this dashing young man, if you please. We salute Frederic March with pride!

Lucy Wasilowski, 2482 N. 12th St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MAKES A TITLE TALK BACK

They say "The Devil Is a Woman." But I say it's Paramount—until they give Marie a part that's really some account.

Warren E. Sisson,
5109-19th St.,
Oakland, Calif.

ARE YOU LISTENIN', POP-EYE?

I would like to petition Pop-Eye to be more considerate of Wimpy, the sentimental hamburger consumer. Perhaps if Wimpy is given all he desires, there will be no overproduction in the hamburger business.

C. W. Philpot,
121 Church St.,
Laurens, S. C.

A NEW SKIN!

Pimples Blackheads
Coarse Pores
Oily Skin
Wrinkles-Wrinkles! 
Dry Skin—Dry Skin

Read this

Free Offer

— and learn what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time, as stated by the leading dermatologists, women, young and old. It is all explained in a new free treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS," which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. No worry never more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging on your outer skin; send us your name and address. MARVY BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Depts. R-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postage and absolutely free. If gainful, tell friends.

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Mire. Noel Knoke of Minneapolis. Wini. Gray hair ends with Knospay ends gray hair

TURMEL'S

Photography

Spare Time or Full Time

Here's a Salute to Warner Oland and his Charlie Chan characterizations. His portrayals are becoming more sincere and ingratiating with each release. Oland makes these excellent stories interesting and intelligent entertainment.

Betty Patterson,
6319 Monitor St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHEERS FOR CHARLIE CHAN

Here's a Salute to Warner Oland and his Charlie Chan characterizations. His portrayals are becoming more sincere and ingratiating with each release. Oland makes these excellent stories interesting and intelligent entertainment.

Betty Patterson,
6319 Monitor St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THAT'S GRATITUDE

I am thankful to the movies for giving us such an honest, natural, and down-to-earth personality as Bing Crosby. He gives us just the right amount of music, love interest, and plot, in all his pictures.

Regina Joseph,
No. Vassarillo, Mo.

ACE-STAR ASTAIRE

A boom, boom Salute to Fred Astaire, spectacular, sensational, superlative stepper! He merits his rating as Hollywood's brightest star and America's Own Song and Dance Man. Fred is a personal power-house. He keeps getting bigger, better, brighter than ever. He's positively Tops! LeRoy Rice,
40 East Orvis St.,
Massena, N. Y.

AFRICA SALUTES US!

Thanks! Yes, we have a lot to thank America for, and foremost are our films. Living in a lonely town one appreciates them more than city dwellers. Who is better fitted to charm the male populace at large than Loretta Young? Also, what's this bunt about Yankee twang?

Dick Griffiths,
Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, Africa.

WHY BE FAT?

So needless to be fat and neglectful when others are finding it easy to be slim and attractive with the RE-duce-OIDS way.

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55 Pounds

Read what these women did to regain slender figures...

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Ohio Nurse LOST 47 Lbs.—Gladys R. Byer, Registered Nurse, 231 Cottage, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I lost 47 lbs. with RE-duce-OIDS, though I did not diet. Though I lost all this fat my skin is firm and smooth."

Reduced 34 Lbs.—I reduced 34 lbs.," writes Mrs. J. Potts, Honey Creek, Ia., "they are pleasant to take and dependable. I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat." Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-duce-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy-to-take, tasteless RE-duce-OIDS in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Labora-
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Address: ________________________________
City: ________________________________ State: __________________.
Boselle E. I'll see what can be done about having a picture in our Art Section of Baby Jane, known in private life as Juanita Quigley. She played with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life" and her newest film is "Straight from the Heart" with Roger Pryor and Mary Astor. Jean Parker was born on August 11, 1915. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. One of Anne Shirley's latest releases, "Chasing Yesterday" is from the novel, "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" by Anatole France. With her in the picture are O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley who played with her in "Anne of Green Gables." "Chasing Yesterday" was the last picture of Trent Durkin, who met a tragic death in a motor accident with the father of Jackie Coogan.

Lucille G. There must be some mistake about Irene Dunne signing up as a "school marm." She is too busy working in pictures, doing her daily vocalizing for musical films and stuff, to add school teaching to her activities. After a vacation in New York she will appear as Magnolia in the screen version of "Show Boat" for Universal Pictures. Then she will star in "Magnificent Obsession" for Universal. As far as I know, David Holt is not scheduled for another picture just now. David was born on August 14, 1927, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Romola D. Your cry for help has reached me and I'll do all I can to "still your beating heart." Your Romeo of the screen, Cesar Romero, was born in New York City on February 15, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Cesar was educated at the Collegiate school in N. Y., the Rosedale Country School at Rosedale-on-Hudson but did not enter college. After leaving school he worked in the National City Bank of New York. One night he was asked by a girl at a night club to be her dancing partner. From then on he became a very popular ballroom dancer. In 1927 he commenced his stage work in "Lady, Do!" He played in "Street Singer" and danced at various night clubs until 1930. His first screen work was in "Strictly Dishonorable," "All Points West," "Social Register" and "Cobra," and in 1934 and 35 he played in "Dinner at Eight," "The Thin Man," "British Agent," "Cardinal Richelieu," "The Devil is a Woman" and "Hold 'Em Yale."

Buddy Rogers Fan. Five years ago Buddy was receiving thousands of fan letters a month, and if his new releases are as well received as he hopes they'll be, his fan mail will make Uncle Sam call for more and better letter carriers. His new picture is "Dance Band" with June Clyde; and his next, recently completed, will be "Old Man Rhythm" with Barbara Kent, Betty Grable, and Grace Bradley, for RKO-Radio.

Helen Louise. I haven't any intimate information about James Bush who played in "Crimson Romance" as Ben Lyon's German pal and also in "Young and Beautiful" with William Haines. David Manners is now working in "Jalna," RKO-Radio pictures with Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, and Peggy Wood. Myrna Loy says she was born August 2, 1905, in Helena, Mont. She has red hair and green eyes. Claudette Colbert's official birth-date is Sept. 13, 1907. Her next picture will be "She Married Her Boss." That title may be changed before release.


Dorothy B. I don't believe you see so many issues of Screenland without a picture of Jean Parker. She was 20 years old on August 11. Jean can throw the javelin, pole-vault, play hockey, swim, and ride a bike, too. And how she can run—she once ran 100 yards in 12½ seconds. She has appeared in "Sequoia" with Russell Hardie, "Princess O'Tara" with Chester Morris, and many more films.

How would you like to see Katherine Hepburn's little sisters on the screen? Here they are, Margaret, Marion, and their mother, Mrs. Thomas Hepburn, arriving in England for a vacation abroad.
"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores that trouble begins—tiny blemishes appear—enlarging pores—even blackheads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made their beauty care for years.

I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY COSMETIC SKIN BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
...just about all you could ask for

They Satisfy
Garbo Really Talks in Exclusive Interview!

Carole Lombard's Real Life Story
ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me... it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"

You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's so economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

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It happened in Mexico when two fugitive young lovers went over the border and then found out that they couldn't get back! You'll roar with laughter at the fast-moving series of amusing difficulties that almost wrecked their motor trailer and their constantly interrupted romance!

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HARDIE ALBRIGHT • RUTH DONNELLY
CLIFF EDWARDS • GORDON JONES
PAUL STANTON
A Reliance Picture

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
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Cover Portrait of Carole Lombard by Charles Sheldon
"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE

CLARENCE BROWN'S Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture...Produced by David O. Selznick
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Virginia Cherrill's "Ex." 
2. Rosemary 
3. Blonde star of "Reckless" 
4. Light boat 
5. Fine fabric 
6. Frequently 
7. Projecting windows 
8. Born 
9. To gossip 
10. Decay 
11. Inept in "Music In The Air" 
12. "Game the--" 
13. Donkey 
14. Exclamation of grief 
15. A complaint 
16. Word forbidden to Yes-Men 
17. Horse's gait 
18. The in French version 
19. Pronoun, slang for sex 
20. Actress featured in "Woman In Red" 
21. To proceed 
22. Canadian province (abbrev.) 
23. Monkeys 
24. Bebe Daniels' husband 
25. Gilding, as a stream 
26. What the hero puts around the heroine 
27. Horse's hair 
28. Featured actor in "Grand Old Girl" 
29. Priest's vestment 
30. Mrs. Joel McCrea 
31. Dock 
32. End of a prayer 
33. Former co-star of Bill Powell ("Thin Man") 
34. Traded for money 
35. Wise old bird 
36. Prepare for publication 
37. Company point (abbrev.) 
38. Oil, in French 
39. Bend the knees 
40. Next 
41. Exclamation 
42. Prong 
43. Pa's wife 
44. Exclamation 
45. Exclamation 
46. Fishing 
47. Death of sword 
48. Novice 
49. What stars do when they're through 
50. By way of 
51. Brothers Frank and Ralph 
52. Vespas 
53. Copper coin 
54. Fortune teller 

DOWN
1. Bill Powell's "Ex." 
2. Ingenue in "Lady Tubbs" 
3. Fish eggs 
4. 'Cry out' 
5. Ruby Keeler's husband and co-star 
6. Grooving star of "Pillow Talk" 
7. A New 
8. Act 
9. Printer's measure 
10. Co-star of "No More Ladies" 
11. New 
12. Oil from rose petals 
13. He sang love songs to "Naughty Marietta" 
14. Semi-precious stone 
15. Where birds live 
16. Woe is me 
17. A pair 
18. Mrs. Leslie Fenton 
19. Small drink 
20. Aces 
21. "Carly, Top" 
22. Exotic leading lady from Tasmania 
23. Exist 
24. To take in breath 
25. Winter vehicle 
26. Featured actress in "Les Miserables" 
27. Group of animals 
28. She's famous for gold-digging roles ("In Caliente") 
29. Lady that in "Black Sheep" 
30. Remarked 
31. To escape 
32. Mickey Mouse's pl 
33. Public menace (abbrev.) 
34. Note of the scale 
35. Compass point (abbrev.) 
36. Part of to be 
37. Behold a 
38. Near 
39. Short poem 
40. You and I 
41. Possessive pronoun 
42. Begin 
43. Acting in "Alas Mary Dow" 
44. Woman lead in "Living On Velvet" 
45. Piece of land 
46. Star of "Scarlet Pimpernel" 
47. Undoes 
48. Native 
49. She's going to Town" 
50. A bad actor 
51. Type of beer 
52. Dancing co-star of Ginger Rogers 
53. Always 
54. Drooped 
55. Nonsense 
56. What you skate on 
57. An ex-wife of John Gilbert 
58. Female sandpiper 
59. Paid (abbrev.) 
60. Biblical pronoun

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

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7510 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lift in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of 'G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!
IT HAS ROMANCE!

Lovely Lyda Roberti with "Double Trouble"—her song with Jack Oakie and Henry Wadsworth

IT HAS BEAUTY!

Pretty Wendy Barrie

IT HAS EVERYTHING!

IT HAS "MAMA AND PAPA"

Otherwise Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, at their best

IT HAS DRAMA!

Sir Guy Standing

IT HAS AMOS (AND ANDY)
IT HAS BING CROSBY!
Singing the hit song, "I Wished on the Moon"

IT HAS COMEDY!
Just another term for Jack Oakie

"The Big Broadcast of 1936"
A Paramount Picture

IT HAS ETHEL MERMAN!
Warbling "It's the Animal in Me"

IT HAS BURNS AND ALLEN!
Need We Say More?
Jeanette MacDonald’s after-theatre suppers are events in Hollywood! The songbird tells you her hospitality secrets

By Betty Boone

Jeanette MacDonald has a beautiful Monterey house in Brentwood. The lawn, shaded by gray-green olive trees, is enclosed in a white picket fence which has electrically controlled gates to be opened only from the house. But there’s a “little gate” beside a row of scarlet-flowering eucalyptus that leads up the flagstoned walk to the door.

At the right of the entrance hall with its knotty pine walls, is the dining-room, and here Jeanette, in violet satin hostess pajamas, greeted me gaily.

“At last I’ve found a table to fit my tablecloth!” she exulted, indicating the soft linen on which the after-theatre collation was set. “I bought it several years ago in Chicago and have never been able to use it before. I’m crazy about linens and simply can’t resist them. I never stop to think where I’ll be able to use them. I have an adorable organdy cloth with delicate lace inserts—I use silk rayon undercloths in any color that appeals to me and it’s all ‘too-too’ for words. But the organdy napkins are horrible to use!

“Tonight we’re having Napolitan Spaghetti, Chicken a la King, vegetable salad, devilled eggs and sandwiches. Sounds very hearty, doesn’t it? But this just isn’t a woman’s meal. Spaghetti is a favorite dish of mine and men always like it. They usually hate salads. I like to serve my spaghetti with the sauce separate, either a mushroom sauce, or tomato, or just drawn butter.”

Napolitan Spaghetti

Boil ¾ pound of spaghetti in boiling, salted water to which has been added one onion stuck with 2 whole cloves and 1 tablespoon butter; drain and place in a saucepan with 1 cup tomato sauce, ½ cup chopped boiled tongue, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese (Continued on page 86)
Salutes and Snubs

Special—this month! Battle of the singing beauties! Speak your mind about movies and win a prize.

The first six letters receive prizes of $5.00 each.

WANTS SCIENTIFIC SCENARISTS
The world is going scientific. On every side one can see the great advances of science. Why not, then, have more pictures dealing with inventions, discoveries, medical cures, and planetary adventures? These pictures could not only deal with present-day knowledge, but also with imagined future accomplishments. Give us something different!


MORE GRACE THAN MOORE?
Irene Dunne’s singing in “Roberta” was beautiful to see as well as hear. The beauty of Miss Dunne’s voice is enhanced by her beautiful facial expression as she sings—there are none of the strained and wrinkled expressions all too common among singers. She can even out-grace Moore!

Elmer H. Mayer, 6314 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HE HATES THE HORRORS
I’m conducting a one-man boycott against horror pictures. Months ago I saw “The Thin Man;” last week I saw “The Bride of Frankenstein” and “The Werewolf of London.” Comparison convinces me that a mystery movie may be absorbing and entertaining without an aftermath of goose pimples and jittery nerves.

Hoke Wynn, West Bay Annex, Jacksonville, Fla.

IN PRAISE OF A SONG-BIRD
Bravo, Grace Moore! Your splendid singing and excellent acting in “Love Me Forever” tops those of “One Night of Love.” I thought that impossible, but no. Thanks to the technicians responsible for recording your glorious voice for the screen.

Milly Buranitz, 329-58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRETTY GOOD PICKING
My selections for the best pictures of the season:


Paul Boller, 218 Massey Ave., Watertown, N. Y.

THE CALL TO TECHNICOLOR
For the second time in my life, movies have spoiled me. First with the innovation of Talkies—row with “Becky Sharp.” The color process takes the former ghost-like shadows of the screen and transfigures them into flesh and blood beings.

Imogene Bing, 604 E. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio.

RANDY ON THE HIGH ROAD
I believe Randolph Scott is the handsomest and most delightful man on the screen. When he first started his career about three years ago, his acting wasn’t exceptionally good. Yet in his recent pictures I thought he was marvelous. Here’s to you, Randolph! You’ve a grand future.

Bill Carden, 721 Ross St., Santa Ana, Calif.

HUMANIZING MARLENE
Marlene Dietrich is a colorful personality and a good actress. And now that von Sternberg is no longer her Swingali, why can’t her new director remake her into something less arty—and give her to us in a more vibrant yet downright human role?

Leah Stephens, 42 Linda Ave., Oakland, Calif.

HOPES OF A BOYER FAN
Charles Boyer certainly is growing to be a screen favorite, as a lover, hero, and comedian. In “Break of Hearts” he won many new fans to his fine talents. I hope he will always remain a screen favorite.

Barbara Allen, 20 North Walcott, Salt Lake City, Utah

SAW A DREAM DESCENDING!
I sat through “Reckless” twice just to see Rosalind Russell descend the steps in her bridal attire—she looked like one of the inspirational visions that you often read and dream about. Please let us see her more often and in more important roles.

J. Chosa, 820 East Mason St., Milwaukee, Wis.
THERE'S nothing like the excitement of "discovering" a new screen personality! You sit in a darkened theatre hoping for the best, but not too optimistic. You've heard of these "great new finds," these "sensational foreign newcomers" before—and this one had better be good! "This one" is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new white hope, Luise Rainer, pronounced "Ry-ner." She makes her first appearance in the entertaining "Escapade" as the quietly charming companion to an old countess, in the longest introductory scene ever played by a new Hollywood heroine; and before that scene is over, the audience is hers, to have and to hold as long as she can be as original, as quaint, as demurely devilish as that! La Rainer has her Bergner moments, but she is very much herself most of the time; and we want to go on record as predicting a remarkable future for her, if she keeps her head and holds our hearts as she does in her début.
Advance Report on the Most Important Preview in Motion Picture History!

HERE'S something BIG!

The most important preview in screen history has just been held, and I want you to be among the first to know about it. "A preview?" you say. "What's so wonderful about that?" Wait! This is not just another picture showing—but the preview of the year; of any year; of all the years since "The Great Train Robbery" first awakened amusement-seekers to the existence of a strange, exciting new entertainment called "The Movies." Millions of feet of celluloid have unwound since then; and there have been certain high spots: Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," for instance; Chaplin's "The Kid;" Cecil DeMille's "King of Kings;" and more recently, the first all-talking picture, "The Jazz Singer." If you are, as I am, movie-mad, cinema-conscious, picture-crazy, call it what you will, you have regarded each of these films as a memorable experience, rather than a pleasant way to "kill an evening." So you will understand me when I tell you that I have just had a rather glorious adventure watching a new motion picture unfold in a bare, businesslike projection-room—an adventure shared with a mere handful of insiders, but to be shared, eventually, by all of you who love pictures.

This occasion was a secret and exclusive preview of Max Reinhardt's screen production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," produced by Warner Brothers—the same producers who gambled on talkies, and won. This time they are taking a greater gamble—on Art. I hope they win again and I think they will, because thanks to their acumen in lavish casting, to Reinhardt's supervision, and to one Will Shakespeare, they have not only attained Art, but They Got Entertainment!

To say I was thrilled with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is the height of under-statement. It is an incredible, every adventure in pure fantasy: a dream of dazzling beauty, a rowdy circus, an enchanting spectacle, a robust, earthy riot. Imagine a cast in which such stars as Cagney, Dick Powell, and Joe Brown are among those present; in which the most exquisite newcomer in years, Olivia de Haviland, is introduced quietly, in character rather than close-ups; imagine, in other words, Hollywood bowing to Shakespeare, and you have some idea of this picture.

Yes—now we come to Shakespeare. Don't duck! And you won't, if you were at the Century of Progress in Chicago last summer and saw the clever company present "The Dream" to delighted audiences; or if you were among those who crowded the Hollywood Bowl to watch Reinhardt's open-air spectacle. But just in case you happen to be a Shakespeare snooper, let me assure you that, with all due respect to Messrs. Noel Coward, Kaufman, and other illustrious authors of our movies, Shakespeare, too, could write for pictures. And I'm cheering for a Shakespearean Cycle with Warners, as usual, leading the way.

Will "A Midsummer Night's Dream" start a Shakespearean cycle? Looks that way! Left, Ross Alexander as Bottom, with Olivia de Haviland.
WE SAT in the stately restaurant of Stockholm's most exclusive hotel, looking out over the famous bay where the tiny green islands make a necklace across the blue waters. We were waiting for Greta Garbo, home again at last, spending her vacation in her native land where the streets were decked with flags for her and the people ran cheering beside her car.

"Here she comes!"

Every head in the room was turned as Garbo entered, a radiant laughing figure walking between the tables like a princess, graciously acknowledging the admiring greetings, giving a little cry of pleasure as she saw the great bunch of her favorite crimson roses with which the maître had decorated her table. A vivid vital woman brimming
with the joy of life, her happiness reflected in her shining eyes and the gaiety of her perfect smile. This Hollywood's baffling star of the strange disguises and the cynical silence!

"Is it really—it can't be Garbo!"

My Swedish friend laughed.

"You thought she was stern and unapproachable? Perhaps she is in America but now she is at home in Sweden so it is different. Come. I will present you."

Two wide sea-blue eyes looked up at me. Sun-tanned fingers clasped mine in friendly fashion.

"But of course," said Garbo, "I shall be delighted. Won't you sit down?"

I took the chair beside her, conscious of her faint perfume like a shy spring breeze. She was dressed entirely in smoke-grey, a tailored flannel sports suit over a soft silk shirt, low-heeled grey suede shoes, a grey and white peasant scarf twisted round her throat. Her lovely hair hung in a golden cascade on her shoulders but curling down on her forehead too instead of being swept back in the familiar screen style.

Her meal was a generous Swedish repast with soup and pickled herring and savoury meats and cold vegetable dishes arranged in fanciful shapes. "You see I do not diet," she laughed. "I am afraid it would make me bad-tempered to go without my dinner!"

She talked quite frankly about her plans and ambitions, eager—even anxious—that I should understand her finer feelings.

"Nothing I have ever done on the screen has come up to the standard I have set for myself," she said. "In every part I have seen some mistake I have made, some shortcoming, some moment when the film has fallen into the commonplace. The critics have praised, perhaps, but that does not matter to me. Please do not think me egotistical. I am only being honest and I must satisfy myself before I can feel content. I have not done so yet."

"But surely 'Queen Christina' pleased you?"

"On the contrary, I was bitterly disappointed in it. I had hoped for so much from that film! I wanted it to be a saga of my native land so that all the world should see a page of our glorious history. But I could only do what I was allowed to do. She shook her head sadly. "The spirit which pervaded that film was not genuinely Swedish."

Though she knows she cannot realize it yet awhile, her cherished dream is to head her own producing unit with which she can make the pictures that would please her sensitive artistic conscience. Particularly does she want to play a woman of the people, not "glamorous Garbo" but a simple creature of homespun, human and lowly, working out the tangled pattern of her unnoticed life just as thousands of women are plodding every day all over the world.

"So much I must strive for," Garbo said, half smiling half sighing. "Yes, I find Hollywood supremely interesting, but my life there is enormously exacting for I have to give myself so closely to my work every day and then in my leisure I must read and study constantly. It is necessary if I am to achieve and not stagnate. That is why I refuse invitations and spend so much time secluded in my own home. You have heard I am eccentric, eh? That is not true. I love life as any other woman—the beauty and the color and the music of it all strike my heart. But I am too busy for pleasure every evening and in any case I prefer my few friends whom I can trust to a large circle of acquaintances, so many of whom are usually self-seeking."

Garbo admits that she does not greatly care for parties
Garbo breaks her long silence! Read every word of this amazing, first-hand meeting. You will know Garbo as she really is for the first time

and dances in any case. True daughter of the Vikings, she finds her enjoyment in the open air with the sports she learnt in her childhood. She swims superbly and almost every day during her vacation she visited the archipelago just outside Stockholm with a party of friends, bathing from the sheltered island coves, skimming on sand-skis across the stretches of golden-brown shore, sailing a tiny wherry with the hands of the expert yachtswoman. In her trim swimming-suit or her grey flannel trousers and knitted sweater, Garbo could forget she was a film star for a few brief hours.

To recapture that illusion from time to time, she has bought the private estate about which so many contradictory rumors have been spread.

"It is not for picture-making," she assured me. "It is for rest, a place where I can find a little peace and quiet living simply with nature. To return to nature is the most precious experience I know. Nothing else is so clean and pure and so soothing to the spirit as nature."

When I asked her about the work of her fellow stars, a guarded expression crept into her eyes.

"My judgment of others is very weak," she deprecated.

"And I would not presume to analyze and criticize them as I do myself."

She spoke of Elisabeth Bergner’s last film with keen admiration, however; and she was also warm in praise of Herbert Marshall. "I enjoyed playing with him in ‘The Painted Veil’ very much. He has sincerity and modesty, both qualities that seem to be fast disappearing these days."

In Hollywood Garbo seldom goes out to the cinema but during her Stockholm stay she frequently visited one of the luxurious “pleasure palaces” and saw several new American and European pictures. Her companions were, as always, the friends of her early days, the Bohemians of Sweden’s Greenwich Village with whom she mingled when she was struggling and unknown, acting as a shopgirl, a photographer’s model, a stage extra or anything else that would earn a few honest kronor. Essentially loyal, world-famous Garbo still returns to her old friends every vacation trip. They crowded the salon at her “welcome home” party when she wore a cowl-like gown of palest ice-blue satin caught with a silver cord and tossed her great bouquet of lilies to the clamoring mob who surged around her car as she left.

Hailed like a triumphant queen by Scandinavia’s social leaders yet early next morning she was taking her customary daily walk along the harbor quays and returning a smiling “God speed” to the fisherfolk who greeted her all unwittingly after the courteous custom of the country. It is walking and massage that keep Garbo so splendidly healthy, maintaining her lithe slenderness while she is fleetly sculling, while the sun and wind wash her hair to its even gold and warm her fine skin to that tint like a summer peach. She told me she thinks most clearly when she is walking and her body and mind are thus moving together in rhythm.

Several days in Stockholm Garbo went shopping, buying rare examples of Swedish slayd or homecraft for her house in California. She chose beautiful hand-beaten pewter ware and delicately blown mountain glass so frail it looked like curling white smoke, and colorful peasant rugs striped in orange and red and purple from the fish-faring Dalecarlia. She bought curtains for her bedroom and a painted chest of carved birchwood to hold her lingerie and innumerable books, including a whole set of the novels of Selma Lägerlöf. These were specially rebound for her in green calfskin to match the color-scheme of her library.

"Never can I have enough books," she remarked. "Sometimes I am reading three or four at once."

Then another afternoon Garbo went to “Pub”—Paul U. Bergström’s Universal Stores where not so many years ago she was selling hats and making her first acquaintance with the camera in the firm’s advertisement photographs. Here she chose some sports clothes which the outdoor-loving Swedes fashion so well and practically. Gracious yet decisive, Garbo knew exactly what she wanted. Everything must be cut with supreme plainness and simplicity of line but it must also have perfection of finish. Nothing could be more severe than one white silk blouse she ordered and nothing more exquisite than the cobweb stitchery with which it was hemmed. In her personal life as well as her profession Garbo would never be satisfied with second-best!

When she had left me I too went to “Pub,” up to the high terrace overlooking the gay flower-market where she used to stand so often, (Continued on page 81)
"I Won't Be A Hollywood HERO!"

Randolph Scott says it and means it

By Dickson Morley

Randy Scott, after years of Westerns, was "discovered" in "Roberta" — and is now the most-in-demand young actor in Hollywood. Right, in his latest big rôle, opposite Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose." Now read Randy's strong views on this hero business!

I AM not going around putting my best foot forward these days—unless it's a step I want to take!

The time has arrived for the pressure of precedent to be put on Randolph Scott full force. He has finally maneuvered out of the Among-Those-Present crowd into the small, magical circle of "comers." Real reel triumphs are ahead now. But he won't change his style.

He hasn't altered his way of living, his opinions, his plans. They couldn't transform a varsity type into a Rue de la Paix modiste, in "Roberta." And his row of important leads since that hit swooped him out of Westerns can't turn him into an artificial, actorish pawn of the studios.

"I won't be a Hollywood hero!" he avows. It is a positive assertion, as all of his declarations are. They didn't used to be, I can tell you. When Randy was green at the movie game he was too often the patsy. Gradually it percolated through to his discerning brain that you get nowhere fast in the picture racket if you let people walk on you.

In the beginning he was so anxious to get ahead that he was too easy. "I was practically in every director's hair, and I also used to be sitting around for hours before I was actually needed. They let me sit, too! That was a mistake, being too good-natured. The stern-talkers who want things their way, run off with the bacon!"

"It's half luck and half ability," he has concluded about Hollywood. "In the end the hullabaloo fades, the town forgets. And you're left with only what you've managed to keep through your own smartness. I don't mean just money, either. But your integrity. I'm going to stick to my original theories. Although they did get a pretty severe battering—even before this recent break!"

Randy had asked me into (continued on page 70)
Their Own Worst Critics

SO, YOU think you know the ending of every Joan Crawford picture before the end of the second reel?

And you think Robert Montgomery is "a little too suave" in some of his portrayals?

And your Aunt Minnie has been put out of two theatres because she clucks her tongue so loudly every time Jean Harlow appears on the screen?

And you wrote a letter to the Editor "wish'n" Loretta Young would fatten up a little because she's so skinny she makes you nervous?

And your boy-friend thinks Dick Powell's a little conceited?

Well, if and whereas you think these, or other stellar deficiencies are annoying to you, you should know what the Copyright Owners themselves think along the same lines!

Hepburn howled with mirth when she saw a certain caustic cartoon about herself. She can take it.
Go ahead, say what you think about the stars! It can't be half as bad as what they say about themselves!

By Dorothy Manners

When it comes to tearing a story to pieces, dissecting dialogue, X-raying emotions, and wielding the old hammer in general on their own worst performances, the Hollywood stars, themselves, have you and me and the professional critics so far backed down the lines we're just an old bunch of Winchell orchid tossers, in comparison.

I've seldom seen a brickbat in a fan letter department that I haven't heard first from the candid and brutally frank lipstick of the target, herself!

And I've seldom read a criticism on any topic, ranging from an actor's grooming to his love-making, that some one of his friends hasn't seen in burlesque in his own drawing-room!

There is a simple reason for the exaggerated bitterness with which players hold their own miscues and bad performances. In the first place, nothing is ever as bad as it is to the original boner-puller. You know what I mean? You've sometime made a faux pas at the time and place where you could ill afford to stick your foot in it? You've had the feeling that all conversation has ceased within the county line, and all clocks have stopped, while an astounded world regards you through raised lorgnettes? All right—magnify that all-gone feeling by a daily audience of one, ten, or fifty million people, (I never was good on statistics), and then try to imagine how a star feels when the kids in the tenth row snicker at the love scenes.

And the funny part of it is, the stars seldom, if ever, blame the onlookers. It's true that a great many humorless ones blame everybody and anybody except themselves, but there's no sense of humor in the world more cutting than Hollywood's. And a lot of the time it is self-inflicted. It's worse because it's closer to home; but it's better because it's funnier!

It's been a long time since I've heard of a funnier gag than Robert Montgomery pulled following the first preview of "No More Ladies." While the pre-view audience rocked with mirth at the wisecracks issuing regularly from his suave lips, and watched his suave performance draw to its suave close, Mr. Montgomery sat in commendable silence, giving way to neither mirth nor contrition; in short, a sort (Continued on page 93)
—
SCREENLAND

20

Merrily

She Ro
Along

She is Hollywood's Smartest Young Thing, this
Carole Lombard whose gaiety is only a mask
relentless
ambition
and dramatic fire.
for

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE

day

I

dread most in Hollywood

that Carole

Lombard

so glad to see

you

!"

will say,

when

is

the day

"Darling,

she finds

me

I

am

sitting

in her very white William Haines bedroom
peering out from under the inevitable vase of white
gladiolas like a close-up in a Mamoulian picture.
It
will

mean

that

I

am

slipping.

When

Miss Lombard

goes polite and conventional with her friends it means
curtains.
She doesn't compromise with her friendships any more than she does with her life.
Once you
have been dropped by Lombard you're quite definitely
dropped.
For two years now, Carole and I have been carrying
on a mild and humorous well, anyway, we think it's
funny version of the Lowe-McLaglen and CagneyO'Brien friendly enemy tiffs. Whenever she finds me
spilling very good Scotch and very bad wit over the
patio of her home on Hollywood Boulevard she begins
And she'll
to shriek, "Oh, Oh, the Pest is here again
probably stay for dinner. Jessie, see that we have spinach

—

—

!

tonight.
call

Miss Wilson doesn't

Paramount

publicity right
house cluttered

like

spinach.

Fieldsy,

away and tell them I
up with fan writers."
about Glamor Queens

won't have my
And then I get very insulting
and pretend that I am leaving in a mad huff and stay
Carole is cerfor hours in a delightful exhilaration.
tainly exhilarating. She's a shot in the arm, she's a cold
shower, she's a double martini, she's a whiff of smelling
salts, she's a Dashiel Hammett story, she's the Best.

In the friendly enemy business Carole is now one up
on me. There was last week-end. Carole told me over
the phone that she had a sore throat, her body ached,
and she knew it was flu and she probably wouldn't live
so being an old softie and a little upset over losing
Carole I sent a huge, and I may add costly, bouquet of
white gladiolas and purple hibiscus. Imagine my annoy-

when I read in Louella Parsons' column Monday
morning that Carole had won something in a tennis tournament Saturday afternoon and celebrated that night at
I immediately phoned
the Clover Club. Dying, my eye
Miss Lombard and told her that she had gotten flowers
out of me by giving false evidence. Well, an hour later
while I was in the midst of impressing someone at my
office what should arrive but a messenger boy with a
bunch of dejected and evil-smelling flowers done up in
a newspaper with a card which read, "Take your old
Carole Lombard." Was I mortified
flowers
So-o-o-o-o, it was with fiendish glee that I read a
letter from Delight Evans the following day requesting
a life story on Lombard. Urn, um what I could do to
So I called up very formally and told her
that baby!
that I would have to interview her about her life. "Oh,
no, oh, no!" shrieked Carole, "I don't want any more
ance

!

—

!

—

stories written
I

by you.

nearly lost every fan

You're a terrible writer. Why,
I had after your last story on


The Life, Loves, and Times of a Hollywood Modern, told in the New Manner! Something Excitingly Different, this Very Human Story of Carole Lombard, Courageous Beauty who Fought and Laughed her Way to Fame

me. But I like Delight. I suppose I'll have to see you on account of her. You might as well come for lunch, you'll come anyway. What do you want?"

So I gave a list of all the little delicacies that I would like, topped by a soupeon or perhaps it was a magnum of champagne. Well, I arrived for my tasty luncheon and was ushered out on the patio, which is done in blue and white like a bit of the old Riviera comme ci comme ça and come what may, and there was Carole in a preshrunk bathing suit drenching herself in sun tan oil—sitting in the shade. (That's Carole for you).

Participating vociferously in a wrestling match at her feet were her two dogs, Pushface, a small Peke with a grouch on life, and Mr. Brown, a dauchshund with kind eyes. Mr. Brown is a child of divorce. When he was a tiny puppy several years ago, William Powell gave him as a present to his beautiful wife, Carole Lombard. Both Bill and Carole fell insanely in love with the cute little pup who very tactfully divided his affections between the two. Came misunderstandings, came divorce, came Reno, but neither Bill nor Carole would give up the puppy. So it was arranged that Mr. Brown would spend six months of the year with Miss Lombard and six with Mr. Powell, Miss Lombard, like all mothers, manages to fencagle a few extra months out of Mr. Powell.

Well, Carole took one look at me and called to Ellen, her maid, to bring lunch. And of course, just as you suspected, it wasn't all the little dainties that I had ordered, but a box-lunch, the kind you get on location trips, with a hard-boiled egg, a lot of ham sandwiches and pickles; and the magnum of champagne turned out to be a bottle of Grade A "Uncle Bob," said Carole, "thought this plenty good enough for you." And, secretly, I thought so too. All the young men in Carole's life, (except the head boy friend), are called "Uncle." It's rather confusing when you first meet her to hear her speak of Uncle Bob and Uncle Walter and Uncle Mecca and you get the general idea that the Peters are quite a prolific family. Uncle Bob is the handsome and popular manager of the Brown Derbies, and one of Carole's best friends.

Fieldsy, Carole's secretary and companion, and the gayest gal I've ever known, joined us long enough to spill strawberry tart—(how quaint of Uncle Bob to put strawberry tarts in those box lunches) down the front of her new robe, then gave us a look that intimated that we were two of the dullest people she had ever encountered and hurried away to clean out closets as the lesser of two evils. Carole suddenly spied an old plant in the corner of the yard, (I used to call it an elephant plant when I was a child down in Georgia, but heaven only knows what sissy name they have thought up for it out here), with large dried-up leaves. "I think a little oil would help that," remarked Carole, and proceeded to oil it profusely with Elizabeth Arden's expensive sun-tan concoction.

Now how can you help loving such a divinely mad person! Mother Nature's little helper then began to read me "3000 Lunatics I Have Known" and the life story reached a new low in interviews.

Inasmuch as Carole always reverses things, when the creme of New York society, William Rhinelander Stewart, my deah, visits Hollywood she throws a party, not at her charming home, not at any of the exclusive clubs, but at knock-down and drag-out Fun House in Venice, the amusement park of the hoi polloi. So I decided that it would be in keeping with her disposition to reverse her life story. Instead of being born in this issue, as she really should be, we'll take her as she is today, (something that not even a croupier has been able to do lately), and work backward, if you can bear it.

Carole today is sitting in an enviable spot in Hollywood. She is not wealthy, but she is independent. Her money is invested in good (Continued on page 85)
HIGH-FLYING

First exclusive story giving the lowdown on Hollywood's high-flyers! Learn which stars fly for fun and which for publicity

SO NOW the stars are sky-crazy!

To fly your own 'plane, or not to—that is today's Teasing Topic No. 1 in the sophisticated, inner circle of Hollywood. It's unquestionably the new thrill.

Since personal piloting is being talked-about so much, Screenland has rushed out and garnered the unvarnished lowdown for you. How much is just Hollywood hullaballoo? Who's skimming through the air with the greatest of ease?

Actually, the set-up is like that in any wealthy, country-club town. Airships aren't an extravagance, considering the incomes. But it's still quite distinctly the more adventurous sort who are the high-flying enthusiasts.

You'll even find the same standard types. There's the swell athlete who has no conception of fear and who has long been making daring solo jaunts. There's the daredevil who thought he had it all down pat in a couple of hours—what a fright his impetuous flight was!

There are the husbands who, in spite of their star fame, have wives who simply put their foot down on such neck-risking. There's the smooth, brilliant divorcée suddenly deciding on one more conquest and so currently skimming about in the dreckiest model. Her terribly handsome "second-ex," meanwhile, has his super-snazzy 'plane, and they don't get together to compare notes!

And then, of course, there are the advanced young moderns, earnestly taking lessons. There's the girl who will—at the moment she's assiduously "working on mother for her consent." The staid aviators who flit as a matter of course, and the fellow who banged himself up but is determined to have another cloud-crasher as soon as he can—read on for the real names.
HOLLYWOOD

By Ben Maddox

Willie. The time that he flew is the time he can't forget. The scene was Pittsburgh, right before he departed for Hollywood and a life with the close-up cuties. Dick figured he was an authority after two hours' study of aviation, and embarked confidently for the upper zones all by his lonesome.

Everything was hunky-dory while he kept going. It was the descent which stumped him, for as he aimed downward he realized he wasn't as skilled as he'd presumed. In fact, as he nosed the plane toward the runway he was positive. A few wild dives at the field and he was panicky.

Then he glimpsed the crowd waiting for the crash. He detected an ambulance, and a stretcher laid out! The manner in which he was zooming up and down was comparable to a switchback railway's route, he affirms now. He swears his hair was on end, that all his past flashed through his mind and his future seemed finished.

After six attempts he finally landed. There was considerable damage done to the plane in this procedure, but fortunately none to Dick. But you can bet he has been a back-seat flyer ever since and he insists he doesn't mean maybe.

Top honors in the movie colony for the very best sky-skill can be divided between Ken Maynard, Columbia's Western hero, and Louis Hayward, Metro's (Continued on page 72)

The studios aren't urging the stars to fly. A crack-up would be a crack-down on a great investment—which each player literally is to his employers. However, cross-country trips have become such an every-day matter that few objections are raised to using the regular airlines.

We might as well let the cat out of the bag about Will Rogers. He is Hollywood's most publicized patron of the 'planes, but he has never expressed a desire to run the durned things himself. Invariably selecting airliners for his constant gadding, he declares nevertheless that he s'pecks he's too old a dog to fuss with all them gadgets you gotta deal with in the contraptions!

That merry Dick Powell is the lad who was Reckless
The new Chaplin film is actually finished and you'll be seeing it soon on the screen. Above, an exclusive scene of Charlie in his new character of a factory worker. Right, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq. Left, his leading woman, Paulette Goddard.

Danger! Genius at Work!

SOMETIMES in the studios of Hollywood truly great pictures take shape. I am watching the growth of what may be the greatest of all of them, and I am thinking that the very simplicity of the surroundings, the quiet efficiency of the technicians, and the atmosphere of work to be done without pomp and show are the surest indications of high art. In the particular scene before me, the lights play upon giant turbines and dynamos, while among them a small human figure swaggers with no more to aid him than a wrench and an oil-can. All of his co-workers are brawny men, less
Comic Dynamite—Charlie Chaplin making his new picture. Read this exclusive story of Charlie in action, by the only writer allowed on the set

By Margaret B. Ringnalda

dwarfed by the giant machines than he, but with his oil-can and his wrench he bustles about in a laughter-provoking attempt at mastery.

What am I talking about, you say? Why, Charlie Chaplin's new picture, of course, the picture that is far more than comedy, too full of both gentle and hilarious laughter for tragedy, and above all, a reflection of mankind in his modern world. It is a world of hunger, work, and struggle perhaps, but it has beauty and humor enough to balance—especially it has the saving grace of laughter.

There is no talking in this picture. Indeed, conversation could not possibly carry the same potency as the silence and the pantomime of the actors, and the sound effects. What could be more powerful than the noise of the great engines against the quiet of the human beings under them? The imagination of the audience may supply what it will. Besides, the pantomime of Chaplin has reached that point of perfection in which the lifting of an eyebrow or the casual flip of a hand tells more than most half-hour dialogues.

From the factory I am transported to the dream-house of the factory worker. So modest are his dreams, and so impossible of attainment! A bright kitchen, steak for two, milk straight from the cow, and, making all this luxury worth having, his girl to cook the steak and keep the kitchen bright. His imagination and hers dress her in gingham, with a ribbon for her hair, instead of the rags to which she has been accustomed, and with the gingham and the ribbon, she becomes a fine lady.

Agnes, the cow which is to supply the milk in the dream-kitchen, stares from the rear of the studio with bovine complacency. After all, she seems to say, this is nothing but a barn. She is far less impressed than I. All that really seems to make an imprint on her cow mind is the fact that these people are decidedly liberal with oats. She probably considers the whole company insane for milking her at such odd hours. If cows feel strongly about conventions in such matters, she may be outraged; but given her quota of oats, she complies with dignity, as if she had grown old in taking direction, and then goes back to her place and her occasional rolling survey of this new kind of barn in which she finds herself.

High above the lights, a dove that does not belong in a studio at all, sits among the criss-cross timbers with wings dropping. He has no part in the picture, but he is of interest to everyone who comes into the studio, for he flew in the first day that Paulette Goddard came on the set. Everyone worries for fear he will starve. No coaxing will bring him down; crumbs are left for him, but he takes no note of them. There are joking remarks from the company that the dove will remain on the set until Paulette's part is done and then go out with her as he came in. It is a nice, romantic fancy, anyway.

During this dream-sequence I give my chief attention to Paulette Goddard, who plays the part of the girl. I am particularly interested in my first sight of her at work, for, as I said in a former article, if intelligence of near-genius order means ability, she should be a fine actress. I see her fall into pantomime so easily that there is no need for re-takes. She does simply and naturally what veteran actors rehearse time (Continued on page 76)
On the Trail of

Catch the screen celebrities at boat or train and you see them as they really are, as this amusing story proves.

Our movie stars certainly have wonderful times! Suppose, for a few sparkling moments, that you are Mona Mascarra, (nee Schultz), the great movie actress. You are on the famous Twentieth Century Limited, sliding majestically into the Grand Central Terminal, New York. It is nine o'clock in the morning. You have passed a miserable night—or rather "lousy," as you say laughingly. You have pitched and tossed throughout the break-neck over-night run from Chicago. You were roused from a brief nightmare at eight-thirty by a dark fiend known as a "porter."

When you fell out of bed your mouth was full of cinders and your heart full of black hatred for all mankind. Now you have struggled into your expensive wrinkled suit, with last night's orchids drooping like a cluster of damp dish-rag. You look like the devil and you know it. You have taken three aspirins and tried to cope with coffee. The train stops.

There is a frantic banging on the door of your drawing-room. Opening it a crack, you see the toe of a large unshined shoe inserted. "This is Smith of the 'Morning Croak,' Miss Mascarra," says a cigarette baritone. "Is it true that you are engaged to the wrestler, 'Man-Mountain' Dean?"

You sigh and open the door. The Press is here. It's begun!

The great depot seems to crawl with pests, all for you. One of your company's press agents smacks you in the chest with an armful of wet and pricky roses, perhaps snitched from a nearby grave. Another passes out papers giving your name, record, reason for living, and a chart showing the location of your moles. Seven cameramen halt you at the door. "Stand there, please. One foot on, one off! Wave! (This is a cinch, as you are only carrying the roses, three novels, your jewel case and a handbag). Now sit on the trunk! Cross your legs, please? Hold it! Thanks! Now just one more!" "Flashlights blind your bloodshot eyes. Unholy noises smash your cardrums. But you have to smile! Oh, yes—it's business! You want to brain them with their own cameras—but smile for the birdie, darn you! It's the Press!

Oh—isn't it jolly to be a movie star!

I don't exaggerate one title. Such ghastly scenes happen every day in the year in New York. Dull indeed is the run of the Century that doesn't dump a half-dozen head of the screen darlings from Hollywood. How empty the great Atlantic liner that fails to carry two or three native notables or foreign favorites from The Other Side. However they are, however they feel, they are met at
train or Quarantine—pushed, pulled, devilled, teased and photographed.

Some, of course, battle this bedlam and ballyhoo. Take Garbo—if you can catch her. Her frantic flights have made history. Not once in her ten years of film fame has the Scudding Swede faced the American camera barrage like a man! She would jump off the pier and swim the river to duck a shutter-snapper. On the trip east which led to her present Swedish visit, Garbo led three car-loads of reporters a breathtaking, dangerous chase through the tunnel under the Hudson River. The girl only quit when stopped by New York traffic laws and lights—then the boys took a camera shot at her through the taxi window. If you corner her on foot, she’ll duck her head and run like a turkey—until she arrives safe and sound, if breathless, in her native land. Only then will she smile.

Her ardent disciple, Katrina Hepburn, is another problem for the lens boys. She, too, refuses to stand and deliver—she, too, can do the hundred yards down a station platform in ten seconds flat at the crack of a flashlight bulb. One of Our Kate’s favorite tricks is to scoot into a freight elevator and rise to a higher level, (of the station), while the baffled press howls impotently below.

And once Kate loses the pack, it stays lost! One day a reporter, smartly shaken at the depot, chiseled her phone number. She herself answered the call, told the dazed lad that Miss Hepburn had already left for the country, and hung up before he could rally his addled wits. Hepburn thinks, talks, acts like a flash of lightning—but never as fast as when the press is snapping at her heels. A tough baby, as any cameraman will tell you.

The delicious Dietrich, on the other hand, seems to have come down off her high camel and become something of a regular fellow. Not exactly a pal, but a real chum compared to what she was in the days when von Sternberg told her she was the American Kaiserin. She will pose, loftily. True, she refuses to unveil her twin claims to fame for the cameramen, but she declines with grace and humor—as testified by her now-classic crack, "Why should I show my legs! I think they are well enough known by now!". Even the stone-hearted photographers loved her for this—and as a result you will find Marlene very well treated in her news pictures these days.

Which brings me to a vital point. Your wise, case-hardened old stars are very nice indeed to news photographers—who are very sensitive under their crocodile hides, and, like the pachyderms, never forget a snub or a kick in the ankle.

You’d be surprised at what a cameraman, a remembered high-hatting festering beneath his sweet smile, can and will do to a movie star. If he is lucky—can catch the foul offender with her mouth open, (Continued on page 92)
I
N ALL the ten years I have known Dick Arlen, this is the very first chance I have had to take a crack at him in print.

So what happens? I'll tell you what, and it's typical of that Arlen gent. As soon as I get the assignment, it is discovered that the big egg is chasing around the country playing in golf tournaments! Last known stop, St. Paul, Minnesota.

But don't let that stop you, says I, not while Joby is holding down the fort. She knows more about him than he does any day, as what wife wouldn't who has been working at it almost nine years.

Arlen always gets delightfully vague on the subject of Arlen, so what do we need of him, anyway? However, he can dissertate at length on practically any other subject. For instance, when he and Joby were over in Europe, they included Venice in their itinerary. Dick was struck with a brilliant idea. He was going to revolutionize the whole gondola business! "Hey, you can't row that way," yells Dick at a gondolier who had only been at it some twenty years. "That's no way to handle an oar!"

"Imagine," remarks Joby, reminiscently, "trying to teach anybody in Venice anything new!" But Dick stroked on a crew somewhere and that wasn't the way they taught him how to do it; so he was going to give freely the benefit of his knowledge. Of course the Renaissance oarsman serenely pursued the even tenor of his way, not understanding a word. But you can't say Dick didn't try!

Joby says there is no man of his age alive who is as young as Dick is. Of course she's prejudiced. He is really younger than that. Some of the gentlemen who have been around this now picture business for as long as he has been, have shed all their illusions and are pretty prone to view anything smacking of optimism with a jaundiced eye. They are bored and very, very tired. I have yet to see Dick in either state. He is an incurable optimist and he believes everything anybody tells him, at least he pays them the compliment of looking as if he does. When disillusioned, he assumes a worldly "I told you so" air, when actually he is surprised as can be, inside.

When you want to see Joby, (Continued on page 89)
SMALL men are pugnacious. And most often tenacious. That’s why they make excellent fighters and fanatics. Napoleon was a small man, and Claude Rains is a moderately small man. Small enough, at any rate, to have played with staggering success the rôle of that stocky manipulator of empires in the Theatre Guild production of “The Man of Destiny.” And like enough to have other characteristics in common with Napoleon and the rest of that breed of short-statured, long-willed men.

Like them he makes up in intensity what he lacks in extensity. He’s a volcano of tireless energy, slightly on the eruptive side. His voice over the telephone blasts one’s ear-drums; he explodes with laughter or wrath at the slightest provocation and at most unexpected times and places.

This sudden explosiveness caused a near-riot in a London theatre in pre-war days. At the time Claude, playing the rôle of a romantic lover, looked even now—all wiry nerves and brittle bones. The heroine was a sturdy English lass who tipped the scales at something over 150. In a moment of passion—whether of love or hate has not been set down in the annals—the stage directions indicated that Claude lift the buxom girl and carry her to a couch.

Claude essayed the task with the dogged determination and Napoleon. He staggered under her weight. A wisecracker in the gallery groaned audibly. Claude’s nostrils dilated, his upper lip stiffened. He tried again. There was a concerted Umm-mm-ing from the gallery; then the balcony and stalls took up the refrain. Veins stood out on Claude’s neck, his forehead was moist.

“That’s the boy—lift ’er up,” yelled the original disturber. And then the storm broke.

The stage lover—or villain—dropped that portion of his precious burden which he had managed to hoist from the ground and, turning fearful eyes on the offender, he roared: “Come on down and lift her up yourself!” in a voice that had in it something of the darker forces of nature. Then he proceeded to roll up his sleeves. His facial expression was so violent that the taunting crowd was frightened into silence. And he would have retired from the stage a victor had not his lifeless burden become animated at that very moment. But she, now an outraged woman, stood up on her feet and for her rights, smacked our hero across the face, and flounced off the stage. History does not state whether the play went on.

Contrary to the belief that small men are aggressive, Claude’s explosiveness is the direct outgrowth of just the opposite characteristic. He’s abnormally shy. Which is prob-

(Cont. on page 82)
Glamor Takes A Holiday

When Hollywood stars visit the Fair, they go gloriously crazy, even as you and I

By Margaret Angus

WELL, your Auntie Maggie (old Mag the Hag to those in the know—but, mercy, don't ask them what they know), was in a mad-some mood a fortnight ago, and what do you think she did? With a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha she landed plop, but definitely plop, right on Queen Elizabeth's greensward at the San Diego Fair. Good, (I doubt it), Queen Bess didn't seem to mind at all but commanded her bedizened merrymakers to go into their dance, and they did an elfish Elizabethan romp all over the place that brought out the fæy in me. I was all for yodelling for Titania and whooping it up with a few gnomes when I suddenly recalled that I was a lady, I mean I am a lady, oh, well—I mean I shouldn't act that way.

And it's a good thing I pulled myself together just then, for whom did I run right smack into but the Moody Celt of Hollywood, Jimmy Cagney, falling for Shakespeare hook, line, and sinker. Jimmy was taking it so big that he sat like a stone image all through "The Taming of the Shrew" and I didn't dast to pop my gum for fear Mr. Cagney might miss an iambic pentameter. Now Jimmy is a swell guy, and I like him, but ever since he did "Midsummer Night's Dream" for Max Reinhardt and Warner Brothers, there are times when he has a decided Shakespearean complex, and at these times he and I have nothing in common. This was one of those times. Oh, fie upon me, trump that I am, I fled from culture. And imagine my surprise, when I had ceased my fleeing, to find myself buying a ticket...
to see “Miss America,” for adults only, on the midway. I was so ashamed!

Well, I always say that to find out what movie stars are really like you have to catch them at a Fair, or a Circus, or a Poker Game; and if you want to make a quip about strip go right ahead, but I personally wouldn't stoop to it. So when I heard that Hollywood was turning out en masse for the San Diego Exposition, naturally I dropped everything and scurried down there just to see who was doing what, for it is well known that as soon as a star leaves Hollywood he immediately assumes that he is on a vacation and goes crazy. And if there is any crazy business going on I want to be in the thick of it as sort of Head Goof. Also, I am interested in knowing what interests the Hollywood great; what takes their fancy at a Fair. Photography? Art? Home-building? Cooking? Fords? Nudist Colony? (I just knew Jimmy would be a pushover for the Shakespearean theatre.) So if you'll bear with me I'll tell you where I found your favorites at the Fair.

Remember me, I'm the girl who was buying a ticket to see “Miss America” two paragraphs up. Well, while I was waiting for the curtain to rise I got a punch in the ribs and there back of me were Isabel Jewell and Pert Kelton with their mothers—mercy, what a place for mothers. "Mother insisted upon coming in," Isabel frantically whispered to me, "She thinks it's going to be a constructive lecture on Art. What shall I do? Do you think I'd better get her out?" "Mother knows best," I retorted, and recalled meeting (Continued on page 63)
A Star is Made

The Story So Far:

Diana Wells, visiting in Hollywood with Michael Stone, to whom she is engaged, and his family, meets one of the film industry's foremost producers, who seeks her out to attend a dinner in honor of their star, Claudia Ray. The star, due to a series of gay parties, is unable to attend this important event. When Diana learns that she is at the dinner to impersonate Claudia Ray, her first reaction is bitter resentment—then an incident which challenges her to prove her mettle determines her to carry out the deception, and in a speech Diana so well simulates the peculiar drawling speech of the star that, combined with expert make-up and costuming, the effect startles even the producer. So impressed is he that after the dinner he tells her she can have a contract to act in his pictures. Now read on:

PART II

Diana had a real offer to go in the movies! She sat in the automobile between Trauber and Herrick and gasped in astonishment.

"But you’ve got Claudia Ray! If I look like her—"

"You do, tonight," said Trauber. "With a new make-up you’ll be an entirely different person."

"Maybe I don’t want to be in the movies!" said Diana. The men looked at her open-mouthed.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Herrick.

"Every girl wants to be in the movies," said Trauber.

"Are you married?"

"No. I’m engaged, sort of—"

"You needn’t let that bother you. When you begin to see your pictures in the magazines—"

"I might not make good."

SCREENLAND'S
great new serial—
the exciting experience
of an unknown girl who is transformed by Hollywood magic

By Thyra Samter Winslow

"Let us worry about that."

"Bring this to the studio tomorrow morning at ten," he said.

A thousand thoughts raced through Diana’s mind. Her parents, Michael, the little white cottage they had talked about, her nice, well-ordered, well-planned life—

She laughed.

"I’ll be there," she said.

Sara and Michael were waiting for Diana. They almost gasped as she came in, wearing the lovely white chiffon gown.

"You look too beautiful to be real," Sara said, "and we’re bursting with curiosity."

A funny thing happened. Diana found she didn’t want to tell Sara and Michael about the evening. It was something so apart; something she couldn’t talk about.

"I had a nice evening," she said. "A good dinner, too."

"No mystery?" Sara was disappointed.

"None—except I’m to have a chance to go in the movies."

Michael’s face clouded. "I was afraid there would be something like that," he said.

"Now, Michael," Diana put her hand on his shoulder.
"It's you they want," Michael told Diana. "If you want to see them you'd better go with them when I'm not along."

"It's just a tiny bit of a chance. Think of all the fun. Seeing new things—and meeting people—and maybe making some money. We can use that, you know!"

"It's a world far away, even if it is next door," Michael was not convinced. "I don't want anything to take you away from me."

"Nothing will!" Diana laughed, "except sleep. I'm tired. I'm going to bed right now."

She blew a kiss to Michael, went up to her room. She wanted to mull over what had happened—a dream she wanted to keep with her.

Diana reached the studio at ten. The reception room was dark, cold, forbidding. She shuddered to think how discouraged it would have made her feel had she come here in need of a job. Now she enjoyed watching the people enter and leave. Important-looking men, brisk, a bit too serious. Girls all set to look charming.

Two girls came in. Sunny Beck and Iowa Sommers! Diana spoke to them. They gave her curt little nods. She couldn't believe they were deliberately being rude. Maybe they didn't recognize her.

"Hello, don't you remember me?" she said. "We were on the train together."

"Of course," said Sunny, with a new and elegant languor. "The girl who didn't want to go in pictures!"

Diana was about to tell them she had changed her mind when Iowa spoke.

"With your temperament it probably is just as well. We were the types they wanted. We've already been working as extras in three pictures."

And the girls hurried away without even waiting for Diana's approval. A few minutes later Trauber sent word that he would see her.

(Continued on page 66)
TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight... AS YOU DO... for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—you'll watch this
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!
See this man and woman living your
dreams, your desairs. Fascinated...
behold the raging spectacle of hell here
and hereafter... of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S
INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART
Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel  Directed by Harry Lachman

THILL AS YOU SEE
Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—crying under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY... AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS... ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!
Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast"

Miriam Hopkins, lately "Becky Sharp," relies this time solely upon her histrionic talents, without benefit of blooming color, as the picturesque heroine of the ultra-purified "Barbary Coast." Will it be interesting despite the sapio process? Wait and see.

Edward G. Robinson, "borrowed" from Warners for "Barbary Coast," has his most menacing rôle in many movie moons as the dark deep villain of the piece. What now, "Little Caesar"?

Can this be movie menace? Yes, of the new school. Robinson and Hopkins strive to steal this scene from each other—to the delight of their audience.

Can this be love? In the person of Joel McCrea, third member of the stellar trio of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast." Can this be Love?
IN ANSWER to your many imperative demands, we are giving you the latest portrait of your new idol. And now, Nelson Eddy, please rush to completion your vocal-visual picture with Miss MacDonald.
By Request

The Glamor-Glitter Gal, responding to your clamorous requests, poses for you as you desire her: aloof yet alluring; yielding yet adamant. We give you Joan Crawford!
Sing, Darn You, Sing!

The lovely little lady with the beautiful big coloratura soprano voice at the extreme left, Lily Pons, makes her movie debut in "Love Song," in which she not only sings, but dances. We—want—singing!

Michael Bartlett is the new sensation who scored singing "La Boheme" with Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever." How about an encore?

We all know Mr. Lawrence Tibbett is a proud husband and father, as shown below. Now for his magnificent baritone, in "Metropolitan."

Radio singers are also in demand in Hollywood. In "Every Night at Eight" the three charmers at the left, Patsy Kelly, Alice Faye, and Frances Langford, play—and sing—as one of those ever-popular radio sister combinations.

George Raft is the lucky boy who stars in "Every Night at Eight." George can't sing, but he dances a lot.
The warblers are winning the wonderful movie contracts this season. And now let's hear 'em sing

No grand opera tenor will ever sigh for "the good old days at the Met" when he is handed a Hollywood contract like Martini's—to say nothing of three such sires to act with as Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise, and Maria Gambarelli, below.

New York's grand opera audiences voted Nino Martini the most personable tenor in too many seasons. Now Nino, young, gay, and gifted, is lending his liquid voice and Latin charm to "Here's to Romance." Double Martini, please!


When all is said and sung, you can't beat Bing Crosby for popular crooning appeal. The nicest thing about Bing is—next to Dixie Lee and the twins—he doesn't take his crooning too seriously.

Below, you see him clowning through a scene for his next picture, "Two for Tonight." The two enraptured beauties are Joan Bennett, left, and Thelma Todd.

George Houston, opera and roadshow musical show singer, above, makes his screen début with Josephine Hutchinson in "The Melody Makers." Mr. Houston is six feet two inches tall, and is in grand opera for seven years. Stop, look, and most particularly, listen!
That's "Curly Top's" current message to you. And here are new pictures of, and about her.

In her new picture, "Curly Top," said to be her best, Shirley dances, sings, and everything—even a little bit of hula, as you see at the left.

Left, the room in which Shirley "goes to school" in her dressing-room bungalow. The regulation school desk, painted white, is where she does her school lessons with a regular teacher.

And here, right, is Shirley's big doll-house, which occupies an entire room in the bungalow. This doll-house was first used in the Fox film, "Orchids to You," before it was presented to Shirley by the studio. Watch for it on the screen.

The sitting-room, left, in the Temple bungalow, has a color scheme of jade green and white. The sofa, covered in linen printed in a kindergarten design, is Shirley's pet resting place when "off-duty."

We thought you'd like to see the elaborate bungalow, above, that is little Temple's studio home on the Fox lot, where Shirley studies her lines and lessons, makes-up, rests between scenes, eats and plays.

And now, below, we're showing you just why this mite of a girl deserves such a grand dressing-room bungalow. Yes, this little old lady is really Shirley Temple! Her big number in "Curly Top" is called "When I Grow Up," and Shirley transforms herself into a grandma!
To the Babies!

Pardon us, youngsters—you're really big stars, with grown-up salaries and billing.

The new "Little Big Shot" of the Warner Studio, Sybil Jason, is shown at the right, reading from top to bottom, in the act of making poor Edward Everett Horton's life a misery. But he loves it.

Two adorable kids, Virginia Weidler and Dicky Moore, left, will delight you in "Peter Ibbetson." You remember Virginia in "Laddie." Now look at her all dressed up! And who'll forget Dicky's "So Big!"

Little Betty Holt, above, is a newcomer to pictures. She's the sister of David Holt, one of the leaders of our younger screen set.

Carol Ann Beery with her daddy, Wally, above, and a new pet. Carol Ann swears she won't be jealous when Wally plays again with Jackie Cooper in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

That sweet imp, Sybil Jason, adds Robert Armstrong to her list of conquests, with Eddie Horton being just a bit wistful about it. You'll see this trio, left, in "Little Big Shot."
This eminent young actress from the stage has already won a high place for herself in Hollywood, with her exquisitely poignant portrayals and her hauntingly sweet personality.

Josephine Hutchinson makes a lovely picture by the lily pond in the garden of her new Beverly Hills home. Miss Hutchinson is in pictures to stay—once again the stage’s loss is the screen’s gain.

Girl in a Garden

Exclusive SCREENLAND portraits by Elmer Fryer
Pat O'Brien brings the same healthy gusto to the enjoyment of his off-duty hours that he gives to his hearty screen roles. Above, Pat in his recreation room. Right, card tricks.

Irishman at Ease

Clowning for the cameraman! From the picture below you wouldn't guess that Pat has a nice mellow voice with which to sing old Irish tunes.
Ronald Colman has the great rôle of Sydney Carton in the important new screenplay of "A Tale of Two Cities." Above, Mr. Colman, in his first portrait in the new part. Right, between scenes with his leading lady, Elizabeth Allan. Note Ronnie's wig!

Below: first days of "Last Days of Pompeii," the great spectacle being produced by RKO. Louis Calhern, Preston Foster, and John Wood indulge in a little off-set musical byplay.

The first century meets the twentieth in a Hollywood studio. Preston Foster, in costume as the leading actor in "Last Days of Pompeii," with Mrs. Foster.

The romantic 17th century adventures of D'Artagnan and Constance are dashingly portrayed. Above, Walter Abel as D'Artagnan, with Heather Angel as Constance. Right, a close-up.

At last, Francis Lederer in a devil-may-care rôle suited to his talents! "The Gay Deception" seems to offer Lederer, right, his long-awaited chance to make a genuine stir in our best cinema circles.

The flashing good looks and accented charm of "the bouncing Czech" are afforded every opportunity in his new film. Frances Dee is the fortunate girl in the case, as you see, left.
Newcomer!

Presenting the latest popular member of Hollywood's smart "Youngest Set," about to step out (chaperoned by Mama Joan Blondell)

Norman Scott Barnes, new Boy-about-Town, poses for his first pictures, and likes it! Why not, with star Joan Blondell for a mother and champ cameraman George Barnes for a dad!

Little Norman—named for Norman Foster, his parents' best friend—takes to this acting business like a veteran. "Normie," as Joan calls her son, needs no urging to "look at the birdie"—he's camera-wise already!

Joan breaks the Hollywood rule of most screen-celebrated mothers and gladly poses with the pride and joy of the Barnes household. She wants all of you to know why she is even prouder of these pictures than of her current screen hit, "Broadway Gondolier."
Mary Pickford will return to the screen as producer of two pictures and star of two more.

Madame Schumann-Heink, grand old lady of song, has a rôle worthy of her in Jesse Lasky's "Here's to Romance." Listen for her fine voice, still mellow.

Ruth Chatterton comes back to work in "Modern Lady"—and we hope Ruth's return picture will be a great success.

Come-Backs!

The true troup is never through

Charles Farrell, below, will be welcome in "Forbidden Heaven," in which his leading lady is Charlotte Henry, ex-'Alice in Wonderland.'

Binnie Barnes came back from England to play Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Henry Fonda and Janet Gaynor in “The Farmer Takes a Wife”
This Business of Being an Actor

Roger Pryor puts over a new rôle in the same spirit as a business man puts over a deal. That's why he is a success.

By Maude Lathem

Roger Pryor approaches his career problems seriously and intelligently. Being a good actor means business to him.

ROGER PRYOR and I had just finished our last bite of French doughnut at the Brown Derby and I was beginning to feel I knew him pretty well. At least well enough to inquire if he had a definite objective—if he knew what he was striving for in this mad whirl of activity, this seething cauldron of ambition—that is our Hollywood.

He does know. And his own ideas are so different from those of everybody else about him that they are refreshing, to say the least. 

"I haven't the slightest desire to become the great lover of the screen," said Pryor. "That much I can tell you, without hesitation. But I would like to become a great character actor, doing such things as Paul Muni and Henry Hull; and next to that the lighter type such as Bill Powell is now playing.

"If I haven't something of my own to offer, I might just as well step down and out now. I don't think it is advertised for me to think I might have something to offer the screen. You see, practically all of my life has been spent on the stage, and I have been put through some pretty fast paces, particularly the five years I was in stock, so I should know something about acting."

Like dozens of fine actors who have preceded him, he doesn't want to be typed. At the same time, he has no illusions about his beauty. He doesn't imagine that he is the best-looking man in Hollywood. And the idea that he is the recipient of ardent glances from every female that looks in his direction is preposterous to him. Besides, the screen love-making to him is a business, just the same as playing a tough guy. He steadfastly refuses to believe that he is pictorially the type to make feminine hearts do a flip-flop every time his face is shown on the screen. Therefore, being desirous of doing worth-while things, and feeling that it is not too ambitious a craving to become a really great actor of all parts, he wishes whole-heartedly that he might convince his studio that he is suited to character parts. All the while the directors and producers continue to hunt more romantic rôles for him.

"My studio," he continued, "has played me in some straight leads, as well as characterizations, but I was much pleased to do a 'tough guy' with Mae West in 'The Belle of the Nineties' and soon after to do a cultured gentleman with Carole Lombard in 'Lady By Choice.' It helped at least to keep me from being typed as either one or the other.

"Imagine my surprise recently to discover that Hollywood thought I could only play a fast-talking rôle, because I had such a part in the stage version of 'Blessed Event.' I can talk fast, when I am so characterizing a part, but my natural conversation is as deliberate as the average person's."

Now, if you aren't up on Roger Pryor, you will suffer embarrassment from your ignorance. To keep you from feeling too badly, I'll let you in on a secret—Hollywood was just as ignorant!

His father is Arthur Pryor, the well-known band-leader. There are two sons, Arthur, Jr., and Roger. The father earnestly hoped to keep both boys out of the professional field. But fate intervened and Arthur became a musician in his father's band for a time, but later turned his talents to advertising; and Roger went on the stage when he was only sixteen. He couldn't help absorbing a knowledge and feeling of music, so it is not astonishing that he learned early in life to play the piano, trombone, saxophone, trumpet and other musical instruments and when he added to this real acting ability, it was inevitable that he would (Continued on page 64)
Reviews of the best Pictures

Broadway Gondolier—Warner

If anyone had told me I would take another musical movie and like it, I'd have run amok, uttering loud, uncouth cries. But here I am with words of praise, all sincere, too, for "Broadway Gondolier," a new, handsome, song-infested entertainment with Dick Powell warbling like mad. "Fall- ing for Powell again, can't help it—" you see, it's got me. If I need an excuse I'll fall back on the report that this tuneful film has no "top-shots," no Busby Berkley girls, no ballets. What it does have is broad comedy, more or less sly digs at radio broadcasting in the "Twenty Million Sweethearts" manner—remember?—and three or four of the best tin-pan-alley products I've ever listened to, particularly Rose in Your Hair—which does not, if you'll believe me, get into your tresses at all, but remains with you to make your life a misery, it's that hummable. Louise Fazenda as a radio sponsor, Joan Blondell for romance, Menjou for pathos, this time, instead of polish; and Powell, at his most appealing, make this good show.

Doubting Thomas—Fox

I found this refreshing entertainment, much less homespun, and folksy than Our Will's usual efforts, but fun nevertheless. You'll have to recover from the slight shock of finding the Dresden-china Billie Burke cast as a small-town wife serving her husband's breakfast; but once over that, you will be set up to discover that she reverts pleasantly to type when she becomes stage-struck in the most violent form; and acts all over the place, dressed to the teeth. Will stands by through two-thirds of the picture, content merely to utter funny sayings about the insane goings-on of the supporting cast—until, towards the end, he, too, finds himself—as a crooner, no less; and until you have caught Will Rogers crooning, you have seen and heard practically nothing. A treat, I assure you. You'll have a good old-fashioned howl, I think, when you see the amateur performance, with Andrew Toomes contributing really priceless foolery. A newcomer, Frances Grant, is pretty—and she can dance, which is more important.

The Irish In Us—Warner

So Pat sez to Mike, he sez, sez he: "Sure an' oi heard that one before." Who hasn't? The Irish, especially, are going to argue with certain scenes in "The Irish In Us" as being just too, too Hibernian for anything. But mostly this picture is pretty good fun, with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien once (can we count on that?) again doing their now celebrated Brother Act: Pat as a policeman, and little Bruver Jimmy as a prize-fight promoter with high hopes for his slugger called Car-barn, played with hilarious effect by Allen Jenkins. In fact, Mr. Jenkins and Frank McHugh perform prodigious feats of low comedy to achieve the almost-impossible, stealing the picture from the Brothers O'Brien and Cagney. They succeed—but they practically wear themselves out, to say nothing of their audience. Love interest occurs when one brother steals the other brother's girl—there's a new angle—with said heroine becoming a piquant personality because played by Olivia de Haviland. Mary Gordon is the Mother.
THE PERFORMANCES MAKE THE PICTURES!

The two POWELLS, DICK and BILL, lift their respective pictures right out of the rut: Dick, "The Broadway Gondolier," new twist in music-films; BILL, "Escapade," in which with ingratiating charm he introduces you to the interesting new star, LUISE RAINER.

WILL ROGERS gallantly makes way for a whole castful of amusing ladies in "DOUBTING THOMAS."

CHARLES BOYER'S dynamic personality enhances LORETTA YOUNG'S beauty and makes "Shanghai" worth seeing.

PAT O'BRIEN and JIMMY CAGNEY make "The Irish in Us" a field-day for all good Irishmen, and fun for everyone else.

Escapade—M-G-M

Here's Hollywood proving that it can make one of those "Continental" cinemas even more adroitly and dreamily than the Europeans themselves. What's more, "Escapade" presents the new little import, Luise Rainer, far more advantageously than she was ever presented on her native screens. If that's a great, big, patriotic boost for our own dear Hollywood and its works, make the most of it, for that's exactly what I mean it to be. I'm a little tired of hearing every other imported picture or actress acclaimed as "artistic" and our own products labeled "technically perfect but uninspired." To me, "Escapade" is not only flawless as to camera work and settings, but it has color, fragrance, charm. The story is another number about the Little Miss Nobody who captivates an Important Man, an artist this time, to the active annoyance of his former sophisticated flames. William Powell, never more mellowly menacing, makes the artist a fascinating figure; and little Miss Rainer is really superb.

Shanghai—Paramount

Here's the mouth's best Bad Example of a noble cast striving to overcome the deficiencies of one of the world's most hackneyed themes—you know, that old one built around the saying, "East is East, and West is West, and Never the Twain Shall Meet." That they're always meeting anyway, willy-nilly and in spite of Kipling, seems no concern of Hollywood scenario writers. We, however, have to see the pictures that result from this blissful ignorance; and I, for one, would complain bitterly if this time the good old war-horse didn't co-star Charles Boyer, my current Big Moment among movie men, and beautiful Loretta Young. This saves the day—but please don't let it happen again. The devastating Monsieur Boyer's great acting talents are completely thrown away on his rôle of a half-caste in love with Loretta; but the Boyer personality is far from wasted. Miss Young is grand and Boyer is better. And the twain's meeting makes for colorful, if phonny, drama.

Page Miss Glory— Warners

You SCREENLAND readers know a lot about this picture already, if your contest contributions are any criterion; but you'll be glad to know that the completed production lives up to the advance ballyhoo; and this is indeed saying something. Marion Davies has the chance of a lifetime to do the two things she does so well: exact outrageous and ridiculous comedy with supreme ease; and look ravishingly beautiful later on. The story of the chambermaid who stumbles into fame and fortune as a beauty contest winner demands gay treatment and Marion and her cast enter into the spirit of the thing. Result: good light entertainment. No one concerned, including director Mervyn LeRoy, Miss Davies, leading man Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh or Mary Astor, makes any attempt to win an Academy Award; the idea is to get laughs, and on this score "Page Miss Glory" is completely successful. The Dick Powell devotees will rejoice to hear that he sings a Miss Glory song.
That Hollywood miracle, the Young Girl who is rich, famous, and adored at nineteen, yet remains a nice young thing, is personified by “Pat” Ellis, who shows you here her idea of youthful, appropriate clothes that are also gay in the Hollywood way.

A rustic bench, a pretty gal, the first tang of Fall in the air—and Pat’s brown and sand two-piece Fall ensemble, left, call for cheers. The soft wool dress is nigger brown; the mess jacket—see the circular lapels—is sand-colored twill, and very smart.

What lucky leading man is Pat Ellis hailing, just outside camera range, as she leaves the studio for the day? Pat is wearing a dashing suit of navy blue trimmed with a red wool print, right. It’s the smartest new ensemble we’ve seen.

Demure yet provocative, the high neckline with tiny ruche of white mousseline de soie, with the same sheer fabric fashioning the sleeves of Patricia’s black frock, shown at right.

Bracelet and clip of beads and rhinestones carrying out the flower design of the delicate lace cape of her evening gown, above—charming Ellis inspiration. Very original!
"The Real McCoy" is the name of Pat's next picture, and we think this tweed suit, left, lives up to the title. It's gray and white zig-zag tweed, with fur collar of wolf. The knee-length coat has a flaring line. Pat's creased vagabond hat and gloves are gray.

Between scenes Pat Ellis takes her cocker spaniel, Reginald, out for a walk. Reggy wears his customary coat, but Patricia steps out in a decidedly new ensemble—in fact, this picture is its début—of taupe-gray wool in three pieces. The skirt, cut in four panels, is topped with a red, taupe, and silver plaid basque type jacket and hip-length cape. Pat's draped turban is fashioned of the same fabric as her suit.

A hat that "looks like Hollywood" but is really a Schiaparelli adaptation, above, is white felt, with a visor brim and a cockade of coq feathers.

Pat's new double-breasted sports coat, below, is light gray wool worsted. She drapes her blue scarf and clips it close to the neckline at one side.
Dance to Health!

Do you like to dance?
If you do, you'll enjoy the things I'm going to tell you this month. Grace Bradley, who loves to dance, prefers it to any other exercise—and she is one of the most graceful, and healthy, girls in pictures today.

Girls that come to the Paramount gymnasium tell me that "exercises bore them," they "hate to bother with them," they'd "rather have a massage." But these same girls will stay up night after night to dance.

Dancing is the road to grace, as everyone knows, but it is also the road to health and youth and beauty. Everyone can do some kind of dancing. The swifter, more energetic dances won't do for those who have heart affections; but there is some gentle swaying movement that will benefit even these persons.

Modern physicians agree that foot trouble can disorganize the entire body. That "my feet hurt" complaint is listened to more carefully today because sick feet can wreck not only physical but mental health.

I'm going to ask you to take off your shoes and stockings before you begin these first exercises. We want to exercise all the bones of the foot.

Stand with bare feet parallel about three inches apart; rise very, very slowly to the toes, hesitate there a moment and drop back to the heels very slowly. Do this as often as you can during the day, but always morning and evening as you get up from or get into bed.

Sylvia Sidney tells me she has done this simple exercise for years and gives it credit for her streamlined ankles.

Turn on the radio or victrola for your dance exercises, for the music is not only a help to you in getting the rhythmic swing you must have in them, but it relaxes the mind. Over in France, people are taught to relax by music.

Dancing stimulates the glands, but the musical vibration relaxes and eases the body. So dancing helps you regain youth if you have lost it, and assists you to keep young if your years are few.

In the old-fashioned ballet, the dancer held her body rigidly, using her legs as pivots and her arms in stiff and shallow gestures. Today, everything about dancing is free; every part of the body is given a chance to enjoy the exercise.

Take the movement of a folk dance, which anyone can do. Use little running steps for this one. It is not a well-known dance, but merely a succession of simple movements (Cont. on page 78)

Tired of routine exercises? Then go into your dance, says James Davies, for fun, for health, for loveliness!
MARLENE DIETRICH, who is famous all over Hollywood for her lovely coloring, has been having tests made for natural color films, and it's reported the results are breath-takingly beautiful. It's said, too, that her newest picture may have a color sequence.

If all that the Hollywood birdies are saying is true, you'll soon be seeing a Dietrich far more lovely to look at than you've ever seen her before—and that's saying a tremendous lot. I am afraid you won't be able to tell, even from the color close-ups, all the subtle touches of make-up art that Marlene Dietrich and others have used to get the effect of bewitching, colorful beauty. So I'll let you in on a few of the make-up tricks I've seen used.

Beauty, along with the films, is making exciting excursions into color. Brown shades of rouge and lipstick are working miracles. Don't confuse these with sun-tan make-up. The idea may have started there, but the brown shades I'm talking about are for all-year-around beauty. Of course, there is some red in them, but the dominant tones are brown. They give a warmth without glaring brilliance to even the fairest lily-white skin! And they're perfectly attuned to the prevailing notion of spotlighting one's eyes.

The Italian influence in costume colors carries over to make-up with a vengeance. Stained glass or cathedral shades, the stylists call these lovely rich browns, greens and blues, wine, dubonnet and the regal purples.

The important things to remember about the Italian style of make-up are to feature your eyes, avoid brilliant rouge and lipstick, and make your skin look as fair and smooth as possible. Ruddy skins are not admired in Italy, as they savour of the peasant. The patrician strives for a pale complexion.

All of which calls for a word about toning down end-of-the-Summer tan. Most women bleach out naturally in a few weeks. However, you can speed up the process with a good bleaching cream. Meantime, there are make-up tricks that help a lot to make you look lighter. A coppery tan, the kind you have if you've been careful about the use of sun-tan oils, is best toned down by make-up with a good deal of yellow in it. If you've been left with a legacy of freckles, try using a first coat of green or mauve powder and then your regular powder over it. A "muddy" tan can be made to look clearer by using yellow.

(Continued on page 74)
Here's Hollywood!

Taking a swing around the cinema circle to find out all that's news in the land of the stars

By Weston East

LILY PONs' cocktail party was the last word in luxurious affairs, and the libations were fraught with authority. The operatic lady herself clung to a large glass of mellow old orange juice throughout the afternoon. It is wonderful for the voice, you know, and not only that—it matched Lily's costume, until it really seemed as if she had planned her wardrobe to set off the glass! Lawrence Tibbett was his hearty self, Jeanette MacDonald was a marvelous audience for lots of attractive men, (that girl is the most talented listener), and Cary Grant arrived with Betty Furness. It's a romance, as you have no doubt heard before. Henry Fonda is the latest darling of local society, and a very personable lad he is.

AMONG the mysteries: Gloria Swanson, Mady Christians, and June Lang. After publicity campaigns they have silently been removed from studio contract lists. Swanson and Christians were to be given astonishing second chances, according to Metro. And Fox had been training little Lang for three long years!

Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, recently divorced, are out so often together at the evening resorts, that Hollywood doesn't even pause to stare, any more. Most Hollywood couples seem to get along better, divorced. Sometimes we long for a good old-fashioned divorce with nobody speaking and the lady declining: "I don't like the guy. That's why I divorced him!"

Among the mysteries: Gloria Swanson, Mady Christians, and June Lang. After publicity campaigns they have silently been removed from studio contract lists. Swanson and Christians were to be given astonishing second chances, according to Metro. And Fox had been training little Lang for three long years!

The flowers are telling pretty Joan Parker bon voyage as the star sails to make a film in England.
ALL the stars are pretty well in the doldrums, these pay-up days, over income and other taxes. Bing Crosby has announced he will retire when he has three hundred thousand dollars, but his income tax amounts to more than that this year—so what? He is financing half his next picture to place some of his cash reserve out on investment. Bill Powell is lamenting to this scribe the other day that he does not have twenty cents left out of every dollar he makes. Says he would be better off if he rented a three-room apartment and made one picture a year!

DID you know that Alice Brady is a victim of the disease called Claustrophobia—which translated means "fear of shut-in places?" Many a time, crossing the continent, she has had to leave the train because she couldn't stand the cramped-up feeling of the compartment.

RAMON NOVARRO has changed his plans. Instead of debuting on the London stage in "It's Another Story," the autobiographical drama he had been preparing, he will first appear there in a musical comedy. This does not portend the end of his American film career. He has no intention of forsaking Hollywood.

WALLACE BEERY'S bosses were worried, and didn't mind showing it, when their star boomed an emphatic "no" to their proposal to use a double for the scene in which he fights a tiger in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy." The M-G-M chiefs summoned a platoon of expert riflemen, all under orders to shoot to kill the beast if it appeared to be getting the better of Beery. Wally entered the cage and went into a hand-to-claw, and fang, fight with the animal, with the tiger taking the loser's end in the fracas. The star emerged from the cage grinning and saying it was all just good, clean fun.

A SWITCH in studio schedules, postponing her picture for a bit, enabled Shirley Temple to have her long-wished-for trip to Honolulu.

BILLY BURGESS OF CLAUDETTE Colbert will sponsor it. Here's Claudette in her newest slacks outfit. Smart, eh?

DEAR, dear, when our sturdy he-men go elegant on us we have to revise all our former ideas. Now it's George Raft who has taken up interior decorating and we can hardly bear it. George admits he is terribly surprised himself to discover he has an urge to decorate his new pent-house. But now he'll go through with it.

DIXIE CROSBY, Joby Arlen and Helen Twelvetrees made one of the most attractive pictures we ever happened on, all in bathing suits and draped around the Arlen pool. Like three fresh young dryads—and it was difficult to believe that those husky boys, Gary and Ricky and Jackie, playing in the yard nearby, were actually their children. Bing sauntered over and assisted Ricky to swim across the pool—he swims exceptionally well—with a life belt anchored around his little middle!

DICK POWELL has gone sartorial in a big way, with twenty-seven uniforms to be done up in for "Dress Parade." With duplications, in case one wears out. Now don't scream if we mention Mary Brian in the same paragraph—but Mary took off for London the other day to make a picture. And guess who wants to the train to see her off? Right!

OF COURSE, the old-fashioned opera has been regarded as a museum-piece by Noel Coward and other sophisticates, for some time. However, you can't improve on it so very much without interrupting the mood. Pictures are trying to get away from the stilted old routine and going a trifle far in the attempt. For instance, RKO in "Love Song," will have Lily Pons doing a hot-chat romanza. Fortunately, Lily is built better for it than a lot of other prima donnas.
HOLD everything! Jane Withers, the six-year-old veteran, announces with a flourish she will play no more heavies! And old lady Shirley Temple takes out her teeth every night and relaxes after the day’s work. Or, on request, she will remove them at almost any time—if her mother or the director have their backs turned. Naturally, removable ivories at that age are quite a novelty. Shirley has been parting with her baby molars so fast, they had to call in a dentist to fill the gaps.

ROBERT TAYLOR rented a house in the wilds of Laurel Canyon to get a little peace and quiet and live like a country gentleman. He is back in an apartment, and this is why. Roosters awakened him at three A.M., in the quiet Canyon. There was a brush fire that threatened to wipe out the place. His horses broke loose and he spent one night scouring the hills, looking for them. Then his car broke down, and he had to take a taxi home—the fare made him think twice. He will stick to apartments from now on.

NO TWO ways about it, one good picture will put an actor on top of the world. Victor McLaglen is up there now, and for a good long time, too. The new Twentieth Century-Fox organization has signed him to the first contract since the merger, and you can look forward to your favorite tough guy in lots of good pictures. They’ll have to step to top “The Informer.”

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD has almost become a legend, having been swapped from studio to studio, with production always about to begin and nothing ever happening. Well M-G-M has decided to start the ball rolling now that they have Luise Rainer to play Anna Held. Bill Powell will be Ziegfeld, and Fannie Brice will play herself.

Newcomer! Molly Lamont, brunette beauty from South Africa, who makes her American film début in “Jahna.”

On the set! Robert Young reads the news, Barbara Stanwyck studies her lines for her new picture in which Bob has the luck to be leading man.

DOCTORS seem to be the current rage, what with Janet Gaynor and her medico, Claudette Colbert, likewise—and now Glenda Farrell. Her handsome Dr. Gaillard is out here visiting from New York, and oddly enough, happened to be in Lake Tahoe just when Glenda went up there for a vacation! He is the doctor who took care of Glenda’s appendix a year ago, and has apparently moved up to the cardiac region. Dr. Gaillard is one of those dark devastating gents who always make ladies feel better. And it certainly wouldn’t be hard to take what this doctor ordered!

TIME out for a bit of levity—since “Life Begins at Minsky’s” the Village of Increasing Returns—(Hollywood to you)—has become burlesque-conscious, although honestly, the town didn’t have much to learn. You can’t live with the four Marx brothers in your hair, and be very surprised at a burlesque show, you know. But to get on with the story: John Boles went out to dinner the other night, and his host carved the bird at table. About to serve Johnny with that celebrated portion—you know which one—John spoke up promptly, “Don’t give me that burlesque finish!” said he.

BILL POWELL’S son, ten years old, is off on a six-months’ bus tour of the national parks. Some fun, and a grand way to teach an appreciation of his native land.

THE preview of “China Seas” brought out the entire cast, en masse, and news must have spread rapidly, because when the picture was over, the crowd outside reached around the block. And do you know who occasioned the most excitement? None other than little Carol Ann Beery, riding proudly on her daddy’s shoulder. It was her picture début, and she took it like a seasoned prima donna.

H. G. Wells, as SCREENLAND some time ago told you he would, supervises his own stories as they are filmed. Above, with Sophie Steward, who plays the lead opposite Roland Young in Wells’ “The Man Who Could Work Miracles.”
THE trend is definitely toward simplicity, with stars "pulling a switch" from the ostentatious estates of old. Gary Cooper is building a house in Brentwood on his two and a half acres of avocado grove. It will have six rooms—count 'em—and only two bed-rooms. Considerable contrast to the huge places of Joan Crawford, Woody Van Dyke and other neighbors. Al Jolson is similarly engaged with plans for his house in the Valley. It will be compact and simple. After all, if you have a flock of guest-rooms, what do you get? Guests!

JOAN BENNETT'S "going away" party for husband Gene Markey was a riot, particularly as Gene, at the last minute, isn't going to England after all. The placecards were all duplicates of passports, with pictures of the guests and a lot of hilarious data. They were stamped "cancelled" which made everything all right, because you couldn't get very far on one of those passports!

GUESS who is the current "life of the party"? None other than your favorite warbler, Nelson Eddy. In a very nice way, no furniture tossed or ribs broken, if you know what I mean. At Ida Koverman's buffet party, Nelson did a dance from the classic Greek with a water pitcher balanced on the shoulder. That was just before somebody sat down at the piano, where Nelson was kept busy for the rest of the evening.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Walter Lang are proving again they are pals "on and off." Together constantly—no romance, honest—they are equally adept at thinking up crazy things for laughs. Walter has directed Carole once, in "No More Orchids." He is about to do the same thing again—"Spinster Dinner" is the opus, and you can look for good entertainment.

Johnny Weissmuller is back Tarzanizing it for the cameras—here he is, fresh out of the crocodile pool.

What stars will do for their art! Frin-stance, Joan Crawford rides a burro, and backwards at that, for "Glitter." W. S. Van Dyke directing.

BINNIE BARNES is almost in tears since her reception as Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim." The consensus of opinion regrets Binnie's lack of undulations. She rushes on to explain that Lilian didn't have them until later in her life, and that her figure was as Binnie's during the time filmed in the picture—her earlier career. Unfortunately, popular opinion insists on curves in that era, and Binnie is going through exactly what so many actresses have when they have impersonated an historical figure.

GINGER ROGERS finally went on that honeymoon trip with Lew Ayres, now that enough time has elapsed for the divorce rumors to begin. She hasn't been able to leave the studio long enough, until now. She took a wardrobe of two dresses and a bathing-suit, started for Arrowhead, decided on Del Monte instead, went on to Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, wound up at San Francisco, both of them tired of driving. So they gave the car an ocean voyage home. Ginger begins "In Person," her first starring picture, right away.

LOOK out! It may be Joan Crawford. It has been revealed that Joany resorts to disguises, although just what she does with her eyes and the Crawford smile, we are at loss to discover. Seems she's had a laugh on the jewelers and retailers for some time now. They quote Joan Crawford one price; then she dashes out and does a Sherlock Holmes, returning in the wig, the new voice, even hobbling on a stick! Honest, she says so herself. And of course the old meany chiselers never suspect, and she gets things for as much as two hundred percent less. Wouldn't you like to have a close-up of the merchant's expression when he gets the check signed Joan Crawford? The other day she bought a lot for half the first asking price.

(Continued on page 96)
Radio Parade

Getting in personal touch with some favorite air personalities

By

Tom Kennedy

If a radio star quits Hollywood for New York in order to go in pictures, is that news? Well, let’s forget that, and get down to the facts in this case of reversing the usual order. The facts are that Frank Parker, tenor whose silky vocalizing has been one of the most consistently pleasing and widely appealing musical features of the air programs, interrupted, and abruptly, his sojourn among the movie stars to become a movie star himself.

But the important news, we suspect, to the tremendous popular following of the Irish tenor—who by the way is half Italian, his mother being a native of Italy, his father Scots-Irish—is that this slightly screwy version of how to get in pictures will bring the sight as well as the sound of their favorite.

“This job,” said Frank, after congratulations and good wishes had been extended to the object of a recent visit to the old Paramount plant on Long Island, “interrupted the swellest time I’ve ever had.”

This reference, of course, was to his vacationing on Catalina Island with Ben Bernie, deep-sea fishing with Clark Gable, the Hollywood holidaying with Jack Benny, whose program took Parker to the coast with only one broadcast a week to worry about.

“Lots of laughs—I hated to leave.” But the trim, dark-haired and very personable Parker can be serious. Not in that heavy way—witness, he doesn’t even aspire to opera; didn’t as a matter of fact when, several years ago, he returned to his native America after studying voice and music in Italy and France. But he’s serious about his picture business.

“It’s a good part for me. I play myself more or less, do some light stuff, and I should be able to play myself, don’t you think?”

We thought so, so the talk turned around to some circumstances which make it appear like a swell screen opportunity for Frank. He is a star in the picture, and the producers of “Sweet Surrender,” the present title of the film, sponsored “Moonlight and Pretzels,” which you may remember brought to the fore a previously unknown-to-the-screen young man named Roger Pryor.

Frank Parker grew up in the same New York as George Raft—that is, they were youths together setting out on careers in show business as hoofers.

“We danced at the same (Continued on page 90)
Mrs. Jewell at the Trocadero one night—a sweet, gentle little woman, but with quite a peppery look in her eyes which gave me to believe that if worse came to worse Mrs. Jewell could take it. The curtains parted and "Miss America" was revealed in yards and yards of drapery like Myra Loy as a high priestess. The lec-
turer began his lecture and our attention was captured by Miss Annie May, the most beautiful brow in the world. The drapes began to fall, one by one, and sud-
denly there was "Miss America." As the last drapery fell the thousand shrill voices of "Please kiss the beautiful hands." Mrs. Jewell and Mrs. Kelton left immediately for their hotels.

While I was wondering whether she should take up "Life," for adults only too, the loud speakers on the midway announced that Mae West was entering the Fair grounds if anyone was interested, and it seemed as though everyone was interested. Mae arrived in a little something in white and a train. I've seen better places for trains, and when her car was stopped, the signal was given and the train gave a half turn, told the boy—whose face had one of those beatific there-is-a-Santa Claus expressions—to take her to the Motion Picture Hall of Fame. She was taken to Lovely Mae. Mae West is right there. Mae was with the faithful Timoney, and two bodyguards and two Pinkerton detectives, (furnished by the Fair), and when she hopped a taxi, I thought Mae was trying to dodge her public you have another think coming to her. She signed everything from autograph books to a bag of candy. When she made a personal ap-
pearance at the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Mae asked to see the midgets, so she was driven over to the Midget Village and you would have laughed if you lu-
ted. Mae climbed into a midget car and ap-
peared at the little Mae West midget she sent a diamond ring.

If the Fair concession owners went mad over Mae their feelings regarding Francis Lederer seem to have been directed in an ex-
act opposite direction. I didn't see Lederer at the Fair but I was told that he arrived at the West Gate in quite a state because he was kept waiting in his car to greet me. When he was told that cars are not al-
lowed in the grounds he went into a lather, refused the chairs and the rickshaws, but found two midgets who accompanied him by a Pinkerton detective. But let's not be too severe with Francis; maybe in the country he comes from they don't have Fairs and savoir-faire.

Believe it or not, the person besieged

by the most autograph hunters, with the ex-
ception of Mae West, was Buck Jones. Buck drove in from the range and after paying his respects to the Motion Picture Hall of Fame made his way directly to the Indian Village, where he inspected with enthusiastic, boyish interest every little tepee and papoose in the joint. With all the fans and all the little Indians going nuts about him poor Buck got one heap big rebuff which he'll probably remember to his dying day. One of the Indian gang is an old gal of one hundred and six summers who is sort of a matron of the Indian Village. Some enterprising press agent thought it would be a good idea to have Buck pose with the centurian-plus-six and Buck was quite pleased and put on his broadest smile. But suddenly there was great chatter from the old Indian in her native Sioux; she seemed to be raising complaints. An interpreter was summoned and announced, "She say unless she get two dollars and fifty cents she no pose with movie actor. She go."

Joe Morrison was straight to the Gold Gulch when he arrived at the Fair rode down the gullies in the old wagon that used to bring the mail from San Fran-
cisco to Los Angeles in two weeks and six hours, hot dog. I couldn't exactly decide whether Joe's enthusiasm in Gold Gulch was for the old mining town props or for Lady Godiva—she who got pinched by the police. Anyway, as soon as the folks down in the gulch saw Joe they began to shout "The Last Round-Up," and Joe, being a swell and accommodating person, sang his famous song until his throat ached.

Roscoe Karns, naught Roscoe, went to the Zoro Gardens. (Nudist Colony, my dears), where a cute little nude recog-
nized him and shouted, "Hello, Roscoe, all of which might have been all right but it seems that Mrs. Karns was along, and you know how wives are. Roscoe still swears he didn't know the girl.

Reginald Denny drove down with Jimmy Cagney but Shakespeare came between them and Reginald hied himself to the Fair. Joe Morrison has just in-
vented a unique sort of plane and he was most interested in seeing what the Fair had to offer in the way of plane equip-
ment. I saw Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall at the Café of the Nations and they seemed to be having a swell time eat-
ing in different languages and watching the floor show. Gloria had a bright green scarf, but instead of letting it fall about her shoulders as any well-mannered scarf should, Gloria insisted upon sitting on it. While I was trying to fathom that little mystery I heard loud yelps of laughter from the people in the street and rushed out just in time to see Binnie Barnes, and my favorite dream-prince, Edward Arnold, go sprawling in the gutter. It seems that Eddie and Binnie wanted to ride in a rick-
shaw and Eddie being slightly robust, (and isn't he swell in "Diamond Jim"), gave the boy who was doing the pulling a few unlucky moments. When who should show up but Slapside Maxie, good old Maxie Rosenbloom, Hollywood's favorite prize-
fighter, and he who dances nightly at the Troc, with Mae Murray "So you want to ride," said Maxie, and he grabbed the rickshaw away from the panting boy and gave Miss Barnes and Mr. Arnold the ride of their lives while the crowds cheered and ran to safety—a ride that ended abruptly in front of the Café of All Na-
tions. And poor Miss Barnes and Mr. Arnold had to spend the rest of the eve-
ning looking like something brought in from a riot.

A merry foursome doing their stuff at the Motion Picture Hall of Fame con-
sisted of Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Lyle Talbot and John Mack Brown. Chester acted as Barker for the Hall of Fame and it's said that he brought in the people with his peppy lines of chatter than any of the professional barke
rs. The Hall of Fame is being run under the auspices of the Dominos and the Screen Actors Guild, so every Hollywood player, with a drop of loyalty in his or her veins, should, and usually does, make an appearance at the building. All the studios, and most of the stars, looked things for the exhib-
tion, and in the outer room you can see everything from Fred Astaire's favorite dancing shoes to Benvignard's cabin from "The Crusades," and then you pass into another large room where they show you how to make moving pictures and actually take a scene for you, with the visiting celeb-
rate taking part. Then in another room is the cutest puppet show I have seen in many a year with the puppets dressed up like movie stars and acting all over the place. Really, if you haven't been named after you, you just don't belong socially. Paul Cavanagh went so crazy over those puppets that he practically moved in for a couple of days. Finally he
This Business of Being an Actor

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land, as he finally did, in musical pictures.

But this was not accomplished in the batting of an eye. There were years of hard work in stock, then more years as leads with famous actresses before he was eventually starred in "Blessed Event." Even as leading man, he had amazingly long runs with different plays: 46 weeks in "The Royal Family," 40 weeks in "Atrap Strings," 40 weeks in "Up Pops The Devil."

It was while playing in Chicago in his own production of "Riddle Me This" that a film producer saw him and persuaded him to give up his show and return to New York for the lead in a musical picture. That is how you happened to see Pryor in "Moonlight and Pretzels" and it is also why he was signed on a long-term contract with Universal.

In the little more than a year he has been here, he has done ten pictures, among them being "I Like It That Way," "I'll Tell The World," "Belle Of The Nineties," with Mae West; "Romance In The Rain," with Heather Angel; "Wake Up and Dream" in which he was co-starred with the late beloved Russ Columbo; "Lady By Choice," with Carole Lombard, "Strange Wives," and "Straight From The Heart." If you have been fortunate enough to see him in one of these pictures, you already know that Roger is a stalwart, personable young man, six feet tall, weighing about 160 pounds, with dark brown eyes and curly hair. He is Dutch and Irish—a serious person though not sad, notwithstanding the fact that he admits he is melancholy is through approach, without a touch of affectation. He is earnest and sincere, with all the earmarks of rudiment.

While he has a great sense of humor, when he does let a joke slip out of his mouth, he does not laugh at a thing that is funny, but he does not see the humor in spreading a laugh over an easy chair and spoiling an evening game for one of guests. Some tricks seem worse than stupidity to him.

Speaking of guests, I might tell you, he never entertains in a large way. He has a beatiful, modern, all-white apartment in one of the most attractive apartment hotels in Hollywood, and here he has a small group of friends almost every evening. Those closest to him are perhaps Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly and a few others whom he knew in New York. He has been so busy making pictures since he came, that he hasn't had time to cultivate many friends. He rarely goes to large formal parties, with the exception of the dances given by the Actors' Guild and the May Fair.

Since he came to Hollywood, he has been seen with Esther Ralston, Ann Southern, and, prior to her marriage to Ralph Forbes, with Heather Angel. Roger was once married himself, to a non-professional; is, in fact, still married to her, though they have been separated for several years. She is an expert horsewoman (having once held the world's championships for high indoor jumping), and Roger still speaks of her as if she were a woman of great chilence Todd, seemed most interested in the Food and Beverage building, on account Thelma runs a restaurant down at Santa Monica as a side-line and

is making a great success of it. The food there simply melts in your mouth. Yes, The Bing Crosbys and the Warren Williscows acted like professional Fair attenders and took in the whole damned thing.

Paul was one of the most loyal pillars of the Screen Actors Guild, (Ann Harding is the other), so when he consumed his fill of Shakespeare Jimmy came loping back to the Hall of Fame to make another garment; you see, I must say his enthusiasm was rather dammed by two old ladies from Iowa who gave him a disdainful look. That's the manner has always shown. I even told impersonating Jimmy Cagney, "It's all a fake."
"I'd sooner die than go to another party"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

"I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

Don't let a pimply skin spoil your good times — make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples can be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands — on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start now to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

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A Star is Made
Continued from page 33

He was seated at a huge desk in the most magnificent office Diana had ever seen. But he didn't decide whether the movies got its ideas of offices from rooms like this—or if movie executives got their ideas from the movies. The walls were gray the best of them velvet or red leather, curtains were gray and white over scarlet Venetian blinds.

Trauber pressed buttons, talked into three telephones seemingly simultaneously. It seemed an hour before he was ready for her.

A man came in to get her, then. She was to be given a rush test, the pictures to be cut, the rushes to be ready.

"I'll send for you when the rushes are ready," Trauber said.

Make-up, then. A different make-up, thought the horrified woman given over to turning ducklings into swans. Diana watched as the thin, creamy grease-paint was applied. When her make-up was finished, she looked as a man had given her a plain black evening gown.

A man led her down long corridors, past closed office doors, to the stages.

They were on a set. A living-room which faded into a Western mining camp saloon. Great machines from which came bars of blue light were already in place. There were machines for sound, and cameras, too. A camera man was there, half a dozen other men, a couple of women.

"You're on," Diana was told, was Huppman, the director, came up to her, asked her name.

"Better than I'd hoped," he said, apparently addressing everyone but Diana.
Then he turned to her. "Go to that table," he said, "take a letter off of it, open the letter. You're very gay. You read the letter. It had bad news. You say, 'Oh, my God!' Mr. Bogard comes in. You tell him you've had bad news."

"What?" asked Diana. She hadn't the least idea what the man was talking about.

He changed his tone, addressing her a bit as one would talk to a feeble-minded child and told her all over again.

"I see," said Diana, miserably. She was so bored, so whole mess. Well, she might as well go through with it.
She tried to feel happy as she came onto the scene. She felt pretty silly. She picked up the letter, read it, wandered through a公布了ulated horror. Bogard came on. They rehearsed it again. Then the cameras ground. There were other bits, then. They seemed silly, too.

Trauber had said to wait. The others went away. No one spoke to her. She waited. The lunch hour came and went. What a gift she'd forgotten all about her. She couldn't wait forever.

Finally, a boy passed, came back.
"You Miss Wells?" he asked.

"I'm Diana Wells," she said.

"Mr. Trauber wants you in Exhibition Room C," the boy said, and was gone. Diana asked questions. Found the room. Yes, that was the make-up room.

The small room held big leather chairs facing a screen. A dozen people were there.

Suddenly Diana was nervous, eager. Two days ago she had had no desire for a screen career. Yet something must have made her hold back from marriage with Michael—accept this chance so eagerly. And now, suddenly, this was all-impeccable. Diana knew, now, that she desired more than anything else in the world to be in the movies. She had never wanted any-

thing quite this much before in her life.

Her test pictures, then. Where was the tall, graceful girl she had pictured herself? She was too fat. Her nose was too prominent. Her mouth was funny. Her walk awkward. She wanted to hug her knees in humiliation. What would Trauber think of her?
The test pictures were over. She and Herrick and Trauber were in Trauber's office. She hadn't time to tell them how terrible she knew she was.

Trauber was smiling. "Pretty good," he beam. "I never make a mistake in a chance." "You think I'll do?" asked Diana.

"Sure," said Herrick.

"Sure," said Trauber, "with the proper training, I'll get your contract made right away."

With a disappearing bed, a dressing-room and a kitchenette.

The idea of Diana being in the movies. They'd hear such interesting things!

Michael wasn't at all pleased with the turn of affairs. This wasn't the way he had planned his life. However, he tried to be a good sport about it. He loved Diana a great deal. If this was what she wanted out of life, well, it was an opportunity. He wouldn't stand in her way. He hoped, so hard, it wouldn't change things too greatly.

At the studio Diana plunged into a dozen activities. Some because she was tired and couldn't even have dinner with Michael, but tumbled into bed as soon as she got home. Usually, though, she and Michael had dinner at the studio. Sometimes she was even alone—two of them at one of the attractive, inexpensive little places Michael knew.

She spent all day being told how Michael felt about the studio. She was careful not to talk too much about what she had done during the day, even though she was bubbling with pleasure. She was back with Michael. He was a dear, peaceful and pleasant.

That's what she needed, after her days at the studio.

Days were exciting. First, there were voice lessons, Diana had thought she spoke well enough. She found, now, that some of her head tones were wrong, that her accent wasn't provincial, as a Marienhof.

"What do you think I'll do?" asked her mother.

"I think you'll do a great deal," her father told her.

"You're going to be a great actress."

Diana was happy. She had a talent instilled in her by her mother, but she had never thought it was a talent she had.

The studio was exciting. She found herself in a room full of people, all of them in make-up, all of them talking and laughing, all of them busy.

First she was put on a diet, which cut out most of the things she liked. Sweets, bread and butter, potatoes. She found that the diet was far less strenuous than many others who were aiming for a movie career.

There were exercises and massage, too. The exercises were mostly bending and stretching. The massage was actually painful. A woman came in each morning and pommelled, until Diana ached all over, though she felt eager and alive and her skin tingled.

This wasn't all of Diana's making-over process. Her nose was too fat. This more or less tapes about her nose that she felt like rebelling. She didn't rebel.

She went to a hospital instead. She was awfully frightened. A nurse jaundiced her nose, made it grow, the move the skin. A doctor cut and snipped. It didn't hurt—not right away.

A few hours later the pain was dreadful. She found in sleep. The next thing the nurse brought Diana tussled in misery. It was a few days the pain was gone but Diana's nose was swollen and discolored. What if the doctor had made a mistake? What if her nose was never really going to be a nose?

The doctor and nurses laughed at her fears. It was one of the simplest operations, they told her. In a week the stitches would be taken out...
One thing the clever actresses of Hollywood won't tolerate is the haphazardly fastened handbag. They want security—as well as smart style—at all times. That's why they insist upon handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking slide fastener.

They've found that this flexible, easy-working fastener gives them absolute protection against accidental opening—that it means extra convenience—extra trimness.

And you'll find that TALON on a handbag always means superior quality and smart design—because only the finest manufacturers make their handbags with Talon fasteners. And all the leading stores sell them—in your own favorite styles.

This charming actress carries only handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking Talon slide fastener.
were removed. In two weeks Diana had a new nose. From the front there was no change. Profile, it was classic in its perfection.

Teeth came next. Two of Diana's teeth were too small. They seemed dark, caused her mouth to look uneven. A dentist cut them down, provided them with jacket crowns, adjusted the teeth next to them. This meant more novocane, more days of unpleasantness. But now, when she smiled, Diana's teeth were even and white.

She wondered if other girls went through this process of being made over. She found that many of them did. She heard stories of teeth being made even, of noses and ears straightened, of lines removed, of eyes slit at the corners to make them larger. The public wanted perfection. The public must be pleased.

Diana's brown hair was lightened until it was almost gold. It was given a new cut and a new wave. Now she was ready! New make-up to darken and accentuate her eyes and lashes. Rouge to accentuate the appearance of her already high cheek-bones.

She seemed curious to Diana that all of this time and energy should have been spent on her—an unknown girl without influence. She found it was just one of the things that went along with making topsy-turvy, fascinating Hollywood.

There were new tests. And the awkward girl, a bit too hippy, with a nose that wasn't quite right, was transformed into a glorious girl with glinting hair, a tip-tilted nose, lovely, even teeth, a graceful body.

Diana's first picture was not important. The star hogged the biggest scenes. After the cutting room did its share Diana's part was very slim, indeed. She was in a picture. That was the main thing. And she was not humiliated when she saw the rushes.

"Fishermen's Wives" was a little better. She had more to do—and had learned to be at home on the screen. Several reviews spoke of her and some of the publicity the studio sent out about her appeared in the newspapers.

Two more pictures followed. In both of them Diana was adequate, pretty—and unimportant.

She was a real movie actress! She knew her way around. She knew about "sound tracks" and "location" and "dolly shots." She knew how important authors are and how script girls always make mistakes. She knew all the technical terms, a dozen stage tricks. She knew directors and featured players and stars. She learned a dozen unprintable scandals, fifty small intrigues. She knew about the star who was so generous that no one would believe all the good she did. About the star who was so stingy and mean no one could bear her. And about the brave he-man star who was constantly in fear of his life. She knew of real and fancied romances.

Her own life was unliterally free from intrigue or excitement during those first pictures. Trauber, unlike the usual producer of fiction, did not try any unnecessary intimacy. Herrick was always cool, though he offered Diana and the other important men spoke to her but none of them made anything that could be construed as "passing."

One day, only on his way out, became a little too ardent and threatened to "get even" when Diana repulsed him. She knew there was nothing he could do. A few harmless young men asked for dates but it was easy enough to discourage them. A few girls were a bit catty. That was all.

Iowa and Sunny burst in to see Diana, after the release of her third picture, and remembered how intimate they had been on the train and how they had promised to "stick together." Diana promised to do her best. They were still extras. Their "influence" hadn't helped them, though Sunny thought she saw a chance to be a regular bit player and Iowa felt they offered no proper break, her own success couldn't be far off. They both let Diana know that they felt her "success" hadn't been quite fair.

Diana still loved being with Michael, thought she began to listen quite as much fun as he had been. For one thing, she was usually tired. Michael didn't have much money to spend for, things weren't going awkwardly well with him and he refused to let Diana pay for any of their amusements or even go "Dutch treat." Oh, he knew she could afford it. That was part of the trouble. But when he took his girl out he'd pay for her! She'd been satisfied, before, with what he had to offer. He seemed a little put out, too, when Diana recognized people in gay groups and he always refused to join them.

"I can't afford to pay my share and I won't sponge," he'd say. "Besides, all they can talk is pictures. They don't care any thing about me. It's you they want. If you want to see them you'd better go with them when I'm not along."

Diana wanted to be loyal to Michael. She began to be invited to parties and she tried to persuade Michael to accompany her. After she'd stayed away from a dozen because she didn't want to go alone she began to listen a bit more eagerly to other invitations.

When Tony Bryant, the star in "April Rain," Diana's last picture, asked her to go to a party with him she told him she'd go. She knew all about Tony. He was separated from his wife but not divorced. He was good-looking, jolly, gay, successful. And Michael seemed so settled and serious.

Tony took her to supper at a colorful Hollywood café and then to a party at Grenna Mayor's beach house. There was quite a bit of drinking—but Diana had been drinking before. The crowd was jolly and didn't break up until after a ham and egg breakfast. Diana was glad she didn't have to be at the studio the next day—but she was glad, too, she'd been to the party.

"Let's go out a lot more," begged Tony. "You seemed so prim at the studio. I'm glad to find you can be gay, outside!"

This was living! Why not? You're young only once. She was a Hollywood movie actress! She had had her first raise. Everyone told her how well she was doing. New friends who were jolly—and nice. Parties—that was part of the picture, too.

There were more parties. A week-end party at Ella and Sam Moreland's country place, with all the paparazzi, and gay laughter and not too much drinking. And parties where you met stars and directors. Diana found out about the different sets some exclusive, exclusive others a bit too wild, too gay. She tasted them all.

"What if you were a little tired in the morning? Just fasten your belt and the nights before you were in pictures and didn't drink too much and didn't get in a scandal. Have fun! What else was life for anyhow!"

Diana and Michael still had pleasant, calm evenings together. He was still Michael, handsome and sensible and good—but he didn't seem as understanding. He talked seriously about Diana's new friends. She liked her new friends. Could Michael be jealous? He talked about marriage.

Diana wasn't interested in marriage.

There were other things to talk about, besides parties and Michael. Important things.

Diana was cast for an innocuous rôle in her unaesthetic, unprofitable would start soon, and in the meantime she was keeping up with her studies. English, singing—and now she was starting to take French.

And then a curious thing happened. A big picture, "Scarlet Stain," was getting ready for production. Alva Winters had been to play opposite Lucien Roemer. And Alva Winters at the last minute, wouldn't take the part! The rôle was that of a scheming woman and Alva felt that it would ruin her forever with her public, who had seen her only in sweet young girls parts. Funny, how the public sometimes gets acted parts and personality mixed up! Alva was afraid of that.

The star, then, decided to play the rôle, read over the story—and declined. Then Maybelle Morrison, who was beginning to fade, considered the rôle. She had been a glamorous girl before. She talked a lot of "coming back," not knowing that that means you're already on the way out.

"I couldn't think of coming back in an unsympathetic rôle," she said. "The millions who are waiting for me wouldn't want me like that." Which, curiously enough, was one of the last things, before the public, that Maybelle ever said. She never got the offer of another good rôle.

They decided to make the part less important and find a good leading woman instead of a star, to play in the film. The prominent leads to whom they offered it declined!

Diana read the part and liked it. She
The Woman who "thinks she knows" so often is Headed for Tragedy

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(Signed) DR. STEINBERGER SAROLTA

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his dressing-room. He frankly doesn't care for interviews, but he is too polite to be rude to those who are interested in him. It was a warm Saturday morning, and he had knocked off eighteen holes of golf at Toluca. He looked as if he had just turned himself out.

"There is a regular rigamarole for stars, you know," he grinned and tilted his chin back in the wall. "You're supposed to have dash. To be daffy, I say! They chain you have to put on an act, and it's curtains when you're caught short without your script. I don't have a script, but I feel I have been a sput- toon, and if Randy were the sort who'd chew tobacco, he would have aimed for it then. He ran his right hand through his sunny-blonde hair, twirled his blue eyes characteristically stern, twinkled amusedly.

"I didn't nourish a dying passion to be a movie actor. Unlike Merton, I never dreamt of a fabulous salary and fans in my food. I just felt I ought to go. I don't care who chews tobacco, who takes advantage of my honesty. I went in for just your sort, so don't let your code get hotcha! He hasn't sacrificed directness for diplomacy. As far as that goes, he hasn't given up his varied interests. The one-track mind is standard equipment for the boys in his class. Hollywood heroes are intrigued with themselves and their other topic is the movies. This rebel prefers to discuss a variety of things. I had to urge him to talk about himself.

"I came West with no serious intentions lurking beneath my calm surface," he declared, "and I'm still here, as are my permanent companionship. I enrolled at Georgia Tech—you know, 'I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech?'. When I was permanently black-balled from the varsity, on account of some injuries I received on the football team, I went back to my native state, and to the U. of Virginia."

Randy's father was an administrative engineer, and a good one. He sent his pride and joy to Europe and then, realizing the texture of his business held no allure, arranged for a return trip. His wife had been a model. Very likely Randy would have stayed there in the South if a champ hadn't persistently extolled the West. This Old Virginian had run away to California for five months.

I hadn't even tried to get inside of a studio shortly after the return trip, my friend and I were golfing with Howard Hughes. He kidded us for leaving without getting a glimpse of the inside Hollywood hero. We did, okay, go ahead and arrange us a peep. He had us sent out to Fox as extras the next day.

Done up in a form-fitting Australian uniform, Randy Scott stood out of the crowd like a new dawn. By noon the harried director was on the set, expressly to interview him. He left when Randy had consented to a test. Before the end of the day of "Del's" of DeMille's next, he had a small role in "The Titan." He had added to his record. He was a little Wanderer, and he went to the test of his talent, and, so it turned out, a friend of a friend of Randy's, the director waxed enthusiastic.

"You'd ever find a line on a stage I'd put you into the lead in my new production!" he exclaimed. "But since this is my very first talkie, I can't take the risk. You ought to be a big-time star, though. Get some stage training. I'm sure you've got what we want!"

An airmail letter home informed the Scott family of this great turn. If he really thought he'd be satisfied with acting, they answered, they had consented to allow him to see what he could do.

Comprehending the wise and sensible move, he has been, by literal instruction, Randy scoured the obvious, flashy system so many Hollywood heroes have followed. He might have been lazy, and relied on pull. He might have gone partying and partying until there were other offers. He didn't even bother to "be seen" at premières and night spots.

What he did was to go over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the West's foremost dramatic training school. Eight months of coaching there led to three professional juvenile engagements on Hollywood stages. The third play, starring Leo Carrillo, was Randy's last. Paramount put his name on one of their dotted lines and presto, he was a screen hero!

That he was capable of stepping into picture prominence in so short a time was due
to luck, yes. But far more to his study. Acting is a regular job to Randy, an acquired taste. He has gone about it exactly as he would have learned the rudiments of engineering had he remained in Virginia.

He wasn't encouraged to try for dramatic roles, being kept for almost four years in Westerns. They consistently made big profits and the producer in charge of them knew what a draw the Scott fellow was.

That he escaped the rough-riding rut in one jump is but another tribute to his personality and application. That he waited for his Audition to speak for him, rather than prodding the producers with sensational methods, is significant. He still avoids publicity. Nothing can force him into the familiar, pushy, egotistical pattern; neither underestimation nor, as at present, a rush of popularity. He realized what being in "Roberta" with Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, and Ginger Rogers might mean. But, still, he doesn't gloss over the real story of how he got the part which has definitely lifted him into the front row at Paramount.

'I had done several pictures with Bill Seiter, who was set to direct "Roberta," and one day he phoned me that he thought I'd be a natural for the football hero. I didn't think I really had a chance, because I'd heard Joel McCrea was going to get it. After all, I'd been doing outdoor stuff for so long that most of the directors on my own lot never dreamt of me in any other light.

"But I was called over to Radio for a test. Later Seiter told me I would have the role. As I came back here, to my dressing-room, I ran into Joel downstairs, just about to use the pay-phone. 'Come on upstairs where it's quieter,' I said. He called his wife, and, of course, I couldn't help overhearing. I'd had a fight with von Sternberg, and I'm quitting the Dietrich picture. But I'm going right into Bill Seiter's film' said Joel.

"Naturally, I didn't say anything to Joel, but I thought to myself, 'Well, that's how it is.' Next morning I was out at Toluca, playing golf. A caddy ran out from the clubhouse, saying I should come in for a very important call. I said, 'Oh, nuts!' What was the use of getting perturbed. It couldn't be anything that couldn't wait until I finished my game.

"When I did go in, it was Bill Seiter. They were waiting for me to go right into the make-up tests! Joel was out! Afterwards I discovered that he could have had the part if his agents hadn't demanded nearly three times what Radio had been paying him.

Today, thanks to that break, Randy is finishing the lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in one of Paramount's biggest productions, "So Red the Rose." He has become far too valuable to consign to any more Westerns.

His hope is that his good luck will hold out, so that he may remain in California indefinitely. The art of acting intrigues him and he is happy that at last he is receiving assignments which allow substantial scope for improvement. Not having a long theatrical preparation, he feels that only plenty of diligent concentration will get him by.

Golf and swimming are his hobbies, and he is a sun-tan fan. Acquiring a gorgeous bronze is one of his personal problems. Being so fair, he darkens quickly—and then four days in on the sets and he has to start all over again.

Randy is 100% alert as he is progressing; watching and absorbing what he thinks will help him. But, as he stated so emphatically, he's becoming no Hollywood hero; even if it's customary with screen success. He refuses to go high-hat, hay-wire, or to hand out any hooey. And any of you dandrels who are hatching a campaign for his affections take my tip; you'll do better if you lure like a lady!
discovery who screen-debuted in "The Flame Within" and who plays opposite Ruth Chatterton in her come-back picture.

This, at least, is the expert verdict of Bob Blair, head of the Los Angeles Municipal Airport, Famous Aeronaut. A veteran of aloft years; it was he who taught Ruth Chatterton and who accompanied her on her recent New York-to-Hollywood spin. She keeps her 'plane at his field, and sports it almost every day for more advice. Carole Lombard and Jimmy Dunn are also among his pupils now.

Query a press-agent as to stellar aeronautical ability and force of habit causes big blowing. Men like Blair, however, are not so extravagant with their statements. Also, he is able to handle an airship competently, entirely on your own, is far different from posing prettily next to one and letting a professional pilot assume responsibility.

For example, Ann Harding has frequently been described as an air ace. Yet she does not fly herself. When she and Harry Bannister first were flung into Hollywood wealth, they not only built that magnificent mountain-top palace, but a $17,000 'plane was ordered, too. It was her husband who was the real flyer of the family, and after their split Ann sold the ship. She often utilizes the airways, but she hires her pilot.

"In my opinion," says Bob Blair, an impartial critic to whom the stars rate only on genuine ability, "the two I'd absolutely trust under any conditions, any time, are Ken Maynard and Louis Hayward. These men are the unadulterated McCoy!"

"The best among the women is undoubtedly Ruth Chatterton. And she's been at it for just three months. Already she is equal in the handling of a ship flying today—you can verify this by the Department of Commerce inspectors."

Ken Maynard's Stearman plane is the seventh he has owned in that many years. He was the first Hollywood player to secure a pilot's license, which he did in 1928. With more than five thousand hours to his credit, he is the most expert of them all. Soloing over Mexican wastelands is one of his habits. Between films he is acquiring a first-hand knowledge of archeology by flying down to the ancient Maya ruins to pal with the scholars excavating there.

"Flying isn't half as dangerous as riding a horse," he declared. "Maynard enjoys accompanying him and they wouldn't dream of any other means of transportation when they crave to get away from it all. Lucky for this husband that he picked a wife who shares his hobby. He is glad the ladies are becoming more courageous, asserting that it is their participation in the fun which has brought about all the comforts the new 'planes possess.

The new Waco that Louis Hayward has purchased cost $15,000. This twenty-five-year-old character juvenile from England is mad about both horse and flying. He totes a brief-case full of data around and beams as he masters another table of facts. His life has been thoroughly affected, too, by the most exasperating souls who prefer to sleep days and stay up nights. Since coming to Hollywood and concentrating on movies and airplanes, he has reverted to normal.

The most expensive 'plane in all Hollywood is Wallace Beery's. Years ago when he first started as a star, Wally was mad about autos. He had the latest and drove at a furious speed. Flying captured his heart right after he appeared in "Robin Hood," so you can gather how long he's been an air addict. But he is not fond of stunts.

"Our experts should try them," he states with emphasis. "Flying is a cinch for anyone who is an excellent automobile driver. You won't flop if you're careful. Accidents are due to the people pulling bobs, not to the planes. Today they've been perfected."

His new Bellanca is a six-passenger cabin-cruiser which set him back $26,000 and averages two hundred miles an hour. It is equipped with every possible instrument and contrivance. As a matter of fact, Wally's is the only private plane in the United States which has a radio compass. He can tune in on a station and be automatically guided to it!

He has bounced like a rubber ball when caught in storms. But, although Mrs. Beery and his studio have worried on occasions, they needn't have. Wally is beyond the age where he'd tempt fate. He believes that every person who flies should set a sensible, encouraging example. A regular pilot is on duty at all times at the Beery hangar. Wally may decide on a business trip to New York and telephone for an appointment there tomorrow. Or he may want a quick jaunt to his mountain cabin at June Lake, in the California Sierras. There he has his own landing field and can eat a trout dinner and be back on the set in the morning. Incidentally, he's an officer in the U.S. air reserve force.

So is Ben Lyon, who learned to fly for his rôle in "Hell's Angels." A lieutenant in the 32nd Army Pursuit Group at Long Beach, Ben is a conservative flier. Twice he has cracked-up, but both times he escaped injury and he himself was not piti- ing. Oddly, world-renowned men were! While riding with Jimmy Mattern, Ben was reduced to earth near San Bernar- dino. Then, when he went up with Roscoe Turner to assist in welcoming an assemblage of aviators at the Breakfast Club one morning, he was amazed to find Turner's ship sitting down in the near-by river bed.

Ben's own plane burned in its hangar in Culver City last winter and when he and Bebe Daniels are certain that they'll
stay on the Pacific Coast they'll be in the market for another. Now film-acting at Fox, if they resume their stage show in the East they'll rent a 'plane when they wish to take off and up.

Bebe herself is honorary colonel of the army group to which Ben belongs. She has done some flying, but is still in the strictly amateur classification. Yet when friend hubby chose to fly the continent she accompanied him—twice, and with no twinges.

The only star who learned to fly during the World War is Paul Lukas. At Metro they claimed he was a genuine ace and has medals by the chestful. Paul's words, typically sincere, confute their boasts. "I was in the Hungarian air service; yes. But a hero? Oh, no. I thought it would be better to live than to die for my nation. I wasn't even in an air battle during those hectic days!"

He uses his 'plane for social excursions, to Palm Springs during the winter season, and to Del Monte for golf and tennis. Friends are invited along, but Daisy Lukas exercises every right and goes by car. She is scared of his avocation.

While George Brent was married to Ruth Chatterton it was said that she refused to let him continue with his flying. Now that he is a lone wolf again he has bought a beautiful all-white monoplane and he disappears into the blue whenever he feels like it. His Kinner is a low-wing job and cost $3,500. When Garbo returns from Sweden she probably will go sky-skiing with him. So far she tank she prefers George's roadster!

There is something about Mexico's strange mountains and plains that intrigues the daring. Mr. Brent finds interviews a nuisance and after one of the border raids last month he headed South to recuperate. He had no notion where he was going, but charted his own course and didn't come home for ten whole days.

His conversation currently deals with the air tutoring he has begun. It cost him $300 to learn to fly and he is anxious to help those who cannot afford expensive instruction. "It's the right of every young fellow," he states, in explaining why he is donating his time and his own plane for lessons. He has a couple of other pilots and when all is mended up and the gasoline cost is paid it is the actual cost of the gasoline required.

A number of the men in the transportation department at Warners are availing themselves of this opportunity. Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis's husband, intends to when his orchestral engagement in San Francisco ends. Ultimately Brent visualizes a Hollywood Air Legion; this may materialize before the year is over. When news of his proposed unit of patriotic flyers leaked out, he was deluged with feminine applications. Of course, they want him to be their teacher—which is a better gag than the old teach-me-to-swim trick!

The Brent-Chatterton parting wasn't quite so chummy as the Forbes-Chatterton separation, so George isn't to be credited for Ruth's remarkable new air adeptness. It was while being flown to and from the desert last winter that she was inveigled into considering it herself.

Scintillating at whatever she decides to do, Ruth took to flying with astonishing nonchalance. She paid $7,500 for her Stinson-Reliant 'plane and broke it in by piloting it across the continent. Ruth is not only the first actress to do this—and her flying time was twenty hours—but she is the first woman in Hollywood actually to own an airplane. And it's no average affair, either.

On the contrary, she has it all dolled up. It's a four-seater. The cushions are red leather, and the rest is daintily upholstered exactly like an automobile's inside.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an impure soap!

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really pure—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

### Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES

#### URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS

1. **Take measurements** or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.

2. **Squeeze lukewarm suds** of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. Do not rub, twist or let stretch.

3. **Rinse 3 times** in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.

4. **Dry flat**, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

**Wash** hand-knits with Ivory Flakes. They say:

- _Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine's dirty already!_

- _Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. Those Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes._

![Image of Ivory Flakes]
The gray broadcloth has its cigarette cases, snap lights at the rear windows, and pulls to clutches when she zizzes you around a corner.

Her feet are spurring on several of our other glitter girls. If she can do it, so can they! Carole Lombard, who aspires for the crown as the first woman director, is already missing, has had to sandwich her lessons in between studio calls, but she's bound to beat Ruth. As soon as she gets her license, she'll buy a plane. You know what elegant ideas Carole has for her clothes and how gorgeously she did her wardrobe—so hold your breath for the innovations she'll be introducing in airships!

Gail Patrick has quietly been discovering just how they're managed. She will be applying for her pilot's license in the near future. Gail didn't let Paramount in on her doings until she sat at the controls of an open Kinner on trial flights to Las Vegas and San Diego.

It's Grace Bradley who has to win her mama's okay before she can go at it in a really big way. She has experimented and, being twenty-one and full of vim, she liked it. Of course, she always waits for the moral go-ahead. She's a sport!

The one star who has suffered injuries is Hoot Gibson. He cracked up when entering the national air races two years ago. Hoot's Вас was detented. He got up, and he was in the hospital for months. Well and active in Westerns again, he is vowing that it won't be long before he is the beaming daddy of another airplane.

When Robert Montgomery first became a star, he took up aviation. He got his pilot's license. And then Mrs. Bob said that that was the finish of his flying. Statistics be damned; it's dangerous to her! Besides, there's only one darling like Bob. Stu Erwin's little woman feels precisely the same way. She's had some weeks off, so he ambled out to an airport and took a few lessons. When June Collyer got around to checking up, Stu checked out. He's permanently grounded until she sees the light.

That wives do relent is proved by Mrs. Warren William's capitulation. She finally saw that Warren would be happier if he were a flying drunken jockey outside and she went on being such an ardent yachtsman. He goes to sea for days, but he's not apt to stay up that long, and since he's a fair-faced boy, he's not easy to manage.

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try SHAD-ette, at $1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also $1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use with your Kurlash.

A group of make-up bars in department stores have established three types of make-up to go with cathedral colors. There is Vesper, a tried and true looking ethereal, with the help of green and the tiniest bit of yellow in your powder, lip rouge that is light but has strong blue tones, and cheek rouge that is all blue or pale green in it and is absolutely minus in purple. Eye-shadow and mascara are blue or green.

Tiffin make-up for the lucky red-head uses a creamy powdered rouge tone that contains brown instead of the customary orange. The lipstick is brown and the eye shadow a gorgeous rich emerald. Brown mascara.

For the brunette, there's Florentine—a very rich yellow powder, purple rouge that's closer to the color of ripe plums than anything else, dark purplish red lipstick and a brown material of amethyst mascara and eye-shadow.

There is a fascinating evening powder that uses nine different shades, not mixed up, so you see the green, purple, yellow, red, etc., all the time. This is a beauty aid for your skin. The basic color is adapted to one's skin tones and the other colors added to give a nearly transparent look instead of the appearance of flat planes. The interesting thing is that the light is reflected on the myriad particles of color in a way that gives an illusion of depth.

Beauty turns to color

Continued from page 57

The one husband and wife who have taken up flying together are the young Ross Alexanders. They cause it's an airplane part of a Hollywood success and so they each have become solos of the first caliber.

Folks are frequently fooled by Evelyn Venable's dignity. It belies her extraordinary zest for everything thrilling. A bride of not quite a year, she has no kick to register at Hal Mohr's flying. Probably because she's known to be the right sort. Eyes can be. Here's a never-to-old secret; her father opposed her marriage and she agreed to a trial separation for awhile during their engagement but he was so theif and Hal couldn't stand it—and so they sneaked off for a bit of spoiling in Hal's plane! He is celebrating the signing of a new contract as a highly-paid camera-man by purchasing a new one. And Evelyn is going to learn to run it herself.

Henry Fonda upon arrival in Hollywood had five weeks to wait for his screen debut, "The Farmer Takes A Wife." Instead of hey-heving, he devoted the period to learning to fly. Not that he intends to buy a plane, but "just because it's a modern accomplishment every progressive woman should master," Who knows—if he falls in love it may be handy!

This flying craze meets with Jimmy Durante's sanctions. He got the bug in "Right Eyes," when he was supposed to be an aviator. Pretending was such fun he resolved to become a real one. A particularly promising pupil, he is coming along fine and will be whizzing his very own shortly.

After almost a decade's lay-off, Richard Arlen is back for good. He's going to be one of the best of the Hollywood boys. Acting as a war bird in "Wings" was so lengthy a process that he picked up a couple of airs.

Wally Beery and Ben Lyon have the highest rating the government gives, transport pilot licenses. The Ross Alexanders have applied for the same. To have even the regular pilot's license you must have fifty hours of same, successful soloing, and must pass written and physical examination.

So you understand that the stars who are foremost in the new thrill aren't faking. It isn't publicity—they can't do it with stand-ins. And, as they say at the swanky parties, "Joey, let's take them out to the town's where the dashing girls are." So forget all your woes and concentrate on what and how you're doing—or else!
Does your hair add ALLURE to a “CLOSE-UP”?

Cloth of gold and silver fox, and more importantly, Loretta Young, making a blend of beauty.

lashes and eyebrows, but never near the nose. If you apply cream rouge as you should, bringing it up toward the temples, the eye-shadow should be shaded right into the outer edges of the rouge.

With the increased use of cream rouge, by the way, the idea of applying color in a triangle is passé. Pat your cream rouge lightly over the cheekbones with one finger and blend it outward and upward with another. If you look tired or have dark circles, blend your rouge right up to the lower lids of your eyes. It’ll take the place of six hours of sleep as far as appearance goes! Never bring your rouge down lower than the tips of your nostrils. Rouge applied low gives a heavy appearance. Using it high and blending it toward your temples has the effect of lifting the face as well as brightening the eyes.

Compact or dry rouge has just one use in modern make-up. That is to brighten or touch up your complexion, especially if you’ve gone pale during long hours away from your dressing-table. Apply it only on the area around your cheekbones, never close to your eyes. Dry rouge and powder must be kept away from the eyes as they have a dulling effect and the one important thing about eyes is to make them shine.

Use powder liberally, but for beauty’s sake, do it in a way that makes you look unpowdered! Never rub your face with a powder puff. Pat and press it on, down the middle line—forehead, between the brows, nose, chin, and neck. Then smooth it gently out over the rest of the surface. A powder brush is one grand help, as you can whisk away any excess and completely avoid that “dipped in the flour barrel” look.

The tip of your little finger is the best tool you’ve got for making your lip rouge smooth, lasting, and non-transferable. Apply your lipstick to the center of your upper and lower lip, blend the color toward the edges with your finger-tip, and then run the stick firmly over the inside of both lips. When you retouch your lips, start inside and work out. If you want a dull, natural-looking finish from the start, press a cleansing tissue against your lips as soon as you’ve made them up. Then put the tissue between your lips and press them together. The shine comes off, but enough color stays on.

Don’t risk OILY, straggly locks, or DRY, dull hair.
Use the individual shampoo for YOUR TYPE of hair to bring out its beauty

For OILY HAIR

Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo is simply grand because it’s a treatment as well as a shampoo. Gets your hair clean as silk ... rinses easily ... and besides, it is gently astringent. Tends to tighten up those flabby oil glands that flood your hair with oil. Helps each shampoo actually to improve the quality of your hair!

Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo is made especially for oily hair by the makers of Packer’s famous Tar Soap.

For DRY HAIR

Never, never shampoo the dry type of hair with a drying soap or liquid! Use Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo—an emollient treatment made especially for dry hair. In addition to rich olive oil, it contains glycerine to soften your hair and make it shine.

Shampoo as frequently as you like with Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo. It is safe ... made by specialists in the care of the hair and scalp for more than 60 years.
Film star chooses girl with Tangee lips in Hollywood test

Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of “Let ’em have it,” a Reliance Pictures production.

After time and ruin film in attempting to portray. Above all, her response to the art of Chaplin amazes me. Much of the spontaneity and simplicity of truly great portrayal he has taught her, but I still contend that she could not, without her own line intelligence and sensitivity, absorb these things to as adequate a degree. There are no histrionics here, no tears, merely quick reaction to suggestions—and then an eager, “Was I all right?” at the end of the scene. I can only say that screen acting is carried by the wistfulness of her characterization as the wait, the mixture of boldness and fear in the gamin, and the sudden brilliance that stamps her as a person just as definitely as sophistication, ennui, or remoteness may mark other of our actresses.

Of the perfection of Chaplin’s art there is little left to say. As he comes out on the set and calls “ready” to the cameraman, Charles Spencer Chaplin, patron of arts, philosopher, and political economist, drops out of existence, and the figure in overalls and enormous shoes becomes a symbol of the struggle of man to adjust himself to his world. That the struggle is humorous saves it from giving any pain. I feel that no one can be impervious to the comedy of Chaplin’s helplessness before the machines of the factory, the riotous imagination of his dream-world, the feeble defiance of jail and jailers, and the just as feeble attempt to imitate the tight-lipped and straight-laced human beings who would reform him.

During the days that I have watched this picture, I have come to see clearly what I merely felt about the Chaplin pictures before. Since, in my teaching, I have been dealing with the material of drama and its muscles for some time, my conclusions are bound to be influenced by my profession. But at any rate, I believe that the Chaplin films are today the only expression we have of distilled comedy, and by “universal” means, one of the characteristics of the human race and the unchanging nature of man. Our playwrights and novelists have lost the sense of magnitude that originally belonged to the art. They have limited comedy to type—drawing-room intrigue, mere light-hearted farce, or complete slapstick. Chaplin alone carries on the traditions of this form of drama which was born some 2430 years ago in Greece.

That may seem a large statement, but I am not afraid to make it, for I have the most emphatic testimony—upon the testimony of the man who long ago defined both comedy and tragedy, and did the job so well that we have really added nothing important beyond what he had to say of them. His name was Aristotle, and he wrote about 350 B.C. This man sat among the citizens of Athens in the great amphitheatre as our critics sit in moving picture houses today, and watched the yearly festivals in which were produced the greatest tragedies and comedies of Greece. He decided that the line between tragedy and comedy was very thin. Both showed men in action, with the ordinary faults of human nature. The difference between the two, however, was this. Tragedy presented men whose faults led to their destruction, and the audience was expected to take warning from the full of the great, and go home fearful. Comedy also showed men with all their faults, but this time the weaknesses were exaggerated until they were ridiculous, and the spectators could laugh at them while recognizing their own follies in the characters on the stage.

The moral of the comedy has not changed since Aristotle watched in the open-air amphitheatre so long ago and came to his conclusions. If it is to have any significance it must still show men in action against big forces; and it must still make us see something of ourselves in the ridiculous fellow on the stage even as we rock with laughter at his antics.

Chaplin alone, I say, understands this purpose. He is producing comedy that is fun, but also of a very large order. It gallops through all our average daily activities at a hilarious pace, at the same time showing us the ridiculous in mankind and his various organizations. We see Pauline as the wait, left with younger brothers and sisters to feed, joining Chaplin in the search for work and subsequent adventures. We see them both, very gay, making havoc of the order of a department store, while Chaplin attempts to teach the wait to skate himself zipping perilously around the brink of a pit, looking back for her approval and much concerned that she surely covers her face and shrillest when he is waiting for applause. There will be the big shoes, the tiny mustache, and the meaningful grinnacles; Chaplin sprawled upon a great dynamo, attempting adjustments with a crescent wrench; spouting oil in the face of the officer, and thinking—But that is a story that make public satisfaction possible; throw in one uniting force—the genius of Chaplin.

What more can be asked?

These hints are all that I shall give. The picture does not “speak for itself” in the usual sense. It ACTS for universal mankind—and such has been the Great purpose of comedy for 2400 years!
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Peggy. You know how to pick your favorites, and they are all winners, too. Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., on May 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Jean Harlow is 5 feet 5 1/2 inches tall. Jean's latest is "China Seas," with Gable and Beery. Claire Dodd was born December 29, 1908. She has green eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Kathleen Burke is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. She was born in Hammond, Ind.

Marion L. S. We are having our raves, both private and public, over the fascinating Frenchman, Charles Boyer. Since his first featured role in "Caravan" with Loretta Young, my mailbox has been flourished with letters asking about him. He played with Claire Dodd and Joel McCrea in "Private Worlds" and with Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts," and is with Loretta again in "Shanghai." He was born in France but he doesn't say just where. His wife is the charming little English girl, Pat Paterson—yes, the same Pat who played with Nils Asther in "Love Time." Sometime ago Boyer appeared in "Heart Song," a British film, with Lilian Harvey and Mady Christians; in "Thunder in the East," with Merle Oberon, and in other European screen successes.

F. E. B. Pauline Garon hasn't been altogether inactive in pictures for she has been doing French versions of American films for some time and she will doubtless be seen on the screen again in our pictures, as so many of her friends are asking for her. That lovely little radio star, Frances Langford, who has won many admirers through Dick Powell's "Hollywood Hotel" radio program, will be seen on the screen with George Raft, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly and the Three Radio Rogues, in "Every Night at Eight," and with Jack Benny in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

K. Powell. Claire Trevor's newer films include "Black Sheep" and "Dante's Inferno." She was born in New York City on March 8, 1911. She has golden hair and hazel eyes. Bea Borealis was born in Paterson, N. J. Judith Allen has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City on August 6, 1910. She has the star role in "Accent on Youth," adapted from the recent New York stage hit, Constance Cummings had the same role in the film play. Playing with Sylvia in the film are Herbert Marshall and Phillip Reed. Richard Cromwell's real name is Roy Radabaugh. He was born on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-grey eyes. His latest picture is "Annapolis Farewell," for Paramount.

Beatrice M. Leon Janney's hobbies are stamp-collecting, horseback riding, tennis and the study of Latin. He was born in New York City on February 15, 1919. He loves the stage and makes an occasional picture. I can't tell you what the E ir, his name stands for. Barbara Stanwyck's contract with Warner Bros. having expired, she was signed to make a picture for RKO Radio, under the title of "Annie Oakley." Barbara was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 16, 1907. She is still married to Frank Fay.

It's futile to look for satisfaction from hastily-made, little-known nail polishes. And why try? For the famous Glazo—world-praised and unchanged in quality—now costs only 20 cents for 75% more polish (Now without carton.)

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I enclose 6¢ for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and oily Polish Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred.)

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Dance to Health!
Continued from page 56

The first step
in ROMANCE

It's your EYES that invite men—How to frame your EYES with long, seductive lashes.

HELL remember your eyes—did they charm or repel? There is no need to suffer from skinny lashes—they can look long and alluring in 40 seconds by merely darkening them with either my Emollient Cake or Creamy Liquid Winx Mascara. One application works wonders, I promise—a complete change, giving your face a mysterious charm. You'll be admired as "the girl with beautiful eyes."

Give yourself long, lovely lashes.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer today. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note it's superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara—For years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply, its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara, Absolutely waterproof, Ready to apply, No water needed, The largest selling liquid mascara.

AT 10¢ STORES

that I have designed for you. Make all gestures wide and free. Listen:

"You are a musical washwoman! You come out with a big, (imaginary) washtub on your head which you support with arms upraised, head held high. You get the bucket down, (without bending the knees), select one of your laundry-up from it. Shake it to the right, then to the left, then pin it up high on the line. Repeat with six to a dozen pieces of laundry, bending down and placing each piece of laundry before you. Finish rhythmically to the right and left before stretching up to pin the article to the, (imaginary), line. Do this, of course, to music."

Be sure you try this barefoot, raising to your toes and bending your knees, taking each piece in both hands make your swing to right and left with arms outstretched.

A certain well-known singer is said to have given as the secret of her slim figure: "Conietti."

"It seems that each day when she got up in the morning, she threw a bag of confetti over her bedroom floor. Then she bent down and picked up each separately."

I can't hope that you will go as far as this, but it would not be a bad idea for those of you who complain of protuberant abdomens and excess hips to drop a dozen buttons around your feet.

Ballet dancing is excellent for acquiring poise, since it gives you control over your muscles, and the basic exercises of the ballet, and fine exercises for your body, will strengthen your body, dancing will not relax you, and most women today are far too highly keyed; they need relaxation, not stimulation.

Girls who stand on their feet all day frequently tell me that they cannot go to a dance at night and come home feeling less tired when they started. That is because music helps them relax. When the music of the dance begins, the body, the nerves react and the glands respond. Rigidity means age and ugliness, where relaxation means youth and loveliness.

Ballet dancing also has the additional dig-nification, will give you this relaxation. In fact, if you are beginning to dance after thirty, I think ballet dancing is the safest way to give you, aside from the barefoot exercises, the physical benefits mentioned above.

If you have not danced from childhood or your early teens, do not go in for strenuous "bar" exercises. Don't persuade you, put your foot up on a table and bend your head down to touch your knee, or attempt fancy back-bends, etc. Be content with things you can do without too much effort.

Girls engaged by the studio to dance in Paramount pictures, sometimes worry over the development of large muscles in their legs, especially in the calves. Professional dancers give their legs as great care as famous pianists do their fingers, but all girls don't seem to recognize this.

"If you are going in for dancing as a career, or if you dance a great deal for pleasure, you should watch your legs and keep them shapely. Try this treatment daily:"

Massage warm olive oil into the legs from the knees to the ankles, working with a gentle circular movement, swiftly; five minutes for each leg. Wipe off whatever oil remains and wrap your legs, then pull them out of hot water, (scaldingly hot), is a good method. Do this for ten minutes, then dry the skin and apply ice, then massage again lightly with a slight amount of oil.

"If you feel too weary to go in for foot-

work, yet want the benefit of dance movements for the upper part of your body, you can do the "sitting-down dance," as follows:"

"The floor is covered as an and good posture, so be sure you maintain correct posture throughout—head exactly on top of your neck, neck the same length back as your face."

Sit astride the piano bench, hands grasping a rod—a cane or a curtain rod will do. The rod lies across your thighs. When the music begins, swing your legs up and down in both hands until it is held high above your head, at the same time bringing your legs up together on top of the bench. Now bend the elbows and bring the rod down behind the shoulers and bent. Then bring not to thrust the head forward or round the back at all. Swing the rod upward again, then down in front, bringing the legs back to starting position at the same time.

Do you know how to make an old-fashioned courtesy?

"Turn on the music and proceed around the room, dropping curtseys at every four steps. Do this barefoot, trying alternately the curtsy which means a mere dipping of the body and the one which permits you to sink to the floor."

For the first one: Stand on left foot, describing a half circle with right toe that brings this toe to back of left foot; then bend both knees and spread arms and hands out to the sides as you curtsy.

For the second one: The circle you make with right hand, right foot, and right knee—then make curtsy as above.

This is especially excellent for the knees and helps make them supple and strong. If you remember to hold yourself well while you are doing it, you will find it also aid in developing correct posture.

Another exercise that is good for the knees and ankles can be combined with a neck exercise and done to music:

"Rise on the feet of the feet, raising the arms above the head; turn head slowly to left, then to right; slowly sink to squatting position, over arms to front, even with shoulders, and bend head back; then raise head, straighten knees, drop arms and lower heels. It sounds complicated, but you can do it.

Watch Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard if you would see graceful hands and wrists.

"Don't look graceless if your wrists are stiff. Massage will keep them flexible, but they should have exercise to make them graceful."

First we will try some exercises for the hands and wrists alone, then combine these with some of the foot routines and do them to music.

"Lose your hands loosely from the wrists to relax them. Rest your elbows on the table, forearms upright, and let the hands fall forward from the wrists, the fingers curl naturally. Let the long middle finger curve toward the thumb. Now bring the hand up and let it sink back toward the shoulders, so that the palm is uppermost. Repeat with both hands alternating, then together, making the movement as graceful as possible.

Repeat the movements with hands held out at sides, bending the elbows a little as the hands rises with palm up. Then bring the arm down, with the wrist leading. Try again with hands held over the head."
Take dance steps around the room in waltz time, bringing hands up and down in this movement.

Dancing is always more fun if you can do it with a partner or in a group. Perhaps you have a sister or a girl friend who will do the dance exercises with you, if you cannot join a group of dancers for folk dancing.

Some simple dance movements that are beneficial for reduction of too, too solid flesh are these:

Face your partner; arms outstretched on sides, clasp hands; on count One, take step to right, (partner to left), as you bend down to that side, hands still clasped; on count Two, rise to first position; on count Three, raise hands high still clasped, and bend back toward left, (partner to right); on count Four to position again; repeat this time in opposite direction.

Now turn your back to your partner and clasp hands in same manner again, this time repeating movement with both facing same way. You can combine this movement with a swift fox-trot of eight counts between. Remember to bend down as low as possible on count One, and to bend the neck back gracefully on count Three.

The Russian dance movement is excellent for keeping knees flexible. With arms folded, squat down, resting on the left heel, right foot extended; then rise on toes and reverse the movement, using right and left leg alternately. See how rapidly you can do this.

If your occupation is one that develops one part of your body at the expense of another, you should take corrective exercise to overcome this. Some factory workers repeat the same motion again and again, hours at a time. Some school girls carry their books always on the same arm. Some women do all their housework with their right hands or arms, never changing the broom or duster from hand to hand.

If you must for some reason use one side of your body at your work, remember to make the same movements with the other side of the body at exercise periods, also to limber up all muscles with a good all-round exercise every day.

Here is a good exercise for bringing the blood into circulation after hours spent at a desk.

Sit sidewise on a chair that has no arms, holding to the back with one hand and to the chair seat with the other. Lower the body backward until your head almost.

IT'S LOVE'S BEST FRIEND... THIS WISE LITTLE LIPSTICK

Not all lipsticks are a friend to romance.

Some put on color, but may dry and parch that tender skin, the most sensitive skin of your face.

And men just don't like to kiss lips rough as crepe paper! Lips that invite romance must be soft and sweet and smooth.

Indelible—but no parching!

How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can... with Coty's new Lipstick — the “Sub-Deb”. A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color... but without any parching penalties. It is truly indelible... yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick stay, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It contains a special softening ingredient, “Essence of Theobrom.”

Make the “Over-night” experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty smooths your lips to loveliness, make this experiment. Put on a tiny bit of lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Choose Coty “Sub-Deb” Lipstick in any of its five indelible colors, 50c. And there's Coty “Sub-Deb” Rouge, also 50c.

A revelation! Coty “Air Spun” Face Powder... with a new tender texture.

"Your story interests me." Jim Cagney seems to be saying as Phil Regan gets confidential.
James Advises Answers to Questions

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Heigh-

You may ask yourself the same question about measuring yourself—Is that what you really mean? Are these the figures you need? The answers are that you need the same. These are the figures and measurements that are important.
it on a regular course of exercise? Only by regularity can you reduce by exercise.

Ruth B., Los Angeles, California: For weak ankles, every morning before you put your shoes and stockings on, rise on tip toe and walk around room. Also get a book and place toes on it, heels on the floor, then testor up and down on this for ten minutes. Walk upstairs on toes.

For general reduction, go in for swimming, tennis, hiking, or daily dozen. Try the rope exercise above.

Miss H., Port Arthur, Texas: Your measurements are not bad. Try the bust development exercise given above. For large ankles: stand with heels together, toes pointing out; rise on balls of feet, bend knees slightly and raise arms; take a short hop forward, landing on toes with knees deeply flexed, swinging arms out as you do. Spring up and repeat, going entirely around room before stopping.

Miss R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: To develop shapely legs, tense leg muscles as you do leg exercises. Stand erect, raise left leg to side slowly, as though it were hard to lift; swing leg backward, then to front. Repeat with other leg.

K., San Jose, Calif.: The exercise with book given above is especially good for building up calves of legs, if done with tensed muscles. Do it to music.

Miss V. L., Schenectady, N. Y.: At 17, you can expect to be larger than you were at 16. You are still growing. Don’t worry about it. Go in for dancing, swimming, and active sports. Try the rope exercise above, and the general reduction exercises in this issue.

L. M., Providence, R. I.: Your weight is so slight, I think you had best consult your doctor. You say you have tried everything under the sun; have you tried eating every few hours, nourishing food in small quantities? Drinking milk or cocoa at bedtime, resting a great deal, and sleeping outdoors?

Garbo Really Talks
Continued from page 16

maybe dreaming a little. There I thought of her fine tenacious spirit, clinging so courageously to her ideals and pursuing them to the peak instead of resting vainly on the laurels she has already won. She is a truly great artist who deliberately sacrifices much more than the world realizes in order to fulfill what she deems her duty to her art. If she elects to live with seeming unconventionality and to shut out the distractions, who shall criticize her? Surely genius must be its own dictator since it alone can understand its needs!

Hettie Grimstead, English novelist and friend of many European screen and stage stars writes to us: “I know the readers of Screenland will like to meet Greta Garbo as I have just met her in Stockholm, Garbo the Gracious as well as the Glamorous.”

For October 1932

April Showers

It's Raining

Cheramy’s Perfume of Youth

Throw open your window on a rain-drenched flower garden... and inhale a breath of April Showers perfume! It’s as young as Spring, satisfying, lasting. Yet the cost of a whole matched service of April Showers... perfume, face powder, dusting powder, talc, eau de cologne... will scarcely dent a schoolgirl allowance.

April Showers toiletries are presented to Youth by one of the world's greatest perfumers, with the assurance that a fortune could buy none finer. They give what Youth wants...Luxury on a Budget!

April Showers Price List

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<tr>
<td>Perfume, purse sizes, 28¢ and 50¢</td>
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<td>Face Powder</td>
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<td>Eau de Cologne</td>
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<td>Talc</td>
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<td>Dusting Powder</td>
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Roge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion, Bath Salts, etc., from 28¢ to 85¢.

Exquisite... but not Expensive.
No longer need you be embarrassed by psoriasis blemishes. Siroil, the new relief for psoriasis, will solve your problem. It has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.

SEND for SIROIL BOOKLET

SIROIL Laboratories, Inc.
1314 Gratzold St., Dept. SU-10
Detroit, Michigan
Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of Psoriasis

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play by note, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Harmonica, Clarinet or any other instrument. Wonderful new method teaches in minutes. A special book, free when ordering Siroil. No "numbers" or tricky music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

FREE BOOK—Write today for Free booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson Explained. This makes it

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1130 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Gables enjoyed themselves, judging by the smiles Clark and Rhea exchange as they leave for home after dining and dancing at a night club.
Two men told me...

**My dentist said:**

**"It’s a fine health habit"**

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth...and improves the condition of the teeth.

You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

Jack called it

**"Wonderful gum"**

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicily, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

DENTYNE

**KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY**
Stars shine on October beauty!

To dye or not to dye? Nestle Shampoo Tint has the answer.

Four New Perfumes

Redwood Treasure Chest

of these alluring $2.00 to $5.00 an ounce perfumes. Chest 6" x 3". Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.

BATHASWEET FREE

Yes, you can have a loveder, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be taking a rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Goes in all baths from the water. Bathasweet adds it to a care—soften it so that the water cleanses your pores as they 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 Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness and... Yet Bathasweet costs very little—5c and 1 at drug and department stores.


Five New Perfumes

Remembrance Persian Night Hollywood 6 of these alluring $2.00 to $5.00 an ounce perfumes. Chest 6" x 3". Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.

Redwood Treasure Chest

of these alluring $2.00 to $5.00 an ounce perfumes. Chest 6" x 3". Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.

Femi-nifties

Smoooth "Air-Spun" powder is Coty's latest gift to beauty.

LOOK out for "Air-Spun" powder! It's on its way and we warn you it will get you, once you've tried it. Coty has just brought out this face-powder that's entirely new, made by a process that never existed before. Instead of being sifted, "Air-Spun" powder is swirled at terrific speed through clear, pure air. The particles crush themselves against each other and are buffed to pearl-like smoothness and velvety softness. The smoother a powder is, the longer it clings. We can testify to the smoothness of "Air-Spun" because we've seen it under a microscope. It comes in a new and much larger gold-and-white "powder-puff" box with a permanent cellophane topper and a bakelite base to keep the moisture out and the fragrance in.

PERHAPS you abhor the thought of having your hair dyed, but you want to do the right thing about its color nevertheless. Nestle's new Shampoo Tint is for such as you. It literally shampoos youth and color permanently into your hair, leaving it silky and lustrous without that obviously dyed look that makes men leave home. Shampoo Tint covers gray hairs one hundred per cent. And it's of a heavy consistency that makes it easy for any beauty operator to apply without danger of streaking or turning you out with hair a color you never dreamed of having.

THERE'S a lot of radiant beauty under your skin just awaiting its chance to come to the top. And Eunice Skelly's Brown Magic Mask is the thing to bring that hidden beauty out. You smooth it on—and up comes a warm glow of healthy circu-

lation. Expect it to smart—it wouldn't be doing its job if it didn't. About ten minutes is the time you should let it on when you first start using it. Then wipe it off quickly and smoothly on a good big cloth of nourishing cream. Lots of women swear by Eunice Skelly's chin strap for tightening up those under-chin sags, too.

YBRY presents a delightful new perfume—Joie de Vivre, or "Joy of Living"—in just plain English. It's wonderfully fresh and delicate, yet with enough of mystery in it to make people ask: "What is that perfume you're wearing?" The fragrance is pure floral—an enchanting combination with a soft blending of rose and jasmine. All Ybry perfumes are blended and aged like the old wine before you're allowed even a sniff. We've tried Joie de Vivre on the nostrils of numerous men and the unanimous verdict was "Swell!" Bottled in crystal of a modern design and encased in a handsome deep blue and silver box.

HOUBIGANT has the trickiest new double vanity we've seen. It's a loose powder compact with dry rouge. An envelope of "Dull Finish" face powder comes with each one. The fragrance is that universal favorite, Quelques Fleurs. As for the case, it's dull pearlescent gold, smartly tooled, and oh, so gracefully slim. Naturelle powder comes with carnation rouge for blondes, and rachel powder with rouge for brunettes. Looks expensive, but isn't.

A GRAND new aid to hair beauty comes to us from out Hollywood way—it's called, Star-Sheen Olive Oil Shampoo, and it's soapless. You simply moisten your hair with warm water, start at the base of the scalp and work the shampoo with your fingertips. Work thoroughly soaking the hair from the roots to the ends. Then give your scalp a vigorous massage. Dirt and dandruff flakes dissolve right out. After a good rinsing in warm water, your hair appears soft and lustrous. Star-Sheen has a liquid temporary tint, too, that's making a name for itself.

ENTER Odorano's new deodorant powder! There's a box with a soft puff for after-the-bath and a shaker tin for traveling. Freshly fragrant and so soothing.
sound stocks and bonds and not in jewels and far coats. She doesn't own a big rambling estate, with thousands upon thousands sunk into it, and she doesn't want to own a big rambling estate. She doesn't want to be a chatelaine or a woman of property. She could be either at a moment's notice. She thinks it's sheer folly to sink so much money into a Hollywood Versailles when something simple is far more chic and comfortable. Twenty years from now Miss Lombard will still be quite happy and carefree while her confreres who went into real estate in a big way will be wondering where the next mortgage is coming from.

Carole is accepted as Hollywood's best hostess and best-dressed star. Believe it or not, "Hollywood's best-dressed star" probably spends much less on her clothes in a year than you do, and certainly much, much less than the other stars in Hollywood. She does not go on a buying spree when she goes to New York and fill her closets up with dozens of this and dozens of that and dozens of things she'd never wear in a million years. She buys carefully and well. She has a decided flair for chic and she knows what and when to buy. Her wardrobe consists mostly of very smart sports pajamas, a few tailored suits, and several very lovely evening gowns. No jewelry salesman has ever been able to make a sucker out of Carole. Nor has any automobile salesman. That glamorous movie star has only one car, a very inexpensive coupé, which she drives herself, and the day I had the interview luncheon with her she didn't even have that car. It seems that the night before, her cook was having a birthday party and her maid, Ellen, wanted to go to the party, so Carole said, "Take my car, Ellen," and Ellen did and proceeded to run it right smack into a fire hydrant. It has been a long time since I have seen a movie star with nothing better than a cracked-up Ford.

Well, what the heck does she do with

---

"Now I can smoke all I wish and not worry about

SMOKE-STAINED TEETH"

---

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent today and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

It works in a more effective way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "special film-removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: It is the softest... and therefore the safest... of 13 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent today. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

---

Carole Lombard with Elinoor Ten- nent, her tennis instructor, left, and Alice Marble, a court star.
A corn is like a tack in your toe

GET RID OF IT!

A corn is hard dead skin tissue with a tack-like point. It can be just as painful—and just as dangerous. It should be removed quickly and safely by the modern scientific BLUE-JAY method.

Relieve Pain Instantly

The tiny soft Blue-Jay pad lifts your shoe away from the sore area. Blue-Jay pad comfort by removing shoe pressure from the sore area.

Blue-Jay Easy and Quick

Simply center medication over the corn. The pad is held firmly in place by special Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip ... with waterproof soft kid-like finish that does not cling to the stocking. In three days remove Blue-Jay and lift corn easily.

Scientifically Safe

Don’t confuse Blue-Jay with unscientific corn cures. Blue-Jay Corn Plasters are scientifically safe. The mild medication attacks only the hard tissue of the corn and will not injure the surrounding skin and flesh in any way.

GET BLUE-JAY TODAY! 25c at all drug stores

Blue-Jay
Bauer & Black Scientific Corn Plaster

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET • NO MEDICINES • NO EXERCISES

An amazing Invention called Roll-Oette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

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Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETT'S is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for FREE Trial Offer—Today.

Welsh Rarebit Soufflé

Melt a teaspoon of butter in the top of a double boiler, add 1 cup cream, ½ teaspoon mustard, seasoning salt and paprika, and 1 cup fresh bread crumbs. Bring to a boil, stir in 1 cup finely chopped rich American cheese and stir until smooth. Add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, stir one minute, remove from the fire and add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour over slices of toast on hot plates and serve.

“Chicken a la King is always a good bet—you can serve it in patty shells if you like. When I was in Paris, we used to go

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10
Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...

Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F., Age 29,
Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work—but tor-
ered by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously.
Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school
principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid sus-
picions.
CURE: Complete—when
cause of fear was re-
vealed in the course of
psychiatric consulta-
tions. Her mental ill-
ness had its beginning
in childhood, when quar-
reling parents made her feel insecure, un-
sure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V., Age 31,
Frequently embarrassed
husband by telephoning
guests and withdrawing
invitations. Offended her
husband’s employer by
her intemperance and pre-
occupation with secret
worries during a dinner
given in her honor.
DIAGNOSIS: "Accident
panic"—the fear that
the sanitary napkin
she wore did not af-
ford complete safety
and protection.
CURE: Complete—when
the cause of her fear
was discovered and the
fear ended by introduc-
ing to her a sanitary
napkin ("Certain-Safe"
Modess) that was de-
signed in a way to make
"accidents" impossible.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you...
protect yourself against the possibility of an accident
ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today.
Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story...and you

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases...
Modess can’t pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of
pad...Modess can’t strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT...STAYS SAFE
MAKE
BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK shades

GLEAM with GOLD
in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

When your blond hair darkens to an in-
certain brownish shade it dulls your whole
personality. But you can now bring back the fas-
cinating glints that are hidden in your hair and
that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex
brings back to the dullest and most faded blond
hair the golden beauty of Childhood, and keeps
light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of
hair become alluring without bleaching or dying,
camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful
shampoo treatment today and see how different it
is from anything you have ever tried before. It is
the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get
Blondex today at any drug or department store.

Ours, when your blond hair darkens to an in-
certain brownish shade it dulls your whole
personality. But you can now bring back the fas-
cinating glints that are hidden in your hair and
that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex
brings back to the dullest and most faded blond
hair the golden beauty of Childhood, and keeps
light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of
hair become alluring without bleaching or dying,
camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful
shampoo treatment today and see how different it
is from anything you have ever tried before. It is
the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get
Blondex today at any drug or department store.

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SAVE real dollars. See the lovely new Edna
May Dresses priced as low as $1. See the
widely celebrated line of Larkin Products and
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you advantages worth knowing: Simply add boiling water to dissolved
Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends
sticking and scorching. Restores elas-
ticity and that soft charm of newness.

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Send me your trial offer check for 5c on the pur-
chase of a large package of Quick Elastic Starch, and
your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Address

Jerome Kern, famous composer, plays some of the music he has written
for "Love Song," Lily Pons' first film, for a highly appreciative audience
of two, Mary Karmen and Pokey Champion, young screen actresses.
you put on a bathing suit and lie yourself over to the pool. She lives in it. She can even give an interview for Dick in the pool—she isn't all wet, either. She can do fancy dives and swim along the bottom, coming up every time without having lost the thread of the conversation. Talented, that girl.

Naturally, when you conduct even an indirect interview in the Arlen tank, you encounter a few unique obstacles such as Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee Crosby, Helen Twelvetrees and Sue Carol having a water fight, while Ricky—otherwise Richard Arlen, Jr.—promenades up and down your spine, squealing with glee.

“What about Dick making a come-back in ‘Let ‘Em Have It?’” I shrieked, untangling a Crosby.

Jobby made a sound like a female walrus protecting her young.

“Better not let him hear you say that!” she warned. "How can you make a come-back if you haven’t been away? That seemed logical enough. We climbed out of the water and dripped over to the bar alongside for a man-sized coco cola.

“Well, have it your way,” I complained bitterly. “I’m supposed to write a come-back yarn about Dick. If that’s out, what’ll I say?”

“Ho! Ho!” snorted the girl friend.

“You know enough about that guy to fill a book. Why don’t you just tell the truth?”

Strangely enough, that did seem like a good angle. New and novel. So brace yourselves, pals. (You, too, Dickie boy.) Let ‘er go. We will now give the phenomenon known in the bosom of the family as “Arlen” a good going-over.

He would never save a dime, if it were not for Joby. She handles the purse-strings, and a very good thing, too. More funny people can talk him into financing more funny things—racing cars and airplane flights and movie careers and the real estate business—until it reaches the moment where the Arlen women has to sign something. Then, boy, just try and get it: that simple little signature, so easy to write, “Jobyna Ralston Arlen.” But she gets writer’s cramp at the handiest times. Handy for the bank balance. That’s why it balances.

It’s a good thing they have only one guest-room in that big ranch house. Well, there are really two, but the other is Joby’s “mad” room, where she goes to count ten or something. Oh, yes, Dick can use it, too. The remaining room is permanently occupied by some lad who is having a temporary streak of bad luck. One of them stayed six months.

From four to ten and up, sit down to dinner at the Arlens—but Joby will remark to you, in perfect seriousness, “You know, we really ought to eat. We never give parties.” And she looks at you with the holiest astonishment when you scream at that one.

Dick has the most marvellous audience-sense of any actor in town. It’s as if he preceived his remarks, to himself, with a little soliloquy like this: “I’ve got to make this a good story because they expect it of me. Why let ‘em down?”

So he never arrives from an airplane trip and sets you yawning with the simple statement that it was hot coming over Kansas. Everybody knows that anyway. No, sir, his sense of obligation to his listeners leads him to give it plenty of drama. The women fainted, the two little children climbed into the ice-cooler, and
the pilot was prostrated, but game. If he hadn't taken up acting, Dick would have been a knock-out dramatist. There is a lot of the good solid American go-getting blood in Dick. He wants everything anybody else has, and by golly, he doesn't stop with wanting. He gets it. A swimming pool, a yacht, a Dunesberg. Now he wanted a ranch and got that, too. But if you so much as implied that he wants a ranch because Bing Crosby has one, he would be highly indignant. Joly says that's the spirit and it must be, because he was positively not ordained by nature to be a rancher.

He can't bear to be alone a minute. His is the genuinely convivial disposition which has to share everything to enjoy it. Does he go away on long solitary cruises on his boat? He does not. He has it jammed to the gunwales with company, and if you don't have a good time it's your own fault. Everything is right there for it.

He boils with enthusiasm under the surface, which he has an idea he is concealing with a calm, composed manner. Whether it is a new picture, a golf tournament or teaching Dick to swim, he tosses himself into it with the abandon of a youngster.

This business about the sure steady Richard Arlen who knows what it all about, lives a serenely uneventful life, and has everything and schedule, always gives me a fine laugh. Why, the guy's as temperamentally as a prima donna. He's a lot more interesting than the dull Horatio Alger types pointed out.

He has enough imagination for six men and I daresay he would be off on some crazy adventure tomorrow if the little woman didn't make life at home pretty exciting. She's a great goulash of girls, not one of them twice her size—or bridge or badminton. She is ready to take a plane with him for Caliente any midnight, or go hunting the next morning, or to cook up a mess of eggs. She also raises a nice child. I suspect she'll have Dick around for some time to come.

She still looks after all these years, which is a certainly a lot in any husband's favor. Liking and loving are so different. She loves him—admitted it right out—but lots of women love their husbands who do not especially like them, as you may have noticed here and there.

It's a happy home, the Arlen place. A nice aura of sentiment hovers over it, and with very good reason. The little colored girl I ever saw, takes care of the domestic department and has never been seen without a smile. Sam, her husband, handles the business and always looks as if he had just won something. Julie, Rickey's nurse, gets a lot of fun out of her job—as what nurse wouldn't with that famous and healthy baby to enjoy. It all seems to run on wheels, and there are no complaints, which makes everybody glad to be around.

Any fine afternoon finds Rickey entertaining a group of his younger set, Virginia Bruce's little girl, Jackie Woody, Helen Twelvetrees' son, young Al Werker and Sue Carol's daughter. A fence has been built around the pool to restrain adventurous little feet and a very nice time is had by all, including papa Arlen.

Rickey, who is two years old, wears a size five play-suit and talks a blue streak, takes command of the situation. He plays host until somebody gets too familiar with his favorite toy, and then he seizes it and runs away. After all, there are limits to the host-consciousness of a two-year-old. Father Dick sprouts over, carefully points out to him the error of his ways, and returns to the group-up group, grinning. I am forced to admit, from ear to ear.

To return for a finishing touch to that "cocktail" line—which will undoubtedly put some more eaters for the lovely Paramount after ten years because he did not like the stories they were giving him. He walked out on two thousand dollars a week, for a principle. He has chosen the parts he has played since, and he hasn't lost a dime by his move!

The "Let 'Em Have It" picture did seem rather in the middle of a race because it was the best part he has played in a long time. It was really the old Dick, back again.

Ladd will insist on touting about the country showing them what an actor can do to a golf ball, he'll just have to take what happens in his absence. This story included!
The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

Lupe Velez as the star of "The Morals of Marcus," British film, enacting a scene with Ian Hunter.

which rank as American classics—knew precisely what she wanted to become when, or even before, she was graduated from Ohio State University. She'd be a singer. Immediately upon graduation, therefore, Miss Speaks went to New York and made the rounds of the theatrical agencies until she obtained an engagement in vaudeville, then later musical comedy, after which Miss Speaks appeared in joint recital with her famous uncle. Just a year ago, Margaret Speaks turned her thoughts to radio, obtained a place in the mixed chorus on the very program of which she is now the star.

One of radio's most popular comedy teams arrived on the air not through any deliberate effort to produce a radio show, but as the result of some friendly clowning between Mario Chamlee, former opera star, and George Frame Brown, an old hand at radio comedy. Chamlee and Brown have been pals for some time, and Chamlee, who has always harbored a desire to be a comedian, gave vent to his pent-up desires to create laughs by clowning with Brown. An act they did on a more or less impromptu basis at a Connecticut house party so amused their fellow guests, that the pair were induced to put on the act at a radio audition—thus "Tony and Gus," five nights a week radio feature, came to the networks. Chamlee who plays the Italian character and has an Italian-sounding name, is a native American whose father was British and his mother Bavarian. His right name is Archer Cholmondeley, and he was born in Los Angeles. Gatti-Casazza gave him the Mario Chamlee name when the tenor joined the Metropolitan years ago. He was the first member of the Metropolitan company to sing on the air.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while.

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a knowing woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.
or scratching her nose, or standing pigeon- toed like a gawk, and can get the resulting picture published in the papers, he is happy for weeks! No one can ever know how many hundreds of such brutal news photographs they caught by subpoena and killed by watchful film companies before they saw print. I have a private collection of such camera monstrilities—not, I hurry to add, for purposes of blackmail, but for the enjoyment of my cruel, sadistic friends.

Naturally, the film companies watch their arriving and departing stars as hawks. One or more press agents are always among the crowd—over the Ile de France—pokes into New York with a star aboard, both to greet the actor and to watch the trickly Fourth Estate. For all this ceaseless vigilance, no, for Happen.

Old-time reporters are fairly safe. They are bored, or weary, or suffering from acute hangovers, and accept the routine handouts with a grunt. It is the starry-eyed cub, all rosy with the glory of being a real, sure-nuff newspaperman, who causes deprecatory coughs and awkward pauses. Such an one, long ago, cornered the screen's greatest male dancing star as the Century came to a stop in New York. "Is it true," asked this sterling youth, before he could knock down uncommon scallops, "that your partner, Miss...is not up to snuff, and that you would like another?"

"You never saw such silence! The porter could be heard grunting three doors down. The carrier, "he's delicate like a gent and a scholar. 'She's fine!', he said. "She works mighty hard, and has surely made good!" The world breathed again.

"The size and fuss of these frantic functions vary. A great, all-woo star will draw twenty cameramen, reporters and things so exciting her way up, will get a company photographer and one press representative. It is these youngsters, on the other hand, who are most curious, and keep their heads and sing "Mother Machree" if asked—while the older-timers merely stand and snarl. But—and here's a funny thing—they all have an audience. Whoever the star, she is sure of a crowd. As regularly as the New York sun rises, twenty or thirty boys and girls are waiting pop-eyed, at the outer gate when the Century pulls in at nine. They gape and gawk, vivid with joy. Ah, my friends—these are movie fans of the stern old pioneer breed, who will go without sleep or coffee on the off chance of seeing their Dream Girl with her lipstick on crooked and a cinder in her eye!"

"It's more fun to meet the stars who loom by water. The actors like it better, too. If the star be a man, he dons one of those swell English suits he picked up in Bond Street. The girls, bless 'em, always have a serenading pounds. It something they found in Paris. There's dignity, and a party air, when a movie ship comes in!

The newspaper boys go down the Bay on a rowboat, cutter to meet the ship at Quarantine, and clamber aboard with the immigration inspectors. Wise veterans—a Swanson, a Dix, or a Crawford—know the ship's few guests, they greet the press in their fancy cabins, pour glasses of wine or mugs of beer, discuss their trips and even crack jokes. Of course, if a star has a divorce or a new swivet to hide, there may be a regular comedy chase. Garbo, I needn't say, will be down in the engine room disguised as an oiler.

On shipboard the camera boys get most of their beloved leg-pictures—which are called "cheese cake" by the secret hogs of their strange trade. Full of the freedom of the sea and things, few indeed of the cinema sisters refuse to sit on the taftrail or spankeroo, showing their knee-cap and waving at the dear old Statue of Liberty, who always waves back. Even when the maids are modest, there's usually a helpful breeze!

And here's a hot tip that can't miss. If you never see a leg-picture of a luscious film star on shipboard, you can practically be your autobiogaphy photo of Baby LeRoy that the lady has more to hide than a run in her stocking.

But if these comings-in by land or sea are either desperate or dismal, going-out at the Grand Central Station mix the majesty of a cathedral service with the dither of seeing Junior off for Camp Hoochcockooch. In fact, if you have never seen the Twentieth Century Limited leave New York, star or no star, you have missed the most sublimely comical—and comically sublime—ceremony in the motley life of your beloved country.

At thick plush carpet reaches from gate to golden train—whose name is embossed on the rear of the observation car in bright electric lights. Pompons, pooping trainsmen, brass buttons gleaming, tip-top around whispering in awed tones and nervously consulting gold watches big as turnips. Then stick a star into this, and you have one of the world's wonders. I shall not forget the departure of Lily Pons, little sweetheart of the opera on her way to Hollywood, on the galloway.

Her entrace with a superb flanked by press agents, surrounded by family and adoring friends, followed by a platoon of porters with the imperial baggage, these ninety-eight pounds in nothing but a line beam down the deep plush pathway.

Flashlights played upon her like heat-lightning. Someone thrust three dozen flower bouquets, as large as he could assemble, into her arms. Mama, secretary, singing teacher, forty screaming Gallic friends surrounded her, kissed her hands, kissed her cheeks. She beamed, laughed,
Their Own Worst Critics

Continued from page 19

of backhanded imitation of The Great Stone Face.

When the picture was over he was met at the door by that inevitable usher who insists on showing one of those The-Producer-Is-Just-Dying-To-Know-What-You-Think-Of-This-Picture-Please-Write-Suggestions-On-Back-Of-This-Card-And-Mail-At-Our-Expense, cards at all and sundry. Very slyly, Mr. Montgomery accepted it. Bowing politely to a little party of friends, he retired to a more or less quiet corner and began to write on his card.

Now if it hadn’t been for someone who is not above looking over a gentleman’s shoulder while he is writing, what Mr. Montgomery put on that card would have been lost to posterity. But there are such people in the world, (thank goodness), and so the Montgomery criticism is given to you exactly as he gave it to himself. On the address side of the card he wrote his own name and address. On the comment side were these few simple words: My dear Mr. Montgomery: You are too damn smart for my money. Cordially, Bob Montgomery.

In fact, “No More Ladies” was a sort of field night for Million Dollar critics, at large. It was none other than Joan Crawford, herself, who pulled the perfect report on a Glendale housewife who occupied a seat near her, directly in front of the roped-off pre-view section. At the end of the second reel, the lady began to yawn in the middle of the third reel, she began to complain to her husband. During reel four she gave him a nudge in the ribs: “If we knew how this thing was going to end, we could go home,” she said—one of those carrying voices.

But the voice behind her was even clearer. It was la belle Crawford’s own low contralto, “It ends just like all other Joan Crawford pictures,”—a little sigh—“there are no surprises in this one!”

In spite of the fact that “No More

MILLIONS NOW USE
FAMOUS NOXZEMA
for Skin Troubles

Which troubles you?

LARGE PORES
BURNS
BLACKHEADS
CHAPPED SKIN
BABY RASH
SHAVING IRRITATION
PIMPLES
(from external causes)

Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief — refines skin texture

JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexions. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup — and during the day as a foundation for your powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it’s marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can’t supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 810, Baltimore, Md.
Lights beam and lenses are focussed as the doctor looks at a lovely girl! Paul Muni enacts a scene with Ann Dvorak for “Dr. Socrates.”

Ladies” went forth to mop up at the box-office. Joan still insists that “you couldn’t see the sets for my collars—and when I didn’t wear a collar, my hair was in the way!”

I once attended a pre-view of one of her own pictures with Jean Harlow. I’ll never do it again. Our friendship wouldn’t stand the strain. In the first place, I thought the picture was very good—it was “The Girl From Missouri”—and I wasn’t trying to return the compliment for the delicious dinner we’d enjoyed at Jean’s house earlier in the evening when I told her I thought it was the best thing she had done since “Red Dust” and “Red-Headed Woman.”

“Oh, shut up!” quoth Miss Harlow, and then gave way to one of the wettest fits of weeping I’ve ever watched. And I mean, weeping! She sat over in a corner of her elegant town car, her feet curled under, and went through three handkerchiefs, including mine. It sounds like a gag—but it isn’t. Jean thinks she is terrible on the screen. She has never seen one of her pictures, even the best ones, that didn’t make her blue for days. She invariably hates herself thoroughly until the box-office returns start to come in. If they’re no better than average, she still hates herself! But if they’re sensational, and the critics are enthusiastic, she becomes mildly reconciled and concedes that maybe it was a little better than she thought at first, but that’s all!

Her gentlewoman friend, Mr. William Powell, doesn’t weep over his performances, he just makes you weep over his burlesques of them! Bill is no self-effacing, modest virile where his work is concerned. He knows as well as the next one when he has given a good performance. But he knows much better than the next fellow when he has given a mediocre one.

There’s no describing Bill Powell’s imitation of William Powell in “The key,” because it’s one of those things that has to be seen to be believed. If you remember, Bill played an English officer in that film, and he did a lot of heel-clicking, saluting, and coat-tail-shushing. When Bill is in his drawing-room he does everything but “take off”!

Sometimes there are technical faults in a picture that have nothing to do with the steller performances—only you and I don’t know it! For instance, it is frequently necessary to tighten the story by eliminating certain sequences entirely, and this sometimes throws the star performers on the screen too often. In “Broadway Con- doler” Dick Powell is on the screen almost constantly; he is in practically every frame of film. Through no fault of the actor, this frequently leads fans and critics to believe a star is “hogging the show” and getting his face in the camera too often. But, apparently, no one was more of this frame of mind than Mr. Powell at the time of the Hollywood pre-view.

After he had smiled, sung, acted and “pepped” through every scene so far in the running, they suddenly switched to a close-up of Joan Blondell in which she asks: “Where have you been?” or words to that effect to an off-screen character—(that is, not yet within camera range).

The next scene is a gripping close-up of the Deb’s Delight, Mr. Powell, himself. “Gosh,” groaned Dick in his prevew seat, “haven’t I been there all the time?”

They tell the story out at Fox Hills of Loretta Young, sitting in the projection-room, watching a few reels of “The White Parade” run off. There was a certain sequence in which the hero turns to Loretta, the nurse, and tells her he is going to give her a kiss if she doesn’t stop looking so pretty. The following close-up was not one of Loretta’s most flattering. The camera angle made her slender face look even a little thinner.

Suddenly there was a loud and rude, giggie from Loretta. “I look like what I need is a meal—not a kiss!”

Ginger Rogers insists that the only thing funnier than W. C. Fields on the screen, is Ginger Rogers in a hat—any hat!
"I just haven't a 'hat face,'" she swears, and it's a fetish with the gal. "Every time I appear on the screen in a hat, I nearly curl up from embarrassment. I've never been myself in a hat that I haven't wanted to stand up and sing: 'Where did you get that hat? Half the time I have to shut my eyes until I'm hatless again.'"

Personally, I'd never suspected Constance Bennett of a sense of humor about herself, until the night I sat next to her at the pre-view of "The Outcast Lady," see "The Green指标" with Norma Shearer. It has one feature of her face which she does not admire, and that is that determined little square chin of hers that goes around just looking for a good fight. When the first bad camera angle on her chin flashed on, Connie merely grunted. When the second bad angle came, she shook her head. But after the fifth or sixth flash of that double-dare-you feature, she laughed: 'One more thrust of that chin, and they'll have to hang a red lantern on it'!

By this time I hope it is pretty clear that the Hollywood stars can not only take it in salaries, fame, and fortune, but they can also dish it out to themselves as no one else has ever dared to. But in case the point is still in dispute, consider the story they tell on the bell-raisin' Miss Hepburn.

Not long ago a very smart, but cautious magazine, ran a caricature depicting two large-eyed, gossipy-looking horses with their heads together over their stalls, tossing their enormous orbs in the direction of another horse, with a<a href="#">nothing</a> in the air hautly ignorant of them. The caption under this picture was very funny, but far from flattering to Katharine Hepburn. Everyone was going to end of bother to keep the offensive picture from the tempestuous Katie.

But one day the "Break Of Hearts" company came back from lunch and found their illustrious star practically rolling on the floor, clutching her sides and howling with mirth.

The picture she waved in her hand was the one, and she fairly roared as she read and re-read the caption: Ever since they told her she looks like Katharine Hepburn, you can't do a thing with her.

Bill Powell in a scene from "The Key," a part he burlesques so unmeritoriously and wilfully for the amusement of his friends.
A RECENT Hollywood marriage that didn't surprise the picture colony was that of Ernst Lubitsch and Vivien Gaiety. This is one of the more recent instances of the marriage of our town, but from its beginning it seemed one destined to lead to the altar the director and production chief who has often before been reported "on the verge" as it were. Vivien Gaiety, you remember, was the Randy Scott romance back in the old days (last year), when Cary Grant and Randy kept bachelor's hall, and a very grand time was had by all.

MAYBE you will be interested to learn that production has reached a peak in recent weeks, with Columbia having so many in action they have to rent space in a neighborhing studio. And the extras are having a field day. Nine thousand were employed in one week.

THE socialistic trend in schools and universities is bound to show up on the screen sooner or later, although perhaps Universal is using it on in "Offside," a football yarn. And the lead—guess who? Charlie Farrell, your pal of the popular Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell film series.

THE actress shall be nameless, but the actor in this off-screen comedy is Frank McGovern, who will make an important scene with the lady, when the director said: "Frank, I want you to give this everything you have." "What!" cried Frank, "and be the star of the picture?"

DURING a slight outbreak of temper over a missed putt during a golf tournament, Richard Arlen broke a club across his knee. Next day, when he played with another opponent, Dick was presented with a new putter on every green—eighteen in all—and his face red!

REDUCING continues to be the private problem of most Hollywood gals. It's especially Mrs. Charles's life. Whenever she inspects a new bough of "stillts" her first glance is for her figure. Then she hastily observes whether her cheeks are thinner.

Poor Marilyn was quite depressed when Marlene Dietrich confirmed that the cameramen could make anyone alluring—if you're important enough! The conscientious ingenue wonders how many years she'll have to suffer before she can quit calory-cutting and let a photographer scheme with angles and shadows.

IF YOU have been wondering what happened to Baby LeRoy, here is good news. He has learned the romance of giving back to pictures. Had to take time off, because you can't learn talking and memorizing lines all at the same time. Baby LeRoy is now three years old, and continues his career in "From Little Acorns," the working title of a story about the C.C.C. camps.

IMAGINE Verree Teasdale playing a hard-berled gal! And just fancy her being ticked to death about it. But of course, there's a reason. Adolph Menjou is also in the picture, and the missus has never made one with him. It's "The Milky Way," Harold Lloyd's latest.

AS SOON as Joan Bennett arrived at Columbia Studio for her picture with George Raft, Director Ray Garrett, took her aside and whispered the news: "We want you to look like yourself and act like your sister Connie. That's the kind of a girl this one is!"

IN NO other business in the world could such rapid strides be made as in pictures. Three years ago, George Cukor was a dialogue director on "All Quiet on the Western Front." In that space of time he has become the ace director in pictures, and was offered a salary, unheard of in the industry—$6,000 a week. Well, his "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" were great pictures.

A LOT of people saw Janet Gaynor off to Honolulu, but there didn't seem to be one—in particular—who was most concerned. If there was, she told him goodbye earlier. Harold Anderson flew down from Boulder Dam to say his farewells. Janet wore Ramon Navarro's gardermbo—"But not exactly," according to Janet. Her sister arrived unexpectedly from New York, by plane, just before sailing time, and went along. Mrs. Gaynor and Marguerite Lyman are present. This makes the three biggest Fox stars off the lot while the reorganization of Twentieth Century goes on. Will Rogers booked off for Arizona, and Shirley Temple preceded Janet for Honolulu by two days.

LITTLE Marjorie Keeler will remember her opening night at the Desert Cove Grove as long as she lives! Sister Ruby made it "one beeg" occasion. Everybody was there—including, naturally, the entire Keeler clan, which is quite a crowd all by itself. Sister shakes a mean hoof and does right by the family name.

UNLESS the unexpected happens, and it will have to be something important, you may be sure—Bing Crosby will be among the owners at the gay Saratoga track who watch their colors march to the hounds this week. The actor recently announced plans to vacation in the East, but particularly to take at least two of his racers to run for money and glory at the Spa.

THE autographing season has become acute in town, and steps are being taken to preserve the life and limb, to say nothing of their clothes, of our popular stars. At a preview the other night, Clark Gable, with cops and publicity men running interference for him, had the sleeve of his coat ripped out, and barely made the entrance, though Clark smiled through it all.

Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 61
RAMON NOVARRO is on a perfectly amazing diet which has the Ponce-de-Leon effect of making him look just the way he did when he first entered pictures! It is largely vegetables, with no salt, butter, bread or alcohol. Okay girls—one, two, three start! M-G-M actually asked him to make another "Pagan" but Ramon said no thank you, he was grown up now, and didn't fancy dashing about in one of those tropical sunsuits.

THIS month's show-must-go-on item: Joan Bennett had to go to the hospital for three days' medical observation. She waited until Paramount's schedule for the new Bing Crosby picture, in which she's the gal, allowed her that much free time all at once. The director never knew she hadn't been idling at home.

KATIE HEPBURN is such a will-o'-the-wisp these days of quick and simple transportation, even her studio cannot find her. She hops on a plane for New York with the least possible fuss, seldom recognized, using a different name every time.

FRED MARCH is going to be "Anthony Adverse" for the Messrs. Warner, hurrah! Hurrah! But he is taking a month off before the picture starts, to rest up at Laguna—and finish his book.

ALL the while she was in Hollywood, Lilian Harvey pined for the handsome Willy Fritsch, and there was some mutual pining involved in their separation, you may be sure. Well, Lilian is in Europe now, making a picture for UFA, and her leading man is—of course, friend Willy.

MICHAEL BARTLETT literally is singing his way into the heart of Hollywood at Claudette Colbert's party, the engaging Mike obliged by lifting his beautiful voice in song for every "request," and there were many.

If it's a plain case of homesickness or just the necessity of business that is at the bottom of Doug Fairbanks, Sr.'s reported decision to return to Hollywood? In New York, Mary Pickford said that Doug would come back to work with his business partners, the heads of United Artists, of which Mary is one. Friends of Doug's say he'll be back because he's homesick.

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It's just too, too amazin' Evelyn Poe thinks—and we do, too, Evelyn—the way Betty Grable and Hermes Pan defy the laws of gravity in this bit of terpsichorean trickery, arranged by Dance Director Pan himself.
Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce head a fine cast and have a story that gives a very different twist to the murder mystery angle of newspaper reporting. It is a strong and punchy melodrama, with a really grand piece of characterization by Tracy and a most appealing and touching one by Miss Bruce. But unless you can take your melodrama straight, unhappy ending included, the ending will not be pleasing.

This is a howl from start to finish, and you can't miss on it. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are process-servers for a delightfully nutty lawyer, Hugh Herbert, and the methods plus results of these three will have you rolling in the aisle. It isn't smart, it isn't sophisticated—just crammed with down-to-earth belly-laughs and the tempo that tells. The dependable Warner stock players fill out the cast. Laughs!

Aside from the title, and a torture contraption based on his "Pit and the Pendulum," there's little of Poe here. It all seems too mechanical in its straining for the horror note to be entertaining or exciting either. Bela Lugosi plays an eccentric surgeon who makes a fetish of "The Raven" and longs to torture people, exercising his desire when a pretty girl refuses him. Boris Karloff is impressive as usual.

Warren William as a Broadway gambler who turns from book-making to "insurance." He writes a policy for a Southern gentleman, played by Guy Kibbee, guaranteeing that his daughter, Claire Dodd, will not marry for three years, thus insuring the "hospitality" the Colonel enjoys living with his daughter, who is a stage star. It is light, pleasant, and thoroughly enjoyable fiction with good acting to boot.

Bette Davis hunts headlines instead of men as an ambitious newspaper reporter who is in love with George Brent, ace newswoman of a rival paper. You've guessed it—Bette gets both her headline and the man she loves. This is a very sprightly and entertaining picture—pure fiction as to story, but with snappy dialogue and fast action, and mighty clever performances by the Davis-Brent team. You'll enjoy it.

Easily one of the most completely enjoyable and boisterously funny films of the season. Alice Brady has a part worthy of her talents, and scores one of the most emphatic personal hits registered in some time. It's about a cook at a railroad camp who inherits a fortune, and proceeds to live up to the social position her wealth warrants. In a fine cast, Alan Mowbray and Douglass Montgomery are outstanding.

Here is probably the funniest Joe E. Brown comedy, regardless of whether you are or are not a baseball fan. You'll laugh at Joe's hilarious characterization of a small-town pitcher who gets into the big leagues, and has an alibi ready for every error. The baseball scenes are hilarious, and the film is notable from another standpoint—it gives you your first glimpse of Olivia de Havilland, charming newcomer.

You never saw a college like this one, but the kids in it have such a good time, who cares? Buddy Rogers heads the big musical cast, as the college boy in love with Grace Bradley, the wrong girl. So his dad, George Barbier, becomes a freshman—actually—to keep sonny out of trouble. Barbara Kent is papa's choice, and she wins. There is a lot of grand nonsense by Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes.

Old-timer Joseph Cawthorne and newcomer Pinky Tomlin steal this picture with laughs that tumble over each other. It's about Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick, wealthy sisters who lose their fortune. Ida goes to work for Cawthorne, Gail marries Kent Taylor whom Ida loves. There is also a big business mix-up which takes Cawthorne out of the flat business into the oil game, and will put you in stitches.
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